

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LI

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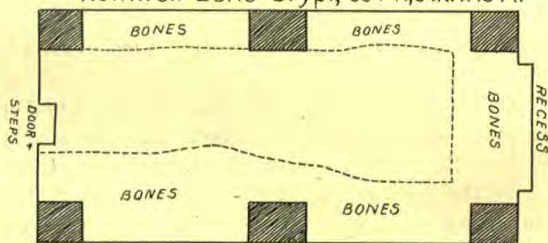


A May Morning Drive

A SHORT time ago, as the writer arose to greet the beautiful sunshine of a delightful May morning, he was invited by a friend to take a ride into the country. Without waiting for breakfast, we were soon beyond the confines of the town, coursing along one of the finest country roads I have ever seen in "merrie" old England. The ancient, arching elms by the roadside, with mellow gleams of sunshine penetrating their full-leaved branches; the sweet-scented clover of the fields, shining with clinging dewdrops; together with the balmy atmosphere of the morning, delighted the senses, and made a gratifying change from the narrow, walled streets left behind in the manufacturing town of Kettering.

The course taken by the brother who drove was by the side of a sleepy little hamlet, the name of which I have forgotten, but which nestles

Rothwell Bone Crypt, 30 FT., 3 IN. X 15 FT.



among the trees on the bank of a brooklet that runs through a vast walled estate near by. On this estate stands a triangular-shaped building in which, so it is said, the notable "gunpowder plot" of the sixteenth century was hatched. This was a scheme by which Parliament was to be blown up with gunpowder. One Guy Fawkes was engaged to place the powder, and lay the train by which the explosive was to be fired. Everything was made ready for the terrible deed, and the time was set for its execution. The plot, however, was exposed just before the day set, by one of the conspirators revealing it to a personal friend in Parliament, whom he attempted to dissuade from attending the House of Commons on the would-be fateful day.

Making a detour through another small town, we soon came to the ancient village of Rothwell. Here we halted to view an old church, supposed to have been two or three hundred years in building, and which was completed about 1055 A. D. It certainly looks hoary enough to be as old as it is thought to be. It was originally built in the form of a cross, but one of the side extensions has gone to decay, and been removed. The other wing is now undergoing repairs in

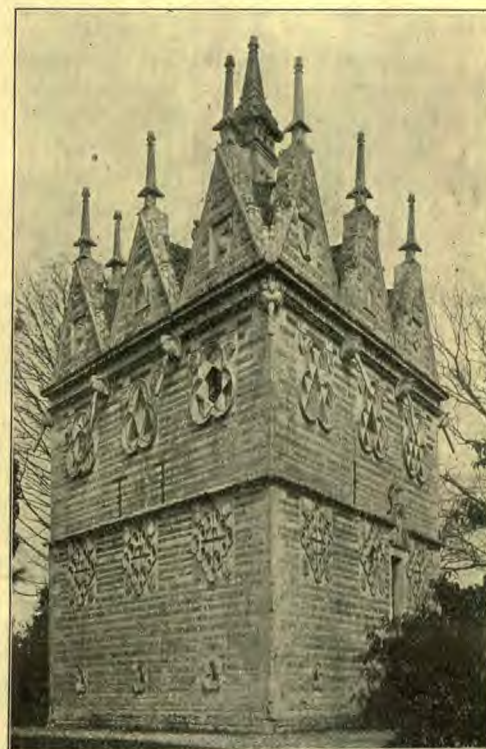
order to preserve it. This one has a great mystery connected with it. In the year 1820 the sexton tore up a piece of its pavement, for the purpose of burying one who was to be placed under the church, when by a smart stroke of his pickax, he broke through a cemented vault, from which issued a smell like that from a charnel-house. Upon lowering a lighted candle through the opening, he was horrified by the sight of a vast heap of human bones.

No one could be found who even knew of the existence of the newly discovered crypt below the church, to say nothing of the mystery attending the deposit of bones it contained. No way was found to enter the place, except by digging through the outer wall, but upon entering, an old passageway was discovered, which had been walled up for time out of mind. The kindly old parish clerk conducted me into the place, where I had a view of the gruesome sight. The accompanying diagram gives the form of the crypt, which is thirty feet three inches long, by fifteen feet in width. The dotted lines trace the dimensions of the bone heaps around the room, and the six squares in the diagram represent the stone pillars supporting that part of the church.

The bones were evidently all placed in the crypt at the same time, since they are all in about the same state of preservation, and were stacked, apparently, by the same person, as the same order of stacking is observed throughout. The bones have all been separated from each other, and closely corded in a way to take up as little space as possible. The measurements of the tiers show them to occupy 1275 cubic feet of space. Assigning three skeletons to each cubic foot, there are nearly four thousand dead persons represented in these heaps of bones.

It is useless to speculate as to how they came there, because there is not even a tradition concerning them. Had they been removed from some deserted burial-ground, a record would likely have been kept of the transaction; but no such record is extant. From the general condition of the bones, it would appear that the people they represent died during the same generation

at least. Only the day of judgment can reveal their history; and what a record that will be! All the dark deeds of the darkest days of earth's annals will then be brought to light, together



BUILDING IN WHICH WAS HATCHED THE FAMOUS GUNPOWDER PLOT

with the life-work of the writer, and of those who read these lines. May it then appear that ours are approved, and that we are permitted to pass into that country where none shall die, nor any say, "I am sick."

J. O. CORLISS.

Leicester, England.

A Medical Missionary to China

AN interesting bit of history is the life of John Kenneth Mackenzie. A short life, only thirty-seven brief years, and yet weighted with a devotion, self-sacrifice, and earnestness which led many of the Chinese to the feet of the Saviour whom he adored.

Born in a Christian home, and familiar with Christian truth from childhood, he did not openly declare his allegiance to the Master until 1867, in his seventeenth year. He was led to take this step by a visit of D. L. Moody to his home in Bristol, England. On this occasion a companion, who is now laboring in connection with the China Inland Mission, made the same decision with him. Writing of this memorable afternoon, that friend says:—

"It was a solemn moment for all; but thank God, we had fully counted the cost, and I recall with much joy how, after we had



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE BONE CRYPT

left the service that afternoon, three of us walked with our brother toward his home, and on the hill there, with clasped hands, we dedicated ourselves to be whole-hearted followers of the Lamb."

Although of a diffident and retiring nature, John Mackenzie soon became engaged in earnest, aggressive Christian service. "Open-air preaching, lodging-house visitation, ragged-school teaching, theater services, and midnight rescue work gave expression to the passion for souls with which the love of Christ had inspired him."

He had been educated at a private school, and after spending two years in a merchant's office, decided that his distaste for commercial life would make his work a failure. Having a desire to enter the medical profession, he became a student in a medical school in Bristol, from which he was graduated in 1874.

A Call to China

Professionally and spiritually he was equipped for medical missionary service, but the idea had never suggested itself to him. The reading of the lives of two men who had devoted themselves to the Chinese directed his thoughts toward the needy empire of China, but it remained for Griffith John, that devoted Chinese friend, to be used of God in helping him to make a final decision. As the great need that existed for medical missionaries was opened up before him, he decided to go forth as a missionary, and through treating men's suffering bodies seek to lead them to the Great Physician of the sin-sick soul.

Having passed his final examination at Edinburgh, whither he had gone to complete his preparation, he retired to his room to thank God for his success and seek guidance for the future. His attention was attracted to a letter calling for a physician for Hankow, China, where a new hospital had just been completed, and without delay he offered himself to the London Missionary Society. He was gladly accepted by the Board, and set sail for China in April, 1875. He reached his destination in safety just two months after leaving home, and was cordially welcomed by Griffith John and his wife. He found his work ready to his hand, and he entered into it with characteristic enthusiasm and earnestness.

The hospital had been completed almost a year. A physician of Hankow had generously rendered medical services until the arrival of the missionary. The building was commodious and well-equipped, and Mackenzie wrote most hopefully of his work. He had in his first ten months ninety-three in- and 3,128 out-patients. Opium smokers had come in, and several had been successfully treated. One especially cheered the doctor's heart; for the victim was not only cured, but became a most devout Christian.

The many cures made the doctor famous, and patients came from far and near. One man traveled over one thousand miles, in the hope of being cured of a harelip. He had to appear before the emperor, and was distressed at the thought of doing so in such a disfigured condition. His journey was not in vain, and he went away further to spread the fame of the missionary.

Mackenzie, with a heart aglow with love to Christ, never forgot for one moment that he was "a missionary first—a man called, commissioned, sent by the King himself—and a doctor second. He never in the medical side of his work lost sight of the evangelistic," but entered heartily into all the plans by which his colleagues were seeking to lead the people to their Saviour.

Labor in Tientsin

Much as he loved Hankow and the people whom he had been privileged to serve, the failure of his wife's health drove him to seek a more bracing climate. Rather would he have gone farther inland than return to the coast; but Tientsin, whither he directed his steps, was then in even greater need than Hankow. A small dis-

pensary, and that in debt, and without supplies, was the extent of its equipment.

He set himself to seek the Lord earnestly for a much-needed hospital, at the same time laying his needs before the viceroy, Li Hung Chang. This royal gentleman politely neglected his appeal, but God was not unmindful of his servant's needs. How his prayer was answered is best told in Mackenzie's own words:—

"One day we had our meeting with the native converts, and among other subjects, we were remembering the medical mission needs. While we were praying, the Lord was already answering. On that morning a member of the English legation was closeted with the viceroy, and observed that he was very sad. He asked the reason. 'My wife is seriously ill—dying. The doctors have told me this morning she can not live.' 'Well,' said the Englishman, 'why not get the help of the foreign doctors?' In the end he was persuaded to send down a courier for me and for the physician in charge of the station, and, just as our prayer-meeting was breaking up, and I was going into my house, the courier came with this message. Here was the answer to prayer."

Operating before the Viceroy

Through the blessing of God the distinguished patient recovered. The news of such an event rapidly spread throughout Tientsin, and on his daily visits to the viceroy's palace Dr. Mackenzie was beset by crowds of people seeking surgical and medical attention.

One day a chair-coolie, with a fatty tumor as large as a child's head on his back, presented himself. The doctor persuaded the viceroy to let him operate upon the man in his presence, and the next day, in the court facing the grand reception room of the palace, in the presence of Li Hung Chang and his staff, the operation was successfully performed after the administration of chloroform. Two other cases were operated upon at the same time. The viceroy and his officials were convinced, and from that time began to patronize Western surgery.

Very soon afterward the viceroy placed at Mackenzie's disposal, for use as a dispensary, the main court of a beautiful memorial temple, the finest in Tientsin. He also advanced money for drugs and supplies, and authorized the doctor to send all bills to him for settlement.

But a hospital was needed, not only because the doctor could not treat successfully the more serious physical cases, but because he could better grapple with the sin-sick souls. The Chinese themselves soon provided the money for this institution, a leading mandarin heading the list with one hundred and fifty pounds. The viceroy as his share of the enterprise proposed to pay the current expenses of the hospital when built, as well as those of the dispensary.

A beautiful set of Chinese buildings was erected, and remain a permanent monument to Dr. Mackenzie's skill and devotion.

During the progress of this work, a cloud overshadowed the doctor's home. His wife fell ill, returned to England, and after one year rejoined her husband in China. But failing again on her voyage out, he was compelled to accompany her to England immediately. After a few months he was again at his post to resume his work for his adopted people, but never again was he privileged to see his wife and child.

As his medical mission grew, the demand came for a medical school, and twelve students were placed under him for instruction. Some turned aside, but several, the majority of whom were Christians, finished their course with credit to the doctor and themselves. For nine years he labored. Each annual report told of out-patients by the thousand and in-patients numbering four or five hundred, but no report was complete without the record of conversions to God, his co-laborers joyously acknowledging that a large proportion, sometimes nearly half, of those baptized

were brought to the Saviour in the wards of the hospital.

Laying Down the Armor

Only thirteen years were allotted to him in this precious service. Apparently in the height of his usefulness, he was called to lay down his armor and rest. But what was crowded in these brief years only eternity will reveal in its fulness, and still his works do follow him, for others are going in to take up the threads where he dropped them. In a very short time we shall have four medical missionaries representing the third angel's message in the interior of China. Pray that a spirit like Mackenzie's may mark their course.

The power which made his life a success is thus described by one who knew him: "The secret is found in his Christ-centered, Christ-forgotten, Christlike life. He was a skilful surgeon and physician; he spoke Chinese easily and well; these qualifications made him a power. But more than these was the subtle charm of his mature and sanctified Christian character. He was a diligent student of the word. He was emphatically a man of prayer. He was wholly consecrated to his Lord."

Missionaries of this type are still in demand abroad and at home,—even in the home while we are seeking that preparation for service abroad which we are sometimes tempted to look upon as greater service. ESTELLA HOUSER.

A Love-Inspiring Face

A YOUNG girl often saw a certain old Quaker lady when she was riding on the street-cars. One day, acting on a sudden impulse, she said, "Won't you let me kiss you?"

"Yes, dear, certainly," was the response.

Afterward, when she became better acquainted with her, the young lady asked, "Weren't you surprised that time in the car when I asked you to let me kiss you?"

"Oh, no, dear," was the reply, "they often ask me that."

It is not said that the face of the Quaker woman was beautiful. It might have been very handsome without calling forth the least desire upon the part of the young-girl to kiss her. The homeliest of faces may be so illuminated by the beauty of the soul within that people will be greatly attracted by it. Some quite handsome faces are very repulsive. Pride, arrogance, bad temper, plainly show in them, and it is only a question of time when even their physical loveliness will be entirely lost, and then all that excites admiration will be gone. On the other hand there are faces that physically are homely, which grow in grace of expression all the while because the souls that shine through them grow in grace. They inspire love in others because they radiate love. It was a great testimony to the evident inward goodness of the Quaker woman when the young lady desired to kiss her. Asked to describe her Sunday-school teacher, a little girl groped for a while for some fitting terms, but finally said, "She looks like a prayer!" In what way could purity and peace of face be better expressed? Be the face handsome or ugly, the spirit indicates upon it what its character is.—*Selected.*

"Do we make the most and the best possible of our life in the work of Christ? The possibilities of Christian service are incalculable. Say nothing of the formal Christian work in which many may engage, every day's life is full of occasions where good may be done by simple deeds or words of kindness. Think what kind of Christian one would be who should realize all the possibilities of faith in Christ, and truly find the best things in all life's ways. It certainly is our privilege and our duty to make all we can of the opportunities we have. Ever before us shines the ideal, calling us to better things."



When Things Go Wrong

Do not spend your time in fretting;
Spend it, rather, in forgetting
Little things that wound you so.
Do not let the whole world know
That you'd rather sit a-grieving
When you might be out relieving
Pain and care. Rise up, be true!
Just find something good to do.

When your days are full of sighing,
Don't give up, but keep on trying
Some good cause to help along.
You will soon forget the wrong
That the dismal days are bringing,
If you time your work to singing.
When your skies are dark in hue,
Just find something good to do.

When your life seems full of trouble,
Pain and care will always double
If you talk about your woes;
Also will your skies disclose
Brighter tints upon the morrow,
When the lessons taught by sorrow
Help instead of hinder you.
Just find something good to do.

Spend no time in dull repining;
Everywhere the sun is shining,
And the future ways are bright,
If we only see aright.
Life is what we make it, truly,
And 'twill seldom go unruly
If the right course we pursue,—
Just find something good to do.

BENJAMIN B. KEECH.

A Novel Arch

THE arch, so familiar to us all in the architecture of the present day, had its mysterious origin in the mists of bygone centuries. Ruins of ancient buildings have seemed to reveal the brick arch as far back as 1540 B. C., and the arch of stone at about 600 B. C., while paintings have seemed to place the origin even prior to the former date.

The arch proves of very valuable assistance in the construction of both buildings and bridges, being artistic in appearance, and at the same time capable of supporting great weight. Its form admits of indefinite variations. The semicircle, the segment, and the ellipse of the ancients were the only forms used in medieval times, up to the introduction of the pointed arch, so largely employed in Gothic architecture. Arabian architecture reveals the horseshoe arch, a form belonging particularly to that people.

The Greeks made little or no use of the arch, but the Romans employed it extensively. To the latter belongs the introduction of the triumphal arch, erected across roads or at the entrance of cities, in honor of some victorious general, the original one being the *Porta Triumphalis*, one of the gates of Rome through which the triumphal procession entered the city. One of the first "detached arches" at Rome was erected in 190 B. C., by Scipio Africanus, on the famous Capitoline Hill. While Rome was under emperors, many magnificent arches, ornamented with bas-reliefs, and bearing inscriptions, were erected. In Rome to-day may still be seen the triumphal arches of Titus, Septimius Severus, and Constantine.

The accompanying illustration presents a vague shadow of what was a pleasing reality in the form of an arch extending across one of the

principal avenues of Pasadena, California, when President Roosevelt visited this city upon his recent visit to the Pacific Coast. This arch was erected as an evidence of the loyalty and patriotism of the public and high schools of Pasadena. Instead of

massive masonry, embellished with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, there was the surpassing beauty and mute eloquence of nature, as seen in the pure calla lilies, interspersed with graceful branches from the pepper-trees and other evergreens, the whole surmounted by a keystone of scarlet geraniums, beautifully wrought in the form of a shield, in the center of which was a picture of our nation's chief. The entire framework was hidden amid a wealth of flowers, the lengthened perspective revealing a double row of standards, each bearing a banner and a wreath, while from the base rose long, graceful leaves from the luxuriant date-palm.

The Bible says: "Ye are God's building." How like this floral arch is the triumphal arch of Christianity, which stands to-day as an evidence of infinite love to fallen man,—of eternal victory over Satan, sin, and death! Every soul may occupy a niche in that living arch, whose great keystone is Jesus Christ, by whose matchless love the entire structure is so firmly held together that not one need fall from his place. This great arch is covered with the flowers of unselfishness, which exale the fragrance of his righteousness. The stones themselves—the individuals—are hidden from view: only the flowers of a beautiful character are visible.



THE ARCH OF FLOWERS

Dear young friends, it is a great thing to have self obscured by the sweet blossoms of unselfish efforts—to "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." It is a great thing so to hide in Christ that the world will see only the beauty of his love, and perceive only the fragrance of his life. Let the individual stone in the arch become conspicuous, and the flowers are gone.

O let me hide behind the cross,
My life be full of faith and prayer
And deeds of love; come gain or loss,
May others see but Jesus there.

If bright prosperity befriend
Life's way, it comes from only thee:
Or if adversity attend,
May others still but Jesus see.

Yes, let me hide behind the cross,
Where'er my little niche may be,
And counting self as only loss,
Poor wandering souls may Jesus see.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

The Open Spaces of Life

I ONCE owned a lawn which was a fair specimen of the style of lawn-making in vogue everywhere a few decades ago, and still followed in most homes. Trees and bushes entirely filled the quarter-acre. The nurseryman had evidently laid off the yard in a checkerboard fashion, and had placed one tree on each of the squares. It was a forest of saplings, and would always remain a forest of saplings, because no tree had room to grow.

Well, I did not own the place long before something I read gave me the idea of the landscape architect that for small grounds the thing to do is to make a border—an irregular border—of the shrubbery, leaving in the center a large open space given up to lawn—just the smoothest, grandest lawn that could be contrived.

I acted upon the idea. Up came the pears and the cherries, the mountain ashes and the spruce, the cut-leaf birches and the fringe trees and the hawthorns, and a level expanse of flawless turf took their place. And then around the edge sprang up a delightful hedge of flowering shrubs, sweeping in graceful curves that left here and there fairy-like bays of greenness and color. There were flowering almond, bridal-wreath spiraea, weigelia, snowball, Japanese quince, and all the rest of the lavish blossomers.

At once my lawn gained unity out of confusion. It was restful to look upon. It gave a sense of largeness, of scope. It was a genuine landscape, though only a quarter of an acre. And all because of that empty space in the center.

And now, my brother, try a little landscape gardening in your life. Vacant spaces are quite as necessary there as in your front yard. A higglety-pigglety mixture of occupations is as bad for your spirit as a hodge-podge of trees for your premises. Mass things. Take wide views. When you work, work in great sweeps. When you play, play generously. Do not cram your life full of petty undertakings. The course of ordinary living will see that you get quite as many of these as is good for you. When you plan for yourself, do not plan for these, but plan for great things, for the things worth while.

I mean courses of reading that really pay, and not this chance novel and that haphazard essay. I mean some charity that has wide outreaches and long results. I mean some system of training of eye, or hand, or voice, or person that will invigorate and enrich your entire being. No dab at this and that.

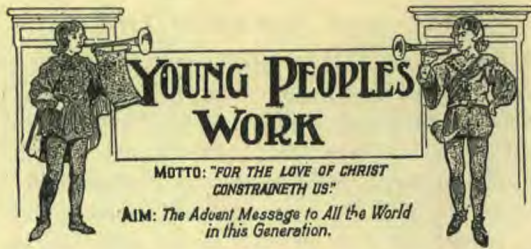
And when you play, play as fully and boldly. Achieve long vacations. And if not that—as that is not always possible—at any rate make thorough vacations of

your evenings and your holidays. Do not stick them full of petty occupations. Do not set out in them all sorts of fretting tasks and postponed jobs. There is no restfulness to be won in that way.

Put work where it belongs, and play where it should go; work your work with all your might, play your play with all your soul, and you will find yourself gaining, as the years go by, a life that is more and more harmonious, a fine piece of landscape, on which other men as well as yourself will look with joy and serenity.—Caleb Cweb, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

God bends out from the deep, and says:
"I gave thee the great gift of life;
Wast thou not called in many ways?
Are not my earth and heaven at strife?
I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundredfold?"
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer: "Father, here is gold?"

—James Russell Lowell.



EVERYTHING must be tested before it is safe to put it to use,—the ship, the cannon, the engine, the bridge, the *Christian*. The larger the use, the stronger the test.

In the family circle, among our friends and acquaintances, our influence is strongest for good or evil.

Is it not strange that we should ever have sad hearts, or be discouraged or restless, when that peace "which passeth all understanding" may be had for the taking?

Martin Luther upon one occasion declared that he had so much to do, was so weighted down with many responsibilities, that he could not go through the day without spending two or three hours in prayer. It certainly is a most extravagant waste of time to get too busy to pray. How often we hear the excuse, No time to study the Bible, no time to seek the Lord. Yet how utterly ineffective every effort is without "effective, fervent prayer." L. F. P.

AUGUST STUDY OF THE FIELD

In the Far East

(August 8)

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING EXERCISES:—

Scripture Reading—Isa. 49: 1-13.

Prayer, remembering especially Elder F. W. Field and workers associated with him in Japan; Elder J. N. Anderson and workers in China; and J. L. Shaw and workers in India.

Singing.

2. Field Study:—

(a) An Interesting Brahman Family. (*Review*, June 30.)

(b) Wang's Choice. (*Review*, June 30.)

(c) Our Work in Central China. (*Review*, July 14.)

(d) First News from Far Assam. (*Review*, July 21.)

(e) A Letter from Brother Pilquist. (*Review*, July 21.)

3. Nuggets from the Field, in which as many as there are fields may participate.

4. A Medical Missionary in China. (A paper. See page 1 of this number of the *INSTRUCTOR*.)

5. Closing Exercises.

Nuggets from the Field

Basutoland

God has blessed the work of the little mission. When the work began, the people were heathen, but now there is a nice company of all ages, who have an intelligent faith in Jesus. They understand all the leading points of present truth, and it is a real pleasure to preach the word to them, and hear them sing songs of praise to our God.

There are thirty-five in attendance at the school, and several of these are young men.

W. S. HYATT.

France

Five have accepted the truth in Paris. One is a young man from South America, who has since returned to his home in Uruguay. An

American lady who has been a missionary in Japan for several years has taken hold of the truth with her whole soul. The three others are Parisians. There are four more to be baptized here at Valence. There will be six or seven in the south of France soon, six in Suisse, and four more in Belgium. Doors are open everywhere.

B. G. WILKINSON.

England

I have organized a church in Pontypridd, Wales, of nineteen members. Last evening I baptized five in Plymouth, and we shall organize a church in a few days.

O. A. OLSEN.

Matabele Mission

The school work at the mission is onward, and the spiritual interest is increasing. We have some severe battles to fight, but we trust in Christ, who is the victor.

M. C. STURDEVANT.

Hayti

We rejoice that we are no longer the two lone witnesses in Cape Haytien, but that we are now seven. A mother and her four children joined with us about six weeks ago in keeping the Sabbath.

HENRY WILLIAMS.

India

Last week three were baptized in the Hugli River at Chandernagor. There was a company of not less than one hundred and fifty at the river-side to see the baptism.

A small school has been started for the Santals. I never saw any more interested to learn than some of the Santal boys. Brother Barlow has had to turn away several, because he had no funds to support more pupils. One dollar a month will pay the tuition of a young man in school. These students come ten, fifteen, or twenty miles to attend the school. The plan is to teach them the word of God, and as they return to their homes, they will disseminate what they have learned.

J. L. SHAW.

Jamaica

Over one hundred have been baptized here during the last six months. It is impossible to fill a tithe of the invitations to "come and teach us the truth." In many places the lay members are urged to tell what they know about the soon coming of the Saviour. A spirit of devotion has taken possession of the majority of the members. A condition of mind seems to be coming in that I have thought would exist under the outpouring of the latter rain.

F. I. RICHARDSON.

St. Vincent, West Indies

The church at Antigua has just been dedicated. We are made glad by the many who have recently yielded to the claims of the living God, by obeying his truth for this time. The Lord be praised for it all.

E. VAN DEUSEN.

South Africa

After traveling by bicycles seventy miles beyond Pietersburg, whither we had gone on the train, Brother De Beer and I reached the home of Brother De Jagers. We found two families rejoicing in the truth. They had been waiting for several years for some one to come and administer baptism. The Lord came very near, and we had a blessed time together. They are all earnest, devoted Christians, walking in all the commandments of the Lord.

A. W. KUEHL.

West Africa

The chief of Mansu, who is very wealthy and influential, is anxious for us to establish a school in his village. When we visited him the other day, he called his leading men, and we placed before them our intention. He and his

men expressed an earnest desire for us to come there and establish a school. I told them that we would need land, so they gave me a beautiful place to build on, a high hill just outside the village. I think it will be quite healthful for my family. It will take over a thousand dollars to put up proper buildings for the workers and the school. This village has never had any missionary work done in it.

The work here requires haste, as the way is opening for the message to go faster than we are able to fill the calls.

D. U. HALE.

From Marion, Ohio

THE evidence of the Father's love and tender care for his children has been revealed through his blessings to the small company of Sabbath-keepers here. When the spirit of the forward movement came, every member felt it his duty to do a greater work for the One who gave all for us. At every opening, Bible readings were given, literature distributed, and earnest efforts made to present the truth to some one. The younger members took an active part in this work, and were zealous to do more.

As the field broadened, the need of unity was felt, and it was decided that we form a band of workers. Accordingly, a meeting was held early in March, which resulted in the organization of our Young People's Missionary Society. Notwithstanding our membership was only six, the usual officers were elected, and plans made for carrying on the work systematically. The meetings, held on Friday evenings, have proved a source of great help to all. Once a month the hour is devoted to the Bible readings given in the *Bible Training-School*, which are what we need to make us more efficient workers. At other meetings we study the need in foreign fields, and home work, or give the time for consecration services, just as the Lord directs.

The town was divided into districts, which were assigned different members to work. Papers and tracts were secured, and have awakened a deep interest among all classes in whose hands they have been placed. One young girl has already united with us, and we expect others will take this step ere long.

We are certain of seeing good results from a cause which has its foundation in, and is being led by, such a leader as Christ. Realizing our utter helplessness in laboring for him, we follow humbly and meekly as we are shown the way.

The following is a report of what has been done by five of us since our organization. One member has been away, and as yet has handed in no report:—

Pages of papers and tracts distributed.....	4,180
Bible readings given.....	21
Books loaned.....	8
Missionary calls made.....	17
Missionary letters sent.....	10
Letters received.....	5

We have endeavored to see and seize every opportunity, knowing that our faithfulness at home is a preparation for greater work elsewhere, and many blessings have been ours for so doing. There is plenty to do all around us; none need lament because they have not the means nor the education to enlighten some foreign field.

May the Lord arouse the young everywhere to sense the meaning of life in this age. Let us show by our words and actions that we love our Saviour's appearing, and are willing to do anything to hasten it.

We ask the prayers of our people for the work here, and would be glad for any suggestions from those who are more experienced. Contributions of literature will also be thankfully received.

PEARLE APT.

DOING good to others is the only true happiness. It is good, even though the others may not know it.—George Horace Latimer.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Boy Who Muttered

FACE and form were fair and pretty;
"Perfect child," the neighbors said;
But alas! he learned to mutter,
When he rose, or went to bed.

It began in little mutters,
At his marble, top, or ball;
But the ivy grew, and, spreading,
Strangled oak-tree, roots and all.

If he fell and hurt his forehead,—
"Mean old floor!"—he pounded it;
If he bumped a toe or finger,
Muttered in an angry fit.

You could hardly call him lazy;
Still, he was a skilful shirk;
And he muttered at his playthings,
And he muttered at his work.

Almost always hear him mutter,
Breakfast, dinner, supper too,—
Mutter at his bread and butter,
Cakes and tarts, till friends were few.

If he climbed, and, careless, falling,
Tore his trousers on a limb,
Told his mother, "Didn't do it;
Mean old tree!"—all mean but him.

Fast the years went by, and passing,
Took the fair, young, baby face,
Leaving just an ugly mutter,
Written in the selfsame place.

When a boy, he growled, "This down-
pour
Surely's spoiling all my fun;"
When a man, "The rain so scanty,"—
Thus he muttered,— "crops are done."

He would mutter at his shoestrings,
Mutter if he slipped and fell;
And indeed that constant mutter
Almost all his world would spell.

Will he go beyond the sunset,
To the land both near and far?
Will an angel bid him welcome
Through the pearly gate ajar?

Will the angel's wing, in passing,
All his fairer vision dim?
Will he mutter at the angel,
As its shadow falls on him?

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

Being Weighed

EDNA WARREN loved to wander down to the old mill where the swift waters of the creek turned the wheel, and set the machinery in motion. She often watched her grandfather pour the wheat into the hopper, and she liked to listen to the hum of the mill, while it was ground into flour.

But she was specially interested in the scales where all the grain which was brought to the mill was weighed. One day she stepped on the platform, and said, "How much do I weigh to-day, granddad?"

"We will see," replied her grandfather, as he placed the weights on the opposite platform.

As Edna was standing on the scales, her grandfather asked:—

"Do you remember the name of a king who was weighed, and what the Bible says about him?"

"No, granddad, I didn't know the Bible told us about anybody's being weighed. What was the king's name?"

"Belshazzar. That is a hard name, isn't it? He was king in Babylon, a very great city, and he made a banquet for a thousand of his lords, and drank wine with the thousand. They used cups and other dishes which had been brought from the house of God at Jerusalem, and they

praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

"While they were drinking and feasting, they saw the hand of a man writing on the wall. Then the king was so frightened that his knees trembled, and he had no strength left. Daniel was a prophet of God in Babylon, and he was called to interpret the writing; for no one who was at the banquet could read it.

"Daniel came, and he told the king how many things God had given him, yet he had been proud, selfish, and had insulted God by using the holy vessels found in his temple for his idolatrous feast. He had praised the heathen gods who could not help him in trouble, but the God of heaven he had refused to obey. Then Daniel told

of Jesus, and he wants us to be just like him."

"But we are not like him; for he was always good," replied Edna. "O granddad! will God weigh me as he did that wicked king?"

"Yes, darling; you and I and everybody will be weighed, and it will be done soon. It would be a terrible thing if we should be found wanting. That work is being done in heaven now, and we can not tell when our names will be called. Many think they will pass the test, and still they spend their time in pleasure and feasting instead of getting ready to be weighed."

"How can they get ready?" asked Edna.

"Just as you get ready to be weighed on these scales; you have been eating every day, and growing all the time, till now you weigh more



THE CHILDREN'S PET

the king that God would take away his kingdom, that he should die, and that God had weighed him in the balances, and he was found wanting."

"But does God weigh people as you weighed me just now, granddad?"

"No, dear; the Lord weighs our thoughts, our words, and what we do. In one side of the balance he places our love for him, and what we do for his sake. In the other he puts our love for that which is wrong, our angry words, our selfish acts. His standard of weight is the character

than ever before. So you must read God's word every day, do what he bids you, and grow up into him. You must ask the dear Saviour to help you to be like him, and when your name is called, it will be as if he stood beside you on the scales, and he would let all his weight be on your side. If he does this, you may be sure you will not be found wanting."

Children, are you getting ready to be weighed in heaven? We should prepare for that time now.

VESTA J. FARNSWORTH.

A Study of Words

XII—Our Word-Tools

It has been said that man is a tool-using animal, and that his strength lies in the tools he uses. Among these tools, if aptly chosen, words are the most powerful. Pitiably indeed is the lot of the savage whose imperfect language forces him to express his thoughts by dint of gesticulation and facial contortions. Even more pitiable is the profane farm- or mill-hand, who can say nothing with emphasis except he strengthen it with oaths and slang. I have even to-day been interrupted by a young man, who, while explaining to me the unusual excellence of some photographic negatives, strove in vain to find an appropriate adjective, and finally, with much vehemence, told me that they were really "cracker-jacks."

The world is full of poets who are dumb because they can not put into words what they feel, and of obscure thinkers, who have ideas which would make them famous if they were masters of words, like Carlyle or Macaulay. The fame of some men is due wholly to their words, rather than to their deeds. For instance, it has been said of Goldsmith that nobody was so wise as he when he had a pen in his hand, or so foolish as he when he had not. And of a certain other noted man it is said that "he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one."

There is music, or pathos, or thunder, or horror, or sublimity in words if they are chosen and framed together by a master builder. No one will have any trouble in classifying the following quotations under these headings:—

A land where music ever girds
The air with bells of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet words,
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me!
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old Used-To-Be.

—Eugene Field.

It came upon us by degrees:

We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell;
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears,
Like sunshine into rain.

We cried aloud, in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."

—Aldrich.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;

That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!"

—Halleck.

"Astonishment seized the spectators. The condemned sang with eyes raised to the velarium. The audience saw faces pale, but as it were inspired. All understood that those people were not asking for mercy, and that they seemed not to see the circus, the audience, the senate, or Cæsar. 'Christus regnat!' rose ever louder, and in the seats, far up to the highest, among the rows of spectators, more than one asked himself the question, 'What is happening? and who is that Christus who reigns in the mouths of those people who are about to die?' But mean-

while a new grating was opened, and into the arena rushed, with mad speed and barking, whole packs of dogs,—gigantic, yellow Molossians from the Peloponnesus, pied dogs from the Pyrenees, and wolf-like hounds from Hibernia, purposely famished; their sides lank, and their eyes bloodshot. Their howls and whines filled the amphitheater. When the Christians had finished their hymn, they remained kneeling, motionless, as if petrified, merely repeating in one groaning chorus, 'Pro Christo! Pro Christo!' The dogs, catching the odor of people under the skins of beasts, and surprised by their silence, did not rush on them at once. Some stood against the walls of the boxes, as if wishing to go among the spectators; others ran around, barking furiously, as though chasing some unseen beast. The people were angry. A thousand voices began to call; some howled like wild beasts; some barked like dogs; others urged them on in every language."

God called up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying, "Come thou thither, and see the glory of my house." And to the angels which stood around his throne he said, "Take him, strip him from his robes of flesh; cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils, only touch not with any change his human heart, the heart that weeps and trembles." It was done; and with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terrace of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel wings they passed Saharas of darkness, through the wilderness of death, that divided the worlds of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers that were quickening under the prophetic motions from God. Then from a distance which is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a shapeless film; by unutterable pace the light swept to them, they by unutterable pace to the light. In a moment the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment the blazing of suns was around them.

Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed but were not revealed. On the right hand and on the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter-positions, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways, horizontal, upright, rested, rose at altitude by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities around; above was below and below was above, to the men stripped of gravitating body; depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite, suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose, that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths, were coming, were nearing, were at hand.

Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overlaid heart uttered itself in tears, and he said, "Angel, I will go no farther; for the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave, and hide me from the persecution of the Infinite, for end I see there is none." And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice, "The man speaketh truly; and there is none that ever yet we heard of." "End is there none?" the angel solemnly demanded; "is there indeed no end? And is this the sorrow that fills you?" But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heavens, saying, "End is there none to the universe of God! Lo! also, there is no beginning." —De Quincy.

L. T. CURTIS.

Correct English¹

I AM asked to distinguish between *shall* and *will*, *sit* and *set*, and *lie* and *lay*.

SHALL AND WILL.—*Shall* is the regular auxiliary to use with the first person to express future action; as, "In due season we *shall* reap, if we faint not." *Will* with the first person expresses determination, resolve, or promise; as, "I *will* have my rights;" "All that the Lord hath spoken we *will* do."

Will is the regular auxiliary to use with the second and third persons to express future action; as, "They *will* leave at six o'clock." *Shall* with the second and third persons expresses command or promise; as, "Thou *shalt* not kill;" "The debt *shall* be paid."

In questions, *shall* with the first and third persons asks permission or direction; as, "*Shall* we comply with his request?" With the second person it denotes simple futurity. *Will*, in questions, implies simple futurity in all three persons.

A very common mistake is the use of *will* with the first person to denote simple futurity.

SIT AND SET.—*Sit* and *set* are two distinct verbs, and should not be confused one with the other. The present of the former is *sit*, the past is *sat*, and the past participle is *sat*; the present of the latter is *set*, the past is *set*, and the past participle is *set*. *Sit* is never transitive; that is, its action is never transmitted to anything. *Set* is transitive; its action is transmitted to something. We may "*set* the table;" but we *sit* down at the table. We may *set* a hen; but the hen *sits*. A hen that sits on her eggs is a *sitting* hen, not a *setting* hen.

The verb *set* is used intransitively when denoting the "going down" of the sun or other heavenly bodies. The sun *sets*, not *sits*. The word is used in this instance in the sense of *settles*.

LIE AND LAY.—*Lie* and *lay* are also two distinct verbs. They are confused many times because the past of the verb *to lie* is spelled the same as the present of the verb *to lay*. The principal parts of the former are *lie*, *lay*, *lain*; of the latter, *lay*, *laid*, *laid*. A book *lies* on my desk; it *lay* there yesterday; it has *lain* there for a week. Notice that no action is transmitted. But *lay* takes an object. I now *lay* the book down; I *laid* it down yesterday; I have *laid* it down many times.

All these verbs are very commonly abused; but with a little study and painstaking any one can master them. There is no better time to set yourself right than now.

D. D. REES.

The Stings in Little Things

WE call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock,
We say of him his strength is proved.
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

And I can tread beneath my feet
The hills of passion's heaving sea,
When wind-tossed waves roll stormily;
Yet scarce resist the siren sweet
That at my heart's door softly sings:
"Forget, forget life's little things."

I can forgive—'tis worth my while—
The treacherous blow, the cruel thrust;
Can bless my foe as Christians must,
When patience smiles her royal smile;
Yet fierce resentment quickly slings
Its shots of ire at little things.

But what is this? Drops make the sea;
And petty cares and small events,
Small causes and small consequents,
Make up the sum for you and me.
Then, oh, for strength to meet the stings
That arm the points of little things!

—Selected.

¹ PROFESSOR REES will be glad to answer, in the INSTRUCTOR, or by letter, any queries concerning the correct use of words and phrases that may occur to our readers. Address, inclosing two-cent stamp, Prof. D. D. Rees, College View, Nebraska.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VI—The Call of Gideon

(August 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Judges 6.

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

In spite of all God's warnings, given first through Moses, and afterwards through Joshua, the Israelites were soon "mingled among the heathen, and learned their works." They no longer made war on the heathen, to drive them out of the land, but settled down at their ease. But when they stopped making war on the heathen, the heathen, seeing their weakness, began to make war on them; for they were eager to be revenged for all that they had suffered at the hand of Israel.

Yet the light had not quite gone out. There were always a few who were faithful to the true God; and from these God raised up deliverers for Israel many times. The whole story is told in the eighteenth and nineteenth verses of the second chapter of Judges.

Their first deliverer was Othniel, Caleb's younger brother. He saved them from the king of Mesopotamia, after they had served him for eight years. Their next oppressor was the king of the Moabites, who was slain by Ehud. After the death of Ehud, the Canaanites, led by Sisera, who had nine hundred chariots of iron, "mightily oppressed them." They were delivered by Deborah and Barak.

But because they still "did evil in the sight of the Lord," he let the Midianites come up "as locusts for multitude" (see Revised Version) into their land, and eat up all their harvests. Coming when the harvest was just beginning to ripen, they stayed until the last fruits were gathered. The Israelites could do nothing against them, but were obliged to hide in the "dens . . . in the mountains, and caves, and strongholds."

"The children of Israel cried unto the Lord." God never turns a deaf ear to the cry of his children, even though they have brought themselves into trouble by their sins. He is plentiful in mercy, and ready to pardon. So he again raised up a deliverer for Israel. Gideon was the man of his choice. Our Lesson Scripture tells us of the call of Gideon, and how he answered it. Study this until you know the story by heart.

The reason why Gideon was threshing out wheat by the wine-press, instead of on the ordinary threshing-floor, was that he was less likely to be noticed by the Midianites. The time for ripe grapes was a long way off, and they were not taking much notice of the vineyards just then. So he took the wheat there to thresh it in secret.

Verse 15 shows Gideon's humble spirit. When the angel of the Lord told him that he was to deliver Israel, he did not think that God had chosen him because of his own greatness. All his strength was in God. He could go with confidence only because God sent him. When he asked, "Wherewith shall I save Israel?" the answer was, "Surely I will be with thee." God's presence was all that he needed.

Gideon was ready to go at God's command. But he wanted to be quite sure that it was God who was sending him, and that he had not been deceived. This was why he asked for the three signs. From the little that he had, he brought an offering to the Lord, and the fire came from the rock and burned up the sacrifice, showing

that God accepted it. This was the first sign. Wool naturally absorbs moisture if the air is at all damp, and so it might possibly be wet, even though the ground should be dry. This is why Gideon was not satisfied with the second sign, but asked for a third sign, which could not possibly be mistaken.

It was the worship of false gods that brought Israel into trouble and captivity. So Gideon was told to cut down the altar of Baal that his father had set up, and build in its place an altar for the Lord. He did this by night, because he feared that the men of the city would stop the work if he tried to do it by day.

The answer of Joash to the men who wanted to kill Gideon for casting down Baal's altar showed that he was a sensible man. "Will ye plead for Baal? . . . if he be a god, let him plead for himself." A god that can not take care of himself certainly can not do any good to any one else, and is not worth trusting in.

By his wise words Joash not only saved the life of his son, but showed the people that their idols were nothing. So when Gideon blew his trumpet, they were ready to flock to his standard.

Questions

1. How long did the Israelites serve the Lord after they entered the land of Canaan? Joshua 24:31. How is their after history told in Judges 2:18, 19? What was it that led them astray? What, then, would have saved them from all this trouble?

2. Tell what were the first three nations to oppress the Israelites, and by whom they were delivered.

3. What did the Israelites still do? Judges 6:1. Whom did God then allow to oppress them?

4. What is said about the number of the Midianites? Where did the children of Israel take refuge? What did the Midianites take from Israel?

5. To whom did the Israelites turn in their trouble? Of what did God remind them by his prophet?

6. Whom did God now choose for the deliverer of Israel? How was this made known to Gideon? Where was Gideon at the time? Why was he threshing in the vineyard?

7. When God told Gideon that he should save Israel, what question did he ask? How did God answer him? What is the only thing that we need to enable us to do all things? Memory Verse. What sign was then given to Gideon?

8. What was the first thing that Gideon was told to do? Tell how he obeyed. What was the effect on the people?

9. How was Gideon's life spared? What did the wise words of Joash show to the people?

10. What did Gideon do when next the Midianites gathered together? Where did his messenger go? What did the people do when they heard his message?

11. What sign did Gideon then ask for? Why was he not satisfied when this sign was given? What did God then do for him?



VI—A Glorious Privilege in God

(August 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 3:1, 14-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

For this cause I Paul, the prisoner of Christ Jesus in behalf of you Gentiles. [Verses 2-13 omitted.] For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father, from whom every family in heaven

and on earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, that ye may be strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled unto all the fulness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations forever and ever. Amen.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. What was Paul about to say when verses 2-13 were thrown in parenthetically?

2. Before whom did he bow his knees in this wonderful prayer?

3. What relation does the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ sustain to us? Where else are there representatives of this family besides on this earth?

4. According to what measure is this request made to our Father?

5. For what does the apostle first pray? Through what agency does this might come?

6. What indwelling presence would this experience bring?

7. How only can Christ dwell in our hearts?

8. With an indwelling Christ, what deeper experience may we expect?

9. Being rooted in the love of Christ, what will we be able to comprehend? How many have this understanding?

10. What greater knowledge will this bring? How is the knowing of the love of Christ compared with other knowledge?

11. What is the result of thus becoming better acquainted with Christ?

12. Then what really is the source of this fullness? Eph. 1:23; Col. 2:9, 10.

13. What assurance have we that this wonderful work of grace may be wrought out in each of our hearts? Eph. 3:20.

14. How much is God able to do for us? What is the condition?

15. What power works in us? Eph. 1:19, 20.

16. What does Paul ascribe to him who is able to do for us "exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think"?

17. Do you join in this response?

Notes

1. This prayer recorded in verses 16 to 21 of the third chapter of Ephesians is one of the most wonderful portions of the inspired word. Step by step the exalted privilege of every Christian is outlined. As we read these verses over, clause after clause, each carrying us deeper into the fullness in store for us, we are almost led to exclaim, "It is not for me," so wonderful, so Christlike is the life depicted. But the precious assurance with which the prayer closes may give even the youngest child hope: "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

2. Do not be satisfied simply to study the scripture in response to the questions. Read the text over several times, until you see how fully each clause is related to the preceding one in the two sentences which comprise the prayer. You can well afford to commit this scripture to memory. Two verses on Sabbath and one each succeeding day will accomplish it in one week. Do not let the week pass without making these texts your own. As you study, pray that the Spirit may burn the truths into your own life. This is possible, and means a richer acquaintance with the Saviour, a more useful life, and a joy and peace that pass understanding from a worldly point of view.

No man can count the stars; but many men think they can comprehend the universe.—*Selected.*



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"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown," says Jesus. He says it to *you*: "Hold that fast which *thou* hast; that no man take *thy* crown." It is an individual matter. Each one, for himself, must hold fast; to do otherwise is to lose, each for himself, his crown. Sometimes we find it easy to compare ourselves with others, and perhaps decide that because they do certain things, therefore it will be all right for us to do certain other things. No such comparison will stand for a moment in the day of reckoning. God does not ask of us whether any one else has held fast that which has been committed to him, but only if we, as individuals, have been faithful or unfaithful to our trust. And when we receive from his hand the crown of life that is promised to those who are faithful, we shall not be crowned collectively, as a mass, but one by one. Individual reward then means individual faithfulness now.

SOMETIMES, when working late in my office, I leave after the lights in the halls have been turned off. But long acquaintance has made me familiar with the location of most of the lights; and when I reach a certain spot, I put up my hand confidently into the darkness to grasp the electric bulb, which at my touch flashes its cheering and revealing light all around me.

Often, as the lamp has responded to my need, I have thought of other dark places, and the light that waits the touch of faith. Frequently we come to such places; we can not see a single step ahead; the very darkness itself confuses and bewilders us. Then it is well indeed if we have learned to lift up our hands to our loving Father; to call on him for guidance; and with such faith as that of the woman who touched the hem of his robe in the throng and press of the Judean multitude, to reach up our thoughts in prayer, and lay hold of his power. He has light and comfort and guidance for our every need; and all this "awaits our demand and reception."

A Happy Face

"How happy you always look, dear!" said an old woman, who had recently passed through a severe affliction. She had stopped, in her walk down the avenue, to lay her hand gently on the arm of a bright-faced young girl. "It does me good to see you, always," she added.

As it happened, the girl had not been feeling particularly cheerful at that moment; but you can easily imagine how glad she was that she had looked so. And the knowledge that her cheerful countenance had been in any sense a joy to this dear old lady, wonderfully eased the ache in her own heart. "At least I can look pleasant," she resolved, "if that will be any help."

A merry heart—a happy face! Well did the Wise Man know the value of the prescription that he left for the world. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." The world is full of sick

people—sick in body, sick in heart, sick in soul. And it is pre-eminently the *young* Christian's privilege to administer this medicine of the merry heart. Just be happy—and your very presence will make others happy. And if at any time you are not happy, then carry a smiling face for the sake of others, and you will find its healing sunshine reflected in the faces of those around you, and shining back with wholesome warmth into your own heart.

A late number of *The Youth's Companion* tells the story of a young girl whose pastor called her attention to the fact that there was a mission field for her to occupy in her own city in this very way. She had offered herself for service in a foreign field; and just as she was about to leave, her mother was taken sick, becoming an almost helpless invalid, and Margaret found her mission confined within the walls of her own home.

"For a year or two she bore her disappointment in silence; then she went to her pastor with it. The pastor was an old man, who had known Margaret all her life. He looked at her steadily for a moment. Then he said, slowly, 'You are living in a city of two hundred thousand people. Isn't there need enough about you to fill your life?'"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered, quickly, "and I could give up the foreign field. It isn't that. But I haven't time to do anything, not even to take a mission class; and to see so much work waiting, and be able to do nothing—"

"Margaret," the old minister said, "come here."

"Wonderingly the girl followed him to the next room, where a mirror hung between the windows. Her reflection, pale and unhappy, faced her wearily.

"All up and down the streets," the old minister said, "in the cars, the markets, the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church can not reach them—they will not enter a church. Books can not help them—many of them never open a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the gospel of hope, of joy, of courage, and that is in the faces of men and women.

"Two years ago a woman who has known deep trouble came to me one day, and asked your name. 'I wanted to tell her,' she said, 'how much good her happy face did me, but I was afraid that she would think it presuming on the part of an utter stranger. Some day perhaps you will tell her for me.'"

"Margaret, my child, look in the glass, and tell me if the face you see there has anything to give to the souls that are hungry for joy,—and they are more than any of us realize,—who, unknown to themselves, are hungering for righteousness. Do you think that woman, if she were to meet you now, would say what she said two years ago?"

That was a hard moment, but this girl faced it bravely, thanked her pastor and friend, and, taking the lesson to heart, put away her sadness, and because of her sunshiny presence became a veritable missionary to every one who met her. This is a mission field that can never be over-occupied. Will not *you* enter it—and enter it *now*?

Further Announcement

LAST week we announced that a new series of lessons for use in the regular meetings of the Young People's Societies would be begun in the INSTRUCTOR of August 13. These will be Bible studies, with "Great Controversy," Vol. IV, as chief reference book.

Realizing the importance of every member of our Young People's Societies having access to this book for home reading and daily study, an effort has been made to secure a discount that would make it possible for every one who so desires to own the book for himself; and we are pleased to say that all our publishing houses and State tract societies have cheerfully offered to give all the *members* of our Young People's

Societies fifty per cent discount, plus the postage, on any binding of "Great Controversy," when ordered through the church librarian. The regular prices of this book, as given last week, are as follows:—

Cloth, marbled edges	\$2.25
Cloth, gilt edges	2.75
Library, leather	3.00
Half morocco, gilt edges	3.50
Full morocco, gilt edges	4.50

The special rate of fifty per cent discount from these prices is made only to enable all our young people to secure a copy for personal study in connection with the new series of lessons. In order to guard this rate, and still secure it for all who are entitled to it, the request is made that all orders for the book be made for each society by the church librarian.

In remitting for each book ordered by mail, thirty cents for postage should be sent in addition to the price of the book. It would be better and cheaper for each society to order all the books they will want at one time, and have them sent by freight.

All Societies should purchase these books direct from their State tract society.

Fruits That Do Not Grow on Trees

EVERY little while the press of the country calls attention to the fact that various substances are being foisted on the public, under attractive names and labels, as preparations of different varieties of fruit. The following authoritative statement is taken from a late number of *The Saturday Evening Post*:—

Government chemists in the food laboratory at Washington have been subjecting American jams, jellies, and preserved fruits to analysis. The discoveries made are astounding.

Of two hundred and fourteen samples of fruit products, one hundred and four were found to be adulterated.

Crystals of acid tartrate of potash were discovered in plum jam. In many samples of jellies, benzoic acid and salicylic acid had been used as preservatives. But that was not the worst feature. As permanent color is an important item in the sale of fruit products, some of the manufacturers had used poisonous dyes, and, as a result, small quantities of zinc, copper, tin, lead, arsenic, and other dangerous impurities had been imparted to some very attractive looking jellies and jams.

As stated, some of the samples were found to be pure, and the government will circulate a list of the two hundred and fourteen brands examined, giving the names of the manufacturers, the claims of purity made for the product, and the disclosures of the Federal laboratory. Some of the jellies were found to contain scarcely any fruit substance at all, being composed of glucose, starch, coal-tar dye, and other ingredients, with a mere flavoring of fruit.

It has long been generally suspected that fruit products contained many kinds of adulterants. The chemists in their search found in their jelly samples every alien substance that to their knowledge had been charged against jam and jelly, with one exception. The most careful tests failed to disclose agar-agar (dried seaweed), which it was thought was used as a gelatinizing agent.

In one sample benzoic acid was found in guava jam. The chemists were informed that it had not in that case been used as a preservative, but had come from a coal-tar dye, which the manufacturers had purchased in good faith as a harmless vegetable coloring.

Twenty-five samples of jellies contained glucose, but were not so labeled. The labels of some of these not only disavowed the presence of glucose, or were silent in regard to it, but set forth that the product was packed from the choicest fruit. In addition to containing glucose, five had been dyed, and nine contained acid preservatives.