

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LI

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No. 12

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Man Who Is Twelve Years Old

THERE'S a man that I know of, and he lives near you,

In a town called Everywhere;
You might not think he's a man from his hat,
Or the clothes he may chance to wear;
But under the jacket with many a patch
Is a heart more precious than gold,—
The heart of a man 'neath the coat of a boy,
A man who is twelve years old.

He only is waiting to wear the crown
That is already made for his brow;
And I pray that his mind will always be clean,
His body as pure as now;
His heart always fresh and sunny and warm,
With none of life's canker and mold;
And may he be worthy his waiting estate,
This man who is twelve years old.

We never can tell what the future will make
Of the boys that we carelessly meet;
For many a statesman is doing the chores,
And presidents play in the street;
The hand that is busy with playthings now
The reins of power shall hold,
So I take off my hat and gladly salute
This man who is twelve years old.

FRANK E. MARSHALL.

The Old Missions of California

EARLY in the eighteenth century it was written that "by virtue of discoverie and exploring, Spain dothe claim ye vast territorie of California and hold it."

Later in the same century Spain concluded to open "ye vast territorie," and sett'e it. She asked her counselors how it could be done. The Catholic Order of St. Francis said, It can be done in this way: I will go over there and build missions. From them you can civilize the native red man, and develop all the resources of the great country. These words seemed so good in the ears of Spain that she provided "both ships, soldiers, and stores abundant," and commanded the Catholics to go and do as they had said.

So, just seven years before our Declaration of Independence, the first mission building was started at San Diego, making there the beginning of California's oldest city. From that time, missions followed one another rapidly northward, till twenty-one in all had been built.

Of course this work could not be done by the Spaniards. It took an army to do it—an army of Indians. From the very first the red men had shown their friendliness, and the keen *padres* were not slow in availing themselves of the native labor. They offered inducements, and the Indians settled by thousands around the missions, living in little adobe houses of their own, building the great mission structures, planting miles of orchard and vineyard, caring for immense herds of cattle, and receiving as pay simply their food and clothing.

The great herds of cattle, the big orchards, the thousands of people working for practically nothing,—all these meant money to the pockets

of the *padres*. The missions became enormously rich. To England, Spain, and the American Colonies they sent ship-loads of hides, manufactured articles, and liquors, and their yearly income is said to have been more than two million dollars. No wonder that pirates hovered like vultures along the California coast, awaiting the merchant ships, with their treasure.

But the *padres* cared very little for the pirates. They lived at ease, in luxury and idleness, safely guarded by great garrisons of Spanish soldiers, and content to look out from cool, quiet rooms over the richest and most beautiful gardens in the world, and know that these were theirs.

The fathers were kind and wise, in their own interests. They made feasts and processions, picnics and ceremonies, daily—a continual round of change to keep the Indians happy. The lone herdsman on the plains could dream all day of pleasures just past, and others soon to come. He had no time to brood over fancied wrongs and stir up trouble. The ringing of the mellow chimes morning and evening called him gladly,

of savage life. So closed a period of time whose like the world has never known before or since.

To-day most of the missions lie in picturesque ruin, visited by every artist and sight-seer who comes to California. At Santa Barbara is the best preserved mission in the State. For a hundred and seventeen years it has been occupied by the Franciscan Brotherhood, being the only one so inhabited throughout its entire existence. Its repairs and restorations have all been made without altering the style of its Spanish architecture; large gardens are kept up, its relics are preserved, and so, taking it altogether, this one gives the visitor a fair idea of what the missions once were.

EDISON DRIVER.

Repentance a Gift of God

THOSE who are saved in the kingdom of God will have nothing of which to boast. The praise and the glory will all belong to God, and to him it will all be given. Sometimes young people who really desire to be children of God, are put-



THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION

with thousands of his tribesmen, to worship, receive instruction, offer a simple prayer, chant the Te Deum and Ave Maria, and then join his associates in their games, frolics, and pleasures.

These missions, with San Gabriel as their acknowledged queen, enjoyed peace and prosperity, freedom from want and strife, for more than half a century; but at last the end came.

In 1822 the rule of Mexico succeeded to that of Spain, and Santa Ana, the Mexican governor, soon stretched out his long arm, and grasped the missions as the rightful property of Mexico, and tributaries to the public treasury. Sadly the *padres* bade farewell to the scenes of their long and profitable labors. Sadly, too, the Indians left these loved associations, and went their ways into the wilderness whence they had come, quickly to forget the unsubstantial religion they had known, and drift back again into the ways

ting their trust in something besides the blood of Christ. They have faith in what they themselves can do. "I have a great deal to do before I can come to Jesus," they say. "When I have done all that I can do, then I will go to him for help." They think that when they have done what they can do to save their souls, Jesus will supply what is lacking, giving the finishing touches to their salvation.

But no one can be strong in God until he acknowledges his helplessness, and comes to Christ as the only one who can save him from the power of sin.

In Egypt the Israelites were required to sprinkle the lintels of their doors with the blood of a slain lamb, that when the angel of death went through the land, he might pass over their homes. But if, instead of performing this simple act of faith, they had barricaded the doors, tak-

ing every precaution to keep the destroying angel out, their efforts would have been in vain; for they would have testified to their unbelief. The blood on the lintel was enough. It secured the life of the firstborn. So it is to-day. It is the blood of Christ that cleanses from sin. Without this, all effort to gain salvation is in vain.

It is the work of the sinner to accept Christ as his righteousness. Thus he is reconciled to God. Only through faith in Christ can the heart be made holy. Many think that repentance is a work which men must carry forward themselves before they can come to Christ. They think that they have something to do before they can find Christ a mediator in their behalf. It is true that there must be repentance before there is pardon; but the sinner must come to Christ before he can find repentance. It is the grace of Christ that strengthens and enlightens the soul, making repentance possible.

Peter has made this matter clear. He says of Christ, "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." Repentance is as certainly the gift of Christ as is forgiveness. He whom God pardons he first makes penitent. Repentance can not be found without Christ. From him comes the grace of contrition, as well as the gift of pardon. Only through his atoning blood can either be obtained.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



THE INGLENOOK

"Art thou in misery, brother? This I say,
Be comforted: thy grief shall pass away.
Art thou elated? Ah! Be not too gay,
Temper thy joy: this too shall pass away.
Art thou in danger? Still let reason sway,
And cling to hope: this too shall pass away.
Tempted art thou? In all thine anguish lay
One truth to heart: this too shall pass away.
Do rays of laureled glory round thee play?
Kinglike art thou? This too shall pass away.
Whate'er thou art, where'er thy footsteps stray,
Heed Wisdom's voice: all things must pass
away."

The Fiftieth Chance

IN the handsome waiting-room of the great oculist there were, on that dismal day of rain and fog, but few waiters. There were but two. They sat the width of the room apart, and gazed absently out of opposite windows. There was not one apparent trace of similarity between them, except the fact of their waiting together in that room.

"Spectacles! I won't do it!" Constance Quay was fuming, inwardly. "I could bear eye-glasses, but *spectacles*—never! He may talk and talk. It's too dreadful to be borne! And to wear them always—never to take them off—that was what he said. I heard him telling father. No! no! no!"

The girl was sweet and dainty from her beautiful hat to the soles of her pretty boots. Every detail of her costume was perfect, every feature of her lovely face. She looked straight out into the rain through wonderful, indignant gray eyes. She tapped nervously with her fingers on the window-sill. The faint, indefinable perfume that enveloped her stole across the room on the breeze to the other girl.

"The idea! O, why can't they see what it would mean to me—daddy and Dr. Bell and Aunt Pamele? One might as well be deformed, and done with it, as to go through life spectaclled like an old, old woman! I tried on the housekeeper's when she didn't know—I looked at my-

self in the glass. It was awful, but I had to do it. And—I—saw!"

The climax of her thoughts wrung a little groan from her lips. Constance Quay had never known a trial before, and the taste of this one was bitter on her tongue like gall. She was sure she could not bear it. She was sure no one else had ever had so terrible a possibility looming before her.

"He told daddy I'd have to wear spectacles—spectacles—spectacles, like the housekeeper's spectacles. He told daddy so," her thoughts wailed on.

Her eyes turned toward the beautiful, sumptuous room, and roved about its luxurious appointments, coming to rest on the other waiter across the room. She was not beautiful nor sumptuous. She wore spectacles. Constance shivered unconsciously.

"He is so long! It is terrible to wait!" Judith Reese mused. "She will go in first, that other girl, and I shall sit here, and wait—and wait! It is the hardest part to wait."

As the minutes lengthened to half an hour of waiting, she could not subdue her anxiety. It was impossible; she could not sit still. She got up and walked about restlessly.

The "other girl" watched her, in idle misery of her own. She saw her take off her glasses once, and grope ahead of her like a blind person. It reminded her of when she was a little tot, and "played blind" with a tight hold of the nurse's hand.

By and by the incongruity of her being there at all occurred to Constance. Dr. Bell's prices were notoriously high, and this girl, in her shabby reefer and sailor hat, did not suggest a fat purse. She had come to the wrong place probably. There was another—why, yes, another Dr. Bell around the corner, who performed miracles of healing in general. The papers all teemed with his advertisements. Daddy had joked this Dr. Bell about him. Now Constance remembered it.

Judith Reese's aimless circlings around the room eddied nearer Constance. Suddenly Judith halted. She began to speak hurriedly, her voice strained and high.

"It's Wednesday, ain't it?"

"I beg your pardon."

Constance drew her slight figure up frigidly, and her skirts rustled softly.

"It's Wednesday, ain't it?—to-day?"

"Yes, it is Wednesday."

There was a tone of finality in the cool, low voice. It seemed to end the conversation definitely. But the other voice went on.

"I made sure it was; of course I *knew* it was. But I had a sudden feelin' that I'd made a mistake, maybe. And then I got to bein' afraid——"

A faint color deepened in her sallow, lean little cheeks. She peered into Constance's face with near-sighted eyes.

"Wednesdays are the days it's—it's free, ain't they? The consultin', I mean? Of course I know it is; only——"

It seemed difficult for her to go on. She circled about the room once more, and came back to the same spot.

"Only I've been sittin' here, dreadin' it so. An' I got all confused in my head. But of course I know it's Wednesdays. I couldn't have mistook that."

The indignant color had flushed the fair face of Constance Quay in a warmer tide. Impulsive, scornful words rose to her lips. Did this—person think *she* would be here—she, Constance Quay—if it was a "free" day?

But the words tarried on Constance Quay's sweet, fresh lips. A sudden pity for this poor, excited creature held them in leash there. Afterward she was glad. She was glad the girl had never known there were no "free" days here.

The inner door opened noiselessly, and a lady led out a little child with bandaged eyes. They were both laughing gaily.

"It's only fun making b'lieve blind, isn't it, mama?" piped the little one. "We'll have a reg'lar play, same as that *nice* doctor man said to."

"Yes, sweetheart, a reg'lar play."

The mother eyes met the pitying ones of Constance, but they smiled back happily.

"It's all right," she whispered as she passed. "She's only got to wear the bandage a little while, and then *she will be cured!* I was so afraid to go in there with her—but it's all right now. I could jump up and down for joy, right here in this room!"

"Le's play you told me what the color o' the sky was, mama, and the grass and everything. That's the way they do blind folks."

The cheerful little voice trailed back to them faintly through the half-closed door. Then Dr. Bell appeared at the other door.

"Your turn, Miss Quay," he said, briskly, and Constance went in. But she came back instantly, and motioned to the other girl who was waiting.

"No, you go first. I can wait," she said. "I did not think at first about your being here longest."

And the other girl went in. She stumbled across the room blindly. At the door she turned a white face toward Constance.

"Good-by," she said, wistfully.

It was nearly half an hour before she came out again. Then she was not stumbling or wild. She walked quite firmly and straight, but her face was terrible with dumb despair. Constance uttered a cry of horror when she saw it.

The girl crossed the room to Constance slowly.

"It's over," she said, quietly. "I'm glad of that. He told me I was goin' to be blind."

"No, no!" Constance cried.

"In a little while. I think he said six months. That isn't long, is it? When you're going to be blind, six months ain't long to be left to you, is it? He was very kind. I—I might have known what he'd say."

She gasped a little as if she were under water.

"He said I was goin' to be blind. I think he said six months," she repeated, dully. "I forgot to ask him if it was free Wednesdays, but of course I know so. I don't suppose doctors ask much, anyway, to tell you you're goin' to be blind."

Constance caught the little working fingers entreatingly.

"Don't! please don't!" she said. "Don't say it again. I can't bear it! I am so sorry—you don't know how sorry I am for you! No, you must not try to go away yet—you are not strong enough. See, I want you to wait here in this easy chair while I am gone; then we will go away together. You will be better then."

She was talking in steady, cheerful tones, and gently forcing the trembling little figure into one of the softest chairs. In all her care-free life Constance Quay had never been so deeply moved before. The horror of what this girl had told her appalled her. And she had thought nothing could be worse than wearing glasses!

"Dr. Bell," she began, abruptly, in the inner room, "are you sure? Can't anything be done for her? Wait; please don't answer yet! If it were I, instead of that girl out there, if I was the one who was going blind——"

Constance shuddered violently.

"Would there be no hope for me at all, Dr. Bell, not one ray of light?"

"There would be one chance in fifty—for you. There is no chance for her, I am afraid. There might be under different circumstances, but I did not tell her so. It seemed cruel."

The great man paced the floor nervously. He had told hundreds of poor souls their fate within those four walls, but his kind heart ached for this last sufferer.

"I told her the truth. God pity her!" he said, as if to himself.

"One chance in fifty—for me. What does that mean, doctor?"

Constance was pacing, too, beside him. She peered up into his grave face intently.

"It means, if she—if you—could spend six months in absolute darkness and quiet; if you could be surrounded with cheerful influences and every luxury under heaven except the blessed light of day; if you could have the costly treatment, daily, that only money could provide,—well, it means that then you would have one chance in fifty. You see it would be a very little 'ray of light,' Miss Quay?"

"Yes—I see," murmured Constance, thoughtfully. "But it would be something to hope for; it wouldn't be counting the days you had left, for six terrible months. Think of it! one hundred and eighty days, one hundred and seventy-nine, one hundred and seventy-eight, seventy-seven, seventy-six,—always one less,—the horror creeping on you every day!"

"God pity her!" murmured the kind great man in his beard.

"And I thought it was all one could suffer to wear glasses!" laughed Constance, tremulously.

Six months afterward, three people came together again in that inside room. It was Constance Quay's face that was white with dread. The face of little Judith Reese was flushed with eager hope. There seemed a bond of quiet affection, and the familiarity of long dwelling together, between the two girls; and Judith's bandaged eyes were turned always toward the sound of Constance's voice. But Judith did not hear the low, strained whisper.

"Let me take them off, doctor, when you say 'Now.' You need not be afraid; I will be calm."

Dr. Bell was drawing some of the shades and darkening the room. He moved about briskly. His good face was full of courage. Why not? Things had worked along so well, there had been every chance in the world. Surely now—

"Now," the doctor said, quietly.

The bandages slipped away from Judith's patient eyes. An instant's breathless waiting—then a clear cry of joy.

"I can see! It isn't dark!" And again: "It is light! I can see!"

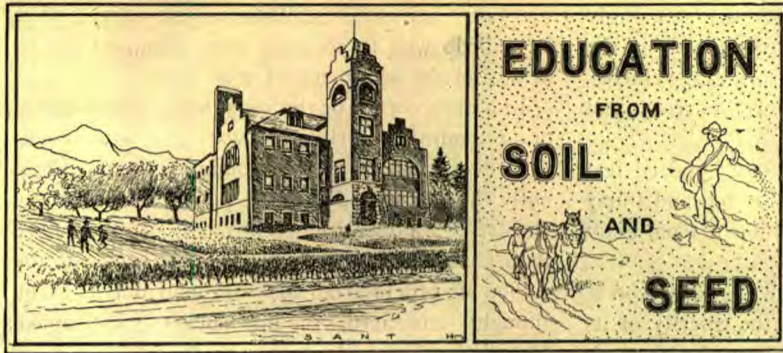
Judith caught Constance's hands and gazed raptly into the joyous face, as if she must see that first. Was it the light there she saw?

"I can see everything, Miss Constance. I can see the tears in your eyes, but you aren't crying! O, how beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! It's the end of six months, and I'm not blind. I can see!"

Constance took off her glasses and wiped them hard; then she set them astride her pert little nose again, and curled their slender golden bows around her ears. She looked at the smiling doctor gaily through them.

"I can see, too," she laughed.—*Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Christian Endeavor World.*

JOSHUA, the soldier *par excellence* of the Old Testament, was a man who could wait. He followed and learned for forty years before he was called upon to lead. He was the man he was because of his long training. When he heard the words, "Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise," he obeyed just as he had done all the thousands of little things that were his to do during the forty years in which he had been a subordinate. He did the things that his hands found to do with his might. Some one has said that "trifles are trifles only to triflers."—*Pilgrim Teacher.*



"The cultivation of the soil will prove an education to the soul"

IV—Saving the Soil's Wealth (Nitrogen)

How are your neighbors?—I mean those families, the Sands and the Clays and the Mucks? I hope you are becoming well acquainted with them.

In our study of how to take care of that great plant-builder, *nitrogen*, we found drainage to be one way of saving it. We shall now put down, for number—

2. *Avoid the constant growing of one crop on the same ground.* Everything in nature requires change and rest. The soil is not an exception to this rule. It is true that it has nitrogen enough for a century of wheat-growing, but it wants other tenants besides wheat. After feeding the wheat with nitrogen for one or two good harvests, the soil begins to close up the door of her treasure-house; and if wheat comes again for nitrogen, she must be content with short rations.

In God's instructions to Israel, this principle of resting the land by a change was recognized. It is mentioned in the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus. Each seventh year the land was not tilled nor sown, but it was allowed to produce "that which groweth of its own accord." The most successful agriculturalists of the present day also recognize the principle, and practise it in the management of their soil. We find two ways of resting the land now in vogue. *Summer-fallowing* gives a complete rest, the land being cultivated, and nothing allowed to grow upon it for one season.

Rotation of crops rests the land by giving it a change in the thing grown. It has long been known by farmers that clover is a good crop to grow on run-down land. They knew that the fertility of the land was restored by it, but could not tell why. Within the past fifteen years it has been discovered that clover roots store up nitrogen, which is given to the soil, and thus saved for the use of other plants.

If you will take a spade and dig up some clover roots, you will find scattered about upon them little wart-like growths. These are called "tubercles." They resemble very small potatoes as they first begin forming upon the roots of their stem. If you do not find them upon the first root, dig up another, selecting one of last year's growth. I took up a fine specimen, a few months ago, in the yard of my old Michigan home. After washing the root, I counted dozens of the little nitrogen-holders fastened upon all the branching rootlets.

These nitrogen-collecting tubercles also grow upon the roots of peas, beans, and other plants of the leguminous family. The leaves of these plants have been endowed by the Creator with the ability to extract nitrogen from the air. It is carried down to the roots, and stored for future use. When clover sod is plowed up, all this nitrogen of the roots remains in the soil.

You can now see why it is best to grow a crop of clover after one of wheat. The wheat has taken much nitrogen away from the soil, but gives none back. The clover uses some soil nitrogen for its growth, but it pays back much more than it borrowed. But the farmer wants to

grow other crops besides wheat and clover. And he finds that the land gets its needed rest by growing corn next year on this year's clover field. Then he may follow the corn with a crop of oats, and the oats with wheat again. This arrangement is called a "four-year rotation."

3. Our third way to save the nitrogen of our land will be to *return to the soil* its products, as much as possible. Nitrogen once taken into plant structure can be used by the soil over and over again for other plants. It is the same with the other plant foods,—potash, phosphoric acid, etc. So if the straw from the various grains is returned to the land, it carries with it some of these elements already manufactured into suitable food for the next crop. This is one reason for taking back to the land each year the straw, mixed with other fertilizing material collected in the barnyard.

4. A fourth way to keep the soil rich in nitrogen is to *grow nitrogen producers* upon it. Clover and peas are known to be the two favorites for this purpose. Sometimes we find soil so much "run-down" that it is necessary to plow under the whole crop of clover or peas, in order to restore its fertility.

5. *Cultivation* is another important means of keeping soil supplied with this "staff of life" for plants. Every time the plow turns the soil, it buries some form of vegetable growth containing nitrogen. Besides, the stirring of the soil allows the sunshine and the rain to gain an entrance, and these agencies of heaven act an important part in the soil's laboratory where nitrogen is gathered, worked over, and made ready for use.

J. C. ROGERS.

The Most Useful Tree

OF all forest trees the eucalyptus is the most beneficial to mankind. The list of useful articles it furnishes to the world is almost incredible.

It is predicted by the United States Bureau of Forestry that within a few years the different varieties of eucalyptus will solve the fuel problem, both in America and Europe. In the rapidity and hardiness of its growth this tree has no equal. Five years from the time of planting, groves raised from seedlings will yield seventy-five cords of stove wood an acre. Three to five years from the time of cutting, sprouts that spring from the stumps mature into trees that produce more cords to the acre than the original growth. Repeated cuttings add to the thriftiness of the eucalyptus. A period of twenty-five years will develop trees the size of oaks known to be three hundred years old. In some sections of the Southwest where oak has been nearly exhausted as fuel, the eucalyptus is taking its place.

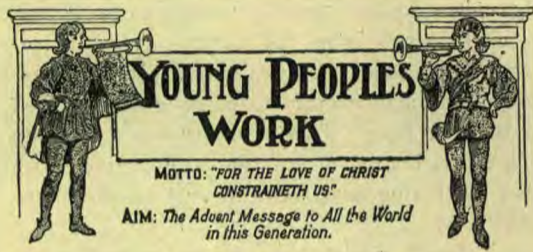
Some varieties thrive in tropical swamps; others flourish in the mountain snows far above the timber-line. To every degree of climate and condition between these extremes some species from this prolific genus is adapted. Scientists have demonstrated that eucalypts have a wonderful effect upon climate. From some of the swampy areas of Italy malaria has been banished by the growth of eucalyptus groves. This is due both to the tonic and medicinal effect of its aroma and to the tree's phenomenal capacity for absorbing water.

Notwithstanding the latter trait, however, some varieties of the blue gum will thrive on arid plains. Soil on which not even cactus will live will produce great eucalyptus trees.

The genus is invaluable as a source of timber. The uses it is put to in this regard are amazingly diverse. In Australia it is used extensively in the construction of ships, buildings, bridges, vehicles, agricultural implements, furniture, barrels, and hundreds of minor articles.

Faultless hardwood logs over two hundred feet long, twelve feet in diameter at the top and thirty feet in diameter at the base, are hewn from giant eucalypts.

It is one of the most durable of hard woods. This is a remarkable fact when the celerity of its growth is considered. In repairing a decayed pier at Santa Barbara, California, it was found that a few piles were perfectly sound. Examination disclosed that they had been hewn from eucalyptus trees.—*Saturday Evening Post.*



Denial

Nor only Peter in the judgment hall,
Not only in the centuries gone by,
Did coward hearts deny thee, Lord of all,
But even in our time, and constantly;
For feeble wills, and the mean fear of men,
And selfish dread, are with us now as then.

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

We close our lips when speech would wake a sneer;

We turn aside, and shirk the rougher path;
We gloss and blink as if we did not hear
The scoffing word which calls for righteous wrath.

All unrebuked we let the scoffer go,
And we deny our Lord and Master so.

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

Wise, but Cowardly

In an early German school there was a young man of good mind and exceptional prospects. He had a comprehensive understanding of the sciences, and was familiar with the countries of the earth and the events of history. He was an orator of splendid powers, and the people were captivated when he spoke. They wanted the emperor to place him in a very important position in the government. This the aged ruler at length decided to do, provided the young man could pass a satisfactory examination.

Summoning the young fellow, the emperor handed him letters to deliver in different parts of France, telling him above all things to remember the dignity of his country and his king, and stand up for them all the way. On this the success of his mission would depend. It was the test of a lifetime.

All went well till he came one evening to an inn on the southern border of Germany. A number of men were there, drinking, playing cards, and talking politics. Apparently unnoticed, the German became interested in their conversation; for they were speaking of the German emperor. "The old duffer," said one, "imagines that we will accede to his crazy notion

regarding the line through Strasborg and Metz."

"Yes," answered another of the party, "but he will do well to consider with whom he has to deal, and the sentiment of this region."

In a dark corner of the room sat a man writing, or pretending to write, and watching with hawk-eyes every motion of the young German. Presently the pen moved over the paper, and left these words: "Finding the sentiment of the place Anti-German, Von Guilden quietly removed the ribbon of orders from his coat, and put it, as he thought unnoticed, in his pocket. He spoke French to the landlord, though the place is more German than French."

Three days later the emperor muttered "Coward," and threw a scrap of paper in the fire.

On the next night of his journey, Von Guilden found himself in another inn, not far from Lesten. Here again was a crowd of men, and here was the mysterious writer. Four days later the German emperor read: "Von Guilden wears no orders. At the inn to-night some one became excited over the Strasborg-Metz line, and asserted that he knew there was not a supporter of the German emperor in the room. It was only a friendly discussion; there was no danger. Von Guilden turned pale, then flushed, but said nothing."

"Coward!" exclaimed the emperor. "It is too bad, for he is one in a million;—but, no; he will not do—a blade broken in the trying!"

Particularly applicable is this little sketch from history to your work and mine to-day. We are representatives of a King and a country. Do we honor or disgrace them? Do we carry our Bibles under our coats? Are we silent when we might speak to the advantage of the truth? Do we cower under many a challenge of the devil? Do we? If we do, we are made of the stuff that fails.

EDISON DRIVER.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

"The Midnight Cry" and the Second Angel's Message

(March 29 to April 4)

THIS experience, foretold in the parable of the ten virgins, will be to the end a beacon light to advent believers. Bearing in mind the parable of the ten virgins, give a brief, pointed review of the thrilling times when the advent believers discovered the mistake in fixing the time, and saw that the twenty-three hundred days must end in October, 1844.

Basis of Study.—"Rise and Progress," chapters VI and VII; the middle portion of chapter XXII, "Great Controversy," entitled, "Prophecies Fulfilled," dealing with the cause of the mistake, the rectifying of the error, and the effect of the awakening message; and chapter XXI, "A Warning Rejected;" "Early Writings," pages 96-103.

I am working on the supposition that those in charge of the Young People's meetings will have access to these standard books, either by possession or by borrowing. If this is not so in any case, the young people in that company have an important work to do in seeing that these works are somehow procured. How can we expect to be intelligent as to the aim and mission of this people if we have not the books which God's providence has provided as truly as he commanded Joshua to set up the monument of stones by Jordan as a memorial?

The short portion in "Early Writings," page 101, "The Second Angel's Message," might be read in the meeting by some one. We are to remember that just as the "midnight cry" swept over the country with compelling power, so now

the cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," is to be sounded in all the world.

In Sister White's first vision, the relation of this "midnight cry" movement to our work is clearly shown: "At this I raised my eyes, and saw a straight and narrow path, cast up high above the world. On this path the advent people were traveling to the city, which was at the farther end of the path. They had a bright light set up behind them at the beginning of the path, which an angel told me was the midnight cry. This light shone all along the path, and gave light for their feet so they might not stumble. . . . Soon some grew weary, and said the city was a great way off, and they expected to have entered it before. Then Jesus would encourage them by raising his glorious right arm, and from his arm came a light which waved over the advent band, and they shouted, Alleluia! Others rashly denied the light behind them, and said that it was not God that had led them out so far. The light behind them went out, leaving their feet in perfect darkness, and they . . . fell off the path down into the dark and wicked world below."—*Early Writings,* page 10.

We are walking this path, and now the city is but a little way before. Now Satan will try to make men forget what the advent movement means, and to despise the simple faith of the early believers. But let us keep our eyes on Jesus and the real city before us. They in 1844 were mistaken as to the event, but God would have the world stirred as the judgment hour began. Now that the judgment hour is closing, the midnight cry is raised again, for now is the Bridegroom truly coming, without long delay.

Do not fail to note how the expectation of meeting Jesus influenced men in their financial affairs. They preached the message by their business plans.

Do not forget that this Young People's movement stands for work, and in all the study insist upon finding incentives to present service.

W. A. S.

Union College Society

THE Dorcas department of the Young People's Society of Union College is planning to make three hundred garments for the natives of Nyassaland, Africa. A program was rendered in the college chapel, February 16, and the work of Brother Booth, one of our missionaries there, was discussed. Elder Watson, president of the Colorado Conference, who was present, gave a very interesting account of Brother Branch and his family, who have gone to assist Brother Booth. The students were deeply interested, as it seemed to bring the field nearer home.—*Central Advance.*

Question Hints

(To be given to different members, and answered in the meeting)

OBSERVE the preparation made in 1844 by the brethren who were expecting soon to enjoy the society of God and the angels. In view of this, what preparation are we to make? See Rev. 18:2-4; 2 Cor. 6:17; Ps. 1:1. Notice carefully the three details mentioned in the last scripture. Find other scriptures bearing upon this thought.

In connection with what is said in "Early Writings" concerning the light that guided the advent people in their upward path, read Ex. 13:21, 22; 14:20; John 1:5; Matt. 6:23. Show how there is danger in rejecting light to-day.

How can the truth be preached in our business relations? Give illustrations showing how men have been brought to believe in God by the integrity of his professed children in their business dealings.

MISSIONARY HENS



THE third angel's message is going quickly to all the earth, and then Jesus will come. Even the children understand these glad tidings, and they are ready to do what they can to send the word along.

Children can help. They can make the ground serve them in missionary gardens, or they may have missionary chickens, and in a number of other ways can earn little gifts for the cause of missions.

I will tell you a true story about two missionary hens. We have heard something about the missionary acre, and the missionary garden, but very little about how chickens can be made to help provide the money to send the good news that Jesus is coming.

Several years ago, in one of the Eastern Central States, there lived two little girls who loved the poor children far away across the sea, because their mother loved them, and she had told her children about them — how they were born to miserable, unhappy lives, many times not being permitted to grow up, and that nothing but the love of Jesus and a knowledge of him as their Saviour would ever change the sad condition of these people. But what could two little girls do to help?

Two motherless chicks were found at the barnyard one morning. Some one must care for them until they were able to do for themselves. The little girls went joyfully at their self-appointed task; for these chicks were going to be missionary hens some day, and they should help to carry the good news about Jesus to the darkened minds far across the seas.

In anticipation of the work for which they had been set apart, these chicks were named in memory of two noble missionary women. To one was given the name of a missionary whose name was a household word. The children had often heard of her, and loved her because she was a representative of the church to which their parents belonged. She was working in far-away Japan. To the other was given the name of that heroic woman, among the first to sail from America's shores, Ann Hazleton Judson, who so fully entered into the labors of her noble husband in his work for the Burmese. This name was loved and revered by the mother, because, to her, in her girlhood days, it had been the synonym of real devotion and unselfish missionary work. She had longed to throw her whole life into the same enterprise, but God ordered for her a different field.

The little chicks grew rapidly, and soon the large eggs began to accumulate, to the pleasure of the children; for these were Plymouth Rock hens, and they seemed more faithful than all the others in the flock, in giving their contribution

every day to send the gospel to the heathen.

The one which had been named for Mrs. Judson would persist in laying her eggs in the sewing-basket which stood in the dining-room, unless she was

driven out. And it was indeed a cunning sight to see her little bright eyes peeping out above the basket, as if she knew her eggs received more attention, and were more precious, than any others gathered about the place.

Every egg was cherished, and either sold to the mother or to some of the neighbors, and the money saved for the annual collection; for in those days it was taken up only once a year. This little incident served for more than merely increasing the missionary offering from that home. It was the means of instilling more deeply that missionary inspiration which holds the heart



LAYING HER EGGS IN THE SEWING-BASKET

true to God under trying circumstances in later years.

How many of the children would like to engage in such an enterprise? Ask papa and mama about it early. Perhaps you can have a missionary hen to raise a whole flock of chickens for you this summer; and the earlier you get about this work in the spring, the more money you will realize for your missionary offering.

The greatest work in the world is the preaching of the last message of mercy. When every one in heathen lands has had the privilege of hearing about Jesus, then he will come to gather together his children. Even the little ones may have a part in the work. How many will try in this way to help the work along this year?

ESTELLA HOUSER.

The Warmest Room

"GRANDMOTHER shall have the warmest one," papa said, the day they moved into the new house. It was in November, and warm rooms were in demand.

"No, no, James, thee must give the children that one," dear old Quaker grandmother said, shaking her white head.

"Not a bit of it!" laughed papa. "You're to have it your own dear self. I want to make you forget the room you used to go to bed in when you were a child! No warming-pans for this one, but a beautiful warm fire. You shall see!"

But grandmother persisted, in her own gentle way, that Elsie and Nan must have the warmest room.

"Well, I'll tell you," papa said. "At go-to-bed story-time to-night you shall tell the children how you went to bed, long time ago, and then we'll put it to vote who is to have the warmest room this winter."

"O goody!" Elsie cried, and "Goody!" cried Nan. For did not that mean a grandmother story at go-to-bed time?

This was the story: "It isn't much of a story, dears [but they knew better], but I'll tell thee how I used to go to bed when I was a little mite of a girl. Ur-r-r! It makes me shiver now, and it was seventy years ago! Thee sees, there were never any fires in the rooms upstairs, in the very coldest weather. I could see my breath all the time I was undressing, and I never dared touch the iron latch on the door for fear of freezing my fingers to it. The windows were so frosted that the beautiful frost pictures on them were half an inch thick. I couldn't scratch them through with my finger-nail. That was how cold it was in grandmother's bedroom, dears."

"Ur-r-r!" Elsie shivered, looking at Nan.

"Ur-r-r!" shivered Nan, looking at Elsie.

"But the bed—I haven't got to the bed yet. That was warm. Every night my dear little mother used to fill the great, long-handled brass warming-pan full of red-hot coals from the hearth fire down-stairs, and go up and iron my sheets. She would slide the hot pan in under the bedclothes, and up and down, up and down, and cross-ways, till she had warmed the bed beautifully for little blue-nosed, shivering me to climb

into. The heat lasted until I got to sleep, but in the morning I dared not run my toes down to the foot of the bed. It was sure to be cold there.

"There was a cover to the warming-pan that had little pepper-pot holes in it for the heat to go through, thee sees, and I can tell thee it did go through! Mother never dared to let the pan stand still a minute, for fear it would scorch the sheets.

"Oh, how good it used to feel! It takes more than seventy years to forget that. But, dears, thee can't think how grandmother used to dread getting up those snappy mornings. In seventy years I haven't forgotten that! I used to lie and dread it until my mother came up the second or third time to hurry me into my clothes.

"How good the fire felt when I crept down the

ice-cold stairs into the living-room! Great logs were burning in the open fireplace, and the kettle was singing. It always took some time to forget the cold up-stairs."

That was the end of the grandmother story. Papa had heard it, too.

"Now for the vote," he said. "All in favor of giving little blue-nosed, shivering grandmother the warmest room to go to bed in, say, 'Aye.'"

"Aye!" Elsie cried, and "Aye!" cried Nan.—*Selected.*

Honor Thy Father and Mother

HONOR thy father and mother,
So that thy days may be
Long, in the land of beauty
Which thy God giveth thee.

Children, obey your parents,
In the Lord; for this is right.
Let a life of pure devotion
Make their pathway free and bright.

Accept their kind instruction
As a gift from God's own hand,
To guide thee safely onward
To the bright and better land.

PAULINA M. ANDERSON.



First Lessons in Geography

Lesson XLI

THE southern part of Africa is not nearly so warm, and in many places it is not nearly so fertile, as the central portion, yet it is everywhere inhabited by numerous tribes of negroes. These peoples are divided into large races, or families, each containing many tribes. The Kafirs inhabit the western and southern part of the country. Various foreign peoples, especially the English and Dutch, have settled in the southern part of Africa, and have organized governments. These are now under the control of England. There are many gold and diamond mines in this country. This has led many thousands of white people to settle here. They are engaged principally in agriculture and cattle-raising. Several large cities have been built up, especially where there are mines. These mines are worked by the Kafirs, who are poorly paid and harshly treated. Railroads have been built from these cities to Cape Town.

The Kafirs are an intelligent, warlike race, although in some respects they are not equal to the natives in other parts of Africa. When the white people settled here, they overthrew the native chiefs in a series of wars, and now the black people have no part in the government; yet in a great many places, mission schools have been established, and the natives have been taught to read and write, and many of them have accepted Christianity. They are becoming more civilized, and many of them have herds of their own, or till the soil; yet the majority have a very hard life, and are badly treated by the white people.

On the east coast are the Zulu tribes. Among the strongest of these are the Matabeles. Their country has only recently been conquered and occupied by the English. These people are intelligent and warlike. They live in villages under the leadership of their chiefs, and keep large herds of cattle. Many of them also cultivate the soil. Their country is not so fertile as that farther north, and for this reason there is less produce exported. They are rapidly learning the ways of civilization, and within the last few

years many missionaries have begun work among them.

To the north of Matabeleland is another large race of negroes living along the banks of the Zambesi River, and up to the region of the Great Lakes. Dr. Livingston, the great explorer and missionary, first carried the gospel to this people, over a quarter of a century ago, himself going as far north as Lake Nyassa. He taught them how to work, and in many ways to improve their condition. Since then many schools have been started in various parts of this region, and thousands of children are being educated in the Bible; but while this is true, there are yet millions who have no opportunity to be taught, and many of them have never seen a white man. Their country has a fairly good climate, and is very productive. Bananas and other tropical fruits thrive there, and the people raise large crops of grain. These people are anxious to receive an education, and the way is open for missionaries to go among them to live. In many places the natives will gladly give them land, and everything that is needed, if they will only come and teach them.

Part of the country is under the rule of England, and part of it is under the rule of Portugal. The large Island of Madagascar is under French rule. It contains many mines, which are worked largely by the natives, who are held as slaves. The original people of Madagascar belong to the Malay, or brown race. The people till the soil and raise cattle. Cotton, hides, sugar, coffee, and rubber are the principal exports.

REVIEW.—What people inhabit the western and southern part of Africa? Under whose rule are they? What has led many white people to settle here? What do they raise? Tell all you can about the Kafirs. What tribe of people live on the east coast? Where is Matabeleland? Under what rule is it? Tell what you can about the Matabeles. Have your teacher tell you of the work of the missionaries who have gone to these countries. Who first carried the gospel to these people? Where is Lake Nyassa? What kind of climate has this country? What is raised there? What large island east of Africa? What channel between this island and Africa? Under what rule is Madagascar? Where is the Zambesi River? Where is the Orange River? Where is Cape Town?

Lesson XLII

On the coast of Africa are a number of territories governed by the various nations of Europe. Liberia was founded by the United States as a home for colored people who had been brought to America as slaves. As most of the negroes did not wish to leave this country, the colony never proved a success. It is now an independent republic. All the colored people now in America are descendants of Africans, who were originally brought from Africa as slaves. Slave-traders often went among the natives, and managed to steal a ship-load of them, afterward selling them wherever they could find a market. For this reason, and because they had robbed them in many other ways, many of the tribes in the interior of Africa did not wish to have the white man enter their country.

Schools have been established among the coast tribes to train natives so that they may go into the interior, and carry the gospel to those who have never heard it. In many of these schools two dollars a month will board and clothe a native, and send him to school.

Among the natives of Africa are many forms of idolatry. Some of the old men are thought to be witches, or witch doctors, as they are called. They claim to hold communion with the gods, and to be able to do many wonderful things. When any one is sick, these witch doctors are sent for,

and they pretend to cure him by going through incantations, songs, etc. This gives them a great deal of power with the poor natives.

The scenery in some parts of Africa is very beautiful. The Kongo River has many waterfalls that are said to be almost as large as the Niagara Falls in America, and more beautiful. No country in the world, unless it be South America, has so many stately palm-trees and such large water-lilies. In the forests of Central Africa are many birds of various colors; some of them are very odd. Monkeys, baboons, and apes of various kinds chatter among the branches of the trees. In some parts of Africa ostriches run wild in large numbers. In other places they are raised by the thousands, very much as we raise chickens. Their feathers are an important article of commerce. Watermelons, onions, and others of our principal vegetables originally grew wild in Africa; while many such beautiful flowers as the calla and gladiolus have been brought from there.

REVIEW.—Where is Liberia? Why was it founded? What kind of government has it? Where did the Americans get their slaves? How did they obtain them? Where are most of our mission schools established? For what purpose? What is the cost of supporting a native, and sending him to school? Tell all you can about the Kongo River. What kind of trees grow there? What flowers? What kinds of animals are found there? What large bird is raised in South Africa? Why is it so valuable?

NOTE.—About half the present series of geography lessons has now been printed; and as the most of the church schools close in April, and as the complete series will probably be printed later in book form, it is decided not to continue their publication in the INSTRUCTOR further.

Our Best

DANIEL MORELL, once president of an iron establishment in Pittsburg employing seven thousand men, was asked by a visitor, "What is the secret of such a development of business as this?" Note the answer: "We have no secret. We always try to beat our last batch of rails. That's all the secret we have, and we don't care who knows it." This is an "open secret" that's worth knowing—doing better than our best is the only way to keep on growing. And it is a secret that we need to carry into every part of our daily lives. Better to-day—then we shall not be cast down over the mistakes of yesterday. One step onward to-day, pressing toward the mark of our high calling to-day,—that is the way we shall all come unto the measure of the stature of the perfect man, Christ Jesus.

"One day only, though sorely press'd,
Is all thine own; make it thy best."

OVER the triple doorways of the cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a wreath of roses with the legend, "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, accompanied by the words, "All that which troubles is but for a moment." But on the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal." The lesson is obvious. It teaches us that morals are of more account than money, and that if we are wise, we shall care less for the passing pageants of the hour, for the gratification of our frivolous fancies, and for the attainment of our worldly ambitions. We shall live for the heavenly, for the eternal, for the service of the strong and tender Christ whose "well done" is more to be desired than all the plaudits of the universe.—"First Battles, and How to Fight Them."



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

I—The Golden Calf

(April 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 32.

MEMORY VERSE: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." 2 Cor. 6: 17.

When God led the Israelites out of Egypt and made himself known to them, he said, "Defile not yourselves with the idols of Egypt: I am the Lord your God." Ex. 20: 7. This shows that in Egypt they had fallen into idolatry, and were accustomed to worship gods that they could see. So when Moses was away from them, they said to Aaron, "Make us gods, which shall go before us."

If Aaron, who knew the true God, had only stood firm, and reasoned with the people, he might have saved them from the terrible sin that cost many of them their lives. But he fell because he was weak and feared the people. He thought the only way to save his life was to do as they wished; and he sought to gain their favor by arranging for a heathen festival, so leading them still further into sin. It is far better to lose our lives for doing right, than to save them by doing wrong.

But a few days before, God had said to the people, "Ye have seen . . . how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself." And again, we are told that "he bare them, and carried them all the days of old." But now they turned from the God who carried them, to a god that they had to carry before them.

It seems strange to us that they should have made a god in the form of a calf, and bowed down before it, and said, "These be thy gods, O Israel;" but in Egypt they had often seen such things, for the Egyptians worshiped animals, especially the sacred bull that they called Apis.

It was but a very little while since they had promised to serve God and keep his law, which told them not to make any graven images. This sad story shows how little power there is in our own promises and resolutions. This should not discourage us; it should teach us to put all our trust in God, and in his faithful promises, which tell us what he will do for us.

While Moses was in the mountain, God had given him two tables of stone, on which he had written the ten commandments with his own finger. When Moses saw how Israel had broken their covenant, he cast the tables of the broken law out of his hand, and they were broken to pieces.

All those who were faithful to God had to take a firm stand for the right, even though it cut them off from their dearest friends. They had to smite the sin of idolatry wherever they found it, even though it was in the heart of the one they most loved. Thus they shared with God in executing judgment upon the unrepentant sinners.

Terrible as this seems to us, it was, as are all the acts of God, the most merciful thing that could be done. Sin can bring only misery and death; and when one clings to his sin, and will not repent, the kindest thing that God can do is to cut him off, and so keep him from having an evil influence over others, and leading them astray. By being God's instruments in doing this work, God's faithful servants showed that they saw in it the justice and mercy of God.

The call to us now in these last days, when gods many and lords many are being worshiped by the world, and even by some who call them-

selves Christians, is, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, . . . and touch not the unclean thing." This separation may part us from those we love, but we must not hesitate because of this.

All those who obey God's call will share with him in the work of judging the wicked; for the saints will judge the world, and at last they shall "execute upon them the judgment written: this honor have all his saints."

Questions

1. When Moses was in the mount with God, what did the people say to Aaron? Ex. 32: 1. What had they been accustomed to in Egypt?
2. Where did the gold for making the idol come from? Verses 2, 3. In what form was it made? Verse 4. Why did Aaron do so wicked a thing?
3. Did Moses know anything of what was going on? How was it made known to him? Verses 7, 8.
4. What did God offer to do for Moses? Verse 10. Did Moses accept this offer? Why not? Verses 11-13.
5. What did Moses have in his hand when he came back to the camp? What did he do with these tables?
6. What had the children of Israel already done to the law that was written on the tables? Yet what had they promised a little while before?
7. How much power is there in our promises? Whose are the only promises that can be trusted? Heb. 10: 23.
8. How did Moses separate the people? Verse 26. Who came out on the Lord's side? What were they told to do? Verse 27. How many were slain? Verse 28.
9. What is the most merciful thing that God can do for sinners who will not repent? Tell of some reasons for this.
10. Who will share in the work of judging and destroying the wicked? Ps. 149: 9. What will they show by this?



I—The Founding of the Church

(April 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: I Thess. 1: 1; Acts 17: 1-10.

MEMORY VERSE: I Cor. 2: 2.

Paul, and Silvanus, and Timothy, unto the church of the Thessalonians in God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ: Grace to you and peace.

Now when they had passed through Amphipolis and Apollonia, they came to Thessalonica, where was a synagogue of the Jews: and Paul, as his custom was, went in unto them, and for three Sabbath days reasoned with them from the Scriptures, opening and alleging that it behooved the Christ to suffer, and to rise again from the dead; and that this Jesus, whom, said he, I proclaim unto you, is the Christ. And some of them were persuaded, and consorted with Paul and Silas; and of the devout Greeks a great multitude, and of the chief women not a few. But the Jews, being moved with jealousy, took unto them certain vile fellows of the rabble, and gathering a crowd, set the city on an uproar; and assaulting the house of Jason, they sought to bring them forth to the people. And when they found them not, they dragged Jason and certain brethren before the rulers of the city, crying, These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also; whom Jason hath received: and these all act contrary to the decrees of Cæsar, saying that there is another king, one Jesus. And they troubled the multitude and the rulers of the city, when they heard these things. And when they had taken security from Jason and the rest, they let them go. And the brethren immediately sent away Paul and Silas by night unto Berea: who

when they were come thither went into the synagogue of the Jews.

Questions

1. Whom does Paul associate with him in writing the epistle to the Thessalonians?
2. What connection had Silas and Timotheus with this church previously to the time when this epistle was written? Acts 17: 1, 14.
3. Where is the account of the first visit of Paul to Thessalonica recorded?
4. What special feature is mentioned concerning this city?
5. From verse 2 what do we learn concerning the custom of Paul?
6. Out of what did he reason with them? What was the burden of his preaching?
7. What was the purpose that prompted Paul in all his life-work? I Cor. 2: 2; Phil. 3: 8. How fully must this be the experience of every Christian?
8. What was the result of this preaching in Thessalonica? What classes are mentioned among the believers?
9. What did the Jews which believed not do? What led them to follow this wicked course? Whose house did they assault? For what purpose?
10. When they could not find Paul and Silas, what did they do? What accusation did they bring against Jason? See note 3.
11. Of what crime did they accuse these men? How had they taught contrary to the decrees of Cæsar?
12. How did this accusation affect the people and the rulers of the city?
13. What precaution did the rulers take? What did the brethren do for Paul and Silas?
14. What blessing did this persecution in the beginning of the church in Thessalonica bring to the people of Berea? Verses 11, 12.

Notes

1. Thessalonica was anciently the capital of Macedonia. It was embellished and enlarged by Philip, king of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great. From him it probably also received its name. Modern Thessalonica is Salonica, situated on the northwest arm of the Aegean Sea. Its population is 127,000. Many of the people are Jews and Greeks. It contains many churches and schools of different denominations.

2. The first Epistle to the Thessalonians is generally agreed to be the first epistle that Paul wrote to any of the churches. It is inspiring to note that at that time the hope which buoyed up these new converts was the blessed hope in which we rejoice to-day, and which we shall so soon see fulfilled.

3. "Those who honor the Bible Sabbath will be denounced as enemies of law and order, as breaking down the moral restraints of society, causing anarchy and corruption, and calling down the judgments of God upon the earth. . . . They will be accused of disaffection toward the government. . . . In legislative halls and courts of justice, commandment-keepers will be misrepresented and condemned. A false coloring will be given to their words."—"Great Controversy," page 592.

4. In "Early Writings," page 43, the experience of the saints just prior to the coming of the Lord is outlined. They are accused of being the cause of the fearful calamities that are falling upon the earth, and death is threatened unless they yield their peculiar faith and give up the Sabbath. But in this hour the saints are calm and composed, trusting in God, and leaning upon him to provide a way of escape. The wicked even attempt to slay them; but the swords that are raised to kill God's people fall powerless. Angels of God shield the saints. This is the experience that awaits every one who places his trust in the Lord; for "he is faithful that promised."



The Saviour's Silences

THE merest gleam of heaven sufficed
Heaven's Herald, the revealing Christ;
But sin he showed, and penalty,
How faithfully! how anxiously!

As when a father sends his son
Out in the clashing world alone,
He warns him of the evil there,
Nor stays to picture what is fair.

What glories, then, what mysteries,
Lie in the Saviour's silences!
What bliss we could not have believed,
Eye hath not seen nor mind conceived!

Bestir thee, Fancy! lift thy wings
To visions of the happiest things.
Revel in joys beyond the blue,
And all thy dreamings shall be true.

The dearest wish, the fondest hope,
The fair ideal's farthest scope,
No longer doubt, but dare to know;
He would have said, were these not so.
—Amos R. Wells.

The Runaway Preacher

THE brief story of Jonah is curiously thrown into the midst of somber and solemn prophecies. Though frequently overlooked in our search for Scripture treasure, it is a gem of great beauty and value. Perhaps one reason it is so usually passed over, is that it is, to merely human conception, entirely incredible. The story of Jonah's experience with the fish comes in for more than an ordinary share of ridicule with skeptics of all sorts and grades. Even many professed teachers of Biblical truth unhesitatingly pooh at the idea. Here is a man thrown overboard into the raging sea. A mighty fish swallows him whole, and he remains in the bowels of the fish for three days. During this time he is under water, and of course deprived of air. The digestion of the fish is suspended, and Jonah is entirely conscious of his strange situation. He composes and utters a prayer of singular beauty, which is heard in heaven, and at the end of the time the man is landed safe and sound, and none the worse for his strange voyage.

Now perhaps there may be some one who is ready to say, I don't believe a word of it. But do you believe in Christ?—O, yes, certainly. Well, Christ believed in Jonah. He confirms the truthfulness of this experience, and makes it a type of his own burial and resurrection. He, as the Son of God, knew the truthfulness or untruthfulness of the narrative, and attests its truthfulness. How, then, can you believe in Christ, and believe he sanctioned a falsehood about Jonah?

The fact is, the Bible stands or falls together. Wherever we see God at work, the incredible appears. The story of creation is not rational to the human conception. The birth of Jesus, his resurrection, the second advent of Christ, and the resurrection of all the dead, can be admitted to be credible only by faith. And faith is a principle which makes a reality out of God's Word, no matter how improbable it may appear to human reason. When one allows that God can sanction a falsehood by admitting it to his Word, he destroys the whole groundwork of faith, and opens his mind to doubt, unbelief, infidelity, despair, and ruin. The great guaranty of God's government and eternal kingdom is the statement of inspiration that he can not lie. And if we want to stand with God in this world and the one to come, it will be best for us fully and unswerv-

ingly to accept that statement, and always believe God's word.

It was not to tempt our unbelief that the Lord had the story of Jonah put in the Bible. It was to teach us some important lessons,—lessons that are needed very much just now. Jonah tried to run away from the Lord and from duty. The Lord helped him to get out of sight. He went to the bottom of the sea for three days; but there he found God and his salvation. His unfaithfulness, however, was turned to the good of the ship's crew, who were converted to God by the circumstances.

Jonah finally went to Nineveh, and delivered his message. Much to his disgust, the people, from highest to lowest, repented, and sought God. They found mercy. But Jonah was so angry that he wanted to die because he regarded his message a failure, and thought that he had been made ridiculous by preaching a destruction that did not come. In other words, he was so selfish as to regard himself and his plans as of far greater importance than the salvation of the poor people, one hundred and twenty thousand of whom could not discern their right hand from their left. Some people act a good deal that way nowadays. But the Lord is more anxious about the salvation of poor sinners than he is to uphold the plans or reputation of men.

Instead of teaching the inquiring Ninevites the way of life and truth, Jonah went off by himself, nursing his disappointment, vexed because of the mercy and kindness of God in forgiving the people. He would rather blister in the blazing wilderness than be with those poor people, where God wanted him to be. So the Lord let him have his own way. Jonah appreciated the shade of the gourd, because it ministered to self; and he was angry "unto death" because it perished. His little trials were all there were in the world to him. His plans were set aside, his dignity was offended, his comfort was interfered with, and he was decidedly out of joint with everything and everybody.

How it came out with Jonah, we do not know; but we do know that through grumbling and growling and running away, he sacrificed one of the most glorious opportunities a man ever had.

G. C. TENNEY.

The Humility of God

To some the thought of attributing humility to God may appear at first sight startling and almost irreverent. Yet the psalmist did not hesitate to praise God for his humility. In Ps. 113:6 he says that the Almighty "humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth;" and in Ps. 18:35, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." Prof. W. T. Davison says that "humility" would be a better word than "gentleness," or even the marginal reading "condescension," to express the psalmist's thought.

The humility of God connects itself closely with his pity and sympathy. It is by humbling himself to behold the things in the earth that the divine Being brings himself into touch with human weakness. Although it was not until Christ was born that the prediction of "Immanuel"—God with us—was fulfilled, yet before that time, God came near enough to man to recognize his suffering and distress. This acquaintance with man's need quickened the love which redeemed him. If our own sympathy is to be real and helpful, it must be preceded, as God's was, by humility. As long as any feeling of superiority keeps us aloof from our brother, our philanthropy will be thin and conventional. It will lack the inspiration of an intelligent love.—M. C. Hazard.

"KINDNESS is love doing little things, things that seem scarcely worth doing, and yet that mean much to those for whom they are wrought."

"Have You Seen Him To-day?"

I CAN never forget these words, and the strange thrill they awakened in my heart, as they fell from the lips of one who surely sees Him each day, and carries with her always the light of the vision in the shining of her face.

I had watched her face, as she stood before a great concourse of people to whom she was asked to speak. It was not beautiful, as the world counts beauty, but its look of quiet peace and radiant joy, such as all the happiness of the world can not give or its sorrows take away, filled my very soul with longing.

As she began to speak, I listened, every nerve awake, hoping to learn the wonderful secret. She read us the "Vine chapter" of St. John, and spoke of the necessity of our abiding in the Perfect Life if we would live ourselves.

Yes, I knew this; I had tried to "abide," and yet at times there was a vagueness, an unreality about it all, that broke the completeness. "Have you seen Him to-day?" she went on. Ah! there it was! the secret of it all,—those eyes had "seen," therefore the heart must "abide." No wonder the face glowed with peace and joy. She had seen him, Jesus, the Christ, to-day! The message she brought was from him! No wonder our hearts burned within us!

I asked the question of myself,—I had gone into my closet of prayer, had called upon his name,—had told him my desires, asked pardon for my sins, but—had I seen him?

I had left my message, but had I waited for an answer? Had I spoken with him face to face? Oh, what had I missed! I had run, heedlessly, into the day, with its duties, its temptations, without the vision that would have lightened and made clear my way. I had been trying to show the world a Christ I had not seen myself.

Reader, have you seen him to-day? I do not mean have you prayed to him, have you knelt before him, but have you seen him in all his beauty, his holiness, his helpfulness, and yet in his humanity?

If you have not, come now. He waits to welcome you.—Deaconess Advocate.

Character Impressed on the Face

WE say that our thoughts are not known by our fellows; but that is not as true as we deem it when we say or think this to be the case. The tenor of our thoughts is being written in the expression of our faces day by day.

Love, purity, communion with God in our inner selves, will give our faces a look that shows the direction of our desires and being. Selfishness, ill nature, impure desire, unworthy motives indulged in in secret, will steadily transform the finest lines of the face.

We should be surprised if we knew how much we show ourselves to our fellows in the daily walk of life. The only way of having a face that speaks well of the spirit's course is to have the spirit pursue a course that writes a good record on the face.—Great Thoughts.

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