

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. L.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

In the Streets of the City

"AND the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

Lest our hearts should be overcome by the strangeness of the sight
Of the New Jerusalem when we reach the city bright,
Where our comrades will be angels and shining seraphim,
Where we'll eat the fruit of life by the living river's brim,
Where the walls will be of jasper, and the streets will be of gold,
And the music of the harpers be like mighty thunders rolled,—
Then one dear, familiar sight our vision there will greet,—
Our boys and our girls will be playing in the street.

Then there will be no more weeping, no sorrow, and no pain;
There friends will meet each other nevermore to part again;
No more to suffer hunger, or thirst, or heat, or cold;
No more to pine in sickness, and never to grow old.
There none shall grope in darkness; for there will be no night,
But one eternal morning, the Lamb himself the light.
Then just one touch was added for happiness complete,—
Our boys and our girls will be playing in the street.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

The Early Life of a Great Man

THERE is an impressive truth wrapped up in Longfellow's words:—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Eternity alone will fully reveal how the lives of such men as Joseph, Daniel, and Paul, as well as some of the grand characters of modern times, have served to quicken the life-current in millions of other men's lives.

There are few men who have left so marked an impression upon the destiny of a nation, as well as on individual minds, as Abraham Lincoln. It is profitable for us to learn in youth all we can concerning the foundation upon which such a giant life was built; for to just the extent that God shall use us to repeat such a useful life, to just that extent he will lead us through a similar pathway of preparation. Multitudes of young people aspire to be great, but rebel at the painful discipline which every man must cheerfully accept before God can intrust him with true greatness.

Not long ago I had the privilege of visiting the place where once stood the humble village grocery store in which Lincoln was a clerk. In the excavation that marks the ancient cellar are now growing several flourishing trees. Many years

ago a patriotic wood-carver cut an excellent likeness of Lincoln's face high up on the trunk of one of these, and the picture is yet reasonably well preserved.

About half a mile away is a striking illustration of how little the American people treasure historic things; for here may be seen the old log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln lived when he studied law. It is situated in the center of a barn-yard, and is used for—a pig-sty! I took away with me as a relic a piece of the chinking, which was still clinging between the old, decaying logs. It was in this humble home, rather than within the walls of some stately university, that Lincoln absorbed those masterful truths by which he afterward shook an entire nation, and swept from American soil its darkest curse.

We commend to the earnest consideration of every boy these significant words from Lincoln's stepmother: "Abe was a good boy, and I can say what scarcely one woman—a mother—can say in a thousand,—Abe never gave me a cross

Are you sometimes almost disheartened at your apparently unfavorable surroundings, and the meager opportunities with which you are favored? Then read the following in reference to Lincoln, when he was twenty-one years old, and take fresh courage: "When he left his home, he went empty-handed. He was already some months over twenty-one years of age; but he had nothing in the world, not even a suit of respectable clothes. One of the first pieces of work he did was to split rails for enough homespun, dyed with white walnut bark, to make him a pair of trousers. He had no trade, no profession, no spot of land, no patron, no influence. Two things recommended him to his neighbors,—he was strong, and he was a good fellow."

It was to Lincoln's advantage, however, that he was not only a mental giant, but almost a physical Samson. It was said of him that he could lift as much as three ordinary men; and, "My! how he could chop!" says Dennis Hanks. "His ax would flash and bite into a sugar-tree or a sycamore, and down it would come. If you heard him fellin' trees in a clearin', you would say there were three men at work by the way the trees fell."

"Standing six feet four, he could out-lift, out-work, and out-wrestle any man he met. Friends and employers were proud of his prowess, and boasted of it, never failing to pit him against any hero whose strength they heard vaunted."

Those who have a strong tendency to scorn honest toil should make a careful note of this: "Such were the conditions of his life at this time that, in spite of his popularity, nothing was open to him but hard manual labor. To take the first job which he happened upon,—rail-splitting, plowing, lumbering, boating, store-keeping,—and make the most of it, thankful if thereby he earned his bed and board and yearly suit of jeans, was apparently all there was before Abraham Lincoln in 1830, when he started out for himself." More than likely if he had been too indolent or too proud to soil his hands with what is often called "common labor," Lincoln's name and influence would have been neither known nor felt outside of the little village on the banks of the Sangamon River.

The following year he secured employment on a flat-boat, which was floated down the Mississippi to New Orleans. It was here, for the first time, that there was stamped upon this great soul the terrible

significance of human slavery, and it "ran the iron" into him then and there. One morning as he passed a slave-auction, a girl was being sold. Her bidders made her trot up and down the room like a horse, to show how she moved, and in order, as the auctioneer said, that bidders might satisfy themselves whether the article offered was sound or not. This scene made such an impression upon Lincoln that he turned away with this remark to his companions, "Boys, let's get away from this. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing [meaning slavery], I'll



IN THE ANCIENT CELLAR

word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I requested him. His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. He was here after he was elected president. He was a dutiful son to me always. I think he loved me truly. I had a son, John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys; but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or expect to see." Remember that no boy can be laying the foundation for true greatness and at the same time treat his parents shabbily.

hit it hard." History records the fulfillment of that prophetic determination.

Lincoln was popularly known as "Honest Abe." One or two incidents serve to show how completely honesty dominated his actions. "Having discovered on one occasion that he had taken six and a quarter cents too much from a customer, he walked three miles that evening, after his store was closed, to return the money. Again, he weighed out a half-pound of tea, as he supposed. It was night, and this was the last thing he did before closing up. On entering in the morning, he discovered a four-ounce weight on the scales. He saw his mistake, and, closing up shop, hurried off to deliver the remainder of the tea."

During the summer, when the farmers were busy tending to their crops, the duties of the store where he was clerking did not occupy all his time; so he secured some old law books, and began to read them. But he did not content himself with a merely superficial reading. He himself says, of this time: "The more I read, the more intensely interested I became. Never in my whole life was my mind so thoroughly absorbed. I read until I devoured them."

No ordinary obstacles could baffle this man of mighty determination. His office as postmaster yielded but a small salary, and his grocery sales were few; so he found it necessary to work part of the time in the mill below the hill, and at splitting rails; but even then he was barely earning a reasonable support. At this juncture he was tendered the office of surveyor. He knew absolutely nothing of the science of surveying,

flective, unselfish nature, endowed with a humorous sense of human foibles, and with great tenderness of heart. Men and women amused Lincoln; but so long as they were sincere, he loved them and sympathized with them. He was human in the best sense of that fine word."

Thousands of young people are frittering away golden moments, thereby allowing the possibilities of a lifetime to slip between their fingers. But Lincoln, though deprived of all ordinary opportunities for education, became, by diligent application, an extraordinary mental giant. "He never studied with anybody. He seems to have thrown himself into the work with an almost impatient ardor. As he tramped back and forth from Springfield, twenty miles away, to get his law books, he read sometimes forty pages or more on the way. Often he was seen wandering at random across the fields, repeating aloud the points in the last reading. The subject seemed never to be out of his mind. It was the great, absorbing interest of his life. The rule he gave twenty years later to a young man who wanted to know how to become a lawyer, was the one he practiced,—'Get books, and read and study them carefully.'"

Multitudes of young people become so engrossed in studying books that they make the fatal error of failing to study human nature, and therefore they are utterly unable to adapt themselves to the various characters with which Providence brings them in contact. Lincoln was a master among men. Of him it was said: "His absorbing interest was the men he met. To get acquainted with them, measure them, compare himself with them, and discover wherein they were his superiors, and what he could do to make good his deficiency,—this was his chief occupation."

One of the secrets of this great man's success is told in the following words: "Lincoln had a mental trait which explains his rapid growth in mastering subjects,—seeing clearly was essential to him. He was unable to put a question aside until he understood it. It pursued him, irritated him, until solved. This characteristic became stronger with years. He was unwilling to pronounce judgment on any subject until he understood it, and he could not let it alone until he had reached a conclusion which satisfied."

It was this determination fully to understand everything that he grappled with that gave him an almost prophetic view of the outcome of so many complicated issues, and helped him to stand for the right, even when he had to stand apparently alone.

Lincoln was one of the factors in God's hands for the solving of some of the greatest problems in history. Do you expect to become a man or a woman of God's opportunity? Are you daily learning some of these same lessons in God's great preparatory school?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

If a man has fixed his happiness on anything lower than the stars, less stable than the heavens, less sufficient than God, there comes a time, sooner or later, when it passes from him or he from it. Do not venture the rich freightage of your happiness in flimsy vessels. If you do, be sure that somewhere or other, before your life is ended, the poor, frail craft will strike on some black rock rising sheer from the depths, and will grind itself to chips there.—*Alexander McLaren.*



THE CABIN WHERE LINCOLN STUDIED LAW

but he secured a treatise on the subject, and then studied while he worked. Day and night he studied, and in six weeks he had so thoroughly mastered the subject that he entered upon his duties as county surveyor.

The following quotations afford us a glimpse of that magnificent spirit of helpfulness which must prelude our lives if we are ever to accomplish anything for humanity that shall be of lasting value: "In the Rutledge tavern, where he afterward lived, the landlord told with appreciation how, when his house was full, Lincoln gave up his bed, went to the store, and slept on his counter, his pillow a web of calico. If a traveler 'stuck in the mud,' in New Salem's one street, Lincoln was always the first to pull out the wheel. The widows praised him because he chopped their wood; the overworked, because he was always ready to give them a lift. It was the spontaneous, unobtrusive helpfulness of the man's nature which endeared him to every one, and which inspired a general desire to do all possible in return. He possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of entering into the interests of others,—a power found only in a re-



Story of Our Matabeleland Mission

The First Letter from the Workers

"To the General Conference:

"DEAR BRETHREN: It takes time to get a letter answered now, because we are so far from the post-office. When we have forty miles to go, we can not go every week. It has been nearly two months since I was in Buluwayo. After the rainy season it may be different. During the rainy season here, the rivers, which are numerous, are quite high, and it is with difficulty that they can be crossed.

"At present Brother Sparrow, who is on the mission farm, has a large hut, eighteen feet in diameter, and also a very good tent. Brethren Lausman and Burton, two young men from Cape Town, have a hut about eight feet in diameter, and a house which is not finished, although it is thatched with grass, as all the huts are, and is quite comfortable in this pleasant weather. It has four good-sized rooms. These two brethren live together, their dwelling being about a mile from my two huts, which are ten feet in diameter. Brother Goepp has been building a second hut, but I do not know whether it is finished yet or not.

"It is forty miles from my dwelling to town, four miles to Brother Sparrow's, and about a mile and a quarter to the hut where we meet for our Sabbath services. We built the hut for that purpose fifteen feet in diameter for the present, expecting to have a better building next year. It is just four weeks since Brother Wessels spent his last Sabbath with us, and we do not expect to see him again until next year. He told us of a new Sabbath-keeper in Buluwayo, with whom we became acquainted, and to whom we gave reading-matter, on the way from Vryburg. He seemed to be an earnest man, and we all rejoiced to know that he now keeps the Sabbath of the Lord with us. We have since visited him at his home. Others are also convinced of the truth through reading and talking.

"We have organized a Sabbath-school. The natives who attend take great interest in Brother Sparrow's lessons concerning the true God, who created all things. They are principally the laborers on the farms, who are with us in our homes. We are endeavoring to teach them both by precept and example. Our meetings among ourselves are very interesting and profitable. There is help in them. On Wednesday evenings we can not all meet together, but nearly always two or three of us meet and have a little missionary meeting, and pray for the missions and missionaries at home and abroad. These seasons are good. I have attended all that have been held I think. We meet at one or another of our homes for this. I can assure you that we enjoy the missionary reports in our periodicals.

"The rainy season is beginning, although we have had only a few showers. When the ground is moistened, we can do a little more plowing and gardening; and I think we shall have a little garden growing soon. The natives are preparing their ground now.

"I would like to tell you about the god of this people, but can not take the time now. They love to talk about him and his home, which they say is a cave eighty miles to the southeast of our place.

"I will give you the prices here of a few common articles. Salt of the coarsest quality is 10 cents a pound. Eggs sell from 75 cents to \$1.50 a dozen. Butter is about the same price a pound

as eggs a dozen. Boer meal, similar to graham flour, is \$22 for a sack of two hundred pounds. This is rather high, and better grades of flour bring prices accordingly. Sugar is 25 cents a pound. Condensed milk is 30 cents for a small can. Bread is 25 cents a small loaf or three loaves for 60 cents. A small load of crooked, dry sticks brought \$11.25 on the market the last time I was there. Brother Sparrow took twenty poles for building purposes, and received \$12.50 by auction. These poles were nearly straight, from twelve to twenty feet long, and from two to four inches thick. Clothing is high in proportion. Gold-mining seems to be the cause of the high prices.

"We can not do much with crops except during the rainy season, but we shall have enough to do in the line of building and making hedges of brush, to keep us busy during the dry season, together with taking the crops to market and trading.

"We hope that the time is nearing when others will be on their way from America to Matabeleland.
E. J. HARVEY."

Brethren E. J. Harvey and Adolph Geopp were two who had gone from America in the fall after the mission farm had been secured, planning to take up claims near it, and engage in self-supporting missionary work. At the time the foregoing letter was received, plans were being laid to secure workers for the mission, and these were soon on their way. Their experiences after reaching the farm make a most interesting chapter in the story of our mission.

ESTELLA HOUSER.



Worryland

WORRYLAND's a wilderness
Where no tree nor flower will grow,
Where no sunbeam's sweet caress
Cheers the desert place below.

Worryfolk are sure to frown,
Be the weather what it may:
Keep in sight of Sunny Town,
And you can not lose the way.

Hill paths are the best, you'll find,
Sunshine falls on every hand;
So, beware of paths that wind
Down the vale to Worryland.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

Turn on the Searchlight

TURN on the Searchlight wherever there are dark corners, "full of the habitations of cruelty." It is the only thing that can scatter the darkness, and strengthen and uplift the fallen sons of men. There is no book like the Bible; none other that can cleanse the vilest of human hearts, and fill them with love for God and Jesus and for all things pure and holy.

We need fear nothing evil when we have the Searchlight always in our hands. It will carry us safely past all dangers; show us all pitfalls, all obstructions, every lion by the way. It is a clear, shining lamp to our feet, a light to our path.

A Sunday-school missionary, Mr. G. S. Jones, was traveling "among the mountain slopes south of Warrior Knob, near where the two Carolinas meet under the same chestnut tree." Eight miles farther, there was a settlement called "The Dark Corner." Toward this "Dark Corner" Mr. Jones bent his steps.

There he found a young married couple, who had been taught in a Sunday-school that he had planted in another county, years before, and of course they welcomed him with gladness. Near

by was a schoolhouse called "The Eagle's Nest." Thither the people were gathered. Beautiful songs were sung, prayer was offered, and then it was decided by the young people that they would have a Sunday-school, for not all at the "Corner" were in darkness and ignorance.

One of those who spoke said: "We'll have to watch and be brave, if we expect to keep this 'Nest' from disturbance. We are surrounded, they say, by 'blind tigers,' blockade stills, and 'summer rattlesnakes.'"

"Yes, that may be so," responded another, whose face was radiant with the spirit of success, "but I'm not afraid of any such hidden dangers. We meet here to-day to put up a big Searchlight, and this shall remain no longer 'The Dark Corner.'"

I like the spirit of his words! Let the lamp burn brightly from purely polished human-candlesticks, and the darkness will soon in some measure be dispelled. All that God wants us to do on earth will be done. His kingdom will come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
S. ROXANA WINCE.

Georgiana, an Elder Sister

WHEN the sweet woman of whose story I am thinking to-day was a girl, just sixteen, a great trouble came upon her. Few girls were ever more beautiful than she, with a rose-leaf complexion, eyes like blue violets, and hair of raven blackness,—a girl whom artists would have loved to paint, so exquisite and madonna-like was the type of her rare loveliness.

She was in school one day when the first intimation of lifelong suffering came to her, in a pain that shot through her head like a knife, and stayed there like a stone. Little by little, she knew herself under the power of a malady which was incurable. In four years, she was no longer the straight, slim, graceful maid, whose step was light and carriage queenly. She was a cripple, with a hump on her back; and the exquisite head was sunken beneath bowed shoulders.

Nobody ever knew why or how this great calamity came. Whether from a fall in babyhood, or some consequence left from childish illness, none could explain. The eldest in a family of rarely beautiful girls, she bore the misfortune, not merely with patience and resignation, but so brightly, so buoyantly, so serenely, that she was the magnet in the household for children, the comfort of her parents as they grew old, and the counselor of any who needed advice and sympathy.

There is a phrase I always think of in connection with Georgiana,— "called to be saints." She was called of Christ to be a saint, but she never knew it. She was just saintly, which is holy, and, being holy, she carried every need to the Lord. She was the possessor of a sweet voice, and, in church and at home, it was pleasant to hear her sing hymns, ballads, and the Scotch songs which her father loved.

I was a very young girl when I met Georgiana, and one of her younger sisters was my intimate friend, so that I was much in her home. I suppose she was thirty then, though to my eyes she seemed older. When I had my first long dress, she took a great interest in it, and was my confidante in all the details of my first party. I remember how she insisted on simplicity. "You do not need much trimming; you have color and youth and happiness; let the dress be very plain, dear," and, though he did not mean to do so, she was really laying down a very good fashion rule for every girl in her teens.

One after another in that household, the sisters and brothers left for other homes, or were taken away by death. Georgiana superintended the wedding preparations. Never was any one more efficient, more sensible, more capable, than she. Never any one said so little about suffering, yet she was not for a minute free from pain. She

carried complete self-effacement to the point of sublimity. Her own affairs seemed always to be those of others. When death came across the threshold, she it was who cheered the pathway of the invalid, who all but stepped into the dark waters with the dying. "Going to heaven, darling!" she said, with such joyful courage, to the sister who was passing hence, that the fading eyes lit up with her invincible smile, and borrowed something from her matchless trust.

She lived to be the last of her group; father, mother, all passed away before one morning, when she was sixty, she fell asleep. And, because she was brave and patient and stout-hearted, and accepted God's will without one murmur, I call hers one of the noblest lives I have ever known.

"Just at first," said a friend to Georgiana, "did not this trial seem greater than you could bear?"

There was a flash in the dark-blue eyes! "Not only just at first," she said, "but always, always. I never could have lived if Jesus hadn't been bearing it with me, every hour of every day."

There was her beautiful secret—the life hidden with Christ in God. In this world there are many such people carrying about with them bright faces over aching hearts, because in the midst of sorrow and suffering they have real help from the great Helper.—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Well Spring*.

Friends

'Tis good to have a friend to fully trust,
To love, admire, and lean upon in need;
One in whose strength our weakness is submerged,
Whose weaknesses to higher efforts lead,—
A human friend, portraying in each deed
That plan the Friend of friends for friends decreed.

And such a one, have you, dear, been to me;
And such are you still being every day;
E'en though we disagree at times, I feel
You cheer like fountains by the dusty way,
Which, smote by breezes, ruffle into spray,
Then calm, and show the sky, with clouds astray.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

The Path Through the Tunny Patch

WE need not go very far from home to learn lessons upon the way of truth. Jesus taught us that. From the things of the wayside and household he drew spiritual lessons. Right in our own yard and garden I have learned many such.

In our back yard the rock crops out upon the surface in some places, and the soil is not very deep anywhere. It is in just such spots that the "tunny" (which is Indian for prickly pear) loves to grow. It is a very prickly plant indeed, and one needs be extremely careful as to his walk when he is near it. A part of our back yard is overgrown with these plants. There is a path through the "sticker bushes," as the children call them, leading to a cleared space on the hillside, where they sometimes go to gather wild flowers and to play. The path is not often used, and the tunies encroach upon it in places, holding out a prickly hand here and there. With great care one may pass through the path without harm; but if he is at all careless, he is sure to get all "stuck up,"—and the "stickers" make painful wounds. Leading out from the main path are little branching paths, that go nowhere in particular, and are made no one knows how. The temptation to step aside to gather some of the large, bright-yellow flowers that grow upon the tunies is great, but one is almost sure to pay for his trophy with many a painful jab of the wicked thorns.

So in the way of life the flowers of sin lie about us on every side, guarded by the thorns that warn us to beware. There is a pathway through, however, made by him who said, "I am the Way." If we walk in this way, walk "even as he walked," we are safe. The enemy lays his snares

for us right and left. Here and there are paths that seem to lead right; but before we know it, we are in a place from which it is difficult to escape.

Sometimes our little girl, in her desire to gather the pretty blossoms, goes out among the bushes, and occasionally she gets shut in by them. Then I hear her call, "Papa! I am all stuck up;" and I hasten to her rescue. She holds out her hands, and I lift her up bodily, and carry her out of the patch.

So our Saviour hears us cry to him, and he comes to our rescue in danger or temptation. Let us put ourselves in his care, and he will carry us out of the "sticker bushes" of sin, and place our feet in a safe path. Let us remember, when the way is dark, and the stickers jab and hurt us, that his word is "a light unto our path."

E. L. PAULDING.

A Kindly Light

A SCHOONER on its way from Boston to Nova Scotia was driven by a winter storm on the "Bantam" rocks on the Maine coast, and it went to pieces so quickly that the crew had barely time to launch their dory and push off.

Nothing ever seemed less likely than that they would escape. Blinded by the flying snow, the men had been unable to steer their ship, and now, at night, cast to the wind and waves in a frail boat, their lives hung upon the chance of a miracle. They rowed at random; for they could only guess which way to head for shelter. It was impossible to find by seeking any of the coys that would give them safety on that rugged coast.

When they were nearly exhausted, suddenly a strange eddy in the wind showed them a light through the smothering storm. They turned about and pulled toward it, and presently felt the terrible power of the waves begin to abate, and in a little while they knew where they were.

Between Cape Newagen at the lower end of Southport Island and a small neighboring island, there is a small but safe harbor. In one of the houses of the little fishermen's village a woman awake late at night, caring for her invalid husband, had looked out into the storm, and seeing only unbroken darkness along the miles of coast, set her lamp in the window. She knew the perils of the ocean, and the simple act was her prayer of pity for drifting souls. It was that little lamp which, later in the night, guided the five shipwrecked sailors to the refuge of her home.

There are lives that are as truly a beacon and a blessing as that woman's lamp. They make no heroic rescues, but their influence saves many from danger. It is what the sublime Teacher meant when he said, "Let your light so shine."

—*Youth's Companion*.

In Exile

THE noise of hurrying crowds all day
Has driven up against my door;
Yet have I wandered far away,
Along a sunny, silent shore.
O seaward-sloping meadows wide!
O happy waters, far and blue!
Where white sands wait the swinging
tide,
My homesick heart has gone to you.

All day my window-blinds have stirred
To jarring hoofs and wheels below;
Yet I am listening for a bird
That sings beneath a tree I know,—
A slender tree against the sky,—
An orchard paling, brown with years,
A blackbird's whistle, clear and shy—
Why do my eyes grow dim with tears?

The crowds go back and forth all day,
The sun burns fierce along the street;
But I have found a shady way,
With cool, white clover at my feet.
Far off beneath the branches low
The foot-path wanders, still and fair;
My feet are fast with toil,—but oh,
To-day my heart is walking there!

—*Mabel Earle*.



A Suggestion

I CAN NOT tell why there should come to me
A thought of some one miles and years away,
In swift insistence on the memory,
Unless there be a need that I should pray.

He goes his way, I mine; we seldom meet
To talk of plans or changes, day by day,
Of pain or pleasure, triumph or defeat,
Or special reasons why 'tis time to pray.

We are too busy even to spare thought
For days together of some friends away;
Perhaps God does it for us, and we ought
To read his signal as a call to pray.

Perhaps, just then, my friend has fiercer fight,
A more appalling weakness, a decay
Of courage, darkness, some lost sense of right—
And so, in case he needs my prayer, I pray.

Dear, do the same for me! If I intrude
Unasked upon you, on some crowded day,
Give me a moment's prayer, as interlude;
Be very sure I need it, therefore pray.

—*Marianne Farningham*.

Loyalty to Our Aim

OUR young people can not too carefully guard against the danger of losing sight of the design in forming Young People's Societies in our churches. There is a possibility of thwarting the real purpose of this movement by contenting ourselves with the mere fact that a company has been organized, and meetings are held regularly on the Sabbath.

The organization of these companies is but a means to an end. While thus used, they will prove helpful. Considered in any other way, they must prove a hindrance. The large possibilities capable of realization in their proper use as an efficient means to a definite end, will remain undeveloped while the members of the company look upon their organization as an end in itself.

This fact was appreciated by those who participated in the organization of the Young People's movement, and the end to be attained was very clearly indicated in the words chosen to represent our aim,—"The Advent Message to all the world in this generation." This surely means active, earnest, aggressive service. If we find ourselves only formally organized, but not definitely serving, we may be assured that our organization is but outward and worthless. The transformation of this lifeless form can be effected only by a living experience in active service on the part of each member. Let this be effected without delay, and the association of these strong, active young lives may prove a great blessing to the work. The value of united effort, directed to some specific end, will then be realized, and it will be seen that more is accomplished than by the scattered and purposeless effort of individuals governed by no common plan of action. Furthermore the association together proves a stimulus to activity, a source of mutual encouragement, and a reason for more zealous individual effort, thus greatly multiplying the extent and value of the service rendered.

Reader, what has been the experience of your society? If you are in danger of looking upon your organization as the chief end of your association together, determine within yourself that your attitude shall be forever against a course so destructive to the primary purpose of this movement. If you have thus far accomplished a good work, determine that the usefulness of your company shall be multiplied many fold.

It is said that on one occasion a lieutenant serving under General Napier approached his commander, and, saluting, said, "Sir, I have captured a standard." General Napier looked upon the young officer whose bravery had won the proud trophy of victory, and with solemn severity he replied, "Sir, go and capture another." The old general had received honorable wounds in his country's service while still a young man. He had especially distinguished himself in the awful campaign before Lucknow. He doubtless saw the young lieutenant's tendency to be satisfied with one victory. Hence, his stern command.

Have you, by the grace of God, captured a standard from the enemy? Our Commander bids you go forth to take another, and yet another, till "all dominions shall serve and obey him."

H. E. OSBORNE.

Battles Between Truth and Falsehood

STUDY PREPARED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

Lesson XXIV—Two Thousand Years of Battle

(October 19-25)

HOW TO STUDY THESE LESSONS.—(1) Read the lesson story; (2) try to recall or find scriptures in proof of each statement; (3) study the texts; (4) see how many missing links you can supply; (5) give the lesson to some one else. You will keep only what you give away.

In the seventh chapter of the book of Daniel is a wonderful outline of prophetic history. In a night vision the prophet was standing by the great sea. The waves were lashed into fury by a battle between the four winds. While watching the strife and commotion, a beast was seen coming up out of the billows. It appeared like a lion; but it had wings like an eagle. Soon a beast like a bear followed the lion, and a little later a leopard with four heads and four wings. Last of all was a fierce, wild beast. Unlike anything in nature, with iron teeth and nails of brass, it devoured and crushed everything before it.

This beast had ten horns; and while Daniel watched it, a little horn appeared among the ten. Soon it had pushed three of the ten out of the way to make a place for itself. Stranger yet, this horn soon developed keen, searching eyes; and a mouth that spoke pride and boasting.

While watching the dreadful beast and the strange horn, the attention of the prophet was attracted to another scene near by. Thrones were being arranged for a court. Then in great majesty, God the Father opened the judgment. A multitude of witnesses were present, bringing the life-records of those who were to be judged.

Hearing some very loud words from the little horn, Daniel turned to watch it again. Not long afterward he saw this great beast with the proud horn thrown into the consuming fire.

Looking back now to the place of judgment, Daniel sees Jesus being escorted before the Father. To him are given all of earth's kingdoms, for an everlasting dominion.

Of course Daniel was anxious to know the meaning of all these things; and everything was clearly explained to him. The four beasts were four kingdoms. The dreadful fourth beast was the fourth kingdom that would be on the earth. The ten horns were ten divisions of that fourth kingdom. The little horn was a power that would arise among the ten, and fight against God and his people. During his proud career the judgment would sit, and his rule would be overthrown.

It will be sufficient for this lesson to get a clear idea of the vision, and the main outline of the explanation.

Let each practise telling the story. Study the chapter till you can see the vision.

Recall the story of the second chapter, and compare the two.

Here is a view of the long struggle between the "man of sin" and the "Son of man."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Complaint

"WHEN Molly put our nice, sweet milk
 Into our pan, so clean and shiny,
 We were so glad we barked for joy,"
 Said Tim and Trotter, Trip and Tiny.
 "But when old Tabby Cat came by,
 We climbed into our cradle basket;
 And though we're hungry for our milk,
 Not one of us would dare to ask it.

"So here we sit and watch and wait,
 And all of us feel very whiny,
 Because the milk is nearly gone;"
 Said Tim and Trotter, Trip and Tiny.
 "If Tabby had a dish of milk,
 We'd leave her be in peace to drink it;
 'Cause she has thorns in all her feet,
 And we're not thieves. You needn't think it.

"But if her eyes were not so fierce,
 And if her paws were not so spiny,
 We'd make her give our breakfast up,"
 Said Tim and Trotter, Trip and Tiny.
 "But just you wait till we
 are grown,
 Then some cold morning
 in December,
 We'll take her breakfast,
 just to help
 Old Tab her manners to
 remember."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Inquire Within

LITTLE Lady Apple-Core, in
 her pretty cot,
 Is sometimes glad of visitors,
 and sometimes she is
 not.
 If she's ready for a caller, you
 can tell without a
 doubt
 By the color of the servitors
 who're waiting round
 about.
 If you're greeted by white
 maidens, you are not
 yet expected,
 But if all you meet are black
 ones, you will not be
 neglected.
 She will give you hearty wel-
 come, and, as often I've
 been told,
 She'll offer you the very best
 the little house may
 hold.

—Martha Burr Banks.

Myrtie's Courage

MEOW! Me-ow! Me-o-w!
 Where in the world were those
 kittens? Myrtie, swinging un-
 der the old apple-trees in
 grandpa's orchard, slipped off
 her seat in haste.
 Meow! Me-o-w! Me-o-w!
 Dear, dear; it sounded as if
 there might be twenty kittens,
 all crying in as many different
 keys. Myrtie hunted all around, and finally dis-
 covered that the noise came from under an old
 shed. No amount of coaxing or calling could per-
 suade the little creatures to come into sight.
 They'd stop crying for a moment, only to redouble
 their efforts the moment her voice died away.
 How should she get them out? Surely they
 were in distress; for no happy kitten ever gave
 vent to such agonizing yowls as were greeting
 her ears at that moment.

There was a big hole under the foundation of
 the shed at one side, big enough for Myrtie to
 creep into. But it was from that very hole, three
 mornings ago, that Jim, the hired man, had seen
 a snake crawl; and if there was one thing in
 the world of which Myrtie was afraid, it was a

snake. She never looked at even the picture of
 one if she could avoid it; and once when she
 came upon a cage of them at the Zoo, she was
 seized with such a gasping, shuddering horror
 that papa had to take her around to the other
 side, and interest her in the comical antics of a
 cage of monkeys, and it was some time before
 she could forget her fright.

But there were those kittens; what should she
 do? Jim and grandpa were away down in the
 back pasture lot, and would not be back until
 night. Grandma was enjoying her afternoon
 nap, and could not be disturbed; while Aunt
 Maria was deep in the mysteries of canning ber-
 ries. Oh, if there were only some one! But
 there wasn't, and Myrtie's sympathetic little soul
 had become so excited by this time that she im-
 agined all sorts of horrors regarding those kit-
 tens. Evidently, she was their only hope.



"SO HERE WE SIT AND WATCH AND WAIT"

She found a long stick, and proceeded to try
 to poke the kittens out, almost holding her
 breath for fear something more dreadful would
 appear; but she only succeeded in stirring up
 a more vigorous protest on the part of the
 distressed babies. There was clearly no help
 except to crawl in, and look after matters per-
 sonally.

Myrtie sat down, and considered. At first she
 thought she would go off out of sight and hearing,
 and let the kittens manage their own affairs. But
 then she couldn't do that; for wasn't she a mem-
 ber of the newly organized Band of Mercy, and
 wasn't it only yesterday that she held forth to
 grandma because there wasn't a solitary thing
 around there to help. And here was her oppor-

tunity, the first one, too, right before her. If
 only that terrible snake had crawled out of any
 other hole in the neighborhood!

Half an hour later Aunt Maria, peacefully
 washing up her canning utensils, was startled
 by an apparition—muddy, disheveled, tearful—
 holding in her apron four of the wettest, dirtiest,
 thinnest kittens you ever saw.

"What in this world?" she began.

"Oh, do take them," quavered Myrtie. "They
 were under the shed with the snakes, I mean
 where the snakes came from,—and oh, I couldn't
 get them out! And there wasn't anybody else.
 They were all in a puddle of water, and I guess
 they're hungry. And I was afraid to crawl in—
 and—and——"

Poor Myrtie sat down on the floor, kittens and
 all, and gave vent to her overwrought feelings
 in a burst of tears. It took auntie some time to

understand the situation; but
 by the time the kittens were
 fed and washed and dried, and
 cuddled down in a basket to
 sleep, and Myrtie had been
 likewise cleared of the marks
 of the fray, she had managed
 to make matters clearer.
 Auntie, who knew the child's
 great horror of snakes, took
 her little niece on her lap, and
 praised her warmly for her
 courage and kindness.

"What made you decide in
 the end, darling?" she asked
 as they talked it over.

"My morning verse, auntie.
 I thought of that, and then I
 kept saying it over and over,
 as I crawled in, 'He shall give
 his angels charge over thee.'"

ANNA CLIFF WHITE.

Who Knew Best?

A True Story

"No," said Miss Ray, de-
 cidedly, "I can not think of
 allowing you to burn off the
 playground until Mr. Johnson
 plows his field. It would not
 be safe."

"We will watch it," began
 Arthur.

But Miss Ray shook her
 head, and said: "Don't tease;
 I have answered you."

Now Arthur was altogether
 too old to pout; nevertheless,
 I am quite sure his lips did not
 wear their usual smile when
 he left the room.

"Not safe!" he muttered. "That is all she
 knows about it. She's smart enough in books,
 but she hasn't been in Dakota long enough to
 know that we always burn our dooryards in
 the spring. I've lived here all my life, and I
 know."

All his life was barely twelve years; but then
 that was fully three times as long as Miss Ray
 had been in the State; so, of course, he must
 know three times as well as she what was best!
 He walked moodily out to the back of the play-
 ground, and stood looking at the dead grass at
 his feet. The green was just beginning to ap-
 pear.

"'Twould be nice in a week, if only this old
 brown stuff were out of the way," he thought.

"And we shouldn't lose the ball in it either," he said to himself.

He put his hand in his pocket. His fingers touched something, and he drew it out. It was a match. He held the match for a moment in his fingers, then, lighting it, shielded the flame carefully with his hand while he looked about him. There were no windows at the back of the schoolhouse, and the children who were outside were playing "Anthony-Over" too busily to notice him. Presently he dropped the match into the grass.

It was a quiet day, and the little flame did not spread rapidly at first. Arthur watched it creep along the grass, growing larger and larger as it went, and thought how easy it would be to put it out, and how little danger there really was on such a beautiful day. He promised himself that, when it had burned "a nice square place," he would put it out. But it was burning so prettily when it reached the boundaries he had set that he thought, "A little farther won't make any difference."

Presently a stray breeze caught it, and, in an instant, Arthur saw that he must lose no time if he would control the fire. At this moment, also, the other children discovered it, and came rushing to see what he was doing. Arthur promptly set them all at work. His brother Charlie ran into the schoolhouse, and seized the water pail. It was empty, so away he ran to the well, fifty rods away.

The busy teacher had not noticed Charlie's entrance, but the girls had, and they crowded to the window, from which the fire was now plainly visible.

"O Miss Ray!" they cried.

Miss Ray gave one glance, then hurriedly seizing the broom, made her way to the scene of action.

"George, call Mr. Clark. Johnnie, run down to Mr. Johnson's," she directed, as she vigorously beat the fire away from the shed with her broom.

Help came quickly. The word "Fire!" is a word to be dreaded on the prairie. Mr. Clark sprang from his table, seized a new grain-sack from his wagon, and ran to the rescue. Other neighbors came on horseback, and in a few moments the danger was past.

Last of all, just as the final bit of flame died under the stroke of Mr. Clark's damp and blackened grain-sack, neighbor Johnson appeared with a pail of water and an armful of sacks.

"Too late, Johnson," said one of the men, adding, in an undertone, "if we had all been as slow as he, I wouldn't give much for what would be left to-night of his buildings."

Arthur heard the remark, and hoped the teacher would punish him.—*Sunday School Times.*

Little Millionaires

Twenty little millionaires
Playing in the sun,—
Millionaires in mother-love,
Millionaires in fun,
Millionaires in leisure hours,
Millionaires in joys,
Millionaires in hopes and plans,
Are these girls and boys.

Millionaires in health are they,
And in dancing blood;
Millionaires in shells and stones,
Sticks and moss and mud;
Millionaires in castles
In the air, and worth
Quite a million times as much
As castles on the earth.

Twenty little millionaires,
Playing in the sun;
O, how happy they must be,
Every single one!
Hardly any years have they,
Hardly any cares;
But in every lovely thing
Multimillionaires.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*



Two Roads

In winter-time 'tis straight and hard,
The road to Knowledge Land;
By Study Lane and Schoolbook Place,
With pencil in your hand.
Your eyes must see, your ears must hear,
The things there are to learn;
And never to the right or left
Your little feet must turn.

But when the summer comes, oh, then
You'll find that Greenfield Way
And Woodsy Path and Sunset Hill
Will lead you day by day
(If you will look and listen well,
And read on every hand
The open books Dame Nature leaves)
To that same Knowledge Land.

—*Selected.*

First Lessons in Geography¹

Lesson I

"THROUGH faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." Heb. 11:3.

In the study of geography we shall learn of the earth we live on; of its plants, animals, tribes of people; and of the wonderful way in which God has made it. As we look around us, and see so little change from day to day, we are likely to forget that the earth has not always been here; yet it is only about six thousand years old.

The earth, and all things on it, were made in only six days. God had decided to make a new world, and it was decided that Jesus was to do the work. On the first day he created the world. When he spoke the word, the world immediately came into existence where he had commanded it to be; for he "spake, and it was; he commanded, and it stood fast."

As the earth came forth, the land and the water were mingled, and the whole was a liquid, shapeless mass. All was dark. But Jesus wished the world to be beautiful, so his Spirit came; and he spoke, and there was light. It is always light and beautiful where the Spirit of God is. He "set a circle [margin] upon the face of the deep," and shaped the world into a globe. Then he divided the light from the darkness; the darkness he called Night, and the light he called Day. The light was on one side of the earth, and the darkness on the other; the earth was made to revolve so that all parts of it were turned to the light and to the darkness every twenty-four hours. This marked the length of the day.

If you stick a pencil through an apple, and hold it in a pail of water so the pencil lies on the surface of the water, and then roll the pencil, you can see how this is. The water may represent night, and the air day. The day and the night stand still, and clothe the earth as a garment, while it is turned to them just as you would roll the apple in the water. See Job 38:14. We call the line on which the earth turns its Axis: the ends of the axis are called the Poles. One points

¹ NOTE TO TEACHERS.—In preparing this series of lessons it is not intended that they will be used for advanced students. The object is to give a presentation from a Bible basis of the work usually covered in an elementary geography. In studying the first four lessons, the teacher should take his class to the side of a pond or a brook, and carefully point out the forms of capes, bays, peninsulas, etc., and be sure that they understand what these are. We feel that these details are of importance, and yet that they will be more readily learned incidentally, as a part of the great story of creation, than in the form of dry definitions. Let each teacher supplement the lessons with such work as will insure these details being fully understood and fixed in the memory. We invite criticism and suggestions from our church-school teachers all over the field.

F. B.

north, and is called the North Pole. The other points south, and is called the South Pole.

QUESTIONS.—How old is the earth? Where did it come from? What was it like at first? What shape did God make it? What did he make on the earth? What did he call the night? How does all the earth get to the light each day? What is the earth's axis? What are the poles? Name them.

Lesson II

Before anything having life could be placed on the earth, air must be made. On the second day God made the air to surround the earth. The air is a wonderful thing; for in it God has placed that which is necessary to life. There is nothing more invigorating than pure, fresh air. We call the air a gas. It surrounds the whole earth to a depth of about fifty miles. It has the power to take up water, and hold it, as a sponge does. Yet when it was first made, it never took up enough to form dense clouds, but held sufficient to form a dew on the plants when it grew cold in the evening.

Set a dish of water in the warm air of the schoolroom, and see how long it takes the air to soak it up. Fill a pitcher with ice-water, and notice the dew form upon it. Where does the dew come from?

At the close of the second day, there was air, so things might have lived on the earth; but there was no dry land. On the third day God gathered the waters together, and caused the dry land to appear. He called the dry land Earth. It was not like our earth now, mixed with clay and rocks in many places. It was all very fertile, and everywhere the rocks were buried deep in the soil, to form the framework, or bones, of the earth. In many places the soil was mixed with gold and silver, while precious stones glittered on the surface, plentiful as pebbles. Iron and all the metals man could use for his comfort or pleasure were to be had on every hand.

The earth was not alike in all places. Here would be broad stretches of level land, called Plains; while in other places it would rise in beautiful mounds called Hills, or in larger ones called Mountains. Between the mountains were lowlands called Valleys. Everywhere the world was ready, waiting for something to be created to grow in it.

The waters were gathered together into bodies called Seas. These were very beautiful, as the crystal waves rippled in the breeze, or beat upon the golden sands of the shore. But most of the waters were shut up inside of the earth, so they could soak upward into the soil. Ps. 33:7.

QUESTIONS.—When was the air made? Why? What are the uses of the air? What causes dew? What is earth? What is a hill? A mountain? What is a valley? What are seas? Where was most of the water placed?

College View, Neb.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

For a number of years, a young girl had made her home with a family of wealth and influence. She enjoyed all the privileges of a daughter of the house, and was usually looked upon as such. "Has Mr. B. adopted you?" she was frequently asked. "No," she would reply; "I've never been quite willing to break off my family connections. Then, there isn't any use in it. I'm as well off as I am. I am just the same as a daughter." So she was for the time being; but when her benefactor died, she was a penniless orphan.

There are a good many people who tell us that they are just as good as the children of God, though they have never been formally adopted into his family. They forget that it is only the children who are the heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ.—*The Outlook.*



THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV—Modern Babylon

(October 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Daniel 7; Revelation 13 and 17.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye shall know them by their fruits." Matt. 7:16.

Synopsis

The seventh chapter of Daniel deals with the four universal kingdoms which have in turn ruled the world. The lion is Babylon; the bear, Medo-Persia; the leopard, Grecia; and the fourth beast, for which no name can be found, is Rome. This beast had ten horns, representing ten kingdoms (verse 24); their power finally culminates in that of a little horn, whose dominion shall endure until the judgment, and the time come that the saints possess the kingdom. The little horn, therefore, must exist now; for the message that "the kingdom of God is at hand" is being preached all over the earth. The question is, How shall we know this power? What is its work?—To make war with the saints, wear them out, and speak great words against the Most High.

The work of the little horn identifies it with the first beast of Revelation 13. A careful study of the opening verses of this chapter will reveal a number of similarities between them.

Dan. 7:12 gives us to understand that the first three kingdoms "had their dominion taken away, but their lives were prolonged for a season and a time." Just so from Rev. 13:2 we learn that the beast with ten horns was like a leopard, like a bear, and like a lion; that is, certain characteristics of the three kingdoms which these beasts represent were prolonged and developed in the work of the beast, whose power is from Satan (Rev. 12:9),—"even him whose coming is . . . with all power and signs and lying wonders." 2 Thess. 2:9.

The very fact that this fourth beast is so fully described, and yet has no definite name, shows it to be a very deceiving power; and the danger is that people will not recognize it. In fact, all the world wonder after it, and worship it, saying, "Who is like unto it?" when in reality they are worshipping Satan.

Revelation 17 gives further light concerning the beast with ten horns. Here the power of the beast is represented by a woman "full of names of blasphemy," "drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." But this is the same work as that of the little horn, and therefore this woman and the little horn must be identical. Her name is "Mystery, Babylon the Great," "that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth."

So to-day the beast with ten horns is exercising its power over the kings of the earth under the name of Babylon. The principles of ancient Babylon are still alive, and are penetrating every nook and corner of not only the governments of the world, but every system of education and religion. The religions of to-day are not nearly so dangerous as the world's systems of education, in which the doctrines of Rome and Babylon are not so clearly recognized. "Now as never before we need to understand the true system of education. If we fail to understand this, we shall never have a place in the kingdom of God."—*Special Testimony on Education.*

Questions

1. With what does the seventh chapter of Daniel deal?
2. What is represented by the lion, bear, leopard, and fourth beast?
3. How is the great power of this fourth beast represented?
4. In what does its power finally culminate?
5. How long is the little horn to continue?
6. What shows that it must be reigning now?
7. How can we know it?
8. The work (or fruit) of the little horn identifies it with what other beast?
9. What other similarities do you find between these two beasts?
10. Although the first three beasts lost their dominion, yet what was prolonged for a season and a time?
11. In what beast, then, do we find the characteristics of the first three developed?
12. What words of Revelation 13 show this?

13. From whom does this beast get its power?
14. What is said of his work in 2 Thess. 2:9?
15. What is shown by the fact that this beast is so fully described, and yet has no definite name?
16. In fact, how will all the world look upon the work of this beast?
17. In reality whom will they be worshipping?
18. In Revelation 17 how is the power of the beast with ten horns represented?
19. What shows that this woman represents the same power as the little horn?
20. What is her name? Over whom does she reign?
21. In whose name, therefore, is the beast with ten horns exercising its power?
22. Where do we find these doctrines of ancient Babylon penetrating?
23. In what system are they not so clearly recognized?
24. As never before, then, what do we need to understand?

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV—Rachel and Leah

(October 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 29:1-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Matt. 7:2.

(The chapter given as the Lesson Scripture is the lesson to be studied. Read this every day, and think over it until you know just what it teaches. Then the following notes, which should be read several times, will help to a fuller understanding of the lesson. Lastly, go over the questions carefully, and be sure that you can answer each in the words of Scripture.)

The well by which Jacob first met his cousin Rachel was no doubt the one where Eliezer had waited for Rebecca. In those early times the young women helped the men in taking care of the flocks, as they do now in some countries. When God first made man, he put all the animals under him, and gave him the garden to take care of. For a long time after the fall, the best men seem still to have kept to those occupations that were God's plan. Abel was a keeper of sheep. The wealth of Abram and Lot was in their vast flocks and herds. Isaac inherited his father's wealth, and so his son Jacob was used to a shepherd's life. This he showed by his readiness and ability to water Rachel's flock.

Jacob had been sent by his father and mother to take a wife from the land that Abraham came out from, and where he had sent in search of a wife for Isaac. As in the case of Eliezer, so with Jacob: the first woman whom he met by the well was the one whom God had chosen. For he loved his cousin Rachel, and the seven years that he served her father for her seemed to him but a few days.

But Jacob had a terrible lesson to learn—that "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Because Jacob had deceived his blind old father, God suffered him also to be deceived. When he had served the full time for Rachel, and expected that she would become his wife, another was given to him instead, and he did not find out the deception until Leah had been made his wife. This is why Jacob had two wives instead of keeping to God's plan, for he afterward married Rachel, though he had to serve another seven years for her.

Jacob could not love Leah as he did Rachel. He had never chosen her for his wife, and she had only become so by deceit. But God, who, we have found, is ever ready to comfort those that mourn, even though it be through their own sins, comforted Leah by giving her a number of children.

But Rachel had no children for many years after her marriage. At last, in answer to her earnest prayers, God gave Rachel a son whom she named Joseph. Another son was also given to her, but she died at the time of his birth. These two boys were more dear to Jacob than all his other children, because they were the sons of his beloved Rachel, and because they were given to him in his old age, as Isaac was to Abraham and Sarah.

Questions

1. Why was Jacob sent away from his home? Where did his father and mother tell him to go? Gen. 27:43 and 28:2.
2. Whom did he meet at the well outside the city? Gen. 29:9. Who else had waited at the

- same well, and whom did Jacob meet there?
3. What did Jacob do when he saw Rachel?
 4. What did Rachel's father do when he heard that Jacob was come?
 5. What wages did Jacob ask for the work he did for Laban?
 6. Was Rachel the only daughter? What was the name of her elder sister?
 7. How long did the seven years of service seem to Jacob? What made them pass so quickly?
 8. But what great disappointment did Jacob have? Why did God allow him to be so deceived?
 9. What did God do for Leah because Jacob did not love her?
 10. Did Rachel have any children? What were their names? How did Jacob feel toward the two sons of Rachel?

The Best Story

LITTLE Blue Eyes is weary—
Come here and be rocked to sleep;
Shall I sing to you, darling, or tell you
The story of little Bo-Peep?
Of the cows that got into the meadow,
Boy Blue fast asleep in the hay?
If I'm to be story-teller,
What shall I tell you, pray?

"Tell me" the blue eyes opened
Like pansies when they blow—
"Of the baby in the manger,
The little child Christ, you know;
I like to hear that story
The best of all you tell;"
And the little one nestled closer,
As the twilight shadows fell.

Then I told my darling over
The old, old tale again,
Of the Baby born in the manger,
And the Christ who died for men,
Of the great warm heart of Jesus,
And the children whom he blest,
Like the blue-eyed girl who listened,
As she lay upon my breast.

And I prayed, as my darling slumbered,
That this child with eyes so sweet
Might take in the Saviour's lessons,
And sit at the Master's feet.
Pray God she may never forget it,
But always love to hear
The old and most beautiful story,
That now to her is dear.

—Selected.

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A Wonderful Machine

Doctors do some wonderful and daring things nowadays, even cutting open people's skulls, and snipping out little pieces of diseased brain tissue. But perhaps the most wonderful of their recent work has been done on the heart; for of all the delicate machinery in the body, the heart easily takes the lead. It may beat steadily through eighty or ninety long years, without a falter or a flutter—it is so strong. But it is at the same time so delicate and sensitive and wonderful that merely to touch it with a knife, or a needle, or anything which does not belong around it, usually stills it forever in a few short minutes.

Not long ago a man who had been injured with a knife was taken to a hospital in St. Louis. It was found on examination that the knife had actually reached his heart, and cut a deep gash in the outer wall. Still he was not dead; and the surgeons, giving him ether to ease the pain, quickly cut out a piece of his breast bone, made an opening through to the heart, and while it rested between beats, took three stitches with a needle and thread to close up the gash. Then they sewed up the flesh, and left the man to get well. He talked with his friends after the operation, and the doctors thought he would certainly recover; but in two days he died.

Some heart operations have been successful, but they are few indeed; for the rude touch of man is generally sufficient to disorganize the delicate nerve structure, and stop the pump. The

chester, Massachusetts, and her name was Mary Elizabeth Sawyer. While Mary was yet a tiny girl, one morning her father brought to the house from among his flock of sheep a poor little lamb, almost dead. Her love and sympathy were at once aroused, and she asked her father to let her have the lamb, that she might nurse it back to life. He gave it to her, and she tended it with loving care. Soon it grew strong and well, and learned to love Mary, and to follow her wherever she went.

When the time came for Mary to enter the district school, the lamb could not understand why it might not be allowed to go with her there as well as elsewhere. One morning it walked into the schoolroom behind her, never thinking that it was "against the rule." Mary was much perplexed, but tried to shield her pet by carefully stowing him away under her desk, and covering him up with her shawl. But when recitation time came, and Mary left her seat to go to her class, the lamb missed her, and ran out from its hiding-place, and that made the "children laugh and play."

A young student named Rallston was visiting the school that day, and his poetic genius was set aglow by the amusing incident, and a few days afterward he rode up, as Mary was leaving school, and gave her the first two stanzas of the poem, which has been committed to memory by so many children. The supplementary lines were added by another some years later.

The lamb lived a number of years, and grew to be a large sheep, but at last came to a sad end by being gored to death by a cow. Mary's mother saved the fleece, and spun it into yarn, and knit a pair of stockings for Mary from it. These she preserved with great care for many years in memory of her pet lamb.

Mary became a young lady, and was married

Announcement

BEGINNING with this number the INSTRUCTOR will publish a series of forty lessons, covering the ground usually covered in an elementary geography, but using the Bible as the basis for the work. This series is prepared by an experienced instructor, Professor Floyd Bral-liar, head of the Normal Department of Union College, and is designed to be of practical use in the schoolroom. Two lessons will be printed each week, with original maps and other appropriate illustrations. We believe that these lessons will be a real help to our church-school teachers, and we bespeak for them a cordial welcome.

Criticism and suggestions are invited by the author. Address as above.

In the Laboratory

"THOSE are my precious things," said the chemist, as, exercising my privilege of exploring in the laboratory, I peeped into a small box on whose crimson velvet lining shone a collection of crystals of many colors, some rough and jagged, imbedded in pieces of stone, and some skillfully cut into gleaming, polished facets, which caught and reflected the rays of light. There were rich red-garnet masses, dainty columns of tourmaline, turquoises of robin's-egg blue, one sapphire of clear azure, amethysts, opals with fiery gleams, sea-green beryls, and other bright mineral fragments. Among them I noticed a small, dark-green stone of no special beauty.

"Why do you have this dull thing among your pretty gems?" I asked.

"That," the chemist answered, "is one of my greatest treasures."

I looked more closely, but saw nothing attractive in the stone except its fine, soft luster.

"See!" said the chemist, suddenly turning on the mineral the light of a gas-jet. Instantly fiery gleams flashed out in its darkness, and it blazed into a rich, red glow like a royal ruby.

"This stone, the Alexandrite," said the chemist, "does not show its beauty in the daylight, but, by the artificial light of gas or fire, it blazes out into its glorious color."

"God makes them different, stones and people. Don't think you have seen the whole of a person in one light, under one set of circumstances; sometimes you must

wait for a special light to see shine out the noblest beauty of a soul. There are persons like the Alexandrite, and they are treasures." — *Well Spring.*

No one is discontented who employs and enjoys to the utmost what he has. — *Maltbie D. Babcock.*



REAR VIEW OF THE NEW SANITARIUM BUILDING AS IT APPEARED ON SEPTEMBER 7

Hand that made it, and the hands which often try to mend it, are very, very different powers!

EDISON DRIVER.

Mary and Her Lamb

Who does not remember with what delight the story of Mary and her lamb was read in childhood, and how the oft-repeated verses clung to the memory, and left their lasting impress on the mind? That story, perhaps more than any other simple narrative, has fixed the principle of kindness in the heart of thousands of young children, and helped them to regard the dumb animals with tender sympathy and love.

But how many have learned that Mary and her lamb were really and truly a little girl and her pet, and not merely imaginary creations in the mind of the writer?

The following are the facts, as related by Mary's niece to a lady whom she met while traveling on a return passage from Europe:—

Mary was born March 22, 1806, in Sterling, a pretty farming locality, in the county of Wor-

to a Mr. Tyler, and lived in a beautiful home in Somerville, near Boston. In the course of time a proposition was made to tear down and move away that venerable old historic structure, the Old South Church.

But the ladies of Boston were loath to see it go, and determined to try to save it, making a fair to raise money for that purpose. Now was the time for Mary to make good use of her stockings that were made from the wool of her lamb which was once as "white as snow," but was now quite yellow with the lapse of time. She raveled them out, and cut the fluffy yarn into proper lengths, tying them on to cards on which she had written with her own hand, testifying to the genuineness of the relic. These were sold, and the proceeds made quite a contribution to the fund that preserved the old church which every American loves.

Mary lived to be a bright, lovely, and benevolent old lady, and died but a few years ago, at the ripe age of nearly eighty-four years.

MRS. J. A. CORLISS.

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