

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LI

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, FEBRUARY 5, 1903

No. 4



Some Missionary Experiences

Extracts from a Letter by Mrs. J. N. Anderson

(Concluded)

We have a large basement in our house, with plastered walls and tile floors. This is intended for the servants' quarters. But as our servants are limited to one in the house, the room is used only for storage purposes, being too damp for constant use. Lately we have been holding some Chinese meetings here, and Akow is very enthusiastic about "teaching Jesus" to the Chinamen. No matter how many or how arduous have been the duties of the day, he esteems it a privilege to prepare the room, and to invite in all the passers-by.

The study is given by a young man who has lately accepted the truth here in Hong-kong. He was born in Sydney, Australia, his father being connected with a large tea company there as a Chinese buyer. On the death of his mother in his twelfth year, he came to Hong-kong to be near his father, who was then at Foochow, and to finish his education in the Diocesan School established here by the London Mission Society. He has grown up in this colony, and speaks and writes the Cantonese almost like a native, besides being master of several dialects. Recently he was engaged as a postal clerk in the government office, but as his time on Sabbath could not be granted him, he resigned. He is very anxious to go to America, to prepare for work among the natives. He is quite conversant with business methods in the East, although only twenty-three years of age, and is of a conservative, cautious disposition. We feel that his conversion is providential, and would be glad to have him connect with us as a helper immediately.

Another young man, Davis by name, formerly in the British navy, but who about a year and a half ago secured release from that service, that he might be free to keep the commandments of God, and then, through discouragement, joined the Imperial Maritime Customs, where it was just as impossible to be loyal to the Sabbath, has lately been reclaimed, and now purposes to carry out his original vow, and devote his life to saving souls. His record in the navy is that of a brave, spirited Christian man. We had heard of him through the men on several ships, all of whom spoke of him as possessed of great zeal and Christian courage.

Brother La Rue had lost track of him, and so had all his old friends. They only knew he had gone into the customs at Canton. When we were there last September, we determined to look him up. My husband went to the custom-house to inquire, and was delighted to find him in the office having been sent to another post, but afterward returned to Canton. We had heard so much of him that I had formed in my mind the picture of a middle-aged man, dark-complexioned, and with a stern bearing. Imagine my surprise when

Mr. Anderson returned in company with a youth of pure Saxon type, less than his own inches in stature, dressed in a white duck suit, with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, and introduced him as Brother Davis.

Several weeks later he made us a visit here in our home, and stayed a number of days. He was tired of the world and separation from the Father's house, and seemed to appreciate being here with us all. It was during this time that he publicly acknowledged his backsliding and consequent shame and confusion, and expressed his determination to carry out his original vow. He must wait till his resignation can be accepted at Peking, but will be free about the middle of December. In the meantime he is doing his best to keep the Sabbath, and has procured a teacher, and begun the study of Chinese. He will join us here

about two months; but as things look, it will probably be much more difficult to limit the pupils to the number she can accommodate than to secure patronage. The Chinaman who gives the room came up to visit the school yesterday, and seemed quite pleased with it. My sister has been teaching only three weeks. Last week her work was interrupted by an attack of malaria consequent upon a spell of rain and fog. One boy about eighteen or twenty years of age came to her with tears in his eyes, saying, "O Miss Thompson! if you will only teach me English, so I can understand about God, I will believe all you teach me." She has not begun any real Bible study, as they understand too little English to get straight impressions yet, but has woven some thoughts into the conversational exercises. Three of the boys have come to her, expressing it to be their desire to become



LI HUNG CHANG'S CONFUCIAN TEMPLE

in Hong-kong when free, continuing his study in Chinese and Bible under our direction, and doing what missionary work he can in a self-supporting way. He will be a great help in the mission.

We are very anxious for some one to come and assume charge of this English work, to leave us free for the field. At present we are so much diverted from the study of the language that our progress is very slow. We ought to be immersed in a solution of Chinese for about two years, to allow it to soak in. We believe the Lord is about to give us workers for China right here on the ground, and we must get on fast, in order to be prepared to give intelligent direction to their work. Two young people from New Zealand have offered themselves for this field.

My sister has twelve boys in her school now. Every one thought it would be difficult to get pupils before the Chinese New Year, which comes the latter part of January, but really consumes

Christians. They are fine lads. No one could help loving them for their eager faces. Five of them have joined our Sabbath-school, in order to learn to sing, and to learn what they can with the little English at their command. They have learned the words of "I'm the Child of a King." Each one sings in his own time and tune, according as he can manage to twist out the English. But they are so earnest about it that I am sure the angels are pleased. The boys all seem to understand that our school is to be a Christian school, and have entered it for that reason.

We have been limited by ill health, and hampered by being unable to speak the language; but the good Lord has multiplied the little, and given us a glimpse of what he will do if we are faithful in acquiring the language and in consecrating our powers to him. This is one of the places, I am sure, where God will work a second time the miracles of the primitive gospel.

A Study of Words

Difficulties of English

A versifier in the Bangalore Magazine thus depicts the difficulties of a foreigner in learning the English language:—

"When the English tongue we speak,
Why is break not rhymed with freak?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say sew but likewise few,
And the maker of a verse
Can not cap his horse with worse?
Beard sounds not the same as heard;
Cord is different from word;
Cow is cow, but low is low;
Shoe is never rhymed with foe.
Think of hose and dose and lose,
And of goose and yet of choose.
Think of comb and tomb and bomb,
Doll and roll and home and some.
And since pay is rhymed with say,
Why not paid with said, I pray?
We have blood and food and good,
Mould is not pronounced like could.
Wherefore done and gone and lone?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sounds and letters disagree."

III—The Dictionary a Fashion Catalogue

If a man were to walk along the street to-day dressed in the fashion of a hundred years ago, everybody would stare at him. He would be odd. His clothing would seem unbecoming, outlandish, and altogether inappropriate.

Look at some pictures of the women of Colonial days, and see if you think their fashion of dressing is as neat and dainty and becoming as that of to-day. Compare the fashions of the present with those of fifty, one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, and four hundred years ago, and notice how different fashions of dress affect the looks of people.

But with words we do not find such fickleness, such foolishness. They appear to have more serious business to attend to than continually trying this or that new fad of decorating themselves. So little do they care for personal adornment, that most of our English words wear the same style of coat, the same length of trousers, and the same pattern of shoe that they wore in the time of Shakespeare.

Of course there are exceptions. Even among words we cannot always expect to find every one steady-going and sensible. Look through the dictionary, and occasionally you will find one whose present style of dress is so different from that which he used to wear that you would hardly recognize him. Notice some of them: A few hundred years ago a man skilled in the use of English said, "It is our duty to testify to an affectionate resentment to God." "Resentment" once dressed so that he conveyed the idea of acknowledging a favor. Now he wears so harsh and savage a garb that he very closely resembles "exasperation" or "indignation."

Another writer said, "Humility is a duty in great ones no less than in idiots." "Idiots" in those days was an honorable and dignified word, signifying a private man, as opposed to one in a public position. Now it has degenerated into a pitiable being, with all its garments so disheveled and disarranged, and showing such utter lack of intelligence, that we use it to represent one who is wholly devoid of reason.

"Painful" shows a similar degeneration. Once it dressed so neatly and tastefully that it was a synonym for "taking pains," but now it has such an unsightly appearance as to "produce pain." So in the better days of this word the Puritans charged the Bishop of Ely with "having banished fifty godly, learned, and painful preachers" from the kingdom.

When the King James' Translation of the Bible was made, the very best words were chosen to

convey the thought. Even after four hundred years have elapsed, most of those words are still the best ones for that purpose.

But a few have adopted different fashions, such as "prevent," "suffer," "charity," and others, and some, even, have died. And this reminds me of asking you to notice that words do not live always. Many of our words have lived a thousand years, and are still as youthful as ever, but some have gone down to the grave, and others are tottering under the weight of years, and nobody thinks of using them in the wear and tear of every-day life, but only to add dignity and sacredness to the expression of their choicest and most poetic thoughts.

Many of my young readers have perhaps never observed that these aged words, when catalogued in the dictionary, have the term "obsolescent" opposite them, and the dead ones have the mark "obsolete" opposite them. But concerning the birth and death of words I shall have something to say in another paper.

Now, boys and girls, one thing at least, of all I have said, I would have you keep in mind: Study the fashions of words; study the history of words, not alone from the books of fashion and history of words, but also from where the choicest words are used to express the best thoughts. It is your duty to do this; for the best and greatest men in all ages, and even God himself, speaks to you through words; and unless these words are your familiar friends, how can you become truly wise?

L. T. Curtis.

Laziness in Word Study

A member of the board of school commissioners of a leading American city was visiting a grammar school in his ward. After watching the conduct of the school for some time, he said to the principal: "I have not seen one of your pupils consult the dictionary. Is it not understood that they are to have access to it as often as they choose?"

"Certainly," replied the principal; "and, furthermore, we are constantly urging them to make use of it. But they seldom do so of their own accord. My experience teaches me that young people are likely to be content with guessing at the meanings of words. They are either too indolent or too confident of their own intuitive powers to care to look them up. We have, as you see, two of the standard dictionaries, placed where they will be most convenient of access; but their pages show scarcely any use. Pupils will not consult them unless specially directed to do so."

Immediately after this conversation a class in reading and English composition was called up for recitation, and the school commissioner asked permission to catechize the pupils on the meanings of some familiar words found in the lesson. The result was surprising, and would have been amusing had it not revealed such a lamentable state of etymological ignorance among boys and girls otherwise intelligent and well posted. As an object-lesson in the comparative interpretation of words, it was certainly interesting and suggestive.

"Bleak" was the first word that came up for definition, and the hand of nearly every pupil in the class was eagerly raised for permission to define it.

Then the questioner smilingly called for a definition in unison, and the room rang with the unanimous reply, "Cold." Astonishment and chagrin were depicted on every face when the questioner shook his head. "Why, it must mean that!" objected a little girl, timidly but eagerly. "It comes that way in every sentence, and it looks so cold it almost makes me shiver!"

"How about Dickens's 'Bleak House'?" laughed the gentleman. "Did you suppose that meant cold house?"

"Yes, sir," answered the girl, hesitatingly.

"Well, go and look it up," interposed the principal.

When the word was authoritatively defined to mean "open, cheerless," an almost incredulous murmur rose from the class.

But the next word, "lurid," evoked a wide range

of interpretation. Not one of the class had ever looked it up, but each had a distinct and confirmed guess as to its meaning. One said that it meant "dark red, blood color," adding that of course it must, because it was so often applied to a sunset. Another was confident that it meant "glaring or fierce." Still another defined it as "a kind of purple-colored curdle." The one who guessed nearest answered "cloudy." But none seemed inclined to paint the word in colors dark enough to express its real meaning.

The next question was as to the meaning of "downs"—the Sussex downs. The general agreement of the class seemed to be that "downs" were low-lying meadows, though some contended that they must be salt meadows, or in some way connected with the sea. But when the questioner informed the class that the word in its original and proper use referred to small, barren sand-hills, all the pupils exclaimed, "Oh!"

Abandoning the text of the lesson, the school commissioner then gave out for definition a number of words in common use, whose sound or appearance would be likely to lead a random guesser astray. Most of the answers were amusingly wild. "Archaic" was defined by a bright-looking girl as "pertaining to an arch." Another pupil ingeniously confessed that he had always supposed a "tapster" was a drummer! "Livid" was defined as "yellow or bilious;" "fatuous" as "something that happens according to fate;" "felony," as "a disease of the knuckles;" "monster," as "anything very large;" "augury," "a place to keep boring tools;" "weird," "skinny and tall;" "sough," "to roll in the mud," etc., etc.

But the most unfortunate feature of such early guessing, is that the original conception which one forms of a word is apt to cling to the memory, and persistently confuse the mind, even after the true meaning of the word has been repeatedly ascertained. The writer of this paper must confess that this bad habit, indulged in his youth, frequently drives him even now to the dictionary to dispel the doubt about some word which he has used hundreds of times, yet can not quite disentangle from its early misuse.

Laziness—to put it flatly—is generally the reason why young people do not look up words which are new to them, and of whose meaning they are in doubt. It requires a little extra labor and some delay to take a new word to the dictionary when it is encountered; so to save the "bother" they snatch at what seems the likeliest meaning according to the context, or from the "looks" of the word, and let it go at that. By and by, however, they will learn to their sorrow that this is a very bad habit, and will wish that they had not tried to save time in that wasteful way. In the long run, the early formed habit of "thumbing the dictionary" will prove not only a preventive of illiteracy and annoying humiliation later in life, but a great saving of time and energy as well.—Well Spring.

Soaking In

"I mean to give my boy a fine education," said a prosperous business man to the country relative across whose fields he was walking. "He shall have every advantage here and across the water."

"Ye can pour on all ye want to, but ye can't make it soak in," replied the deaf old farmer, catching only the last word, and applying it to the rocky strip of land on which his own eyes and thoughts were fixed. But he spoke the truth—more truly than he might have answered had he heard. No father, whatever his desires, can really educate his son. He can lavish upon him every advantage, but the "soaking-in" process must depend upon the boy himself, and without it all opportunities are wasted.

So it is with our spiritual education. All the home training, the surroundings, the examples, the incentives,—love, human and divine,—and all the wondrous discipline of life, can not make a fine character except as we care to have it so. Earth and heaven may pour out their advantages, but the appropriation of them rests with ourselves alone.—Selected.



The Gold-Spinner: A Song of the Corn

The breeze is light, and the cloud is high,
The dews yet white on the meadows lie.
I toil as toiled, in the legend old
The miller's daughter for straw-spun gold,
Yet by no magic of gnome or elf—
True power have I in mine own true self,
And cheerily I my task begin,
A greater than kings doth bid me spin.

The breeze is faint; and the cloud has fled,
But noon's fierce heat bows not my head,
For earth and air and wave and sun
Must serve me till my task is done;
I bind their gift on my distaff green,
And draw my threads in their silken sheen.
Spin, spin, busily spin!
And for every thread a pearl I win.

The breeze is strong, and the cloud is black.
Away, away from the storm-king's track
Shuddering bird and beast have fled!
But the rushing showers, they cool my head,
The lightning's torch beside me burns,
While swifter still my distaff turns.
Spin, spin, steadily spin!
I sing to the rolling thunder's din.

The breeze is cool, and the cloud is dim,
The moon looks over the forest's rim,
And down by the willows where lilies are,
The river has mated every star.
The sun-browned laborer takes his rest,
But night is vigor, and toil is best.
Spin, spin, and loose not hold,
For my pearls are changing to grains of gold.

The breeze is chill, and the cloud is gray,
The swift sun flies from the laggard day,
And frosty and silent lies the land.
The distaff falls from my shaking hand,
My threads are tangled, my task is done,
But the rich reward of my toil is won;
Though I am withered and old and bent,
My wealth for a hungry world is spent.
— St. Nicholas.

Two Results of Fire

I look down over the "monte," as some of the old settlers still persist in calling it, and my mind goes back to the time when I came here, when it was indeed a "monte,"—a tree-and-brush-covered valley,—and I wonder at the great change that time has wrought. It used to cost about fifty dollars an acre to clear it. After months of hard grubbing and cutting, the ground was covered with piles of unsightly logs, brush, briars, and refuse of all kinds. What could be done with it? It would take years for it to rot, and months to haul it away. There was no sale for the old willow logs. What so useful at this juncture as fire? In one day the little patch would be cleared by fire of all its unsightly rubbish, and the land that had lain useless for centuries made ready for the plow, become very valuable, and produce its hundredfold every year to feed the hungry mouths of far-away peoples.

I have known one who had toiled long and hard over the perverseness and stubbornness of a selfish heart. The ground was piled high with good intentions, broken vows, neglected opportunities. A look within made the heart sick. But "in the fulness of time God sent forth his Son." This was he of whom John the Baptist had spoken, "I indeed baptize you in water unto repentance [the grubbing work]; but he that cometh after me . . . shall baptize you in the Holy Spirit and in fire: whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly cleanse his threshing-floor; and he will gather his wheat into the garner, but the chaff will he burn

up with unquenchable fire." In one night the ground of that heart that had submitted to the work of the Holy Spirit was ready for the plow,—ready to receive the good seed of the Spirit, and by God's grace to bring forth some fruit to perfection. Some weeds may grow yet; in neglected corners even briars and thorns may spring up. It is an active soil, and if not made to produce good fruit, the bad will grow. It is still a field for the grubbing-hoe of truth to work in, but the hope is that the whole field will soon be brought into good cultivation. The fire of God's Spirit will in time burn out the briars of sin.

There is another result of fire that is not so beneficent. Here in California, wheat must be allowed to get very ripe before it is in fit condition for the great harvesting machines that cut the grain, and thresh it as they go. A drying north wind may blow for a few days, leaving the straw as dry as tinder. A spark in that waving field just then is a very destructive thing. The flames will leap from stalk to stalk and from field to field in an incredibly short time, and the work of months of labor is lost forever.

So is the human heart subject to fires that are not of God. The enemy is ever ready to set on fire the very course of nature, and destroy the harvest that was white for the Master's reaping. These are the fires of selfishness, envy, jealousy, pride, covetousness. The way that fires are put out in these large fields of grain is to plow a furrow or two, and start counter-fires against them, so that there is nothing for the on-rushing flame to catch in. So we must meet the on-rushing flame of evil desire with the word of truth. His truth is a shield and buckler. This truth is the "shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one." O, I beg of you to use this shield! It is getting too late in the harvest time for us to suffer loss now. Jesus met the enemy with, "It is written," and so may we. This is the counter-fire of his help and grace.

E. L. Paulding.

Arroyo Grande, California.

Boring Clams of the Northwest Coast

One of the strange mollusks known to science is the piddock, or "boring clam," belonging to the family of pholes. The members of this curious family bore into the sandstone ledges skirting the sea, and there take up a permanent abode, where they can be found embedded at varying depths in the rock.

Belonging to a family that is scattered worldwide, piddocks have received considerable attention at the hands of naturalists from the earliest times. But inhabiting as they do only those portions of the ledges that are never laid bare save at extreme low tide, their movements are so screened from man's prying eye that to this day they remain somewhat of an enigma.

"How do they get into the rock?" is a question invariably asked by those who for the first time see the piddocks in their peculiar habitations. Authorities have been greatly divided upon the subject. Some have held that the creatures secreted an acid that ate the rock, while others have declared that it was by long-continued action of the tongue that the burrows were excavated.

Both of these theories can be safely discarded, as it is now universally believed that the clam bores into the rock by aid of its sharp shell, which is replaced by secretions as fast as it is worn away. The muscular foot, which can be thrust forth at will in the working form, being clamped to the rock, forms a fulcrum about which the sharp shell can be brought to bear in any direction. Raspings on the walls of the burrow show conclusively that the shell is used in drilling.

Several species of piddocks are found on the shores of Puget Sound, some inhabiting the hard clay banks bordering on the sea, while others select exclusively the sandstone ledges as places of abode. Those living in the clay banks are larger and tougher than the rock-dwellers. The latter are usually about three inches long, and are as a rule buried about six inches in the ledge. I have found specimens over four inches long, embedded fully eight inches deep.

They are roughly oblong in shape, the inner end being large and rounded, while the outer end is flattened, and terminates in a long tongue or siphon. The siphon lies in the small, tube-like passage which affords the piddock its only means of communication with the outside world, and is usually thrust out to the surface ready to extract the animalcules from the seawater, upon which the clam feeds. At the first approach of danger, the siphon is withdrawn, and the burrow closed to intruders by means of the long, leathery continuations of the shell.

The shell of the mollusk is thin and brittle. The flesh is very tender and palatable, and along the Oregon coast, where the piddock is plentiful, "rock oyster soup," as it is called, is considered a great delicacy.

That the creature does its boring while small, is evidenced by the burrow, which is rarely over a quarter of an inch in diameter at the surface of the rock. The passageway increases in size at a uniform rate, and contains no lateral indentations, showing that the piddock had not stopped for any length of time at any given spot, while continuing its boring operations.

When the desired depth is attained, the clam ceases from its labors, except to enlarge the cavity in which it lies, as its growth necessitates. After discontinuing its boring, its muscular foot is gradually absorbed, and the orifice through which it formerly protruded closes up.

As far as the writer can ascertain, no one has been able to watch a piddock actually at work. All the forms described by naturalists were at rest, having the foot more or less absorbed. The writer in his investigations has been no more fortunate than others, as all his endeavors to secure a working form ended in failure.

Like other marine borers, piddocks show remarkable engineering skill. If a portion of rock be broken off, it may be found honeycombed by burrows dug by the enterprising creatures, yet no passage will be found breaking into that of another.

As may be surmised, digging out boring clams from the rocky ledges in which they lie domiciled is no easy task. On the Oregon coast, when the demand from the neighboring seaside resorts warrants, portions of the ledges are loosened with dynamite, and the clams secured with but little additional effort. But elsewhere, a pick and crowbar are the implements commonly used.

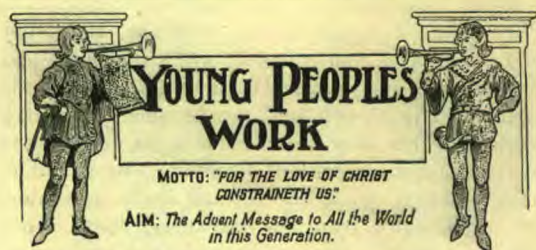
Being desirous of obtaining some specimens to photograph, the writer made a visit to the piddock bed lying at the head of Port Townsend Bay, during the low summer tides. In spite of his care, every clam secured from the ledge had the shell broken, or was otherwise mutilated. About to give up the quest, he noticed a fragment of rock lying close by, which had been detached from the ledge some time before. A blow with the crowbar shattered the rock, and in the fragments a number of the coveted piddocks were found intact. These were photographed in their original rock-dwelling, while still alive.

Geologically considered, these mollusks are of considerable importance, as they undermine and gradually break down rock shores and reefs. Breakwaters and harbor works have also suffered from their incursions.—James Mc Curdy, in *Scientific American*.

He Careth

"One of the sweet old chapters,
After a day like this;
The day brought tears and troubles,
The evening brings no kiss,
No rest in the arms I long for,—
Rest and refuge and home;
But weary and heavy laden,
Unto the Book I come.

"One of the sweet old chapters,—
The loving that blossoms through
His care of the birds and lilies
Out in the meadow dew.
His evening lies soft around them,
Their mission is only to be;
Ah, hushed by the tender lesson,
My God, let me rest in thee!"



The Young People's Society as a Training-School

A lady from Denver was telling me about her two daughters. For years it had been their desire to become teachers. They have now completed their high school course, with honors, and apparently are fully prepared to enter upon their chosen work. "But," said the lady, "they will not be accepted as teachers in the Denver schools until they have had two years of experience in teaching." So these girls must go into a smaller place, perhaps into the country, and teach for two years, before they can hope to be admitted as teachers to the grade of work to which they aspire. The same principle exists in every kind of work that requires skill. If there is to be efficiency, training must precede responsibility and authority.

Our Young People's Societies ought to be valuable training-schools for missionaries. Planning for successful society meetings gives a valuable training for gospel work. Conducting the meetings, and taking part in the meetings is a training for church work. When leaders or committees of a Young People's Society plan a campaign of active missionary work, and arrange for each member of the Society to have a part in it, they are doing precisely the kind of work that successful ministers and conference committees are doing.

In the actual doing of the simplest kinds of missionary work, the doer is getting a training that will be of value in the most responsible work to be done. No one can tell, without trying different kinds of work, just what kinds he can do best, and will like best. No one should excuse himself from doing any kind of missionary work, because of a feeling that he does not like it. Take it up at the first opportunity. It may give just the experience which you are lacking, in order to become a skilled laborer for souls. Some one has well said, "The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to."

There are some kinds of work that must be learned in youth if at all. Those whose fingers have grown hard and stiff, can never become skilled musicians. Those whose minds were not trained for service in their youth, are not the thinkers of to-day. There are comparatively few Christians who have turned to the Lord after middle age. The foundation for the life-work must be laid in youth. There never has been a time when the value of young Christians has been appreciated as now. Never before were there so many avenues of usefulness open to them as now.

God has a special work for young people to do in these last days. A call has gone out to our young people everywhere to consecrate themselves wholly to God, and to engage heart and soul in his service. Some are seeing only the difficulties which hinder them from responding to the call. Others are banding together for united and earnest effort.

The consecration and zeal which will successfully organize a Young People's Society and successfully carry out the true aim of the Society, even in the face of difficulty and discouragement, will grow even by that exercise until it develops into a power that will enable its possessor to overthrow any or all of the devices of the enemy which would hinder the development of soul-saving work.

Be of good courage, dear young people. Give evidence of your character by successfully doing this work to which you have been called. Then you will be ready for the larger work for which this training has fitted you.

Mrs. L. Flora Plummer.

February Study of the Field

(February 8-14)

1. Opening Exercises.
 - (a) Singing.
 - (b) Prayer, in which a number may participate.
 - (c) Scripture Reading: "A Short Work Will the Lord Make upon the Earth."
 - (d) Singing.
2. Field Study.
 - (a) Progress in Natal.
 - (b) The Message in Brazil. (Two articles appear on this field.)
 - (c) The Santal Mission in India.
 - (d) My Trip to the Land of the Pharaohs. (It will be of interest briefly to outline this trip of Elder Conradi, using the map.)
 - (e) Sentence reports from Basuto Mission; Somobula Mission, Rhodesia; Japan; Wales; London; Argentina; Ecuador; Kimberly, South Africa; South America; Sydney, Australia; Scotland; China; St. Kitts. (This exercise will not only be interesting, but very profitable. It is a most valuable drill to be able to tell a fact in a brief, but comprehensive and interesting, manner. Give the kernel of the report from each of these fields in one sentence. As many individuals as there are fields may take part.)
3. Closing Exercises.

Note.—Material for the study will be found in the last five issues of the Review and Herald.

A Short Work Will the Lord Make Upon the Earth

Matt. 28: 19, 20: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Acts 1: 8: "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Rev. 14: 6: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

Matt. 24: 14: "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

Phil. 4: 13: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Mark 9: 23: "Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

1 John 5: 14, 15: "And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us: and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him."

Rom. 9: 22-28: "What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction: and that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory, even us, whom he hath called, not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles? As he saith also in Osee, I will call them my people, which were not my people; and her beloved, which was not beloved. And it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people; there shall they be called the children of the living God. Esaias also crieth concerning Israel, Though the number of the children of Israel be as the sand of the sea, a remnant shall be saved: for he will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth."

1 Sam. 21: 8: "The king's business required haste."

Matt. 25: 31: "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats."

Matt. 24: 34: "Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled."

Report from Portland, Oregon

It has now been several years since the young people of Portland organized for service. During this period, and for some time before, regular meetings have been held each Sabbath afternoon, with good attendance and interest.

A Bible study, and the reading of a chapter from such of our books as "Steps to Christ" or "Power for Witnessing," occupy the hour three Sabbaths in the month, while the fourth Sabbath is devoted to a special consecration service.

A number of the older members of the church are accustomed to meet with us, and the remark is often made by them that the Young People's meeting is the best of the week. Not only have the young people been benefited by the movement, but it has also proved tributary to the various meetings of the church, such as the prayer-meeting and the Sabbath-school. For the last six months the full complement of officers for the Sabbath-school was made up from among the young people, while a number of others were doing acceptable work as teachers. At the recent election the same persons were again chosen to serve during the present term.

In the various lines of missionary work undertaken by the church the young people are endeavoring to bear their part. Some of the young men are assisting in the jail work, while all find opportunity to visit the sick, distribute or mail our various periodicals, sell "Christ's Object Lessons," or minister to the needy.

Thus it will be seen that our young people have not been entirely idle; yet we realize that there is much more we should do, and desire to be found faithfully performing the work which the Master gives us.

Edith Starbuck.

From Stockton, California

Early in September we organized a Young People's Society in our little church at Stockton, and almost the first practical work that we did was to send for one hundred copies of The Life Boat, to be sold and distributed by our young people. The writer, who had twenty-five copies to dispose of, had met a young German Methodist who was employed at the State hospital, and who was laboring for the souls of the poor inebriates at the institution with encouraging results. A few copies of the August number of The Life Boat were given him for use in his hospital work. To-day he called at our home to tell us how much the papers were appreciated by the men. They were so eager for more that he felt it a pleasure to subscribe for four copies, in order that he might supply them. He is a very earnest Bible Christian, and we are praying that he may be led into all the truth. We have placed "Christ's Object Lessons" and others of our good books in his hands, and have arranged to send him the Signs, etc. We ask you to join with us in praying that he may accept the third angel's message when it is presented to him. He is a college man, and we feel that God could use him if he were in the truth. We were so much encouraged by this little incident that we thought it might interest you also.

Des Moines, Iowa

Nellie Dorcas, writing of the Young People's work in Des Moines, Iowa, says:—

"About fifty children attend our branch Sabbath schools. At first we went to their homes, and brought them to school. It does our souls good to look into their eager faces as they listen to the simple Bible stories. Two of the girls are conducting a day school in the same locality. They have nearly thirty pupils, and are enjoying the work."



Good Morning!

"Good morning!" sang the little bird,
A swinging on the tree;
"Good morning!" echoed long and far,
As jolly as could be.

"Good morning!" buzzed the bee, at work
In quest of hidden sweets.
"Good morning!"—ah! the treasures lurk
In shaded, cool retreats.

"Good morning!" Well, 'tis good to know
The bees are buzzing still,
And all the acres overflow
With joy and sweet good-will.

"Good morning!" Boy, be glad and bright,
And, like a flowing song,
Cheer all around you, till the night
Brings slumber sweet and strong.
B. F. M. Scours.

The Way That Jesus Grew

We marked one summer morning their height
upon the wall;
First Grace, then little Alice, next Hall, who
stood so tall.
"We've all grown," said Hall, proudly, his brown
eyes bright and clear,
"If we keep on, I wonder how tall we'll be next
year?"

Said little Alice, gently (her eyes were soft and
blue),
"I hope that we'll be growing the way that Jesus
grew."
It chanced at prayers that morning this verse
was hers to say:
"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature day by
day.

"With God and man in favor." Dear Lord, the
lesson teach—
Thy meekness of behavior, the wisdom of thy
speech;
How as a child thou livedst, unselfish, gentle,
true,
Till all earth's little children shall grow as Jesus
grew.

—Selected.

The Kitten's Story

Yes, I am a happy kitten, and there is no reason why I should not be; but one time I mewed and mewed because I was not happy. Do you know why? Well, then, I'll just tell you all about it.

When my three brothers and I were little bits of kittens, our mother carried us from our home, a coal-house, to a big barn belonging to our mistress's neighbor. We did not see any one for ever so long. She took us away before our eyes were open, so of course we did not know how people looked.

One day, when our eyes were open wide, our mother carried us down into the big yard. Oh, but we were frightened! We followed her wherever she went. And what do you think we saw the first thing?—Why, a great, tall-looking thing that began talking. I could not tell what it was saying, but mother told us after it went away. This is what it said: "Why, hello, kittens! Where have you been all this time?" Stooping, it tried to lift one of my brothers. At that we all scampered away. Mother said it would not hurt us, as it was only a kind neighbor.

As she walked on, we followed. She took us to our old home in the next yard. What a dirty-

looking place! I hadn't any idea our birthplace was of that stamp. Mother said, "It is not always the birthplace that makes the kitten." I hoped not.

The weeks passed, something new and strange happening every day. I really must tell you of my first experience with a dog.

One day I was looking for some catnip. I did not know that an ugly black thing was eyeing me closely. Just as I was ready to nip at my favorite weed, I heard a slight noise. Turning around, what was my horror to see, right at my side, that dreaded enemy—a dog. I did not have time to mew for mother; I just ran for a pear-tree, while that hateful little animal followed at my very heels.

While I clung to a branch of the tree, gasping for breath, my mistress opened the door, and, seeing my trouble, picked up a stick from the wood-box on the porch, and threw it at the dog. Of course, foolish dogs will get scared at a little stick, and my tormentor quickly ran howling away.

My mistress has no little girls or boys; so I did not see any for a long time. But one day while taking a little walk through a neighbor's yard, I heard a sweet little voice near me, say, "Hello, kitty!" Looking up, I saw a little girl with pretty blue eyes and yellow curls. I merely glanced at her, then ran away; but soon I came back, with my brothers. While we were lying on the back porch, the door opened, and out came the same little girl with a saucer in one hand. As usual we were frightened and ran away. The little girl called, "Here, kitties! come get this nice, sweet milk." We stopped, but did not move toward her. "Come, do, you dear little kitties. I got this nice milk all myself,—just for you," she coaxed.

Her voice was so sweet that I could not refuse. Coming nearer, I looked at the milk as she held the saucer almost under my nose. She said, "Nice kitty!" and I went closer still. Suddenly she caught me in one arm. Then if I didn't fight! I was so frightened! Just then her mama came out and took me. She petted me so kindly that I soon became quiet, and drank the milk. Then I began to purr softly. I was almost happy.

The next day, my mistress said that Mary, the little girl, might keep me. I purred aloud when I heard it.

They have been very kind to me. I wear a pretty blue ribbon around my neck, and have nice rich milk every day. I am not afraid of anybody, not even of the "bad" boys, as some kittens call them. They are among my dearest friends, and call me "Bluebell." Emma J. Dugan.

How Mrs. Mayhew Was Honored

Tim and Teddie Mayhew had not gone to Sabbath-school very long. They used to live in the country, you know. Perhaps that was the reason why they paid so much more attention to the lesson, and seemed to think of it so much oftener during the week, than a good many of the boys that I know.

One day their teacher had been talking to them about the fifth commandment. It took Tim and Teddie a long time to get home that afternoon, they had so much to say to each other. Their mother had come to the gate, and was looking down the street for them. The boys laughed softly when they saw her.

"She doesn't know,—does she?" whispered Tim. "We'll make it a perfect surprise to her."

"She's nicer than any of the others' mothers," whispered Teddie back. "We aren't going to let everybody else be honoring their mother, and not honor ours some, I guess."

Then they started to meet her on a run.

Sabbath was a nice day in the Mayhew family.

On other days Mrs. Mayhew had to go out to work, or else she was busy washing at home. But on Sabbath everything was different.

At supper Teddie said: "Mother, don't you ever have a birthday?"

"Dear me, I guess so!" she laughed. "But there isn't time to think of everything."

"When is it?" asked Tim.

"The end of next month,—the 26th."

Teddie and Tim looked down at their slates, and thought: "That suits beautifully!"

Pennies were scarce among the Mayhews.

"I'd rather it would be pennies," Mrs. Mayhew used to say, "than a good many other things,—family feelings for one. I don't know how ever a poor, hard-working widow woman and her children would get on without them. Thank the Lord, they don't have to!"

She was right, they did not have to. Meat and potatoes might sometimes come short with the little Mayhews, but never affection. They could not have understood a world which lacked the sight of their mother's broad smile, the sound of her long and varied list of "love names," and the touch, on their cropped heads, of her big hands, wrinkled and shiny from much hot soap-suds.

"We've got to get some pennies somehow before the 26th of next month," they kept saying to each other now every day.

But the time slipped by, and they were still far behind the fifteen cents which were needed. For you may be sure that they had long ago picked out the "surprise" in the shop-window. It was a gorgeous bird of paradise in china, with quite wonderful wings, brooding over a nest which the polite clerk told them was a "jewel-case,—for the ladies to put their jewels in, you know."

"What's jewels, Ted?" asked Tim when they were staring outside again admiringly.

"Diamonds," answered Teddie, promptly, "and —and crowns, and such things."

"But mother hasn't got any," said Tim.

"I'm going to buy her some, though, soon as I get big," answered Teddie.

"So am I," said Tim. "And then she'll have the jewel-case all ready to put them in,—won't she?"

So, that important point being settled, every morning they looked in at the shop anxiously, and every morning they saw their bird of the brilliant plumage seated safely on her nest. But the fifteen pennies were slow to come. By the middle of the month they were only five; another week went by, and then there were six days left.

"What'll we do," said Tim, "if we can't earn ten cents anyhow at all?"

"We've got to earn it," said Teddie, a very determined look on his freckled face. And Tim felt satisfied that it would be earned.

One day a great ball match was to be played, and Teddie and Tim had picked out the telegraph pole from the top of which they could watch the game.

But that morning Bill Lowe stopped them on the street:—

"I say," he asked, "do you two fellows want to earn ten cents apiece?"

Did they!

"Well now, if you'll stay around my place this afternoon, and look after the outfit, I'll give you that."

Bill's "place" was a modest peanut-and-candy stall on a busy corner of the main street.

"I want to catch the trade," he explained. "During the game I'll be selling on the grounds myself, and I'm looking for somebody to leave in charge. You two could do it. There won't be much to do, only just keep anybody from picking things up. What do you say?"

It was a little hard, but they did not hesitate

long. The bargain was soon struck, and Bill went his way.

"I'd have had to give any one else two or three times the money! Poor babies! they ain't cut their eye-teeth yet on trade, the way some of us have. They'll get rich faster by and by, when they know more."

But Teddie and Tim were pretty rich that afternoon.

They bought the bird of paradise on the way home. But it took a great deal of thinking to know what to do with the other ten cents, which they were both agreed must be expended on the birthday celebration. Toward the end Tim waxed eloquent in favor of "vi'lets,—one of those little bouquets of 'em like the other ladies wear." Teddie was uncertain of the wisdom of this choice, but he yielded, at last, good-naturedly, and "vi'lets" it was.

On the morning of the 26th the presentations were made in due form, Teddie being master of ceremonies, and though the boys had expected much from their mother in the way of surprise and pleasure, she more than fulfilled it all. Of course, they had meant to say nothing about the ball-game, but secrets among the Mayhews were not fashionable, and, having just triumphantly come out of one, it was not to be marveled at that they could not at once support another. And so by and by they had told her all about Bill Lowe and his bargain. Then a shocking thing happened, something that they could not remember ever happening before,—Mrs. Mayhew began to cry!

Dear! dear! What could be the matter?

"Nothing, nothing!" sobbed Mrs. Mayhew. "Only to think that of all the nice boys living in all the world to-day, me own two darlin' sons would beat the whole of 'em!"

O! if that was all, that was all right.

I dare say, though, some of you think that Teddie and Tim were very foolish boys not to give their mother something more useful than a bird of paradise and a bouquet of violets. But they were just little fellows, you see. And then, besides, if you could have known how many, many times afterward, when the work was hard and the day was long, Mrs. Mayhew remembered her jewel-case on the mantel-piece, and the bunch of brown pressed flowers in her Bible, and how it took the ache out of her head and the "kink" out of her back, and made her forget that the minutes were slow, perhaps you would have thought that they were pretty useful, after all.—Sunday School Times.

What a Horse Would Like to Say

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night, with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tied, and can't select a smooth place.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want, by mixing it with oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think, because I go free under the whip, I don't get tired. You, too, would move up if under the whip.

Don't think, because I am a horse, that iron-weeds and briars don't hurt my hay.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I shall expect it next time, and maybe make trouble.

Don't trot me up-hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself, too. Try it yourself sometime; run up with a big load.

Don't keep my stable very dark; for when I go out into the light, my eyes are injured, especially if there is snow on the ground.

Don't say "Whoa" unless you mean it. Teach me to stop at the word. It may check me if the lines break, and save running away and smash-up.

Don't make me drink ice-cold water, nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding it half a minute against the body.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I can not chew my food. When I get lean, it is a sign my teeth need filing.—Farm Journal.



First Lessons in Geography

Lesson XXVIII

The Malay or brown race live mostly in the Malay Peninsula, or in the islands of the Indian Ocean. As their country lies so near the equator, it has a very warm climate. There are large Banian-trees growing there. These trees have roots that grow to the ground from the wide-spreading limbs, and finally change into new branches, so that a single tree sometimes covers an acre or two, and has hundreds of trunks. This tree is a sort of fig-tree, and bears fruit which is very pleasant to the taste. Cocoanut-trees and pepper-trees also grow in profusion, while all kinds of palms and tropical fruits grow wild. There is a peculiar kind of grass growing there, called Bamboo. Its stems look very much like the canes which are used for fishing-rods, although they grow much larger, and sometimes are a hundred feet high.

As it is never very cold, the people build huts of bamboo, and cover them with leaves and brush. Very many of the people wear but little clothing, and some of them do not even build huts, but sleep in the trees or on the ground.

They live mostly by hunting and fishing, and have little civilization. They worship the earth and various other natural objects. Many of them can neither read nor write. Although their country is fertile, they do not know how to cultivate it, and gather only the wild fruit and grains.

Among the inhabitants of these islands there is a better class of Malays. They are rather handsome people, having a beautiful dark-olive complexion, almond-shaped eyes, and long, black hair. They live in huts, in villages, and wear light cotton or linen clothes. They plant large fields of rice, and they also raise tea and coffee for the European and American markets. Many of them are merchants or manufacturers. Others raise pepper and spices for the market. They have a written language, and worship Mohammed instead of Jesus.

Along the coast many of the people live on fish. In some places near the coast is found a large oyster, whose shell weighs from two hundred to three hundred pounds. There are also large crabs, which live in the ocean near the coast in certain places. These are very much like our crab fish except in size, sometimes growing from five to six feet long. The natives kill the crabs with clubs, and use them for food.

Review Questions: Where do the Malays live? Describe their personal appearance. What kind of houses do they build? What kind of climate has their country? How do they dress? What do they eat? Tell about their religion. Describe the banian-tree. How do the people on the coast live?

Lesson XXIX

Certain parts of the Malay Peninsula and the adjoining islands are very mountainous and have many volcanoes. In these live tribes who have never seen a white man. Often the men have several wives; they also keep slaves. The tribes are very often at war among themselves, and many of them are cruel and bloodthirsty. They worship idols of various kinds, and often afflict their bodies because they think it will please their gods.

In other parts, the country is low, marshy, and unhealthy. Fevers of various kinds are prevalent, and often the poor people die by the hundreds. They have no knowledge of how to care for their bodies, and no doctor to tell them what to do. There are places in the Malay Archipelago where whole tribes have never heard anything about the Saviour. They have no Bible, and know nothing of God's love for them.

Those who go to work for this class of people must be brave, and have good health. They need to know the principles of health reform thoroughly, so they can live in that climate without being ill. They should know how to care for the sick. One who goes to live among these people needs to know how to till the soil, how to build his own house, make his own clothes, and do many other things that he would not do at home.

The English, French, and Dutch all have possessions in this country, and are doing what they can to civilize the natives. Malacca and Singapore are two large cities where men from Europe and America have carried the gospel to quite an extent, and where the people have been partly civilized. Find these two cities on the map. Near Malacca there are large tin mines, from which thousands of dollars' worth of tin is taken each year. Gold is also found in certain places. Ships from Europe and America go there for these things, and also to get cocoanut oil, cinnamon, pepper, and spices of various kinds.

The Philippine Islands have recently passed under the government of the United States, and hundreds of schools have been established to educate the people. Find the Philippine Islands on the map. On these islands is grown a great deal of manila, a kind of grass from which rope is made. Many of the natives have become well-to-do by raising this grass. Almost all the ropes we buy are made from it. In the Philippine Islands there are large forests of most beautiful woods, such as rosewood and mahogany. Bananas, oranges, lemons, and other fruits grow there.

In all these countries there are a great many monkeys of different kinds; there are also many birds, such as parrots, peacocks, golden pheasants, and others of bright-colored plumage. There are very many poisonous snakes, and there are also large animals, such as the crocodile, leopard, tiger, etc.

Review Questions.—Describe the surface of the Malay Peninsula and of the adjoining islands. Are the people peaceful or warlike? Tell of their religion. Have they heard about the Saviour? Tell some things that missionaries to this country must know. Why? What countries have possessions there? Mention the products of these islands and of the Malay Peninsula. Name some of the animals and birds. Of what is rope made? Where is this grass grown? Floyd Bralliar.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VII—The Red Sea Divided

(February 14)

Lesson Scripture: Exodus 14.

Memory Verse: "He led them forth by the right way." Ps. 107: 7.

God knew the best way for the children of Israel to go, and "he led them forth by the right way." But when they got into difficulties, they forgot who was leading them, and thought they had come the wrong way; and they were angry with Moses for bringing them into trouble.

Before them was the deep sea; behind them were Pharaoh and his chariots and horsemen; at the side the mountains shut them in. But there was one place that they had forgotten to look, the place that they should have looked to first and only. If they had turned their eyes in the right direction, they would have seen the way of escape. It was Jesus. He, the Way, was with them, and if they had believed this, they could not have come to any place where they could say, "There is no way." For he is "the new and living way;" and where there is no way at all, he can make a new way.

God had a special reason for leading the Israelites just the way that he did. He wanted to give them another object-lesson, to show them that he

who made the firmament and the light, also made the seas and the dry land, that they might see his power there also. He wanted to show his power to deliver them in such a wonderful way that they would never doubt him again, and at the same time destroy all their enemies, so that they would never be any more trouble to them.

It was God, not Moses, who divided the waters, but God honored Moses by working through him. When Moses raised the rod, God divided the waters.

This was the Egyptians' last opportunity to yield to God. When they saw him holding back the surging waters by his mighty power, they had the answer to Pharaoh's proud question, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?" But instead of worshipping him, they rushed madly to their doom. Of their own accord, they went down into the depth. And when God's people were all safe, and the waters rushed together again, there was no way of escape for them.

You would like to have marched with the hosts of Israel through the midst of the sea on dry land; to have stood on the shore, and seen the meeting of the divided waters sweep away the proud legions of Pharaoh. Yet God is now doing for you just what he did for the Israelites—dividing the waters, and holding them back by his power, that you may have a place to live on the dry land.

If that path through the waters had remained, and the Israelites had walked through it day after day for many years, in time it would have become a common thing to many of them, and they would not have thought of the power constantly working for their salvation. And so it is with us to-day in all the mighty wonders of God's creation.

In the beginning, God breathed between the waters, and they were divided, and a space spread out for us, filled with his life-giving breath, that we call the air.

Now let us read how God divided the waters of the sea before Israel, "And the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and the waters were divided." The wind is simply the air in motion, and the more quickly it moves, the stronger is the wind. But we have learned that the air is the breath of the Lord; so he divided the Red Sea just as he divided the waters in the beginning—he breathed between them, and thus made a space for his people to pass through.

This is just what Moses sang in the song of victory after they had reached the shore. "With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap." So in this, God was not doing a new thing, but showing what he had been doing from the beginning, and is still doing for us to-day.

Questions

1. Who was leading the children of Israel? Ex. 13: 21. By what way did he lead them?
2. Did the Israelites think it was the right way? Why not? Ex. 14: 10-12.
3. Describe the position the Israelites were in. What was in front of them? What was at the side? Why could they not turn back? What then could they not see?
4. Was there any way of escape for them? Who was with them? What does he call himself in John 14: 6?
5. What did Moses say to the people in their distress? Ex. 14: 13, 14. When they stood still, what message did God send them? Verse 15. What did he tell Moses to do? Verse 16.
6. Did Moses' rod divide the waters? Who did, and how? Verse 21 and chapter 15: 8.
7. When they saw this sign that God was leading Israel, did the Egyptians repent and turn back? Why not? Ex. 14: 23, 17, 18.
8. Tell how the Egyptians were delayed and kept back until the Israelites were safe. Verses 24, 25.
9. As soon as his own people were safe, what did God do? Verses 26, 27, 28. Can you now tell why God had led Israel that way?
10. In dividing the Red Sea, was God doing anything different from what he had done before? When did he first divide and hold back the waters? What is he now doing to make a safe and dry place for us?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VII—God's Purpose in Deliverance

(February 14)

Lesson Scripture: Ps. 105: 39-45; 106: 1-5.

Memory Verses: Ps. 106: 1-5.

He spread a cloud for a covering,
And fire to give light in the night.
They asked, and he brought quails,
And satisfied them with the bread of heaven.
He opened the rock, and waters gushed out;
They ran in the dry places like a river.
For he remembered his holy word,
And Abraham his servant.
And he brought forth his people with joy,
And his chosen with singing.
And he gave them the lands of the nations;
And they took the labor of the peoples in possession:

That they might keep his statutes,
And observe his laws.
Praise ye Jehovah [Halleluiah].
Praise ye Jehovah.
Oh give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good;
For his loving-kindness endureth forever.
Who can utter the mighty acts of Jehovah,
Or show forth all his praise?
Blessed are they that keep justice,
And he that doeth righteousness at all times.
Remember me, O Jehovah, with the favor that
thou bearest unto thy people;
Oh visit me with thy salvation,
That I may see the prosperity of thy chosen,
That I may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation.
That I may glory with thine inheritance.

Questions

1. How did the Lord shield his people from the heat of the sun?
2. What purpose did this cloud serve at night?
3. What promise has God given showing that he will protect his people in a similar manner in the last days? Ps. 91: 1; Isa. 4: 5, 6; see note.
4. How did this cloud appear to the Egyptians?
5. What food did God give Israel when they asked for it?
6. With what food did he satisfy them?
7. How may we feed upon this same bread to-day? John 6: 48-51.
8. What promise is made to those who partake of the living Bread?
9. How did God provide water for his people? Ps. 105: 41. See also Ps. 78: 15, 16.
10. How abundant was the supply?
11. What was the source of the water from the rock? 1 Cor. 10: 4; John 4: 13, 14; 7: 37, 38.
12. What is the source of all the water of the earth? Ps. 65: 9; Rev. 22: 1.
13. What promise was thus being fulfilled?
14. How did God bring his people forth? Of

what was this experience typical? Isa. 35: 10; 51: 11.

15. What did he give them?
16. What return did they now receive for their labors in Egypt?
17. Why had God wrought this great deliverance for his chosen ones?
18. How does this psalm close? With what words does the next psalm open?
19. What is the significance of these words?
20. Why does the psalmist exhort all to give thanks?
21. How enduring is God's loving-kindness? Give some illustrations of this.
22. How is man's inability to utter the mighty acts of Jehovah or show forth his praise set forth?
23. Upon what classes is a blessing pronounced?
24. What personal blessing does the psalmist crave for himself? How may we enjoy these same blessings? Gal. 3: 29.
25. What is the privilege of those who are thus classed with God's people?

Notes

Do not fail to commit the Lesson Scripture.
Ps. 78: 14; 1 Cor. 10: 1, 2; Ps. 84: 11 should be studied with verse 39.

"By day the cloud directed the journeyings, or spread as a canopy above the host. It served as a protection from the burning heat, and by its coolness and moisture afforded grateful refreshment in the parched, thirsty desert. By night it became a pillar of fire, illuminating their encampment, constantly assuring them of divine presence." Read Isa. 4: 5, 6. "Here reference is made to the pillar of cloud and of fire to represent God's care for his people in the great final struggle with the power of evil."

The cloud that flooded the entire encampment of the Hebrews with the radiance of day was a wall of darkness to the Egyptians. Read with this Ps. 77: 17, 18, R. V., and "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 287. The way that God marks out for his people will be flooded with light, although the unbelieving will not see it.

With verse 41 read Ps. 78: 15, 16. "Moses smote the rock, but it was the Son of God who, veiled in the cloudy pillar, stood beside Moses, and caused the life-giving water to flow." Ps. 65: 9; Rev. 22: 1; 1 Cor. 10: 4; John 4: 13, 14; 7: 37, 38.

Verse 42; Gen. 15: 12-14, and Acts 7: 6, 7, record the covenant with Abraham. For the blessing of this covenant to Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise, see Heb. 6: 11-20.

Verse 43, with Ps. 116: 12, 13; 33.

God brought forth his people, that they might observe his statutes and keep his laws. The same is true in regard to his people to-day.

In all these experiences God designed to teach his people their utter dependence upon him, and not merely on the man Moses, who was their leader.

Sent on THREE DAYS' TRIAL FREE

THE CO-RO-NA MEDICATOR

CURES CATARRH

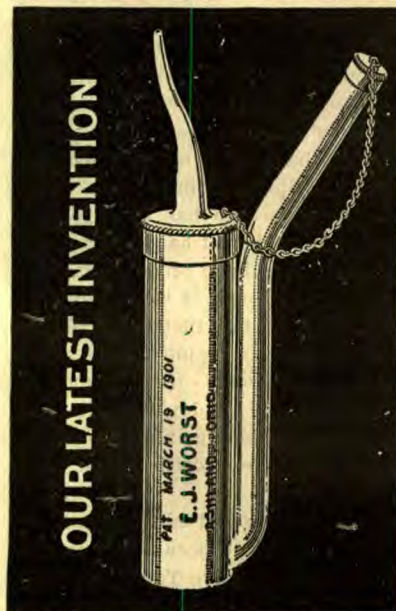
Head-Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Partial Deafness, Sore Throat, HEADACHE, La Grippe and All Diseases of the Air Passages by Inhalation. The Most Perfect Appliance ever offered.

SPECIAL OFFER:

For a short time I will mail to any reader naming this paper one of my new improved CO-RO-NA MEDICATORS, with medicines for a quick home cure, or three days' trial FREE. If it gives perfect satisfaction, send me \$1.00 (half price); if not, return it at the expired time, which will cost you only three cents postage. Could any proposition be fairer? Address

E. J. WORST,
16 Elmore Block, ASHLAND, OHIO
AGENTS WANTED

EDITORIAL NOTE—If you have the slightest symptoms of Catarrh, or are easy to take cold, you should send for a CO-RO-NA on the easy terms offered. In writing be sure to name this paper.



TWO-THIRDS ACTUAL SIZE.



PUBLISHED BY THE
 REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY
 BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	.40
THREE MONTHS	.20
To Foreign Countries	1.25
CLUB RATES:	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	.50
100 or more " " " "	.45

Entered at the post office at Battle Creek, Mich., as second-class matter

God does not lead people when they refuse to be led. He entreats them, he offers them all the inducements that his love can devise—but he does not force, he never compels. When Israel came to Kadesh the second time, he wished them to pass through the land of Edom, a short and easy journey, and gave a sign to show when the hour had come to go forward. But Israel murmured at the sign, and missed their opportunity. Afterward, by a long and weary march, they came to the place to which God would have led them at the first, if they had had faith to follow his instruction. How much wiser to trust him all along the journey!

What We Know

"Please tell me something that you know about God," wrote a little blind, deaf, and dumb girl to a great preacher-friend. How glad he must have been, when he sat down to answer her childish letter, that he himself knew something about God to tell her.

There are many, very many hearts in the world that are longing, just as was this little girl, to learn about God,—not simply to read what is written about him, nor to listen to what men think about him, but to hear what those who profess to be his children really know about him.

Many positive and cheering "I know" testimonies are recorded in God's word.

"I know that the Lord is greater than all gods," exclaimed Jethro, the priest of Midian, after listening to the wonderful story of Israel's deliverance from Egypt, the destruction of their enemies at the Red Sea, God's provision of daily food for his people, and the victory over Amalek.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," sang Job in the hour of his great affliction, "and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." What a triumphant testimony!

"I know that the Lord saveth his anointed," declares the psalmist; and again, "I know, O Jehovah, that thy judgments are right, and that in faithfulness thou hast afflicted me." Such knowledge is precious indeed in the hour of trouble.

One of the most inspiring testimonies in the Bible was written by Paul to the young man Timothy. "I know," he said, after speaking of some of the things that he had suffered for the gospel, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

Such words as these cheer and encourage our hearts. They should also lead us to seek a closer acquaintance with our Heavenly Father; for it is only what we ourselves know of him that we can tell helpfully to others.

Shall We Do Our Part?

The minds of men everywhere are being turned to a consideration of the second coming of Christ. The belief that that coming is near is often expressed, not only in the religious papers, but in the secular press. As men study the situation of

affairs in the world, and the events that are so rapidly making the history of the nations in these days, their hearts fail them for fear, wondering what the next step will be. Many of them can see no solution to the great problems that vex the world except that Christ shall come and set up his kingdom, and thus introduce a new order of things. Speaking of his coming again, a late number of *The Literary Digest* contains these significant words: "Great multitudes have always believed, and to-day believe, that Christ will come again in his visible person. . . . The beginning of the new century gives some indications that a revival in this belief is at hand."

These things should cheer the hearts of those who know that Jesus is coming soon,—that he will come in this generation. The time is short; and as the signs of his coming increase, the minds of men will be led to think on this great theme more and more. Decisions will be made. Some will believe, and prepare to meet him with joy when he appears; others will reject the warning, and devise new ways to explain away the words of Christ in regard to this event, and the signs that show that it is at hand.

But the world will be warned—the good news will be proclaimed. It is our privilege to have a part in giving this warning. Shall we improve it? One way to help just now is to take an active part in the tract campaign that has been planned for the following months. The keynote of all these tracts is the second coming of Christ—there shall be delay no longer. The first of the series, "We Would See Jesus," is excellent for introductory work. Circulating these tracts, and thus proclaiming the glad news that "Jesus is coming again," is a work in which every one who loves this truth, even the youngest, may have a part.

"Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring,
 Jesus is coming again!
 Coming in glory, the Lamb that was slain,
 Jesus is coming again!"

An Appeal in Behalf of Our Young People

The following appeal in behalf of the Young People's work in Indiana, which appeared in a late number of the State paper, contains much that applies with equal force to the work in all the field, and is therefore reprinted here:—

"I am anxious about our Young People's work in Indiana, and notwithstanding the many demands upon our time and attention, it seems to me that we must find sufficient time to give to the Young People's work the attention which its importance demands.

"It is now about one year since this work was fairly started. Many of our people do not realize its scope and importance; hence they have not given it the encouragement and support which it should receive. But we are thankful for what has been accomplished. Quite a number of societies have been formed in the different States, and most of these are doing good work. Many have caught the real spirit of the work, and are pushing it vigorously, to the advantage of the cause of God in their own community, and to the great blessing of their souls. Through their work, hundreds of pages of literature have been distributed, which would not otherwise have reached the people. Missionary visits have been made, Christian Help work done, and Bible readings held. The awakening of the young people has been felt in many churches; and the good that has been accomplished where this work has been properly carried on, is an evidence that the Spirit of God is in it.

"In a recent number of the *Instructor*, Elder Spicer wrote: 'The Young People's movement is a growing factor in our work. Its influence is already felt in the field. The development has not been so much by any molding influence working from without, as by the growth of an idea from within.

"We are not rallying around any phrase, or pressing on in this movement because it is the customary thing nowadays to have Young People's Societies. Implanted within the hearts of the youth of this denomination by the Holy Spirit is

the deepening conviction that there is a definite work for the young people to do in ushering in the glorious coming of the Lord. The movement truly is of God at this time, and to meet the call of the hour.'

"These words ought to inspire our hearts with courage. True, some societies have been organized, and, after a short time, became discouraged and gave up their meetings. But this does not prove that the plan of young people's work among Seventh-day Adventists is a failure. In these cases the young people either did not make sufficient effort to carry out the aim of the organization,—'The Advent Message to all the world in this generation,'—or they did not receive sufficient encouragement from the church. Where they realized that the object of the organization is service, and have caught the missionary spirit that is in it, the results have not been failure, but success. As Elder Spicer says: 'It is to be no sentimental crusade and a waving of banners. Sensible, straightforward work is to be the watchword.'

"I fear that we have failed to place this work before our young people so that they thoroughly understood it. I fear that we have not given them proper encouragement in showing them what they can do. I know that God has many young people in Indiana who desire, with their whole heart to engage in his work if they are shown how to do it. We must in some way get hold of these, and rally them together, or we shall be responsible for the condition in which they are. I beseech you, my brethren and sisters in Indiana, that you give this matter your careful and prayerful attention. This winter ought to show a marked improvement in this phase of our work. I rejoice exceedingly because of what has been done. The work has not been a failure. Our youth, if properly encouraged, will take hold with us in the campaign with 'Christ's Object Lessons,' and help carry it to completion.

"I am trying to get in touch with all the young people in the State. Will those who have not had a letter from me, send me their names and addresses? I shall be glad to help the young people to start their work at once. The most simple and effective plan is, I think, the one outlined in the membership card. You can have them from me or from the general secretary.

"I also want to say a word in behalf of our educational journal, *The Advocate of Christian Education*, though I have already written our Sabbath-school superintendent in regard to it. This is the only periodical we have giving special instruction in the education and training of our children. Many of our Sabbath-schools do not take a single copy, and many more of our people do not know that we have such a journal. One of the most solemn questions before us as a people to-day is, 'What shall we do with the children whom God has given us?' May the Lord help us to answer this question aright. The children and youth are with us, and God holds us responsible for them to the extent of our ability to train and educate them for the kingdom of heaven."

Seed Sowing

When John Williams, the martyr missionary of Aromanga, went to the South Sea Islands, he took with him a single banana tree from an English nobleman's conservatory. And now from that single banana tree, bananas are to be found throughout the whole group of islands.

Before the negro slaves in the West Indies were emancipated, a regiment of soldiers were stationed near one of the plantations. A soldier offered to teach a slave to read, on condition that he would teach a second, a third, and so on. This he faithfully carried out, though severely flogged by the master of the plantation. Being sent to another plantation, he repeated the same there; and when at length liberty was proclaimed throughout the island, and the Bible Society offered a New Testament to every negro who could read, the number taught through this slave's instrumentality was no less than six hundred.

Moral: The value of setting good efforts in motion, and of sowing even one seed of truth.

W. A. Colcord.