

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LI

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, JUNE 25, 1903

No. 25



The Isle of Wight

WHILE looking for a suitable site for a sanatorium for Great Britain, the writer had the opportunity of spending a short time in the Isle of Wight, which lies just south from England, and is separated from the mainland by the Solent.

This little isle is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful spots in Great Britain, and is a favorite health and pleasure resort. It is best known to Americans as having been the home of England's most beloved sovereign, the late Queen Victoria, who spent her last days at Osborne House.

Osborne House

Osborne House is about half a mile from Cowes. Since the death of the queen, her son, King Edward, has presented the property to the British government as an asylum for aged, infirm, and wounded officers of the British army and navy. He has definitely stipulated, however, that the grounds and the queen's private rooms shall forever be open to the British public.

Whippingham

About half a mile south of Osborne House is Whippingham, the beautiful little church where Queen Victoria and other members of the royal family often attended service. It is a charming chapel, embowered among stately trees, vines, and ornamental shrubs, and surrounded by well-kept hedges. These are shown quite distinctly in the accompanying picture.

The church was founded in 1066; but the original structure has been removed. The present church, shown in the illustration, was designed by Albert, the prince consort, and built by Queen Victoria in 1851. It was in this little chapel that Princess Beatrice was married to Prince Henry of Battenburg. Prince Henry, who for several years was governor of the Isle of Wight, was a great favorite with the queen. He died of fever in 1896, and was buried at Whippingham. His tomb, which occupies the whole of the north side of the chancel opposite the reserved seats for the royal family, was erected to his memory by Queen Victoria.

Carrisbrooke Village

From Whippingham we paid a brief visit to Carrisbrooke Village, once the capital of the island. The most interesting feature of the village is the old church, erected in 1088. Considering its great age, it is in a remarkably good state of preservation.

In the garden of the vicarage are distinct remains of an old Roman villa, probably built between 40 and 50 A. D. This villa can be accounted

for by the fact that the Isle of Wight was conquered for the Romans by Vespasian in the reign of Claudius, 43 A. D. Probably it was built about that time.

Carrisbrooke Castle

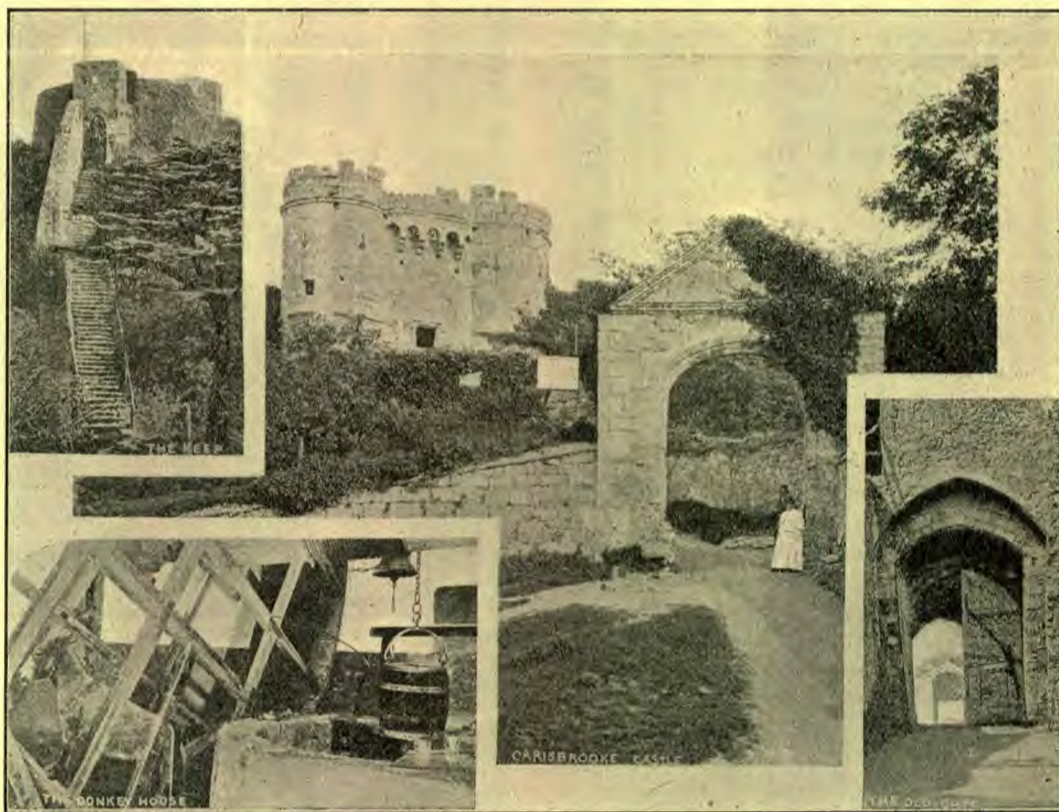
Beautifully situated on the slope of a prominent hill near by is Carrisbrooke Castle, the most picturesque feature of the surrounding landscape. This is one of the most interesting and famous old castles of Great Britain. It is best known in history as having been one of the prisons of Charles I. The keep, which is shown in the upper left-hand corner of the picture, is in an excellent state of preservation. Here the ruins of the apartments occupied by Charles I during his confinement may be distinctly seen. Even the window through which the monarch attempted to escape is pointed out. This attempt to regain his liberty was made

donkey drawing water may be seen in the lower left-hand corner of the picture. Every visitor drinks a glass of water from this well, unless, as in our case, the visit is made on Sunday, when the donkeys are turned loose in the garden. We were quite disappointed that we could not see the donkeys draw the water, or obtain a drink from the well, the water of which is remarkable for its coolness; but, as we went away, the two donkeys came to the edge of the great fortress, looked down between the vines in a sympathetic way, and brayed at us, as if to say, "At your service on week-days."

The many ivy-clad ruins of the ancient castles and strongholds of England are among the most charming features of its varied landscapes. They may be seen on the hillsides in nearly all parts of Great Britain, and they form one of the strongest links binding the present with an interesting history of long ago.

Stratford-on-Avon

When on our way from London to Leeds, England, with the purpose of attending the camp-meeting at that place, we stopped off overnight



CARRISBROOKE CASTLE

during Christmas week of 1647; but his enforced idleness at the castle had made him too stout to slip through the window, and there he stuck, "most unkinglike," until his keepers found him in the morning, and extricated him from his laughable as well as rather unpleasant position.

In the keep was a well, which is said to have been three hundred and ten feet deep; but it has long since been filled up.

In the garden there is another well, which forms one of the greatest curiosities of the island. Its depth is one hundred and forty-four feet, with thirty-seven feet of water, which is drawn by a wheel turned by a donkey. The

at Birmingham. Early the next morning we took a flying trip down to Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace, home, and resting-place of Shakespeare, which is about thirty miles south of Birmingham. Stratford is only a little country village, and its chief business seems to be to show visitors the places made sacred to them by their association with the world's greatest poet. The people of many nationalities besides the English pay their tributes of respect to this place; during the year 1901 it was visited by people from forty-three different countries. The house where Shakespeare was born would be recognized at once from the familiar picture, which many of

you have seen. It is built of a heavy wooden framework filled in with cement. Although nearly four hundred years old, many parts of the house are well preserved. The room in which Shakespeare was born is in the best condition. The "Great House," or "New House," as it is often called, where the poet lived and did much of his work, has decayed. Only the foundation and well remain. These are covered with glass and wire netting.

The church in which Shakespeare and his wife are buried is very old. It was dedicated in the tenth century. Parts of it, including the roof and several pillars, have been rebuilt; but much of it is the original, and bears on its quaint pillars and arches the crumbling marks of time. The church has one striking peculiarity. It is built in the form of a cross; but the head of the cross bends to the left several feet. This inclination is supposed to represent the recline of the Saviour's head upon the cross. The grave of Shakespeare is in the floor; and upon the slab is the following peculiar epitaph, probably written by himself:—

"Good frend, for Jesvs' sake forbear,
To digg the dvst enclosed heare;
Blesst be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

In the above lines *v* is used in the place of *u*; *ye* is *the*; and *yt* is *that*. E. R. PALMER.

Standard-Bearers

INTO the thickest of the fight
The standard-bearer goes;
And while the flag is still in sight,
The valiant soldier knows
That there, amid the driving rain
Of shot and shell, his duty's plain.

Boys, duty never fails us, where
Truth's standard-bearer leads;
And honor bids us do and dare
When Right a champion needs.
True heroes who such standards bear,
And they who follow and who dare.
FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

In Boyhood's Day

The First Great Mile-stone

You boys reach your first great mile-stone somewhere along between your fourteenth and seventeenth birthdays. You never know exactly where; but there came a time, you realize later, when you resented being treated like a child by your mother and older sister, especially in public. You adopted long trousers, and became particular about your necktie. Changes there had been earlier, and important ones, such as the losing of your baby curls, the obtaining of jackets with pockets, and being asked to run errands and to lend a helping hand wherever needed; but you did not think much of them at that time. You still liked to sit with your head on your mother's lap, and to hold long, confidential talks with her in the twilight—and, let me whisper, if ever you get over this liking and beyond that habit, it will be because there is something wrong with you.

Youth, in the earliest stage, is not an easy period for a boy. He is apt to be a little conceited then, to swagger boastfully, and to speak with too much certainty on matters in which he has no experience. People lose patience with him, especially fathers and older brothers. They seem quite to forget that they once stood where this boy is now standing, and that then they behaved in precisely the same manner.

I do not know what a boy would do if there were no mother to be his gentle champion and constant friend, until he is well past the quicksands which lie all too near his path. Next best to a mother is a sister,—a sister who is a fellow's chum and understands him, who cares about what he does, and is interested in his sports and games,

as well as in his daily duties. A preoccupied sister who cares only for her own affairs, and not for Jim's or Fred's engagements, who is so taken up with dress, or society, or even study, that her brother bores her, is of very little use to him at this critical period, and she is sacrificing on the altar of self a golden opportunity to elevate and refine her brother.

A mother or the loving older sister sees that a boy does not avoid people when he begins to be gawky and overgrown. She has faith that the awkward age will soon pass, and the lad will glide into graceful manhood. Meanwhile she realizes that he must not lose the advantage of meeting the home friends and mingling in society, even though he is bashful and immature.

Now let me tell you this, my boy: It is only as we think about ourselves that we are ever awkward. The person who is not occupied with the impression he is making, who goes right on doing what he ought day by day, will always be free and at ease when with others. Besides, a boy may resolve to know how, and to do the right thing in the right way. Years ago, I had a boy friend who consulted me, then a young matron, on many minor points of etiquette. "How shall I introduce a girl to a boy?" he said one day. "Not at all," I replied. "Introduce the boy to the girl. Mention her name first." "What about rising when a lady comes into a room, if she is not a lady I know?" "In a hotel parlor," I said, "keep your seat, unless you are occupying the only comfortable chair, when, if she is a woman older than you, it is polite to resign it. In your own home, always rise when any woman—your mother, your sister Susy, your cousin Grace, or

and vexed because he must stay at home after dark.

The day will dawn when he will be very grateful that he was hedged about by wise laws when he was crossing the border-line into manhood.

There is a natural wish on the part of the boy who feels already grown up, to be treated not as if he were a mere child, but with some reference to the dignity of his years. And this is right. Tactful older persons recognize this, but there are some who do not. But the manly boy, instead of resenting too much the patronizing air of older people, acknowledges that he is immature, and has much to learn, and sets about learning. Boys are the better for being simple, and, as they advance in wisdom, any air of conceit they may have adopted drops off. A senior in college is generally simpler in manner and less aggressive in bearing than a freshman. If I were a boy of sixteen, I would try to refrain from contradicting my elders, or talking as if mine were the final word, or making assertions with undue emphasis.

I would defer to those who had lived longer than I. If I felt vexed or dissatisfied, I would do my best not to show it, and in the very effort to conquer the outward appearance of peevishness, I would gain freedom from the disagreeable mood. There is no better way of routing the black dog of sullenness than by meeting him with a brave and smiling face. We may be cheerful outwardly, even if we are not very merry inside.

One of the things most needful for the boy to cultivate at the mile-stone of youth, begins with an R. Boys, be responsible. If you promise, perform. If you undertake a thing, carry it through.

Do not belong to the throng of young men who forget when they have something depending upon their care, and then plead forgetfulness as an excuse. A boy who has a message to convey, or a letter to mail, or a sum of money to take to the bank, or a telegram to deliver, should be as steady and swift and faithful as Time himself—Old Time, that, through the centuries, has never slackened his pace, nor lost a day from the calendar.—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Young People's Weekly*.

Hard Medicine to Take

"Doctor," said a fashionably dressed woman to her new physician, "I want you to give me a prescription which will cure me of a most irritating trouble." The doctor bowed, and waited for her to go on.

"About eleven o'clock every evening," said the patient, "I am overcome by a feeling of sleepiness. No matter where I am, this dreadful sensation comes over me. I have suffered from it now for five weeks; no remedy seems to help."

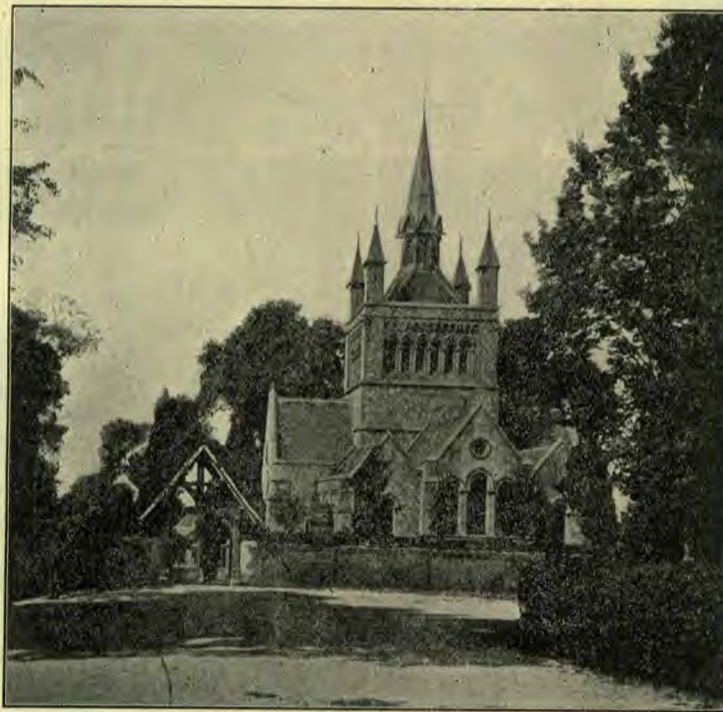
"Oh, I can give you a prescription that will help you," said the doctor.

His new patient was radiant, but her face clouded as she read: "Bed from ten at night till seven the next morning. Repeat dose once in twenty-four hours, whenever symptoms recur."—*Selected*.

The Wind

HOUSEKEEPER WIND is up and out
Before the Sun can get about;
And with his broom he sweeps away
The shadows from the dawn of day,
And drives along with might and main
The clouds of dust and clouds of rain,
And here and there and everywhere
Makes clear and fair the morning air;
And though you look
In every nook,
Beside the field, the hill, the brook,
You'll always find
Housekeeper Wind
Leaves not an unswept place behind.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.



THE OLD CHURCH AT CARRISBROOKE VILLAGE (SEE FIRST PAGE)

the school-teacher who is boarding in the family, or a visitor, in fact, anybody of the other sex—happens to come in. Stand until the lady has taken a seat. If she be an old or feeble woman, find her the easiest chair, and place her in it."

I gave my boy friend many such hints, for he constantly sought advice. And now, in his maturity, I know few more useful and attractive men than he.

When a boy is cross, he is, like other people, very apt to put the blame upon some one else. Father is "despotic," the teacher "unreasonable," comrades "unfair." These, to put the matter plainly, are the common excuses of Satan. He fools us into believing we are ourselves perfect—other people at fault. Now look at it. A boy who goes about with a gloomy and sullen brow, morose, black as a storm-cloud, is not a cheerful and happy boy; he is uncomfortable company for himself. Perhaps he is chafing at restraint and fretting against the curb; wishing more liberty,



A Wise Choice

A True Story

(Concluded)

It is a little over three years since I returned from the city with the children. Yesterday was Harry's birthday,—he was fourteen years old. He is the joy of his father's heart,—“a bright and interesting boy,” I often hear him say, “and I could not well get along without him.” Thus far our cup of happiness has been full to overflowing.

The children were making rapid progress in their studies, and their health was all that could be desired. Fresh air and exercise, with proper dress and diet, wrought wonders for them physically, but they were causing me much anxiety as I detected in them a tendency to treat spiritual things lightly. In vain had I put forth my best efforts to get them interested in the Sunday-school. When I would talk with them on the subject, Harry would reply that the boys who went there smoked and talked about things that he would be ashamed to repeat. The children would go with me to church, but it was evident that they preferred to remain at home with their father. Had they been proud and disobedient, I should not have thought it so strange, but being so kind and gentle, I thought it would be an easy task to lead them to Christ. I was sure that I had done my duty faithfully in trying to guide their steps in the better way.

About this time two ministers pitched their tent near our place, and began a series of Bible studies on the prophecies. Soon every one was talking about them. Some said they were ignorant men, others that they understood the Scriptures, but kept Saturday for Sunday.

I soon noticed that every time any one was talking about the meetings at the tent, Harry was intensely interested. For a long time I managed to keep him away from the tent, without forbidding him to go; but one day I heard him ask his father if he could go to the meeting at the tent that evening.

“O, yes,” was the reply, “I am willing that you should go, but you had better ask your mother.” Turning to me, he said, “You will be glad to have me go, won't you, mother?”

“No, Harry,” I said; “I am not willing that you should go near that tent.” His father noticed the disappointed look on his face, and said, “Really, I am unable to understand why you object.” I replied that last Sunday the minister said that if we were wise, we would not only stay away ourselves, but keep the children away also.

“Well,” he said, “if that is the only objection, you'd better let the boy go.”

With many misgivings I gave my consent, but my heart was sad, and I passed a sleepless night. There are many mothers who will understand my feelings. When Harry returned, he brought with him two tracts, “Is Man Immortal?” and “Is the End Near?” and gave them to his father, who read them before retiring. In the morning I noticed that he put them away in a safe place. This excited my curiosity; I wanted to see what was in them. After glancing through them hastily, and seeing that there was no Saturday Sabbath in them, I did not worry much about them. I thought perhaps if he thought the end was near, it might arouse him to a sense of his danger. But what could I do to save my precious boy, I cried, in agony. It is impossible to convey in words my feelings of helplessness to

do anything to stay the influence that I feared.

All day I heard Harry telling Esther the wonderful things the minister had said at the tent,—that Christ was soon coming, and that those who believed in him, and obeyed his commandments, would

have a home in the city of jasper and gold. Again I heard him explain about the tree of life that bears new fruit every month, instead of once a year. Esther had become so much interested that I had been expecting that she would ask to go, and just a little while before the time for service she came in, and asked to go with Harry. I replied that I did not think it best to let either of them go. “But he *has* to go,” she said.

“How is that, child?”

“The minister asked him to come again to-night, and he promised he would. You would not like to have him tell a lie, would you, mama?”

“No,” I said, “but a bad promise is better broken than kept.”

She bit her lip to keep back the tears, and turned away. Just then Harry and his father came in from their work, and I soon heard Esther talking to her brother in a low tone; presently he turned and sat down on the steps. In a moment her arms were about his neck. As she tried to comfort him, father asked what was the matter with the children, and I explained that I had decided not to let them go to the meeting at the tent.

“I don't see why you object to their going,” he said. “I fear you are not acting wisely. Some of the best people in the neighborhood attend every night, and take their children with them.”

Then, washing my hands of all responsibility, I told them they could go as often as they wished; and father added that mama meant it all for the best. “Go to the meeting,” he said, “and do not forget to bring me something to read.”

Next day I heard Harry asking his father for money to buy a Bible. When told that there were plenty of Bibles in the house, and he could take his choice, Harry said he wanted one like those they had at the tent,—a “genuine Oxford Bible.” The lad had the idea that there were some counterfeit Bibles. His father laughed, but Harry got his Bible, and kept his father well supplied with reading-matter.

The following Sunday I went to church, and the children went to the tent. As Esther returned, bringing a large book, her father asked, “What have you there, another Bible?”

“No; the man at the tent sent you this to read, and said you need not buy it, nor be in a hurry to return it.”

“Yes,” I said, “they will lend you all the books they have at the tent, if you will read them. I heard all about them at meeting to-day. They are trying to turn the world upside down.”

He smiled, and then took up the book, and began reading it. As the children started for the meeting that evening, he told Esther to inquire the price, and the next day he sent the money for it.

For a number of days the minister at the tent had been discussing the Sabbath question, and Harry was sure the seventh day was the Sabbath, and that he and Esther must try to keep it holy. One Friday the children were seated under the fall pippin tree, laden with its golden fruit. Harry was reading to Esther from his new Bible, as they watched the glorious October sunset; and as the sun sank below the horizon, they bowed their heads in prayer. Father and the hired men were just returning from their work, and I heard him say to them that they need not come again until Monday. As the work was pressing, I knew what this meant. My worst fears were realized.

In despair, I cried out, “Lord, restore to me the joy of thy salvation.” Then he revealed to me the wickedness of my heart.

The children went early to bed, and their father and I had a long talk about the meetings at the tent. He said he believed the seventh day is the Sabbath, and that the second coming of Christ is near, and that he was lost unless something could be done for him. When I saw his distress, I realized my mistake in trying to keep the children away from the tent, so I told him that I would go with them to the meeting at the tent the next morning.

Just before retiring I went up-stairs as usual, to see if the children were safely in bed. I found them in each other's arms, in a large arm-chair, fast asleep. The traces of tears were plainly visible on their faces. I awoke them, and asked why they were not in bed. Harry said that they were afraid that if they kept the Lord's Sabbath, they would have to give up their new home, and go away. When I told them that father and I were going with them to the meeting at the tent in the morning, the sad expression on their faces quickly gave place to one of peace and happiness. Only once before had it been my happy lot to bear a message of such joy to the children.

It was a bitter cross for me to turn my footsteps toward the tent, but it will only be necessary to add that a few days later we were all baptized in the likeness of the Saviour's death and resurrection. Since that time, we have been made happy by the growing power of Christian principles in the children's conduct, their clear and steadfast faith, their endeavors to live a holy life, and their resolute efforts to improve in every part of their character.

And now we believe the choice in the selection of the children was a wise one. We gave them an earthly home, and they helped us to obtain a title to a home in that city whose builder and maker is God. * * *

Self-Culture

THE acquisition of education, of wisdom, of culture, does not depend upon where one is, or what his work in life may be. One may spend all his days in a retired and quiet community, and yet become truly educated, cultured, wise. The paths of inquiry open from every point and in all directions. No place has a monopoly of God's wonderful works. The republic of truth is world-wide. The vast disclosures of geology lie beneath our feet. The luring lore of botany appeals to us in every shrub and tree. Nightly the marvels of astronomy unfold above our heads. All of history converges upon our town, as well as upon London or Berlin. Rome is present in the town government, Greece in the books we read and the pictures we see. Israel still speaks to us from Sabbath to Sabbath. We live in the light of past ages and civilizations. A chance clew picked up anywhere, the meaning of a word, the color of an insect's wing, will lead one into realms of knowledge vast as the providence of God.

What would you at the hands of the God of knowledge? Literature? Books are no longer the privilege of the favored few. The world's best may lie upon your table and mine as well as upon that of the millionaire or bibliomaniac. Art? Art, to a certain extent at least, is at the command of all. I have a photograph of the “Angelus” that cost me five cents. It can not reproduce that wondrous sunset glow that makes the original so fascinating; nevertheless, it gives one the true motive and message of the picture. And as for the sunset glow, I may have the original of the original from my own dooryard. Science? What does science cost? Nothing but time, a good pair of eyes, and an inquiring mind. Philosophy? Any one may become a philosopher; not a Plato or a Kant, to be sure, but a

bona fide sage, who thinks and infers and relates and theorizes.

All the resources of nature, the treasures of literature and art, philosophy and religion, are ours if we will, and so far as we will. An open, observant, inquiring mind, which delights to read God's thoughts after him, will find the means of self-culture at hand, whatever one's place or lot. — *Selected.*



Young People's Work in Iowa

At Exira, Iowa, a Young People's Society was organized last February, with a membership of twenty-eight. At their weekly Sunday-evening meetings they have studied the prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation and the subject of The Cleansing of the Sanctuary. Up to March 31, the Society had raised eight dollars toward the thousand-dollar fund for France.

At Boone, Iowa, a Society of twelve members meets once a month. The outline lessons in the INSTRUCTOR have formed the basis for study. Their missionary efforts consist in selling *The Life Boat*, distributing tracts, and making quilts. The funds collected have been used for the latter purpose. The secretary writes: "The children are taking a lively interest in the work and in the meetings. We are all of good courage."

Clinton, Iowa, reports a Society of seventeen, with three added during the last quarter. The members hold meetings twice a week: on Sunday evening they meet for Bible study, and on Wednesday evening for missionary work. "The general interest is good, and a great deal of Bible study is taken up in our meetings," is the report of the secretary. And we may well add, The result of much Bible study must always be a good interest in missionary work — helping those who need help anywhere. How can any one become familiar with the principles of the gospel through the study of God's word without immediately realizing an earnest desire to do something for somebody? Try it and see! Christ said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

From Algona comes the report of good interest in the Young People's work, and a willingness upon the part of all, especially the younger members, to take a part in the meetings. The Society is composed of twenty members, and their meetings are held every Sabbath afternoon. Collections to the amount of \$2.27 were taken for the work in India; besides this some books have been purchased for the use of the Society.

The secretary of the Smithland Society reports that the general interest there is good, considering that the Society is just starting. Twelve members are banded together, of whom one was added during the last quarter. The Society has sold copies of *The Life Boat*, distributed tracts and other periodicals, pieced quilts and made garments. A fund of \$1.55 has been used in this work.

The report of the Mt. Pleasant Society, of fourteen members, for the first quarter of 1903 is as follows: Missionary letters written, 3; periodicals distributed, 24; pages of books and tracts distributed, 3,547; hours spent in Christian Help work, 21; persons supplied with food, 2.

At Sioux Rapids is an enthusiastic, working Society of sixteen members. One was added during the last quarter. The following extract speaks for itself:—

"Two of our members are spending all their time in the canvassing work. One is sixteen years old, and the other thirteen. They have been selling *The Life Boat*, having taken one hundred and thirty-one yearly subscriptions and sold four hundred copies of that paper. All seem to be of good courage. We have interesting meetings, in which all take part. The lessons we have been studying the past quarter have been in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. We have had one temperance meeting. All seem to be willing to do all they can in the Lord's service."

Several quarterly reports have been received from isolated Iowa young people, who are members of the State Society. One of these is as follows: Letters written, 17; letters received, 14; periodicals distributed, 11; pages of tracts distributed, 129; missionary visits made, 8; hours spent in Christian Help work, 10. Another member reports the following work done: Letters written, 15; letters received, 12; periodicals distributed, 7; pages of books and tracts distributed, 520; missionary visits, 7; hours of Christian Help work, 5; offerings, 11 cents. One little girl, of seven, sends the following: Periodicals given away, 7; missionary visits, 6; offerings, 57 cents.

As we read the reports that come from the various places, we are forced to the conclusion that it is the *small companies* and the *isolated members* who are doing the most work. Let us bear in mind that the Young People's Societies stand for work—earnest, hard work. It is not our object simply to attend meetings and lectures for the purpose of being entertained. Far from it! Our object must ever be to spread the gospel of Jesus, and to help prepare a people to meet him at his soon coming. If we are scattering the printed pages, "like the leaves of autumn," or coming in contact personally with the people, we shall exert an influence that will in God's own time produce a bountiful harvest. "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. . . . In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

C. A. H.

Worthy of Imitation

To those who are looking for definite results from the work of the Young People's Societies, the following information concerning a memorial erected by the California young people will be of interest:—

At the San Francisco Hydriatic Dispensary is a fine electric-light bath on which is a plate that reads: "This electric-light bath was erected by the Young People's self-denial fund." To the amount of nearly one hundred dollars, California young people gave their nickels and dimes, which otherwise would have been largely spent for candy, ice-cream soda, and gum, to buy this bath.

We can not refrain from commenting upon this noble work. This is an example which many more of our young people might profitably follow, just at this time of the year, when it is so easy to drop in at some convenient place for a "cooling soda." It will require a little will power, to be sure, to prevent the nickels and dimes from slipping through our fingers in this way. But did you ever stop and ask yourself how much better off you are an hour or two after some petty indulgence? The fact is, such indulgences more often work harm than good. And by refraining from them we may do profitable missionary work, not only in helping on some public enterprise, but to our own bodies as well.

Did you ever count up how much you had spent foolishly in a year, perhaps not for the trifles named, but for others equally as useless? How much God's cause needs our nickels and dimes! Why!—a penny will buy a tract that will save a soul from death. Then why spend it carelessly? As God blessed the poor widow's mites, so he will swell our offerings to the good of suffering humanity if we but exercise a little self-sacrifice.

Let us remember that it is the *little* foxes that spoil the vines, and *little* leaks that sink great ships. Some little indulgence may grow into a habit which it will be hard to break. Let us also remember that it is the little things of which our Heavenly Father takes notice, and that the final reward will be given to him who is "*faithful in that which is least.*"

Who will imitate the example of the California young people?

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The People Had a Mind to Work

(June 28 to July 4)

OUR study has brought us to the days when quite a corps of laborers began to enter the field. As chapters XVIII and XIX of "Rise and Progress" are briefly reviewed, seek for the lessons we may learn in labor. One gets a picture, in these chapters, of a small people, full of zeal and enthusiasm, each one ready to do anything that God's providence made possible to advance the truth. The hope of the coming of the Lord was a real thing, and every plan was brought into subjection to the one purpose of preparing the way. Had that spirit always been sustained, the work would ere this have been finished, we are told.

The main topics in these two chapters may be presented as follows:—

1. From the text at the top of chapter XIX, Haggai 2: 18, 19, sketch the westward movement in the work, the removal of the headquarters to Battle Creek, the development of publishing interests, use of tents, activity of laborers in new communities, and first efforts for people of other tongues.

2. The idea of a probation and a gospel work on the earth after the second coming of Christ—the "Age-to-Come" doctrine, as it was called—made much trouble in those days, as these chapters show. Let one member give a very short Bible reading showing the work that is to prepare the way for the second coming, the events associated with the advent, what it means to the saints, to the wicked, and to the earth, and the events of the thousand years following. While not called by the same name, the false idea prevalent then is still all abroad. A few landmarks of Scripture truth refute the whole mass of confusing teaching on the subject.

3. The special providence in preserving from danger, mentioned on page 201, suggests the ministry of good angels in protecting God's servants in time of danger. Bible texts may be cited as showing this, and a few paragraphs from "Great Controversy," pages 589 and 258, may be read to show how great is our need of protection, and how much assurance we have. The first reference is to Satan's plan of reaping his harvest by disasters, and the latter reference is to the experience of Wesley under the protection of angels. Let us fully understand that there is a God in heaven who actually does things for his children on earth. Members may relate other such special providences.

These three divisions of the study may easily be presented in from ten to fifteen minutes each if preparation is made beforehand. We shall quickly finish the look at the past, and may then take a view of the future, as outlined in the "Great Controversy."

W. A. S.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

*Some Bible Rivers*

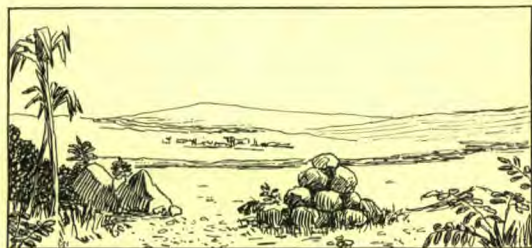
THE prophet with uplifted hand
Beside the River stood;
He spoke a word at God's command,
And all the stream ran blood.
And he who came to worship there,
Sat, sullen, by its side,
Untouched his heart by love or fear,
Nor humbled was his pride.



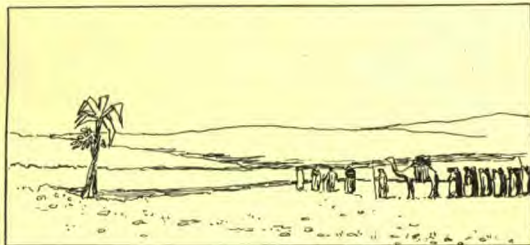
His flocks and herds had crossed the flood,
His family had gone,
And by the River-ford he stood,
Sad, fearful, and alone.
His brother came, on vengeance bent,
Armed, and four hundred strong;
While he, with fear and watching spent,
Yet wrestled all night long.



Before the priests' advancing feet
The River parted wide;
Then passed the host with footsteps fleet,
Dry-shod, from side to side.
And where the people that night lay
Twelve stones their children see,
To keep the wonders of the way
Within their memory.



Across the Stream the people went,
Sad, and with heads bowed down;
With them the King, with sorrow spent,—
A King without a crown.
His son, who should have been his stay,
His disobedient son,
Sat in the city, that sad day,
Upon his father's throne.



They that have carried us away
About their captives stand;
"Sing us of Zion's songs," say they;
But in this stranger's land
We can not sing the songs we sang;
We can but sit and weep;
Our harps upon the willows hang
Beside the River deep.



There is a River whose fair tide,
Beyond the toil and strife,
Shall gladden those who walk beside
Its banks, the heirs of Life.
Along its shores of fadeless green
No mortal foot hath trod;
Nor mortal eye hath ever seen
The River of our God.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

*Washing the Dishes*

OUR Polly goes a-fishing, be the weather what it may,
Not less than twice, and often thrice, on every holiday;
She always starts right after meals, and singing merrily,
She fishes and she fishes in her little Soapy Sea.

She'll catch the best pink china cups, and play that they are trout,
And when she drops her line again, she'll draw spoon-minnows out;
The plates, of course, are flounders (so round and flat, you know),
The kitchen knives are hungry sharks out watching for a foe;

Each saucepan is a polliwog, with handle for a tail,
And—"There she blows!"—the frying-pan! how very like a whale!
There's nothing left—pour out the sea, and put the fish away,
All high and dry, and waiting to be caught another day.

—Hannah G. Fernald.

What One Burmese Sister Did

DURING my recent visit to Rangoon, Burma, which is three and one-half days' journey from Calcutta, I became acquainted with an old woman eighty-six years of age. She was baptized by Judson, the first Protestant missionary to Burma, about seventy years ago. Her children are all Christians; one of them kept the Lord's Sabbath two years before she knew of any Seventh-day Adventists. Her name is Mah May. She believes all the truth our people have taught her, and is a zealous worker among her own people. She loves every branch of the Lord's work, as the following incident shows:—

During the recent festivities in honor of King Edward's coronation, our Burmese sister planned in some way to do something to bring before the people the grand principles we teach in regard to healthful living. She sent to Calcutta for a supply of our foods, including malted nuts, caramel cereal, granola, granose, etc., etc. While others were busy decorating their small stalls for the festivity, Mah May in her quiet way made

preparation for (as she said to me joyfully) a stall five times as large as any of the others.

She lives at Moulmein, a beautiful town near the mouth of the Salwin, known for its large timber trade. What Mah May called her "coronation booth" was a large veranda facing the river. She fixed it up in a charming way, with colored lanterns, fancy signs, and lovely flowers. Two large signs decorated the front, one green with silver letters, the other red with gold-and-black letters, on which the beholder noticed the following, in English and Burmese:—

"Coronation Sanitarium. Eat Health Foods and Be Happy."

Mah May then prepared her caramel cereal, and served it at the price of one *anna* a cup. Notwithstanding the fact that tea is sold everywhere for half this amount, she was kept very busy during the four days of the festival. During that time our faithful sister sold one hundred and seventy rupees' worth of health foods,—a considerable amount for her little town. As the result of her work, I found, on my visit to Moulmein, that many had adopted the use of cereal instead of tea, and there was a general interest in health principles.

I must tell you that our native sister used the proceeds of the stall to help a poor widow.

Dear young readers, if you are ready for service, the Lord is going to use you, even if you are in the most secluded places on earth. Let us be up and doing; each day brings its opportunities. Watch for them!

THEKLA BLACK.

*Bran Bread**A True Story*

THERE was nothing in the house but bran and a few vegetables. Poor Widow McQuigg thought with dismay of her nine children. How were they to tide over this time of storm and desperate cold? The eldest boy was only sixteen, and the mill was so far away! Not even a man could reach it and live. She must make the bran do. With a thankful heart for having even this, she molded it into bread, and with the culinary skill for which she was famed among her neighbors, prepared her vegetables, and gathered her flock around the table, and reverently asked the usual blessing. Healthy, and with unhampered appetites, the hungry little ones enjoyed the meal, and even John, "the big brother," seemed to think it was all right.

But Simon,—what was the matter with him? He would not eat bran bread, not he! He scornfully pushed it back and left the table. The poor mother's explanations availed nothing. Her heart ached that her boy must go hungry; but it ached the more because of his treatment of her.

Her husband had died suddenly, and she and her family were living in a traveler's inn, in Spencer County, New York; and though the country was becoming quite well settled, there were still bears in the woods, so new was that region at the beginning of the last century.

The cold continued for days; and the bran bread was kept on the table, warm, sweet, and fresh from the oven. But Simon would not taste it. He could live, he thought, on potatoes and turnips.

At last a warm spell came; and John, with a sack of wheat thrown across old Dolly's back, went to mill and returned safely with the precious flour, and Simon was satisfied.

But the widow could not support so large a family single-handed, not even with the help of her sons; so she married again, thinking to keep her children together. But the stepfather soon

demurred, and all were put out except two boys.

Then came hard times for Simon. It was hard for a child of twelve or fourteen to find work, and the pay was very small. How often he wished he could be back with his mother again, even if he did have to eat bran bread! He had had such merry times in the old-fashioned inn, in gathering apples from the orchard on the hillside, and in chasing his brothers and sisters in merry play across Mud Creek.

If he could only have his mother, he would never speak scornfully again. He humbly asked her forgiveness, but he could not be taken back. He lived to be an aged man; but he never forgot the bran bread, nor ceased to regret that he had spoken irreverently to his good, kind mother.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

A Little Gentleman

I KNOW a well-bred little boy who never says "I can't;"

He never says "Don't want to," or "You've got to," or "You shan't;"

He never says "I'll tell mama," or calls his playmates "mean;"

A lad more careful of his speech, I'm sure was never seen.

He's never ungrammatical; he never mentions "ain't;"

A single word of slang from him would make his mother faint!

And now I'll tell you why (lest this should seem absurd):

He's now exactly six months old, and can not speak a word!

—Hannah G. Fernald.



Trust in Jesus

QUIETLY, steadfastly trust in his mercy,
Weak, poor, and trembling, a sinner so vile;
What though the tempest is raging around thee,
He stilleth the tempest; just trust him the while.

He knoweth our frame, and pities our weakness,
And loves us, forgiving our follies and sin.
Come, O my soul! for his wonderful mercy
Kindly invites all the erring to him.
Stay not away, though the tempter allure thee,
Peace to thy heart only Jesus can give;
Hope in his promise and rest in his mercy,
Maker, Redeemer, in him we can live.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

Lessons from the Life of Daniel—V Daniel's Temperance Principles

(Concluded)

DANIEL was subjected to temptations as severe as any that can assail the youth of to-day; yet he was true to the religious instruction received in early life. He was surrounded with influences calculated to subvert those who would vacillate between principle and inclination; yet the word of God presents him as a faultless character. Daniel dared not trust to his own moral power. Prayer was to him a necessity. He made God his strength, and in all the transactions of his life, the fear of the Lord was before him.

Daniel possessed the grace of genuine meekness. He was true, firm, and noble. He sought to live in peace with all, but wherever principle was involved, he was as unbending as the lofty cedar. In everything that did not come in collision with his allegiance to God, he was respectful and obedient to those who had authority over him; but he had so high a sense of the claims of God that the requirements of earthly rulers were held subordinate. By no selfish consideration could he be induced to swerve from his duty.

The character of Daniel is presented to the world as a striking example of what God's grace can make of men fallen by nature and corrupted by sin. The record of his noble, self-denying

life is an encouragement to our common humanity. From it we may gather strength nobly to resist temptation, and firmly, and in the grace of meekness, to stand for the right under the severest trial.

Daniel might have found a plausible excuse to depart from his strictly temperate habits; but the approval of God was dearer to him than the favor of the most powerful earthly potentate, —dearer even than life itself. Having by his courteous conduct obtained favor with Melzar, the officer in charge of the Hebrew youth, Daniel made a request that they might not eat of the king's meat, or drink of his wine. Melzar feared that by complying with this request, he might incur the displeasure of the king; and thus endanger his own life. Like many at the present day, he thought that an abstemious diet would render these youth pale and sickly in appearance, and deficient in muscular strength, while the luxurious food from the king's table would make them ruddy and beautiful, and would promote physical and mental activity.

Daniel requested that the matter be decided by a ten days' trial, the Hebrew youth during this time being supplied with simple food, while their companions ate of the king's dainties. The request was granted, and Daniel felt assured that he had gained his case. Although but a youth, he had seen the injurious effects of wine and luxurious living upon physical and mental health.

At the end of the ten days the result was found to be quite the opposite of Melzar's expectations. Not only in personal appearance, but in physical activity and mental vigor, those who had been temperate in their habits showed a marked superiority over their companions who had indulged appetite. As a result of this trial, Daniel and his associates were permitted to continue their simple diet during the whole course of their training for the duties of the kingdom.

The Lord regarded with approval the firmness and self-denial of these Hebrew youth, and his blessing attended them. He "gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams." At the expiration of the three years of training, when their ability and acquirements were tested by the king, he "found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: therefore stood they before the king. And in all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the king inquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm."

The life of Daniel is an inspired illustration of what constitutes a sanctified character. It presents a lesson for all, and especially for the young. A strict compliance with the requirements of God is beneficial to the health of the body and the mind. In order to reach the highest standard of moral and intellectual attainments, it is necessary to seek wisdom and strength from God, and to observe strict temperance in all the habits of life. In the experience of Daniel and his companions we have an instance of the triumph of principle over temptation to indulge the appetite. It shows us that through religious principle young men may triumph over the lusts of the flesh, and remain true to God's requirements, even though it costs them a great sacrifice.

What if Daniel and his companions had made a compromise with those heathen officers, and had yielded to the pressure of the occasion, by eating and drinking as was customary with the Babylonians? That single instance of departure from principle would have weakened their sense of right and their abhorrence of wrong. Indulgence of appetite would have involved the sacrifice of physical vigor, clearness of intellect, and spiritual power. One wrong step would probably have led to others, until, their connection with Heaven being severed, they would have been swept away by temptation.

God has said, "Them that honor me I will

honor." While Daniel clung to his God with unwavering trust, the spirit of prophetic power came upon him. While he was instructed of man in the duties of court life, he was taught of God to read the mysteries of future ages, and to present to coming generations, through figures and similitudes, the wonderful things that would come to pass in the last days.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Weeds in the Corners

THE wheat was cut, and the corn laid by,
The ricks in the stack-yard towered high,
The tall hay-shed and the deep barn bay
Were filled with the richest, choicest hay;
The cows stood full knee-deep in the creek,
Lazy, contented, fat, and sleek;
The stubble shone brightly as cloth of gold,
The well-trimmed hedges were fair to behold,
And everywhere, far as the eye could see,
The farm was tidy as farm could be;
Save that, by fences and low creek banks,
The tall weeds towered in stately ranks,
In uniforms of dark-green arrayed,
Like soldiers out upon dress parade.

Farmer John stood in the big barn door,
Viewing the whole scene o'er and o'er,
And then, with never an uttered word,
But as deep a sigh as ever you heard,
He took the scythe from the apple-tree,
And slowly, but surely started he
To mow down the weeds in the corners.

With every sweep of the well-swung scythe,
See them topple, and fall, and writhe;
In solid phalanx, and serried row,
Rank upon rank, swift down they go,
Till an army vast lies scattered round,
Like French hussars on a battle-ground,
So rod after rod, for a full half-mile,
With often a sigh, but never a smile,
He smote those weeds in the corners.

He rolled up his sleeves, and he bared his breast,
He paused but a moment, e'en now, to rest,
Though his legs were weak, and his back was lame,
Though his breath, like bellows' wind, went and came,
With strokes as steady and strong as before,
He bent his back for a half mile more,
Cutting the weeds in the corners.

Again he pauses and wipes his brow;
But starts he out on the "homestretch" now,
And strong and sure and relentlessly
He "smites the Philistines, hip and thigh,"
Till there is never one left to show
How large and how strong a weed can grow;
He left not a weed in the corners.

He hung up the scythe in the apple-tree,
And smiled in a way that was good to see,
And said, as he took a resting spell,
"Though I farm but little, I'll farm that well.
I'll leave no dock nor thistles to grow,
Their seeds, in the fall, broadcast to sow,
I'll have no weeds in the corners."

Ah! while we are filling life's fields so fair
With all that is beautiful, rich, and rare,
With blossoms of beauty, in every hue,
Let us mindful be of the corners, too,
The crops that we sow, spring up and yield,
One season brief in the well-tilled field,
Not so the weeds in the corners;
Through all mischances, their germs live on
When every seed of good grain is gone,
Befouling the fields we thought so clear,
More and more with each coming year;
So little faults flourish, and nobody knows
How fast and how far their influence grows,
Those noxious weeds in the corners.

A fretful manner, or grumbling tone,
Dissatisfaction with what we own,
Failing to give a neighbor his due,
Or to keep the "Golden Rule" in view,
Neglecting to speak a comforting word,
When another's heart is by sorrow stirred,
Failing by word, look, act, to prove
That "our own" we tenderly, truly love,
Are wicked weeds in the corners.

But mindfully, prayerfully, day by day,
For the "hidden sins" let us watch away;
Till like a beautiful, well-tilled farm
There never is left a weed to harm,
And no weeds are left in the corners.

—Dart Fairthorne.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

I—The Taking of Jericho

(July 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 5:13-15, and chapter 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." 1 John 5:4.

Our past lessons have taught us that God never destroys the wicked without warning them, and giving them opportunity to repent. The people of Jericho had heard all about the wonders that God did for Israel at the Red Sea, and in their journeyings through the wilderness. This we learn from the second chapter of Joshua.

Joshua sent two spies to Jericho, and they came to the house of Rahab, which was built on the broad wall that surrounded the city. She hid them from their pursuers, and told them: "We have heard how the Lord dried up the water of the Red Sea for you, when ye came out of Egypt; and what ye did unto the two kings of the Amorites, that were on the other side Jordan, Sihon and Og, whom ye utterly destroyed. And as soon as we heard these things, our hearts did melt, neither did there remain any more courage in any man, because of you: for the Lord your God, he is God in heaven above, and in earth beneath." These words show how easily the children of Israel might have gone into Canaan, without any fighting, if only they had trusted the Lord when he first brought them out of Egypt. The people of the land either would have joined themselves to them, as Rahab afterwards did, or else would have melted away before them, even as Moses sang on the shores of the Red Sea: "All the inhabitants of Canaan are melted away."

The visit of the spies to Jericho was before the crossing of the Jordan. This gave the people an opportunity to see that the same God who divided the Red Sea and overthrew the Egyptians was now working among them in the same wonderful manner.

Rahab put her trust in the God of Israel, and she asked the spies to give her a token that when Jericho should be overthrown, they would save her family. So they gave her a scarlet thread to bind in her window, and told her to gather all her family into her house, and they should all be preserved. Of what in our past lessons does this remind you?

By the saving of Rahab from this city devoted to destruction, God showed that all the people might have been saved if only they had put their trust in him as she did; for he is no respecter of persons.

Day after day the hosts of Israel marched round the city, unheeding the taunts and mockery of the watchers on the walls of Jericho. The only sound heard from the marching company was the blast of the trumpets that were blown by the priests. The trumpet is "the alarm of war," the call to prepare for battle. The daily trumpet blast outside the walls of Jericho was to the citizens the signal of their approaching doom; while to the Israelites it was the joyful assurance that God had given them the victory over their enemies.

God told Joshua that he had given Jericho into the hands of the Israelites, yet not a stone had fallen. God was trying the faith of Israel, and it did not fail. It was their shout of victory that brought down the walls of Jericho. God had given them the city, but they had to take it by faith. When they shouted, "the host of the Lord" under their heavenly Leader threw down the walls. Notice that our memory verse tells us

what it is that overcomes. It is "the victory that overcometh the world."

In the midst of the falling walls and houses, and the destroying host of Israel, Rahab and her family were safe, because they put their trust in God. So in the last great time of trouble, when the earth is removed and the mountains are carried into the midst of the sea, we need not fear, for God will be the refuge and defense of all who put their trust in him.

Questions

1. What does God always do before he destroys any people? Tell how the people of Jericho had been warned before the city was destroyed. Joshua 2:9-11.

2. Who only were saved from among the inhabitants of Jericho? Joshua 6:25. By what token were they saved? Joshua 2:18. By saving this one family, what did God show about all the others?

3. How did the nations round about feel when they heard how Israel had crossed the Jordan? Joshua 6:1. Yet what did they not do?

4. Who was the leader of Israel against Jericho? Joshua 5:14. What did God tell Joshua about the city? What were the people commanded to do?

5. Tell the order in which the Israelites marched round Jericho. What did the priests carry with them? What was the only sound to be heard?

6. How many times each day did the people walk round Jericho? What difference was made on the seventh day?

7. What command did Joshua give to the people on the seventh day? Tell what happened when they shouted. Was it their shouting that threw down the great walls of Jericho?

8. How was this great victory gained? Is there any other way by which we may conquer evil? What is it that gives us the victory? 1 Cor. 15:57, and Memory Verse.

9. What was done with the city and everything in it? Why was God so particular that everything should be destroyed? Deut. 7:23-26.



I—Blessings of God

(July 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 1:1-12.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." Eph. 1:3.

Paul, an apostle of Christ Jesus through the will of God, to the saints that are at Ephesus, and the faithful in Christ Jesus: Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ: even as he chose us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blemish before him in love: having foreordained us unto adoption as sons through Jesus Christ unto himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, which he freely bestowed on us in the Beloved: in whom we have our redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of our trespasses, according to the riches of his grace, which he made to abound toward us in all wisdom and prudence, making known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he purposed in him unto a dispensation of the fulness of the times, to sum up all things in Christ, the things in the heavens, and the things upon the earth; in him, I say, in whom also we were made a heritage, having been foreordained according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his will: to the end that we should be unto the praise of his glory, we who had before hoped in Christ.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. Who is the author of this epistle? What does he call himself? Through whom was he made the apostle of Christ?

2. What was Paul's condition at the time this epistle was written? Chap. 4:1.

3. To whom is the epistle written? With what words does it open?

4. What is grace? What is peace? Who is the only Source of these blessings?

5. What wonderful provision has been made for us? Who has thus blessed us? Through whom do these blessings come?

6. What else has he done for us equally as great?

7. In whom are we chosen? What is his plan for us? What will be the condition of those who meet the Lord when he comes? Chap. 5:27; Rev. 14:5.

8. Unto what has God foreordained or called us? How many will enjoy this privilege? John 1:12. Through whom do we enjoy this blessing? Does the Father take pleasure in bestowing this privilege upon us?

9. What more do we receive freely through the Beloved?

10. Through whom only does redemption come? How freely does he forgive our trespasses through Jesus?

11. How fully does this grace abound toward us?

12. What has he revealed to us? What is this mystery?

13. What more are we to share through this same Jesus? What assurance have we that he will fulfil his purpose in us? See also Phil. 2:13.

14. What is the object of the Lord in all these purposes and blessings?

Notes

We begin this week the study of the book of Ephesians. This was no doubt written by the apostle Paul while a prisoner at Rome. The book is full of the liberty and blessing which comes only from an acquaintance with the Lord. No prisoners' chains nor iron bars can shut out such an experience. As we read these precious truths, let us make them our own, for truly they are ours. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ."

It does not mean a long struggle or a labored effort on our part to enjoy these blessings. As we take from our parents the food they give us to satisfy our physical hunger, so we are to take these things that our Heavenly Father gives to satisfy our spiritual hunger, remembering that the greater the hunger, the greater the supply in store for us. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." Only receive what he has given, and give him thanks.

"According to." O, what a message of hope is this to the sinner! Not according to our deserts does God forgive, else would we never hope again. Not according to our conception, not according to any measure man can conceive, but according to "the riches of his grace." And that is as boundless as infinity, as endless as eternity. It is all free, if we will but take it—"grace to cover all my sin," abounding "in all wisdom and prudence." He does not throw it away, but it is always all-sufficient.—*Lesson Pamphlet.*

THE man who keeps sweet himself, will/keep or make others sweet around him. The man who speaks his mind freely when things go wrong is taking a sure way to make things go still more wrong. To be sure, the self-controlled, sweet-tempered man, whose presence clears the atmosphere and is itself a benediction, usually is such from a higher motive than a merely selfish one. But his refusal to lose his temper reacts in his favor as surely as flowers unfold in the rays of the sun.



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

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	-\$.75
SIX MONTHS	-.40
THREE MONTHS	-.20
To Foreign Countries	1.25

CLUB RATES:

5 to 9 copies to one address, each	-\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	-.50
100 or more " " " "	-.45

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

THE first number of *The Caribbean Watchman*, published monthly by the International Tract Society, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and Kingston, Jamaica, and devoted to heralding the third angel's message in the West Indies, has been received. The magazine is creditably edited and printed, and we trust it may be a power for good in the field it is designed to fill.

A MOST encouraging report concerning the Colfax, Iowa, camp-meeting has been received. About twenty-five young people made a start for the first time, fifty who had become cold and indifferent came back to God, and twenty-five children gave their hearts to the Lord. Some of the young people's meetings lasted till far into the night. "It seemed as if we could not stop them," says one who was there. "The young people themselves took hold to help others yield their hearts and find Jesus." Young people *can* do this work. Will not those who "really love Jesus" seek to win other young hearts to him, just where they are?

A Faithful Worker Fallen

INSTRUCTOR readers will receive with sadness the news of the death of our Brother La Rue, who has labored for fifteen years in the Chinese empire. The greatest part of this time he was the only representative of the third angel's message in that vast field. He was laid to rest in the Protestant cemetery in Hong-kong.

Although eighty years of age, he was active in the work until a few days before his death, selling, since the first of January, eighteen of our bound books, besides distributing tracts and papers.

We are glad that a few workers had joined Brother La Rue, so that these are there in the field to take up the work that has fallen from his hands. But this vast empire, with its four hundred and twenty-six millions of people, sends a mute appeal to us for more help. We can not be free until we have done our utmost to give the light to its darkened multitudes.

IN a certain Eastern State lives a millionaire whose name and fame are known, it is safe to say, in every village in the land, and in almost every home. Many a boy has read with kindling ambition of the rich man's early struggles, of the mammoth business he has founded, of his well-advertised benevolences, and of his vast fortune, and has no doubt thought him happy and very fortunate.

But happiness comes from within, never from without—a well-worn maxim, but one that can not be stated too often. And when we learn that this man, already old, has an unspeakable dread and terror of death, it is easy to see how all his money, with all the power and luxury it can purchase, yet fails to buy for its owner one hour's real peace. *The Advance* is authority for the

statement that "just before his mother died, he called a friend to his own sick-bed, and simply said: 'When mother goes, I don't want to be told about it. You attend to everything.' And to this day he does not know how or when she died, although he was within a dozen feet of her at the time. It was the same a few days before, when his brother Tom died. To break the news gently, I told him that Tom was sick with pneumonia. 'Then he'll never get over it,' he replied, and turned his face to the wall. There was no need to tell him anything more, and he never asked."

Surely no one who has ever known the blessed peace and trust of the Christian's hope would exchange it for all this man's millions.

"EXAMINE your own selves," is good advice, not only to the church at Corinth, to whom it was written, but to all Christians, in every age,—and of every age. Just as good for young Christians as for old ones. Whoever sees, or thinks that he sees, some fault or weakness in some one else, should examine—himself. He may be surprised to find that his own character structure is sadly in need of repairs on that very point.

Have those you trusted proved untrue? Examine—yourself.

Does your neighbor fail to rule his spirit? Examine—yourself.

Are others critical and prone to indulge in unkind judgment? Examine—yourself.

Are there those in high positions who are denying their faith? Examine—yourself.

Is any one whom you have learned to look up to, saying, by his actions, "My lord delayeth his coming?" Then, oh, then, examine—yourself.

For it is self-examination, never examination of others, that will show indeed whether *we* be "in the faith."

"I AM praying for you." How often this little message written or spoken has revived courage in some fainting soul! To know that some one cares, that some one cares enough to pray for him, has often brought comfort to one who was in sorrow, and held back the feet that were almost ready to enter the paths of sin. In the letters that Paul wrote to the churches he had raised up, notice how often he tells the believers that he is praying for them:—

"God is my witness," he says, "how unceasingly I make mention of you always in my prayers."

"I . . . cease not to give thanks for you," is the message in another place, "making mention of you in my prayers."

"I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all, making request with joy."

"Praying always for you, having heard of your fruit in Christ Jesus."

"We give thanks to God always for you, making mention of you in our prayers."

Paul believed in prayer—he believed in thanking God for the brave little companies who had accepted Jesus as their Saviour, and praying that they might grow in grace, and continue faithful. He loved these men and women; he remembered them; it was his joy to speak often of them in prayer, and to ask for each the special blessing that was needed. And who can estimate the influence among those believers, of the knowledge that Paul was praying for them?

Should we not pray often and much for each other?—for those who are Christians, as well as for those who do not as yet know the joy of the Christian's hope? "I am praying for you,"—do not be afraid to say it. Prayer is one of the Christian's first privileges, one in which the poorest and weakest may share, and one that is rich in results.

Pray for others—pray often, and earnestly, and you will find a blessing of which you had not dreamed in your own life.

More Opportunities

WE are in receipt of a letter containing a touching appeal to our young people to take up in a more definite way the work of carrying the gospel to the thousands who are shut up in the hospitals of our land. As yet we have done very little, in a systematic way, to reach this class. We are more or less familiar with the work being done with the *Life Boat* in carrying the blessed news of salvation to those who are "in prison." Let us think seriously what we are doing for those whom the Saviour had in mind when he said: "I was sick, and ye visited me;" "the Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because . . . he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted." Have we visited them? Must the fearful words one day be spoken to us, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me"?

Let us candidly consider, for a moment, the various conditions of the sufferers found in these institutions: There are the chronic invalids, who must spend the remaining years of their lives in a public institution. Perhaps they have been placed there by wealthy friends, who think they are discharging their duty by simply seeing that the temporal wants of these afflicted ones are supplied. Or, perhaps, the patients have not a known relative in the world, but simply a few dollars that it is hoped will be sufficient to maintain them comfortably while life shall last. Then there are those who have been brought to the hospital as the result of some terrible accident, who must undergo a trying operation, with but small chance of recovery. And if recovery is assured, they are almost broken-hearted at the thought of going through life maimed. Then, again, there are those who have been injured so seriously that their days on earth are limited to a very few. The terrible news must be gently broken to them that they must soon relinquish their hold upon life, with its once bright prospects. And the children's hospitals! We have not enumerated them. Poor, patient little sufferers! Could we but pass through the wards, and look upon the pale little faces, surely our hearts would be touched with a sense of their needs.

Statistics tell us that there are more than one hundred thousand suffering patients in the hospitals in this country. Many times one nurse must care for the needs of nearly a score of patients. There are many others whose conditions are such that it would be difficult to classify them among the foregoing. Perhaps we could not gain access to all of these, even. But there are those who need our sympathy and the blessed news that Jesus saves, even to the uttermost, all those who come unto him.

What a blessed thing it would be if Seventh-day Adventist young people would, in an organized, systematic way, use the *INSTRUCTOR* and *The Little Friend* as a means of reaching these sufferers. Shall we indifferently pass by this God-given opportunity?

O, let us carry the sweet, simple story of Jesus' love to the life just ebbing away! It will cost us nothing but a little, a very little effort. Though we have not a dime with which to buy a flower, let us go "with the name of Jesus to the dying, and speak that name in all its living power." Let us tell the suffering ones that Jesus died for *them*. O, then,—

"Ask God to give thee skill in comfort's art,
That thou mayest consecrated be, and set apart
Unto a life of sympathy;
For heavy is the weight of ill in every heart,
And comforters are needed much
Of Christlike touch."

C. A. H.

THE thoughts of the coming of the Lord are most sweet and joyful to me. It is the work of faith and character of his saints to love his appearing and to look for that blessed hope.—*Richard Baxter*.