

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## THE BROOK FROM THE HILLS

The brook from the hills,  
In the sweet summer-time,  
Trickles through the long grass  
In the shade of the pine;  
Bubbles over the stones,  
Where the reeds over-tip;  
Through patches of sun,  
Where dragon-flies flit;  
Through lily-stem wickets  
And arrow-head thickets,  
It gurgles and trills,  
This brook from the hills.

Laughing and singing through all the long day,  
Among rocks and rushes that lie in the way,—  
Working, but laughing and singing in glee,  
"This is the way to get down to the sea!"

The brook from the hills,  
In the cold winter-tide,  
Feels the touch of the frost  
Where the lily-buds died.  
With a thick crystal plate  
Pressed down on its head,  
It scarcely can creep  
Along its dark bed;  
But though its face freezes,  
In cold winter breezes,  
No obstacle stills  
This brook from the hills.

Fainter its voice, but the echoes still play  
Under the ice in a summer-time way,  
Working, and singing, till spring sets it free,  
"This is the way to get down to the sea!"

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

## LOST IN OREGON CAVE

(Concluded)

I SUPPOSED I knew the way perfectly; for I had been careful to notice all the peculiarities of the different chambers and passages through which I had passed. So I confidently climbed over the big boulders that covered the floor of the Ghost Chamber, passed between two pillars, and entered a low, arched passage, from the ceiling of which hung many small stalactites. At every step I recognized some peculiar formation that I had made a mental note of on the way in. But suddenly I came to a solid limestone wall, which effectually blocked my way. Thinking that I had missed the main passage a few feet back, I retraced my steps, and turned into several of the many openings near by. But they all looked strange to me, so I went back to the ladder leading to Floral Hall, and started again. The second attempt ended as had the first, at the solid limestone wall. So far I was not in the least frightened, but I was provoked to think that I should lose my way in that dirty little hole—for I had such a contempt for the "Great Oregon Cave" that I could bring myself to call it nothing else.

Again I went back to the Ghost Chamber, but this time turned aside at what seemed the most likely place to make a mistake. In a few minutes I found myself hopelessly lost in a labyrinth of passages that seemed to lead around and around,

with no avenue of escape. Four and one-half hours later I had a profound respect for all caverns in general, and for the Oregon Cave in particular; for it took me just that time to find a way out of that dismal Ghost Chamber.

At first I was terribly frightened. I hurried through the large passages, crawled through the low ones, and squeezed through narrow openings. I scrambled over big boulders, crept cautiously into dark pits, and struggled up slippery limestone walls. I wet my feet in pools of water, daubed my clothes in banks of mud, and scratched my hands on the sharp edges of broken stalactites. Several times I tried to retrace my steps, but I had crossed and recrossed my tracks so often that it was quite impossible to follow my footprints by the dim light of a candle.

In my haste and anxiety I neglected to protect

candle, held it above my head, and peered into the darkness. I thought I saw the dim outline of a ladder; and as I made my way toward it, hoping that it might lead to the main passage, I found that I was back at my starting-place at the end of the Ghost Chamber. That ladder led to Floral Hall!

I no longer had a particle of fear, so I sat down to rest, and think the matter over. Then I did what I should have done in the first place—I took my trouble to the Lord, putting him in remembrance of some of his promises, and asking him to direct me in finding the way out.

One of my candles was nearly burned out, so I lighted another, and began a methodical search for the passage. I started at the ladder, and, always keeping the wall at my right, followed it around through every little side-chamber and



ALONG THE TRAIL

my candle, and a drop of water fell upon the flame, extinguishing it. While I was feeling for a match to relight it, I wondered if my supply had become damp, for I carried them in an outside coat pocket. As if in answer to my fear, the first one would not ignite. I knew that it would be practically impossible to find my way out of that place without a light; and that I might be there for days, or even weeks, before any one would come to my rescue. I had been frightened before, but now my heart seemed to stand still with terror. But just then there came into my mind one of the precious promises of God: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God." In a moment my fear was gone; for I realized that after all it was not such a terrible thing to be lost in a cave when God was there.

The second match burned, and I relighted my

passage that I came to until I reached the ladder from the opposite side. My method had failed; still, I tried it again, though with no better success.

My second candle had burned quite low by that time, and things were beginning to look serious. I realized that I might never see daylight again, so I sat down and wrote two or three notes to some of my friends, and then mapped out a route by which I could go in the dark from a place where the water did not drip to a pool of water, and back again. I had made up my mind that when my last candle was exhausted, I would take my stand there, and wait for the Lord to deliver me in whatever way he saw fit.

But as long as my light lasted, I thought it was my duty to continue the search, though my heart was no longer in it. After wandering



around rather aimlessly for a while, I sat down to think of all the circumstances that had led me to that position, and of the Lord's dealings with me all through my life. Someway I could not believe that it was his will that I should die alone in that cave, nor even endanger my health by remaining in such a cold, damp place until some one should come to my rescue. So I knelt again, and asked the Lord to reveal his purpose in allowing me to lose my way. As I prayed, I seemed to see an angel come down, and take me by the hand to lead me from the cave. When I rose to my feet, I saw only the weird shadows that the dim and flickering light of my candle cast on the great blocks of stone which roofed and walled and floored my gloomy prison; but I knew the angel was there, and that he would deliver me. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

I supplied myself with more candles, returning with my camera to photograph some of the more interesting formations. It was late before I finished; but that of course made no difference, for day and night are all one in the cave.

Next morning I started out over the Kirbyville trail, and found it much better than that by which I had entered the cañon. But the road to Grant's Pass from Kirbyville was dusty and hilly; and when I reached the former place, after an absence of a week, I was for once in my life heartily glad to be out of the mountains. J. EDGAR ROSS.

#### A SNOW-STORM ON THE MOUNTAINS

I HAVE just been out to witness for the first time a snow-storm on the mountains. Over to the southwest the Greenhorns rise to a height of about eleven thousand feet, while now their



IN FLORAL HALL

I started back over the same way by which, all along, I had been so sure I entered the chamber—over this boulder, around to the left of that, and in between the next two; past the pillars, into the low, arched passage, and up to the limestone wall. But there I stopped, and was about to turn back when I noticed that the flame of my candle leaned toward that wall! That was the sign for which I had long been looking; for I knew that in the main passage there was a strong breeze blowing outward. Wondering if there was not some crack or crevice in the wall through which the air found its way to the main passage, I stepped up to the wall to examine it more closely, and almost stumbled into a hole at its base. As I peered into that hole, I saw the top of the ladder up which I had climbed to enter the Ghost Chamber!

From that point I had no trouble in finding my way back to the entrance of the cave, where

lofty peaks and far down their craggy sides are enveloped in dark, misty clouds, like great wind-sheets. The tops of the giant hills are already white with snow, though to the north the sun is pouring over the brown and richly tinted rock a flood of glorious light. Still the storm goes on. Over toward the northeast lies Cripple Creek, and ever and anon we hear the muffled boom! boom! of the miners' dynamite as they wrest the precious secrets from the hills.

As I look on the scene of wondrous beauty and magnificent grandeur, before which the proudest monuments of man seem weak and puny, and watch the great white wings of the storm as they beat and twist themselves about on the distant pinnacles above us, I think of the time when "Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke," and I almost expect to see the white tents of Israel on the plains below.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.



#### HOW SMILES GROW

THEY say 'tis the showers of April  
That bring the flowers of May,  
And the darkest time is always  
Before the break of day.

I know not how rain and darkness  
Can bring forth flowers and light,  
But I know that the God of nature  
Has ordered all things right.

So let us remember our lesson,  
When sorrows descend like rain,  
While we watch and wait for morning,  
Through the dreary night of pain.

A happier time will follow  
The saddest, dreariest years;  
For we never really learn to smile  
Till we've had our share of tears.

— Selected.

#### YIDDISH

YIDDISH originated in Germany nearly one hundred years before the discovery of the New World by Columbus. Its foundation is the German language, but it has gathered to itself words from so many other tongues that it is often called "Judeo-German," or Jargon. We are interested in it, and anxious to learn all we can about it, because it is spoken by Jews all over the world. Yiddish has spread, says Mr. Leo Weiner, over Bohemia, Poland, Russia, and England; and the hundreds of thousands of Polish and Russian Jews who come to America speak in no other tongue, and all their books are written in this curious language.

Should you open one of these books, you would think, at the first glimpse you had of its pages, that it was a German volume; for you would see *mutter* for "mother," *stein* for "stone," *kind* for "child," *liebe* for "love," and *morgenstern* for "morning-star;" but on looking closer, you would see many unfamiliar words, with an unfamiliar orthography, and would know that you had been deceived.

But it was not of this that we sat down to write, but of the possibilities for good that lie in the Yiddish tongue, with which Mr. Weiner is endeavoring to acquaint us in his book, "The History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century."

For more than a hundred years, Christians have been trying to reach the Jews with the gospel. Wedded still to the law and the ritual of Moses, this people have steadfastly refused to see in the Christ of the New Testament the Messiah of the prophets—would they ever see? Would the most persistent and prayerful efforts put forth for their salvation be crowned with success?

The answer was at first but a feeble, stammering, "Yes," scarcely heard, and almost unnoted. Missionaries went forth to try the experiment. A few Jews here and there were converted; the work grew in magnitude, and became more and more successful; but still there were those who persisted in saying that the Jewish heart could never be reached with the gospel. As if in answer to these opposers of Jewish missions, Yiddish sprang suddenly into prominence as a means of doing a thousandfold more for the Jews than had ever yet been done. The Jews do not know their own Scriptures as we once supposed they did. To many of them Hebrew has become a dead language; and the Holy Book, in the tongue that they knew, was too costly for a poor man to buy.

Marcus Bergmann, a Jewish Christian missionary of London, England, thought of all this. He knew that if his people could have the Bible, a



wonderful reformation would follow, in God's own good time, and that from reading the Old Testament they would come to accept the New. It must be translated into the Yiddish dialect—but who would do this work? He waited, hoping that God would raise up some one to translate his precious word into Yiddish, that it might be read by Jews all over the earth. No one appeared; if the work was to be done, he must do it himself. It seemed like a Herculean task, but it was begun.

Helpers volunteered, who asked no pay for their services, and money to pay publishers' and printers' bills came from unexpected sources. At first only portions of the Blessed Book were translated into the strange tongue, and sent out from the press; then cheap but beautiful copies of the whole Bible appeared, and were received by the Jews with gratitude and joy.

Even the heart of Bergmann's father was melted, and he wrote his son a letter full of thankfulness over the great work he had accomplished for his people, though still deploring his apostasy from Judaism.

The Yiddish New Testament followed the Old. The result was surprising, even to the translator. The book was received and read with avidity, both on the Continent and in England and America. Arrangements were made by the London missionaries to have Bibles and Testaments and tracts circulated among the Jews by the tens of thousands of copies. What the result has been, we do not know; but we are sure that God has a purpose in all this, and that that purpose will be carried out.

This Yiddish language has not evolved by chance, but has sprung up in accordance with God's will, that through its agency his long-blinded people may learn that Jesus of Nazareth is indeed their Messiah and King, and that he is soon to come, in power and great glory, to save those who believe in and obey him.

MRS. S. ROXANA WINCE.

#### NOT LOSS, BUT EXCHANGE

I WENT, not long ago, to visit a friend who is afflicted with an incurable malady. For ten years she has been unable to leave her room; for five, her only change has been from her bed to an invalid-chair. I remembered her as a brilliant, beautiful girl, ambitious in the right sense of the word, with the prospect of an exceptionally happy and useful life. As I sat beside her, holding her twisted fingers in mine, and looking into her pale face, marked with lines of suffering, the pity of it all swept me like a wave, and yielding to an unwise impulse, I exclaimed: "Margaret, how can you possibly bear it? Everything has been taken from you!"

"No, no!" she answered, with the quick smile which she had never lost. "You are mistaken. Nothing has been taken."

I could only look my questioning surprise.

"Let me tell you a little story," she went on. "A good while ago, before I was ill, I attended one of the summer assemblies which have since become so numerous. A beautiful, sturdy baby boy, less than two years old, used to run about the aisles of the great tent in which the public meetings were held. One afternoon, in the midst of one of the most entertaining and valuable lectures on the program, while the audience sat listening with strained ears, that not a word might be lost, the little fellow possessed himself of a hammer which some workman had mislaid, and began to pound in noisy delight upon one of the oaken supports of the tent. His father rose hastily and went to him. I supposed the hammer would be instantly taken from the child, and awaited with nervous dread the aggrieved outcry certain to follow. But the father did nothing of the kind. Without speaking a word, he picked up a little stick and began to dig in the soft earth. Directly the baby ceased pounding, and, with the hammer still grasped in his chubby hand, curiously sur-

veyed the new sort of employment. A moment later his little face broke into smiles; and, dropping the hammer, he took the stick from his father's hand, and went on with the digging in quiet contentment.

"It was a very little incident, but I have never forgotten it. It has illustrated for me the whole course of my life. I have not been wrenched rudely from a single one of the outward activities which used to be so dear to me. God has unfailingly given me so much in other ways, that I have seemed to resign almost voluntarily each good thing for a better. I have had in my quiet room such peace and rest in him, such visions of his love, such insight into the perplexing questions of his providence, as never came to me when I was going about working and striving.

"I used to have an almost feverish desire to be useful, helpful to others, yet I was often at great loss how to reach them intelligently. Now, suffering, if I may use the hard name, has given me the key to many hearts. People come to me here whom I should have passed ignorantly or shrinkingly on the crowded paths of busy life. They admit me to the priceless treasure of their confidence, and to some, at least, I can not doubt that I am given a message.

"I used, too, to have an unreasoning fear of death. Life—mere physical life—was so strong and glad in me that the very thought of its possible cessation struck a nameless horror to my heart. I love life still, the real life, more than ever. It is an infinite gift. But I see now so plainly what a different thing it is from the mere force, marvelous though that may be, which sends the blood warm from the heart to tingle through the active limbs,—how it may endure after that has ceased; and, though we fall asleep, that life in us will cause us to come forth in triumph when he speaks the word.

"You remember how the Master said, 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' Do you not understand now why I said that nothing had been taken from me? I have only exchanged the old for the 'more abundant' life."—*Young People's Weekly*.

#### GINSENG

GINSENG, of which we hear so much since the trouble began in China, is the aromatic root of an herb of the genus *Aralia*, and in China is a very celebrated medicine. The Chinese view it in an almost sacred light, believing it to be a panacea for all the ills of the flesh, and that it will, in a majority of cases, revive and prolong life in the feeble and aged. European chemists and practitioners, however, have failed to find any valuable medicinal virtue in the plant.

Ginseng roots of the finest quality are found near Manchuria, in China, and are an imperial monopoly. The Korean ginseng comes next, and the American ranks third in value. Cultivated ginseng is not regarded by the Chinese as equal to the wild roots; but the demand so far exceeds the supply that the price rose in the United States from fifty-two cents a pound in 1858 to more than three dollars a pound in 1893. The value of the ginseng exported annually from this country now exceeds one million dollars.

The root of the plant forks near the surface of the ground into two prongs, and assumes much the shape and contour of a man. A great deal of its imagined value is due to its appearance; and the nearer the root resembles a human being, the more valuable it becomes. Native ginseng is in China worth its weight in silver, and often in gold. Skillful workmen manipulate the native root coming from Manchuria to increase its resemblance to the human body, and these pieces become priceless. The name "ginseng" means "man-plant," and a root with limbs entire is supposed by the credulous Chinese to be at least two hundred years old, and is worth from two hundred to four hundred taels, or from two

hundred and eighty to five hundred and sixty dollars.

The root, when gathered, is thoroughly washed in several waters, and well scrubbed with a brush. It is then again washed and dried by steam; this gives it a white appearance. On drying, it becomes transparent. After washing and cleaning the roots, the natives lay them on sticks over the fumes of boiling millet, which imparts to them a golden-yellow hue, highly prized by the Chinese. The dried roots are carefully guarded against dust and dampness, else they rot or become wormy. To show how important the Chinese dealers in ginseng regard this, I quote from Lockhart's description of his visit to a ginseng merchant:—

"Opening the outer box, the merchant removed several paper parcels, which appeared to fill the box. Under them, however, was a second box, or perhaps two small boxes, which, when taken out, showed the bottom of the large box and all the intervening space filled with more paper parcels. These parcels, he explained, contained quicklime, for the purpose of absorbing any moisture, and keeping the boxes quite dry, the lime being packed in paper for the sake of cleanliness. The smaller box, which held the ginseng, was lined with sheet-lead. The gin-



GINSENG—ROOT, PLANT, AND SEED

seng itself, inclosed in silk wrappers, was kept in little silk-covered boxes. Taking up a piece, he would dilate upon the merits of the drug, and the cures it had effected, at the same time requesting his visitor not to breathe upon nor handle it. The covering of the root, according to its quality, was silk, either embroidered or plain, cotton cloth, or paper."

In China, ginseng is often given as a present to a friend, with a small, beautifully finished double kettle, in which the root is prepared. The inner kettle is made of silver, the only metal used in contact with the ginseng when cooking. The decoction is drunk as a tea. The root is often used pulverized, the dose being from sixty to eighty grains.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

No man ever yet asked to be, as the days pass by, more noble and sweet and pure and heavenly-minded, no man ever yet prayed that the evil spirits of hatred and pride and passion and worldliness might be cast out of his soul—without his petition being granted and granted to the letter. And with all other gifts God then gives us his own self besides. He makes us know him and love him and live in him.—*F. W. Farrar*.





#### DANGEROUS TO TAMPER WITH ERROR

WHEN we pray, "Lead us not into temptation," we should be careful that we do not willfully and knowingly go into temptation. The Lord warned the children of Israel to keep away from the borders of Egypt. We should not endeavor to see how near to wrong we can come, and yet be right. Rather, we should encamp high upon the plain of truth, as far as possible from every border of error. Again and again have I seen the spirit of adventuresome curiosity result in the shipwreck of the faith and confidence of some once earnest soul.

I will mention a few cases, the first that of a young man in training for usefulness. He was getting along well with his work, and we believed he would become a useful worker in the cause of God. Then appeared in his life a disposition to tamper with error, to look upon forbidden fruit; and the way having been prepared by numerous little digressions, when a noted infidel lecturer came to the city, this young man decided to go and hear him. Interested friends admonished him to stay away, but to no purpose; he had made up his mind to go, and he went. He reasoned like this: "If I have the truth, if I am right and he is wrong, he can do me no harm." From about this time, this brother's experience began to turn. Defeat instead of victory attended him. This was several years ago, and still his experience is most unsatisfactory. He has drifted entirely out of the Lord's work, and has lost the missionary spirit, together with his intense desire to be useful to God and to his fellow men.

Dear reader, it is dangerous to tamper with wrong, or to compromise with evil. One sound apple will not make a barrel of decayed ones good, but one rotten apple will eventually ruin a barrel of sound fruit. Please read Haggai 2:12, 13: "If one bear holy flesh in the skirt of his garment, and with his skirt do touch bread, or pottage, or wine, or oil, or any meat, shall it be holy? And the priests answered and said, No. Then said Haggai, If one that is unclean by a dead body touch any of these, shall it be unclean? And the priests answered and said, It shall be unclean." From this scripture we learn that a holy person coming in contact with one who is unholy does not necessarily make the unrighteous man righteous. On the other hand, when the righteous associate with the unrighteous, there is an ever-present danger of their becoming unholy.

A young woman, an earnest Christian, was induced by a worldly friend to attend some spiritualistic meetings. At first she laughed at what she saw and heard; but she became more and more absorbed in these things, and ere long even the entreaties of her friends failed to keep her away from these gatherings. The result proved most disastrous to her Christian experience; and she has struggled along in darkness, and sometimes despair, ever since.

The Lord has told us to separate ourselves from these things,—to come out from the world, and be separate,—and every Christian young man and young woman will do well to take heed. The Lord knew the danger of these things when he admonished us to hold ourselves aloof from their blighting influence.

A young sister who was an active worker went to spend the summer with an infidel family. Though warned of the dangers she would meet, she was inclined to make light of her friends' anxiety for her welfare. But she had been in this home only a short time when she was in-

duced to read a book by an infidel author. She never found her way back into the Lord's work. Infidelity, skepticism, and doubt, with much sorrow and sadness, have been her portion from that day to this. Again and again have her former friends sought to lead her back into the pathway of light, but each and every time they have failed.

It is a dangerous thing to trifle with light; and in nearly every case the results are disastrous to those who presume to put forth their hand, and touch that which God has warned men to leave alone. Many other illustrations of the blighting influence of Christian science, Spiritualism, and other phases of latter-day errors might be given. The Lord has bidden his people, like Lot, to flee to the mountain—to tarry not in all the plain. He has warned us not even to look behind us. The experience of Lot's wife is an object-lesson and a warning to every young man and woman to press onward and upward toward the mark of our high calling in Christ Jesus, and not be allured into any of the by-paths of curiosity, amusement, or adventure.

Let us keep the energies of mind and body so fully occupied in getting truth and giving truth, that there will be no time in which the enemy, finding us unoccupied, shall tempt us to tamper with error and experiment with unrighteousness.

W. S. SADLER.

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

#### SHORT-LIVED SUCCESS

"Success in the short run is often the devil's ambush. Gamblers let beginners win at first, but get everything they have at last. Temptation allures, charms, fascinates, at first. It must seem more than worth while, and, as a rule, it does seem so. "This is a great success," we say. Then we get suspicious, and try to back out, only to find the enemy in our rear. "Tricked!" "Trapped!" we cry. Then we must cut our way out the best we can, or surrender, foot and horse. Nothing that is wrong can be successful in the end. Any seeming victory at the expense of principle is certain defeat at the last."



#### BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 15; "Thoughts on the Revelation," Pages 638-640

(March 17-23)

THE prophet speaks of the angels with the seven last plagues as a "sign great and marvelous:" he knew that it was an unmistakable evidence that the Lord was indeed near at hand, that probation had closed forever, and the people of God were sealed.

*The Last Plagues.*—The wickedness of man has brought many plagues upon the earth, but they have all been mingled with mercy. They were given as a warning, and those who heeded them were saved. The last plagues contain no mixture; "for in them is filled up the wrath of God." When they are poured out, there are none to be saved, for every case has been decided. "Already a few drops of God's wrath have fallen upon the earth; but when the seven last plagues shall be poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation, then it will be forever too late to repent and find shelter. No atoning blood will

then wash away the stains of sin." It is impossible for the plagues to be poured out while Jesus officiates in the heavenly sanctuary; "but as his work there is finished, and his intercession closes, there is nothing to stay the wrath of God, and it breaks with fury upon the shelterless head of the guilty sinner."—*Early Writings, last part, page 141.* The seven last plagues will not be poured out until the work of the gospel is finished, and every case has been decided for eternity.

*Song of Moses.*—Moses and Israel were encompassed by seemingly insurmountable barriers,—the Red Sea before, the enemy behind, and the mountains on either side,—but in one night deliverance came. Moses had a comparatively weak company, composed of men used to slavery, but not to war, and helpless women and children. In swift pursuit were trained warriors. But God opened the sea before his people, and destroyed the host of Pharaoh in the midst of the sea. After their deliverance Moses, with the Spirit of God resting upon him, led the people in the following triumphant song of praise (Ex. 15: 1-16, R. V.):—

"I will sing unto Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously:  
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.  
The Lord is my strength and song,  
And he is become my salvation:  
This is my God, and I will praise him;  
My father's God, and I will exalt him.  
The Lord is a man of war:  
Jehovah is his name.  
Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea:  
And his chosen captains are sunk in the Red Sea.  
The deeps cover them:  
They went down into the depths like a stone.  
Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power,  
Thy right hand, O Lord, dasheth in pieces the enemy. . . .  
Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods?  
Who is like thee, glorious in holiness,  
Fearful in praises, doing wonders? . . .  
Thou in thy mercy hast led the people which thou hast redeemed:  
Thou hast guided them in thy strength to thy holy habitation.  
The peoples have heard, they tremble: . . .  
Terror and dread falleth upon them;  
By the greatness of thine arm they are as still as a stone;  
Till thy people pass over, O Lord,  
Till the people pass over which thou hast purchased.  
Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance,  
The place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in."

"That song does not belong to the Jewish people alone. It points forward to the destruction of all the foes of righteousness, and the final victory of the Israel of God. The prophet of Patmos beholds the white-robed multitudes that 'have gotten the victory,' standing on the 'sea of glass mingled with fire,' having the harps of God; 'and they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.'"

*No Man in the Temple.*—From the study of the fifth chapter of Revelation, we learned that the four beasts and the four and twenty elders were those who had been redeemed "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." They are of the family of Adam. "The man Christ Jesus" is also one of this family. When the seven last plagues are poured out, "no man was able to enter into the temple, till the seven plagues of the seven angels were fulfilled." This would exclude "the man Christ Jesus," and the four and twenty elders, who were officiating with him. God the Father will be left in the temple during the outpouring of the seven last plagues; and from the temple he will speak, during the time of the seventh plague, the words, "It is done."

ALL whose lives are hid with Christ in God will be delivered in the day of trouble.





## THE FIRST ROBIN

OH, the first robin's song, when the sky is blue,  
And the air is sweet with the breath of spring,  
And the world, like the children's hearts, is new,  
And joy and beauty are on the wing!

Then, as we listen, we also sing

A song of gladness, and love, and praise;  
For we are at rest in the love of our King,  
And he will take care of us through "all the  
days." — *Selected.*

## THE BROWN CREEPER

You should be on the lookout these days for the little Brown Creeper. It is possible to find him any day in winter; for he is a northern bird, breeding in summer-time from the northern limits of the United States far north into Canada; in the winter he may be found anywhere from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. But from the middle of March to the last of April, the little creatures are on the move northward, traveling in such numbers that they may be seen almost any day, busy at work on the bark of some insect-ridden tree.

The story of the Brown Creeper can be told in a very few words,—he is unobtrusive, and very industrious.

He is unobtrusive because of two things. While he is with us, he never sings; and he is so nearly the color of the bark upon which he works that if he remained quiet, we should certainly pass him by unnoticed. But he does not remain quiet. Remember, his other characteristic is that of being very industrious. Some persons can hardly bear to watch the little fellow — he tires them with his unabating zeal.

My acquaintance with the bird was begun one day in March,—next to the last day in the month. I was out hunting birds with my field-glass. I had read more or less about this little bird, and recognized it the moment I saw it. I wrote in my note-book as follows: Saw a Brown Creeper on the trunk of a large maple, which allowed me to come very close, merely moving by a corkscrew movement around on the farther side of the trunk, but not stopping for a moment his picking at the bark. Used his bristle-ended tail frequently to brace himself, but often did not seem to need it. Even turned head downward on the bark for a fraction of a second, but never moved in that direction.

Keeping in mind the two characteristics of the Brown Creeper,—its unobtrusive ways and color, and its great industry,—let us see what others who have studied the bird have to say about it:—

"The facts in the case will doubtless show that the patient, plodding Brown Creeper is searching for the insects, eggs, and larvæ which are hidden in crevices in the bark; but after watching him for several minutes, one becomes impressed with the thought that he has lost the only thing in the world he ever cared for, and that his one object in life is to find it. Ignoring you completely, with scarcely a pause, he winds his way, in a preoccupied, near-sighted manner, up a tree-trunk. Having finally reached the top of his spiral staircase, one might suppose he would rest long enough to survey his surroundings; but, like a bit of loosened bark, he drops off to the base of the nearest tree, and resumes his never-ending task. He has no time to waste in words; but occasionally, without stopping in his rounds, he utters a few squeaky notes, which are about as likely to attract attention as he is himself." — *Frank M. Chapman.*

"An inoffensive but wearisome little fellow is a brown-clad denizen of all our woods in winter; . . . namely, the Brown Creeper, almost in-

variably seen on the trunks of trees whose bark is somewhat rough. He is a little over five inches long, white beneath, and finely marked with various shades of brown and white above. On first acquaintance he makes no particular impression other than that of being a neatly clad and busy little body; but in course of time he becomes really irritating to the feelings, from his exasperatingly conscientious but cold-blooded diligence, which makes you feel as if you ought to admire it on moral grounds; but you can not. The Brown Creeper is a virtuous drudge, without animation or variation. There is an air about him, as he silently climbs tree after tree, that makes his work seem as soulless as it is incessant. When you have seen him a minute, you have seen him a year; and seeing one is seeing a thousand.

"He starts near the bottom of a tree, crawls up

or fear by its manner of song, but the Creeper has only one aim and one ambition, and no time for sentiment. . . . It is nothing but climb, climb, climb, and never getting there." — *H. E. Parkhurst.*

"As a tree-creeper we know the Brown Creeper, and as nothing else. If he ever happens elsewhere than on a tree-trunk, it must be by accident. I once found one that had evidently been blown into the room through an open window during a storm. Its effort to creep over the wall was not a success; and when it finally sank to the floor, its claws took such a hold upon the carpet that I could not dislodge it without injury. Any attempt to touch it was resented by vicious thrusts of its beak, which I found quite equal to piercing the skin." — *Dr. C. C. Abbott.*

Those who have studied the bird in the nesting



THE BROWN CREEPER

just about so fast and so far, and then flies to the bottom of another, only to repeat the program. By close application to business (and nothing but sickness can stop him), I find he can do a tree in just about fifty seconds, or seventy-two trees in an hour; and in the twenty-four hours (as far as I know, he works nights and every day in the week) seventeen hundred and twenty-eight trees. If he would only sing or chirp at his work, or flutter his wings, or turn his head occasionally, it would change the impression marvelously. Only now and then you hear a faint *sip*, that cheers neither himself nor the spectator, and has a drearily mechanical and conscientious sound. Every other bird I have seen will at times show joy or sorrow

season describe the song of the little fellow as exquisitely pure and tender, now rising, now falling, and "dying away in an indescribably plaintive cadence, like the soft sigh of the wind among the pine boughs." — *L. A. REED.*

## BIRD FORAGERS

AMONG the natural guardians of the trees are the woodpeckers, which gather their food as they creep round the trunks and branches. They have two toes before and two behind for climbing, and may usually be seen clinging erect on tree trunks; but rarely, if ever, with head downward, like the nuthatches and titmice. As the food of the wood-



peckers is nearly as abundant in winter as in summer, they are seldom migratory. They never forage in flocks, like some of the granivorous birds whose food is more plentiful, but scatter out over wide areas, and thus better their fare. They bear the same relation to other birds that take their food from trees, as snipes and woodcocks bear to thrushes and quails; that is, they bore into the wood as the snipe bores into the earth, while thrushes and quails seek the insects that crawl on the surface of the ground.

Besides these there are a few birds that take part of their food from trees and the rest from the ground. The thrushes do not refuse an insect or grub that is crawling upon a tree, but they forage chiefly upon the surface of the ground. The blackbirds are also guardians of the soil, and apparently are far more industrious than the thrushes. However, a little observation will correct this delusion. The common robin hunts his food in a listless, unconcerned way that is very deceptive. He hops about the field with his bill inclined upward, apparently oblivious to any object in view; then he makes two or three more hops, and again pauses with his bill turned upward in listless unconcern. But presently there is a quick dart and a vigorous pecking upon the ground; and if you are near enough, you will see him pulling out a cutworm or devouring a nest of insects which are gathered in a cluster.

On the other hand, blackbirds seldom hold up their heads, but march along with their bills turned downward, as if entirely devoted to their task. They never seem to be idle, except when a flock of them are making a garrulous noise upon a tree. If a blackbird looks upward, it is only by a sudden movement; he does not stop. After watching a blackbird and a robin ten minutes in the same field, one would suppose that the blackbird had collected twice as much food as the robin during that time. But this would not be true. The robin is probably endowed with a greater reach of sight than the blackbird, and while hopping about with his head erect, his vision comprehends a wider space. He not only watches for a sight of his prey, but also for marks upon vegetation that denote the place of its concealment. The omnivorous blackbird hunts the soil for everything that is nutritious, and picks up small seeds that require a close examination of the ground. Blackbirds of all species walk. They do not hop, like the robins.

Some species of the foragers do their work in compact assemblages. This habit renders the snow buntings extremely attractive. Their food is not distributed in separate morsels like that of robins and woodpeckers. It consists of the seeds of grasses and of composite plants, which are often scattered very evenly over a wide surface. When a flock of fifty or more settle down in a field, each one fares as well as if he were alone, during the short time he remains on the spot. Insect feeders find it for the most part profitable to scatter and keep separate, because their food is sparsely distributed. This is not true of the birds which frequent the salt marshes that are overflowed by the tide. Their food consists of insects and worms, which are evenly scattered and abundant. Hence sandpipers, and some other species, forage in flocks, though they live exclusively upon an animal diet.

It is difficult to estimate the usefulness of this systematic army of foragers. It matters not in what stage of its existence the insect is destroyed; it is still demonstrable that these minute creatures can not be kept in check unless they are attacked in all stages. Man can not by artificial means appreciably check their multiplication or their ravages. Birds are their only effectual destroyers.—*Selected.*

"WHAT we have may be counted as wealth as long as we own it. When it begins to own us, it is the measure of our poverty."



"TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP"

"You think I'm dead,"  
The apple-tree said,  
"Because I have never a leaf to show;  
Because I stoop,  
And my branches droop,  
And the dull-gray mosses over me grow!  
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;  
The buds of next May  
I fold away—  
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I'm dead,"  
The quick grass said,  
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!  
But under the ground  
I am safe and sound,  
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid;  
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot  
Should the spring of the year  
Come dancing here—  
But I pity the flowers without branch or  
root."

"You think I'm dead,"  
A soft voice said,  
"Because not a branch nor root I own!  
I never have died,  
But close I hide  
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown;  
Patiently I wait through the long winter  
hours;  
You will see me again—  
I shall laugh at you then  
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."  
—*Edith M. Thomas, in St. Nicholas.*

NATURE'S WONDER STORIES

The Fall of the Crystal Palace

HUNDREDS and hundreds of miles away, in the far north, there is a country that has only one day and one night in its whole year, each of them six months long. To us this would seem like a very dreary place, as cold winds sweep across the great plains during the hours of the long, long night; but when the day comes, and the sun shines over the scene, it is very beautiful. Everything sparkles as if covered with millions of diamonds, which flash so brilliantly in the sunshine that the eyes are blinded with their dazzling splendor.

This is the home country of a power which we will call King Cold, who has ruled there for hundreds of years. But in spite of his great age, he seems as strong as ever. He rules his kingdom without regard for the likes or dislikes of his subjects, who suffer instant and merciless punishment for the least violation of any of his laws. And not satisfied with his despotic reign in his own country, each year the old king takes a journey to the south, and then woe betide every tender thing that does not seek a shelter from his cruel advance. Killing, destroying, injuring, and imprisoning, he passes over the land, finally settling down for a time in the subdued territory, to rule it in the same harsh way that he rules at home.

One year, as the shadows of the long night began to creep across his glittering realm, old King Cold prepared to set out on his usual raid in the south. With all his forces he marched along, conquering wherever he went. He shut people up in their houses, and sheep and cattle in their stalls, while he destroyed the pastures, and laid waste the fields. Many poor wild creatures were killed outright, while his favorite servant, the Northwind, laughed and danced on after her master, in search of other victims.

As he continued his march, old King Cold came to a little grove near the foot of a long hill. A clear brook flowed through the cool shade; flowers bloomed on the banks; thick grass

covered the ground; and tall trees mingled their branches overhead. It was a lovely spot; but its beauty could not save it from the ravages of King Cold, who at once set about to despoil the place.

First he killed all the flowers; then he shriveled the green grass, and stripped the leaves from the trees, tossing them far away; and while doing all this, he had fashioned a thick crystal plate, which was fastened down securely above the little brook, in spite of its loud murmurs.

Presently, a gentle rain began to fall; and as old King Cold breathed upon the rain, it turned hard and clear, like glass, upon the wet trees, dry grass, and dead flowers. Then the old king breathed still more deeply upon the tiny drops, even before they reached the earth; and as they fell, they were changed to bits of delicate white substance, which collected in soft, fluffy heaps on the crystal-covered trees and bushes and grasses of the little grove.

When morning dawned, everything was very still and cold; but as the sun peeped over the eastern hills, and shone upon the grove, the tree-trunks rose like crystal columns; the sparkling branches, with their feathery festoons, mingled in a vaulted roof of exquisite beauty; a sparkling carpet of purest white was spread over the earth; and the whole structure glittered like a castle of glass adorned with thousands and thousands of precious stones of every tint, size, and shape, and of such brilliancy that the eye could scarcely bear the sight.

Thus in the little grove old King Cold had built himself a palace, where he lingered for a time. But at last the beautiful Queen Spring, who lived far away in the south, decided to take a journey north, drive old King Cold away, and give relief to the many tender things he had injured and oppressed. King Cold seemed securely seated upon his glittering throne in the crystal palace; but as Spring drew quietly near, and gently breathed upon its shining walls, a crackling and crashing sound was heard, and King Cold was obliged to vacate the crystal palace, lest it tumble down about his ears.

After that there was a battle between the Cold and the warm and gentle air of Spring; sometimes Cold gained the victory, but at last he was driven farther and farther north, and Spring, with her warm-hearted servant, the Southwind, soon cleared away all traces of the crystal palace. Set free from its prison, the little brook bounded joyously away toward the river, singing and gurgling with happiness; fresh flowers sprang up where the others had died; the grass turned green again; the trees put out new leaves; and soon the little grove was even lovelier than before.

Thus Spring drove old King Cold away, and accomplished more by gentleness than he had by force and bluster. So kindness will always vanquish cruelty. MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

CAN YOU DUST?

A SHABBILY dressed young man applied to the manager of a large department store for employment.

"What can you do?" asked the manager.

"Most anything," answered the applicant.

"Can you dust?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then why don't you begin on your hat?" The fellow hadn't thought of that.

"Can you clean leather goods?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then it's carelessness on your part that your shoes are not clean." The fellow hadn't thought of that, either.

"Well, can you scrub?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply.

"Then I can give you something to do. Go out and try your strength on that collar you have on. But don't come back."



While a neat attire is not always an index to good character and ability, the fact remains that of two applicants the business man will always employ the neatly dressed, attractive looking boy rather than one who is careless in his appearance.

The reason is obvious. The boy who is particular in regard to the details of his dress will be careful in his work, and thus command the respect and confidence of his employer.

To be well dressed is not to have expended a great deal of money on your clothes; on the contrary, if your garments are neat in appearance, and whole,—if your collar is clean, your necktie neatly fastened, your shoes polished, and your trousers carefully pressed,—the care and thought displayed in these small matters will more truly reflect character than the richness of the material of your clothes.

Muddy shoes can reflect nothing! Neatness and cleanliness are important recommendations, and are within the reach of every boy seeking work.—*Selected.*

2. We should carefully notice the words of the Lord. He said, "I have given into thine hand Jericho." It was *already done* in God's sight; the victory had already been gained. And it is the same with all our enemies—our sins. For all those who believe God, the work of overcoming has been done by Jesus, our Lord, and he says to them, as he sends them out into the battlefield of temptation, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

3. God never does anything which we can do ourselves. He could have done himself, in some other way, all that the army of Israel did by marching around the city; but he saw that it was best for them to do something themselves. Let us always do with willing heart the little that God asks of us; for by doing that little, we make it possible for God to do the greater part,—the part that brings the victory.

4. It must have been a real test of faith to Israel to march day after day around the city, without seeing anything accomplished. And besides, they were not allowed even to talk among themselves. But while they could not see, they believed, and obeyed without questioning. The work of the first six days was therefore just as important as that of the seventh; for it brought the people near to God.

5. "The vast army marched solemnly around the devoted walls. All was silent, save the measured tread of many feet, the occasional sound of the trumpet, breaking the stillness of the early morning. The massive walls of solid stone seemed to defy the siege of men. The watchers on the walls looked on with rising fear, as, the first circuit ended, there followed a second, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. What could be the object of these mysterious movements? What mighty event was impending? They had not long to wait. As the seventh circuit was completed, the long procession paused. The trumpets, which for an interval had been silent, now broke forth in a blast that shook the very earth. The walls of solid stone, with their massive towers and battlements, tottered and heaved from their foundations, and with a crash fell in ruins to the earth. The inhabitants of Jericho were paralyzed with terror, and the hosts of Israel marched in and took possession of the city."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 489.* Long years before, the unbelieving spies had said, "The cities are walled." But when Israel believed, the walls were nothing, for God is above the walls, and God was with them. Nothing can stand against faith; for faith moves God to help in every time of need.



JERICHO TAKEN

(March 23, 1901)

LESSON SCRIPTURES.—Joshua 5:13-15; 6:1-16, 20, 23.

MEMORY VERSE.—Heb. 11:30.

QUESTIONS

1. While Israel were camped near Jericho, who appeared to Joshua? Joshua 5:13.
2. What answer did he receive? What did Joshua then do and say? V. 14; note 1.
3. What did the captain of the Lord's host then tell him to do? V. 15.
4. How carefully was Jericho guarded? Joshua 6:1.
5. What did the Lord assure Joshua he had done? V. 2; note 2.
6. What part were Joshua and his men of war to take? For how long? V. 3; note 3.
7. How many priests were to go before the ark? What were they to bear? What was to be done on the seventh day? V. 4.
8. What were the people to do when the trumpet was sounded? What would then occur? V. 5.
9. What orders were then given to the priests and people? Vs. 6, 7.
10. How were Joshua's instructions carried out? Vs. 8, 9.
11. Before going out, what had Joshua commanded? V. 10.
12. What was done the first day? V. 11.
13. What were the order and work of the first six days? Vs. 12-14; note 4.
14. On the seventh day what was done? V. 15.
15. As they passed round the seventh time, and the priests sounded the trumpets, what did Joshua command? V. 16.
16. What wonderful work was done when they shouted? V. 20; note 5.
17. Of all the inhabitants of Jericho, who alone were spared? V. 23.

NOTES

1. Christ is the commander of the armies of heaven. Rev. 19:11-14. So we read, "It was Christ, the Exalted One, who stood before the leader of Israel."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 488.* And that it was the Lord there can be no doubt; for when he told Joshua to take off his shoes because he stood on holy ground, he commanded what the Lord alone has the right to command. Ex. 3:4, 5.

Easy Steps

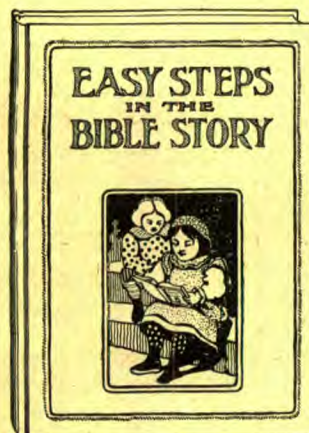
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#### FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

##### SUNDAY:

"Watch the thoughts. Thoughts make impulses, and impulses make deeds."

##### MONDAY:

First. If you don't like a thing, try with all your might to make it as you do like it. Second. If you can't possibly make it as you like it, stop thinking about it; let it go.—  
*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

##### TUESDAY:

"They greatly dare who greatly trust. If our faith were greater, our deeds would be larger. The reason so few of us do not attempt great things for God, is simply because we do not trust him enough."

##### WEDNESDAY:

God wants us to live by the day. Enough for the day is all we are to ask. God does not promise supplies in advance. If we have only bread for to-day, and are doing our duty faithfully, we may trust him till to-morrow for to-morrow's food.—*J. R. Miller.*

##### THURSDAY:

"Have you had a kindness shown?  
Pass it on!  
'Twas not given for you alone—  
Pass it on!  
Let it travel down the years,  
Let it wipe another's tears,  
Till in heaven the deed appears—  
Pass it on!"

##### FRIDAY:

Your souls are a picture-gallery. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect—the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspirations of good and great men, the memories of golden deeds.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

##### SABBATH:

"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Thess. 5: 23.

#### WITNESSING FOR CHRIST

To CONFESS Christ is one of the first duties of the Christian. "Believe," "confess,"—these are the primary steps in the experience of those who accept him. And what is it to witness for Christ? Surely it is not telling what we think about Jesus, nor what we have heard that he has done for some one else; neither is it repeating the words of others, nor confessing our sins to our friends or to our brethren and sisters in the church. The testimony of a witness in court is of value only as it tells what he himself knows. So with the Christian—to confess Christ truly

is to tell what he has done *for us*—to witness to his power in our own lives to give victory over temptation and sin. Such confession is not a mere form of words; it is not simply "speaking in meeting;" it is the live spark of a vital experience that will kindle in other hearts a desire to know Him who has saved us, and washed us in his own blood.

WHILE it is the duty and privilege of all to believe and be saved, and to testify to others of this glorious fact, it is true that every one who lives on the earth, whether he now accepts or rejects the power that would save him, will some day confess Christ. But some will make the confession too late. For in that great day when, at the name of Jesus, every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall testify that Jesus Christ is Lord, it will be too late for those who have not made their peace with him. But now—to-day—all who will may accept and confess him, and may know what it is to have his keeping power in the life.

CONFESSION is a sign of our loyalty to our Master, and binds us closer to his cause. "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," wrote Paul, in the early days of the Christian church; and from his day to ours there have never lacked men and women, young people, and even children, who, like him, were not ashamed of their faith, but confessed it publicly, when to do so meant the loss of everything dearest in this world, and often even of life itself.

From the earliest times in the history of God's people there have been those who bore a faithful witness to him. There were Caleb and Joshua, who declared their faith in the power of God to bring his people safely into the land of Canaan, even when the angry multitude would have stoned them; nearly a thousand years later three young Hebrew captives in a foreign land, "who stood before the king," refused to obey his wicked command to bow down to a great golden image set up in the plain of Dura, notwithstanding the penalty was that those who did not fall down and worship should in "the same hour" be cast alive into a fiery furnace; and a little later we read how Daniel, the chief ruler under the king of Babylon, and a member of the king's household, continued to pray three times a day in his open window, according to his usual custom, when the decree had been signed by the king himself that whosoever should ask anything of any god or man save the king for thirty days should be cast into the den of lions. These men were all loyal to God, and he delivered them. They were not ashamed of their faith, nor afraid of any injury or ridicule that men could inflict; therefore he "is not ashamed to call them brethren," nor "to be called their God."

How different was their belief, and how much more inspiring their example, than that of those who, "among the chief rulers" in the time of Jesus' trial and death, "believed on him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue"!

CONFESSION brings strength to the individual, as well as help to those who hear him. A minister of the gospel tells of a man who, seven years before, was "an outcast, friendless, hopeless, the slave of drink. But last night I heard him say," he declares, "that immediately on his conversion he began confessing his Saviour; and during all those seven years he has never failed, even in any mixed company, to acknowledge himself a Christian. Drink is under his feet, health is in his nerve and eye, hope is in his heart, and heaven is his sure goal." But would this bright experience have been his if he had, after the first two or three times, ceased to tell of what the Lord was doing for him? How many sad cases of backsliding give the answer!

THE words of Jesus to the man out of whom had been cast a legion of evil spirits contain a hint as to where we should testify for Christ. In his gratitude and joy the healed man wanted to go with Jesus, to follow him wherever he went; but the Master had another work for him. "Go home to thy friends," he commanded, "and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." At home, among those who had known him all his life, the change that had taken place in this man would bear the most glorious witness to the power of God. And the confessing, the witnessing, that does *not* begin at home is of little value. Of course it need not, it will not, end there. The gospel is to go to every nation, and it will be carried by human agents; but it is those who are most faithful in confessing Christ in the place where they are, who will be able to witness most acceptably for him elsewhere.

SOMETIMES we hear persons say that they can confess Christ by their lives—that there is no need that they should speak for him. The life *does* testify—and so loudly, too, that lip-service without the accompanying testimony of good works is worse than useless. But the two will be found working harmoniously together in the life of every Christian. If the life is upright, and the heart full of love to God and to his children, the tongue will not be slow to speak his praise. "Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name. But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

CONFESSION strengthens the hope of the Christian, and brings him near to God; for "whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." It helps to conquer temptation: the Christian who yields himself completely to Christ, and makes his confession very definite, will escape many temptations that harass the half-hearted. And it glorifies God; for "whoso offereth praise," he declares, "glorifieth me."

"WHOSOEVER therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

#### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

BEGINNING with the next quarter, the youth's divisions in our Sabbath-schools will study the subject of the Sanctuary, the same as the senior division, continuing the study for two quarters. This is an important subject, and one that most deeply concerns all who live in the world to-day. We hope that the librarians, or those who have the matter in charge, will see that their youth's division is supplied, on Sabbath, March 23, with papers bearing the date of *March 28*, and containing the first lesson on the Sanctuary, to be recited on the first Sabbath in April. It is important that not a lesson be missed in this study, in order that the youth may gain a connected idea of the subject as a whole. If your club has been cut off, or is about to expire, kindly see to the matter of renewing it *at once*.

#### OUR PREMIUM BIBLE

WE are glad to know that the INSTRUCTOR Premium Bible is meeting with such a ready sale. Scarcely a week passes that does not bring one or more orders for the book, usually accompanied with money for six subscriptions. Thus by a little effort the readers of the INSTRUCTOR are enabled to obtain for themselves a beautiful Bible, printed in large type, and with the pronunciation of all the proper names plainly marked. For full particulars see the notice in another column.