

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR, IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

Vol. LI

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No. 24



The World's Metropolis—III

Parks

ALTHOUGH London is a great city, it is not so crowded as many smaller cities are. The Englishman prefers the country. He wants plenty of air and wide breathing-spaces. He lives in cities only from necessity, in order to be near his business. This natural love for the country, for the green grass and trees, has led to the wise provision of scores, yes, even hundreds, of well-kept parks within the city limits. Prominent among these are Regent's Park, Hyde Park, Richmond Park, Kew Gardens, and Hampstead Heath. Many of these "people's playgrounds" are open to the public night and day. They are well kept, and are preserved as nearly as possible like the natural fields and woodlands, thus enabling the poor, who can not take trips to the country, a little glimpse of country beauties, and a breath of country air.

The Zoological Gardens

The London Zoo, located in Regent's Park, enjoys world-wide fame; and is probably the most popular resort in London. There are over sixty houses and yards where different varieties of animals from all parts of the world are kept. Many of these animals are very rare and valuable specimens indeed. The white polar bear and the two grizzly bears are the best I have ever seen. There is an excellent collection, also, of kangaroos and wallabies from Australia. The giraffe is a beauty. I had previously thought that the pictures must have overdrawn the matter considerably in representing the giraffe as able to eat the leaves and fruit comfortably from an ordinary banana tree. When standing in a natural position, however, the head of this animal is fully thirty feet from the ground, and his forelegs measure no less than ten feet. The crib from which he eats his hay and straw is up in the corner near the roof, about twenty-five feet from the floor. When you visit London, do not fail to spend one day at the Zoo. Thousands of animals from every land and clime, and varying

in size from the little field-mouse to the elephant are gathered there.

English Restaurants

The restaurants of England are good, bad, and indifferent. It took us some time to find any but the latter. The first one we visited seemed to be a very respectable place, patronized by clerks and shop-keepers;

but on entering we found the gentlemen nearly all sitting at the tables with their hats on, and either smoking or reading the papers between the courses. The room was extremely unpleasant to a non-smoker, although the food was excellent and well cooked.

The second place we visited was near the London Zoo. We were ravenously hungry; for we had just spent a half-day traveling through the gardens. There were twenty-five of us, I believe, all in one group; and we marched into a restaurant and took possession of every seat.

evidence of the truth that many unfavorable impressions of countries and people are derived from forming an opinion prematurely, and, therefore, ignorantly.

The Wax Works

No one should visit London without spending an evening at Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, situated in Baker Street, near Baker Street Station. Here one can stand face to face with life-like representations of the great men of all nations. The figures are life-size, and dressed as they were most commonly seen in life. There are the kings and queens of England, surrounded by their most intimate advisors. There are the great Reformers,—Luther, Knox, Melancthon, and Calvin. In a prominent position is a group of United States presidents, among whom are Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, Harrison, and Grover Cleveland; and beneath a great black awning, draped with fitting symbols of mourning, sits our late president, William McKinley. There is Disraeli, surrounded by the stern, sober-faced men of his cabinet. There also are Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, with their advisors, whose names are quite familiar to us.

I can best illustrate the striking lifelike appearance of these figures by giving one or two rather amusing incidents. Before visiting the rooms, we had been told by our friends that we would find ourselves talking to wax figures before we got away; and as to be forewarned is to be forearmed, we were quite positive that we should be able to tell wax figures from human beings. One of our delegates, who is surely a wide-awake gentleman, made a tour of the first room, and got on very nicely; then he wished to make an inquiry concerning the Napoleon Chamber. This was his danger; for it is not very safe to try to make inquiries in the exhibition rooms; but the delegate, without a suspicion, went up to a lady attendant



ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK

We asked the proprietor if he could provide us with dinner; and he answered, "Certainly, sir. Take a seat, sir." We sat down, and gave in our orders for a good vegetarian dinner. The proprietor took the orders in as matter-of-fact a way as if he would be able to bring on the dinners in two minutes; but, instead of that, he turned the orders over to the cook, who went deliberately to work and cooked our dinner for us. We were served just thirty minutes after we had passed in the order. These two experiences did not give us a favorable opinion of English restaurants; but later on, when we found the fine lunch-rooms of the Hovis Bread Company, and several other good systems of restaurants, together with a half-dozen well-equipped vegetarian lunch-rooms, our opinion was quite reversed; and we had one more

who sat near the door reading the Wax Works' Guide Book. He said: "Madame, will you kindly direct me to the Napoleon Room?" She made no reply. (Louder) "Please, Madame, will you kindly direct me to the Napoleon Room?" No reply. The delegate became anxious; and, according to his own testimony, he felt the perspiration start upon his forehead as he realized that he was trying to obtain information from a wax woman.

A young friend, who has studied painting and molding considerably, and is known to be somewhat an expert in the study of faces, visited the Wax Works one day; and almost immediately endeavored to secure information from the dignified wax policeman that guards the entrance. She was quite chagrined when she entirely failed

to secure information from him. A little later, when going through another room, she came across another policeman, and said, "O, mother! do look at this policeman. He looks as lifelike as the other one," and she went up close and looked in his eyes, and even pointed her finger at his eyes, to see if he wasn't sufficiently living to wink. He did wink, and almost frightened her out of her wits by jumping at her. He was posing on purpose to permit people to mistake him for a wax figure.

The Napoleon Chamber, the Tableau Chamber, and the Chamber of Horrors, are also very interesting.

Crooked Lanes

One of the most striking features of London is its short and very crooked lanes and streets. True, there are a few long streets running partially across the city; but they can be counted on one's fingers. It was a constant puzzle to me to account for some of the crooks. There were little lanes so narrow that the walls on each side could be touched at once by one's extended hands; and yet great blocks of buildings have been built with a serpentine front on just such narrow lanes. Why was the path not straightened or closed up altogether? In other places where it was necessary for a building to be built across a path, the building was arched over the pathway; but the pathway itself was not moved. I became more and more curious, and made many inquiries; and finally was told, what is probably true, that for centuries it has been a sacred law in Great Britain that no footpath or right of way can be changed or closed up after being used by the people for fifteen years. Thus the whole city of London, and, in fact, all the cities of England, have been built so as to conform to this peculiar law, which has protected as sacred all the old footpaths of the people.

Miscellaneous

After seeing some of the principal features of London, do not fail to take a trip through some of the oldest portions, just to see what you can run across accidentally. It is a delightful experience to rummage through the little old streets and crooked lanes in such crowded quarters as that section of the city lying between Holborn and the Strand.

One day when we were walking down Holborn Street, we noticed a little street called Chancery Lane, just wide enough for two vehicles to pass each other. As we had read in various books many times about this Lane, we decided to follow it up, and see what we could find on our own account. From here we strayed into Lincoln Inn Fields, mentioned so often by Charles Dickens. Here we found the old Inn, the offices occupied by Charles Dickens; and only a few steps from the square the old Curiosity Shop immortalized by Dickens in his book by that name. We also found Chancery Court, where so many cases have been tried year after year for several generations; and, near it, the famous old chapel, which is still attended by many of the legal profession. Of course it is interesting to have a guide, and have these old places distinctly pointed out and described; but that experience does not compare with the delight one feels in discovering, for himself, places which have long been held in the imagination, and have become somewhat sacred to memory by being associated with the books and histories of our childhood days.

It is interesting, also, to stand about on the street corners, and watch the ever-shifting tide of humanity constantly flowing by. One evening about eight o'clock I was strolling through one of the narrow lanes near the Strand when I came across the most wretched appearing little creature I have ever seen,—a little girl about ten years of age, and apparently cruelly deformed. Her head was drawn down upon her breast. One arm was crooked and twisted up behind her back, and the other was as badly twisted in front. Her right leg was so deformed that she actually

walked on the left side with her right foot. I watched her for some time as she moved along with slow, painful steps, and wondered what I could do for the poor child. Soon she turned a corner into a quiet, secluded lane; and, presto! she lifted up her head, shook out her arms and legs, and went running up the street for home, happy, probably, with the good earnings of a day's begging on the streets. Such queer characters are seen in London more often than anywhere else; and it is a fascinating study to observe the people, and the various means by which both the poor and the wicked endeavor to battle for a livelihood with the cruel, relentless conditions which they must meet in a great city like London.

E. R. PALMER.

Exodus Thirty-three, Fourteen

THE Calvary road was so steep as he climbed;
But the height was illumined by the light of
God's love;
And the sunlight of heaven o'er the rough path-
way streamed,
Though the low, angry clouds hung dark from
above.

The waters so wild in the Red Sea were piled,
But they parted and rolled as one stepped in
the brink;
And Marah so bitter was turned into sweet,
As he came all athirst of its waters to drink.

The bush that he saw was not burned, though
afllame,
And he paused as he passed at the sight and
the sound.
A voice said, Take shoes from thy earth soiled
feet,
For the place where thou standest is my holy
ground.

In the furnace of fire three walked up and down,
They feared not the false, and they loved the
true God;
What is it appears but the form of the Fourth,
Who the wine-press alone in his anguish hath
trod?

It matters not when, and it matters not where,
Whether glad in our gain or unfruitful our
quest,—
In the time of our need, we may know He is
there,
And His Presence it is that shall give to us
rest.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

The Blue Room

ONCE in a while one finds in his reading some happy thought so happily expressed that he wishes at once to share its joy with all his friends. Such is the following beautiful suggestion, from *Home and Flowers*:—

"What an exquisite sunset!" some one exclaimed.

"Yes," said a lady who was watching it with an expression of intense enjoyment, "it is too beautiful to lose; I shall put it in my Blue Room."

"Your Blue Room!" we echoed, in astonishment.

"Yes, in my Blue Room," she answered, smiling more at the sunset than at us.

We asked her to explain.

"Well, you see, there are many lovely scenes and happy hours too precious to lose, and it isn't safe to trust them to the mere accidents of memory. So I have made a room for them in my inner consciousness, which I call my Blue Room."

"It must be very large to take in the sunset," said one.

"No," replied the lady, "it is only an ordinary room in size, yet it will take in a whole landscape." Seeing that we were mystified, she explained.

"This sunset, for example, I shall frame and hang over the mantelpiece. In the room it will be only an ordinary picture, until I look at it, then instantly it will become a sunset again."

"But what will you frame it with?" we asked.

"With the faces of you, my friends."

"Have you much furniture in your room now?" one asked.

"Yes, a great deal. Only the most perfect scenes and happiest moments find a place in it, yet one is surprised to know how many of these will be gathered in just a few years. However, my room is not nearly full—I think it never will be full."

"What are some of the things in it?" I asked, curiously.

"Once, when a little girl, I ran along a forest path just after the leaves had fallen; green, and red, and gold, they lay thick over my pathway; and with the beauty of those leaves the mysterious joy of the woods entered into my child soul. Those leaves carpet part of the room. When I'm restless, or stifled, or weary of brick walls, I take a run over my carpet, and then I'm a child again."

"Once, in an hour of despair, I sat by my west window in the gathering darkness. Life, I thought, was dead to me. My heartache was too deep for tears. My father came in, laid his hand gently upon my shoulder, and stood beside me without a word for a long time. That silent sympathy is the center table; and I lean upon it very often. I caught a look of gratitude in the eyes of a child to whom I had been kind. That is the latch on one of the doors. While drifting in a boat down a placid stream in the stillness of gathering dusk, one summer evening, such a sense of rest and peace came over me that I made of it a couch for my Blue Room. When, weary or vexed, I lie down upon it for a few minutes, I'm again floating and dreaming down that stream of perfect rest and contentment."

"There are many pictures. Most of them are rare expressions which I have seen on the faces of those I love. There are bouquets of flowers which never fade—some made from a bird's song, some a child's laughter, others from some delightful breeze laden with the perfume of spring. The sweetest song I ever heard, the song that reached my heart, I turned into a bird with rare plumage. Whenever I call to it, I hear that song again. The happiest day of all my life, the day when every fiber of my being thrilled with ecstatic joy, is the organ, and every hour that sets my heart strings thrilling is a new piece of music for my organ."

"You must be very happy," some one said.

"Indeed I am," she replied with a smile. "Why shouldn't I be? Whenever the surroundings are not pleasant, I take a peep into my Blue Room at the beauty there. When friends are cross, I go in and take up some remembrance of past kindnesses which I got from them. No matter how much awry the present, I can always be happy with so many treasures in my Blue Room."

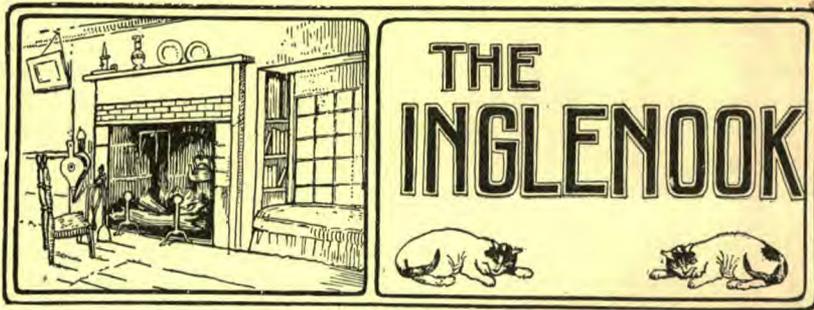
Guard the Treasure

"GUARD the treasure!" was Paul's command to Timothy (Conybeare and Howson, 1 Tim. 6:20),—this treasure that we have "in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us,"—this "light of the glorious gospel of Christ," that "hath shined in our hearts."

"Guard the treasure!" Adown the ages comes that same command to the young Timothys of to-day. We "have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty." We are not to walk "in craftiness" now, nor "handling the Word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." We are not to preach ourselves, "but Christ Jesus the Lord."

"Guard the treasure!" Preach a pure gospel. Be fearless of man. Speak only because you believe. "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."

S. ROXANA WINCE.



A Song of June

THERE'S folks that set an' grumble 'bout the endless cold an' snow,
An' folks that seem to keep account of all the winds that blow.
There's storms an' winds a plenty, ef you want a dismal tune —
But when you talk of weather, don't forget to count in June.

Think of all the clover blossoms a-nodding every-where,
An' the buttercups an' daisies, an' the roses — I declare
Makes you sort o' gasp to think how reg'lar every year
Happiness jes' lays round loose as soon as June gets here!

All the birds a-piping up makes you stand an' laff —
Trills an' squeaks an' calls an' cooes a-flying thick as chaff.
Don't make any odds which ones has an ear for tune —
Seem to think they all can sing, when it gets to June.

Makes you feel all happy like there wa' n't no sin and pain;
All the child there is in you comes leaping up again;
Seem to love each livin' thing an' — well — perhaps it's queer,
But heaven seems jes' acrost the road, after June gets here.

There's folks that frown an' grumble 'bout the endless cold an' snow,
An' folks that seem to keep account of all the winds that blow.
There's storms an' winds a plenty ef you want a dismal tune;
But, when you talk of weather, don't forget to count in June.

— Mabel Nelson Thurston.

A Wise Choice

A True Story

ONE bright morning I took the train for New York City to visit a home for orphan children. I wished to find a boy to adopt as a son,— a boy with blue eyes, light complexion, good form, strong and healthy, and of a sweet disposition. My husband was willing to leave the matter entirely to me, but seemed to doubt my ability to find a child that I would accept. Being a Christian woman, as I supposed, I was about to open my home simply for charity's sake. But how little I knew my own heart!

Arriving at the home, I was shown into a large room, and soon fifteen or twenty boys, from six to twelve years of age, came in. There was only one that I could think of choosing, and he was older than I wished. While talking with them, I noticed a boy, badly crippled in his feet, eyeing me intently. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing, and the expression on his face was so sad, that my attention was drawn to him in spite of myself. But as he was a cripple, he would never do for a farmer's boy.

Still his large, sad eyes watched me so wistfully that before leaving the room, I questioned the matron about him. Taking me to one side, she told me that his name was Harry, that he was ten years old, and by far the brightest and best-disposed child that had ever been at the home. She loved him dearly, and felt sorry for him because he was so anxious to get away from the city and live in the country. He had insisted

on coming in with the other boys, hoping I might want him. The matron thought that Harry would never become helpless, but that no one would think of adopting a cripple.

As I reached the door, I turned to take a last look at the boys, and

saw the tears in Harry's eyes.

I called him, and he came eagerly, his face all aglow with hope. I put my hand into my pocket, and was about to give him a piece of money, when those great brown eyes looked into mine so reproachfully that I said, without thinking of committing myself, "My child, would you like to live in the country, where there are horses and cattle and flowers and fruit, and where you can hear the birds sing?"

The small, trembling hand crept into mine, as, choking with emotion, he replied: "Truly, are you going to take me with you?"

"Yes, Harry, if you will let me," I heard myself saying, and sealed the promise with a mother's kiss. The matron, greatly surprised, called the manager, the papers were made out, and Harry was my boy.

I told him we would take the first train for home, but he said that if we did so, he would not have time to see Esther, his nine-year-old sister, who had a temporary home with a lady in the city. I called a carriage, and we soon found Esther. As Harry told her that he was going to Ohio to live with me, and had come to say good-by, tears streamed down her cheeks. I tried to comfort her by telling her of my home, of how happy Harry would be, that perhaps sometime she could come to visit him, and of the good times they would have together. Hastily brushing away the tears, she said, "O, yes, I am glad he is going away from those bad boys, who torment him, and that he is to have a home with you."

When told that we must go, I saw that a real struggle was going on in the childish hearts, and that it was wrong for me to separate the brother and sister. So I said, "I will never separate those children. Esther shall go, too."

The long trip home was full of constantly changing delights for the children, and they enjoyed it wonderfully. As for me, nervousness had put pleasure to flight; for I thought of how differently I had done than I had intended, and I wondered what my husband would say.

As I left the train with the children, I saw him standing at a distance, looking closely at them. He came hastily toward us, and greeting the children kindly, helped them into the carriage. I drew a long breath of relief when, a little later, I heard him and Esther chatting freely with each other, as she sat by his side during the ride to the farm. It was nearly bedtime when we reached home, and after a light supper, the tired children were tucked away in their cozy beds for the night.

My husband still sat by the table, and after some hesitation, I said, "I will not attempt to tell you to-night how I came to take those two children. I do not understand it myself; some influence over which I seemed to have no control led me, I frankly confess; but I think that when you come to know them, you will be convinced that the choice was a wise one. Under the circumstances I am sure you would have done the same."

He replied, "It is noble and good of you to take those children into our home, and give them your priceless care; but I had expected a boy who was strong, and who would be a help to me in the work on the farm. However, we must make the best of the situation."

Late next morning Esther came down-stairs, washed and dressed, her brown hair neatly combed, and her face beaming with smiles. As

she entered the room, she stepped to the side of my husband, and taking his hand in hers, looked earnestly into his face, and said, "Are you to be Harry's and my papa, and are you always going to love us just as if we were your own?"

For a few seconds he did not speak; then he caught her up, and seated her in his lap. Despite his efforts, his eyes were wet with tears. For a few moments he remained silent. The directness of Esther's questions gave him no chance of evasion. At length he said, "So you think you would like to be my little girl, and live on a farm, and have me for your father? Maybe you will not be so well pleased with your home when you see it in daylight."

"O yes," she said. "I had such a funny dream last night about my new home, and I could hardly wait till morning to see if it was anything like what I dreamed. But I want to know if we are really to be your own children," she pleaded, with both arms about his neck.

"Yes," he replied, "you are to be my own little daughter, and I will do my best to make your new home a happy one."

"But, papa, there is some one besides me,— my own dear brother Harry. He is such a good boy, and has been so kind to me. He has never had any home, and he'll be so glad to live on a farm, where he can have horses and cattle to care for and to pet. If only he is happy, it does not matter so much about me. If I can live where I can see him every day, I shall be very happy."

There was a struggle going on in his heart as he listened to Esther's pleading for Harry; but when he had gained his usual composure, he said, "Harry and you shall never want for a home as long as I have one for myself. But run now, and see if the place is anything like your dream." There was no need now to explain to him how I came to bring those children home, as it was evident that the same gentle influence was winning his heart. It hardly seemed possible that Esther was only nine years old. Her manner of speaking suggested a girl of fifteen.

As the days went by, and the children continued happy and became very helpful, an air of peace and restfulness filled our home. They no longer bear on their faces any evidence of their former sadness. The weary, exhausted look on Harry's face has passed away, and there is in its place an expression of peace and comfort. His physical condition has steadily improved, and Esther finds the birds, the flowers, the trees, the fields, and the hills a constant source of delight.

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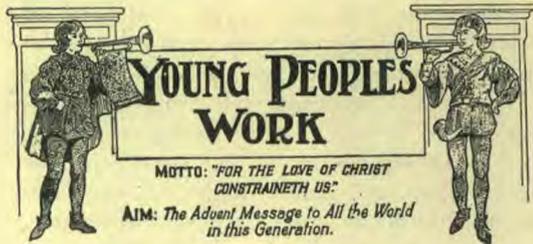
(Concluded next week)

A Floral Boat

THE idea came to me when wondering what to do with an old skiff, or small boat. A bed was spaded deep, and filled with well-rotted sods, sand, and fresh manure from the stable, the latter used sparingly, as none better was at hand. This bed was round, twenty feet in diameter, but any other shape would have done as well. The boat was partly sunk in the ground in the middle of the bed, so that the edge stood only about ten inches above the top of the soil, and afterward filled to within an inch of its brim. A mast was fastened in the stern, and strings were stretched to the bow to form a sail.

White morning-glories were planted to run up the mast. Cypress-vines were chosen for the strings, both for their cheapness and for their habit of clinging closely to their support. "Daylight Volichos" would have been prettier for both strings and mast. The dainty white trailing alyssum was planted in the boat, one row at the edge, so the sprays would hang over. The bed itself was set with the pretty dwarf blue ageratum. Only slight pruning was required; and when in bloom, the effect for three months can better be imagined than described.

FLOYD B. BRALLIAR.



I Am His, and He Is Mine

LOVED with everlasting love, led by grace that love to know;
Spirit, breathing from above, thou hast taught me it is so!
O, this full and perfect peace! O, this transport all divine!
In a love, which can not cease, I am his, and he is mine.

Heaven above is softer blue, earth around is sweeter green!
Something lives in every hue Christless eyes have never seen:
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow, flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know, I am his, and he is mine.

His forever, only his! Who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee, first-born light in gloom decline;
But, while God and I shall be, I am his, and he is mine

—Rev. Wade Robinson.

IN an April issue of the *Dakota Worker* we noticed an article concerning the organization of a Young People's Society at the Elk Point Industrial School. Let us hear from this student band again.

AT Spokane, Washington, the regular attendance is about twenty. The different missionary fields have been considered, also a variety of Bible topics. Some of the members have been engaged in *Life Boat* work. The secretary reports, "All seem of good courage, and take an interest in the meetings."

IN early days, when meetings were held at night in log school-houses, each person attending brought a tallow candle. The first man to arrive would light his candle and place it on the desk. It would not make the room very light, but it was better than none. When the next man lighted his candle, the power of the light was doubled. By the time the house was full, there was plenty of light. If each member of a Young People's Society will contribute his share of "shine," the glow and the warmth will be sufficient to attract somebody. Mr. Moody says, "If we can not be a lighthouse, we can be a tallow candle."

The Youths' Society at Oakland

DURING the General Conference I had the privilege of meeting with the Youths' Missionary Society at Oakland, California. The office chapel, the place of meeting, was well filled with youth and children, and the interest and enthusiasm in their work were a real inspiration. After brief talks by some of the General Conference workers, an opportunity was given for the members of the Society to speak of their experiences and desires. The social service was one of unusual interest to me. Surely it must have been pleasing to the unseen watchers, as well as to the visitors and workers, to see the earnestness of these youthful members of the great body of Christ. The humbleness, the simplicity, and the directness of these testimonies touched all hearts.

This is a working society in fact and not merely in name. The leader, Mrs. E. A. Chapman, has carefully planned the work, and so divided the responsibilities that each member may

give intelligent proof of his zeal in the service of God. I was favored in having the privilege of looking over the record books in which the work to be done, and the workers assigned to it, are kept in detail. I could not but wish that each Society would carry out the same method of systematizing their plans, so that a definite work might be placed before each member.

As a help to the members of this Society they have had cards neatly printed, giving very practical instruction in Christian experience. Believing that what is of value to them will be helpful to others, we give here a reproduction of the card:—

EIGHT SHORT RULES

For Young Christians

1. Never neglect Daily Private Prayer. And when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers. (Heb. 11:6.) Never ask God for anything you do not want. Tell Him the truth about yourself, however bad it makes you; and then ask Him, for Christ's sake, to forgive you what you are, and to make you what you ought to be. (John 4:24.)
2. Never neglect Daily Private Bible Reading. And when you read, remember that God is speaking to you and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. I believe all backsliding begins with neglect of these two rules. (John 5:39.)
3. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Christ. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What am I doing for Him?" (Matt. 5:13-16.)
4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. (Col. 3:17.) If you can not do this, it is wrong. (Rom. 14:23.)
5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such and such people do so and so, therefore you may. (2 Cor. 10:12.) You are to ask yourself, "How would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow Him. (John 10:27.)
6. Never believe what you feel if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself, "Can what I feel be true, if God's Word is true?" and if both can not be true, believe God and make your own heart the liar. (Rom. 3:4; 1 John 5:10, 11.)
7. As you wake morning by morning, let your first thought be of God.
8. Never leave your room without knowing you are on God's side.

Most heartily do I bid the members of the Oakland Youths' Missionary Society Godspeed. It is by doing with your might the work that is given into your hands that you will develop talents and experience for a larger work. May it be that ere long many companies of youth shall be doing the same work and sharing in the same blessed experiences.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

In the Upper Columbia Conference

WHILE there have been young people in our Conference ever since it has been a Conference, yet, until the present year, there has been no systematic effort made to enlist their energies in the Lord's work. But at the last camp-meeting a department was established known as the Educational Department, and it was planned that the Young People's work should be one branch of this department.

Like all new enterprises, the work started slowly, but we are thankful to report progress. The desire on the part of the young people in the various parts of the Conference to engage in some branch of the Lord's work, we believe is increasing; and as a result many of them are turning their attention toward the college. Many are consecrating themselves to service for the Master right where they are. A new interest is springing up in the study of God's word, a number having decided to set apart a definite time for study daily; while some are earnestly inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?"

At the time of the last camp-meeting, there were only two organized Young People's Societies in the Conference,—one at College Place, and the other at Spokane. We now have six,—the Boise, Wilcox, Milton, and Natchez Societies having been organized since that time. Of course we realize that it is not the number of Societies, but

the actual work accomplished, that indicates the degree of progress.

In this particular, I will speak of one enterprise which has succeeded even beyond our expectations. There was a call made for thirty-five dollars to support a native worker in the Fiji Islands for one year. This call was passed on to the young people of the Conference, and they have responded by sending \$48.81. This shows how the Lord is reaching the hearts, and inspiring a spirit of sacrifice for the work.

The Lord says the young people are to be his helping hand in ministering to the needs of suffering humanity. How we long to see those of this Conference together with many others, going forward as a united company to carry the advent message to all the world in this generation!—*Mrs. J. L. Kay, in The Reaper.*

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Test of the True

(June 21-27)

IT would not be at all appropriate to attempt to suggest here the special topic for the prayer season every week. Only bear in mind the call for definite and specific aim in prayer. When the directors of the China Inland Mission, in its early and most apostolic days, saw the need for seventy new missionaries to enter definite openings, they prayed specifically for that number, and for the means to support them. Within three years the Lord gave them seventy-six new workers and the means of their support. Each society has its local interests, and will know of State meetings and special subjects for prayer. But as we watch the missionary reports, let our sympathies direct us round the circle of our world-wide missions, and let us be helpers together with our workers in the lands afar by specific prayer unto God for them. And the short, sharp prayer season, of sentence-prayers, in which all can join within a few minutes, is a matter to be borne in mind. Let us not allow the opening of our meetings with prayer to become a mere form.

The study for this week is based on Chapter XVII of "Rise and Progress."

First, study the Scripture rules given for the testing of the true manifestations of the gifts of the Spirit, and note incidents given in the experience of Sister White, as narrated in this chapter. Note how the aim was constantly to build up the little flock, scattered abroad, whether the message was of reproof or encouragement. Other scriptures than those given may occur to the leader of this study. A moral in this matter of the difference between the messages of the Lord's prophets and those of false prophets is pointed out in 2 Chron. 18. It also rolls back the curtain, and gives us a view of the controversy that is raging between good and evil influences in this world.

Second, sketch the advance of the truth into the West, with trials and experiences, as narrated in the chapter of "Rise and Progress" before us. Note the method of meeting opposition referred to on page 190, and refer to the Bible principles on which that method is based, as Matt. 5:11; 2 Cor. 6:7, 8; 2 Tim. 2:15, 16; 3:14-17; Phil. 2:14-16; Eph. 5:13; Jude 9-11, etc. We must not spend our time chasing error.

Selection, suggested for reading: "God's Love for His People," "Early Writings," page 31.

W. A. S.

It is not enough simply to begin well in the heavenly race, neither is the prize to be won by those who run well "for a season." More than a "fair start," above and beyond a brilliant spurt of earnestness and devotion, is the steady faith and unswerving purpose that endures. Only to those who endure "to the end," will the reward be given.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

**Raising Corn for Missions**

ONCE a wee little girl, with two round, dimpled cheeks,

And with eyes like a dove's, soft and fair,
Held her kerchief at once, for the kernels of corn,

Which her teacher placed in it with care.
Then the kind lady said, and in tones full of love,
"Plant this corn for the Lord, whom you know,
Then water it, tend it, and shield it from harm,
And the Lord will himself make it grow."

Then the wee little girl with her treasure went home,

And quite snug 'neath her pillow 'twas laid;
The next morn, 'ere the sun had sipped up all the dew,

Her neat little garden was made.
And at night she thus prayed, as she knelt by her bed,

"Bless dear papa, and mama, and Joe,
Please, God, bless my corn, and just where it is sown,
Please don't let the mocking-birds know."

So with watching and praying and tenderest care,
The young blade soon appeared through the sod,

And ere long as it grew, and the wind through it blew,

To the wee little girl it did nod.
Then in time there appeared silken tassels on high,

And bright plumes such as warriors wear;
And the bright golden corn in its cradle so soft,
The wee little girl watched with care.

But when it was ripe, and then garnered and sold,
The wee little girl danced with joy,
As ten bright silver dimes lay right in her hand,
And naught could such pleasure destroy.

Now, dear children, go thou and do likewise, and see,

If the half of her joy I have told;
Plant your corn for the Lord, scatter broadcast the truth;

He'll reward you a full hundredfold.

— Selected.

A Letter from India

KARMATAR, March, 1903.

DEAR YOUNG READERS: There are many very interesting places in the world, which you may never have an opportunity to visit; still you can not afford to miss becoming acquainted with them. You need to know the world, because the world needs your help; and unless you become familiar at home with the different countries and their people, how will you be able to help them? When the Bible speaks about our teaching the gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, we know this includes Burma, in far-away India. Still very little has thus far been done to proclaim the message of Christ's soon coming to these precious souls.

No doubt all of you have learned something about Burma in your geography lessons; thus you know it is bounded on the west by India and the Bay of Bengal, and on the north by China. Look on your map, and see what is on the south and east sides. The country is divided into Lower and Upper Burma.

The whole of Burma is now under British rule. A chief commissioner presides over both provinces. The former native government of Burma was very despotic. The king was absolute master of the lives and property of his subjects, and regarded with a reverence amounting almost to adoration.

Lower Burma has an area of nearly ninety thousand square miles. It is intersected by chains of hills, running north and south, between which flow the principal rivers, the Irrawaddy, the Sitang, and the Salwin.

Burma is the most thinly peopled territory belonging to the Indian empire. There are only

about twenty-nine inhabitants to the square mile. The Burmese belong to a race intermediate between the Chinese and Malays. Wild tribes are numerous, and in some cases independent. There are many Chinese settlers. The Burmese are short-headed, broad skulled, and flat-faced, with black hair and dark-brown complexion. Their dress is simple, but peculiar. The *in-gie*, a white linen jacket, is worn by both sexes. Wrapped round the lower part of the body, the men wear the *put-so*, a piece of cloth several yards in length. The women wear the *termin*, a scant garment of cotton or silk. Silks of all colors and valuable gold ornaments are worn on special occasions. Betel-nut chewing and cigar-smoking are largely practised, by both men and women. Indeed, in no other place have I seen women so attached to their cigars, which are from eight to ten inches long. In all their occupations, as well in the house as on the street and in the market-place, the weed is used. I found it very hard in my association with the Burmese to convince them of the danger of the smoking habit; however, they were much interested in the studies we had on Bible temperance. The Burmese are clever as carpenters and smiths, also as tailors.

I was much interested in the comfortable, large, cool houses in which the Burmese live. They are made of a framework of bamboo, thatched with the leaf of the water-palm, and invariably raised on posts several feet from the ground.

The women of Burma are much more industrious than the men; they buy, sell, weave, and attend to the domestic concerns. In one house where we made a visit, the women were all busy making cigars. We tried to show them the danger of living in such an unhealthy atmosphere.

Next time I will tell you something about what one Burmese sister did to interest the people of her city in the matter of healthful living.

THEKLA BLACK.

Little Jim

MARJORIE and Frances were hurrying to get to the lane before little Jim caught up with them; his legs were much shorter than theirs, and he was quite a distance behind.

"If we get past the turn of the road, we're all right," said Marjorie. "Jim's three years younger than I am, and he's the most awful tagger you ever saw. He might just as well go to school by the road. I've got a secret to tell you when we're 'way in the middle of the lane, Frances, where nobody can hear. It's about a party I'm going to have next week."

"O goody!" said Frances, looking over her shoulder. They passed the turn of the road, and

ran into the grassy lane that led to school by a roundabout way. There was no sign of little Jim behind them.

Somehow Marjorie did not feel quite happy, after all, when they were in the lane. Frances grew impatient for the secret.

"Hurry up and tell me!" she whispered, although there was nobody to hear her.

"Oh, 't isn't much," said Marjorie. "It's only that mother's going to make a puzzle cake with different things in it. I don't suppose Jim could fall off the bridge, do you? It's sort of joggly, you know, and he's so little and fat."

"I suppose he could fall off," said Frances, "but—O Marjorie, look at that great, big, dreadful darning-needle on that bush ahead of us! You go on that side, if you aren't afraid."

"Ow! I am afraid!" cried Marjorie, with a little shriek. "And there are two of them! And if we go back now, we'll be late for school!"

"Marjorie!" called a little, breathless voice, and there was a sudden rush of short, fat legs that brought Jim close to them. "What's the matter?"

"See those two horrid darning-needles!" cried the two girls together.

"Why, I'll scare them off," said little Jim. Then he picked a long spray of goldenrod, and marched ahead of Frances and his sister.

Two vigorous waves of the goldenrod, and a buzzing sound, and—the darning-needles were gone.

"I think I'd better walk ahead of you the rest of the way," said Jim. Then he marched on, holding the spray of goldenrod just as a drum-major holds his baton, twirling it in the air, and sometimes turning around to face the two little girls, and walking backward.

Marjorie and Frances marched behind, and neither of them told him once that he'd better be careful, not even when he backed into a blackberry bush.

"How did you know we'd come by the lane?" asked Marjorie, just before they reached the end where it ran out into the road. "We didn't see you when we turned in."

"Why you dropped this little piece of paper out of your book," said Jim, drawing a slip from his pocket. "I s'posed you did it on purpose."

His brown eyes looked straight up into her blue ones, and Marjorie stooped and straightened his collar very gently.

"I will next time, Jim," she said.

"That's all right," said little Jim, "'cause you might need me to look after you and Frances. Mother says that's what boys are for, and then not to tell. Course I sha'n't tell anybody 'bout those darning-needles; you knew that, didn't you?"— Selected.



BURMESE WOMEN, WITH THEIR CIGARS



Out on the Ocean

THE sea, the sky, with waves and clouds,
The sun with all his light,
To guide the sailor on his way;
The moon and stars at night.

No land; the seagulls skim the waves,
The flying fishes gleam
For just a moment in the air,—
Like silver bright they seem.

No other sign of life except
The great ship with her load
Of human hearts, as she pursues
The ocean's rugged road.

On the horizon, far to sight,
Waves mingle with the clouds;
Like endless drapery they roll,—
Old Ocean's foam-trimmed shrouds.

How great the sea! Its bosom broad
Ten thousand ships doth float;
Its depths,—how dreary, how profound!
They hide full many a boat.

And yet our God is greater still;
In scales he weighs the land,
And measures out the ocean in
The hollow of his hand.

Tokyo, Japan.

F. W. FIELD.

The Birds of June

WAS there ever anything more inexpressibly jolly than the bobolink? "A brook o' laughter,"—that is what Lowell calls him. What a dandy he appears in his sleek suit of black-and-white! but doesn't he look odd with his breast black and his back white, as if he had changed the proper places of his vest and coat? It doesn't seem possible that this elegant creature is the same one who, in rusty garb, shorn of his grace and beauty, will grow fat and aldermanic in the southern rice-fields by and by.

The king-bird is everywhere to be seen in June. He, too, is a rather handsome fellow, who wears his dark coat and white vest in the conventional manner. The head is black, and he can raise a crest in which is hidden, like some carefully concealed jewel, a spot of brilliant orange,—a jewel which, I warn you, unless you are a wonderful observer, you will never catch sight of. His tail is black and square, with a terminal band of white,—his most distinguishing mark.

There is a relative of our familiar Baltimore oriole, not quite so common, the orchard oriole, which, as his name suggests, we may find among the fruit-trees. He is dressed in black and chestnut,—a gleaming metallic shade,—and, though inconspicuous, is quite elegant in appearance. The chestnut is on the breast and lower back; the head, neck, and upper back are black; the wings and tail are dark. He has a charming song, rich and sweet. His nest is the daintiest little affair,—pensile, like that of the Baltimore oriole, but made of grasses woven with wonderful neatness into a pretty cup-shaped basket.

Do you know the nest of the ruby-throated humming-bird? Was there ever anything more exquisite than that, made of lichens and down, and fastened so securely on the branch of the tree that it looks like part of the branch itself? What a wonder the humming-bird is! The tiniest of all our birds, only three and three-fourths inches in length, it is equaled by no other in power of flight. It is so emotional that fright alone has been known to cause its death, but so brave that it will defend its nest in the face of the most powerful enemies. There is no bird more easily or quickly tamed. It takes both honey and insects from the deep-hearted flowers about which we are most apt to see it hovering.

The vibrations of the air caused by its swiftly beating wings produce the humming noise from which it gets its name. It has no song. The upper parts of the male are a bright metallic green, there are violet shades on the wings, and the throat—what words can describe that glowing, jewel-like brightness? The female lacks the ruby throat, but is otherwise not unlike the male.

There is no other of our birds quite so brilliant as the scarlet tanager, which looks like a tongue of flame as he flashes through the green leaves, or like a leaf which the frost has turned to scarlet as he perches quietly on a twig, high up among the branches. The body is all bright scarlet, in striking contrast to the black of the wings and tail. It is about the length of the bluebird and phoebe. The song is not unlike that of the robin, loud and cheerful.

Another very brilliant bird is the indigo bunting. He is much smaller than the tanager, measuring about five and one-half inches. Unlike our common bluebird with its chestnut breast, the indigo bird is blue all over,—a very deep, rich, gleaming color; he too flashes like a flame in the sun, a blue flame. The little wife is very unlike her brilliant mate; her general color is a soft, sunny brown. We ought to be especially grateful to the cheery little indigo bird; for he keeps up his happy song through all the heat of summer, when most of the other birds have long been silent.

One of the handsomest birds that visits New England is the rose-breasted grosbeak. He is related to the indigo bird, and both belong to the same family as the little brown sparrows. The grosbeak is fairly good sized,—eight inches long. The head, throat, neck, and back are black; the under parts and rump, white; the wings and tail brightly marked in black and white; and on his breast he wears a large shield of rose-red. The wings are lined with delicate rose-color. The bill is very large and strong. His song is a joyous carol; it seems like the very voice of the spirit of a glad summer morning.

Very unlike this joyous, caroling bird is the shy cuckoo. The yellow-tailed cuckoo is longer than the robin, smooth olive-breasted above, rufous on the wings, with a soft whitish breast and a long tail tipped with white. How stealthy is his flight through the trees, and how quietly he perches among the branches! He has no song, but a strange, loud call that resembles the sound of a hammer striking upon wood. "Stake-driver," the boys call him.

We must not close our June record without a note about the goldfinches that are bounding over the sunny fields and singing their sweet little songs. In the winter we saw them in dull-olive plumage, but now they wear golden-yellow, in striking contrast to their black caps and wings and tails. They sing the whole summer through, and are as gay over the August fields of chicory as over the June meadows.

The meadow-larks, the blackbirds, the vireos, the orioles, and all of the birds which we have been welcoming during the spring, except the passing migrants, fill the woods and fields and gardens with life through the month of June. "Now is the high tide of the year" indeed.

There is a chance for study for the bird student all the summer through, and, for that matter, throughout the year; but July and August are filled with heavier cares of life for our bird friends, and no other season has quite the joyous inspiration of the spring and early summer. —S. S. Times.

What Snakes Do with Their Ribs

No doubt many young people, during their excursions to field and forest this summer, will come upon some of our many harmless snakes. If the readers are girls, they very likely will scream and run away; if boys, they probably will try to kill the snake, which is a

poor return for the good it is doing by catching insects and field-mice. But do any of you ever wonder how it is that a snake can run so quickly without legs, or do you stop to watch one gliding almost imperceptibly along, without any visible means of locomotion? For, without having either hands or feet, a snake can swim, run, and climb better than some animals provided with four good legs. This so impressed the great English anatomist, Richard Owen, that he wrote: "It is true that the serpent has no limbs, yet it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, . . . and spring into the air and seize the bird upon the wing."

Now any one who has looked at the skeleton of a snake—and it is really a very beautiful object—will have been struck by the great number of ribs, which may be as many as ten hundred and fifty pairs. In these lies the secret of the ability of the serpent to do some of these wonderful things. The lower end of each rib is connected with one of the broad scales that run along the under side of a snake, and when a rib is twisted slowly backward, it pushes on the scale, the edge of the scale catches on the ground or whatever object his snakeship may be resting on, and the body of the snake is pushed just a little bit forward. Of course each rib moves the body but a mere trifle; but where the ribs are so many, and they are moved one after another, the result is that the snake moves slowly but steadily ahead. If any one will watch a snake closely when doing this, he will see little ripples, as it were, run along the body, carried by the moving of the ribs. Better still, if he will let a snake crawl through his closed hand, this motion can be very plainly felt. It is in this way that a snake climbs directly up a tree, the scales catching on the little inequalities of the bark; but, sometimes in order to get a better hold, the body is bent back and forth into the shape of several letter S's joined together. One observer has even recorded that in this manner a black snake performed the apparently impossible feat of climbing some distance up the corner of a house.

When a snake is in a hurry, he moves by throwing the body into a series of curves, the ribs propelling, while the scales on the under side prevent the creature from slipping backward. If placed on a plate of glass, where there is little hold for the scales, it is somewhat difficult for a snake to crawl.

Other things, too, some snakes do with their ribs. All are familiar with pictures of the East Indian cobra with the curious hood just back of its head; but those who have seen the snake alive know that when quiet there is no sign of a hood. It is just the same with our little blowing-viper—which isn't a viper at all, but one of the most inoffensive of snakes: unless he is trying to frighten some one, his body is round and not flattened. Both the cobra, whose hood is a deadly threat, and the blowing-viper, whose wicked look is mere pretense, put on their threatening appearance in the same way. Each, but more noticeably the cobra, has a number of ribs which are much longer than the others; and when these long ribs are pulled forward, their free ends press against the sides of the body until it is stretched out wide and flat, and the snake looks as big and wicked as he can.

And thus it is that snakes make use of their ribs to get along in the world and to frighten their enemies.—F. A. Lucas.

THE silence of ignorance and dulness is pitiable; the silence of timidity is wasteful; the silence of poltroonery is shameful; but the silence of brotherly love is above rubies. The talkers are plentiful, the listeners few; the still sad music and the still glad music of humanity ever move through the staff of human speech. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—S. S. Times.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII—Review

(June 27)

MEMORY VERSE: "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them and carried them all the days of old." Isa. 63:9.

Our lessons during the past quarter have covered a period of about forty years, from the time of the worship of the golden calf, at the beginning of the pilgrimage of the children of Israel, to the crossing of the Jordan and entering the promised land. In the study of these lessons, it is well to bear in mind that all these things were written for our learning upon whom the ends of the world are come. See if you can find the text that tells this.

Every experience of the children of Israel has a lesson for us which even the children may learn. We are traveling through the wilderness of this world to the Promised Land, which has been promised to all the children of Abraham; and this includes every child who is a follower of Jesus. The land of Canaan was a type of the inheritance which God has prepared for his children. One precious thought to us is that we may all share in this inheritance. All those who are faithful are to enjoy it together. We are very near the time when we shall enter this land of Canaan. Like the children of Israel, we have come up to the place from which we shall not again be turned back into the wilderness.

Let us study these lessons to know how to stand faithful during these last days, and prepare for an inheritance in the heavenly Canaan. We may not only enter ourselves, but point others to this way.

Questions

1. Why did the children of Israel want Aaron to make the golden calf? What promise had they made to the Lord just a short time before this?
2. Before the idolatrous ones were punished, what opportunity was given to all?
3. What did God tell the Israelites to build to teach them of his presence with them? How many apartments were there in the tabernacle? What was in the most holy place? What did the ark contain? What covered it? Of what was it a figure?
4. Describe the furniture of the outer apartment. What did the candlestick represent? Can you tell the meaning of the table of showbread? What was offered on the golden altar? What was John told that the incense is?
5. What was offered daily in the tabernacle? When one of the people sinned, what had he to do? What did this teach? Were there any other services besides the daily? What was taught by the yearly service?
6. How had the food been provided for the children of Israel since they left Canaan? For what did they complain after leaving Sinai? What experience did this bring to them?
7. Why was Miriam made a leper at the next place of encampment?
8. Tell about the twelve spies. What kind of report did Caleb and Joshua bring back?
9. Why did not the Israelites go right into Canaan when they left Egypt? How long were they in the wilderness? What became of nearly all who left Egypt? What did even their rebellion, that kept them so long in the wilderness, enable them to learn of God?
10. What trouble came upon the people because

of their murmuring? How were they healed? Whom did the uplifted serpent represent? What were they thus taught of God?

12. Tell about the death of Aaron and Moses.
13. How were they at last led into Canaan? In all their wanderings, and in spite of all their sins, what had they proved God to be? Heb. 10:23.
14. Why do we especially need this story of Israel's pilgrimage? Where are we, and where are we going? Who is leading us? How only can we enter into the Promised Land?

The Way, the Truth, the Life

HE is the Way. Through him are all things good
And pure and lovely found. Our feet will tread
The paths of God's divine beatitude
If we by him are led.
The noblest thoughts and aspirations high,
The calm, sweet strength of souls that watch
and pray,
To light and peace and joy that can not die,
He is the Way.

He is the Truth. The world has doubt and sin,
And to our seeking can no answer give,
But we who know him hold our souls within
The grace by which we live.
In him are all things that the hungry heart
Of human life can ask in age or youth;
Who walks with him is from the world apart,
He is the Truth.

He is the Life—a life that knows not death
Or fear or darkness in this transient clay,
But has its birth where God illumineth
His own eternal day,—
Life whose unmeasured deeps of love profound
Are never troubled by this dark world's
strife,—
Life whose surpassing bliss no thought can
bound,
He is that Life.
—L. M. Montgomery, in *Congregationalist*.



XIII—Important Instruction

(June 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Thess. 3:6-18.
MEMORY VERSE: "But ye, brethren, be not weary in well doing." 2 Thess. 3:13.

"Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which they received of us. For yourselves know how ye ought to imitate us: for we behaved not ourselves disorderly among you; neither did we eat bread for naught at any man's hand, but in labor and travail, working night and day, that we might not burden any of you: not because we have not the right, but to make ourselves an ensample unto you, that ye should imitate us. For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, If any will not work, neither let him eat. For we hear of some that walk among you disorderly, that work not at all, but are busybodies. Now them that are such we command and exhort in the Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread. But ye, brethren, be not weary in well-doing. And if any man obeyeth not our word by this epistle, note that man, that ye have no company with him, to the end that he may be ashamed. And yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother. Now the Lord of peace himself give you peace at all times in all ways. The Lord be with you all. The salutation of me Paul with mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle: so I write. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."—*American Standard Revised Version*.

Questions

1. What does the apostle command the brethren to do? By what authority does he make this command?
2. Whom did he say they should imitate?
3. What was Paul able to say concerning his own conduct and that of those who were with him?

4. What is true of the laborer who is faithful? Luke 10:7; 1 Cor. 9:14.
5. Why had they labored so faithfully to support themselves? Verse 9.
6. What is commanded concerning those who will not work?
7. What is the sure course of the idle ones?
8. What are this class earnestly urged to do?
9. What was one of the blessings which God permitted man to retain after the fall?
10. What is the exhortation to the faithful ones?
11. What course is to be pursued toward those who fail to heed this instruction?
12. How are we to treat them?
13. What twofold blessing does the apostle pronounce?
14. How does he prove the genuineness of his epistles?
15. With what benediction does the epistle close? Note again the opening words of each epistle.

Notes

1. The apostle had the right to partake of their substance. He had given them spiritual food; surely they should be glad that he had the right to partake of their temporal food. See 1 Cor. 9:4-18. And yet in this very respect the apostle intimates that he did wrong in not teaching the church to bear burdens. If a minister of God or a parent bears too many burdens in the fullness of his heart, the children or members are strangely made selfish and thoughtless. For the best interests of all, it is good that each one learn to bear the yoke in his youth. There are some burdens which ought to be blessings to the children of God. See 1 Thess. 5:12, 13.—*S. S. Quarterly*.

2. What a God is our God! It is grace and peace at the beginning; it is grace and peace at the close. The first word and the last word are a message of his goodness to the undeserving; and all the intermediate words are instruction, which, if heeded, will yield us all the blessings of his grace. Do not let the study of these epistles stop with these lessons.—*Id.*

What Is Happiness?

HAPPINESS is the greatest paradox in nature. It can grow in any soil, live under any conditions. It defies environment. It comes from within; it is the revelation of the depths of the inner life, as light and heat proclaim the sun from which they radiate. Happiness consists not of having, but of being; not of possessing, but of enjoying. It is the warm glow of a heart at peace within itself. A martyr at the stake may have happiness that a king on his throne might envy. Man is the creator of his own happiness; it is the aroma of a life lived in harmony with high ideals. For what a man has, he may be dependent on others; what he is, rests with him alone. What he obtains in life is but acquisition; what he attains is growth. Happiness is the soul's joy in the possession of the intangible.—*William Jordan*.

WE write our lives upon our faces, deep,
An autograph which they will always keep.
Thoughts can not come, and leave behind no trace
Of good or ill; they quickly find a place
Where they who will may read, as in a book,
The hidden meaning of our slightest look.

Reach for the things above—to those who climb,
Steps ne'er are wanting; ever the sublime
Allures us onward, and our lives will be
Just what we make them, to eternity.
What they now are, the face will surely show,
Like footprints on a field of untrod snow.

Time deepens all the lines, or dark or fair—
Lines carved by grief or chiseled deep by care.
Thoughts into actions very quickly grow;
Actions are seeds which every one must sow.
They reap the richest harvest of good deeds
Who sow but loving words, most precious seeds.
—*Presbyterian Banner*.



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The trees are full, the winds are tame;
The fields are pictures in a frame
Of leafy roads and fair abodes,
Steeped in content too large for name.

Across the narrow bridge of night
The luminous days are swift in flight,
As though 'twere wrong to cover song
And scent and greenness from the light.

The ways are thronged with angel wings,
The heart with angel whisperings;
And as it seems in happy dreams,
The bird of gladness sings and sings.

— Selected.

"MERCY" and "help"—mercy for our sins, help in the hour of temptation—these every one must have who hopes to conquer in the warfare against sin. And they are freely provided for all who desire them enough to ask for them. There is no condition except that the asking shall be the expression of the heart's real longing. Asking thus, Heaven is pledged to give; if we desire, we shall obtain. "Let us therefore come boldly," says Paul, "unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

The Gentle Art of Giving Up

NOTHING is more natural than the impulse to have one's own way; nothing harder to acquire than a cheerful willingness to give up that way, or allow it to sink out of sight when occasion demands. "Giving up"—what an accomplishment it is! How it oils the creaking wheels of the family machinery, smooths out the wrinkles from the faces we love, and sets the whole home life to music!

Not long ago it was my privilege to be a guest in a home that is blessed by a little daughter who, though young in years, is already unconsciously an accomplished little mistress of the art of giving up. She is a child of great positiveness of character and very decided opinions; yet again and again did I hear her pleasantly end a discussion which in less tactful hands might easily have become a dispute, by saying, "You're right, Ned; I only thought it was the other way;" or, "I must have been mistaken, then;" or, again, "O, was that the way it happened?"—just some little thoughtful sentence that never failed to restore an atmosphere of peace as soon as it was spoken.

Nor was it alone in thus cheerfully giving up her own opinions that this little girl taught me a lesson. At almost the last moment it seemed necessary to ask her to let some one else take her place in a pleasure in which plans had been made for her to share, and to which she had eagerly looked forward.

It was a real trial, and one in which many an older person might have failed to yield gracefully; but after the first moment's hesitation she accepted the substitute proposed, and accepted it so cheerfully and with such a radiant smile as to deceive most of us into thinking that, after all, she did not care so very much.

Later the plan was again changed, with the decision to carry out the first arrangement, and the child was found in a secluded place, bravely trying to get the best of the tears of disappointment that no one had suspected.

For this art, like every other, means something: it means *giving up*, and just what that means no one knows—except the givers-up. It is a very easy thing to admire this grace—in other people; it is comparatively easy, when we are allowed to have our own way, and to carry out our own plans at the expense, perhaps, of somebody else's comfort or convenience, to resolve that "next time" we will give up: the hard thing is to give up when that next time comes. And as likely as not, if the resolution is ever carried out, it is done so ungraciously as to create resentment or unpleasantness. For in giving up, as in everything else, there are always two ways,—the way that makes the personal sacrifice and discomfort so plain as to render the favor hateful to the receiver, and the way that is so free from every thought of self as to make it as welcome as the perfumed breezes of a spring day.

Do you sigh for "just one accomplishment," as I have heard many a girl sigh? Here is one that you will not have to leave the four walls of your own home to acquire. It is always in demand, too, which is more than can be said of some accomplishments taught in schools.

Don't despise it as "too easy." *Try it first*—try giving up the thing you want to do at the time you have set to accomplish it, the longed-for pleasure, the dearly cherished plan, in order that some one else, who, as likely as not, will not appear to notice that you have given up, may carry out his wishes. Remember, too, that this giving up must be done so willingly, so cheerfully, so much as a matter-of-fact, as to relieve that other of any sense of obligation.

And as you begin to pay the price, your respect for the accomplishment will increase. But you will find, if you keep on, that like all other sweet and precious things, it is well worth the price; and that the peace and happiness it will bring into your own heart and life, as well as into the hearts and lives of all around you, will be indeed "above price."

The Great Divide

FAR up among the towering peaks and green-fissured glaciers of the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia, near the point where the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the highest range, there is a pure, foaming little torrent, which leaps down the mountain-side in full view from the passing trains. It is fed by the melting snows of one of the highest portions of the range.

A few months ago, when crossing this range with my family, a fellow traveler called our attention for the first time to an interesting peculiarity of this dashing torrent. He said: "We are nearing what is called The Great Divide. Observe that the stream up which we have been traveling for several hours is continually becoming smaller. We shall soon see its source, which has a peculiarly interesting feature." We watched on the south side of the train, and soon came in full view of the stream at the point known as The Great Divide.

Only a few feet from the train the stream flowed over a rounded ledge, and the waters separated, a part of the stream flowing toward the west, and the other part toward the east. The waters which flow toward the west, our traveling friend informed us, empty into the Pacific Ocean, while the other stream empties into Hudson Bay. Over the point of division are these words, in letters made of wreaths of twisted sticks: "The Great Divide."

A little stream, pure and fresh as the air of heaven, and clear as the blue sky from which it appears to come, starts out upon its long journey. It talks and sings and prattles like a child, uncon-

scious of its mission or destiny. Suddenly, without warning, and without realizing the result, it approaches The Great Divide, and its waters separate, some to flow down through the sunny valleys of the Pacific Slope and off to the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean, where it fulfils all the mission that the great, loving Father designed; others to wind their dreary course away to the frozen waters of the North, there to be shut up in eternal solitude and uselessness.

What a picture this affords of life's journey! We start out with the innocence, the purity, the sweetness of childhood. We prattle and sing and dance our way along the sunny paths of youth, quite unconscious of the rapidly approaching hour when we shall, by a single decision or a single plan, determine whether our lives shall flow into the fresh, bright fields of honest labor and useful toil for our Lord and Master, or whether they shall glide away into selfish seclusion and frozen solitudes, and be lost,—lost to the world, and unfitted for helpful ministry.

"In the dawning of every life, there arises a star of hope. Whether that star sets over Sodom or Nazareth depends upon our purpose and our decisions in life." At unexpected moments we stand at "the parting of the ways." In an unguarded moment we find ourselves facing a definite decision relative to our life-work. With friends and home and happiness as our security, we come suddenly to The Great Divide,—that all-important, unlooked-for spot where the turning of a hand, the decision of a moment, the indulgence of a selfish desire, the fostering of a cherished ambition, may turn our feet away from the purpose for which the great God gave us a place and a ministry among his children.

These decisions, however, are not a matter of chance. The child or youth who leads a thoughtful life, who reads his Bible and studies the work of God, will be prepared at such important places to decide aright. Those who live for pleasure only, and study their selfish interests rather than the interests of others, will, unless the good Lord snatches them as a "brand from the burning," make wrong decisions at such important crises.

My dear young friend, do not permit yourself to start out for one day upon life's journey without reaching up your hands, and placing them in the ever open hands of your Father. He will lead if you would rather walk under his guidance than according to your personal wishes and ambitions.

The cause of present truth needs the strength, the energy, and tender sympathy of every youthful heart; but pleasures and honor and riches are beckoning with their enticements to the young people of our age. May God forbid that we should permit these glittering tinsels of time to prove a snare to our feet, whereby we shall become entangled at this important crisis of God's work in the earth.

E. R. P.

A Little Book on an Important Subject

WE have received from Prof. D. D. Rees, of Union College, a copy of his new handbook on punctuation, entitled, "How to Punctuate." In this work the author has made the grammatical construction of sentences the basis of classification, rather than the marks of punctuation themselves. The book also contains an Appendix, with general rules for spelling and the use of capital letters.

We cheerfully recommend this little book to all who are interested in perfecting themselves in the art of punctuation. For further particulars address the author, College View, Nebraska.

"THE permanent things are the stars and the sun, not the clouds or the dust," says Senator Hoar. It is well to lift our thoughts to these permanent things when the clouds depress or the dust blinds us.