

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LI

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Lad with the Loaves

THERE were boys without number in Galilee, and many no doubt who sold bread to help support their families; but of all the boys with barley loaves, only one happened to be near the Great Teacher when he had need of loaves and fishes.

A great multitude had followed Christ across the sea of Galilee. They hung on his words, and watched for signs of his power to heal. The Saviour felt their spiritual need, and he felt also their physical hunger. He always knows both, the one as well as the other.

Turning to one of the disciples, he said, "Philip, where shall we buy bread that the company may eat?" He knew a lad was standing near with basket in hand, but he wanted to see if Philip had thought or had seen the way to meet the emergency. "I do not know," said Philip. "We are where no bread can be bought, and besides, we have no money to pay for enough bread for this great company."

Andrew had listened to the conversation between Teacher and disciple. He, too, had seen the hungry crowd. More than that, he had seen, although with faltering faith, the means of relieving their hunger. Pointing to a spot not far distant, he said, "There is a lad here who has five barley loaves, and two small fishes." Five little cakes of bread and two small fishes—how far would they go among five thousand hungry people?

Jesus motioned to the boy, and he drew near. I can see him with his basket. He had often walked the streets with fish for sale. Now he stood beside the Master. A smile lighted his face as he held the basket up for inspection.

From the basket Jesus took the loaves. A hush fell over the seated multitude as he looked unto heaven and gave thanks. He thanked his Father that the little boy was there, and that he had even five loaves and two fishes. He gave thanks also that in God's hand what seemed so small to man, was enough for all.

Then he broke and scattered the bread, those five barley loaves the lad had carried in his basket. And as the child watched, instead of feeding only a small part, to his utter astonishment it fed them all. And of the fragments there were gathered twelve baskets full,—at least twelve times as much as he had in the beginning.

Can you imagine that lad as he told the story to

the home folks? "I stood by Him, the great man, and he gave and gave." And in succeeding years, when the lad became a man, what a lesson that was to him! He might be poor, his education might be deficient, but to stand by the Master meant power without measure.

Other young men missed that blessing because they did not know the opportune moment when it was to be obtained. "Too little, I have too little to be of any use in such a multitude," said other lads. But the lowliest gift, if nothing more than five loaves and two small fishes, when given to the Master, will feed thousands. But we should not lose sight of the fact that the loaves were brought to Jesus before they were used to feed the hungry people. It took the touch of the

willing to apply himself more diligently. He was an expert in playing games, both physical and mental, which showed that he was not deficient in these respects. The father and mother, especially the mother, wanted the boy to have "a good chance in life;" so the harness of responsibility was not often adjusted. James was as successful in slipping his head and hands out as a young colt trained to tricks. An invitation to replenish the wood-box or water-pail usually met with an audible demur.

Charlie Faithful's father died when he, the eldest of three children, was very young. The mother was not strong, and after the father's death, her health continually failed under the added load. Nobly did Charlie stand at his mother's right hand in those dark days. "Mother," said he, "I can't do as father did; but I will help you all I can, and we can keep together, and bring up the children, I am sure." It is wonderful what a twelve-year-old boy can do in a garden, and also in disposing of produce when it is raised. The mother's brain counted for more than the weak, though more than willing hands. Never knight in glittering armor was more loyal in his self-imposed labor than Charlie in all the minutiae of every-day home-helping. "Mother, that is too hard for you; let me do it," he would often say, and oftener anticipate the necessities before the anxious hands had essayed the task.

The mother regretted, as only mothers can understand, the fact that for her brave boy there was so little opportunity for education. But Charlie was fond of his books; and where most boys would have felt that there was "no chance," he found many a moment to add to his capital in this direction.

He enjoyed at the time, but never realized until after-years, all the mother's wise helpfulness in true educational lines. Although her opportunities had been limited, she had improved

them, and acquired a vast amount of valuable material that does not make a display, but the worth of which can not be estimated in the making up of true men and women. Hers was the rare gift of a born educator—not only the capacity to awaken thought, and suggest wise direction, but also to stimulate desire, and implant a firm determination to surmount obstacles. The tender, manly boy-love noticed the failing strength; but youth is hopeful, and he could not acknowledge to himself the possibility of sparing such a mother, till the sad day came when the "silver cord" was "loosed," and the "golden bowl broken."

Friends came to the rescue to furnish a home for the children, especially the one who had

His Tender Mercies

His tender mercies are over us all,
On the just and the unjust his rain doth fall,
On the good and the evil his sun doth shine,
Child of his tenderness, canst thou repine?
He heareth the ravens that, hungering, cry;
He, pitying, noteth the sparrows that die;
He decketh the lilies, all snowy and tall:
His tender mercies are over us all.

His tender mercies are over us all.
Let nothing affright thee, let nothing appall,
Nor earth-tempests fill thee with sudden alarm;
By no means shall anything bring to thee harm.
Eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard,
What hath been prepared for the loved of the Lord;

His eye is upon us; he lists to our call:
His tender mercies are over us all.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Master to increase them. So our efforts to do good, without his blessing, will be weak and ineffectual; but if we first come to him, he can use them to feed a hungry world.

M. BESSIE DE GRAW.

Two Boys and Their Opportunity

JAMES HOWARD was well formed by nature, both physically and mentally. His father was a steady-going mechanic, who saw that his family were supplied with the essentials of life without an anxious thought on their part. At fourteen James had a fair standing at school, though not so good as he might have had if he had been

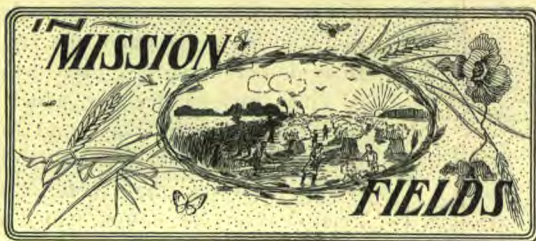
proved so efficient in caring for others as well as for himself. When the younger children were provided for, Charles set out to make his own way. Behind others of his age in graded school work, in breadth and depth of experience he was far in advance of them. Fortified by the excellent principles that had been instilled by a wise mother, he began, nothing daunted, to work and study, study and work, never losing sight of the goal he was to reach. He grew so rapidly that his trousers were not always long enough, and he was not oblivious to the smiles that followed him. He took it all good-naturedly, however. Shoes wore out with amazing rapidity; still he marched on, "conquering and to conquer."

Do you imagine it was all a smooth and pleasant way? that he never had to plan how to secure a new, or oftener, a second-hand book? that by and by some rich man, seeing his struggles, came forward with the money and lifted the load? No such thing occurred. He often found it necessary to sew on buttons, or a patch; and his progress as compared with his desires, often seemed slow; but he soon became an encouragement to those younger than himself. After a few years he reached the point where he could assist in educating the younger members of the family, and did so. For years his life has been rich in helpfulness and inspiration to those who were situated as he once was. A busy professional career never prevents him from extending encouragement and counsel to those who seek him. He would not listen to the word failure, and true success is crowning a life not yet at its zenith.

What of James? The up-hill road looked too difficult of ascent to be desirable,—he excused himself from the things he *didn't like* to do. This weakened his will power to do at all, as an unused arm loses muscular strength. He had many brilliant conceptions of future probabilities; so he spent, and still spends, the days in dreaming. He seems to expect that a wave will come some day to lift him, without special effort on his part, to the desired height, which position he fancies he is better fitted for than many who now occupy it. But such dreams are idle; he will have to prove his claim by a sturdy, continuous up-stream pull, or he will never secure it.

Idle dreaming, longing, scheming,
Never grasp the sought for prize;
Up and ready, constant, steady,
If you e'er expect to rise.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.



Leave Your Flag at Home

We Should Travel to Learn, not to Criticize

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

LESSONS in humility are among the first fruits of foreign travel. One soon learns that the world is a little larger than it appeared at home, that the people who inhabit it have customs and ideas equal to ours, and that our own little corner of the earth is a very small fragment indeed. We have dwelt so untiringly upon the magnitude of our country, "the pride of the nations, the favored child of the world's old age!" we have heard so much of the "mighty West," the "frozen North," the "sunny South," and the "conservative East," that we are likely to forget that the world is made up of many great nations, among which the United States is a young, though thriving member.

It is not to be wondered at that we have such a magnificent conception of ourselves. From our earliest schooldays we have proudly admired the large, fine maps in our geographies, which repre-

sent the United States; and have not failed to observe that other countries are too insignificant to receive much notice. While the geography has affirmed that the world is three fourths water and on fourth land, we are tolerably well convinced that three fourths of the earth is the United States, and that the remaining fourth is divided up among the other nations.

Undoubtedly the bump of self-esteem is very well developed in the people of all nationalities. Naturally we love ourselves, our own institutions, and our own manners and customs; as Will Carlton very aptly says, in describing a certain member of a family:—

"There was Susan. Her heart was good and kind—

What there was of it, mind.
Nothing too good and nothing too nice;
Nothing she wouldn't sacrifice
For one she loved; and that 'ere one
Was herself, when all is said and done."

A few years ago when Colonel Hay visited England, a banquet was prepared in his honor. Lord Balfour in a pleasant eulogistic speech referred with a bit of humor to the Americans as a people whom he greatly admired. "I can complain of them," said Mr. Balfour, "upon one point only. They are great boasters." Colonel Hay in his reply admitted the statement made by Mr. Balfour; but stated that the American people are rather proud of the characteristic, for there is no point upon which they so distinctly resemble their noble ancestry.

Knowledge the Basis of True Criticism

The American people would have far better ideas of the English, and the English of Americans, if they were better acquainted with each other's institutions, and so better prepared to criticize each other intelligently. It was Cobden, I believe, who said that the English scholar who knows all about a little stream in Greece, that is hardly big enough to supply water for an English washing, knows nothing whatever of the breadth and length of the great "father of waters," the Mississippi. Undoubtedly this is true; but it is equally true that the majority of Americans have as little conception of the great influence, the power, the wealth, and the beauty of their fatherland. Their idea of the size of England is aptly expressed in the statement so often heard, that surely the trains could not run very fast in England; for, if they did, they would run off into the sea.

Many books of travel have done injustice to both countries; for travelers have often written simply with the idea of catering to the present prejudices of the people; or, on the other hand, they may have erected a standard in harmony with their education and prejudices, and in measuring everything foreign by that standard their impressions have been unfavorable. Frequently a traveler will visit only a few places in the United States, and describe the abnormal condition in a boom town or the mode of living on some distant cattle ranch, and hold that up as the normal condition of things throughout the country. I once met on shipboard a young traveler who from his childhood had wanted to see the wonderful things of America. So he saved his money and came from Australia to San Francisco. He went by the Santa Fé Railway to the Texas Pan Handle, and decided that he had seen enough of America in that direction. From there he turned northwest to Wyoming. Being thoroughly disgusted by that time, he took the first train for San Francisco, and returned to Australia by the same ship that brought him over. It was thoroughly amusing to hear that young man's description of the United States.

From Your Neighbor's Standpoint

When visiting a foreign land, particularly if we are to remain there permanently as workers, it is of great importance that we permit our personal prejudices and customs to stand in the background, while we attempt to adjust ourselves

to our new environment. We should stand where the people stand. We should see the things that they see, and not make any attempt to compare things with that which we have left behind. It is the height of folly to think that a thing is right or wrong simply because it is like or unlike something with which we have been familiar at home. Nothing is more unpleasant to an Englishman (and, unfortunately, there is nothing he has to meet more frequently in Americans) than the habit of introducing contrasts whenever any feature of scenery, building, or art is pointed out. "O, yes, I suppose the Bank of England is quite a place; but it does not show up very well compared with some of the buildings twenty-seven stories high in New York City." "Yes, the Strand is a busy street; but you ought to see Broadway." Piccadilly isn't more than "half as wide as some of the streets in the little towns out West." "O, yes, but ——" Now, my dear friends, please drop all these "buts." They will spoil the good time you might have, and the education you might receive from the splendid opportunity of going to London. What if the Bank of England isn't twenty-seven stories high? Can you tell why it is better to have a building as high as that?

An amusing story is told of an American who persisted in comparing everything abroad in an unfavorable light with what he had seen at home. When traveling in northern Italy, his friend pointed out Mt. Vesuvius when active, and said, "Have you a bigger volcano than that in America?" "No," said the American, "but I reckon that Niagara Falls would put that fire out in fifteen minutes."

His Flag Spoiled His Pleasure

When I was a boy in school, we raised money to buy a beautiful United States flag to wave over our school building. This flag was the subject of conversation for many weeks. When the flag-raising day came, there was a fine program,—singing, recitations, and speeches. Among the students was a bright little English boy about thirteen years of age. He took little interest in the exercises; and after they were over, I chanced to pass him on the sidewalk, and said, "Well, Johnnie, what do you think of the United States flag?"

"I don't think it is up to much," said Johnnie. "Why, what is the matter with it?"

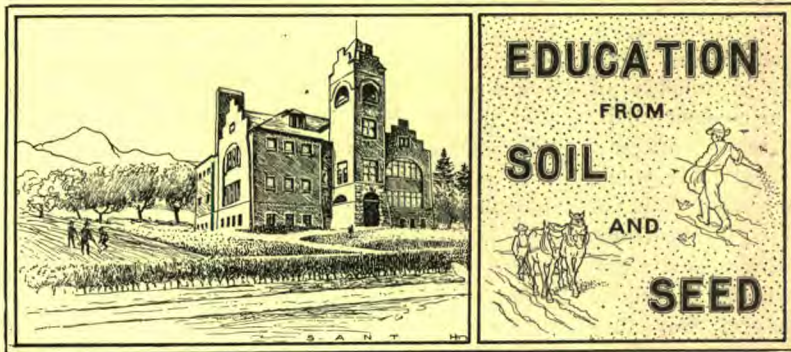
With a bit of sarcasm and well-directed national pride, Johnnie straightened up and replied, "It looks too much like States' prison pants."

How easy it is to look unfavorably upon foreign institutions, manners, and customs, because we do not appreciate them, and are not acquainted with the wonderful story of patriotism and love which they represent!

Take my advice, young friends, and roll up your national flag and leave it at home. Study the country to which you are going, and prepare to look upon its institutions, manners, and customs with an intelligent, appreciative eye. This will be the best preparation possible for a profitable trip through that fine old country; and it will enable you to find warm friends, who will give you a most cordial welcome, where otherwise you might meet with a rather chilling reception. No one can afford to assume such an attitude that he will deprive himself of the privilege of thoroughly appreciating the people, the institutions, and the country of England.

E. R. PALMER.

FINISH every day, and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities have no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—Emerson.



"Let the children and youth prepare the soil and sow the seed"

IX—"There Is Life in the Seed"

The Growing Seed

THE other day I went into the garden to see if any signs of life were appearing in a bed where seeds had been sown. The cabbage seeds had been in the ground only three days, but the soil was mellow and moist and warm. As these cabbages were intended for transplanting, they were sown "thick" in the row. A canvas cover had been stretched over the bed to keep the soil warm during germination. As I lifted this cover, what an interesting sight was there! Some strong power was lifting the earth along that whole row of cabbage seeds.

When seeds are planted, the ground is usually "firmed," or packed, over them, as they are supposed to grow better, and the growing plant is held in place by this packed soil. The ground over my row of cabbage seeds was firmed; so, as the life in these little seeds began to spring forth, it was obliged to lift an amount of earth many (I think hundreds of) times the size and weight of the seeds themselves. Have you not sometime seen a heavy lump of earth lifted by a seed growing right in the middle of a hard road? If as great a weight, in proportion to his size, were lifted by a man, the feat would be thought a miracle.

Seed represents the word of God, and in the growing seed is *power* that comes only from God. "The word of God is quick [living] and powerful." Let us remember, every time we see a plant bursting from the ground, that there is the finger of power pointing to the word which is

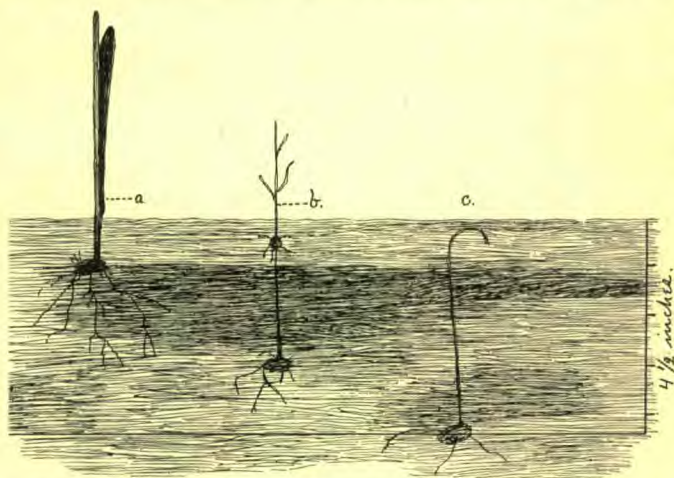


FIG. 9.—Growing Seed of Wheat. Rising toward light. a. Covered right depth, where sun warms the ground. b. Covered too deep. Exhausts strength in cold soil, also is obliged to send out second set of roots near surface. c. Far too deep. Dies in struggle to reach light and warmth.

"mighty to save." No stronghold of sin in our hearts can stand against this word of power.

The growing seed does not spend all its power at the start. Any one paying a visit to the Michigan Agricultural College may see the living proof of this statement. By the roadside lies a great rock of many tons' weight. Some twenty years ago it was apparently solid and unbreakable. Look at it now in the accompanying picture; it is split from side to side! A small cherry seed was dropped, probably by a bird, into a slight crevice. The little cherry-tree evidently had rather a hard time to get its start in the world, for you can see it had to press its way across the

within the seed, afterward by the increasing power gained through using what it had at the start.

Though the opposing rock must be broken, the growing seed does the breaking so gently that it succeeds in winning the rock for its friend and protector. What a lesson for you and me as Christian workers! We bring the living seed—the word of life—to plant in human hearts. These "stony hearts" have not yet been changed to hearts of flesh, so they resist the seed. It becomes us to work as patiently and silently as the seed itself, pressing close to the resisting heart until it is broken and won by the love of Jesus.

"Every seed grows, every plant develops, by the power of God." It is the Creator who puts within the seed its life principle. This seed and this life are intrusted to man for his co-operation in producing "seed to the sower and bread to the eater;" but it is the continual working of God's power that brings the result. It is our part to prepare the ground by plowing and enriching it, to plant the seed, to till the soil, and destroy the weeds while patiently waiting for growth. While we are doing our part, God does not forget his. The Bible says of the land where God's people dwell, "The eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year." I think the Lord is just as mindful of the growing seed. The rain and sunshine, which it must have, come only from him. And here, again, we may be workers together with him. Careful cultivation saves the moisture of the rain, and keeps it longer in the soil for the use of the developing plant. It also enables the sunshine better to do its intended work of promoting growth.

As the Lord invites our co-operation in the growth of the seed, so he invites it in the spiritual growth of the soul. It is "the spiritual milk [R. V.] of the word" by which we grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour. And we are to "desire" this milk. "As the plant receives the sunshine, the dew, and the rain, so we are to open our hearts to the Holy Spirit." Look at the plant while the earth is cold and dry, or after a chilling frost. Its drooping leaves seem crying for warmth and moisture. Look again, when the sun comes out after a warm shower. Now its freshened leaves lift themselves as in a song of praise.

Many hearts are drooping in the coldness and darkness of earth. You and I are invited to work with God to lift them into the warmth of his sunlight (Son-light), where they may with joy "draw water out of the wells of salvation." His tender Spirit pleads, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." I want the living coal, warmed from the altar of love, to touch my lips, so that I can say, "Here am I; send me." Don't you?

Seeds are sometimes planted too deep. The

rock from one side to the other before it could grow straight up. But it did not give up the struggle in discouragement, even if a solid rock was in its pathway. Neither did it get angry because of the resistance with which it met, and destroy itself by fighting its opposer. Silently, steadily, it grows,—first by the power its Maker had implanted

earth is cold down there. The seed exhausts its strength before it can grow up through the cold soil into the sunshine. It is obliged to give up the struggle. It dies for the lack of a thoughtful hand to remove some of that cold earth. So "there are many from whom hope has departed. Bring back the sunshine to them."

JOEL C. ROGERS.

Some Seed Lessons

DR. WAYLAND HOYT, in *The Classmate*, tells of a lesson that he learned from the planting of seeds in the window garden in his study. He says:—

"I have noticed that when the green leaves have appeared, and have lifted themselves a little above the soil, it often happens that a bit of soil adheres to them and seems to weight them. But, as the plants go on growing, they cast off these specks of earth, and push on valiantly. Some



FIG. 8.—POWER OF A GROWING SEED

of my seed must have been dead, for, though they had abundant time for sprouting, they did not all appear; they lay there inertly amid the earth; which things have been a kind of parable to me. Though the living seeds in their growing have carried on their leaves some of the soil, as they grow they are flinging it off, while the dead seeds are helpless under the earth. A Christian may be carrying some mean and unseemly earthliness. But if he be really athrill with the new life, and growing, he will be quite sure to slough it off in time. Let me be patient with him and give him a chance. God does. The hopeful fact is that he is alive and growing. Dead seeds are powerless. So are dead souls."

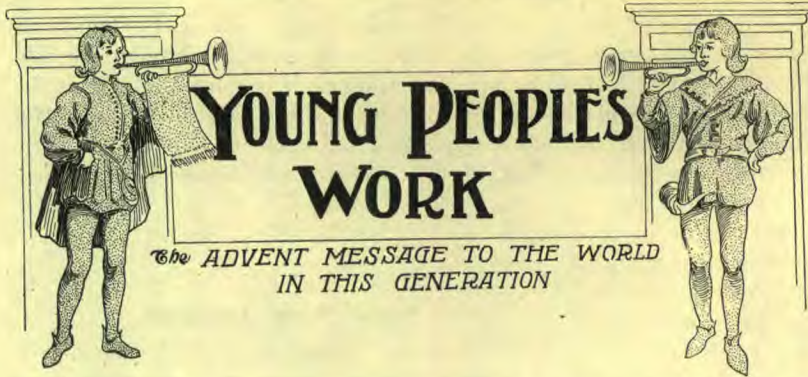
Sunrise

Across the plains of darkness
The morning sunlight gleams.
See! o'er the eastern cloudlands
The radiant glory streams!
O wake, and utter praises!
The stars are pale above;
The silent world is sleeping;
Rocked in the arms of Love.

The glory swells, and journeys
O'er all the skies afar;
The morning, bright, victorious,
Fades out the silver star.
The sunlight—blessed sunlight!—
Makes hills and valleys grand,
And 'mid the morning chorals
The dew-damp forests stand.

O sunlight, in full glory
Sweep o'er my happy soul!
Across its vales and darkness
Let day its chariot roll,—
Roll in full, regal splendor,
The splendor of my King,
Whose love illumines heaven,
And makes the angels sing.

B. F. M. SOURS.



THOU of the sunshine,
Thou of the starlight,
God of the seasons,
Teach me to know
How best to serve thee
Morning and evening,
Whether the hills wear
Heather or snow.

—Isabella Howe Fiske.

The Young People's Work in Western Oregon

BECAUSE the young people in many of our churches are so scattered as to be unable to meet together, we have comparatively few societies in this conference. However, several good societies have been organized for some time, while a number of other churches are able to carry on this work during the summer months.

Good reports have recently been received from the Societies at Royal and Ashland, the former a Society of fifteen and the latter of eighteen members. Both are using the studies given in the INSTRUCTOR. The members are engaged in various lines of missionary work, such as selling "Christ's Object Lessons," *The Life Boat*, *Advocate*, *Sentinel*, etc., and maintaining reading-racks in the depot and in offices of business men.

One secretary writes, "The interest is good, both old and young taking part. The members say it is the most interesting meeting of the day."

EDITH STARBUCK.

The Young People's Work in Oakland, California

AN interesting report has been sent in by the Oakland young people. Of a membership of sixty, fourteen were added during the latter part of 1902. Their meetings are held on the second and fourth Sabbaths of each month. Topics are assigned to different members for several months ahead, practical subjects alternating with questions of a doctrinal nature. The Society collected \$27.68 during the six months' term for which the report was made. Of this amount twenty dollars was expended for foreign missions. Other missionary work consists in visiting the sick and aged, filling two reading-racks, writing missionary letters to the sick and others, and mailing literature. Upon the topical card we notice that a welcome is extended to all "who desire to work for the Master." That the Society is endeavoring to carry out this principle is evident from the following statistical report:—

Missionary visits made, 142; number of tracts given away or loaned, 524; books loaned, 12; papers mailed or given away, 4,774; letters written, 62; letters received, 25; subscriptions taken, 17; papers sold, 212; books sold, 11; number of children brought to Sabbath-school, 4.

Besides the Young People's Society, the Oakland church has a successful Youths' Society, with an enrolled membership of forty-five. A few weeks ago the Editor had the pleasure of attending one of their weekly meetings. A number of younger visitors had come in, but all were quiet and orderly; and when opportunity was given, they showed by their testimonies that they had listened attentively to the talks that had been given.

help to all who attend them.

But this little company do more than hold weekly meetings. They are well organized for work, and each one has a place to fill. Visiting the sick, missionary correspondence, writing to absent members, and the distribution of our periodicals are some of the lines of work carried on. Recently a new work has been taken up, that of the "home department" of the Sabbath-school. Eighteen names were given to different members to be visited.

Three books, "The Coming King," and two copies of "Christ's Object Lessons," were given to the Society. "The Coming King" and one copy of "Christ's Object Lessons" have been placed in the East Oakland reading-room; the other book put in the Temescal reading-room. During the quarter, collections and gifts amounting to \$11.16 have been received. Most of this amount was expended for tracts, in carrying on home missionary work, and in placing *The Life Boat* in five hospitals, two reading-rooms, two prisons, and the Veterans' Home.

A comparative report of this Society for the first quarter of 1902 and 1903 will be of interest:—

	1902	1903
Missionary visits.....	47	87
Persons supplied with food.....	3	3
Sick persons assisted.....	2	5
Readings from books, etc.....	0	2
Tracts given away or loaned.....	0	150
Books loaned.....	12	6
Papers mailed or given away.....	466	2,417
Letters written.....	12	27
Letters received.....	6	9
Papers sold.....	0	243
Books sold.....	1	6
Children brought into the Sabbath-school...	1	0
Books given away.....	0	3
Potted plants given away.....	0	1

When we note what one company of youth can do, and see the great work that is waiting on every hand, we can not but pray that the time may soon come when many more of our youth and young people will enlist in active service for the Master.

THE WEEKLY STUDY Increasing Light and Facilities

(May 24-30)

THE decision to remove the Review and Herald Office to the East, adds to the interest of the study of the early days of the publishing work. An eight-minute talk can sketch the story, as told in "Rise and Progress," chapters XV and XVI (pages 166-169), of the starting of the *Review* and the INSTRUCTOR, and the experiences in those days of small things, but also days of dependence on God and of consecration and power. Not every man is to be a printer, but every worker for God is a publisher. Isa. 52:7-10.

Let some one relate the incident of Annie R. Smith's conversion, with the lesson it bears as to praying and working for definite results in individual cases.

Just at this time God led his servants into light upon the subject of the United States in prophecy (pages 159, 160), and enabled them to see more clearly the immutability of the law

of God (pages 164, 165). The Bible study for this meeting may very appropriately be on the thirteenth of Revelation, the United States in prophecy, and the warfare against the law of God in these last days. Help in preparing a brief and clear study will be found in "Great Controversy," chapter XXV, "God's Law Immutable."

Now we can see fulfilled and fulfilling all about us the prophecies concerning the working of Satan to pervert right ways by Sunday laws. Then men saw nothing but the sure word. Yet note how, as the believers saw the truth, and the needs of the cause, they sold of their possessions and gave of their means to send it forward. Our young people can do much to agitate the needs of the mission fields and secure means for the work. Help to keep the ten-cent-a-week plan up in your church.

As a short selection for reading, the "End of the 2300 Days," "Early Writings," page 45, describes the attitude of the two companies, the believers and the careless, in this time of the finishing of Christ's work in the sanctuary above. Let us pray definitely for the converting grace of Jesus to take away all sin from our lives, and fit us for service in the "little time" that now truly remains before the Lord shall come. W. A. S.

A Good Report

THE following encouraging letter was recently received from the secretary of the Young People's Society at San Diego, California, accompanying a gift for the Fijian Island fund:—

"The enclosed post-office order for \$4.25, to be applied on the Fijian Island fund, was donated by the San Diego Young People's Society. When the article in the *Review* of April 14 was read in our weekly meeting, and the suggestion offered that each one earn at least five cents to bring the following Sabbath, a little boy from the kindergarten department whispered to his mother, 'Mama, what can I do to earn some money for the missionary? Will grandma give me five cents if I pile up her wood?' The next Sabbath he told me he had earned five cents for 'the missionary away over there.' Thus this little boy is growing up with the spirit of service and sacrifice for the Master.

"Our Society is made up of children from six years of age up to young men and women. All are studying the lessons outlined in the INSTRUCTOR, though lately it has been thought best to divide the Society, and the primary division has its study separately, all uniting in the opening and closing exercises, which include reports from committees and any suggestions and helps that will be an encouragement to the Society as a whole.

"In our committee work we find various opportunities for true service, and with God's help we are going forward to do the work he has called us to do."

It does us good to have the privilege of reading such reports as this and others that are found on this page, and we are sure that all who read them will feel the same thrill of courage and renewed determination in their own hearts. And as you read, we wish we could be at your side to urge you to write a report of your own Society and its work; for we know that other Societies besides those in California are doing faithful service for the Master, and receiving a blessing from him. Many of the Societies, indeed, most of them, fill out the report blanks from their State secretary, and forward them once a quarter. This is good, but we wish that they would at the same time, if not oftener, write a short descriptive report of their work, and send it to the INSTRUCTOR. Indeed, this is a part of our work. Let us not forget nor neglect it, nor put it off from week to week.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

One Boy's Garden

AMONG the early days of spring,
Almost before it's time to sow,
A happy boy starts out to swing
A shovel or a hoe;
And all around the house he looks,
To find the best of garden-nooks.

He lays his plans, and casts about
As wise and busy as a bee;
And some fine morning, looking out,
We're pretty sure to see
A little, fenced-in garden, set
Close to the house as it may get.

And many-colored banners tell
Just what is planted here and there;
And though some flowers are hard to spell,
The gardener takes care
That plants that run and twist and cling
Shall have no lack of good, stout string.

And who shall blame him, if, some day,
When budding-time seems very slow,
He gets impatient with delay,
And takes his spade and hoe,
And digs the tardy seedlings out,
To see if they've begun to sprout?

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Polly's Choosing

"POLLY!"

Mama waited a minute, and then called again,
a little louder.

"Polly!"

"What'm?" came down faintly from the direction of the playroom. Then little steps clattered along halls and down stairs, and Polly's face appeared in the doorway.

"Yes'm, here I—O, how do you do, Miss Cordelia?"

"Miss Cordelia wants to know if you would like to give some of your playthings to her Little Sufferers at the hospital, Polly," mama said. "I told her you should answer for yourself."

Miss Cordelia was—why, Miss Cordelia! Everybody knew Miss Cordelia, with her sweet, plain face and sunny ways. The Little Sufferers knew her—O, yes, indeed! She visited their big, bare ward in the hospital twice a week, and always carried them something that made the suffering a little easier to bear. Between visits the Little Sufferers tried to be patient for Miss Cordelia's sake.

"There's a little girl in the ward just your age, Polly," Miss Cordelia said, gently.

"I thought you might like to help her bear her pain. She can not move her legs at all, and her back always aches."

"Oh!" murmured Polly. "Oh! I'll go up an' get her some things right away."

"Thank you, dear. And to-morrow will you bring them to my house? I've got to go on farther to-day."

Up in the beautiful, sunshiny playroom, Polly went around "choosing." It was not so very hard; for of course she would not be expected to give the Little Sufferers her *best* things.

"I'll give her Viola Verbena," chose Polly. "Viola Verbena's lost both o' her legs, but she's

pretty good *up-stairs*. That little girl's legs aren't any good, either; so she can symp'thize with Viola." Polly went on down the room, choosing further. She picked out a book with one cover gone, and a dilapidated paper doll, with a still more dilapidated wardrobe.

"There! I guess she'll be s'prised to have *three* presents! I don't b'lieve Miss Cordelia thought I'd be as gen'rous as that. But I'd just as lieves as not; Viola isn't much good now, and the book's torn, and the paper doll is all *squizzly*. I sha'n't miss 'em much of any."

When Polly dropped to sleep that night, she was thinking of Miss Cordelia's Little Sufferers. She had been keeping her legs very still indeed under the bedclothes, and pretending *she* was one of them.

Suddenly the pretty, brightly lighted little room grew bare and big, very big; and a double row of narrow white beds seemed to start right up out of the floor. There was a Little Sufferer on every bed! Polly was the middle one in the left-hand row. She started up on her pillow, but a dreadful pain drove her back.

"Why, it's my back!" she said. "I never thought 'bout having a back before! I s'pose that's an ache in it that hurts. My legs don't move a speck—what's the matter with my legs?" She began to cry softly, and somebody that looked

things, and wished that little well girl without any back, and whose legs would go, could know how she longed for something new and whole and beautiful.

"I s'pose it's because I'm not whole myself," she thought, wistfully. "It makes me want something that is. If I was a well little girl —"

It was broad daylight. Polly was in her own dear little room, and she hadn't any back, and her legs would go! She wasn't a Little Sufferer! When she went to Miss Cordelia's after breakfast, it wasn't Viola Verbena who went with her. It was stately, beautiful, *whole* Lady Rose, the loveliest doll in the playroom. And there was a dainty book and a paper doll with the prettiest of dresses.

"I shall miss them," Polly thought; "but I'd just as lieves—I'd *rather*."—Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Tommy's "Thinking Trips"

It did seem good to Tommy to be in the convalescent ward. There was more to see, and there were visitors. One of these, a blue-eyed girl, had left a scrap-book, and it was almost Tommy's turn to have it. He had asked to have it last.

When he told Miss Clara, the nurse, that he "might want to take some trips," she understood and smiled. She and Tommy had become fast friends.

At last it was Tommy's turn to take the precious scrap-book! Miss Clara made him as comfortable as possible and left him.

The first thing the big brown eyes saw was a butterfly—a large, beautifully colored butterfly!

Tommy leaned back and closed his eyes.

The butterfly was on a rose-bush now, in front of a dear little house! and see! two children come out of the house, and cry, "Oh, there's a lovely butterfly!" And they chase the beautiful creature out across the soft lawn and into the field beyond, all spangled with daisies. And the little girl says, "Let's pick the daisies."

So the butterfly rests on a big swaying blossom, then flies on, on, into the grove, where the sunshine makes patchwork on the needles instead of the needles making the patchwork, and where a little brook sings to itself. But the butterfly loves sunshine, and away it sails over into the blueberry pasture,

and ever so many children, picking berries, call, "Did you ever see a prettier butterfly?" And one of them—O dear!

Tommy started up, forgetting for the instant that it was only a "thinking trip," and then he really laughed when he saw the pretty picture butterfly quite safe on the scrap-book page.

The next picture was a locomotive. Tommy shut his eyes again.

There were high buildings now, and the train was going by some back yards where children played, and clothes swung drying in the sun.

"Tommy!"



"A HAPPY BOY STARTS OUT TO SWING A SHOVEL OR A HOE"

like Miss Cordelia came hurrying up to her bed.

"What is it, dear? the pain again?" somebody said, kindly. "I'm so sorry; but here are some toys a little girl named Polly sent you. See if they won't help you bear the pain."

There was a legless doll that looked like Viola Verbena, a coverless book, and a paper doll all *squizzly*.

"They aren't any of them very *nice* toys, dear; for the little girl couldn't spare her nice ones. She wanted all those herself. You must make the old ones do."

Polly thought she looked at the forlorn play-

The brown eyes opened with a smile in them.
 "My mother has come, and wants to see my little friend Tommy," Miss Clara was saying. "She has the book I told you I'd ask her to bring. I'll read out of it some day."

"O, I thank you!" cried Tommy, feeling overwhelmed with riches.

"Tommy," she said, peeping into the scrap-book as she took that, too, "I see an elephant!"

"Oh, there will be jungles!" cried Tommy, in delight.—*Selected.*

Behave Yourself

ALL the time the preacher prayed,
 Some one a disturbance made;
 All the time a brother spoke,
 Some one did a smi'e provoke.

All the time the people sang,
 Merriment from somewhere sprang.
 When the pious bowed the head,
 Some one's mirthful cheeks were red.

While we prayed,—with playful looks
 Some one scribbled in the books;
 While our hearts the sermon stirred,
 Some one didn't hear a word.

Worshippers, of erring ways,
 'Tis God's house of prayer and praise!
 Angels grieved, that hovered near,—
 You to them are dear—so dear!

When the Master came to-day,
 Came to hear his people pray,
 O, he looked so grieved at you!
 Will you not henceforth be true?

B. F. M. SOURS.

Not a Sparrow Fallet

ON a recent Sabbath, while taking my usual walk in the fields, I had an interesting experience. While passing along a lane skirted on one side by an apple orchard, and on the other by a small hill, at the bottom of which were miles of low-lying pasture land, divided by hedges and streams, with here and there a few trees, I was listening to the song of the robin, and the chirp of the sparrow; looking also for the blue jay and other birds, and thinking of the wisdom and kindness of our Heavenly Father and his care for all creation, when my attention was suddenly directed by the sound of a gun to two boys in an adjoining field. The gun was aimed into the trees, and my worst fears were realized.

I had just been reading of Buzz, the pet humming-bird, so I retraced my steps, and calling to the boys, asked them if they would like to listen to a good story. One of them seemed especially interested. After pointing out to both the wickedness of trying to shoot the birds, and leaving my copy of the INSTRUCTOR with them, I continued my walk. On my return I found them carrying out the suggestion made in our talk, and shooting at a target. Looking down, I saw in the leaves a wounded song-sparrow, which one of the boys recognized as one at which he had aimed his gun. I picked the poor little creature up, and showed them the wound in its breast, the pain of the little fellow being evident, though he seemed to realize that he had a friend. The boys were sorry for their actions, and one of them said, "I shall not shoot any more."

Taking the suffering bird to a near-by house, I asked for water, and by dipping his bill into it, and then tipping him back, he was enabled to drink a little. The lady of the house brought a piece of soft bread; but on her approach the little fellow came closer to me, as if realizing that he was safe. After adjusting his wound the best I could, and placing the feathers across it in the hope that they might help to keep it in place, I left him to the care of our Heavenly Father, without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground, hoping that the wound would heal, and the little bird live to help fill the woods with melody.

AMOS MITCHELL.



Lessons from the Life of Daniel—III

Early Training of Daniel and His Companions

AMONG the children of Israel who were taken as captives to Babylon at the beginning of the seventy years' captivity, were Christian patriots, young men who were as true as steel to principle, who would not be corrupted by selfishness, who would honor God at the loss of all things. Upon these loyal and true young men the Lord looked with great pleasure. They had to suffer with the guilty, but in the providence of God this captivity was the means of bringing them to the front. Their example of untarnished integrity, while captives in Babylon, shines with heavenly luster.

Among those who remained true to God after reaching the land of their captivity, the prophet Daniel and his three companions are illustrious examples of what even youth may become when united with the God of wisdom. A brief account of the life of these four Hebrews is left on record for the encouragement of those who are called upon to endure trial and temptation.

After his return from the conquest of the Israelites, King Nebuchadnezzar "spake unto Ashpenaz the master of his eunuchs, that he should bring certain of the children of Israel, and of the king's seed, and of the princes; children in whom was no blemish, but well favored, and skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace, and whom they might teach the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans. And the king appointed them a daily provision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he drank: so nourishing them three years, that at the end thereof they might stand before the king. Now among these were of the children of Judah, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: unto whom the prince of the eunuchs gave names: for he gave unto Daniel the name of Belteshazzar; and to Hananiah, of Shadrach; and to Mishael, of Meshach; and to Azariah, of Abed-nego."

It was not their own pride or ambition that had brought these young men into the king's court, into companionship with those who neither knew nor feared the true God. They were captives in a strange land, placed there by Infinite Wisdom. Separated from home influences and sacred associations, they sought to acquit themselves creditably, for the honor of their downtrodden people, and for the glory of him whose servants they were. These youth had received a right education in early life, and now they honored the instructors of their childhood. With their habits of self-denial were united earnestness of purpose, diligence, and steadfastness.

The education which these four youth had received in Judea was not after the order of the worldly schools, but according to the purpose and plan of God. The school in which they were educated was not after the order of the schools existing before the destruction of the old world by a flood,—schools in which infidel sentiments prevailed, and in which nature was acknowledged and worshiped above the God of nature. These youth were brought up in homes where they were taught the fear of the Lord.

Daniel's parents trained him in his childhood to habits of strict temperance. They taught him that in every act he must conform to nature's laws; that his eating and drinking had a direct influence upon his physical, mental, and moral nature; that he was accountable to God for all his capabilities; and that by no unwise course should he dwarf or enfeeble his powers. As the result of this teaching, God's law was exalted in his mind and revered in his heart.

And such an early education was to Daniel and

his three companions the means of their preservation. The lessons learned in their earliest years led them to determine to avoid being corrupted in the courts of Babylon. The truth was truth to them. Its principles were stamped upon their hearts. They understood that with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. The first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," was truth to them, and it must be obeyed.

In the schools established under God's direction, the fear of the Lord was the foundation of all true education. The knowledge of God had been handed down from generation to generation. In Abel, whom Cain killed, and afterward in Enoch, Seth, Methuselah, Noah, and many others, the Lord had faithful witnesses, just men, who kept his fear before their generation. Their memories were not feeble and treacherous. They had received the words of instruction from Adam, and these they repeated to their children and their children's children. Much important history and truth was expressed in song.

Daniel and his companions were familiar with the lives of Abel, Seth, Enoch, and Noah. They cherished the truths that had been passed down from generation to generation. The image of God was engraved upon the heart. When surrounded by an atmosphere of evil, these youth remained uncorrupted. No power or influence could sway them from the principles they had learned in early life by a study of God's word and works.

Young men and young women, study the history of Daniel and his companions. Their lives should inspire you with a determination to be true to God. You must be either loyal or disloyal to him. Christian integrity is strengthened by serving the Lord faithfully. Uplift the standard on which is inscribed, "The commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Make no compromise with evil. The line of demarcation between the obedient and the disobedient must be plain and distinct. Firmly determine to do the Lord's will at all times and in all places.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Compensations

HE found success most sweet
 Who, having tried and failed,
 The lesson of defeat
 Upon his standard nailed,
 Then straightway bade his soul
 Take up the task begun,
 Nor paused until the goal
 Of his desire was won.

For joy the keenest seems
 Where grief has been before:
 After night's troubled dreams,
 There, at the open door,
 Thrice glorious she stands—
 Dawn, with her roses gay,
 And in her outstretched hands
 The shining gifts of Day.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

What Is a Gentleman?

FIRST of all, let me tell you what he is *not*. He is not that well-known youth, with vacant, lamb-like expression, gorgeous necktie of many colors, immense cuffs, tight trousers, tiny shoes, and a buttonhole of huge dimensions. No; ladylikeness of exterior and a sort of "got-up-regardless-of-expense" appearance are not the outward and visible signs of gentlemanliness. Some of the roughest and most erratic men possess the truest hearts and the tenderest spirits. I shall always feel intensely grateful that the blind and blundering Peter was one of the disciples; for it shows that Jesus Christ can sympathize with men who are recklessly enthusiastic.

Some of the most useful, genial, and delightful men I have ever met have been impetuous Peters—true and honest disciples, but afflicted with

the unhappy knack of occasionally doing the right thing in the wrong way. They seem to possess every virtue except caution and prudence. And yet what a gentleman this erratic kind of fellow sometimes is! How sunny his smile, how loving his heart, how honest his voice, how firm the grip of his hand; but, alas! how unreliable his good intentions! Write him a long and important letter, and insist in several postscripts on an immediate reply. You may, by means of unusually favorable circumstances or a wet day, receive an answer within a week; but it is more likely that after many days he will be surprised by finding your letter in an odd corner, and write off an apologetic but almost illegible postcard.

He has boundless energy, never-failing vivacity, and a heart that overflows with love. See how he dries the falling tear; observe how he bears the bitterest inconvenience in order to do a service for a man who is "down;" notice how he stints himself that he may help any prodigal who happens to be "hard up;" see how the tiny children love this great-hearted, merry, boyish fellow, climbing all over him, caressing his rough face, and pulling his grizzly beard. Yes, this man knows something of the gentlemanly Carpenter of Nazareth, or he could not be so refreshingly frank, so transparently sincere, so sublimely unselfish. After all I would rather have the rugged warmth of a firework than the prim and pompous frigidity of an iceberg.—*Atkins.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IX—The Death of Aaron—the Fiery Serpents

(May 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Num. 20:14-29; 21:4-9.

MEMORY VERSES: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:14, 15.

After the experience in the wilderness of Zin, Moses sent messengers to the king of Edom, asking for the privilege of passing through his country, but he refused. God had said that the Edomites should be afraid of Israel, and this would have been true, had they gone forward as the Lord intended, instead of murmuring at Kadesh. The Edomites were descendants of Abraham and Isaac, and God would have used Israel to help them become acquainted with him. But since the king refused, and they were not permitted to fight the Edomites, they had to go around Edom.

At Mount Hor the Lord told Moses to bring Aaron and his son up into the mountain, and Aaron should die there. For forty years he and Moses had been leading the children of Israel. Aaron could not go into the promised land, because of his sin at Kadesh, but he did not murmur. Moses removed Aaron's priestly garments, and placed them upon his son. Aaron died in Moses's arms upon the mount, and he and Eleazar, Aaron's son, buried him. The people loved Aaron; and when they learned of his death, they mourned thirty days. As they continued their journey, the way seemed difficult, and they were full of complaints.

God had not forsaken the people because of their sins. When they would not go into Canaan, he still cared for them and protected them. He fed them with manna from heaven, and gave them water from the rock to drink.

The land where they were traveling was full of deadly serpents, but God had kept them from

biting his people. But when they murmured against him and Moses, he withdrew his protecting hand for a moment, that the people might be brought to see how much they owed to his protecting care. Fiery serpents bit the people, and many died.

In the serpent of brass, by looking to which the Israelites were healed of their wounds, God gave them another object-lesson, to teach them the gospel. Jesus explained it in the words of our memory verses. The uplifted serpent was a type of him who was lifted up on the cross so that we might look to him and live.

It was believing and obeying the word of God that saved the people. There was no healing power in that serpent of brass made by Moses, yet all who obeyed God and looked to it were saved. The poison of the serpent lost its power over their bodies. Those who doubted, and would not look, because they could not understand how it could do them any good, died. Not looking at their grievous wounds, nor mourning over their sad condition, but looking away from themselves to the uplifted serpent, saved the people.

We have all been bitten by "that old serpent," and the poison of sin is working in us to bring everlasting death. But God has made a way of escape for every one of us. The Son of man has been lifted up, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." We must not waste time in looking at ourselves and mourning over our sins. We must look away from ourselves to our Saviour, and sin will lose its power over us, and new life from Jesus will fill us with his own righteousness.

Questions

1. When Moses asked for the privilege of passing through Edom, what reply did the king make?
2. Who were the Edomites? What did God intend that Israel should do for them?
3. What happened at Mount Hor? Why could not Aaron enter Canaan? Who were with Aaron when he died?
4. What sort of land was the wilderness where the Israelites wandered forty years? Deut. 8:15. Why were they not continually bitten by the serpents and stung by the scorpions?
5. What did they do, although God was so good to them? Num. 21:4, 5. What did God do to let them see how he had been preserving them? Verse 6.
6. What did the people then do? Verse 7. What did they ask Moses to do for them?
7. How did the Lord answer Moses's prayer? Verse 8. How were the people saved? Verse 9.
8. Can you tell what this serpent represented? What did Jesus say of it? John 3:15.
9. Was it of any use for them to mourn and cry over their wounds? Is it of any use for us to spend time mourning over our sins?
10. Where must we look instead of to ourselves? If we do this, what will become of the sins?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IX—Practical Instruction for the Children of Light

(May 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Thess. 5:12-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." Verses 16-18.

But we beseech you, brethren, to know them that labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them exceeding highly in love for their work's sake. Be at peace among yourselves. And we exhort

you, brethren, admonish the disorderly, encourage the faint-hearted, support the weak, be long-suffering toward all. See that none render unto any one evil for evil; but always follow after that which is good, one toward another, and toward all. Rejoice always; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus to you-ward. Quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings; prove all things; hold fast that which is good; abstain from every form of evil.

And the God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who will also do it.

Brethren, pray for us.

Salute all the brethren with a holy kiss. I adjure you by the Lord that this epistle be read unto all the brethren.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. What class are we especially admonished to recognize?
2. How and for what are they to be esteemed? With whom are we to be at peace?
3. Who alone is the source of this peace? Eph. 2:14; John 16:33.
4. What attitude are we to assume toward the disorderly, the faint-hearted, and the weak? What spirit will we show toward all men? Who has pursued this course before us, thus setting us the example?
5. In what practise can no Christian partake? Verse 15.
6. What spirit is he to manifest all the time? See also Phil. 4:4.
7. How often is he to pray? See Note 1. In how many things give thanks? Why?
8. How can we do this when the way seems dark? Rom. 8:28.
9. How are we to treat the Spirit of God?
10. How are we to look upon prophesyings?
11. What attitude are we to assume toward all things? To what only are we to hold fast?
12. From what are we to abstain? From how much of evil?
13. When we do these things, what will God do for us? What prayer is offered in our behalf?
14. What glorious assurance is given us that God will do this work for us?
15. What does every true servant of God ask in the inspired request of the apostle?
16. What token of affection is mentioned as manifest among believers?
17. To how many is this epistle written?
18. With what benediction does it close?

Notes

1. How can I pray without ceasing, and watch without intermission, I with my human frailties, I with my fluctuating powers?—You breathe without ceasing: make prayer the breath of your soul! Your heart beats without ceasing: make watchfulness the pulse of your nature!—*Amos R. Wells, in "Help for the Tempted."*

2. "Despise not prophesyings;" that is, do not consider them as of no account. There will be in the last days prophesyings many, false and true. Both are of vast account, the one in leading to death and destruction, the other to light and duty and life. "Prove all things," not by studying the false, but by knowing the true,—God's word. Measure all voices by having God's voice written in your heart, your life attuned to its principles.—*S. S. Lesson Pamphlet.*

Using the Moments

As goldsmiths sweep up the very dust of their shops, that no filings of the precious metal may be lost, so does the Christian man, when filled with the Spirit, use his brief intervals. It is wonderful what may be done in odd minutes. Little spaces of time may be made to yield a great harvest of usefulness, and a rich revenue of glory to God.—*Selected.*



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Dare to Be True

SOMETIMES we hear some one say that he is "discouraged;" and when we ask the reason, we learn that it is because somebody else has done wrong! or perhaps that same somebody or a number of somebodies haven't treated him just right; therefore he's "discouraged" and "ready to give up."

If any one has it in him to give up that easy, you may be very sure he'll give up *soon*. For people who profess to do right, who even call themselves Christians, and number themselves among the Lord's chosen, are often falling into sin. They have exactly the same temptations to meet that we have; sometimes they fail, just as we do. But is that the time for *us* to fail,—for *us* to become discouraged, and make shipwreck of our souls?

It requires courage to be a good soldier; it takes a fine quality of courage to fight in the Christian warfare; for on that battle-ground is met the foe that is hardest to conquer—our own heart.

But what is *courage*, and how is it developed? Is any special display of courage required of a company of soldiers in camp, in a time of peace?—No; it is in the hour of conflict that their courage is put to the test, and the greater the stress, the more severe the trial, the brighter does that quality shine out.

A story is told that illustrates this point. "A craven hung along the battle's edge," and in the onslaught of the enemy his sword was broken. He dropped the weapon, and fled. Later the king's son, who had been disarmed, passed that way; and seeing the broken sword, caught it up, rallied the disorganized remnant of the army, and led them on to victory. Only the coward gives up.

We admire the courage of that fine old soldier, Joshua, and of his faithful companion, Caleb. They were in the minority. "Everybody" was against them. They had given a faithful report of the land of Canaan, but it was not believed. Many persons would have felt themselves justified in saying, "Well, there isn't any use, that I see, of keeping on with this people. Look at the way they treat us. We'll have nothing more to do with them."

Not so Joshua. The people lifted up their voice and wept all that night. In the morning, they were as madmen, murmuring against their leaders, and openly threatening to choose a captain who would lead them back to Egypt.

In this hour of danger to his own life, Joshua, pressing his way where the murmuring was loudest, lifted up his voice in tones of courage and hope and authority, and declared again that the land was theirs if they would only go up and take it. And had the people succeeded, in their frenzy, in killing this brave man, we are sure that with his last breath he would have honored the promises of God by his good report of the land, and his confidence that Israel was well able to possess it.

Just as long as sin and temptation are in the world, just so long will there be occasions to test our courage, our faithfulness, our loyalty to God and to his cause. And these occasions will increase—they are increasing—as the end draws near. The very fact that others are indifferent, or backsliding, or even deserting to join the ranks of the enemy, is a call to the loyal-hearted to stand true to God and to his cause. Many years ago we were told that the time would come when "*we must gather warmth from the coldness of others, courage from their cowardice, and loyalty from their treason.*"

Do you expect to be among those who will have that experience at some future time? Then look to it that you have it *to-day*.

The Mountain's Lesson

"You can't tell at all what a mountain is like," said the Girl, with conviction, "until you get close to it."

We had seen the mountain from our own street, before starting for the day's pleasuring, or, rather, we had seen the bier-like outline of its summit. Crossing the Bay, the outline became more distinct, though still partly hidden by filmy haze and wreaths of mist. After a transfer, we changed direction, and headed straight toward it. Soon what had appeared almost as a rough gray wall began to take on form and color and beauty before our eyes. Green little hills stood out from the dark background; sunny slopes, splashed with rich yellow and orange where wild mustard and poppies were running riot; tiny, dimpling valleys, trees, houses, gardens, and presently a little picture town on a green hillside. Here another change was made, and we were whirled along the valley to our final transfer to the "mountain railway," where the trip was fairly considered to begin.

In and out among the cool, impressive redwood groves we twisted and curved, obeying the will of the little river that flashed first on this side of the track, then on that; past cottages almost hidden in shrubbery and bloom; past tiny mountain streams, gurgling and splashing far below the trestle built above some ravine, or trickling out of the rock right at our side. So absorbed were we in the beauties close at hand, that we gave no thought to what might be beyond, till some one exclaimed, "O, look back!" and we turned quickly, with a long, indrawn breath of delight at the picture that met our eyes. Behind us lay the wooded, evergreen ravine through which we had just passed, the little green hills, the picture village, and back of all the shining waters of the Bay. No lovelier picture could be imagined, and it took on added charms with every curve of the ascent.

Then it was that the Girl declared her convictions about mountains, and added, with a touch of seriousness: "And it's that way with people, too. Sometimes distance lends enchantment that a nearer view dispells; and sometimes distance hides the beauty that a more intimate acquaintance reveals."

The Girl hadn't the least idea that she was preaching a sermon, or at least giving the text for one. It is such a good text, and there are so many things that might be said upon it,—but perhaps you'd rather have it just as it is, and preach your own sermon.

THE Christ stands before us and says, "Come unto me." You say, "Must I?" And he answers, "You may." He will not even say, "You must." You may. And duty loses itself in privilege, and the soul enters into independence and escapes from its sins, fulfils its life, lays hold of its salvation, becomes eternal, begins to live an eternal life in the accepted and loving service of Christ. You may come. *Will you come?*—Phillips Brooks.



"MEN may bear much from harsh severity,
But not a long run of unmixed prosperity."

Power of Purity

It is a marvelous thing to see how a pure and innocent heart purifies all that it approaches. The most ferocious natures are soothed and tamed by innocence. And so with human beings there is a delicacy so pure that vicious men in its presence become almost pure; all of purity which is in them is brought out; like attaches itself to like. The pure heart becomes a center of attraction, round which similar atoms gather, and from which dissimilar ones are repelled. A corrupt heart elicits in an hour all that is bad in us; a spiritual one brings out and draws to itself all that is best and purest. Such was Christ. He stood in the world, the Light of the world, to which all sparks of light gradually gathered. He stood in the presence of impurity, and men became pure. Note this in the history of Zaccheus.—F. W. Robertson.

"Pilgrim's Progress" in Matabele

BUNYAN'S immortal book has been translated into the language of the Matabele by Mr. Carnegie, missionary to this tribe. The illustrations are a new departure. It has a purely local coloring, but, as the artist says: "The Puritan classic bears the necessary change of local coloring without loss of any kind. Time and place do not affect essentials in the great allegory, and there is no reason against an interpretation according to local environment to suit any race in the world." In its new dress we see Christian starting from a "kraal." The mud-hole of the "veldt" is the "slough of despond." Evangelist is a missionary. Apollyon appears as a creature with a wolf's head, owl's eyes, and crocodile's scales and tail. A war-dance festival takes the place of Vanity Fair. This will help the Matabele to understand the great book better than any Western pictures could have done, without taking away any of its great heart-lessons that have been so beneficial to those of other lands and tongues.—*Bombay Guardian*.

How Liquid Air Looks

WHEN liquefaction is finally reached, air in its liquid form looks exactly like water, and may be poured out just as water is—with certain precautions. The fact that liquid air is at an extremely low temperature makes it dangerous to handle without precautions similar to those which are taken in handling hot bodies. With very cold bodies, heat passes from the hand to the object at a very rapid rate, just as heat passes from a hot body to the hand at a rapid rate. It is the rate at which the heat is transferred, either to or from the human body, which causes the pain and other troubles. When poured out on a table, liquid air runs about in small globules, just as mercury does, and disappears in a very short time. It has returned to its gaseous form.

When allowed to escape into the atmosphere, its presence is shown by clouds of mist, producing the impression that the liquid air is converted into fog. This is not so, however. What really happens is, the aqueous vapor which is always present in the atmosphere, particularly that of rooms in which a number of people are assembled, condenses, and then freezes, or forms a sort of hoar frost, and it is that we see, not the liquid air itself.—*Selected*.