

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH!

Vol. L.

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The Land of Sunshine, Fruit, and Flowers

PASADENA is the winter residence of some of the most wealthy citizens of America, and all that money and art can accomplish has been done to construct magnificent mansions and artistic and picturesque grounds. Lemon, orange, almond, and olive-trees flourish on every hand; and in the heart of winter, beautiful flowers are in full bloom amid well-kept shrubbery in nearly every dooryard.

Among the interesting relics of a bygone age are the quaint missions that were built by Spanish Catholic missionaries more than a hundred years ago at various points on the South Pacific Coast. The most celebrated of these is the San Gabriel Mission ten miles east of Los Angeles, which was erected in 1790. Its walls are adorned with paintings supposed to have been made in Spain more than a century ago. Its baptismal font is made of copper beaten out with a hammer.

One can not but admire the heroism of these missionaries, who, bidding farewell to friends, relatives, and the comforts and privileges of home, made the then long and perilous journey to this wild country, where they were in constant danger of being massacred by the savage Indians, as, in fact, many of them were. They succeeded in erecting buildings so substantial that after a lapse of a hundred years many of them are still in a fair condition of preservation. How many readers of the INSTRUCTOR have such a love for mankind that, if called upon to do so, they would be willing to make a similar sacrifice, in order to save perishing humanity?

Few tourists leave Southern California without visiting Mt. Lowe. The approach to this mountain is made in an electric trolley-car, later transferring to a cable-car, when the steep ascent shown in the picture is begun. This part of the trip is three thousand feet long, and in that distance there is a rise of thirteen hundred feet. While the car is being fairly

lifted up this steep incline, many travelers find it necessary to close their eyes in order to keep from becoming dizzy. Part of the time we are almost over the edge of a nearly perpendicular precipice, overlooking the wild cañon below.

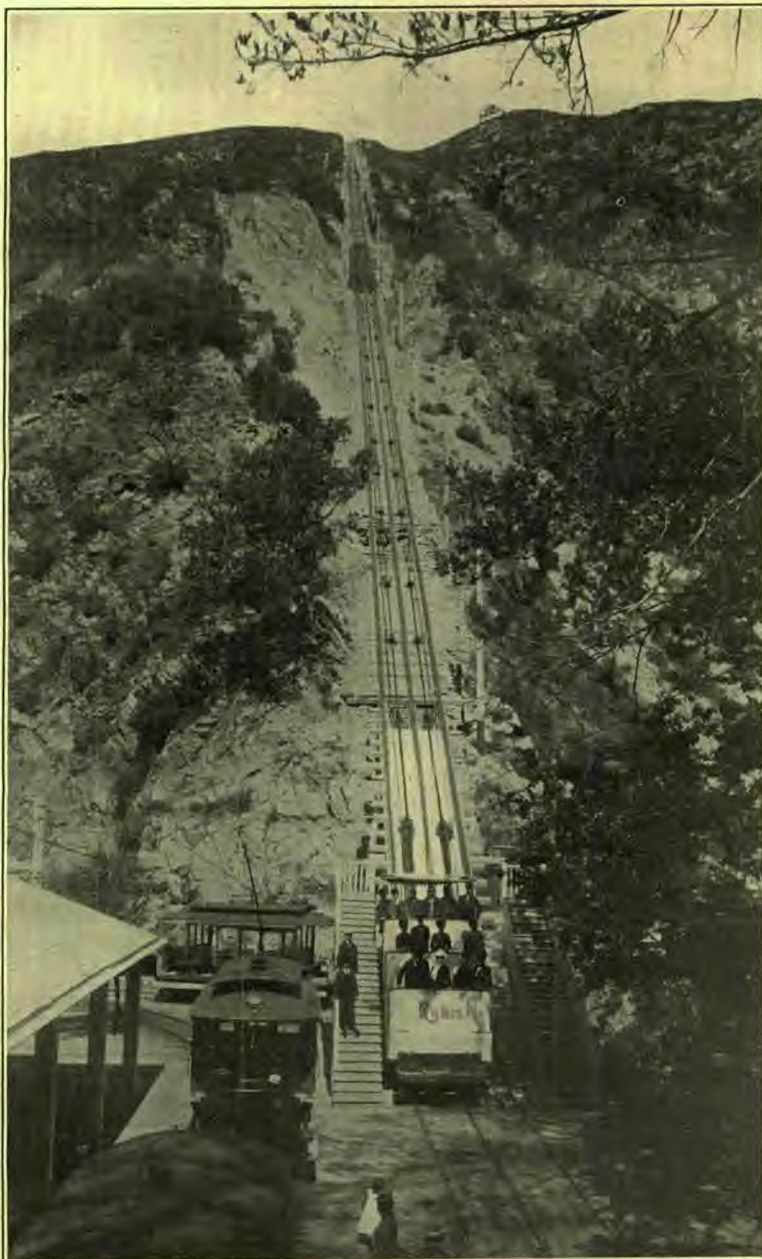
At the top of this steep incline, another transfer is made, to a trolley-car which climbs the mountains by winding around them in such a way as to make this one of the most scenic trips in the world. At one place, in order to climb back again on the same mountainside only a little above, the road makes one of the shortest horse-shoe curves I have ever seen. The construction of this entire road was certainly a marvelous feat of engineering skill. One can not but believe that God directed the minds that planned the undertaking. The divine mind is always ready to assist men in accomplishing great things in the world if they will listen to his voice.

Los Angeles is a city of perpetual summer. The weather, when I arrived there the first week

more dependent upon a favorable climate than holiness upon righteous surroundings! Climate and environment serve only to bring to the surface our real physical and moral condition. The climate within us is far more important than the climate without. The young man who reads foul literature and harbors evil thoughts is creating a climate in his soul that is far more destructive to his physical as well as his spiritual health than unfavorable surroundings ever can be. Likewise, one who daily devours the scavengers of earth, sea, and sky, and otherwise partakes of a wretched and unsuitable dietary, is thereby creating a climate in his stomach that is many-fold times more responsible for his invalidism than the unfavorable climate that may prevail in the section of the country where he lives.

There is little satisfaction to be found in going on an excursion in search of health. How much better it is to care for ourselves before disease comes, by earnest and conscientious adherence to the laws of health! For the laws of health are in reality God's laws, just as truly as are the ten commandments. Many who would not think of violating the Sabbath commandment are daily deliberately trampling upon physical laws that are just as divine in their origin as is that commandment. Let every reader of the INSTRUCTOR who has a discouraging Christian experience carefully consider if some such neglect may not partially account for his present condition. God can not abundantly bless those who violate his laws.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



UP MT. LOWE

in February, resembled that of the middle of June in Chicago. The streets of the city are continually thronged with sight-seers, health-seekers, and tourists. How few of this great army of invalids are aware that health is no

bling those of a mole.

Two feet below the surface is pretty deep. Knowing something of the habits of this insect, I approached a hole cautiously, and thrust the spade suddenly under the sod at a depth of only

The Seventeen-Year Locust

THIS morning, April 18, I have been over in the Smithsonian grounds in the city of Washington, where, under many of the trees, I found holes in the earth about the size of the tip of one's umbrella. I expected to find these holes; for seventeen years ago—in 1885—there was here an extraordinary appearance of one of the most remarkable insects in the world—the so-called "seventeen-year locust."

With a spade I dug down round some of these holes, and finally, two feet below the surface, found in each case an active nymph of the cicada, as it should properly be called. It was light-brown in color, horny in appearance, with large front legs somewhat resembling those of a mole.

two inches, and caught the creature before it could retreat to a lower depth. Just now, then, the nymphs of the seventeen-year locust have come to the surface of the ground, making these holes at night, and during the warm, sunny spring days they remain motionless near the mouth of the burrow. At the approach of a footstep the earth trembles, and they retreat, frightened, to the bottom of the burrow.

In a month from now each of these nymphs will have made up its entomological mind that it is time to be up and doing. At all events, toward the end of May some night, about dusk, moved by an unexplainable impulse, almost every one of the nymphs will come out of its burrow, and crawl rapidly to the trunk of the nearest tree. Awkwardly climbing up the bark, each one will finally come to some point, where it will cling firmly. Then the skin will split down the back, and from out the opening will crawl a beautiful snowy-white creature, with wings all crumpled up in small bunches, with bright, coral-red eyes, and with two black patches on its back. Then the wings will begin to expand until they are longer than the body.

The next day when the sun comes, the white color will rapidly change to a reddish-brown, the eyes still remain red, but the body will become nearly black, the wings will become hard and glistening, and the veins will assume a reddish hue. Then the males will begin to sing, and the armies which will fill the trees in certain regions will keep up a shrilling din for four or five weeks.

Along in June the females will begin to lay their eggs. They will puncture the young twigs of the trees which they select, laying their eggs in curious rows in the wood of the twig, and in this way many twigs will be damaged to such an extent that the leaves will turn brown, and with the first wind the twig will crack and hang downward.

After a while the eggs will hatch, and the young cicadas will drop to the ground. Then they enter the first fissure, struggle downward, attach themselves to some tiny rootlet, and begin their long, dark, underground life. They feed very little; for they have a long time to grow, and they are not very large when they are full-grown, so that the damage which they do to the roots of trees is slight, in spite of their numbers.

In the whole group of insects we know of no other species which has so long a life as the periodical cicada. Sometimes, in a certain locality, it will appear at shorter intervals than seventeen years; but that means that in that place there are two broods, the eggs of one being laid, say, in 1898, and the full-grown individuals appearing again in 1915; others laying their eggs in 1902, and becoming full-grown in 1919, as is the case with the present brood.

In the South, influenced by the warmer temperature, these insects remain underground only thirteen years instead of seventeen. Their length of life is so accurately known that we can predict with absolute certainty when their next appearance will take place. Our whole eastern country has been accurately mapped, and each year circulars are sent out from the Department of Agriculture at Washington to parts of the country in which these insects will appear; and persons who are thinking of setting out young orchards are warned that it may be unwise, since in laying their eggs the cicadas frequently damage young fruit trees to a serious extent.

People will tell you that cicadas sting severely. This is hardly true, though it is not improbable that a cicada, when caught may thrust out the slender threads in its beak, and puncture the skin. This unusual sting, however, is slight, and the pain is only momentary. It can not in any way compare in pain with the sting of a bee, or in after-effects with the puncture of a mosquito.—L. O. Howard, Ph. D., Chief United States Entomologist, in *Youth's Companion*.



The Guest

LUCK tapped upon a cottage door,
A gentle, quiet tap;
And Laziness, who lounged within,
The cat upon his lap,
Stretched out his slippers to the fire,
And gave a sleepy yawn:
"O, bother! let him knock again!"
He said; but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again, more faintly still,
Upon another door,
Where Industry was hard at work
Mending his cottage floor.
The door was opened wide at once;
"Come in!" the worker cried,
And Luck was taken by the hand,
And fairly pulled inside.

He still is there,—a wondrous guest
From out whose magic hand
Fortune flows fast,—but Laziness
Can never understand
How Industry found such a friend;
"Luck never came my way!"
He sighs, and quite forgets the knock
Upon his door that day.

—Priscilla Leonard.

Rounding the Corners

A NUMBER of years ago, when engaged in school work in the East, it was my lot to fill the office of preceptor in a school home. In this capacity it fell to me to look after the domestic work of the boys.

In the family was a certain young man, good-looking, intelligent, active, and in many ways very affable. He was a leader in the sports of the boys, and filled the place well.

When he first came to the school, he evinced a desire to be thought well of, and took pains to perform various little duties and to extend courtesies to all. This gave him a place in the affection of both teachers and students. No one appeared more anxious than he to make a success of the work he had come to do,—no one more willing to do his whole duty.

His domestic work was to care for the boys' parlor,—to sweep, mop, and dust, as necessity demanded. Each morning he could be heard at his work (for he was somewhat noisy about it), whistling gaily as he moved the furniture, and shook the numerous rugs and mats.

It was only a short time, however, before it became noticeable that the room was illy cared for. Dust of considerable age could be seen without difficulty in many a nook and corner, and even cobweb festoons graced the ceiling. Of course he did not understand how it was; for he "always took particular pains to be thorough," and was "sure" that he "had done it all right."

After a few days' trial it was noticed that his broom and mop never marked off a right angle, but traveled in semicircular lines, and that in its expeditions his dust-cloth never reached places that were difficult of access. A little further observation showed the cause. The young man was built on circular, easy-going lines. His nature was in no way angular. He had no corners in his brain. And having a rounded brain, his hands described the circle instead of the square. Corners were outside his range of vision. He rounded the corners in sweeping, and mopping, and dusting because it was his nature to do so. The disease of his brain manifested itself in his arm as it did its work. And what he was in caring for the parlor, he was in everything else.

The disease of rounding corners is found almost everywhere. It certainly is of near

kin to that other dreadful ailment,—laziness,—or, as more politely stated, "indisposition to work." It is a disease of the soul, and in its various forms points out the character of the patient. It says that he is liable to fail at any time, and can not be depended on.

The disease of rounding the corners is incurable, except by the careful application, by consent of the person himself, of a liberal supply of God's grace, mixed with undiluted will-power. This is a sure cure if taken early in life. But if the malady is allowed to develop during the lapse of years, it becomes chronic and hard to handle. In old age it gets into the very marrow of man's moral bones, and only long, faithful treatment can eradicate it.

Have you ever rounded the corners? Remember that he who does so is certainly neglecting the many little corners of his heart, where the dust of neglect, the cobwebs of sin, linger. The outward life faithfully portrays what is within. Let no one deceive himself that "it doesn't make any difference." It does—and all the difference in the world. Like the germ, which in physical life first produces the disease, this in turn reproducing and multiplying the germ, so it is in character life. The evil tendency first breaks out in a wrong action, and then the wrong action strengthens and enlarges and multiplies the tendency, each acting upon the other till character is completely ruined.

Oh, be careful! Let no rounded corners be seen in your work or in your life. The devil's paths are always circular, while God asks you to turn squarely to the right, and go straight ahead.

C. L. TAYLOR.

Two Coronations

SEVENTY-ONE years ago, in April, 1831, King William IV went down to dissolve Parliament during the great tumult occasioned by the reform bill. In the robing-room of the House of Lords he said: "Lord Hastings, wear the crown; where is it?"

The crown was brought to him; but when Lord Hastings was going to put it on his head, he said, "Nobody shall put the crown on my head but myself." He put it on, and then said to Lord Grey, "Now, my lord, the coronation is over." As William had never been crowned, he should not have worn the crown.

George Villiers, who was one of the spectators, said that as the king took his seat upon the throne of the House, with the loose crown upon his head and the tall, gaunt figure of Lord Grey close beside him, the sword of state in his hand, it looked as if the king had his executioner by his side, and the whole might be an augury of the reign.

In the following summer, when it was decided that a public coronation was essential, the king gave orders that it be "short and cheap."

Informality and economy will not characterize the coronation plans of the man next after William to be crowned King of England. Edward VII intends that the day shall be a fête not only to the favored spectators in Westminster Abbey, but to every inhabitant of his realm. He will himself give a vast dinner to the poor of London, which example will be imitated throughout many cities; beacon-fires will be lighted on the hills; and illuminations, free concerts, and spectacles will make the day memorable.

A further contrast appears between the attitude of the wives of William and of his great-nephew, Edward. Queen Adelaide told Charles Greville that she would have none of their crowns; she did not like to wear "a hired crown." She had jewels enough of her own, and would have them made up to suit herself.

"You will have to pay for it," said William, slyly, to the young clerk of the privy council.

"No," interrupted Queen Adelaide, "I shall pay for it myself."

In the crown of Queen Alexandra, on the contrary, will sparkle England's chief jewel, the magnificent Kohinoor diamond, which Alexandra will not scorn as "hired." Neither will she pay for the setting of jewels in her coronation crown out of her own private pin-money.—*Companion.*

"I Would Rather Sing"

AN eight-year-old child, with a cut in her hand, was brought to a physician. It was necessary to take a few stitches with a surgeon's needle. While the physician was making preparations, the little girl swung her foot nervously against the chair, and was gently admonished by her mother.

"That will do no harm," said the doctor, kindly, "as long as you hold your hand still," adding, with a glance at the strained, anxious face of the child, "you may cry as much as you like."

"I would rather sing," replied the child.

"All right, that would be better. What can you sing?"

"I can sing, 'Give, give,' said the little stream. Do you know that?"

"I am not sure," responded the doctor. "How does it begin?"

The little patient at once proceeded to illustrate.

"That's beautiful," said the doctor, "I want to hear the whole of it."

All the while the skilled fingers were sewing up the wound, the sweet, childish voice sounded bravely through the room, and the only tears shed on the occasion came from the eyes of her mother. It is, I believe, a physiological fact that some expression of one's feelings tends to lessen pain. Since weeping and groaning are distressing to one's friends, how would it do for us all to try singing instead?—*Congregationalist.*

Self-Reliance

THE story is told of a young man whose father lost his fortune and died, leaving his son penniless in the world. When he realized that he must depend upon his own exertions, he said to himself: "What shall I do for a living?" He asked his feet, and they said: "We do not know." He asked his hands, and they said: "We can't do anything." He asked his head, and it said: "I never learned how to make a living." What could he do? His feet, hands, and head had spent all their time ministering to the desires of the body, helping him to have a good time, and now they were of no service to him. Every boy and girl should learn how to work with hands, feet, and head. The ant, though one of the smallest insects, is one of the most industrious. The wise man said: "Consider her ways, and be wise." Begin now, and train your hands and feet to work, and your head to think; and when you grow up, whether you are a day laborer or a millionaire, you will be independent and self-reliant.—*Selected.*

"WE must not expect God to give us without labor what we can conquer for ourselves by hard work. No earthly father would encourage his son in a life of beggary instead of honest labor; and surely our Heavenly Father is not less wise than a human parent."

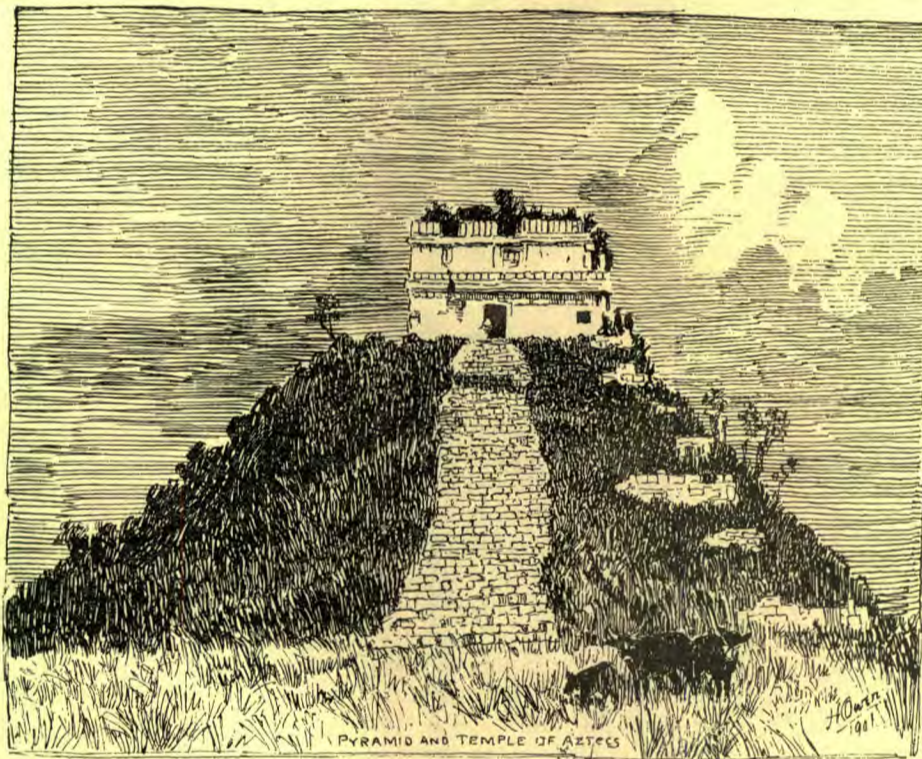


From correspondence to the Mission Board
Education among the Aztecs

I

AFTER reading of the human sacrifices offered in the religious ceremonies of the Aztecs, and of the feasts on the parted members of the victims,—acts so barbarous that we recoil from their narration, feeling that there can be little that is lovely or pure among such a people,—we are scarcely prepared for the sweet and harmless rites that accompanied the birth of the Aztec child, or the system followed in his education.

If for any reason a mother was unable to care for her child, great care was used in selecting a nurse for him. Her health and habits of life were carefully looked after. At five years of age the son of a noble was sent to school. If educated at home, as many were, he was instructed by his father in the worship of the gods, and taught prayers to repeat when desiring aid from any of the household divinities. He was sometimes taken to the temples with his parents, in



order that he might learn to love the worship there.

Great pains was taken to inspire children with a horror of vice, modesty of action, respect for their superiors, and love of work. A woven mat was the child's bed. He was not given all the food he could eat, but only what was necessary to support life comfortably.

At the age of twelve or fourteen, boys were taught the trade of their father. If they were to be soldiers, they accompanied him to the field of battle. Both boys and girls were kept busy. The young Aztec was brought up with such respect for his parents that years after marriage he scarcely dared speak in their presence, and this is still true in the secluded villages of Central America. The following quotations from the instruction of an Aztec father to his son will give a fair idea of the principles imparted to the Aztec youth:—

"My son," said the father, "thou art preparing to fly into the world without its being given us to know how long heaven will grant us the enjoyment of the precious stone we possess in thee. But happen what may, endeavor to live an upright life, ceaselessly praying God to help

thee. He created thee, and to him thou belongest. He is thy father; he loves thee even more than I love thee. Let thy thoughts be of him, and address thy sighs to him night and day.

"Revere and salute thy elders, and never show them any sign of contempt. Be not silent to the poor and the unfortunate; but make haste to console them with kind words. Honor every one, but especially thy father and thy mother, to whom thou owest obedience, fear, and service. Take care not to imitate the example of those bad sons who, like brutes devoid of reason, do not respect those who have given them life; who do not listen to their advice, and do not wish to submit to the punishments their elders judge necessary. He who follows the path of these evil-doers will come to a bad end; he will die in despair, thrown into an abyss or by the claws of wild beasts.

"Never mock at old men, my son, nor at deformed people. Do not mock him whom thou seest commit a fault, and do not throw it in his face. Enter into thyself, and fear lest that which offends thee in others may happen to thyself. Go not whither no one calls thee, and mix not thyself with what does not concern thee. By thy words as well as by thy deeds endeavor to prove thy good education. When thou talkest with any one, do not take hold of his garments. Do not talk too much, and never interrupt others with thy discourse. If thou hearest any one speak foolishly, hold thy tongue if thou art not charged with his conduct. If thou shouldst not be silent, weigh thy words; and do not expose the fault with arrogance, lest thy lesson be not well received.

"When some one speaks to thee, hear him with attention and respect, without moving thy feet, biting thy cloak, or getting up every minute if thou art seated, as these actions are signs of levity and a bad education.

"When thou art at a table, eat not too fast, and show no dislike if a dish displeases thee. If a person arrives at thy meal-time, divide thy meal with him, and do not watch him as he eats. When thou walkest, look whither thou goest, that thou mayest

knock against no one. If thou meetest any one in thy way, make room for him. Never pass before thy elders, unless forced by necessity, or unless they order thee to do so. When thou takest thy meal in their company, drink not before they do, and offer them what they need in order to gain their good will.

"If thou art made a present, accept it with gratitude. If the gift is of much value, be not proud of it; and if it be of small value, do not despise it nor mock at it; fear to wound him who wished to oblige thee. If thou growest rich, become not insolent to the poor, and humble them not; for the gods who have refused them wealth to give it to thee, might grow angry, and take it from thee to favor another therewith. Live by thy work; for thou shalt be only the more happy therefor.

"I, my son, have fed thee up to this day by my labor; I have not failed in my parental obligations; I have given thee what was necessary without taking it from any one: do thou in like manner.

"Never lie; for it is a great sin. When thou tellest any one what has been told thee, tell the simple truth, and add nothing thereto. Slander

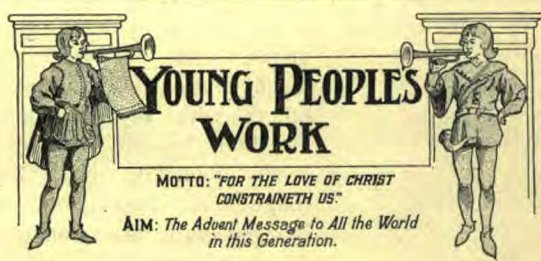
no one, and be silent in regard to the faults thou seest in others, if it is not thy duty to correct them. When thou takest a message, if the one who receives it flies into a passion, and speaks ill of the person who sent it, in repeating his words modify their severity, in order that thou mayest not be the cause of a quarrel, or of a scandal, for which thou wouldst have to reproach thyself.

"Lose not thy time in the market; for that is a place in which occasions for excesses are many. If thou art offered an office, think that it is to test thee, and do not accept immediately; even shouldst thou think thyself better fitted than any one else to fill it, refuse it until thou art forced to accept; so wilt thou be the more highly esteemed.

"Be not dissolute; the gods may be angry with thee, and would cover thee with shame. My son, if thou art good, thy example will confound the wicked. By these counsels I wish to fortify thy heart. Neither despise them nor forget them: thy life and happiness depend upon them."

How much of Christian etiquette is found in the advice of this Aztec father!

H. A. OWEN.



Consecration

How shall our lips claim fellowship with Thine,
And yet be silent when thy cause is scorned?
How shall our feet walk in thy steps divine,
Yet idle wait, leaving thy world unwarned?
Touch thou the silent lips, O God, with fire.
Till in thy triumph-song of truth they sing.
Lead on the languid feet to struggle higher
On Zion's mountains, heralding the King.
How shall our hands be thine, nor yet unclosed
While souls about us faint in need and loss?
Our hearts live in thy life, nor turn to those
For whom thy heart was rended on the cross?
O Christ of God! nerve thou the hands to move
As in their touch thy healing might were shown;
Quicken the hearts thou claimest, Lord, to love
With that eternal love which is thine own.
— Mabel Earle, in *Well Spring*.

"Step in Anywhere"

THE ways in which the Young People's Societies may make themselves a power in the work of carrying to all lands and every people the advent message which we love, are too many to enumerate. Just now — next Sabbath — the collections for the relief of the Christiania Publishing House will be taken up in all the churches. It is hoped that this is the final call that will have to be made for this matter, and that with the payment of this last instalment, the indebtedness will be entirely wiped out. But in order to fulfill this hope, the collection must be a generous one. Will not our Young People's Societies everywhere help to make it so?

A little incident of the Civil War, recently retold by the editor of the *Well Spring*, is worth thinking of in this connection:—

During one of the great battles a recruit who had lost his company in the tumult of the strife, approached General Sheridan, and asked where he should "step in."

"Step in!" thundered Sheridan, in a voice that frightened the already terrified recruit almost as much as the roar of cannonading and musketry, "Step in anywhere; there's fighting all along the line."

Instead of hesitating about our part in the work, timidly wondering what we shall do, would it not be wiser to take the famous general's advice, and "step in anywhere"? This Christiania offering is one good place to step in and help.

The Young People's Work in Battle Creek

THE interest in the young people's work in Battle Creek continues good. The attendance at the Sabbath afternoon meetings is excellent, despite the fact that many of the Sanitarium helpers, who swelled our membership during the winter, are now away from the city. In planning for the Sabbath meetings several months ago, it was decided to devote one Sabbath every month to a special consideration of the field, following the programs outlined by the Mission Board in the INSTRUCTOR. It has been observed that recently other time is also given to the study of the field and of missionary effort. Since the trend of thought throughout the whole denomination is looking toward the extension of the work abroad, may it not be that the Young People's Societies shall arouse in their members a lively interest in these needy fields, and thus unite heart and hand in sending the "advent message to all the world in this generation"?

Situated as we are, right at the doors of the American Medical Missionary College, we receive much enthusiastic help from the students in our meetings, as well as in any other worthy effort for which we may ask their assistance.

Several months ago it was decided to make the ten-cent-a-week plan a prominent feature of our work. The collections are taken up monthly, and we are now considering the support of a worker in a foreign field; the exact place, however, has not yet been decided upon. These contributions are not made altogether without self-denial. One instance is known of a young woman who came to the Sanitarium to take the nurses' course. After the fire she was without employment for a number of weeks. Being anxious that no break should be made in her weekly donation, she did scrubbing to secure the money.

Christian Help work is being carried on to a considerable extent. The committee having this work in hand is composed of from twelve to fifteen persons. The chairman herself has a library of our denominational works, fifty of which she keeps constantly in circulation, besides giving away literature and holding Bible readings. At present about twenty families are being helped to food and clothing, mostly the latter. In many instances the children of these families are brought to Sabbath-school. One family of ten children living near a factory were receiving aid from the committee, and presented such a changed appearance that it was remarked upon by the employees of the factory. Owing to the present crowded condition of the town, persons are found living in tents and barns, often sick and destitute. These are supplied with the necessities of life, and helped to make their dwellings more comfortable. In nearly all cases the poor are unable to obtain reading-matter of any kind, and are eager for what we give them.

The music committee, including two mixed quartets, have regularly visited the Old People's Home and other sick and infirm persons, singing for them, and offering spiritual encouragement.

The Society has charge of the meeting at the Star of Hope Mission on Jefferson Street one evening each week, providing speakers and music. Besides those who lead, other young people attend the meeting, helping to make it interesting with their songs and testimonies. This night is exclusive of the one provided for by the medical students.

A few weeks ago Brother W. R. White, one of our active members, left for England, where he connects with the publishing work. Our prayers go with him, and we trust his efforts there may be as much a blessing to the young people as they were here.

We can not but believe that the work here is a training-school, and that many loyal-hearted young men and women will go out from this place to the regions beyond to hold up the light of present truth. Wherever we are, if we are willing to improve the little opportunities, greater ones will surely be presented. Let us firmly believe, as we so often sing:—

"There's surely somewhere a lonely place
In earth's harvest fields so wide,
Where I may labor through life's short day
For Jesus, the crucified."

CARRIE HATHAWAY.

Battles between Truth and Falsehood

STUDY PREPARED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

Lesson XII—Redemption

(June 29 to July 5)

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

Man was a bankrupt. He had received nothing for himself or his property. A tyrant had control of the fair homestead of Adam. But the usurper was not allowed peaceable possession. He must prove his right to rule. God's example in dealing with this arrogant rebel contains a marvelous lesson. God deals in justice and right, even with rebels and wrong-doers. All will one day admit that God has done right.

Satan claimed that it was impossible for any one to keep God's law. God had given life and property to man, on condition of perfect obedience. Now, a man must be found who would vindicate God's plan. He must also be a child of Adam, in order that he might rightfully redeem the family inheritance.

God's dear Son offered to become man's champion. He covered his divinity with humanity. He became one of the human family. He renounced his right to the throne of God, and became one of us. O, wondrous love! O, strange condescension! The Son of God became the Son of man! He went down to the very depths of human weakness, to redeem man's failure.

Outline

Man sold himself for nothing. Isa. 52:3.
God found a ransom. Job 33:23, 24.
All God's ways are right. Deut. 32:4.
Obedience is the condition of life. Deut. 11:26-28; 30:19.
Death follows sin. Rom. 6:23.
God redeemed the life. Rom. 6:23; Ps. 103:4.
God gave his Son as a ransom. 1 Peter 1:18:19.

A Good Report

THE following report has been received from Clarence J. Boyd, for the young people of the North Side Chicago church:—

"Our young people are few in number here in North Chicago, but we hope to band our little company together for effective service for the Master. We met last Sabbath afternoon, and the writer was appointed leader. We intend to follow as closely as possible the lessons in the INSTRUCTOR, and to make our meetings as practically educational as possible, so that our members shall be able to assist in Bible work in the city."

"REMEMBER that there is something to be considered besides pattern, in the fabric of life. There is fiber."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

If I Were You

If I a little girl could be,
Well — just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn and say:
" 'Tis good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my bird, that's what I'd do,
If I were you.

Or if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know,
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun,—
Ah! if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive, with all my might,
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero, as in days of old;
'T would be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say:
" My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy, I know
I would be so.

—Independent.

On the Potter's Wheel

THERE are lessons to be learned in the workshop as well as in the school. And some lessons can be better taught at the bench than at the desk.

The Lord had something for Jeremiah to learn in the workshop. Therefore the command came: "Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there will I cause thee to hear my words." Jer. 18: 2.

When the prophet entered the potter's house, the workman was spinning the horizontal wheel round and round like a top, shaping the swiftly whirling lump of clay into a vessel. "And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it."

Are you not glad the potter did not fling the whole lump away when some hard particle in it marred the graceful form of the vessel almost completed? Patiently he labored still, to reshape it, and turned it out as beautiful a vessel as it was possible for his hand to form.

I am thankful all the time that the divine Potter patiently perseveres with us, who are as clay upon the wheel of life's providences. Sometimes the shifting, changing experiences seem hard, it may be; but the faster the wheel whirls, the more rapidly the clay takes shape. The pressing trial is but the pressure of the Potter's hand, which is to mold the life according to his own gracious thought for us. We lose by rebelling against his will, even as the vessel that was marred in the hands of the potter. He can not make the life as beautiful as he might have made it had we been willing. But still he works, and he will do for us all that we will allow him to do.

This blessed lesson forever makes beautiful the work of the potter. Perhaps many of our readers have watched the clay on the wheel, and have seen it rise like a thing of life, and take its shape. I myself never saw it until in London, years ago, I watched a potter, from the Potteries district of England, who had come down during a strike to earn money by exhibiting his work on the street-corners. I confess to having followed him about for a half-hour to watch him at his work. In the East, however, one may see the potter sitting at his wheel,—just such a wheel, I fancy, as Jeremiah must have looked upon so long ago. And no doubt the potter him-

self looked very like his Indian brother workman of to-day.

Very likely Jeremiah's potter never knew what a lesson he had taught for all later time that day. He was faithful to the task of the hour, and his painstaking work in that shop still blesses men. There is no drudgery in useful toil, and many a man in the shops to-day may be preaching effective sermons as he works. Thanks to the honest potter for the lesson that he taught!

W. A. SPICER.

How Indians Make Acorn Bread

PERHAPS some of the INSTRUCTOR readers would like to know how the Indians make acorn bread. First a squaw takes some acorn meal, and pours it into rather small pine baskets. Then going to the creek, she wades in, and selects a number of smooth stones, which she places in a fire that has been kindled on the ground. While the stones are heating, she arranges a smooth pile of green leaves and twigs a little distance from the fire, and spreads over them a clean barley sack.

She puts all the meal on this sack, at the same time dropping in a cedar twig for flavoring. Then she pours enough water on the meal to cover it, and leaves it until all the water has soaked through the sack. This process, which takes some time, is to remove the bitter flavor.

After this is accomplished, she empties the meal into the baskets again and pouring in sufficient water to cook it, sets them aside. Then, first dipping her hands into cold water, she draws the hot stones from the coals, and drops them, covered with ashes, into the baskets of meal. The meal soon begins to boil vigorously, as if over a hot fire.

The squaw continues to heat stones, and drop them into the meal from time to time to prolong the boiling. When the meal becomes of the right consistency, she takes out the stones, and carries the baskets to the creek. Then, wading on to where the water is deepest, she empties the contents of the baskets into the cold water. The instant they touch the water, they harden into the shape of the baskets.

Then they are ready to be cut into slices and eaten. This acorn bread is about the consistency of "nucose," a St. Helena Sanitarium nut food, but it is much lighter in color, almost white. It has a rich, nutty flavor; and the Indians eat a great deal of it, claiming that it is very fattening.

MABEL SKELTON.

A Brave Coward

If one is brave on the outside, quite brave in doing what is right, does it matter if, inside, one is full of fear? I think not.

Now Archibald was afraid of many things,—of the dark, for one thing; and of going alone from his house to grandmother's, for another.

Yet Archibald would go up-stairs at supper time, when no one else was there, and there was no light, but many dark corners all about, and reach his small hand into the closet, which was even darker than the hall and the room, catch up father's slippers, and then run down-stairs with them to where father was waiting in the sitting-room, by the bright lamp, to change them for his heavy business shoes. Archibald would come bursting into the pleasant room with his eyes shining, and his breath coming quick, and set down the slippers with an air of triumph.

"Thank you, my boy," father would say.

Archibald would beam with pleasure. He never told how afraid he was of the dark hall. He did not know what it was that frightened him, but the furniture did not look as it did in the daytime, and the clothes hanging in the closet would brush against him as he opened the door in a dreadful manner,—not at all as they did in daylight.

Archibald was only four. It was four blocks from his house to grandmother's. Grandmother's house had a big yard, and steps up from the pavement, and tall, white columns at the porch, with green vines all twined round them. There were flowers in the oval beds in the grass; and in the hall a glass case holding many gay-feathered

birds brought from southern lands; and in the parlor, shells and coral and seaweed from a far-away ocean; and in the dining-room, caraway-seed cookies in the great tureen. Could a little boy go to a nicer house than that to spend the day? Besides there was grandmother herself, always ready to tell stories about when she was a little girl.

Now when Archibald was four, his mother decided he was old enough to go alone to grandmother's. Every one on the route to his

grandmother's knew Archibald. So how could he get lost, with so many kind people on the way?

When told he might go to grandmother's all alone, and stay for dinner, and carry this little note from mother, Archibald swallowed hard. He was ashamed to say that he was afraid to walk there alone, but he was. He started bravely off, just the same; for he was a brave coward, you see,—which is an excellent kind. He looked back at mother's smiling face in the window, and tried to smile in return. Then he ran as fast as he could, and never stopped until he was safely inside grandmother's gate. He knew this time what he was afraid of. Some one had said there were rats in the cellar of Mr. Bell's grocery store.

Grandmother saw how out of breath he was, and asked the reason. Then Archibald, who was only four, you must remember, burst out crying, and confessed about being afraid of Mr. Bell's rats.

"But I came, grandma, I came," he said, between sobs.



A HINDU POTTER AT HIS WHEEL

"So you did," said grandma. "Any one can be brave when he's not afraid, but I call it a fine thing to be brave even when you are afraid. Now, Archibald, I will tell you what I will do. I will write a letter to those rats, and tell them to let my grandson alone."

After a happy day, grandmother handed him a little three-cornered note directed to "All Rats in Mr. Bell's Cellar." Archibald walked home, and even as he passed the grocery store, he held his head high, and did not run, though his eyes shone, and his breath came quick. He treasured his note, and carried it every time he passed Mr. Bell's.

No one knew he was afraid of the dark hall, so no one gave him a note to the shadows. He kept on doing the things he was afraid of in spite of being afraid. Except about those rats, he never told any one. I do not know what he is afraid of now; for he is a tall man, with boys of his own; but, if he is a coward, he is a brave one, I am sure of that.—*Selected.*



Ask and Receive

Ask, and God shall give you
What he knows is best,
As he does the sparrow
In its humble nest.

Seek the Lord steadfastly,
As a faithful Friend;
Light and hope and courage
Shall your way attend.

Knock, and he will open,
Bid you enter in,
If your earthly course is run
Glorifying him.

Asking, seeking, knocking,
Lord, we come to thee,
Knowing thou hast promised
All in all to be.

AGNES H. BROWN.

Onward and Upward

I WISH I could portray the beauty of the Christian life. Beginning in the morning of life, controlled by the laws of nature and of God, the Christian moves steadily onward and upward, daily drawing nearer his heavenly home, where await for him a crown of life, and a new name, "which no man knoweth saving him that receiveth it." Constantly he grows in happiness, in holiness, in usefulness. The progress of each year exceeds that of the past year.

God has given the youth a ladder to climb, a ladder that reaches from earth to heaven. Above this ladder is God, and on every round fall the bright beams of his glory. He is watching those who are climbing, ready, when the grasp relaxes, and the steps falter, to send help. Yes, tell it in words full of cheer, that no one who perseveringly climbs the ladder will fail of gaining an entrance into the heavenly city.

Satan presents many temptations to the youth. He is playing the game of life for their souls, and he leaves no means untried to allure and ruin them. But God does not leave them to fight unaided against the tempter. They have an all-powerful Helper. Stronger far than their foe is he who in this world and in human nature met and conquered Satan, resisting every temptation that comes to the youth to-day. He is their Elder Brother. He feels for them a deep and tender interest. He keeps over them a constant watch-care, and he rejoices when they try to please him. As they pray, he mingles with their prayers the incense of his righteousness, and offers them to God as a fragrant sacrifice. In his strength the youth can endure hardness

as good soldiers of the cross. Strengthened with his might, they are enabled to reach the high ideal before them. The sacrifice made on Calvary is the pledge of their victory.

The church of God is made up of vessels large and small. The Lord does not ask for anything unreasonable. He does not expect the smaller vessels to hold the contents of the larger ones. He looks for returns according to what a man has, not according to what he has not. Do your best, and God will accept your efforts. Take up the duty lying nearest you, and perform it with fidelity, and your work will be wholly acceptable to the Master. Do not, in your desire to do something great, overlook the smaller tasks awaiting you.

Beware how you neglect secret prayer and a study of God's word. These are your weapons against him who is striving to hinder your progress heavenward. The first neglect of prayer and Bible study makes easier the second neglect. The first resistance to the Spirit's pleading prepares the way for the second resistance. Thus the heart is hardened, and the conscience seared.

On the other hand, every resistance of temptation makes resistance more easy. Every denial of self makes self-denial easier. Every victory gained prepares the way for a fresh victory. Each resistance of temptation, each self-denial, each triumph over sin, is a seed sown unto eternal life. Every unselfish action gives new strength to spirituality. No one can try to be like Christ without growing more noble and more true.

The Lord will recognize every effort you make to reach his ideal for you. When you make failures, when you are betrayed into sin, do not feel that you can not pray, that you are not worthy to come before the Lord. "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, ye have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." With outstretched arms he waits to welcome the prodigal. Go to him, and tell him about your mistakes and failures. Ask him to strengthen you for fresh endeavor. He will never disappoint you, never abuse your confidence.

Trial will come to you. Thus the Lord polishes the roughness from your character. Do not murmur. You make the trial harder by repining. Honor God by cheerful submission. Patiently endure the pressure. Even though a wrong is done you, keep the love of God in the heart. "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it. The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry."

"Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day,
Wait but to-morrow, will have passed away."

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Christ knows the strength of your temptations and the strength of your power to resist. His hand is always stretched out in pitying tenderness to every suffering child. To the tempted, discouraged one he says, Child for whom I suffered and died, can not you trust me? "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. . . . Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." He will be to you as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. He says, "Come unto me, . . . and I will give you rest,"—rest that the world can neither give nor take away. Come unto me, and your heart will be filled with the peace that passes all understanding.

Words can not describe the peace and joy possessed by him who takes God at his word. Trials do not disturb him, slights do not vex him. Self is crucified. Day by day his duties may become more taxing, his temptations stronger, his trials more severe; but he does not falter; for he receives strength equal to his need.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

A Comparison

LIKE sandpipers running the sunny beach,
Hither and thither the long day through,
Striving no worthier goal to reach
Than the drifts of sand by the ocean's blue,
So some of us run on the shores of life,
Hither and thither with wanton feet,
Buffeted far when the winds are rife,
Dreaming at ease when the days are sweet.

Like an eagle rising at break of morn,
Out of the mists that have veiled the night,
While a deep desire in his breast is born,
To plant his feet on the crags of light;
So, out of the sin of some darkened place,
I see a soul that is steadfast rise,
Till, through its faith in the Master's grace,
It whitens and gleams in the upper skies.

—Edmund J. Wilson.

Nails That Held

THE sound of a lively tattoo, played, apparently, by a hammer, caused Uncle Jack to lay aside his paper, and stroll out to the back yard, from which the noise seemed to come. There he found Harry at work, nailing a loose board to the fence.

"Carpentering, eh?" said Uncle Jack. "Well, I like to see a boy who's handy with his tools. Look here, though, Harry. Here's a nail that I'm afraid won't hold."

He pointed to a nail which had been driven in close to the rounding surface of the post, and which was half exposed.

"Oh, that won't make any difference, Uncle Jack," Harry said, lightly. "It's put in well enough for this kind of work."

But his uncle did not seem to agree in this. "I hope you don't intend to drive all your nails that way," he said, gravely.

"Why, Uncle Jack, you talk as if I expected to be a carpenter! I won't have many nails to drive if I study to be a lawyer."

"I don't believe you understand what I mean, Harry," Uncle Jack said with a smile. "I shall have to tell you about a friend of mine, and the nails he has been driving."

"His name doesn't count in the story, though perhaps you might recognize it if I told you. He came over from Germany several years ago, a young fellow of eighteen or twenty, who was anxious to get a start in America. He had no business training; but he was an artist to his finger tips, and had done some work in drawing and painting before he left the old country. When he landed in New York, he did not know what he could do to make a living; but he found work before he had been in the country twelve hours. A man at the docks heard him say that he was a painter, and offered him the job of painting a small schooner that lay at anchor not far away. It wasn't the sort of painting that Albrecht meant or wanted, but he answered promptly that he would do it."

"Good for him!" Harry interrupted.

"That was what I said, when he told me about his experiences. Well, he did such a good piece of work on the schooner that he soon got other work of the same kind. The first nail that he drove held, you see."

"He wasn't satisfied with work of that sort, though. You couldn't expect that he would be. So he got ready to drive another nail. Out of his small earnings, he managed to pay for a course of evening lessons at a New York art school; and before very long was doing illustrating for some of the daily papers. His work was good, and growing better all the time, and he had little trouble in disposing of it. Thus the second nail held."

"You might have thought that he would be satisfied with this. It was work that he liked, and it brought him a good income, which he could depend upon. But no! He felt that he could do a still better and higher class of work. He had been studying and experimenting and practicing, and at last he surprised all his friends by giving

up his illustrating, and putting in his whole time at portrait painting. Many of his friends — and I'll own that I was one of them — thought it a foolish move; for he had a good, safe line of work, and the portrait painting was bound to be more or less an uncertainty."

"How did he come out?" Harry asked, full of interest.

"We might have known what the result would be," Uncle Jack went on. "Well, you know Albrecht was a boy who drove his nails to hold, and this third one was no exception. He proved to have a wonderful knack for getting delicate flesh tints, and it wasn't long before his portraits were in as great demand as his illustrations had been. Now his reputation has traveled across the ocean, and I saw the other day by the papers that he had sailed for Germany, to execute an order there. I tell you, Harry, it's a great thing to drive your nails so they hold."

Harry said nothing when the story was finished, but his eyes met Uncle Jack's steadily for a moment. Then with the forked side of the hammer he slowly drew out the first nail that he had put in, and drove it in again straight and true. — *Young People's Weekly.*



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

I—Cain and Abel

(July 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 14: 1-15.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother. For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another." 1 John 3: 10, 11.

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

Cain and his brother Abel were the first little children ever born into this world. But although they lived together in the same home, they really belonged to quite different families. One of them was a child of God, and the other was a child of the wicked one.

We have learned that by believing in Jesus we receive "power to become the sons of God." The sacrifice that Abel offered showed his faith in Jesus, and this made him God's child.

Cain might also have been the child of God if he had chosen, but he did not; for he that loveth not his brother is not of God. The Bible tells us plainly that "Cain was of that wicked one."

That men might always remember his great plan to save them from sin and death, God taught them to offer sacrifices. This was to teach them of Jesus, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." It was to teach them that they can have life only through his death; for his blood alone can wash away sin. They were also to offer the first-fruits of the ground, giving thanks to God, who gave them everything that they had.

It was for their own sakes, that they might come and learn of him and receive a blessing, that God told men to offer these sacrifices. It was not because he wanted the things that they offered; for these were all burned up. The real sacrifice that God accepted and loved was the sorrow for sin, the faith in Jesus, the gratitude for his mercy, in which the offering was made.

So it was by faith that Abel offered to God a better sacrifice than Cain. God looked not at the gifts, but at the spirit in which they were brought. Faith and love to God lead us to obey him—to do just what he tells us to do. This Abel did when he brought to God one of the firstlings of his flock.

But Cain brought only a thank-offering,—the fruits of the ground,—and offered these without

the blood of the lamb. He did not show any sorrow for his sin, nor any faith in Jesus, who is the way—the only way—by which we can come to God and be accepted.

God looked into the hearts of the two brothers, and he accepted the sacrifice of Abel's heart, which was offered in faith. But he saw that Cain did not bring to him any real sacrifice, but only the outward form of one, which he could not accept. God loved Cain as much as Abel; for he told him that if he did well, he should be accepted also.

Notice the steps that Cain took when he let Satan lead him. First, he was jealous of Abel, and this made him angry with him; then he hated him, and at last he slew him. The murder of Abel was the fruit of those first feelings of jealousy that he let come as bad seed into his heart. Jesus showed that when we are jealous or angry, we are disobeying the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." And his word also says that "whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."

Questions

1. What was the name of the first child born into the world?
2. What was his brother's name?
3. What was the occupation of each of these boys?
4. What did Cain bring to God as an offering?
5. What sacrifice did Abel offer?
6. What two kinds of offerings were men taught to bring to God?
7. Of whom was the lamb offered for sin to remind them? John 1: 29.
8. What was the difference between the two offerings that the brothers brought? Heb. 11: 4.
9. What was it that made Abel's offering better than Cain's?
10. How did God show that there was a difference between them?
11. What effect did this have on Cain?
12. How did God reason with him?
13. Did he repent? By what terrible deed did he show his jealousy?
14. Why did he slay his brother? 1 John 3: 12.
15. Whose child did his actions show Cain to be? 1 John 3: 10.
16. But of whom was Abel the son? How can you tell? Gal. 3: 26.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

I—The Mission of God's People

(July 5)

MEMORY VERSE: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16: 15.

Synopsis

We have been giving some study to the Lord's promises to Abraham and David, whose period of time marks a certain point in the history of God's people. Matt. 1: 17. In David's reign the history of Israel came to its climax, and the kingdom reached in extent the fulfillment of the promise given to Abraham, and afterward repeated to Moses. Compare Gen. 15: 18; Deut. 11: 22-25; and 1 Kings 4: 21. "In his own realm, David's power became very great. He commanded, as few sovereigns in any age have been able to command, the affections and allegiance of his people. He honored God, and God honored him."—"Patriarchs and Prophets."

But in the midst of the prosperity of Israel lurked danger. In the time of greatest triumph, Israel was in the greatest peril. David's victories had given Solomon a peaceful reign, so that the temple of the Lord could be built (1 Kings 5: 4, 5); but as soon as Solomon turned from the Lord to go after other gods, the Lord stirred up an adversary to Israel all the rest of his days (1 Kings 11: 25), and it was only because of David's faithfulness, that the whole kingdom was not rent at once out of his hand. 1 Kings 11: 34. This experience began a turning-point in Israel's history, and from that time until the captivity into Babylon we can mark a downward slide.

Thus the tabernacle of David fell. Amos 9: 11. If the people of Israel had been faithful to their high privileges in ministering their blessings to the other nations (Ps. 67: 1, 2), they would have ruled over all the nations (Ps. 81: 13-15); but unfaithfulness to their trust made them subject to the nations just as prophecy had declared. Deut. 28: 15, 37. This is the explanation of the varying experiences of victory and defeat of

Israel until they were carried away captive into Babylon. Moreover, Hezekiah's failure to give the heathen a knowledge of the true God, brought about a direct prophecy of the captivity of the whole nation. Isa. 39: 6, 7.

Hezekiah had been sick unto death, but turning to the Lord in prayer, fifteen years were added to his life. Then Hezekiah asked for a sign that the thing would be done (2 Kings 20: 8), and the sun went back in its course ten degrees. Isa. 38: 8. This wonder stirred up the astronomers of Babylon, and they sent at once to find out the cause of it. 2 Chron. 32: 31. The king of Babylon had heard of Hezekiah's sickness (2 Kings 20: 12), and had even sent letters and a present to him, which accounts for his looking to Israel for a cause of the "wonder done in the land."

God gave this experience to Hezekiah to try him, that he might know all that was in his heart. When the ambassadors came from Babylon, King Hezekiah harkened unto them (2 Kings 20: 13), and took them into his house, and showed them all his treasures, instead of leading them to God.

The sign given the king of Israel was God's method of arousing Babylon to send to Jerusalem to inquire about it; and Hezekiah's failure to improve the opportunity to spread the knowledge of God made communion with Babylon a curse instead of a blessing. 2 Chron. 32: 25.

Questions

1. Into what three periods does Matthew divide the history of Israel?
2. Which one have we been studying for a few lessons?
3. In whose reign did Israel's history come to its climax?
4. What promise did David fulfill?
5. What does "Patriarchs and Prophets" say of his reign?
6. What did his victories enable Solomon to do?
7. What was the result of Solomon's turning to worship other gods?
8. Why was not the kingdom taken out of his hands?
9. What turning-point in Israel's history did his experience begin?
10. What does the prophet Amos say of this time?
11. For what purpose had God given special blessings and prosperity to Israel?
12. What was the result of their not fulfilling their mission?
13. Who prophesied of this?
14. Whose experience brought about a prophecy of the captivity?
15. What blessing came to Hezekiah?
16. What heathen nation heard of it? How?
17. What did the king of Babylon do about it?
18. How did Hezekiah fail to improve the opportunity of communion with Babylon?
19. What was the result?
20. What lesson is there in this experience for us?

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THE Christian is not responsible for the success of his work. But he is responsible for his obedience to Him whose the work is.

THE address of Lucy Page Gaston, editor of *The Boy*, is 1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago. This notice is inserted in response to many inquiries. Miss Gaston will be pleased to send sample copies of *The Boy*, with full information concerning her work, to all who are interested.

Joseph's Faithfulness

THE life of Joseph not only forms one of the most thrilling and interesting biographies ever written; but since the whole is recorded for our learning, we shall find it helpful in the building up of a perfect Christian character to study the experiences of this chosen servant of the Lord, and the way in which he met them.

One of Joseph's characteristics was faithfulness. Sent on a journey of over fifty miles to Shechem, to inquire of his brothers' welfare, he arrived only to find that they had gone fifteen miles farther away. How many a boy under similar circumstances,—weary, footsore, hungry, and with the certainty of meeting jeering words and unkind treatment,—would have thought his duty fully done, and returned home with the message that the brothers had gone to Dothan. Not so Joseph! At the risk of his life, as it afterward developed, he "went after his brethren."

In Potiphar's house the same characteristic was more fully developed. Because of his faithfulness the Lord was with him, and not only blessed him, but for his sake blessed his master's house also. Though he was raised to a position of honor in Potiphar's house, Joseph did not forget God, and the duty he owed to him. In the hour of temptation he plainly declared his allegiance to God, and was faithful to his law, even though he was cast into prison as the result. But prison or palace was all the same to Joseph. The honor and faithful service that he owed to God had first place in all his thoughts. There was opportunity for faithfulness in the prison. And when Joseph was given charge over his fellow prisoners, he won their hearts by his kindness, and made known to them the name of the Lord.

At last Joseph was called from his dungeon to the palace of the king. The imprisoned slave was not afraid to speak before this heathen monarch of the God in whom he trusted. Modestly, quietly, yet faithfully, he witnessed to the power and goodness of the God whom he served.

If Joseph had been unfaithful as a child, if he had slighted his duties, if he had failed to witness for God in his daily life during all the years of his service for Potiphar, and in the prison, he would no doubt have found a hundred ex-

cuses for failing to witness for him before Pharaoh. But while he was a child in his father's house, he loved God and hated evil. As a youth, he was faithful in the work required of him. When he was sold as a slave, he still trusted in God. In Potiphar's house he was loyal to him. In prison he honored him. Before Pharaoh he glorified him. Because of this God could exalt Joseph, and place in his hands an important work.

Josephs are needed now. There is a great work before every one who will give God the first place in his thoughts, who will trust him in every experience that comes, and will bear loyal witness to his love, not only in words, but by the convincing testimony of a pure, upright, and faithful life.

One Day's Work

ONE of the workers on the *INSTRUCTOR* recently spent a day in a near-by town canvassing for "Christ's Object Lessons." She describes her experience as follows:—

"I began work with an earnest prayer that God would use me to his glory, and that sheaves might be gathered into his garner as a result of that day's effort; for it is not often I enjoy such a privilege.

"At the first house to which I was admitted I met a lady who was unable to pay for a book inside of three months, but who, after a brief canvass, wanted to canvass for it herself; for, said she, 'that is just what we believe.' I learned later that she was the wife of a Christian minister.

"At the next house I met a dear old woman who kindly invited me in, and listened intently to the description of the book. She was unable to buy it, but seemed eager to tell me of a niece for whose salvation she was greatly burdened. I cited her to many assuring promises in God's word, showing that he is anxious for all to come to repentance, and is much more interested in the salvation of a soul than we can possibly be. She was encouraged to continue in prayer for her loved one, and by the tears in her eyes showed that she appreciated the little talk we had together.

"At another house a kind-faced woman greeted me; but after I had briefly introduced my work, she said she could not possibly buy a book, and therefore would not take my time. I told her I would not mind spending time to tell her about it, even though she did not take it, if she could spare the time. She assented. Before I had finished reading the first paragraph on page 19, tears were in her eyes. As I proceeded, she wept, and said, 'I try to be a Christian, but I know I am often rebellious and disobedient.' Then she spoke of her little boys, whom she is anxious to train up aright, and of some of the difficulties in her way. Finally she said she must have the book, though she did not know where the money to pay for it was coming from. Over an hour was spent in conversation with her, and my forenoon was entirely gone; but I believe that fruit yet will appear to the glory of God from the talks had with sincere persons that day."

In conclusion this worker adds this earnest word:—

"All that has been said concerning the blessing there is in taking hold of this work wholeheartedly is true. It not only unites the hearts of believers in the third angel's message, but draws out our hearts to those who are hungry for the truth, and are asking us to give it to them. Shall we refuse?"

Erratum

THE article entitled, "Why Am I Here?" (May 29, page 170), and credited to C. L. Taylor, should have been credited to J. C. Anderson.



WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

BRINGING THE MOON NEARER.—A new telescope to be made according to the plans of Thomas Preston Brooke, of England, is promised. By the aid of this instrument it is hoped that the moon will be brought within eight miles of the earth instead of forty miles. The cost of the lens for the new telescope will be about ten thousand dollars.

A TELEPHONE IMPROVEMENT.—A French inventor has recently perfected a "loud-talking" telephone, by whose aid conversation may be carried on with persons at a distance exactly as if they were in the room with the speaker. When communication is open between two points, it is not even necessary to "ring-up"—merely to ask if the person is there. If it is desired to carry on private conversation, the pressure of a button transforms the loud-talking telephone into the ordinary whispering instrument.

A GIANT LOCOMOTIVE AND HEADLIGHT.—An Eastern shop has just completed the largest railroad engine ever built. It is seventy feet long, and as high as three men of average height, standing on each other's shoulders. It is claimed that under favorable conditions this engine will be able to pull a train of average weight at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. If that is true, it ought certainly to be equipped with one of the powerful headlights adopted by a Western company for its engines. "The apparatus consists of a powerful arc-light, and a dynamo and steam motor, which occupy the space in the locomotive usually devoted to the headlight. The light not only permits the engineer to see the track ahead of him for a great distance, but also on the darkest night casts such expansive rays that persons miles away can not fail to be aware of the approach of the train."

THE BOER WAR ENDED.—The sad struggle in South Africa, which, during the two years and eight months of its continuance, has cost Great Britain the lives of twenty-four thousand men, besides seventy-five thousand invalided and wounded, and one billion dollars in money, was officially ended on May 31, when the Boer representative in London signed the terms of peace. These are briefly summarized by the *Literary Digest* as follows:—

The burgher forces lay down their arms, and hand over all their rifles, guns, and ammunition of war in their possession, or under their control.

All prisoners are to be taken back as soon as possible to South Africa, without loss of liberty or property.

No action to be taken against prisoners, except where they are guilty of breaches of the rules of war.

Dutch is to be taught in the schools, if desired by the parents, and used in the courts, if necessary.

Rifles are allowed for protection. Military occupation is to be withdrawn as soon as possible, and self-government (not independence) substituted.

There is to be no tax on the Transvaal to pay the cost of the war.

The sum of three million sterling (\$15,000,000) is to be provided for restocking the Boers' farms.

Rebels are liable to trial, according to the law of the colony to which they belong. The rank and file will be disfranchised for life. The death penalty will not be inflicted.