

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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A Thanksgiving Blessing



The years may come, and the years may go,
And the wind may be bitter cold;
And the thoughts that start from the lonely heart
May be tragic and sad and bold.

And the eyes so bright may have lost their light,
And the hair may be thin and gray;
But never fear, when the end is near
There is still Thanksgiving Day.

Ah! what though the hair is white with years,
And what though the eyes are dim;
When once a year we may banish fear,
And lift up our thoughts to Him?

She folds her hands with a gesture meek,
And her heart is high with her God;
And she bends her head o'er the table spread
With the best of her tiny hoard.

And her blessings rise to the boundless skies,
And the angels can hear her say
Her thanks to the Lord, who filled her board
On this glad Thanksgiving Day.

—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the *Christian Herald*.

FROM HERE AND THERE

NEARLY 4,000 students from foreign countries were enrolled in 275 different American colleges and universities last year. China lacked just six of sending six hundred of the four thousand.

THE fact that Turkey has now entered the European war gives to the present conflict a still more serious aspect; and the waiting child of God hears in this event the admonition to work while it is day; for soon the night cometh, when no man can work.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., sends a ship with 4,000 tons of food to the suffering Belgians, and a commission to investigate the needs of that people. The Rockefeller Foundation is prepared to spend millions of dollars for the relief of the Belgians. One million dollars a month, it is estimated, will be required for seven or eight months to prevent thousands from starving.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company will hereafter apply psychological tests to those seeking positions as engineers and trainmen. The old written and physical examinations will be done away with. The railroad officials have been impressed with the incompetency of many of their employees. They claim that it is not so much what a man knows, but how his mind will work under stressing conditions, that fits him for a position of trust.

As a converted African cannibal sat reading his Bible, a European trader passed by and asked him what he was doing. "Reading the Bible," was the reply. "That book is out of date in my country," said the trader. "If it had been out of date here," said the African, "you'd have been eaten long ago." A Christian is a man ingrafted in Christ through the Word. And most marvelous is this Word's transforming power. See James 1:21.

THE increasing expensiveness of the rural free delivery service is causing government officials concern. The Postmaster-General has proposed to the Senate post-office committee that the service be turned over to contractors. He thinks that such a course would save the government \$20,000,000 a year. At present the service costs about \$53,000,000 annually, and returns about \$10,000,000. There are about 40,000 routes, and the carriers equal in numbers a good-sized army.

Birds and the Wireless

SINCE our coast began to be studded with Marconi stations, says an English newspaper, it has been noticed that the birds do not seem very happy about it. In the neighborhood of a wireless station birds seem to be vaguely disturbed and uneasy, gulls being the chief sufferers.

And when the line of a pigeon race lies over or near a wireless station, it has been noticed that an unusual number of birds fail to find their way home. The wireless waves in the air seem to interfere with the sense of direction.

The cause has not been definitely settled, but there is no doubt that both birds and animals are more sensitive to mysterious vibrations of the air than are human beings. Horses and monkeys in earthquake lands tremble with fear hours before an earthquake arrives. It has been suggested that animals and birds have a sixth, or "electric" sense.—*Selected.*

"Beyond the Shadow"

A PLEASING booklet containing ninety-six pages of poems, by Miss Pearl Waggoner, affords an opportunity to secure a fitting Christmas gift for either young or old. It may be procured in leatherette, cloth, or leather binding. Prices: 45 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.25. Mail your orders to Miss Pearl Waggoner, Hinsdale, Illinois.

It Works Both Ways

A STOCK broker, returning to his office after a substantial luncheon with a client, said to his head clerk, "Mr. Putkin, the world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him." "Yes, sir," said the clerk, "and he looks different to the world."—*The Expositor.*

The Guardian Angel's Song

HOLD on, dear companion,
Traveling the narrow way;
Hold on a little longer,
Soon comes the break of day.
Past the mist in the distance
The walls of the city I see;
Its towers and its battlements
Are beckoning to thee.

Doth scent now Canaan's freshness?
The morning breezes bring
The odor of myrrh and spices
From the gardens of the King,
Where forests of fragrant cedar
Upon the mountains are borne;
The hills are gray with olives,
And the valleys rich with corn.

The palm trees of the tropics,
The fields of waving grain,
The flowers of fadeless color,
The sun-kissed, verdant plain,
Where the pleasant pastures of Sharon
Are clothed with the quiet flocks;
The bees, their hoarded treasures
Displaying among the rocks,—

'Tis a land of brooks of water,
Of fountains, and depths that spring
Out of the hills and valleys,
And ceaselessly ripple and sing.
Pilgrim, revive thy spirit;
Strengthen thy faltering hand;
A few more strokes of the oar
Will bring the ship to land.

I see the King in loveliness
On the walls, watching afar
For the signs of his beloved
When they have crossed the bar.
His look is tender and anxious,
Out over the troubled bay:
He fears lest one of his children
Will flounder and miss the way.

The pilgrim's hands were blistered;
His body was bent with pain;
His heart was weary with the task;
And fagged and numb his brain:
But he heard the strains of the angel song,
And then took heart again.

HAROLD MAYER.

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The Harvest Time

BURTON CASTLE

OCTOBER'S nights, so cool and calm,
Bring beauty to the leafy trees.
The days seem like a soothing balm,
So bright, yet cooled by gentle breeze.

We gather treasures from the field,
And store them in their waiting place;
Some ten, some twenty, fold they yield:
It brightens every worker's face.

Ah! if we only worked for souls
As earnestly as for the seeds,
Our hearts would glow like living coals,
And we should see our neighbors' needs.

Away from cold, away from frost,
Our fruits and grains we safely store;
And some of them we count not lost
If we distribute to the poor.

God's word within our hearts must hide,
And yet to all his word must go;
Within his love we must abide,
And yet his love to others show.

For wisdom we should ever pray,
That we may give the truth aright;
Then in the coming judgment day
We'll greet our Saviour with delight.

God's Workmanship

MEADE MAC GUIRE



SOME time ago I read of a civil engineer who had finished an immense public work which required special ability and skill. Months afterward he was working in the mountains in a distant State. A messenger arrived with news that there had been a terrific storm which had demolished his great work. Without an instant's hesitation the engineer said, "That is false: I built that wall myself." Soon word came that there had been a violent storm, but the wall had stood the test unharmed. The engineer chose the material that went into the wall. He had his way in its construction. He had confidence in his own workmanship, and it proved an honor to him.

What an astonishing statement Paul makes in Eph. 2: 10: "For we are his workmanship." God proposes to take my life and furnish the material, and oversee the construction of a character like his own. Then he will point to me and say, "This is my workmanship."

We have a striking illustration of this in the Bible. When Satan attended the council in heaven as a representative of this world, God said, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, . . . a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?" God was not ashamed to point at Job and say, "He is my workmanship." Sometimes I fear if people should look at my life in this light they would say, "If he is God's workmanship, God is not a very good workman. Thus by my faulty life I should bring reproach upon my Heavenly Father. The trouble must be that I do not let him choose the material, or have full charge of the work."

Paul spoke of how he labored, "striving according to his working, which worketh in me mightily." Evidently he cooperated heartily with God, and so God worked mightily in him.

He will do the same for us if we give him a chance. "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." How often we try so hard in our own strength, only to fail again and again. And then we realize that we are human, and lack that power "which worketh . . . mightily." How shall we obtain it?

Paul gives the secret. "When ye received the word

of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God, *which effectually worketh* also in you that believe." God furnishes the material—and there is divine power in the material—to construct a perfect character if we are submissive and obedient. The responsibility therefore rests with us. Do we live upon "every word of God," or do we neglect it?

Luther gives an impressive illustration of how he studied the Bible. He said: "I first shake the whole tree to get the ripest fruit. Then I climb the tree and shake each limb. Then I shake each branch and twig; and finally I look under each leaf." This is the secret of God's workmanship and our cooperation. He gives us his word. We pour it into our lives, and by its mighty influence we are sanctified and our characters molded and transformed.

How we should saturate our lives with the living Word! Let us read it, study it, think of it, talk of it, feast upon it, and soon God can point to us and say, "Ye are my workmanship."

Penn's Country

A FEW miles from the Stanborough Park Sanitarium, at Watford, England, is located one of the most historical and interesting parts of England, especially interesting, perhaps, to an American; for here, amid the beautiful wooded slopes of Buckinghamshire, lies what is known as "Penn's Country," so closely associated with the beginnings of the United States.

William Penn was born in London in 1644, and in early life was driven by religious persecutions to these remote parts, where some sense of security could be obtained. When Penn first came to the Chalfonts, as the district is called, the surrounding villages were the center of a remarkable Quaker activity. Amer sham, Chorley Wood, Chalfont St. Giles, and Chanies all had their Quaker meetinghouses where the peace-loving Friends were wont to gather. And the neighboring farmhouses were always open to their gatherings. Among these farms was one called the "Grange," the farm of Isaac Pennington, where the persecuted Quakers often met. A kind of freemasonry existed among them, which caused any hospitable home to be known. Pennington was a man of



sterling worth, intelligence, and culture. For the faith which he believed, he suffered many hardships. In the year 1665, one writer records, "he was taken out of his house in an arbitrary manner by military force, and carried prisoner to Aylesburg Gaol, where he lay three quarters of a year with great hazard of his life, it being the sickness year, and the plague being not only in the town, but also in the gaol." He escaped the plague, and was finally allowed his freedom. But his nonconformity brings out vividly the spirit of the times.

William Penn became a frequent visitor at the Grange, and more so as other Quaker young people gathered there. A pretty love story is told of his courtship at this farm. Isaac Pennington had a charming and beautiful daughter named Gulielma. Like all Quaker lassies, she had a strict home bringing up, and was much reserved in manners. "Yet," as a writer tells, "so winning in mind and body, so kindly and well-mannered, she lived so peacefully in the valley till he came for whom she was reserved,—the young Quaker, so manful and overflowing with vitality and strength, fearing no one, and capable above most men of bending the affairs of life to his will,—who carried her forth from a flower garden into a very troubled life."

But the story goes that in the same household of the Penningtons, as tutor to "Guili," as she was called, and to her younger brothers and sisters, was a young man named Ellingwood. He was on intimate terms with his master's charming daughter, but his

astute Quaker honesty forbade his making any further advances toward her than mere friendship, although he loved her greatly. He was, however, "sensible to the real and inward worth and virtues which adorned that beautiful dame." And he further states that he "was not so devoid of natural instinct as not to feel some sparklings of desire for her, as well as others." But William Penn won the day, and carried off the bride, much to Ellingwood's regret. They were married in an old near-by farmhouse, called "Kings," near Chorley Wood, in 1672. The old house is still in good preservation, and is shown to visitors.

His first months of married life were spent at the small near-by village of Rickmansworth. Here he preached, and debated with others concerning the doctrines of the Friends. He refused to take the oath of allegiance, and was committed to prison. In his confinement his mind and pen were still active, and he wrote many pamphlets and papers.

In the year 1670 Penn came into possession, by the death of his father, of a large grant of wilderness in America, which King

Charles named Pennsylvania. In 1682 he sailed from England to lay claim to this territory. His American achievements are known to every schoolboy. He returned to his native land, and died in 1718.

The burial ground of the Quakers is situated upon a part of the old Jordan farm, about four miles from Rickmansworth. It is bare of headstones, and looks more like a neglected cornfield, with the ridges still standing, but grown over with sod. In a quiet, se-



WILLIAM PENN'S GRAVE

cluded corner is the grave of William Penn, a fitting spot for one of the first and most remarkable of the Society of Friends, who made "Peace" their watchword. Over his grave a small stone has recently been placed to mark the spot. His two wives lie buried by his side, also six of his children. Close by is the meetinghouse, built in 1688, and still being used for services each Sunday. The floor is of brick. A narrow platform runs along one end, with a long seat intended for the leaders of the Friends; then there are the same old-fashioned oak benches upon which Penn and his family no doubt sat. Nothing has been disturbed. It is the same plain, solid old brick building, with red-tiled roof and latticed windows, of three centuries ago.

It seems almost incredible to believe, when visiting this most interesting and sacred spot, that here within this half acre lie buried those peaceful and honest-hearted Friends who were the exponents of those glorious principles of religious liberty so indelibly stamped upon the early history of our country. On most days nothing can excel the quiet, peaceful atmosphere of the place. It is often visited by American travelers who desire to spend a few moments by the grave of William Penn. There have been many attempts to remove his remains to America; but in this little secluded valley, far removed from the maddening throng, his remains are likely to sleep until the Lord comes.

C. H. HAYTON, M. D.

What the Buddhist Priest Wanted

Not long ago there was in Ceylon a boy who had been consecrated as a Buddhist priest. He had been well trained in the tenets of the Buddhist religion, and, in fact, he knew nothing else; it filled his whole horizon. When a missionary entered that region and established a village school, the Buddhists were furious. It had not before occurred to them to establish a school, but now they opened an opposition school, organized a committee, and subscribed funds for its maintenance. The missionary went quietly on with his work, but was able to gather only a few children. After a time the Buddhists wearied of their subscriptions, and the priest, whom they had made their manager, appealed to them to do what they had guaranteed. Some gave a little, but gradually the subscriptions fell off.

In the course of his visits to his many stations, the missionary occasionally visited this village, distributing tracts, preaching, and conversing with the people; and he never left out the priest, but gave to him as to others.

This priest was very courteous, and although he did not like to receive the tracts, he could not bring himself to tear up what another had given to him. But as he was ashamed to be seen with them, as soon as the missionary's back was turned he hid them under his robe, went into the temple, rolled them up very small, and put them between some of the old Buddhist books. These books were written with a stylus, on the long leaves of the palmyra palm. The priest did not intend ever to look at the tracts again; but one day, when he felt very downhearted because the people could not be persuaded to give any more money, he began to feel that the Buddhists did not live up to their religion. Some time before he had taken to the high priest a very good book in Buddhist Singhalese, and had asked about it. The high priest re-

plied: "This is a very good book; but if you trouble your head about these doctrines, you will go mad. No man has ever yet been able to live up to them, and never will." This was all the comfort that he received, and now as he sat meditating alone by the light of a small lamp, he thought, "I will see what these Christians have to say about it." So he took out one of the tracts from its long concealment, and read. Then, as the first one proved good, he read another. So he continued until he had read them all.

"I should like to see some of their books," was his next thought. But he did not know where their preachers lived, and was ashamed to inquire. One day there was a *Pinkhama* (festival) at the temple, and among the people he saw one man who did not join in the ceremonies with the others. His curiosity was aroused, and when the festivities were over, he went to the man, and after the usual questions for opening a conversation,—*"Where have you come from?"* and *"Where are you going?"*—he observed: *"I saw that you did not join in the festivities."*

"No; I am a Christian," the man answered.

"Why, then, have you come to this festival?" asked the priest.

"I was traveling with some friends, and as they are Buddhists, and stopped here, I stopped with them. We are going on tomorrow morning."

"Could I ask a favor of you?" inquired the priest.

"Yes; what is it?"

"Will you stay with me tonight, in the *Bana Sala* [hall of instruction]? I shall be alone, and I have something to say to you."

"All right," responded the traveler, who wanted a sleeping place.

The two spent the night together, and the priest secretly asked where the padres, especially the native pastors, lived, and where their books could be obtained. The traveler gave the names of six or seven native ministers, all of them far off, and the next morning went on his journey.

Selecting one of these names (and God certainly guided the selection), our *Hamuduruwa* ("His Honor," as a priest is always called) wrote to him, and promptly received an answer, with the Book (a New Testament). He carefully hid this, and read it in private. Then he wrote again, and after some correspondence the priest determined to leave the temple. It was a bold step to take, and although no one in the village knew his thoughts, he trembled and feared. The minister invited him to come and stay with him.

The priest had no money of his own, and no clothes, except his yellow robe. If he let his thoughts be known, the whole village would be up in arms, and he would be detained. What was he to do? Go he must; so with much trembling he put the temple money in an envelope, hid it, and left a letter telling where it was. Then, leaving the key on the outside of the door, he started for the railway station.

"Even while he was musing, the fire burned;" and by the time he had reached the mission school, he was ready to testify for Christ. Though he still wore his priestly robes,—for he had no other dress,—he spoke to the children, many of whom were Buddhists.

The news spread through the village, and Buddhists came with stones. The priest was hurried into the pastor's house, was given plain clothes, and with a covering over his shaven head he was sent away by train to another minister's house.

This man now openly declares himself a Christian, and from Christian pulpits; but there had to be first a time of waiting and instruction, as with Saul. The gospel was all new to him. Today he is the pastor of the Singhalese church in one of the most difficult Buddhist districts of Ceylon.—*The Missionary Review of the World*.

Forward, Youthful Workers

(Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

FORWARD, youthful workers,
With a truth that's broad,
With a message, thrilling:
Coming of the Lord.
Christ, our King, is coming,
Sun and Morning Star;
Sound it to all nations,
Send the news afar.

CHORUS:

Forward, youthful workers,
With a truth that's broad,
With a message, thrilling:
Coming of the Lord.

Morning watch and evening,
Voices lift in prayer,
Angels strong and mighty,
Round us everywhere;
Forward, then, ye workers!
Forward, volunteers!
Send the advent message
O'er the hemispheres.

Generations perish,
Passing soon away;
But earth's King is coming,
Coming in *our day*.
Love to him constrains us
Volunteers to be;
All the world shall hear us,
All the world shall see.

Like the rush of waters,
Like the wind that blows,
Silently it may be,
Yet it onward goes.
On it sweeps, straight onward,
On to every land.
God is in this movement,
Naught can stay his hand.

By and by the glory,
And the time not long.
O, the holy rapture
Of redeeming song!
Jesus, Jesus coming,
Sweet the sound to hear;
Come, yes, come, O quickly,
Jesus, Jesus, dear!

ELIZA H. MORTON.

Two or Three Witnesses

"IN the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established."—*Jesus*. This word of instruction for the settling of difficulties among church members is followed in principle by God himself.

The infallible trio of heaven—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—are the witnesses in the spiritual realm. They are as one in carrying out plans for the good of the universe.

The Bible comes to us with a threefold certification of its authenticity: First, the Holy Ghost spoke through the prophets; second, the Holy Spirit convinced the church that the prophets' words belonged in the canon of Scripture; and third, the same Spirit constrains us individually to accept the Scriptures as the message of God to us.

A little investigation will bring to light other similar instances. The generation that is to know that the coming of Christ is near, even at the door, is the one that witnesses three special signs—signs in the sun, moon, and stars.

Christ's coming to the world was first announced to Mary by an angel. Then the prophetess Anna in the temple declared to the inhabitants of Jerusalem that the babe was our Saviour. John the Baptist then pointed out to the world the Lamb of God.

Again: just before the end the world is to be warned by three distinct messages. Truly those who reject God and his Word will do so in the face of many witnesses, and will receive just condemnation.

C. E. HOLMES.

Waiting Twenty-Five Years for a Missionary

REV. JOHN M. SPRINGER, a missionary in South Africa, says that many years ago two men from the Blaauw Berge Range traveled seven hundred miles to Port Elizabeth, where they worked on the docks shoveling coal by day, and attended the Wesleyan Mission school evenings. They were both converted, baptized, and joined the church.

When, after three years, the time came for their return to their own people, they asked the missionary if he would not send a teacher to their country.

He promised them he would do his best to send them the first missionary available. But the years wore on, and the missionaries were few, and each one was needed elsewhere more than there; and then the man of God who made the promise died, and the men from the Blaauw Berge were long since forgotten. Twenty-five years later a young missionary named Lowe was passing through that district to open up new work. As he approached one kraal, the people came thronging to meet him with shouts and excitement, which left him in doubt whether they meant peace or war.

Soon two elderly men came forward and said:—

"We knew God would send us a missionary. All these years we've been praying for a teacher to come, and every day we have watched this trail for him."—*Missionary Review of the World*.

A Great Gathering

WHAT promises to be the greatest student gathering of a civic character ever held anywhere is to occur at Topeka, Kansas, beginning Tuesday, December 29, and closing Friday, January 1, when the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association assembles its forces for its biennial national convention.

The limit on the number of delegates that may attend is set now at one thousand, but it is thought that trouble will be had in enforcing this; for with the present activity in the antiliquor movement, the large growth and influence of the I. P. A., and the tremendous pulling power of the proposed program, this is certain to be a rallying point for the college world.

The four days will be packed full of inspirational addresses, group meetings, conferences, and business sessions. According to the tentative program, the mornings will be devoted to business sessions, in which all authorized delegates will be privileged to participate in the determination of policies and the election of the national officers. During the business sessions, the other delegates and the visitors will be free to attend the group meetings and practical conferences led by experts and specialists.

One evening will be devoted to the grand national oratorical contest, in which seven interstate winners (the pick of twelve hundred) will compete for national honors.



"The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner"

ELSA NORTHRUP



THE painter Landseer, who could so readily see the comic aspects of a situation, was just as quick in his appreciation of suffering. With almost equal facility for humor and pathos, he alternated between such inimitable satire as "Jack in Office" or "A Member of the Benevolent Society," and such poignant tragedy as the "Hunted Stag," which has almost the pathos of a human death scene; while the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner" is fidelity and grief itself. The dog in this picture is raised, by the dignity of suffering, almost to the level of human emotion.

The shepherds of the Scottish Highlands were unique. They were no ordinary men, but were often great readers, and even poets. The shepherd James Hogg became one of Scotland's first men of letters. The loneliness of the shepherd's life in the highland wilds left an impress upon his nature, making it stern and serious. The poet Wordsworth thus describes the arduous life of the lonely shepherd:—

"There 'tis the shepherd's task the winter long
To wait upon the storms: of their approach
Sagacious, into sheltering coves he drives
His flock, and thither from the homestead bears
A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,
And deals it out, their regular nourishment
Strewn on the frozen snow. And when the spring
Looks out, and all the pastures dance with lambs,
And when the flock, with warmer weather climbs
Higher and higher, him his office leads
To watch their goings, whatsoever track
The wanderers choose."

But the shepherd had an efficient partner and faithful friend in his collie dog, which was his constant companion from dawn to dawn, sharing all the responsibilities of his charge. In fact, he would have been quite helpless without his dog, whose astuteness and skill can hardly be overestimated. The trained sheep

dog learns to know every individual member of the flock, and when the sheep are to be led from place to place, he gathers the scattered portions of the flock into a compact body, and keeps them in the way. James Hogg tells of his sagacious dog, which at one time gathered home every one of a flock of seven hundred lambs, the flock having been broken up at midnight and scattered in three directions.

Common responsibilities and solitary companionship knit the tie of friendship between the collie and his master unusually close. The praises of the sheep dog for his faithfulness and devotion to his master, his friend, have been sung by the poet Wordsworth in his verses on "Fidelity," and by Scott in his poem entitled "Helvellyn," in which occurs the line, "Faithful in death, his mute favorite attended." These poems probably commemorate an incident in the story of a traveler who was killed by a fall from a precipice near Mt. Helvellyn. Three months later his remains were discovered, watched over by his faithful dog.

Such fidelity and grief is the subject of our picture, "The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner." "An old shepherd living alone in his rude cottage has thrown down his hat and staff for the last time. His neighbors have prepared his body for decent burial, the coffin has been closed and nailed, and now stands on trestles ready for removal. The shepherd's plaid has been laid over it as a sort of pall, and a bit of green added by some reverent hand. For a moment the house is deserted, and the dog is left alone with all that represents his master's life to him. His mute grief is intensely pathetic; speech could not express more plainly his utter despair.

"A beautiful description by Ruskin suggests the important points to notice in the picture,—the close

pressure of the dog's breast against the wood; the convulsive clinging of the paws, which have dragged the blanket off the trestle; the total powerlessness of the head laid close and motionless upon its folds; the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness; the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion or change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin lid; the quietness and gloom of the chamber; the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life—how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid in solitary sleep.

"The critic shows that the skill with which the painting is executed, remarkable as it is, is not so great a thing to praise the painter for as the imagination which could conceive so pathetic a scene. The picture is, he says, 'one of the most perfect poems which modern times have seen.'"

Reign of Catharine the Great

FROM the death of Peter the Great on to the close of the eighteenth century the Russian throne was held, the most of the time, by women, the most noted of whom was Catharine II, the Great, "the greatest woman probably," according to the admission of an English historian (M'Carthy), "who ever sat on a throne, even Elizabeth of England not excepted." But while a woman of great genius, she had most serious faults of character, being incredibly profligate and unscrupulous.

Carrying out ably the policy of Peter the Great, Catharine extended vastly the limits of Russian dominion, and opened the country even more thoroughly than he had done to the entrance of Western influences. The most noteworthy matters of her reign were the conquest of the Crimea and the dismemberment of Poland.

It was in the year 1783 that Catharine effected the subjugation of the Crimea. The possession of this peninsula gave Russia dominion on the Black Sea, which, once virtually secured by Peter the Great, had been lost through his misfortunes. Catharine greatly extended the limits of her dominion on the west at the expense of Poland, the partition of which state she planned in connection with Frederick the Great of Prussia and Maria Theresa of Austria. On the first division, which was made in 1772, the imperial robbers each took a portion of the spoils. In 1793 a second partition was made, this time between Russia and Prussia; and then, in 1795, after the suppression of a determined revolt of the Poles under the lead of the patriot Kosciuszko, a third and final division among the three powers completed the dismemberment of the unhappy state, and erased its name from the roll of the nations. The territory gained by Russia in these transactions brought her western frontier close alongside the civilization of central Europe. In Catharine's phrase, Poland had become her "doormat," upon which she stepped when visiting the West.

Besides thus widening her empire, Catharine labored to reform its institutions and to civilize her subjects. Her labors in bettering the laws and improving the administration of the government have caused her to be likened to Solon and to Lycurgus, while her enthusiasm for learning and her patronage of letters led Voltaire to say, "Light now comes from the North."

By the close of Catharine's reign, Russia was beyond question one of the foremost powers of Europe, the weight of her influence being quite equal to that of any other nation of the Continent.—*Myers's "General History."*

The Blind Need Windows

LIGHT has use, even if men cannot or will not see it. Baring-Gould tells of an institution for the blind that was built in England without windows. "Why," argued the committee, "should we provide windows for those that cannot see out of them?" So scientific ventilation and heating were provided, but the walls were left unpierced by any pane of glass. But soon the poor inmates grew pale, and a great languor fell upon them. They were restless and dissatisfied. They fell sick, and one or two died. Then it was that the committee decided to open windows in the walls. In came the healing light, and the human plants responded to it at once in revived spirits, ruddy cheeks, and restored health. Light is good, the Light of the world is good, even for those who shut their eyes.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Sunset — An Allegory

SOME colors met up in the sky, and held a consultation: "We'll have a picnic," then said they, "an all-colors' celebration."

Every tint and shade and hue shall ride across the sky
To where the sloping western hills in verdant splendor lie.
We'll play at games of hide and seek, and climb, and walk,
and run;
All in the cool of sunset hour shall be our merry fun."

The day's soft light is fading, but, lo! in western skies
A wealth, a world of beauty, enchains admiring eyes.
It is the colors' picnic; each shade and hue is there:
Some bright with regal splendor, some dainty, pale, and fair.
Scarlet walks with Golden, while the many shades of Blue
Run in most unseemly fashion, as such colors often do.
Green pursues and catches Crimson, Purple flies in quest of
Gray;

All the colors mix and mingle in a rainbow-hued array.
Bronze that deepens into glory floods the scene with amber
light,
Crowns the mountain peaks with grandeur, makes the low-
lands doubly bright.
As the colors mix and mingle in their games and merry play,
Trails of splendor stream behind them, brightening up the
dying day.

But at length the shades of twilight make them harness up
their steeds,
And take path along the skyroads, past calm lakes all edged
with reeds,
Past tall mountains clad in mist robes, whose gray aspect
turns to light
As the cavalcade sweeps onward, onward out of mortal sight.
Then a peaceful, happy silence settles down upon the world,
Better for the beauteous vision now on memory's wall im-
pearled.
CORA FERRIS.

A Thankful Heart

THOU art not rich, thou art not poor;
Thy fortune keeps the middle way;
No ills thy strength cannot endure,
Apportioned to the passing day.
Thou art not young, thou art not old,
Yet, calm, thou seest thy years depart;
And joys are thine—a thousandfold—
Because thou hast a thankful heart.

—E. M. Thomas.

Thanksgiving Day

"EVERY day is a thanksgiving day,
Every morning a blessing of strength.
Every morning a bundle of mercies,
Every night a benediction of peace,
For each of God's children."



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



The Story of Dinah

J. D. MONTGOMERY



PERHAPS you have not heard the story of Dinah and her abduction. Perhaps its simple beginning and its tragic ending have escaped you. Perhaps this girl, Dinah, as a Biblical character, has not appealed to you as affording a timely lesson for our modern young people. Possibly the parents themselves have overlooked it. May its vivid lesson and its direful results burn themselves into the mind of each person who reads the narrative.

Who She Was

Dinah was the daughter of Jacob by Leah, born in Haran before the family moved to Canaan. She was about seven years of age when God told Jacob to leave the employ of Laban and journey back to his father's house. She knew of the visions of her father which God gave him on that eventful journey. She was present, evidently, when the host of angels in visible form met them and assured them concerning the meeting with the offended Esau. She had heard the story of the wonderful dream at Bethel. She knew the story of that ladder whose top reached unto God and whose lower end was on the earth, and she could not have been far away when the angel wrestled with her father till the break of day at Jabbok. Dinah had evidently received a fair religious training, and her opportunities for first-hand knowledge of divine things were not wanting. In fact, there was every chance for Dinah to know what was right and what was questionable in her experience.

In the very heart of the land of Canaan, twenty-five miles north of the city of Jerusalem, lay the city of Shechem, in the territory of the Hivites. In Shechem lived the young ruler of the place,—its prince,—unmarried, the son of King Hamor, the idolatrous ruler of the Hivites, the descendants of Canaan, the son of Ham.

Dinah's Mistake

When Dinah was about sixteen or seventeen years old, Jacob moved from Succoth to Shechem, among the Hivites. He did not move directly into the city, but bought a parcel of a field near the city, and pitched his tent and built his altar there. Dinah wanted to go "out to see the daughters of the land." She went. She went out into that wicked city alone. A young girl alone on the streets of a strange city, or one not so strange, invites peril. Whether Dinah asked permission to go is not stated. Surely not! Had she asked to go out alone in a strange city, among strange people, permission would have been denied her. No loving mother could consent for her daughter to run such unnecessary risks. Possibly she went anyway, without permission. Girls do sometimes. But however that may be, she went out alone to visit the daughters

of the land. She met the young prince of the Hivites. How many times she met him the record does not say. It is recorded, however, that she was enticed to the young man's rooms and fell from her integrity.

How diligent Dinah's mother was in warning her of these dangers we do not know. Her mistake was in going out among the idolaters to visit with them, and in going out *alone*. Perhaps she had diligent warning, but like other girls, thought she was "able to take care of herself." Perhaps she reasoned that such an earnest-spoken young man was incapable of harm. Shechem was a prince of the blood, and she felt flattered by his attention and compliments. He was well-dressed, clean-mannered, earnest-spoken, and courtesy personified. How could danger lurk in such perfect demeanor? He was more desirable than many who believed the truth. Besides, there were not very many believers to go out with. She was attracted. She became friendly. She lost interest in the altar services. Her mind persisted in dwelling upon the dashing young prince who preferred her to all the belles of the land. Intimacy stole into her conversation and conduct. She sometimes found herself saying and doing things that stung her conscience cruelly, but they were done before she realized it. But then he did not notice. He was too much of a gentleman to take advantage of a simple girl. He was sympathetic and caressing. His whispered words and caressing touch lent wonderful peace to a conscience-stricken young life. He had her confidence, and invited her to his rooms. She went, trusting the honor of this perfect-mannered young prince. Poor Dinah! She did not dream of the greatness of her danger till the infatuation of the devil held her captive to his will.

So it is with other young girls who go out alone to meet young men in the streets of our cities. Nothing but humiliation and disgrace is invited by such indiscreet conduct. The experience of Dinah befalls countless girls because of the negligence of parents and the headstrong tendencies of the youth. Like Dinah, they shed their tears after it is too late. Dinah was held captive in the house of Shechem after her humiliation. Remorse followed. Tears flowed freely over the realization of the sin and disgrace. The girl was heart-broken. The young man also was penitent, and went to the girl's father. He wanted to take Dinah into his home as his wife. He did the honorable thing, but it was belated. Too late to avoid the evil of lost virtue!

The Far-Reaching Consequences

The disgrace of the guilty is bad enough. The disgrace and sorrow of the innocent is worse. But the terrible results that followed Dinah's indiscretion included the murder, in vengeance, of all the males of the city of Shechem, together with the young prince

and his father. The girl was rescued and restored to her home, but all the vengeance of cruel brothers could not atone for the sin of the girl. All because an indiscreet young maid thought she could travel the streets of the city alone and not be molested! *Beware!*

Thanksgiving That Never Ceases

A LITTLE fellow in a certain hospital had a piece of bone removed from his arm. He got well, but before he left the place he sent for the doctor. "You wish to see me, Willie?" said the doctor. The little fellow reached up his hand and laid it on the doctor's shoulder, and said, "My mamma will never hear the last about you." I think if we fully realized what Christ has done for us, we should say to him, "My friends will never hear the last about you."—*The Expositor*.

Father

At the sound of the gay laughter, father looked up, startled. Then he turned back to his desk, and finished his methodical preparations for "closing up." It was Kittredge's girl; she often came in to walk home with him. Father's gentle face settled into wistful lines; it had sounded like Betty's voice; how pleasant it would be if it had been Betty herself!

All the way home, on the trolley, father kept thinking of the girls. There were three: Martha, who was engaged to young Dale,—a splendid match, every one said; Julia, who was a beauty; and Betty. They were splendid girls, all of them, much prettier than Dell Kittredge, and yet—father's thoughts ran back to their babyhood; even then he had not known how to play with them very well, but Annie had been alive to help. Since she died, father had somehow lost touch with his girls. He had worked harder and harder as the cost of living increased, but it needed something more than that; he wished that he could ask Kittredge what it was.

Dinner was ready when father reached home; it was a good dinner, and the girls chatted gayly about their dresses, and friends, and plans. They did not talk to father and he ate in silence. After dinner he went into the parlor to read the newspaper; but presently young Dale appeared, and father knew that he and Martha were not anxious for company, so he wandered out on the piazza; but finding a gay group of young people there with Julia, he went slowly upstairs. Betty, as she passed the door of his room, saw him sitting there in the dark.

"All alone?" she asked.

"All alone, Betty," he answered. He tried to say it cheerfully, as if he did not care, but Betty came in.

"I wish I could stay," she said, "but Dell Kittredge is waiting for me downstairs, and I've promised to go down to the library with her."

"Dell Kittredge!" father exclaimed.

"Why, yes—why, daddy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," father answered. "Run along, little girl. I've seen her at the office sometimes, that's all. She comes to walk home with her father; they seem to have great times together."

Betty stooped, and kissed his forehead. "I guess they do, daddy," she said.

The next day, when father reached the office, he found a letter on his desk. The writing seemed vaguely familiar. He opened the letter with a puzzled frown. It read:—

"DADDY DEAR: You are cordially invited to escort your daughter Betty home tonight at five o'clock.

"Very sincerely yours,

"ELIZABETH MORRIS."

Father read it over three times, then he put it carefully away. He straightened his thin shoulders, and glanced happily about the office. He looked years younger.—*Youth's Companion*.

What Did Jesus Say?

STANDING in the temple
While the doctors wise
Asked him many questions,
Heard his deep replies,
Wondered at the answers
Of this humble boy,—
Standing in the temple,
What did Jesus say?

Luke 2:49.

On the banks of Jordan

With the prophet grave,
Seeking to be buried
'Neath the yielding wave,—
"I have need," John answered,
"To be baptized of thee,"—
Standing by the Jordan,
What did Jesus say?

Matt. 3:15.

On the Sea of Galilee

When the storm raged sore,
Sleeping on a pillow
While the billows roar,—
"Save us, Lord, we perish,"
His disciples cry,—
On the Sea of Galilee,
What did Jesus say?

Mark 4:39.

Alone in dark Gethsemane,

On the damp, cold sod,
Bowed in deepest anguish,
Forsaken by his God;
With man's sin upon him,
On the ground he lay,—
In the lonely garden,
What did Jesus say?

Matt. 26:39, 42.

On the cross of Calvary,

'Neath the darkening skies,
He, mid jeers and scoffing,
Bows his head and dies;
Pierced by cruel soldiers,
His life blood ebbs away,—
On the cross of Calvary,
What did Jesus say?

Luke 23:34.

But death could not hold him,

From the grave he rose,
Won a glorious victory
Over all his foes;
Then to his disciples,
Ere he went away,
In his closing message,
What did Jesus say?

Matt. 28:19, 20.

Soon he'll come in splendor,

Earth's long night will cease;
He will take his people
To a land of peace.
As he leads them upward
To the realms of day,
Through the gates of glory,
What will Jesus say?

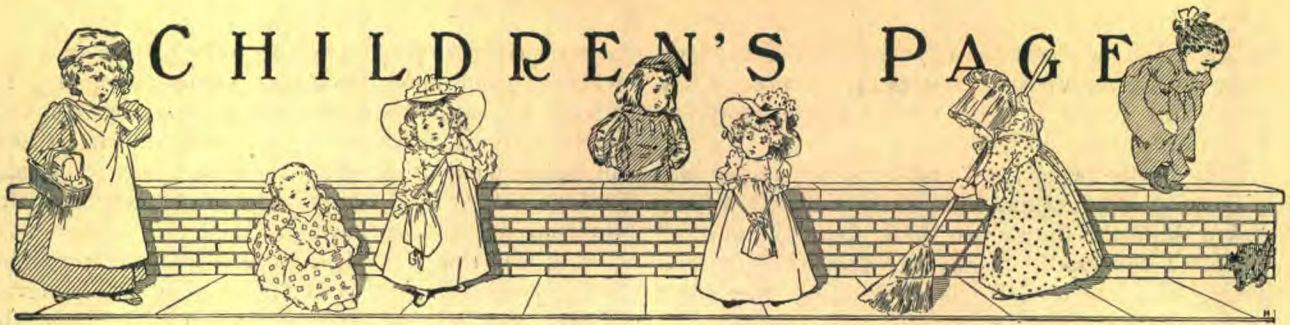
Matt. 25:34.

MAY WAKEHAM.

Laid on thine altar, O my God divine,

Accept my gifts this day, for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small,
Yet thou alone, O Lord, canst understand
How when I yield thee this, I yield mine all.

—Found in the Bible of a missionary who died in Africa.



The Thanksgiving Cloak



THAT is what Lucy called it, her "Thanksgiving cloak," and then she told me why she named it so, and why she took it up so carefully just as if she loved it.

You see Lucy is my best friend, and the very best somebody in the world, I think,—just as good as the preacher himself, and she always makes me feel as if there wasn't anything worth a cent but being good—that is, when I am with her, I mean.

I haven't known her so long, just since she came to school this session; and I thought she was very rich, her clothes were so perfectly beautiful, and all new, but this morning she told me all about herself and how they were poor or had been poor, and explained to me why her clothes are now so nice and new.

But the way she happened to talk about it, for Lucy doesn't talk much about herself, was this: They were making up a Thanksgiving box for the orphanage, and we girls all began rummaging among our clothes to see if we couldn't find some things to add to it, and nearly everybody found a cloak, or a hat, or a dress, to put in. I gave a dress that was getting too short for me, and then went up to Lucy's room to see what she had found.

She had laid everything out on the bed, and there was this horrid, ugly old coat. It was one of those big, clumsy, warm circulars lined with flannel, and the black had that green-brown look that black sometimes turns. It was dreadfully shabby, and I just wondered at Lucy's having it with her even.

I touched it and asked, "Are you going to send this? It will be comfortable for everyday anyhow for one of those orphans."

She shook her head and pointed to a really stylish cape, such as were worn last winter. "That is the one I shall give; it was Brother Will's Thanksgiving gift to me, but yesterday a new one came from Cousin Helen for this Thanksgiving, and so I shall pass Will's in where it will bring pleasure and comfort to some one else."

She showed me the new one, and it is the handsomest I ever saw.

I looked again at that old cloak made uglier by the contrast, and said, "I don't see why you keep this; you can't wear it any longer, you would look a scarecrow in it."

Lucy stroked it lovingly with her hand, and laid her cheek down on it. "It is not presentable enough for me or anybody else to use; but this is my sure enough Thanksgiving cloak, even more than those two which were really intended as remembrances of the day; for last November at church during the five minutes' silent thanks for the blessings of the year, my prayer was, 'I thank thee, Father, for the ugly old

cloak.' I brought it with me to remind me how God takes our worries, those stumblingblocks, and makes them stepping-stones, if we only let him."

When Lucy says things like that, with that kind of expression on her face, all of a sudden I feel as if it were Sabbath, and the minister had called out, "The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him." I can't explain it exactly, but I think it's because I know Lucy has seen the Master (she always calls Christ the Master) and heard him with her soul's eyes and ears, and that she feels he is right by her.

Well, of course, my curiosity was excited, and here is the story, just as I remember it:—

Lucy's father and mother lived out on a farm. Money was very scarce, and Lucy had to scuffle around when she needed new clothes, to help to get them. Fall before last she was obliged to have a new cloak to be respectable and comfortable at church. In different ways she managed to make as much as five dollars. By selling all the old wraps, except this ancient fright which nobody would have bought, she scraped together five dollars more. She was so happy, she says, with that ten-dollar bill in her purse.

Well, the very morning she planned a shopping expedition to their nearest town, there came a letter from a cousin in distress, asking for ten dollars from Lucy's father. Mr. Warren (did I tell you her name is Lucy Warren?) looked sad and shook his head. "Heaven knows that I would send it if I had it; but I can hardly pay my honest debts." Mrs. Warren's lips quivered as she sighed, "Helen has been so kind to me; 'tis harder on us to refuse than it is on her to be refused, I imagine."

Lucy saw the quivering lip, she saw a tear, too, in her mother's eye, and that she couldn't stand. She offered that ten dollars, and sent it by return mail to her cousin.

I wondered how Mr. and Mrs. Warren could let her make such a sacrifice, knowing what it meant to her. But Lucy only laughed at my surprise.

"Why, mother's shawl has seen duty fifteen years, and father's stand-by in very severe weather is his army overcoat of faded gray. Mother is such an invalid that she does not hear of or see the new styles. When I said something one day about not going to church because I would be so conspicuous in that cloak, she remarked gently and reprovably, 'Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart,' and I never mentioned the subject to her again."

When Will, Lucy's brother, went home from the city, it was worst of all; for he vowed he wouldn't go to service if she wore that "disgraceful old cloak." And he declared if his sister couldn't afford any less disreputable garment than that cloak, there was evidently nothing to give thanks for.

And Lucy felt so troubled that she went to her room and prayed about it.

It seemed to me irreverent to pray to God about such a thing, and I ventured to express my opinion. Lucy stopped and looked at me. "What ought people to pray about? What do you pray about?"

"Why, about being good and being kept alive and important matters," I answered.

"Are those the things you think about the most?"

"No," I confessed, "I say my prayers night and morning, and I believe that is all the times they come to my mind."

Then what do you think she said? She goes to God just as I do to you, and tells him every thought, and "talks it over." She "commits every bother and trouble to God;" on that day she laid the matter of the ugly cloak before him, begging him to let her make money for another one, and to keep Will from getting reckless and cynical because of their poverty; or if it was his will for her to wear it, to give her courage to do so and not fret.

Thanksgiving day the text was, "In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

Her brother laughed grimly after they got home, saying that when she could give thanks for that cloak, then he would believe the sermon, every word of it.

You would have thought Lucy had so much faith that God would have granted her requests immediately; instead, that winter was the coldest we had had for years, and Lucy not only couldn't escape wearing the despised wrap, but she overheard jeering comments made on its shabbiness, and she was kept away from more than one pleasant gathering because she was ashamed to go so poorly dressed.

"But," here Lucy's eyes shone with that happy light that sometimes comes in them, "God turned my thorn into a crown of rejoicing; for Thanksgiving a year ago Will came home again, and he could hardly wait to show me this cape I am going to put in the box for the orphanage, and throwing it over my shoulders, said, 'Wear it, sis, tomorrow. It is my gift to remind you of the day, but my thank offering to God tomorrow will first of all be for that very wrap I scorned so, for it changed my destiny.'"

It was this way: His mother, hearing him tease Lucy, had explained the matter. Ashamed that he was so much less unselfish, he went back resolved to save ten dollars to replace what Lucy had given away. That meant his giving up all his companions; for they, though not considered bad, were fond of treating, and he was too proud to be always a recipient of favors.

As he was rather lonely, he spent more of his evenings at the Y. M. C. A. By and by he was sent to nurse a sick lad. It was nearly Christmas, and he had engaged a cloak on the two-dollar-a-month-installment plan, so anxious was he for it; but the sick boy moaned incessantly for his mother. The watcher by his bed found it was for lack of money that the mother did not come; it is easy enough to guess that he borrowed the eight additional dollars necessary to bring the mother to her son. The very deed of kindness, the careful economy he practiced until the money could be repaid, helped to make him a finer character.

"And now," Lucy added, happy tears in her eyes, "he is just a power, the Y. M. C. A. secretary tells me, and his employer, meeting father one day, praised Will as one of his most reliable clerks, right in the line of promotion. And father, reporting to us the conversation, couldn't account for what the merchant said, but I could: 'Your son at first was just like the other

boys; satisfactory enough, but nothing unusual. But when he came home from that Thanksgiving trip, he altered his manner of spending his evenings, took to more studying, went more to church, and he is now an active member, whereas he hadn't been especially zealous before. You have cause to be very thankful for your son as he is now, sir.'"

Nor was this all; when Lucy ran down to exhibit Will's beautiful present and everybody was congratulating her, there stood in the kitchen a poor child, the daughter of a "cropper,"—that is what a renter is called in South Carolina,—one of Lucy's pupils in Sunday school. This child had joined the church, and her whole family had become regular attendants. Indeed, everybody had been surprised at how many of this poorer class of people had come to church and Sunday school; for so often they make the excuse of not having decent clothes, and never hear a sermon.

The child whispered to Lucy: "It is awful pretty, ma'am, enough sight different from that other one; but O, I am so awful glad you wore that other one all last winter, for if it hadn't been for it I mightn't never have knowed the Lord like I do now, and mammy and poppy, nuther! I heard that other lady laugh at that cloak last Thanksgivin', and I seed you heerd it, an' I went home and told mammy and poppy if you could wear that dreadful ugly old cloak they could wear their things; for mammy's shawl wasn't any more faded than it, nor poppy's coat, nuther. They went just to see for themselves, and now we go because we love to go; and we told the other poor folks how bad you looked and yet you come, and so now we all go, all the Ridge down here."

I don't wonder at Lucy's Thanksgiving prayer, do you?—*Mildred C. Watkins, in Christian Observer.*

George and Tobacco

THEY were good friends(?)—Tobacco and George Weak. They became acquainted years ago, when George was but a very young boy. He knew very well that Tobacco was a bad, vulgar fellow, but as he seemed to have so many admirers, George thought he would just meet him a few times to see if he was really as nice a fellow as the other boys thought him to be. He was the constant companion of Billy Bad, Ned Vulgar, Joe Paleface, Tom Cross, and Jack Trembly, and they were all boys who were not tied to mother's apron strings, but who just had a fine time, did as they pleased, and enjoyed being with Tobacco ever so much. They had asked George again and again just to meet Tobacco and see what a fine fellow he was, and when George had refused, the boys had pointed the finger of scorn at him and called him "Fraidie Calf" and "Tied to Ma's Apron String;" so George decided to meet him. One day, when the boys were down back of the old paper mill playing ball, Tom Cross brought Tobacco up to George and gave him his first introduction. George was a little puzzled at first, and then somewhat disgusted. He could not see why the other boys thought so much of this fellow. He did not care to meet him again. It was not many days, however, before he met Joe Paleface with Tobacco. He had a little better opinion of Tobacco this time, and said to himself, "Maybe he isn't so bad a fellow after all."

George and Tobacco soon became fast friends; for Tobacco was a fellow that was hard to "shake." George thought: "Well, there is something strange about this fellow. He seems to cling right to me. I

can't get away from him." Yes, Tobacco was a small fellow, but O, how George changed after he met him! His rosy cheeks grew whiter and whiter, and his hand did not seem so steady as it used to. He became more disobedient and unkind to his mother; he grew careless in his habits, and began to stay out nights with the other boys; he stopped kneeling by his bedside to pray. He was not going to be a "kid" any more, but he was going to be a man. He and Tobacco became constant companions, and wherever you saw George, you could find Tobacco with him; but Tobacco always let George pay all the expenses, and it cost George more and more all the time to take Tobacco with him. George had now entirely forsaken God and made Tobacco his idol. Yes, he had actually given Tobacco the place Christ Jesus used to occupy in his heart; for George reasoned thus, "If I am blue and discouraged, Tobacco always gives me comfort. If I am worried, he cheers me. If I have indigestion, he cures me; and O," thought George, "I could not give him up!" In reality he said: "Tobacco is everything to me. He has done more for me — more than Christ Jesus did. I can give up God, I can drive away Christ, I can grieve mother or wife, I can shame sister, but give up Tobacco? — No, never!" Yes, Tobacco was a little fellow, but a strong one, and he bound that bright boy as with fetters of iron. He woefully deceived him until he actually turned from God to serve Tobacco; and now when his old Sabbath-school teacher or classmates met him and said, "George, come back to God; come back to your Sabbath school," George only said, "I can't give up Tobacco. O, I should like to, but he follows me everywhere, and I can't get away from him! No, I can't give him up."

Poor George! Tobacco was indeed a vile, deceiving fellow; but George Weak had sworn his love and allegiance to him, and now he acknowledged that Tobacco was too much for him. He had so lost sight of God that he seemed to forget that God was so strong and so willing that should he but call upon him earnestly, he would make haste to deliver him from Tobacco. Alas! he did not seek God for help.

Let me tell you some of the other things Tobacco did for George as the years of his manhood passed. Tobacco took from fifty cents to five dollars a week from George, and during George's lifetime used up enough money to buy a beautiful one-hundred-acre farm with fine buildings and stock, or a brick block in the city, or to pay for a college education for George's five children, who were left to grow up with almost no education. Tobacco sapped Christianity, vitality, manhood, cleanliness, and courtesy from George, and bound him a slave, and marked him for everlasting destruction. George went on year after year, year after year, submitting to Tobacco's tyranny, when he could have chosen God and freedom. At last, when he had reached the gates of death, we could hear him saying, "I can't give up Tobacco." We watched him pass through the valley of the shadow of death alone, and we wondered with sorrow how many, many victims Tobacco had sent through this lonely valley without a God and without a Saviour.

Father, son, brother, are you a victim of this cruel enemy? Go to God quickly, and cry for deliverance. He will surely deliver you.

MRS. LUELLA L. HARMON.

SORROW is the conflict of men on their way to themselves. — *Henry Ward Beecher.*

Phenomenal Boy

BUT for the individual case, what shall be done? The writer will never forget a small boy he met in his own boyhood who made the amazing statement that he had weeded so many onions that he finally got so he liked to weed them. This was a clear case of "cultivated taste." But the principle is true. Make up your mind you are going to do a thing whether you like it or not, and, very often, the drudgery of it will disappear. You remember how painful it used to be to walk barefooted over a field of stubble; but if you ran, it was easy. Stubble which pierced and bruised timid feet was crushed painlessly beneath a rapid, determined, and sturdy stride. So in many cases the actual doing of a task will drive away the dislike of it. Particularly as one tries to do a task well and promptly, as one begins and grows to take pride in doing it, may a hated task become pleasing. — *The Christian Herald.*

A Violin Made of Matches

THERE are certain persons who have a liking for putting to strange use materials that others consider worthless. Thus a man will make a clock out of bits of straw, or a cane out of old newspapers. One of the latest curiosities is a violin the body of which was built of matches. A man living in Bay City, Wisconsin, conceived the novel idea, and spent a year in the painstaking operation of constructing a musical instrument out of the refuse of the match box. The instrument, he says, contains fifty-four hundred and fifty matches, and he also declares that the violin has "a full, sweet, mellow tone," which, if really so, strikes us as even more remarkable than its peculiar construction. The instrument has been on exhibition at the Minnesota State Fair, where it attracted a great deal of attention. — *The King's Own.*

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN	General Secretary
C. L. BENSON	Assistant Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON	N. Am. Div. Secretary
MEADE MACGUIRE	N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Senior Society Study for Sabbath, November 28

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Bible Study (ten minutes).
3. Quiz on Standard of Attainment (five minutes).
4. "The Missionary Volunteer Work in South America" (twenty-five minutes).
5. Closing Exercises (ten minutes).
1. Song: "Forward, Youthful Workers" (see this INSTRUCTOR); prayer; music; review of Morning Watch texts; collection of reports and offering; secretary's report.
2. "The Message of Elijah." See *Gazette*.
3. The atonement. Heb. 2:9; 7:25.
4. Three talks on: (a) "Organization and Progress;" (b) "Our Morning Watch and the Reading Courses;" (c) "Report of Missionary Effort." See *Gazette*.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending November 28

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Thanksgiving (five minutes).

3. "The Harvest Time" (five minutes).
4. Bible Reading (ten minutes).
5. "The Thanksgiving Cloak" (ten minutes).
6. Praise Service (fifteen minutes).
7. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Singing; Scripture reading, Ps. 117; 65:9-13; prayer; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering; review of Morning Watch texts.
2. A talk by the leader. If the history of Thanksgiving is desired, good material can be found in current periodicals or encyclopedias.
3. Recitation. See *Gazette*. Have four girls, if possible, recite these verses. Let the first three come forward in turn with arms full of different kinds of autumn fruits and grains, and the fourth with a Bible only.
4. Use the one in the *Gazette* suggested for the Seniors. One of the older children might lead. Notify those who read the answers, so that they can find the texts and read them over. Have each one read loud enough and distinctly.
5. This story in this INSTRUCTOR may be read by a Junior.
6. Endeavor to have every child take some part, if it is only to read a verse of Scripture. The leader may need to help some find suitable verses.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8—Lesson 8: "Ann of Ava,"

Pages 165-194

1. WHAT happened to Mrs. Judson immediately after her husband's arrest? Tell something of her experiences and her first efforts to secure her husband's release.
2. How did she finally reach the governor? What did he demand as a price for his service?
3. Describe Mrs. Judson's visit to the prison.
4. To whom did she next appeal, and with what result?
5. Tell about the visit of the confiscation officers.
6. What was the result of Mrs. Judson's second visit to the governor?
7. Describe Mr. Judson's prison life. In whom did he trust during this trying time?
8. When and why did Mrs. Judson adopt Burmese dress?
9. What occurred when Baby Maria was two months old? Tell of Mrs. Judson's appeal to the governor.
10. Describe the death prison at Ava.
11. How did Mrs. Judson manage to care for her husband during his illness?
12. Then what unexpected calamity suddenly came to them one morning?

Junior No. 7—Lesson 8: "Under Marching Orders," Review

NOTE.—This review will serve to fix in your minds the facts which you have read. Make your answers brief, yet not so brief that any of the important points will be omitted. Send your paper to your Missionary Volunteer secretary. Then be sure to take up that most interesting book "Easy Steps in the Bible Story."

1. BRIEFLY tell of the early training and plans of Mary Porter.
2. (a) Relate how she became interested in Chinese girls. (b) Describe her trip to Peking.
3. Describe her methods of working for the Chinese.
4. (a) What preparation had Frank D. Gamewell had for work in China? (b) Give a brief account of his journey up the Yangtze.
5. (a) Tell of the anti-foreign feeling toward the missionaries. (b) How did it affect their work?
6. (a) Why is the year 1900 famous in Chinese mission history? Give a brief history of the uprising.
7. Relate the experiences of the missionaries during the siege.
8. Tell how relief came to them.
9. Upon returning to the United States, what work did Mrs. Gamewell continue to do?
10. State briefly how the reading of this book has impressed you.

Missionary Volunteer Question Box

[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

75. IN what way are we expected to make use of the Missionary Volunteer Leaflets?

We might divide our leaflets into three classes as to character and purpose. There are the educational leaflets, such as No. 2, "From Which Fountain?" No. 4, "Organization," and Nos. 3, 16, 21, 27, 34, 35, 41, 43, 44, 45, 46. It is evident that the most of these are for the instruction of our own young people. Every society should not only see that each

member has these leaflets and reads them, but that every young person in the church and Sabbath school is supplied; also, as far as possible, the old people. Then there are the devotional leaflets, which are also designed especially for our own young people. These include Nos. 13, 14, 19, 37, 40, 42, 47, etc. Then there is a good list of inspirational leaflets, — Nos. 30, 33, 36, 38, 39, 48. Since it is of the greatest importance that all our young people receive constant inspiration to a higher Christian life and greater earnestness, there can be no better missionary work than circulating these leaflets among them. There are a number which are also excellent to use in work for young people not of our faith, giving them directly, or inclosing them in letters. Nos. 2, 13, 14, 30, 33, 40, 42, 47, and others would be excellent for this purpose.



IX — Daniel in the Lions' Den

(November 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Daniel 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." Dan. 6:22.

Questions

1. Who was the last king of Babylon? By whom was he slain and the kingdom taken? Dan. 5:30, 31.
2. To whom did the king intrust the affairs of his kingdom? Why was preference shown Daniel? What shows that Daniel must have had a clear mind and steady nerves? How exact was he in all his business transactions? What makes it quite certain that Daniel was faithful in all his work? What else speaks well for Daniel's temperance principles? Dan. 6:1-5. Note 1.
3. To what height of Christian living had Daniel attained? Note 2. What is sanctification? Note 3. How can it be reached? Note 4. Of what does Daniel's life show the importance and advantage? Note 5.
4. What probably aroused a feeling of enmity against Daniel? Verse 2. Which is worst—wrath, anger, or envy? Prov. 27:4. What other feeling probably urged on their envy? 1 John 3:12, last part.
5. How did the chief men seek to entrap Daniel? How many of the presidents were represented as agreeing to this wicked thing? Yet which one had not even been consulted? Dan. 6:6-8.
6. What shows that the king trusted too much to the word of his princes? What change did this decree make in Daniel's behavior? What had he always considered as necessary as his daily food? Verses 9, 10. What other good man had this very same habit? Ps. 55:17.
7. Would it not have done just as well if Daniel had hidden away when he prayed, or had prayed silently, during these thirty days? Whom would he have appeared to honor in place of the Lord?
8. When the princes assembled, what did they find? What did they make haste to do? What shows that the king did not intentionally place Daniel in this danger? Dan. 6:11-15.
9. What was the king finally compelled to do with Daniel? But what inspiring words did he first speak to him? What was laid on the mouth of the den?

How was it fastened? Why was it sealed in this way? Verses 16, 17.

10. How much power did the seal of this king and his lords represent? In what similar manner was the power of the whole Roman Empire once set in opposition to God's power? Matt. 27:64-66.

11. How did King Darius pass the night after casting Daniel into the lions' den? What further showed his anxiety? What did he say in the morning when he came to the den? What was Daniel's reply? Dan. 6:18-22. What brought the angel down into the den? Heb. 11:33.

12. How did the king now feel? What did he do with Daniel? After carefully examining him, what could they not find? Why was he preserved? Yet how ferocious were these lions? Dan. 6:23, 24. Of what proverb is this an example? Prov. 11:8.

13. To how many people did this one faithful man thus let his light shine? Dan. 6:25-28.

14. What need have we for the very same faith and protecting presence that Daniel had? 1 Peter 5:8. Which came first, Daniel's daily deliverance from sin and the power of Satan, or his deliverance that night from the wild beasts? Which deliverance is the greater? What may we also say every time we overcome Satan's evil angels by faith? Memory verse.

Notes

1. "We must take notice of it, to the glory of God, that, though Daniel was now very old (it was above seventy years since he was brought a captive to Babylon), yet he was as able as ever for business both in body and in mind, and that he who had continued faithful to his religion through all the temptations of the foregoing reigns, in a new government was as much respected as ever."—*Matthew Henry*.
2. "The prophet Daniel was an example of true sanctification."—*"Great Controversy,"* page 470.
3. "Christ is a perfect example of such a character. He says, 'I have kept my Father's commandments.' 'I do always those things that please him.' The followers of Christ are to become like him,—by the grace of God, to form characters in harmony with the principles of his holy law. This is Bible sanctification."—*Id.*, page 469. See 1 John 2:6.
4. "This work can be accomplished only through faith in Christ, by the power of the indwelling Spirit of God. . . . The Scriptures plainly show that the work of sanctification is progressive. When in conversion the sinner finds peace with God through the blood of the atonement, the Christian life has but just begun. Now he is to 'go on unto perfection' [Heb. 6:1]; . . . Peter sets before us the steps by which Bible sanctification is to be attained [2 Peter 1:5-10]." —*Id.*, pages 469, 470.
5. "His life affords a most impressive lesson of the importance and advantage of maintaining from earliest youth strict integrity toward God."—*"Thoughts on Daniel,"* page 20.

IX — Judging; Vanity of Earthly Things

(November 28)

DAILY-STUDY OUTLINE

	QUESTIONS	NOTES
Sun. Exhortation to repentance and humility; speaking evil of one another	1-4	1-3
Mon. ... Judging others	5-8	4
Tues. ... Presumptuous planning concerning this life	9, 10	5, 6
Wed. ... The frailty of man	11-13	7
Thurs. ... Boasting; result of not doing what we know is right	14, 15	
Fri. Review the lesson		

LESSON SCRIPTURE: James 4:9-17.

Questions

1. What exhortation to deep repentance does the writer of this epistle next give? James 4:9. Note 1.
2. What further admonition is given? If this is heeded, what blessed result will follow? Verse 10. Note 2.

3. What are we admonished not to do? Verse 11, first part.

4. Of what are those guilty who speak evil of their brethren? What do those become who do this? Verse 11, last part. Note 3.

5. What similar instruction is given by Jesus? Matt. 7:1, 2.

6. In what words does the apostle Paul emphasize the same truth? Rom. 2:1; Eph. 4:29-31.

7. What instruction does the apostle Peter give concerning evil speaking? 1 Peter 2:1.

8. How many true sources of law are there? What is this Lawgiver able to do? What searching personal question is asked? James 4:12. Note 4.

9. What class are especially addressed? What are these persons represented as saying? Verse 13. Note 5.

10. How is the uncertainty of life pointed out? Verse 14. Note 6.

11. How is the weakness and frailty of man expressed by the psalmist? Ps. 39:5.

12. How does the prophet Isaiah set forth the brevity of man's life? Isa. 40:6.

13. What ought we therefore to say in all the affairs of this life? James 4:15. Note 7.

14. In what were they rejoicing? What is said of this kind of rejoicing? Verse 16.

15. What is the sad result of failing to do what we know is right? Verse 17.

Notes

1. James continues his exhortation and admonition to those who through lack of Christian experience were guilty of the things mentioned in the previous lesson. Thorough repentance and humiliation of heart are demanded from those who transgress the instruction of the Lord.
2. "Mourners and penitents lay on the ground and rolled themselves in the dust. When comforted and pardoned, they arose from the earth, shook themselves from the dust, and clothed themselves in their better garments. God promises to raise men from the dust when they are truly humbled."—*Clarke*.
3. "There is nothing more decidedly condemned in the Scriptures than the habit of pronouncing a judgment on the motives and conduct of others. There is nothing in which we are more liable to err, or to indulge in wrong feelings; and there is nothing which God claims more for himself as his peculiar prerogative."—*Barnes*.
4. Those who judge others usurp the office and prerogative of the Supreme Judge. As God alone knows the heart and can read the motives, he alone can be the Judge. Those, therefore, who assume to judge others put themselves in the place of God, which is the essence of the Papacy.
5. The custom of ancient times is probably referred to here. The people traded from city to city, carrying their goods on their backs. Presumptuously planning concerning the things of this life, while leaving God out of the reckoning, and taking no account of the vicissitudes and uncertainties of life, is rebuked. The evil of fixing a definite time, designating the exact period during which they would remain and when they would return, without any reference to God's will or purpose, is pointed out. This contains a searching lesson for this time.
6. The Revised Version reads, "What is your life? For ye are a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Surely man, being but vapor, has nothing whereof to boast. How needful that he lay hold upon an enduring substance!
7. "Not only our doing depends on the will of the Lord, but also, first of all, life itself."—*Lange*.

THY ways would be our ways, could we see with thy sight,
Could we contemplate time from eternity's height,
Could we bridge Being's Ocean with one glance, and span,
From Life's birth to Death's birth, the whole course of man.
—*Felix Rudolph*.

"JOHN WESLEY's motto, 'At it, all at it, and always at it,' was influential in the early days of Methodism. The spirit of enthusiasm and cooperation suggested by these words is what makes any organized work successful."

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"He Crowneth the Year With His Goodness"

"He crowneth the year with his goodness"!

The grain crowdeth storehouse and bin;
The fruit, fully ripened, lies blushing;
The cattle are safe guarded in.
While chill are the days of November,
With skies that are somber and drear,
Wide, wide o'er the land he bestoweth
His bountiful kindness and cheer.

— A. M. Tomilson.

The Bible in a Hotel

IN Akron, Ohio, a roughly dressed man came to the pastor who was receiving contributions for Gideon Bibles, and said he wanted to help. He was a Roman Catholic, and his children had been reared in that church and were not Bible readers. One of his boys had worked his way up in a mercantile house to a fine position, but one day he defaulted with money and left the city. Later, in a hotel, he picked up a Gideon Bible and began reading it. As he read chapter after chapter, he was convicted of sin. He immediately returned to his employer, turned over to him all the money he had, and offered himself for punishment. His position was retained for him, so that he was soon able to make good the remainder due. The father said he had not much money, but if a Gideon Bible saved his boy it would save another, and he wanted to pay for one Bible at least, to that end.—*Selected.*

Blush and Hush, You Grumbler

You enjoy luxuries and conveniences that Ghengis Khan and Charles the Great and Louis the Magnificent could not command at the price of a province: running water, sanitary plumbing, elevators, electric light, gas ranges, telephones, penny newspapers, trolley cars, steam heat, and frozen air.

The fastest pace at which Cæsar ever rode was less than fifteen miles in an hour.

Charlemagne could make kings, but no man in all his realms could make his tooth stop aching.

Napoleon's physicians were not half so competent as your family doctor.

Quit your complaining. You're better off than a medieval millionaire. You're a mightier lord than the Elizabethan baron—a sovereign in the full enjoyment of every liberty.

You are supreme owner of your person—subject to no will or whim beyond your own. You can go

where you please and do what you like. Only the law can interfere with you, and even the law must prove that you are wrong before it can exercise its right.

How dare you whine that you have no chance!

Opportunity can't be used up. It's a magic purse. The more you take from it, the more you put in it. Only fools and idlers find it empty.

There are two main classes of men,—those who sigh for success and those who try for success; the wisherman, who clings to the safe land, and the fisherman, who braves the uncertainties of the deep.

If you won't take a risk, you'll remain a nonentity.

The last supply of manna was exhausted thousands of years ago. The Biblical raven has disappeared. Its modern prototype can scarcely provide its own food.

The ear of Providence manages to catch most of the prayers of misfortune, but there is no sympathy in heaven, nor on earth, for the invertebrate who won't help himself.

Read history and blush. The bones of your ancestors are shamed by your cowardice.

Picture their handicaps, and realize how much they made of themselves and for themselves in an untrod wilderness.

They found only Indian trails. They were forced to create their roads as they journeyed.

There were no habitations. They slept under the stars, hunted their meat with musketoon and flintlock, and drove their ox teams four thousand miles across untraveled plains and over pathless mountains.

They came without supplies, without maps, while you can, within a week, reach any spot in America, assured of a roof, and provisions, and safety, no matter where you land.

A decade often elapsed before they could communicate with their friends, while you can send news to anybody by the tap of a telegraph key.

You haven't been thinking—haven't been fair to yourself nor to fortune.

Countless industries offer you choice of a career: a hundred professions proffer boundless possibilities for eminence.

With airships above, automobiles below, marconigrams flashing in space, surgeons transplanting bones, chemists producing dye stuffs and perfumes and drugs from coal tar, waterfalls lighting cities and driving engines, what further inspirations can you demand, what additional guaranties do you require, what added incentive can you seek?

If you aren't making headway, put the blame where it belongs. You are either an inferior type, a dull, listless, complaisant easybody, or an erratic, unreliable, thoughtless jump-about, or plain lazy.

The world is giving every energetic, enthusiastic, persistent man a square deal.—*Herbert Kaufman.*

"He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is a child; teach him.

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; shun him.

"He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep; wake him.

"He who knows, and knows that he knows, is a leader; follow him."

THERE is no such happiness as that which grows out of a pure heart.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*