The Youth's Instructor

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth"

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

PENANG

Who knows where it is? — I did not until the morning of this last January 25, when on board the "Arratoon Apcar," bound from Calcutta to Hong-kong, we steamed into its harbor. If your atlas is handy, you can find it on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula. For nine days we had been out from Calcutta,— only thirteen hundred miles,— but we had been running very leisurely on account of plague restrictions, which forbade any vessel of that line, leaving Calcutta, to land passengers at any port for nine whole days. Two of these days had been spent on the muddy Hughli, and the other seven on the beautiful blue waters of Bengal Bay, bluer than which our eyes never saw; delightfully calm, too, it had been all the way, and with a pleasant company of home-returning missionaries and American tourists, we had enjoyed the journey very much.

For a day or two the monotony of sea and sky had been broken now and then by little islands along the horizon. The Andamon group we had passed on our right, the southernmost of which is a penal colony for all India. Very pleasant, ever-green islands they are, there in the blue sea, — so pleasant that oftentimes the prisoners choose to remain after their term has expired.

Notwithstanding these occasional "breakers," we were delighted that early morning with our first glimpse of Penang Island. I did not know that it was an island, and was consequently surprised at seeing it off to our right, our ship having changed her course during the night, and run up around into the narrow strait between the mainland and the island, which makes a very good harbor. The real name of the harbor is Georgetown, but being the principal point of interest about the little island, it all goes by the name of Penang.

It seemed good to set our feet on land again, but as we directed our steps toward the post-office, we were surrounded by jinrikishas, pulled by hardy Chinamen, who seemed to think our feet ought not to set on land, but the rather step into their vehicles. This we did, and had a pleasant ride all about town. Bayard Taylor called Penang "the most beautiful island in the world," and it is indeed a lovely spot.

The 'rikisha men are muscular fellows indeed. They will trot off at a lively rate, any time of day, with two good-sized persons in their carriage. Their hearts and lungs, however, do not usually endure more than five or six years of such service.

Although within six degrees of the equator, with an average temperature of eighty degrees, this island is crowned with a hill two thousand seven hundred feet high, which furnishes a fine resort for the European inhabitants when they wish to escape the heat.

About one hundred years ago Penang was ceded to the British by the sultan of Kedah. During the reign of the East India Company, it was the seat of a presidency government, and was a peer of Bengal and Bombay. Although it has fallen from this height, it holds rank to-day as quite an important shipping-station. Its principal exports are tin and pepper. Of the former our ship took on one hundred and twenty tons.

STREET SCENE IN PENANG

The inhabitants are mostly of the Malay type. As we rode about through the streets of the town, we thought, Surely there are some hearts among these who long to know more truth. Who will tell them about Jesus and his coming? — Some one will. Who will it be?

Mrs. J. S. Place.

In India one boy in five attends some school but only every fiftieth girl.

IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

SECURE

WHAT of the morrow? Lord, in thee confiding,
Let me not doubt thy promise and thy power;
I shall not fear, within thy love abiding
In peace this very hour.

I shall not dread the dark of any sorrow,
Nor any woe that compasseth my way,
Since thou wilt safely guide me through to-morrow,
Who keepest me to-day.

—*Frank Walcott Hutt.*

JOSHUA'S LAST WORDS

FOR several years the children of Israel had been in possession of the land of Canaan. The wars of conquest ended, Joshua had withdrawn to the peaceful retirement of his home at Timnath-serah.

"And it came to pass a long time after that the Lord had given rest unto Israel from all their enemies round about, that Joshua . . . called for all Israel, and for their elders, and for their heads, and for their judges, and for their officers." The Lord had impressed his faithful servant to do as Moses had done before him,— to recapitulate the history of the people, and call to mind the terms which the Lord had made with them when he gave them his vineyard.

Several years had passed since the people had settled in their possessions, and already could be seen cropping out the same evils that had heretofore brought judgments upon Israel. As Joshua felt the infirmities of age stealing upon him, he was filled with anxiety for the future of his people. It was with more than a father's interest that he addressed them, as they gathered once more about him. "Ye have seen," he said, "all that the Lord your God hath done unto all these nations because of you; for the Lord your God is he that hath fought for you." Although the Canaanites had been subdued, they still possessed a considerable portion of the land promised to Israel, and Joshua exhorted the people not to settle down at ease, and forget the Lord's commands utterly to dispossess these idolatrous nations.

The people in general were slow to complete the work of driving out the heathen. The tribes had dispersed to their possessions, and it was looked upon as a doubtful and difficult undertaking to renew the war. But Joshua declared: "The Lord your God, he shall expel them from before you, and drive them from out of your sight; and ye shall possess their land, as the Lord your God hath promised unto you. Be ye therefore very courageous to keep and to do all that is written in the book of the law of Moses, that ye turn not aside therefrom to the right hand or to the left."

Joshua appealed to the people themselves as witnesses that, so far as they had complied with the conditions, God had faithfully fulfilled his promises to them. "Ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls," he said, "that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof." He declared that as the Lord had fulfilled his promises, so he would fulfill his threatenings. "It shall come to pass," he said, "that as all good things are come upon you, which the Lord your God promised you; so shall the Lord bring upon you all evil things. . . . When ye have transgressed the covenant of the Lord, . . . then shall the anger of the Lord be kindled against you, and ye shall perish quickly from off the good land which he hath given unto you."

Satan deceives many with the plausible theory that since God's love for his people is so great, he will excuse sin in them; that while the threatenings of God's word are to serve a certain purpose in his moral government, they are never to be literally fulfilled. But in his dealings with his creatures, God has maintained the principles of righteousness by revealing sin in its true character,— by demonstrating that its sure result is misery and death. The unconditional pardon of sin never has been and never will be. Such pardon would show the abandonment of the principles of righteousness which are the very foundation of the government of God. It would fill the unfallen worlds with consternation. God has faithfully pointed out the results of sin, and if these warnings are not true, how can we be sure that his promises will be fulfilled? That so-called benevolence which would set aside justice, is not benevolence, but weakness. God is the Life-giver. From the beginning, his laws were ordained to give life. But sin broke in upon the order that God had established, and discord followed. As long as sin exists, suffering and death are inevitable. It is only because the Redeemer has borne the curse of sin in our behalf, that man can hope to escape its dire results.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

CANVASSING IN THE SIERRAS

(Concluded)

THERE are a great many high mountains on the road between Sierraville and Sierra City. These had to be crossed on foot that August day; for I had been compelled to throw away my wheel. As one nears the town, he sees large, red-painted quartz mills on every side. Leading to one of these is an enormous, elevated cableway, formerly used to carry ore from the mine to the mill. These mills, however, are all still. The machines once used in pounding out the gold that gave to California such a glittering reputation, now stand idle and useless.

On a leveled portion of the mountain-side is the business avenue of the city. Far up the mountain small houses are stuck, as on stilts. Should one be so unfortunate as to fall from the front window of one of these houses, he would probably descend a long way down the mountain before stopping.

I did not consider it wise to test the generosity of the people. What one could see and hear on the street was sufficient evidence of their poverty, and of their disapproval of anything in the book line. A fruit dealer offered me a ride to Downieville. As we were jogging along, he pointed out the bones of a horse in the chasm below, afterward telling how its careless driver had gone a little too near the edge of the grade. Many wild plums grow on these mountains, the most of them being gathered by the people before the fruit is ripe.

Downieville was once the Klondike of America. Most of its mines are still operated. Fabulous tales are told about rich nuggets picked up in surrounding cañons. The town is situated on the forks of a mountain stream, a part being built within the forks, and a part on each side of the river proper. Several bridges connect the different portions. Baggage is carried by burros, a large number of these little animals being driven along by a man on horseback. Being tempted to give up the canvassing work, I visited the schoolmaster. "No! stay with it through thick and thin," he said; "the world is full of men who quit; we want men who will hang on." So saying, he signed for one of the books, and paid for it in advance.

Three days later found me pressing onward over an eight-mile mountain trail toward Missippi, a place without banks or stores, merchants or farmers, or even a wagon-road. Near a high summit were a few wild raspberries. Otherwise, the trip was uninteresting in the extreme.

Rising at half-past four the next morning, I started for Moor's Flat. For two and one-half miles the trail was down a grade to be traveled more easily by winged creatures than by those depending on feet. On the other side of the stream, the middle fork of the American River, is a smaller trail, which one must climb. The denomination of values in Moor's Flat is not coin, but fruit, vegetables, and groceries. One man alone assumes the responsibility of providing the people with groceries.

As I walked on toward Bloomfield, a larger city (it would be considered by the inhabitants an insult to call it a town) than any I had yet visited, I met a Chinese fruit peddler. He stopped his horse, asked me about my trip, tried to cheer me up, then, reaching his hand down in a box, inquired, "You likee peachy?" and handed me two large, juicy peaches, which would have tempted a more fortunate person than I.

Two orders rewarded my efforts in Bloomfield. After leaving, I had not walked many miles before being invited to ride by a kind-hearted doctor of Nevada City. After crossing the South fork of the American River, we drove up a very steep grade. When we were about half way up, I noticed an inscription on a large rock. The doctor told me that it was in memory of a man who had, at that very place in the road, been murdered by men desiring the gold which he was taking to the city.

At length we came in sight of Nevada City. Its large buildings, paved streets, sidewalks, business houses, banks, its free library and churches, and the shrill whistle of a locomotive in the distance, reminded me of home, and filled me with joy that soon I should be permitted once more to be with my friends. WM. YARNELL.

ALONE

IT is human to stand with the crowd; it is divine to stand alone.

It is manlike to follow the people, to drift with the tide; it is godlike to follow a principle, to stem the tide.

It is natural to compromise conscience and follow the social and religious fashion for the sake of gain or pleasure; it is divine to sacrifice both on the altar of truth and duty.

"No man stood with me, but all men forsook me," wrote the battle-scarred apostle in describing his first appearance before Nero to answer for his life for believing and teaching contrary to the Roman world.

Noah built and voyaged alone. His neighbors laughed at his strangeness, and perished.

Abraham wandered and worshiped alone. The Sodomites smiled at the simple shepherd, followed the fashion, and fed the flames.

Daniel dined and prayed alone. Elijah sacrificed and witnessed alone. Jeremiah prophesied and wept alone. Jesus loved and died alone.

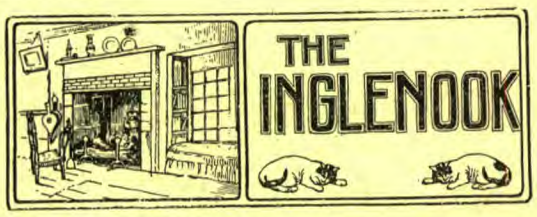
And of the lonely way his disciples should walk he said, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Of their treatment by the many who walk in the broad way he said, "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, . . . therefore the world hateth you."

The church in the wilderness praised Abraham, and persecuted Moses. The church of the Kings praised Moses, and persecuted the prophets. The church of Caiaphas praised the prophets, and persecuted Jesus. The church of the popes praised the Saviour, and persecuted the saints. And multitudes now, in both the church and the world, applaud the courage and fortitude of the patriarchs and prophets, the apostles and martyrs, but condemn as stubbornness or foolishness like faithfulness to truth to-day.

Wanted, to-day, men and women, young and old, who will obey their convictions of truth and duty at the cost of fortune and friends and life itself! —*Selected.*

"Lo, I am with you alway."



THE WORLD'S PARTNER

I SHARE the fragrance of the air
That blows across the hill.
I may not set my tent up there;
Another owns those fields, but still
God gives me sight, that I may gaze
On all the lovely scene,
That I may see the trees ablaze,
And watch the herds and flocks that graze
Contented and serene.

I may not pluck the radiant rose
Whose fragrance comes to me;
Upon another's vine it grows,
But all its beauties I may see!
God gives me sight and scent, that I
The rose's charms may know.
The tinkling brook that babbles by
Flows where another's lowlands lie,
But I may hear it flow.

— *True Education.*

UNDER THE WAGON-SHEET

ONLY a few years ago, as every one knows, the thriving Territory of Oklahoma was little more than a wilderness belonging to Indian tribes. Then her forest trails were traveled chiefly by Indians or cattlemen; while Uncle Sam's blue-coated sentinels kept guard over the solitude.

But the snap of a pistol at noonday changed all that. As if by magic, homes of white men appeared where the smoke of camp-fire and tepee had ascended, and savagery gave way to civilization.

The rush of immigration into Oklahoma was tremendous, and a trip thither at that time was novel, to say the least. In a wagon devoted especially to our use, two other women and myself made the journey when enthusiasm over the new Territory was at its height; and some of our haps and mishaps on the way may interest those who never made a trip overland in a wagon-train.

THE SITUATION

By far the larger portion of settlers entered Oklahoma from Kansas. At the time of the opening, there were only one or two railroads in the whole Territory; therefore nearly all travelers were obliged to journey to their new homes in the regulation canvas-covered mover's wagon. For weeks a steady procession of these white-topped "prairie schooners" crossed the Kansas line, and after traversing the Cherokee Strip, dispersed in all directions, each finding port at last on a quarter section of land.

We had never traveled in this way, but being among the settlers of a remote section of the new country, we could reach our destination in no other way. We were inclined to think the new mode of travel would be amusing, or at least enjoyable, and hoped for new experiences on the way. The wish was gratified, but whether pleasantly or otherwise, I will leave you to decide.

OUR FIRST NIGHT IN A MOVER'S WAGON

As we women had never tried sleeping in a wagon, we thought it would be advisable to make our first attempt to do so, in advance of necessity. Out in the starlight the four wagons stood, loaded and ready to start, each with its white cover, protected on top with a strip of shiny new oilcloth. We climbed up on the tongue, and squeezed through the narrow, oval opening above the dash-board. A small rope had been run into a casing in the end of the wagon-sheet, drawing it up, shopping-bag fashion, until it fitted snugly to the wooden frame beneath. It was a gymnastic feat to wriggle our way into the wagon, between the puckers of the draw-string; but we finally tumbled down on the blankets inside, and surveyed, as well as the darkness permitted, our novel sleeping-room. The space seemed limited for three, but with much adjusting we finally so arranged matters that we thought it would be possible to pass the night in tolerable comfort.

With the usual foolish dread of "night air," — as if the One who made air for his children and all created creatures would not provide suitable air at night as well as during the day! — we carefully stuffed surplus garments into the opening at each end of the wagon cover, then slipped rather dubiously into our allotted places. It was crowded and close, but we all disdained speaking of these discomforts, and finally fell asleep in spite of them.

The next thing I remember was waking up gasping for breath. I gave a half-suffocated scream that wakened the others, who joined their voices with mine. We made a frantic scramble for the exit, and one after another crept out into the cool night air, which for the first time in our lives we really appreciated. We soon recovered breath to sustain a vigorous tirade against covered wagons in general, and every person who should venture to suggest one as a sleeping apartment; then with an extra blanket or two we repaired to the empty house, and there passed the remainder of the night.

The men in the other wagons slept comfortably on, allowing free ingress to the fresh air. In stopping the ventilation in our wagon, we had failed to take into consideration the air-tight oil-cloth over the top, consequently we were soon suffocating. It is hardly necessary to say that we did not undergo the same experience twice during the journey. Before sleeping elsewhere, we had learned to find all the comfort contained in a mover's wagon berth; but at its best we can not commend it as a bed of roses.

THE CARAVAN

The next morning our departure was delayed in various ways, and the sun had completed half his upward journey when at last we drove slowly down the lane of silver poplars, and turned into the highway leading south. It was a bright day in early March, and our hearts beat high with pleasant anticipation. Four heavily loaded wagons formed the body of the train, accompanied, according to their own sweet will, by a colt, a frisky heifer, a sober old cow, and a handsome greyhound. Bringing up the rear was a rather seedy phaeton, drawn by a sorrel pony of great age, but possessing no other particularly remarkable feature, unless it was a mouth as hard as adamant, and an innate stubbornness, for which the only remedy was a long hickory, liberally applied. At the back of the wagon devoted to our special use, had been built a small crate, inclosing a calf too young to travel otherwise, but in its little stall it rode safely the whole distance, faithfully followed by its anxious mother.

Our family and two hired men completed the retinue; and thus we began our journey. Jog, jog! jolt, jolt! for three long weeks we went, over hills and rocks, through valleys and mud, ever southward toward "Beautiful Oklahoma," the modern "promised land."

STUCK IN THE MUD

Recent rains made the roads rather rough, but they were dry except where patches of "hardpan" retained moisture indefinitely. In such spots, travel had mingled earth and water into stiff mud of astonishing depth and stickiness. Woe to the traveler who should enter such a morass carelessly; to him Bunyan's "Slough of Despond" would no longer seem a figurative, but a most literal horror, brought down to date.

We jogged gently along for three or four miles, and were beginning to think about camping for dinner. In the road just ahead was a dark, muddy looking spot, impossible to avoid; but as it did not appear at all dangerous, we approached it without apprehension. "In we plunged boldly," but, alas! we could do nothing else; and after a few frantic plunges, we came to a decided stop in the middle of the bog. No amount of shouting or lashing could infuse sufficient energy into the struggling team to move the heavy wagon farther. As the wheels settled deeper and deeper into the mire, it became cruel to compel the horses to further efforts, and some of the men set out for the nearest farmhouse, in quest of shovels and levers to pry the wagon from the mud. The memory of that scene is still rather painful. Suffice it to say, we women sat by the roadside the whole afternoon, watching the men at work about that unfortunate wagon. The sky clouded over, and it had begun to rain dishearteningly when at last, with four horses in the traces, and a shout and a struggle, the heavy vehicle rolled out upon solid ground. The others in the train followed safely in turn, and we drove on two miles, camping for the night at a vacant farmhouse about *six miles* from our starting place.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

(To be continued.)

ONE OF HIS ANGELS

FOUR years ago the doctor spent a fortnight with his old college friend, Judge Rush.

The visit was a painful one. The old Rush mansion was stately as ever; the white-haired judge as warm-hearted and chivalric as when he was a schoolboy. But his only son, Harry, had married a village girl whom the judge regarded as his inferior. Already Harry had begun to drink and gamble. They were all unhappy.

The doctor cut short his visit. The beautiful old home, he felt, was full of hidden jealousy and hate. Not even one of God's angels,— not death itself,— he thought, could ever set it right.

It was three years before he went to the house again. Harry wrote, begging him to comfort his father by a sight of his old friend. The letter was cordial and affectionate, "not like Harry," he thought. The young man met him at the station with an eager welcome. He had changed in some strange way, was graver, simpler; he was an earnest man, no longer a vain boy.

The doctor found the judge in his chamber at luncheon. It was served daintily on a little table, and Harry's wife was attending to his wants.

"Sit down, sit down, and take a bite with me!" cried the judge. "I can't leave my room, and I can't lose sight of you. Mary will bring another plate. She is very good to me," looking affectionately at her, as she nodded and hurried away.

The doctor was puzzled. As he talked with the judge, he found he had lost his old cynical, bitter humor.

But in the woman the change was startling. The vanity, the self-assertion, were gone. She was gentle, earnest, tender in her manner, but in her face there was a look which the old doctor could not interpret. He spoke of it to the judge.

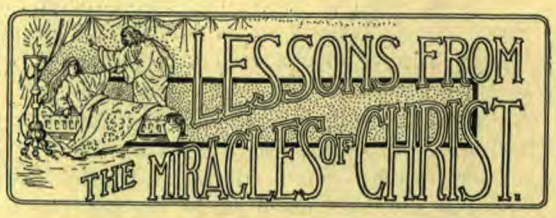
"Yes, yes, poor Mary!" The old man adjusted the cups hurriedly, his voice choking. When he could control it, he continued: "It's the baby, you see,— our little boy. She's never lost him out of her mind for a minute, poor girl!"

"I — did not know," stammered the doctor.

"Yes. We lost him last March. Two years old." The old man was silent a while. "A most remarkable boy, doctor. I thought I was going to live over my life in him. I've his picture here, but it does not hint what he was. He brought us all together. I never knew Mary until I saw her wisdom and devotion with him. Well, well, God knows best!"

That evening, when the doctor came in to bid his old friend good night, he found the Bible open before him. The old man smiled and touched it. "Yes, I neglected that sort of thing all my life; but now I've a long journey before me, and I must find out how to make it." He bade the doctor good night, but held his hand a minute. "Some day," he said, with a smile, "I shall see the boy again."

"He sends his angels where he will," the doctor murmured, as he walked away, "but they come oftenest, like their Master, as a little child."— *Selected.*



HEALING THE NOBLEMAN'S SON

I

INTRODUCTORY

Preceding Events.— The following is a brief outline of the Saviour's movements from the time of the first miracle at Cana, to this, his second miracle: —

1. Sojourn in Capernaum. John 2: 12.
2. First cleansing of the temple. Vs. 13–22.
3. Discourse with Nicodemus. Vs. 23 to 3: 21.
4. Christ baptizes in Judea. John 3: 22 to 4: 2
5. John's witness to Christ at Ænon. John 3: 23–36.
6. Imprisonment of John the Baptist, and Christ's departure from Judea. Matt. 4: 12; John 4: 1-3.
7. Discourse with the woman of Samaria. John 4: 4–42.
8. Beginning of his Galilean ministry. Vs. 43–45.

Main Reference.— John 4: 46–54.

Other References.— None.

The Bible Story of the Miracle.— "So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where he made the water wine. And there was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum. When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judea into Galilee, he went unto him, and besought him that he would come down, and heal his son: for he was at the point of death. Then said Jesus unto him, Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe. The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die. Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way: thy son liveth. And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way. And as he was now going down, his servants met him, and told him, saying, Thy son liveth. Then inquired he of them the hour when he began to amend. And they said unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him. So the father knew that it was at the same hour, in the which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth: and himself believed, and his whole house. This is again the second miracle that Jesus did, when he was come out of Judea into Galilee." John 4: 46–54.

Place.— Cana, of Galilee.

Circumstances.— The anxious father, a nobleman, came from Capernaum, and besought Christ to "come down" and heal his afflicted son. Christ did not go to Capernaum, but healed the child without the agency of his personal presence. While yet at Cana, Christ spoke the words: "Go thy way: thy son liveth." The Master sent his word a distance of eighteen miles, and healed the dying child. The people of Capernaum had had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with Christ and his work, and accepting him; for he sojourned in that city for a season. See John 2: 12.

Great Lesson.—Time, space, and locality are all non-essential to the exercise and reception of the healing power of God. His word can heal at a distance as effectually as when the sick one is in the personal presence of the divine Healer himself. Willingness to obey the laws of the divine Healer, such as will lead to the bringing of one's plans and practices into harmony with God, is the one great requirement for receiving the full benefits and blessings of divine healing. Every child who has recovered from sickness and disease has been raised to health by the healing power of God. These miracles of healing should lead us to recognize the same power at work in nature's healing; for one is as truly miraculous as the other.

STUDY OF THE MIRACLE

"Jesus Came Again into Cana of Galilee, Where He Made the Water Wine."— During his absence from Cana, where he turned water into wine, Jesus passed through many and varied experiences. Immediately after the imprisonment of John the Baptist, and the beginning of what he evidently recognized as a war of animosity and persecution, the Saviour departed from Jerusalem, and went into Galilee, beginning what is termed his "Galilean ministry." One of the first incidents of this ministry is the remarkable miracle of healing the nobleman's son. The Revised Version says, "He came therefore again unto Cana of Galilee." His reasons for coming were, first, the persecutions already begun in Jerusalem as a result of Jewish hatred and stubborn unbelief. Christ himself said that "a prophet hath no honor in his own country" (John 4: 44); second, the Galileans were willing to receive light and truth, for it is written, "The Galileans received him." John 4: 45. Therefore, because they would not receive him at Jerusalem, he came again unto Galilee, where the people waited to believe his message, and receive him as the one sent of God.

John calls to mind the first miracle which the Master worked, speaking of it as the one by which the water was turned into wine, thus bringing again to our minds its great lesson; namely, that every cluster of grapes growing on the vine today is a miracle; for it is literally a process of making water into wine. On the occasion of Christ's previous visit to Cana, he simply performed a work which he had been doing since grapes first grew in Eden, and which he has been doing ever since; that is, making water into wine. On the occasion of the marriage feast, by direct miracle, he eliminated the element of time.

"A Certain Nobleman, Whose Son Was Sick." — We are told that a certain nobleman, or king's officer, came down to Cana seeking Christ. This Jewish nobleman was in the king's service, and had his title from the powers of earth, but the Master whose help he sought was a royal nobleman of heavenly descent, one altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand. Those who would be truly noble here below must earnestly seek Jesus for wisdom and grace, even as this earthly nobleman sought him long ago. Capernaum was a city eighteen miles distant from Cana. The nobleman's son was stricken down with disease, and lay at the point of death. No doubt all the physicians in the vicinity of Capernaum had been called. The child was too ill for them to undertake to bring him to Jesus, and so the father set out to bring Jesus to the suffering child. In this father's efforts there is a beautiful lesson for the Christian worker; many a soul is too sick with sin and its consequences to find his way to Jesus. His mind is too dark, and his heart too hard, to bring him into the divine presence by way of much teaching and long study. If such is the case, let us, like the nobleman, do the best we can to bring Jesus to the dying sinner. You may have a brother or a sister, a dear friend or relative, whose case seems well-nigh hopeless; it may appear useless to make further effort to help them; but do not give up, take the matter to Jesus, and implore his help. Have you been to the Master before with this same case? Come again. Your oft coming will not weary One who gave his life to save the lost.

W. S. SADLER.

(To be continued.)

TO BE honest; to be kind; to earn a little, and to spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself,— here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.— *Stevenson.*

"How shall I call Thee, who art always here?
How shall I praise thee, who art still most dear?
What may I give thee save what thou hast given?
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven?"

ABERRATION OF LIGHT

IN the year 1727, Dr. Bradley, a celebrated astronomer, discovered that there were changes in the position of stars, and was at a loss to account for it. A hundred years previously, Réaumur ascertained that light has a velocity that can be measured. Reasoning upon this, in connection with the known motion of the earth, Dr. Bradley at last concluded that the earth's motion must have some relation to light, in its passage from the stars, and that, therefore, in looking upon one, the rays of light become more and more inclined from a vertical position before reaching the observer, who is carried onward by the motion of the earth on its orbit, during the period of time the light is traveling from the star to the earth. This variance, which makes the stars appear to deviate slightly, yearly, from their true position, is called "aberration," or "the aberration of light."

W. S. CHAPMAN.

"HE'S A BRICK"

IN the first place please observe that a brick is a sharp, attractive fellow, while common human clay is formless and ugly.

If you want to be a brick, you must contrive to get into some "mold of form;" all the better if, as in the terra-cotta works, you get the stamp of some beautiful pattern. Your lives must be true to the square. Your surface must be smooth to the eye. No boor is a brick.

Then to be bricks, you must fit yourselves to be of some use in the world; you must adapt yourself to some niche. Did you ever hear it said of a man, "He's of no account, but he's a brick"? Or of a woman, "She's stupid and lazy, but she's a brick"?

Brick is clay ready to do something,— to wall in a home, to pave a walk, to support machinery. No aimless, namby-pamby man can be a brick.

"Moreover, a brick must have some iron and sand in it; and a human brick must have a good supply of iron in his blood, and a fine stock of what the boys call 'sand,' but your more dignified professor calls 'grit.'

"A man with no will of his own, who promises one man to do one thing, and then promises another to do precisely the opposite, who praises you to your face, and blames you to your back, who is a Prohibitionist with Deacon Jones, and 'takes a little something' with Rob Bleareye, will never be called a brick.

"And, finally, it takes fire to make bricks. Oh, you think that Greatheart, with his jolly face, his warm hands, ready for any kindness, his strong feet swift on helping errands — you think that Greatheart is so cheery because he never knows sorrow and hardship.

"Nay, friends, that's just why he is so sympathetic in your sorrow — because his own sorrow has been severe; that's just why he helps you so royally over the hard places — because he has traveled that way himself, and knows how painful it is.

"A man may be pleasant, and all that, though he has had no strengthening, toughening trials. He will be like sun-dried clay. But to make brick,— hard, red, solid brick,— the clay must go the kiln."— *Selected.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

HELPING MOTHER

We like to help our mother when she's working all the day.
My little sister dear and I can help in many a way;
For when she sweeps, we help to dust the tables and the chairs,
We get her everything she wants down cellar or upstairs;
We carry water for the plants, and pick the opened flowers;
And then she puts them in a vase, and calls them hers and ours.
We put our toys up in their trunk when we are through with play,
And say, "We've worked so very hard it's been the shortest day,
And time for any other work we never could have found!"
But she says what helps her quite the most is having us around!

—*Margaret Goss Day.*

THE BIG FIR

The Little Boy loved the Big Fir. For one thing the Big Fir never changed. Everything else the Little Boy knew was always changing. The Brook was low and clear in the summer and fall, and high and muddy in the winter and spring. The Cloverfield was green in spring; red with bloom in summer, and brown and sear in fall. And the Orchard was pink and white in spring; red, yellow, and purple with ripe fruit in the late summer and fall; and naked and dreary in the winter. But the Big Fir never changed. The Little Boy could not even see that it grew, like other trees. Sometimes he thought it was waiting for him to catch up.

But he loved it most because of the stories it told about itself; for although he always went to his father whenever he had any question to ask about it, he was sure that the tree itself must tell its own story, only father had to explain it to him. So when he had learned something new about it, he came out and lay on the warm earth, where he could look up into its far-away top, and listen again to the story sighed out to him and the wind. So, little by little, the story was pieced out, and it sounded something like this:—

"I dare say, Little Boy, that four hundred years seems to you an impossible length of time for any one or anything to live; and yet it is just four hundred years since a little brown fir-seed slipped from the grasp of a lively red squirrel, fell to the ground, and hid under the moss. That little seed was I. There I lay in the dark for months, wondering what would become of me; but at last my tight skin burst open; out came a little foot, which went feeling its way down into the cool, damp earth; and out came a little hand, which went reaching its way up into the light and air, until, one beautiful spring day, it spread out its soft, green fingers to the sunlight. Such a tiny tree as I was! The beetles and spiders that ran about me seemed great beasts, and the birds that flew over me were like giants. But my fingers kept catching the light, and the little mouths that were on my foot drank in the rain, as it soaked down into the earth, and I grew, and was glad to live.

"When autumn came, I saw the leaves on many trees turn brown, and fall to the ground; and the flowers that had made the summer fields and woods gay, drooped and faded. 'Ah!' thought I, 'they are all dead; and I shall die, too.' But as I watched my little fingers, I was surprised and rejoiced to see them remain as green, and spread out as stiffly, as ever. Then I noticed there were some other trees whose fingers were just like mine, and which looked green and thrifty, although the air had grown cold, and the nights were long.

"Then I was not afraid; and as I looked at myself again, I saw three little brown cones, one at my very top, and one on each side, a little way down my stem. I did not know what they were for, but I thought they looked pretty, and so I was glad to have them. I took good care of them, and in the spring they began to swell, and at last burst into three beautiful pale-green paint-brushes; the one on top shot straight up; the other two became branches. I was surprised, too, to see those trees that had lost their leaves in the fall, covered again with leaves and bloom. All the plants that I had thought dead were growing again, too; and so I was led to wonder at the skill of the Power that made us grow in such different ways.

"Well, every summer and fall I stored up more and more little brown buds; and every spring they opened, and so I grew taller, and added more branches. I became stouter, too, for in the spring my hungry roots sucked up food and water from the earth, changing them into sap, and passed the sap up between my bark and wood; then my bark was quite loose, and might be easily peeled off. But the sap thickened into a jelly, and finally became soft wood. Year by year this wood gets harder, so I am harder at my heart than next to my bark. And year by year new circles of wood are added, so that if I were cut down, you could tell my age by counting the number of rings from my heart to my bark; the inner rings are broad, but the outer ones are so fine you could scarcely distinguish between them.

"When I was small, my bark was a dark-brown color; then for a long time it was quite light, thin, and smooth, but with many little blisters on it, full of sweet-smelling pitch, as clear and about as thick as honey. As long as my bark was smooth, I was called 'young fir.' I would not have made good fuel then; for my wood was soft and 'sappy.' But by and by my bark grew rough and thick, full of great seams and ridges; and then I became an 'old fir.' My lower branches died for lack of sunlight, and fell off,

PLAYMATES

and the bark grew over their scars, until one hundred feet of my trunk now stand straight and clear of limbs. I am over two hundred feet tall, and eight feet in diameter; and my roots reach deep into the earth, and spread far out on every side; but I have no tap-root; that is, no root that reaches straight down into the earth under me.

"Down yonder in the valley stands another fir; his age is the same as mine, but he is not so tall, and his branches are longer, and grow lower down his sides. He grew alone; but I was so crowded by other trees that I had no room to spread wide, but was forced to reach up, and up, and up. If he were to be sawed into boards, they would be full of knots, but mine would be smooth and straight.

"I could tell you many things that I have learned during my long life. When I was younger, the children I knew were not white like you, but of a red, or copper, color, as were also their fathers and mothers. They did not build houses, and plant gardens, and live in one place, but kept coming and going all the time. Nor did they keep cattle and sheep; but they fished in the rivers, and hunted deer and bears in the woods.

"I heard them talking of a strange race of white people who lived in the far East, but I never thought to see any of them. And I did not until I was over three hundred years old; then your grandfather came with his family, and cattle, and wagons. It was a strange and terrible sight to me to see him cutting down trees all around me. Every day I thought, 'Surely I shall be cut down to-day.' But I was spared, and I heard him say I was too fine a tree to be burned. When the others had lain on the ground all summer, they were burned, and I felt the hot breath of the fire, and my branches waved in the air that rushed in, but I was not injured.

"My family grow in cold or cool countries, but firs in the far North are much smaller; indeed, I have heard it said that in the extreme north of Asia, one may walk over a forest of old fir-trees, as he would walk over a carpet of moss here. I should not like to live there, would you, Little Boy?"

AUNT BETTY.

EIGHT hours to sleep, and two to walk,
And three to eat and laugh and talk;
Six for study every day;
Five are left for work and play.
Eat well, sleep well, work well, read well,
And your life will always speed well.

— *Youth's Companion.*

FOLLOW DIRECTIONS

"WHAT looking shoes!" exclaimed the candid older brother. "Blacked 'em with stove polish, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't," said the little girl, petulantly. "I used the polish Eleanor thinks so much of. I sha'n't try it again — my shoes look horrid."

"Better go back, and look at the bottle," said Eleanor, quietly; "you will find it isn't the fault of the polish."

And the little girl hurried up the stairs. She gave one more annoyed look at the black fluid, then stopped, and read the label for the first time. Oh, yes, there in big letters were the words: "Follow Directions," and reading on, she saw what the older sister meant. It wasn't the fault of the polish: it was the fault of the little girl who hadn't followed directions.

There are a great many persons who fail to "follow directions" in other and more important matters, and then blame some one else that the results are not all that could be desired.

Perhaps it is the case of a young Christian who thinks that her friend is singularly self-deluded in feeling that the new life takes one over "the pathway of peace." At any rate, her own burdens are not taken away, but are almost as heavy and hard to bear as before. The trouble is, she has failed to follow the directions fully. She has only half-heartedly come to Christ, and has wholly forgotten or ignored that other direction, to take his yoke upon her, and learn of him. No wonder the result is not satisfying.— *Young People's Weekly.*

CONTENT

THE world was full of rivers, and on their mighty tide
Ten thousand ships went threading through and through;
Ten thousand teeming cities stood on the river-banks,—
And I was but a tiny drop of dew.
But as I lay unheeded upon a blade of grass,
A weary bee fell near me, scarce alive;
With hope revived, he saw me, and drank, and quenched his thirst,
And bore his load of nectar to the hive.

A chain of mighty mountains stood guard upon the earth,
And reared their heads where eagles never soar.
The joy of all beholders, what dignity was theirs! —
And I was but a pebble by the shore.
Of value or of beauty, no single gift was mine,
The beach was strewn with millions just like me:
Yet for a puny baby I once was made a toy,
And changed his fretful cries to tones of glee.

By night the silvery moonbeams rejoiced the dreamy world,
A myriad twinkling stars shone clear and bright;
By day the dazzling sunlight its golden splendor shed, —
I was a little taper in the night.
I know my ray was feeble; but in a window set,
All night I burned, and did my little best;
And ere the dawn of morning,— ah! what a joy was mine! —
A soul I guided home to peace and rest.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

IN A JAPANESE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

IT was a Sunday-school in Tokio, and held in a neat little church, not greatly unlike many in America. It was made up of bright girls and boys, too, but every one had shining, black, velvety hair, sloe-black eyes, and an olive complexion.

The first thing you would have noticed was that many a girl had a baby brother or sister on her back, slid down in the pouch-like folds of her *kimono,* often clinging like a little monkey to her neck.

When we went in, they were all singing to a familiar tune, but in an odd, unfamiliar language, "What Can You Tell, Little Pebble?" and one little Japanese maiden stood up, and trotted her baby brother to the tune till he went fast asleep, and gave her no more care while the school lasted.

There were pretty colored picture-rolls and golden-text recitations, and then something very odd happened. A big boy went around the church, that was strung across at right angles with strong wires, and drew white curtains everywhere,— and the audience room had suddenly become six little recitation-rooms! To be sure everybody could hear what his neighbor said behind the curtains, but in Japan it seems to be only the distraction of the eyes that has to be prevented.

Who is the little man with short, gray hair? He seems to be a sort of sexton. "Oh! that's a woman. Her short hair says she is a widow who will not marry again, and she is the church housekeeper," was the answer.

Now everybody began to talk as loud as he could, and everybody seemed to end his sentence with "Get up!" Whether it was so or not, we got up and went into the kindergarten room. Oh, how shivering cold it was! Not a spark of fire for a room full of dear little boys and girls, who, in spite of their red noses and chilled fingers, were having a very happy time.

"They never have fires in their homes in winter," said my guide; "and they do not mind it, for they do not miss it."

They certainly knew their texts beautifully well, and recited them with great composure.

In another school each child carried a wooden admission ticket, with a bright-red silk string to fasten it to his little cloak,— such bright-colored little coats, often covered with gay-colored flowers or grotesque figures, such as we would use for curtains or sofa covers!

But what struck the visitor was the prompt way in which text after text was recited, and the eager little hands were stretched up — for they all sat on the floor — for reward tickets, on which were only new texts to learn for next time. Is it not good to know that some of the little children in Japan can thus become familiar with God's word? — *Selected.*

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON Nº 12

THE PURIFICATION OFFERING

(June 22)

MEMORY VERSE.— Ps. 51:7.

1. What did the Lord tell his people to bring as an offering? What was to be the *color* of the animal? Num. 19:2.

2. What does the Bible say of the clothing of Jesus Christ? Isa. 63:2; Rev. 19:13; note 1.

3. The red heifer must be one which had not worn a yoke. Why? Note 2.

4. To whom was the offering brought? Where did he take it? What was then done to it? Num. 19:3.

5. To whom was Jesus taken? Matt. 26:57. Where was he slain? Heb. 13:12. By whom? Matt. 27:27, 35.

6. What was done with the heifer after it had been killed? How much of it was sacrificed? Num. 19:4, 5.

7. What was burned with it? Num. 19:6.

8. When the offering had been burned, what was next done? Why were the ashes preserved? Num. 19:9; note 3.

9. Who could be blessed by this purification offering? Num. 19:10; note 4.

10. How were the ashes used in cleansing away one's uncleanness? Num. 19:17–19; note 5.

11. Who needed to be cleansed? Num. 19:11, 13, 16; note 6.

12. What was done with any one who was not cleansed? Num. 19:20.

13. Who are to be cut off? Ps. 37:9.

NOTES

1. What truly wonderful lessons were stored up in all the services of the children of Israel! Every part of their worship taught them something about Christ. The Lord planned it all out carefully, because he desired them to become acquainted with Jesus, the One who would take away the sin of the world. Therefore even the *color* of an animal was used to point out a part of the Saviour's offering for men. Of course we are not to understand that the *outward clothing* of Jesus was red, for that was not the case; but his blood is pointed out. By his blood he brings us forgiveness and cleansing. In his blood (that is, in his life and all it contained) we are to wash our robes and make them white.

2. The yoke was a figure of sin. Lam. 1:14. And as the red heifer was a type of Jesus, who was never in bondage to sin, it was necessary that it should never have worn a yoke. The animal which had *not* worn a yoke, which had never been made to serve man, was a true picture of the Son of God, who was always free from evil, and who never served the enemy at any time in his life. The heifer was a *perfect* offering; so was Jesus.

3. The ashes were all carefully gathered and put in a clean place; for in *this* offering, they were the part to be used. And just as they were stored up for all who needed to be cleansed, so the goodness of the Saviour has been preserved in heaven for those who desire to be cleansed from sin.

4. There were two classes who could have the blessing of the offering,— the Israelites and the "strangers." The Lord was willing, even in those days, to help the Gentiles. He did not want his people to think that his blessings were for them alone. Sometimes there are those who teach that the Lord did not help any people but the Jews until Jesus came into the world; but that is untrue. Jesus is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." And what he did when he lived on earth, and what he does now in the gospel, is only what he *always* wanted to do through his people, the Israelites. The offering was a type of Jesus, and he died for the "sins of the whole world." Therefore the offering for purifying sin was for both his people *and the strangers.*

5. The ashes were mixed with "living waters" (margin). The living water was a figure of God's Spirit. When Jesus was on earth, he said that he would give living water to those who would believe on him, and the living water of which he spoke was his Spirit. John 7:38, 39. The ashes of the heifer represented the goodness, the righteousness, of Christ. Thus, when the ashes and the water were put together, and sprinkled upon the man or thing that was unclean, it was the putting together of God's righteousness and Spirit, and putting them upon sin to cleanse it away. It really meant the washing away of sin by the blood of Christ.

6. If any one had touched a dead body, he was unclean, and needed to be cleansed, or else cut off — put to death. The dead body was a type of sin, which defiles all who touch it. All who have been brought into contact with sin — and all have, "for all have sinned"— must either be cleansed by the blood of Jesus or be destroyed at last by the wrath of God. Especially must all God's children be careful in this; for if they are not, they have no right to come into God's presence. To be unclean while professing to be God's servant, means to defile not only the sanctuary of our own heart, but to make unclean the church to which we belong. Let us thank the Lord that he has provided a way for cleansing whenever, through carelessness, we are made unclean by sin. When we find that our character has been defiled, let us hasten to the One who is clean (see Num. 19:19), and pray him to wash us, and make us white as snow.

FIVE minutes in a crisis are worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being behind time.— *Freeman Hunt.*

WHATEVER your age or your surroundings may be, you have some blessing given you fresh each morning from God. Do not keep it all for yourself. Let others share it with you. Give your tired mother some of it in a hearty kiss and tender word, or such gentle help as you can render her. It will cheer your father all day to feel that his boy takes him into his young life. Let every one who comes near you be the happier because you are young and happy. If you have studied and read a good deal, do not use your knowledge simply for yourself, but impart it to others less fortunate. It will make your little world brighter. God does not give you the water of life to be thrown upon the ground. Pass it on. The man who lives for himself alone is worse than useless. He is a positive hindrance.— *Our Boys' Magazine.*

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Stairways that Move.— Moving stairways are common sights now in the large cities. Several were on exhibition at the Paris Exposition; and at the large stores *Magasins au Louvre,* in Paris, the moving staircases are used by thirty-five hundred persons an hour during the busy part of the day. One of these stairways was recently installed at the Twenty-third Street Elevated Railroad Station, New York, to elevate the passengers to the trains. Chicago also has them.

The Composer of "Dixie."— Probably it is not generally known that the composer of "Dixie's Land" is still living in a little Ohio town. Though eighty-six years old, and badly crippled with rheumatism, Mr. Daniel Emmett declares that he is still "in good health." At the time "Dixie" was written, Mr. Emmett, then a young man, was traveling with a minstrel troupe; and one night after an unsuccessful performance the manager informed him that he wanted him to write something new — something "lively and popular." The next day, accordingly, Mr. Emmett set himself to work, and on the following day was able to play and sing "'Way Down South in Dixie's Land" before the company. This success was no less remarkable than the immediate popularity of the song, which was finally adopted by the South, and has continued from that day to this as one of our national airs.

French versus Japanese Wit.— During the Paris exposition of 1867, Japan sent an embassy to the capital of France "to treat for three free ports in France, in return for which France was to have three in Japan. The negotiations proved short and amicable." "Make your choice," said Japan. "We will choose afterward." Yokohama, Tokio, and Han-yang were the places selected by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. Instead of objecting, the Japanese embassy simply "smiled, and went on their way." Japan subsequently sent word that "the three ports mentioned were agreed to, and in return Japan desired Havre, Marseilles, and Southampton." At this the French officials were greatly amused. They never laughed so much before, and certainly never since. Southampton a French port! Gently but unmistakably they explained the situation. "Southampton is in England," they replied. "We know that," came the response, "but then Han-yang is in Korea." Of course this rejoinder silenced the French officials, and showed them that the Japanese study geography.

Why He Afterward Gave More.— An interesting story is related of Robert Carrick, one of Scotland's richest bankers. It seems that "being one day visited by a deputation collecting subscriptions toward a new hospital, he signed for two guineas; and one of the gentlemen, expressing disappointment at the smallness of the amount, he said, 'Really, I can not afford more.' The next person visited was a large manufacturer named Wilson, who, when shown the list, exclaimed: 'What! Carrick only two guineas!' Upon being informed of Carrick's excuse, Wilson said: 'Wait; I will give him a lesson.' 'Taking his cheque-book, he filled in a check for ten thousand pounds, the full amount of his deposit at Carrick's bank, and sent it for immediate payment. Five minutes later the banker appeared, breathless, and asked, 'What is the matter, Wilson?' 'Nothing the matter with me,' replied Wilson; 'but these gentlemen informed me that you couldn't afford more than two guineas for the hospital. 'Hallo,' thinks I, 'if that's the case, there must be something wrong, and I'll get my money out as soon as possible!' Carrick took the subscription list, erased the two guineas, and substituted fifty, on which Wilson immediately tore up his cheque."

A Year's Corn Yield.— The number of bushels of corn produced in this country during the year 1900 is estimated to have been about two thousand millions. To transport all this grain would require three million two hundred and fifty thousand cars, or a solid train nearly twenty-five thousand miles long. Or, to put it another way, it would require nine solid trains, each one as long as the distance from San Francisco, Cal., to Chicago. At twenty-five cents a bushel, the amount received for the total crop was about five hundred million dollars.

It Told Too Much.— It will be easy to see why the following advertisement, which appeared day after day in a Western journal, failed to bring a single reply: "WANTED: Situation by a practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in any of the academies. Has no objection to teaching ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences. Has had some experience as a lay preacher. Would have no objection to forming a small class of young ladies and gentlemen to instruct them in the higher branches. To a dentist or chiropodist he would be invaluable; or he would cheerfully accept a position as bass or tenor singer in a choir." This many-sided advertiser finally added the following to his advertisement: "P. S.— Will accept an offer to saw and split wood at less than the usual rates." This "P. S." secured for him a situation at once. It is better for a man not to tell all he knows, or all he can do, but to be able to do one thing well, and be willing to do that.

AUGUSTIN J. BOURDEAU.

The Youth's Instructor
Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth
Established 1852.

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THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

IN all our Conferences the young people looked forward to our late general meeting as a time when plans would be laid for establishing the young people's work on a firmer basis, and giving it an acknowledged standing. During the meeting this work received some attention; its importance was recognized; and as one step toward unifying it, and bringing it into a better condition, and in order that the companies of young workers might have some definite central source of instruction and communication, it was recommended that it be connected with a generally recognized department of the Conference.

This was done; and in the readjustment of the general organization, the young people's work was made a branch of the Sabbath-school Department of the General Conference. During the week of May 19–25 the Sabbath-school Committee held a number of meetings in behalf of the general interests of the department. At this time the young people's work was prayerfully considered, and the following recommendation passed: —

"That in each church there be conducted, *regularly,* a young people's meeting, the object of which shall be to lead the young people into deeper Christian experience and greater usefulness in God's service; these meetings to consist of brief Bible studies, reports of work done, and suggestions for future work."

It was also recommended that a department, to be devoted especially to fostering and promoting the interests and growth of the young people's work, be opened in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. In this department, reports of work actually done, either by companies or individuals, with plans, suggestions, a simple Bible study, etc., may be given from week to week.

As it is desirable in a work of this kind for all to follow the same general plan, it was recommended that beginning with the opening of the Berean studies in October, those lessons be made the basis of a Bible study at the regular meetings of the young people. During the summer it is planned to have a series of simple, practical Bible studies, based on "Steps to Christ." A sincere study of this book, and the receiving of its truths into the heart by each member of the young people's bands, will result in raising up hundreds of young persons who will be ready and anxious to work for others. The first of these Bible studies will be printed in the INSTRUCTOR of June 27, for use in the young people's meeting held during the first week in July.

Sister L. Flora Plummer, as Corresponding Secretary of the Sabbath-school Department, will have charge of all correspondence relating to the young people's work, and will keep its needs and importance before the Conference workers and church officers. She will be glad to write to any company that does not understand the general plan, to answer questions, to counsel in regard to difficulties that may arise, and to help in getting the work started as far as lies in her power. Until further notice, her address will be 1502 Third Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Sabbath afternoon, June 1, at the meeting of the young people's company in Battle Creek, Elder W. A. Spicer spoke with reference to the general plans adopted, the necessity of individual work, and the object ever to be kept before the young people's companies. We wish Seventh-day Adventist youth everywhere could have heard his earnest words; but since that could not be, we are sure all will enjoy the following paragraphs taken from a report of his talk: —

"At the recent General Conference the subject of the young people's work was referred to the Sabbath-school Department of the Conference Committee. In the meetings following the general gathering, the Sabbath-school Committee spent some very interesting hours in considering this important work.

"First of all, the committee recommended that throughout the conferences and the churches, the brethren and sisters be urged to encourage the young people in Christian service, and in meeting together for mutual encouragement and Bible study. A department in the INSTRUCTOR is to be opened, to be called 'Young People's Work.' We like this title, for the last word of it is suggestive of the object in all this movement. It is not so much young people's *plans,* or young people's *talk,* or even young people's *societies,* as young people's *work.*

"The work is the real point, and in all our plans, and in all the meetings, the thought ever to be kept before us is that this movement means service, and a definite seeking, by the grace of God, for the qualifications to render ever better service in the cause of Christ. Christ said, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' We can hold the life only as we allow Jesus, who is the life, to work in us the works of God. What we as young people need is the converting power of God daily in all our lives; but in order that the ground gained may be held, and advancement made, it will be profitable for the young people to meet together for Bible study, which will better fit all to go out to bless others with the blessings received in the meetings.

"The basis of all the meetings must be Bible study. The work of God is not mere activity. 'This is the work of God, that ye believe.' As faith comes by hearing the word of God, the first thing young and old need is to come to the word of God to hear his voice, and to receive the faith that works by the power of the word.

"In addition to the Bible study, the committee believed that some time in each meeting could profitably be devoted to reports from members of the work done during the week,— of experiences that had especially brought the blessing of the Lord, and deepened in the heart the love of Jesus for some one to whom he had made the worker a blessing. For in all the Bible study, and in everything, the thought is to be that the blessing gained is to be passed on to others. The whole world is before us, and the Lord wants us, as young people, to prepare for work. We must help one another get the warm love of Jesus for everybody welling up in our hearts, so that we shall be watching for opportunities for service at all times. It is such a simple thing to work for him! A kindly deed, some want ministered to, an encouraging word, even a pleasant smile, goes so far in the world about us; and too often we do not stop to think of the little ways of service that come to us in our everyday lives, wherever we may be.

"Talking of these things in our meetings, and keeping this thought constantly before our minds, we shall be building one another up in love for God and his cause. *Love teaches the way.* The little child does not have to study and plan how to show its love for mother or father. The love in the little heart flows out so freely and so naturally that it needs no studied plan to give expression to it. Just so, as we open our hearts to let the blessed Saviour in, that the love of Jesus for every soul in the world may constrain us, and work in us, we shall find that love will teach the way, and day by day we shall know how to yield ourselves to God, that he may make us a blessing. Feeling this love, and being in earnest to be of service in God's work, any meeting of the young people will be an inspiration to deeper consecration. Keep ever in the forefront, then, of the movement; this thought — that the supreme aim is *service,* and that the love of Jesus in our hearts is to be our guide in this work.

"From time to time, suggestions will be made in the 'Young People's Department' in the INSTRUCTOR as to details that may add to the interest of the program of the weekly meeting. Perhaps a three- or five-minute essay on some mission field, or a study of some missionary biography, would be profitable. The editor of the INSTRUCTOR will invite, and will be glad to receive, from those engaged in the young people's work, suggestions as to work actually done, which will help others to learn of methods and ways that have proved profitable.

"The Committee did not discuss constitutions and by-laws for the young people's companies. The important thing is the young people's *work;* and when young people, whose hearts are full of the love of God, meet together and begin the Bible studies, and talk of ways in which they may get others to attend, and how those who have not experienced the love of God may be brought to see the blessedness of surrendering the life to Jesus, there will be the young people's *work* going on. And as the work grows and develops in the hearts and lives of the youth, we may trust the Lord to bind it together, and order it in ways which his own Spirit may suggest.

"God wants the young people in his service; every department of the cause, at home and abroad, cries out for them. So much must be done, and the time is so short, that we may expect to see God awakening young and old to the fact that the set time has come for that blessed, closing work of power, which is to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers, that with one voice old and young may sound the message of glad tidings to all. *The place to begin is where we are.* Let us brighten our own homes with good words and the tender love of Christ within, and then carry the blessed influence to all without.

"May the Lord make the young people's meetings not simply interesting occasions,— not at all a matter of social entertainment, but blessed seasons of earnestness in seeking God, in studying his word, and talking about the very practical work of service for him."

NEARLY every family has a copy of "Steps to Christ" — the book that is to be the basis of the studies for the young people's work during the summer and early fall. To have all the young people in the church make a study of the topic during the week, carry out the thoughts suggested as far as possible, and then come together at the regular meeting for general study, and to relate experiences in Christian work, would be the ideal plan. Those who do not have the book, and who would like an inexpensive copy, can get the *Berean Library* edition, neatly bound in paper, for only twenty-five cents. We would recommend that those not having access to the book otherwise, supply themselves with a copy of this edition before the close of the present month, in order to be ready to take up the study on time.

IT is earnestly requested that all who have been engaged in work for young people, either as general workers or for individual companies, write to the INSTRUCTOR, giving reports of meetings held, suggestions that have proved helpful in working for others, and statements of what has been accomplished.