

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

DENIAL

Not only Peter in the judgment-hall,
Not only in the centuries gone by,
Did coward hearts deny thee, Lord of all!
But even in our time, and constantly;
For feeble wills, and the mean fear of men,
And selfish dread are with us now as then.

To-day we vow allegiance to thy name;
To-day our souls, ourselves, we pledge to thee;
Yet if a storm-wind of reproach or blame
Rises and beats upon us suddenly,
Faltering and fearful, we deny our Lord,
By traitorous silence or by uttered word.

We close our lips when speech would wake a sneer;
We turn aside, and shirk the rougher path;
We gloss and blink as if we did not hear
The scoffing word which calls for righteous wrath.
All unrebuked we let the scoffer go,
And we deny our Lord and Master so.

Come thou, as once of old thou camest in
And "looked on Peter" in the judgment-hall;
Let that deep, grieved gaze rebuke our sin,
Questioning, recalling, wakening, pardoning all,
Till we go out and weep the whole night long,
Made strong by sorrow as he was made strong.
—Susan Coolidge.

"SHOW US A SIGN FROM HEAVEN"

THE Pharisees also with the Sadducees came, and tempting desired him that he would show them a sign from heaven. He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

The sign they asked was a miracle,—some wonderful token in the heavens to gratify their curiosity. Signs were frequently given by the prophets; and if he were the Messiah, they argued, he would give some evidence to prove it. Those miracles which included only the relief of human necessities, the healing of the woes of mankind, had no particular interest for them; for they looked upon suffering and distress with hard-hearted, unsympathetic indifference. In relieving the oppressed and suffering, Christ cast a reproach upon them, not only for their careless indifference toward the poor, but because they were themselves the direct cause of much of the misery that existed.

Well had the prophet declared of this people: "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. . . . Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider. Ah sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers, children that are corrupters: they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward. . . . Every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards: they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them." "Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street, and equity can not enter. Yea, truth faileth; and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey."

Christ tried to present before the Pharisees their inconsistency. By certain indications in the heavens they professed themselves wise to foretell the weather. "When it is evening," he said, "ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" If these signs in the heavens are sufficient evidence on which to base your faith, why do you not believe the evidence given of my mission? The works that I do, they testify of me.

The relation of the Jewish nation to God has often been presented as a marriage relation,—God the husband, the nation the wife. Their separation from God by wicked works is called adultery. The Jews had been unfaithful to the covenant that God had made with them. Not only spiritually but literally they were transgressors of the law of God. Christ would work no miracle to satisfy the curiosity of the people. "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign," he said, "and there shall no sign be given unto it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas."

It was not Christ's mission to exalt himself as an astrologer. His work was with sinful human beings, whom he came to save from hopeless woe and misery. The angel that foretold his birth declared, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." And more than six hundred years before, he himself had declared: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." This was his mission.

Even the wicked Herod could perceive the greatness of the works of Christ; but the scribes and Pharisees could not be convinced. The works which they could not explain away they charged to the agency of the devil. The Holy Spirit was sent down to bless this people, but they barred the door of their hearts against his influence. Christ well knew that however strong and uncontrovertible the evidence he might give them, they would not receive it. Therefore he kept steadily at the work which had been planned in the councils of heaven, healing the sick and relieving the oppressed. He knew that in this work he was giving ample proof of his mission to those who were honest in heart. His heart was grieved by their obstinacy and determined resistance of light and truth. "If I had not done among them the works which none other man did," he said, "they had not had sin: but now have they both seen and hated both me and my Father."

Christ was God manifest in the flesh; in him dwelt "all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." All this glory he longed to pour upon the world, but men refused to receive it. They were given evidence upon evidence; but they bound themselves up in their stubborn unbelief and prejudice. Therefore they were without excuse.

We are to learn a lesson from the sin of this people. To-day there are many who have taken their position on the side of unbelief, as if it were a virtue, the sign of a great mind, to doubt. Because the works of God can not be explained by finite minds, Satan brings his sophistry to bear upon them, and entangles them in the meshes of unbelief. If these doubting ones would come into close connection with God, he would make his purposes clear to their understanding.

The position of those who resist light is thus set forth by the apostle Paul: "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the eyes of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." The operation of the Spirit is foolishness to the unrenewed heart; but to those who are humble, teachable, honest, childlike, and who desire to know the will of the Father, his word is revealed as the power of God unto salvation.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



STEADY AND STICK

A RUSH is good in its place, lad,
But not at the start, I say;
For life's a very long race, lad,
And never was won that way.
It's the stay that tells,—the stay, boy,—
And the heart that never says die;
A spurt may do, with the goal in view,
But steady's the word, say I.
Steady's the word that wins, lad,
Grit and sturdy grain;
It's sticking to it will carry you through it;
Roll up your sleeves again!

O, Snap is a very good cur, lad,
To frighten the tramps, I trow;
But Holdfast sticks like a burr, lad,—
Brave Holdfast never lets go.
And Clever's a pretty nag, boy,
But stumbles and shies, they say;
So Steady I count the safer mount
To carry you all the way.

The iron bar will smile, lad,
At straining muscle and thew,
But the patient teeth of the file, lad,
I warrant will gnaw it through.
A snap may come at the end, boy,
And a bout of might and main;
But Steady and Stick must do the trick,—
Roll up your sleeves again!

—Selected.

HIS MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

It was a frosty morning in January when Paul Ellis unceremoniously entered the home of his friend, John Markham. "Hello, Jack!" he cried, "may I ask what it is you are concealing from view, sir? Been into mischief, probably, after the manner of small boys whose mothers are gone." This was said by way of pleasantry, for both lads were strapping boys of fifteen or thereabouts.

For answer Jack drew forth a partly finished shelf, on which he was putting much ornamental work.

"Did you do all that with your knife?"

Jack nodded.

"It must have taken a long time. What's it for, anyway?"

"Well, to-morrow is mother's birthday, you know, and I'm making it for her. She doesn't know a thing about it; and now, while she's gone, I'm putting in the time to good advantage. When I heard you, I thought she had come back, and that's why I hid it."

"Do you always do this sort of thing?" asked Paul, as Jack fell to whittling and whistling together.

"What sort of thing? making shelves?" inquired Jack, with a laugh.

"No, I mean giving presents to your mother, and—and—things like that."

"Why, I always try to make her birthday different from other days. Seems to me I'd feel real sneaking mean not to notice it at all. As little money as mother has, she always manages to have something extra for me when my birthday comes."

Paul's face flushed crimson at the unconscious rebuke these words contained for him. Never in his life had he given his mother anything, or taken any notice of her birthday. Indeed, he was not quite sure when the day came, though he thought it was sometime during that same month. Jack's voice broke in upon his thoughts.

"Some years I can't give her much, but this time I have something really nice, I think. Come and see it," and, opening his trunk, he disclosed to view a very pretty little clock. "Cost four dollars and a half," said he, proudly; "I've been saving the money for ever so long. You see the clock we have is about worn out, and mother

needs one badly. I'm going to get up after she's asleep to-night, fasten the shelf to the wall here, and put the clock on it. My! how surprised she'll be, when she sees it in the morning!" and he gave vent to his feelings in a prolonged whistle. To him it seemed nothing remarkable that a boy should think of his mother, and do things for her; but a new train of thought had been started in Paul's mind, which was kept up all the way home. His mother had always made the anniversary of his birthday a day to be remembered with pleasure; she was always planning and working for him. He had taken it for granted that that was what mothers were for; but now he began to wonder whether such kindness did not merit some return.

He knew her birthday came soon, and somehow he found this fact connecting itself with the six dollars he had saved toward buying a bicycle. But could he relinquish this long-cherished desire? Then something seemed to rein him up sharply, and to ask him whether he really cared enough for his mother to make any sacrifice for her; and whether, after all, such things as this were not the things that showed the stuff one was made of. Poor mother! there were so many things she needed, too. But it was a severe struggle; and it was not ended until that evening, when, sitting alone by the fire, he brought his hand down upon the table with an emphatic, "I'll do it!"

"Do what, Paul?" asked his sister, Madge, who was just entering the room. She was two years younger than Paul. Their father had died several years before, and the family had had a hard time financially ever since.

Paul told his sister of his own half-formed plans for their mother.

"Oh, that will be splendid!" she cried. "Why didn't we ever think of something like that before?"

"I've a strong suspicion, sis, that it's because we've been so busy thinking about ourselves that we haven't had much time for any one else. Madge, do you know what mother needs? I don't know what to get her."

Madge thought a moment. "Yes, I believe she needs a new dress most of anything. The best dress she has is getting real shabby. But what can I do? I haven't any money to amount to anything."

"Well, mother has been teaching you to cook lately, and you do first-rate. How would it do to get her off somewhere in the forenoon, and you have dinner ready when she comes back?"

"That will do, if we can manage it. I believe I can get Mrs. Jones down on the corner to make a birthday cake. You know she bakes for people sometimes, and she makes good cakes. I think I have enough money for that. I'll find out in the morning."

The birthday dawned clear and beautiful. A neighbor, who was in the secret, sent for Mrs. Ellis during the forenoon, and kept her till the dinner hour. When she returned, what was her surprise to see the table laid with a snowy cloth, and a tempting dinner prepared,—a very creditable meal indeed for a girl of thirteen. In the center was a beautiful cake, with Mrs. Ellis's initials on it. Upon learning what it was for, Mrs. Jones had added several other dainties, which also graced the table. Beside Mrs. Ellis's plate lay an unopened parcel.

"Why, what does this mean, Madge?" she finally managed to say. "You've been getting dinner alone, haven't you? Such a nice dinner, too!" she added.

"You see, mother, we haven't forgotten the day," said Madge, with a smile.

"The day?—why it is my birthday, isn't it? I had almost forgotten it."

"No wonder you forget it," replied Paul, "when every one else always has. But we're not going to do that any more. Now please open that parcel. I want to see how you like it."

When Mrs. Ellis saw the soft gray flannel dress-goods within, her eyes brightened. It was exactly what she had wanted.

"But, Paul, dear, how did you get it? Not with your bicycle money?" as the truth suddenly flashed upon her. "O, Paul! what made you?"

"You don't want me to be a selfish old curmudgeon all the days of my life, do you? I think it is time I spent more thought on my mother."

Then the poor little woman, overcome by her emotions, sank into a chair and sobbed.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked both, in dismay. "Don't you like it?"

"Oh, yes! the dress—and dinner—and cake—are all beautiful. I think," said she, smiles breaking through the tears, "that I'm crying because I'm so happy. You are such dear children, and it is so good to be remembered."

Madge threw her arms around her mother, and kissed her, while Paul stood awkwardly by, trying hard to keep the tears from his eyes.

"The truth is, mother, I'm going to be a better son to you than I have been. I guess I've just waked up to the fact that I've got a mother. But I'm not going to forget it again, see if I do."

And Paul kept his word. A year afterward he was heard to say that it paid a boy to take thought for his mother—it made him feel "more like a man."

VIOLA E. SMITH.

WORKING FOR A REWARD

IN the days of Malachi the prophet, the true spirit of service had so nearly vanished that it was difficult to secure a person who would even shut the doors of the temple unless there was a financial object in it, or kindle a fire on God's altar unless he was paid so much an hour. See Mal. 1:10. We naturally wonder how a Christian could attempt to work for God on such a selfish basis; and yet we see precisely the same spirit manifested on every hand to-day. It is a far greater opportunity to kindle a fire in human hearts than to kindle one upon an altar made of bricks and stones; and yet there are many workers, who, when offered a grand opportunity to work for souls, will hesitate until the financial inducements have been fully determined. We may be sure that God is saying of such, even as he did of these slothful workers in days of old: "I have no pleasure in you, . . . neither will I accept an offering at your hand."

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 16; "Thoughts on the Revelation," Pages 641-656

(March 24-30)

The Seven Last Plagues.—The seven last plagues will be poured out as follows: (1) Upon the earth; (2) upon the sea; (3) upon the rivers and fountains of waters; (4) upon the sun; (5) upon the seat of the beast; (6) upon the great River Euphrates; and (7) into the air. The first four plagues will bring the fulfillment of the first chapter of Joel. The first falls upon the earth, and men are afflicted with sores. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the plague on the earth, will affect the food supply in such a way as to cause sores upon man? The world will reason from cause to effect, and will fail to recognize in this plague the judgment of God. The second and third plagues will be more marked,

not so easy to overlook. The fourth plague will be intense heat. No doubt scientific men will seek to give reasons for all the plagues, as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses while the plagues of God were falling in Egypt. The fifth and sixth plagues will fall more directly upon men and nations. All are felt by mankind. The first four work through the agency of earth, water, and the sun; while these two fall upon the kingdom of the beast, and the Turkish Empire. The air is an agent that transmits very rapidly, and the seventh plague, which is poured into the air, is soon felt in the whole earth. Every mountain and island is moved. The great treasure-house of the Lord will be opened; and the hail, which he has reserved for the time of trouble, will be cast upon the earth. Job 38:22, 23. The hail will sweep away the refuge of lies. Isa. 28:17. It will slay the wicked, and utterly demolish their works from the earth. The plagues will not be universal; if they were, the earth would be depopulated before the Saviour's coming. The first ones especially will not be universal, but will be felt in different parts of the earth at different times.

Spirits of Devils.—They are unclean spirits, coming out of the mouth of the dragon (paganism), the beast (papacy), and the false prophet (apostate Protestantism), to do unclean work in the earth. Coming from the *mouth* would seem to indicate that they will influence these powers to speak according to the dictates of the unclean spirits. They will also work miracles. This will deceive many; for the common belief is that none but a divine power can work miracles. We need to keep in mind that the devil can perform miracles. The rapidity with which Spiritualism has spread has been wonderful. Within a few years it has sought entrance into almost every home on the earth. It arose in 1848, a few years after the third angel's message; but it has far surpassed it in the rapidity of its growth.

It Is Done.—Twice these words are pronounced in the hearing of the heavenly host. The first time is by the Saviour, when the number of the redeemed is made up, the last prayers are answered, and the censer is cast into the earth. Then the decree of Rev. 22:11 is pronounced. The second time the words are spoken is when God pronounced them under the seventh plague. His people have suffered enough; and as he looks upon them, and hears their cry for deliverance, he says, "It is done." Read the second paragraph in Time of Trouble, also fifth paragraph in God's People Delivered, in "Great Controversy," Vol. IV.

SUN ON THE NORTH SIDE

I WENT, one cold, windy day last spring, to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within.

"Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it," I thought, as we went to see how she was situated; "what a pity that her room is on the north side of the house!"

"You never have any sun," I said; "not a ray comes in at these windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything. I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks."

I am sure I looked surprised.

"The Sun of Righteousness," she said, softly—"Jesus. He shines in here, and makes everything bright to me."

I could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one I had seen for many a day.

Yes; Jesus shining in at the windows can make any spot beautiful, and any home happy.—*Selected.*



GREAT JAPAN

THAT is what the Japanese call their beautiful little island empire. There are many things to indicate that it deserves the adjective.

Many thousands of islands are in the Japanese group, but only five or six are of much importance. Taking them altogether,—these important ones,—they are not larger than the State of California. But forty-two millions of persons live in them.

There are many interesting things for the children to learn concerning Japan. About fifty years after Columbus discovered America, Jesuit priests brought an imperfect Christianity to Japan, and labored zealously to win the people to believe it. They were very successful. Japanese historians tell us that they had a million converts. But the Dutch and Portuguese traders became jealous of their success, and circulated untrue stories about them, saying they had come hoping to win many Japanese to this new religion. By and by, when all looked favorable, military

sand members, who had kept their faith in face of such frightful obstacles?

Could you and I suffer for Jesus as they did? Let us live for Him faithfully day by day, and rest assured that if the time ever comes when we must die for him, we shall have "dying grace" given us. Even as late as 1872, men, women, and children were exiled, and condemned to hard labor in coal-mines, because they would not deny Jesus. Some of them died in exile. And before that, in 1829, seven Japanese were crucified because of their faith in the dear Redeemer.

Many were the seeds that sprang up from this early sowing and persevering watering. And God gave a wonderful increase later.

LAURA DE LANY GARST.

TYING THINGS TOGETHER

MANY a Western farmer boy knows what can be done with a stout cord in a break-down, far away from the repair shop. In India the stout cord serves many uses. A few bamboo sticks tied together with native-made cord suffice for the ox-yoke, and for the cart itself, in fact, excepting the wheels. The rafters of the native house are tied throughout with string. As the wall is of mud, and the door often of matting,



A JAPANESE GARDEN

force would come from the land of the priests, and they would win victories over the Japanese, and rule their country. So the leading statesmen in Japan said: "No; we will not allow this to occur. We will expel all these foreign barbarians, and kill the Japanese Christians if they will not recant: thus we will put this new religion forever away from us."

Then a terrible persecution was begun. Thousands of Christians suffered a dreadful death rather than deny their Saviour. History tells us that they were sewed up in great rice-sacks, heaped in piles, and burned; they were starved to death in cages, in sight of food; they were hung by their hands or feet over precipices, and tortured through lingering agonies till death came to their relief; the picture of their blessed Saviour on the cross was laid before them, and if they refused to trample on it, they were killed; they were crucified, and banished. In spite of all this fierce savagery on the part of their persecutors, some of the Christians escaped. Is it not wonderful to know that in 1868, in southern Japan, there was found a church of three thou-

very likely not a nail would be found in such a cottage.

The masterpiece of the tying art is the cargo boat. It has a carrying capacity of a ton or two, it may be. The bottom and sides are built of narrow boards, joined edge to edge, and tied with cord. Not a nail, apparently, nor an iron bolt, can be found in all the craft. Even the oar-blades are tied to the bamboo oars. These tied-together boats, plying about the great ocean liners, suggest the contrast between primitive and modern navigation. In these lands one learns how many ways there are of getting on without things that are thought absolutely necessary in the West.

W. A. SPICER.

LEISURE misused, an idle hour waiting to be employed, idle hands with no occupation, idle and empty minds with nothing to think of,—these are the main temptations to evil. Fill up that empty void, employ those vacant hours, occupy those listless hands, and evil will depart because it has no place to enter in, because it is conquered by good.—*Dean Stanley.*



NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM

IN about the year 607 B. C., Nebuchadnezzar, who was at that time the king of Babylon, had a most remarkable dream, given to him by the Lord, that he, as well as all who should live after his time, might know of some of the events that would happen on this earth, and more especially those things that God had decided should occur in the last days. And "all these things . . . are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world have in reality come, study these Lord is pleased to have us, upon whom the ends of the world have in reality come, study these prophecies, and learn, as did King Nebuchadnezzar, "what shall be in the latter days." Dan. 2:28.

Let us turn to the second chapter of Daniel, and beginning with the thirty-first verse, read the description of this wonderful image, whose form was terrible, and whose brightness was excellent. It seems that the image's head was made of fine gold; his breast and arms were of silver; his sides and thighs of brass; his legs of iron; while his feet and toes were part of iron and part of clay. While Nebuchadnezzar, who was an image-worshiper, was looking in admiration at this great image, a stone that was "cut out without hands"



smote the image upon its feet, and broke it in pieces, so that the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold became as the chaff of the summer's thrashing-floor; "and the wind carried them away; that no place was found for them; and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth."

To Nebuchadnezzar it must have been a severe disappointment to see so majestic an image destroyed by a power that was entirely beyond the control of human authority; and then, as if to deepen the impression upon the king's mind, the Lord caused the whole scene to pass from his memory. This worried the king; and he called in the wise men of his court to recall to his mind,

by the supernatural power they professed to have, the dream of the previous night, also to make known the interpretation thereof. This they were unable to do. Finally Daniel was called in; and he, through the wisdom given him of Heaven, told the king the whole matter, and plainly told him that the God of heaven had given Nebuchadnezzar his kingdom, and that after Nebuchadnezzar's day, the glory of this mighty monarchy would pass into other hands.

Daniel told Nebuchadnezzar that he himself, as the representative of his kingdom, was this head of gold; and that after him would arise another kingdom, inferior to Babylon. Just as the breast and arms of silver succeeded the head of gold in the image, so another and inferior kingdom was to succeed that of Babylon. This we know really occurred. In the year 538 B. C., at the head of the armies of the Medes and Persians, Cyrus entered the city of Babylon, killed its reigning king, and took possession of the throne so lately occupied by Nebuchadnezzar himself. Read this interesting bit of history, as recorded in the fifth chapter of Daniel.

Below the breast and arms of silver in the image, came the sides of brass. So the Lord, through Daniel, told King Nebuchadnezzar that a third kingdom of brass should bear rule over all the earth; this we also know came about just as the Lord here said it would; for in the year 331 B. C. the Grecian armies overran the territory previously occupied by the Medo-Persians, and so became a universal kingdom.

But Grecia was not always to last; for as in the image the brass was succeeded by the legs and feet of iron, so the kingdom of Grecia, which the thighs of brass symbolized, was to be succeeded by another, an iron kingdom. This, as we well know, was none other than Rome. This change in the prophetic scene was accomplished in the year 161 B. C. by what is known as the famous league with the Jews; and soon following this, Rome became mistress of the whole world. The legs of the image, being composed of iron, fitly represented the real character of Rome in its earlier history; while the feet and toes, being part of iron and part of miry clay, showed that in its latter days the Roman kingdom would be partly strong and partly broken. The nations of Europe to-day are only the remains of the broken-up condition of that once iron-heeled monarchy.

For years we have been living in that part of the world's history represented by the feet of the image. For years the crowned heads of Europe have married and intermarried among themselves, hoping thus to preserve the peace and national lines of that continent; but God has said that though they might mingle themselves with the seed of men, yet shall they not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with miry clay. Verse 43. What care the people of Germany to-day that their emperor is the grandson of England's late queen? Or what amount of intermarrying between the courts of Russia and England can avert the conflict that seems so sure to come?

How soon that stone, which is none other than the Rock Christ Jesus, shall smite these earthly governments, and cause them to become as the chaff of the summer's thrashing-floor, we know not; but we do know that the next universal kingdom that will exist upon this earth will be the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "Ask of me," says God to his Son, "and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." Ps. 2:8, 9. Soon those nations that are now strong as iron will be broken with a rod of iron, and those that are weak as potter's clay will be broken as a potter's vessel.

The stone was cut out without hands; even so

shall the wicked be destroyed that night when the Saviour comes; for "in a moment shall they die, and the people shall be troubled at midnight, and pass away: and the mighty shall be taken away without hand." Job 34:20. "And the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but . . . it shall stand forever." Dan. 2:44.

The kingdom of Babylon was succeeded by that of Medo-Persia; Medo-Persia was succeeded by Grecia; Grecia was overthrown by Rome; and we now are living in the last days of Rome in its divided and weakened condition. The next great event is the setting up of the last universal kingdom, which will be that of our Lord Jesus Christ. Soon the time will come when the saints will possess the kingdom; for "the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom forever, even forever and ever." Dan. 7:18. Praise God's holy name! Can we not pray from the heart, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven"? OTHO C. GODSMARK.

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(To be continued.)

So oft the doing of God's will
Our foolish wills undoeth!
And yet what idle dream breaks ill
Which morning light subdueth?
And who would murmur or misdoubt,
When God's great sunrise finds him out?
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

OUR CALLING

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."

In the very beginning of the history of God's people, one man was called out of the land of the Chaldees; later, his descendants, an enslaved nation, were led into Canaan: yet with and for that one man, that one nation, what wonders were wrought! and how God's name and fame were spread abroad in the earth!

Look at Jesus, called from the humblest home to evangelize the world, and dying a malefactor's death on the cross,—one love set against a hostile heathen nation, and that love scorned. Look at his disciples,—many of them poor, ignorant fishermen,—and mark the result of their preaching, though most of them, like their Master, were slain. Truly the foolish things of the world have confounded the wise; the weak things of the world have confounded the mighty. It was so in apostolic times; it was so in the history of the Waldenses and the Huguenots; it was so in the days of Huss, Wyclif, and Luther. And how the mighty have succumbed before the weak things in the hands of God! How the things that are not—the ashes of Huss, the scattered dust of Wyclif—have brought to naught the things that are! How the burned Bibles have spoken! the martyred children preached! "That no flesh should glory in his presence."

Wicked popes have gloried in their power to stamp out God's blessed truth; kings have exulted in their strength to bind and put to death the children of God: yet all their plans have come to naught, all their glorying has been in vain. The Bible lives, and God's people are still in the earth. And so "ye see your calling, brethren,"—you see what God has done and is doing with weak and feeble instruments. Work away, young men, young women, "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might;" for you are called with a higher calling than the greatest of earthly warriors. MRS. S. ROXANA WINCE.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

MARCH!

SNOWDROPS, awake! The night is past!
The sweet spring morning is here at last.
Take off your night-caps, and tuck them away;
Before you is one long, happy day;
There is work in the world for each little sprite,
And yours is the mission to cheer and delight;
Do not linger for foolish fears,
Thousands are waiting to see you, dears,—
March!

Children, rouse you! Winter is done!
Now is the time for work and fun.
Get your wheelbarrows, rakes, and hoes,
And clear the garden of all its foes;
There are bushes to trim, and vines to prune,
And a host of things to put in tune;
Do not loiter—there's work to do,
And yours is to make things trig and new,—
March!

—Emma C. Dowd, in *Young People's Weekly*.

A HAIR STORY

"Now, Dolly, I know it is very tiresome to sit still and have your hair combed. I know just how it feels when the comb comes down against an ugly little tangle; but it helps ever so much when Mama tells a story, so if you'll be good and not cry, I'll tell you one. What shall it be about? 'Hair'? Well, let me see, then. You think you have a hard time to sit still a few minutes while I comb your hair, and braid it smoothly; but do you know it takes some folks *hours* to have their hair dressed? If you were a Chinese lady, you would have your hair built up to look like a bird, or a butterfly; and it would be so much trouble that it would not be done every day. 'It would get roughened up on your pillow'? But you would not sleep on a pillow; you would have nothing but a hard block of wood under your neck.

"If you were a Chinaman, though, your hair would be shaved off, all but a little patch on the crown of your head: that would be allowed to grow long, and you would braid it in a long queue; to make it look still longer, you would braid a lot of black silk in with it. 'A man with a braid would look funny'? Well, so he does; but, in this country, at least, the Chinaman winds his queue into a knot on the back of his head while he is at work. A hundred years ago the gentlemen of this country wore their hair long, powdered, and curled.

"The people in Africa have black, woolly hair; they make horns, like cows' horns, of wet,

pliable leather; and when these have dried, they fasten them to their heads, and cover them with their hair, plastering it down with clay and grease. Sometimes they wear only one horn. Some of them comb their hair straight out, until their heads look like big black dandelion-downs.

"But my-oh! there is one tribe in Africa, where the men take *years* to build up their hair! 'You couldn't sit still so long'? Well, neither do they, of course. It is done a little at a time.

Strings made of bark are woven into the hair, and drawn up round: when the hair grows through, more string is woven in, and after it is all finished, it looks like a felt helmet; this they ornament with beads and feathers, and I dare say they think it looks very fine.

"The South American Indian wears bangs. 'Learned it of North American white women'?—No, indeed, my dear; Indian women wore bangs long before the women of this country did.



"THERE! YOUR HAIR IS COMBED AND BRAIDED NICELY."

"But we don't need to go to Africa for queer styles in hairdressing. If you had lived in England a little more than a hundred years ago, and had been a grand lady, you would have had your hair built into a great pile three feet high. Of course you would not have had hair enough of your own, but you would have stuffed it out with tow; then you would have trimmed it with yards and yards of ribbon, strings of beads, feathers, and even little jeweled figures of animals.

"But there! your hair is combed and braided nicely, and I like it better this way than in any of those fashions I've told you of.

"And that is just what my mama said to me, when she finished telling me this story while she combed my hair this morning."

AUNT BETTY.

ONE BY ONE

"PILE them straight and evenly, my boy."

Will's father came and stood near him as he was piling up some wood.

"But then I shall have to lay every one separately," said Will, in a complaining voice.

"That is a good way—one by one."

"One by one! Oh, dear! it takes so long. I like to take a half-dozen at a time. Just think of going all through this great pile, laying the sticks one by one."

"One by one, little by little, is the way most of the great things are done in this world," said the father.

"It's the way I'm laying this walk," said Robert, Will's older brother, who was working near by,— "one brick and then another."

"It's the way I'm doing this knitting," said grandmother, with a smile, from her seat on a bench in the shade,— "one stitch, and then another."

"If I had my way about things, I'd have it different," said Will. "I'd have things done in one big lump."

"I don't think I'd like that," said Robert. "I like to see things grow under my hand."

"When we think how many things are made up of one small thing added to another," said his father, "it gives a great deal of dignity to little things. Look at the leaves on the trees,—how they wave in the soft wind, every new movement giving them a new gleam in the sunshine."

"I don't think I'd fancy a tree with just one big leaf on it," said Robert, "or a lawn with one big blade of grass to it."

"Water is made up of drops, land of grains of sand or earth, and the sunshine of separate bright rays," said his father.

"Sure enough; there are plenty of littles," said Will, who was becoming interested in the discussion.

"But," the whine coming back to his voice, "there's so much tug, tug, tug, to it. At school it's day after day, and day after day. And it's one figure after another on your slate, one line after another in your lesson."

"Well," said Robert, "what would there be for us to do if it wasn't one thing and then another? Would you like to get through, and then have nothing more to do?"

"No," said Will. "I really didn't think of that. No, I don't think it would suit me to be all through with everything."

"I think," said his father, "it is well for us sometimes to remember how few of the great things in the world are done by just one person or through a single great effort. They come of the united force of a dozen or a hundred or thousands of men, and from all these through the adding of one day's effort to another. So now, having preached my little sermon, we will go to dinner."

"And after I've finished this woodpile, we'll have our game of ball," said Will.

"That will be one pitch after another," said his father.

"One bite and then another," said Robert, with a smile at his brother, as they were at the table.

"Yes," said Will, laughing. "I shouldn't like it all in a lump."—*N. Y. Observer.*



"WHAT MUST I DO NOT TO BACKSLIDE?"

I

ONE of the first things to settle in answer to the question, "What must I do not to backslide?" is that backsliding never comes without a cause. It is a symptom of spiritual disease. It is an indication that we are dying spiritually. The backslider is one who has lost his spiritual health, just as an invalid is one who has experienced a loss of physical health. The physical invalid must be trained out of disease back into health; and this process of training consists in proper eating, drinking, working, sleeping, etc. In like manner the spiritual invalid—the backslider, the soul that has lost its power of resistance against sin—must be trained, by careful and persistent effort, into habits of spiritual health. In either case, it is God who works the miracle of restoration, but in each instance man must co-operate with the divine working. And just as physical health, when once lost, is regained only by removing the causes of disease, so the lost spiritual health is permanently secured only by the removal of the causes of the backsliding.

Let us consider some of the things essential to the regaining and maintaining of spiritual health. We are able to resist the inroads of spiritual disease only by living upon a high moral plane. And it is in the consideration of these things, that we will find an answer to the question: "What must I do not to backslide?"

1. *Spiritual Breathing.*—The one function which the body is most dependent upon is that of breathing. We can exist physically but a few moments after respiration has stopped. *Prayer is the respiration of the soul.* In order to maintain good spiritual health, it is necessary for us constantly to breathe spiritually; that is, to "pray without ceasing." By physical breathing we carry off the poisonous gases of the body, and replace them with the life-giving oxygen from the air. Spiritual breathing, or prayer, carries out of our souls our own plans, our own mind,—these poisons of self,—and in their place brings the life-giving mind that was in Christ, even the will of our Father in heaven. Thus, prayer is a process of constantly changing the one who prays,—putting off the old mind, and putting on the new. "And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." The more we pray, therefore, the more easily we can say, in every experience of life, "Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done."

2. *Spiritual Eating.*—It is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The same necessity that exists for feeding the body also exists for supplying nourishment to the soul. As the body is fed with bread, so the soul must be fed with the Word. If you would not backslide, if you would maintain your spiritual health at a high degree, be sure that you partake *regularly* of spiritual food by reading your Bible. Remember, too, that our food must be digested. It is not enough to chew the bread in the mouth, in order to obtain the nourishment it contains; it must be swallowed, digested, and assimilated. This is equally true of spiritual food. It is not enough merely to masticate truth in the mind,

but it must be digested in the heart; for it is with the heart that "man believeth unto righteousness." We can not thrive spiritually without daily spiritual food any more than we can gain physical strength without a daily supply of nourishment for the body. "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby."

3. *Spiritual Drinking.*—As the body must be constantly supplied with water, so likewise must the soul be filled and refreshed with the water of life,—the Spirit of God. "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. . . . But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive: for the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified." As the body must have a daily supply of water to cleanse its tissues, so the soul must be filled with the water of life. "And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." The thirst of the soul should be quenched, not with worldly amusements and sinful pleasures, but with the refreshing, life-giving ministry of the Holy Spirit. The soul must be well watered with this divine influence, to maintain its healthy activity, and be able to resist the pernicious influence of the enemy's temptations. Dryness of soul is due to our forsaking the fountain of living water—grieving away the Spirit of God. The language of each heart should be, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

W. S. SADLER.

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

(Concluded next week.)



REVIEW

(March 30)

MEMORY VERSES.—1 Cor. 10: 11, 12.

1. What truly unselfish prayer did Moses offer for his people, after the destruction of the golden calf? What did the Lord answer? When he afterward asked to see the glory of God, what did the Lord do to satisfy his longing? In what words did the Lord proclaim his name to Moses?

2. What sin led to the death of Nadab and Abihu? Who were these men? What was their work? Why should the Lord's servants never touch intoxicating drink?

3. What did the Lord give his people for food while they were in the wilderness? Did this food always satisfy them? Why not?

4. What was the result of their lusting after flesh? What was the cause of their illness?

5. What led Aaron and Miriam to become jealous of Moses? How did the Lord rebuke their sinful course? What does the Bible say of the sin of jealousy?

6. When Moses had led the people to the borders of Canaan, whom did he send into the land? For what purpose? What was the report brought back? What course did the people take as a result?

7. While Israel was in the wilderness, what leading men became dissatisfied with the work of Moses? Why? What became of the rebellion so wickedly begun?

8. Afterward, what miracle did the Lord work to stop the murmuring caused by the rebellion?

9. What was the one sin of Moses while leading the people through the wilderness? Why was this sin so grievous to the Lord?

10. Because of their constant murmuring, what terrible affliction overtook the Israelites? What remedy was provided? What did each one need to do to get help? Of what was this a type?

11. Who was Balak, and in what way did he try to overthrow Israel?

12. Describe the death of Moses. Who was chosen to take his place? What did the Lord tell this new leader to do in order to have success?

13. Before crossing the Jordan, who was sent into the promised land? What did they learn? Describe what was done in crossing the river.

14. Give two lessons which you have learned from the taking of Jericho.



OUR young contributors will please remember that letters written with pen and ink, and on one side of the sheet, will receive first attention as the department grows; also that no unsigned letter, or one which does not bear the writer's address, can be noticed. One other thing—please spell out your first name, at least. A name, you know, means so much more than an initial! The letters that are coming in show a lively interest in our new departments.

Our Trip to Readstown

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: Thinking you would like to hear of our work with the tent last summer, I will write about our meetings held at Readstown. After the camp-meeting at Eau Claire, we went to Readstown, a little village among the hills of southwestern Wisconsin. Our tent company was composed of papa, mama, Brother French, and myself. When the tents came, we put them up, and began meetings with a good interest. Papa and Brother French held meetings each night, while mama gave Bible readings, and held meetings with the children.

This is the first course of lectures I ever heard, and I wish all the INSTRUCTOR readers might have heard them too.

When a storm would come up, the big tent would flop, and sometimes we would have to let it down; when the storm was over, we would run it up again. My work was to help care for the tent in a storm. One time papa left me to tend to the inside of the tent while he tended to the outside; when he came back, I was wet clear through.

Nine began to keep the Sabbath, and we believe others would; but papa was taken very sick with typhoid fever, and we had to close the meetings. OLEN R. GODSMARK (11 years old).

Your letter is excellent, Olen—all the words correctly spelled, and the sentences well punctuated. Attention to these little details now will not only make your letters pleasing to the eye and a delight to your friends as you grow older; but the habit of accuracy and neatness will become a part of your very character, and will enter into whatever you do. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

"Tame Wild Geese"

SHERBURNE, MINN.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: One evening my brother Elwyne and I went over to a hill south of our farm. It was spring, and the grain was just coming up. We saw two large geese on the ground a few rods from us. They had black necks, with a short white stripe under the head from eye to eye. Their backs were about the color of a tame goose, only a little darker; their breasts were almost white, and the under-side of the tail was pure white. The ganders have light-colored spots over their eyes after they are about eighteen months old.

When these geese saw us, they flew to the slough. We lay down to watch them. Then they began to swim toward the west end of the slough; but when we stood up, they swam back to the east end, coming back when we lay down again. When we went home, we were sure there was a

nest somewhere in the western end of the slough. We thought it would be fun to have some tame wild geese, but Elwyne could not find the nest. After about a week, father took a pail, and started for the nest. As soon as he reached the water, an apparently black goose flew out to the gander, squawking loudly.

Father came back presently with the pail nearly full of down, and six large white eggs on top of that. Mother put the eggs under Old Wyandotte. In about three weeks, or on May 19, father came to the house, and said, "You may go to the barn and look at 'my geese,' if you won't touch them." We went, you may be sure. They were so pretty!—four little fluffy, yellow balls, with black bills and feet. We put them into a pen, and gave them some water in a saucedish. Oh, how hard they tried to get wet all over! When they were about a week old, we set a pan of water in the pen for them. They would dive, and then swim round and round under the water. Sometimes they had a little trouble in getting their tails under.

When we let our pets out of the pen, they were very tame,—in fact, I never saw them any other way,—and sometimes they followed us to the neighbors.

When we came home from school, they would talk to us, and we to them. They went to the slough one day, and did not come back at evening, as usual. Just as Elwyne went up-stairs, a loud "squawk" was heard, and there stood my goose on the doorstep. Elwyne came back, and took her to the barn (there were three ganders and only one goose). The ganders were near the barn in the morning, with several tail-feathers gone; for a good many days after that they would not go to the slough. Several times wild geese came and talked to ours, and then flew away. Our geese could not fly, because we clipped their wing-feathers as fast as they grew out.

One day in early April when the geese were nearly two years old, Elwyne and Alberta were at school, but I was at home. About two o'clock in the afternoon we missed the geese. Father set out to track them, as there was a light snow. He followed their wanderings till, in a neighbor's dooryard, he found some—blood! Oh, how sorry we were! The geese, which had been shot by a neighbor, seemed so human; and then to think that he could possibly suppose they were wild—wild geese standing about two rods from him, and looking at him shoot them! Father thought it would be foolish to waste them; but we could not eat our friends, and neither could he.

ELMER W. PRUETT (13 years old).

This is an exceptionally well-written letter, Elmer; and we are sure that all will enjoy reading the story of your pets, and will sympathize with you in their sad end. One of the things which will make the new earth a happier place than this to live in is that, as the Lord has said, "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain." All the trusting animals will be perfectly safe there.

THE other night the train lost two hours in running less than a hundred miles. "We have a hot box," was the polite conductor's reply to some impatient passengers, who begged to know the cause of the long delays at stations. The hot-box trouble is not altogether unknown in human life. There are many people who move swiftly enough and with sufficient energy, but who grow feverish, and are thus impeded in their progress. A great many failures in life must be charged to worrying. When a man worries, he is impeded in several ways. For one thing, he loses his head. He can not think clearly. His brain is feverish, and will not act at its best. His mind becomes confused, and his decisions are not to be depended upon. A worried man never does his work as well as he could do it if he were free from worry.—Selected.

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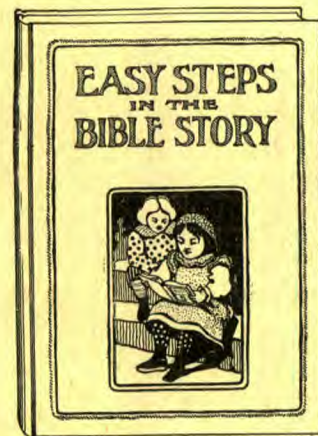
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By Adelaide Bee Cooper, Editor of the

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That best of all Bible books for children—"Easy Steps in the Bible Story"—gains the unqualified approval of the children themselves; and that is the best possible testimony in its favor. They are glad to read it more than once. And the book will bear reading more than once; that is its strength.—Elder A. T. Jones, in Review and Herald, Jan. 8, 1901.

OAKLAND, CAL., Jan. 17, 1901.

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—*Carlyle*.

MONDAY:

Self-control reaches its highest discipline in the absolute giving away of the whole life to the care and service of God.—*Joseph Parker*.

TUESDAY:

A holy life has a voice. It speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.—*Hinton*.

WEDNESDAY:

In proportion as persons help lift up others, and the more unfortunate the race, and the lower in the scale of civilization, the more do they lift up themselves.—*Booker T. Washington*.

THURSDAY:

Souls are made sweet, not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in—a great love, a new spirit, the Spirit of Christ. The Spirit of Christ, interpenetrating ours, sweetens, purifies, transforms all.—*Drummond*.

FRIDAY:

Make us Thy messengers to shed
 Within the homes of want and woe
 The blessings of thy bounty, spread
 So freely on the world below.
 Let us go forth with joyful hand
 To strengthen, comfort, and relieve;
 Then in thy presence may we stand,
 And hope thy blessing to receive.
 —*Woodman*.

SABBATH:

"Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."
 James 1:4.

We are pleased to give our readers this week the first of a series of five short articles on Japan, written by Mrs. Laura De Lany Garst, for fourteen years a missionary to the Flowery Kingdom. While these articles are written especially for the younger readers, we are sure they will be read with pleasure by all. But our interest in the subject thus presented should not cease with the reading of the articles. The question for each one is, What can I do for these, my brothers and sisters who do not know Jesus?

"LIVING UP"

"I HAVE always," said a dear Christian girl the other day, "from my earliest life, lived up. So when the light of this special truth came to me, I was ready to receive it gladly." And in this idea of "living up" lies one of the sweetest secrets of Christian experience. The heart that

harbors no spirit of unkind criticism, no harsh judgment, lying rumor, or evil suggestion, but whose thoughts dwell with delight upon whatever is pure, lovely, honest, true, and of good report, will be as ready to receive God's messages, the light that he sends, as a lily is to unfold its white petals in the sunshine.

Every day is a testing day: every hour, every moment, is either drawing the soul up or dragging it down. It is a solemn thought, is it not?—and yet how beautiful when we remember that by surrendering our wills to God's will, giving our hearts wholly to him, we place ourselves where he can lead us, keep us in the hour of temptation, and cause us to grow up into the perfection of a true Christian character. But while all this is held out to us, and we are invited, yes, urged, to accept it, no one will ever be compelled to surrender himself to God. The responsibility of choice lies always with the individual. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

A THOUGHT FROM THE LIFE OF DANIEL

Nor long after Daniel was carried away from his own country, and brought a captive to the court of the great King Nebuchadnezzar, a time came when he must choose between two courses—he must act in harmony with all his previous teaching and his own conscience, or he must compromise with sin. But the young man took a decided stand. He "purposed in his heart" that he would not defile himself by partaking of food that had been offered to idols. And the Lord honored his decision, and helped him to carry it out.

If Daniel, proud of his own strength and trusting in it, had "made up his mind" that he would not eat of the king's meat, or drink the wine from his table; and then in an arrogant, haughty way had announced his decision to the chief eunuch, one of two things would have been very likely to happen: either the chief steward, angry at this unheard-of request, this indifference to the royal favor, would have compelled Daniel to follow the course planned for him by the king—or Daniel would have yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him, and "changed his mind."

But Daniel's was not a head religion: his convictions came from a heart that was wholly given to God. And when he spoke to the eunuch, it was with such gentleness and princely courtesy as to win him to grant Daniel's request—a request that ran directly opposite to all the chief eunuch's preconceived ideas.

Young Christians of the Daniel stamp—with decided convictions, integrity of purpose, and gentle manners—are needed everywhere to-day; but nowhere, dear young friends, are they needed more than in our own church—perhaps it would be safe to say that nowhere else are they needed so much. The truth we believe is not a popular one; it holds out no inducements of earthly honor, riches, or power to those who accept it: on the contrary, its acceptance means the loss, from the world's point of view, of much that is desirable in life. And yet, all through this great country of ours—in every hamlet, village, city, and town—and in all the other countries of the world, there are honest persons who long for something different than they have known, and who are simply waiting to hear of a better way in order to walk in it. These are very precious in the sight of the Lord: he wants them to know the truth about his holy Sabbath, and that he is soon coming again. Some one must carry the message; some one must win these souls for his kingdom.

For they must be won. It is not enough that the messengers have the truth, nor is it always sufficient that their purposes be pure and their determination not to yield to error unshaken: they must, by their own manner, their own life, lift up Jesus, and make the truth appear to be, what it is, the most attractive and desirable thing in all the world. When the worker puts

himself in this place, he will possess a power that can be used to God's glory.

Preparation is of course essential; but all the training of all the schools can never make up for, nor take the place of, the winning, kindly manner that comes naturally from a heart where the Spirit of God rules. Courtesy, gentleness, kindness, *always* attract; and their opposites always repel. That is an important thing to remember in working for souls. You can see, then, how necessary it is for you—and there are many of you—who hope in a few years to go out into the harvest field to do public work for the Master, to begin now the training that shall make you effective instruments in the Lord's hands then.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for me, with my uncultured surroundings, to acquire the gentle manner that comes so easily to those who are surrounded all their lives with advantages and opportunities. In my own home, at school, about my daily work, we do not pay much attention to these things. It is hard to be different."

Yes, it is hard—but never impossible. And the brave spirit that can rise above a forbidding environment, and at the same time draw others with him, is adding an element of strength to the character that will greatly enhance his future usefulness.

In striving for gentleness of manner, the sympathy that shall comfort the burdened heart, the gracious gift of winsomeness, the life of Jesus furnishes the perfect model. During the short time of his earthly ministry, and with the most important work to do that has ever been committed to man, he yet found time for human friendship; he blessed the lowest and the most exalted alike with his companionship; he was never too busy to help the afflicted, too weary to speak the words of life, nor too sorrowful to remember his earthly ties; he had only gentleness for the rough men who buffeted and scourged and mocked him, and with unfailing courtesy and tact he met the "hard questions" with which the learned teachers sought to entangle him. Study that life; and pray that the same Spirit that dwelt in Jesus, and made his life so great a power in winning souls, may dwell in you, his disciple, as you follow on to do his work.

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