

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Our Friends

WE marvel that the silence can divide
The living from the dead. Yet more apart
Are they who all life long dwell side by side,
But never heart to heart.

What a blessing it is to have a friend!—one in whose companionship we throw off all restraint and feel at ease,—a faithful friend, whose caution or reproof is our safety; who feels *with* us, and *for* us, both in joy and in sorrow; who will guard, as sacred, our honor and reputation equally with his own; and will prove even more true and constant in times of adversity than in the days of our prosperity. Such friends,—and how very few they are!—we admit to the inner circle of our hearts and homes, knowing that they come for joy and peace and love and mutual helpfulness. They help us on our way, and rob the evil, lying all along our path, of many of its most cruel stings.

A true friend works with us, feels with us, prays with us, rejoices with us in our joys and successes, and mingles his tears with ours in sorrow and loss. The value of these "selectest friends" has been expressed with wonderful felicity by Robert Pollok in his "Course of Time," in which he speaks of—

Friends, but few on earth, and therefore dear;
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain;
Yet always sought; so native to the heart,
So much desired, and coveted by all.
Nor wonder thou—thou wonderest not, nor needst!
Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but naught was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen
In darkest day; and many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;

Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget,—
My early friends, friends of my evil day;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery, too;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt,
My oracles; my wings in high pursuit.
As birds of social feather, helping each
His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,
With all her tardy, leaden-footed cares;
And talked the speech and ate the food of heaven!

Would you have such a friend? Would you have many of them? If so, you must *be* such a friend. Love begets love, confidence begets confidence, kindness begets kindness, and he has friends who knows how to *be* a friend.

Why will we live so far distant from the fellow workers who are really very dear to us?

Why are we so unresponsive and shy with our own home friends? Why not draw the tender chords of friendship a little closer to brothers and sisters, and so relate ourselves to them that they can be admitted to that inner circle? Why not?

At times of special revival, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, have often come to me with this request, "Will you speak to my son, my daughter, my brother or sister, with regard to their soul's salvation? I know they want to do better, but I seem to have lost my influence over them." Ah, what a sad confession! You have lost your hold upon him, when your close relationship ought to have made you the strongest possible instrument in the hand of God for his salvation.

Take Away the Stone

You have lost your influence; there is a stone in the way, between him and life, and you have placed it there. Jesus says, "Take ye away the stone."

These words were spoken to the sorrowing sisters and friends as they stood weeping before the tomb of Lazarus. The young man whom "Jesus loved" was dead, and lay in the tomb before them, "bound hand and foot with grave-clothes." Between him and life lay the stone upon the entrance of the cave. His friends had placed it there. Now the time had come for co-operation. Loved ones must do the part within their power. They rolled away the stone, Jesus gave the young man life, and they loosed him and let him go.

Dear reader, study the parallel at your own fire-side. Your friend, your son or daughter, your brother or sister, is dead in trespasses and sins. He is in the pit, bound hand and foot with evil bands. You have lost your influence, you have erected a barrier, you have rolled a stone between him and life, and God waits, salvation waits,—all heaven waits,—for your co-operation. The Master's own command to you comes ringing down the ages, "Take ye away the stone." Will you do it? Will you be a faithful friend *just now*? Will



you draw the cords of love a little closer, and be more to your loved ones? A word at this time may save them. Speak it. Do the kind act. Take away the enmity—the middle wall—the barrier to life; and God will thus make you a friend worth having, and he will give you friends worth living for.

Jesus as a Friend

But, after all, our earthly friends sometimes fail us. We rest in their love and faithfulness, yet we can not do so in absolute safety. Trusting in earthly friendship alone, we may some day be left friendless. Yes, this will most certainly be our lot. But Jesus never fails; and believing this, we love to sing that old-new song, "What a friend we have in Jesus."

Read again the eleventh chapter of John, and there catch a glimpse of what Jesus is as a personal companion and friend. The home of Martha and her sister and Lazarus was a place where Jesus loved to dwell. He loved these friends when they were far away in sin; but when they opened their hearts and home to his salvation, the love became mutual—and mutual love makes the tie of friendship strong. He was theirs, and they were his. That love is told in the simple words, "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." But he loves you, dear reader, the same as he loved them; therefore when you read this precious verse, always add the words, "and me;" and be not afraid to do it, for he wants you in the list of his most precious friends. He is *yours*. Why should you not be *his*?

Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus,
When the cares of life upon you roll;
He will help you when you fall,
He will hear you when you call,
Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus!

E. R. PALMER.

In and About San Francisco—I How a Great City Grew Up

LITTLE did the Franciscan Fathers, who in 1776 established a mission for the conversion of the Indians inhabiting the peninsula between San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean, dream that they were laying the foundation of a great city. Little did the steel-coated Spanish warriors, who at the same time established there a military post for the protection of the mission, dream that the rebellious English colonies that were just then beginning their struggle for independence, would one day grow into a great nation whose western metropolis would cover the ground over which their horses grazed.

The Fathers won the love and confidence of the Indians, and the mission prospered. Occasionally a ship would anchor in Yerba Buena Cove, from the shore of which a bridle-path led to the mission settlement, two miles inland. The founders of the mission passed away, and younger men took their places and grew old. But still Yerba Buena was only a landing-place for those who desired to visit the mission. Other settlements sprang up around San Francisco Bay, and gained some little commercial importance, while San Francisco was still sand dunes and chaparral.

But in 1836 a Yankee trader landed at Yerba Buena Cove, and there erected a building and established a trading-post. Others followed, and the little village slowly grew. In 1847, when the name was changed from Yerba Buena to San Francisco, it boasted half a thousand souls.

In the following year, gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill, and then San Francisco became a landing-place for the thousands of excited gold-seekers who rushed to the mines from all points of the world.

In the early part of 1849 the population of the little city had increased to two thousand, and in the latter part of the same year it was estimated at twenty thousand. "The days of '49" were the days of the greatest rush to the gold-fields; but the following year added another fifteen thousand

to the already overcrowded city of tents and board shanties. San Francisco drew its population from the entire world, and all were bent on the same errand,—the search for gold. No one left the city in those days except to go to the mines. Indeed it was quite impossible, for several years, to leave as most of the people came,—by water.

As soon as a ship landed in the bay, it was deserted by its crew, and often by its captain also. At one time four hundred ships rode there at anchor,—idle for lack of crews to man them. Labor of all kinds was in great demand, and commanded a daily wage equal to what many a man is now compelled to work a whole month for.

During the first five or six years of the great rush, men were so intent upon gold-getting that little attention was paid to the organization of the city government. Laws there were, a plenty; but the officials, like every one else in the city, were there for gold; and few of them cared whether the laws were enforced or not. Robbery, and even murder, was carried on with impunity by regularly organized bands of marauders, until life and property were no longer safe. Then the law-abiding citizens organized vigilance committees, and determined to rid the city of the lawless element.

A few murderers were seized, given a fair trial, and hanged; others were driven from the city; and in a short time, order was brought out of chaos. The vigilance committee then disbanded, and left the work of enforcing the laws to the regular officials; for the decided stand the people had taken for law and order had a salutary effect upon the officials, stirring them up to a more faithful performance of their duties. From that day to this the government of the city of San Francisco has been constantly improving.

The census of 1860 placed the population of the city at fifty-six thousand, and in the next ten years it nearly trebled. It is now estimated that it contains about three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Thus has the little village of Yerba Buena grown, in a lifetime, into the great city of San Francisco.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

Which Kind Are You?

THE Bible tells us that some are "set" for "helps," while some seem only to hinder.

"I won't stay here at home alone! I will go with you!" screamed "Philip, my king." Papa and mama were to spend the day away from home, and aunty and the housekeeper were to remain at home. The parents thought it far better for the nervous little boy to stay with his gentle auntie, who would see that he was entertained and well cared for. The young monarch decreed otherwise, and so vociferous and insistent was he that mama weakly relented, and he won the day.

A little girl had chickenpox; she was not very sick, but had to remain home from school. Papa was away, so mama must attend to the store, nearly half a mile away. Of course mama's heart ached because she must leave her little girl; but she was a brave mother of a brave daughter. The little maiden spent the day very serenely, with only her dollies, her kitty, and her bantams for company and amusement.

Another father, mother, and older brother found they must be away from home one day. The little boy, not yet eight years old, and the little girl, not yet four, must look after the home interests. There were over two hundred chickens of all sizes to be fed several times during the day, and watched to keep the hawks away, though many were protected with wire screen. The incubator must be attended to, and chicks removed to the brooder or house as fast as hatched. The calves must be fed, and the cows watched. The new wire fencing was on the ground, but not yet put up, and they loved to roam the fields if permitted.

The children could take dinner at grandpa's, a quarter of a mile away, through the woods, and go there two other times during the day. It looked like rain, and there was some thunder while they were eating dinner. The little boy said, "I must hurry to cover the hotbed, and put some of the chicks in,—and I must put the calves in the barn before the shower comes, too."

Grandma asked if sister hadn't better stay with her; but the little boy seemed to need this crumb of comfort, and grandma hadn't the heart to deprive him of it. With quickened steps they turned their bright, brave faces homeward. Grandma's heart ached to see the babies go; for the shower was coming soon—vivid lightning, heavy thunder, and a beautiful downpour of water.

Soon after it subsided, the children returned, much to grandma's relief; though she felt that she was the baby, and they the little man and woman.

"We got the things all taken care of just as the shower came," announced the little boy. "Yes, we got 'em all taken care of," re-echoed the little girl.

"Were you afraid in the shower?" grandma asked.

"O, no! we weren't afraid. It was pretty hard; but we just sat there and waited, and when it stopped raining, we came back," they said, in chorus.

"No," said grandma, "we never need be afraid in a thunder shower: it is the voice of our Heavenly Father, and he loves all his children, especially the little ones." The next time things had to be looked after at home, the little boy decided himself that sister better stay with grandma, it was so wet, and he went bravely home alone.

When almost night, the little boy said, "Papa and mama may be late, and we'd better go home, so as to get 'most all the chores done before they come." And home they went—blessings on their dear young heads!

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

Say the Loving Words Now

YEAR after year, with a glad content,
In and out of our home he went—

In and out,
Ever for us the skies were clear;
His heart carried the care and fear,
The care and doubt.

Our hands held with a careless hold
All that he won of power and gold,
In toil and pain.
O dear hands that our burdens bore—
Hands that shall toil for us no more—
Never again.

O, it was hard to learn our loss!
Bearing daily the heavy cross—
The cross he bore;
To say, with an aching heart and head,
"Would to God that the love now dead
Were here once more!"

For when the love that we held too light
Was gone away from our speech and sight,
No bitter tears,
No passionate words of fond regret,
No yearning of grief, could pay the debt
Of thankless years.

O, now, while this kind love lingers near,
Grudge not the tender words of cheer,
Leave none unsaid;
For a heart can have no sadder fate
Than some one day to awake—too late—
And find love dead!

—Harper's Weekly.

It is unworthy of one born to a palace to set his heart on a cottage, to dwell there; and of one running for a prize of gold, to go off his way to gather the stones of the brook; but so much more is it unworthy of an heir of the kingdom of heaven to be hid among the stuff of this world when he should be going on to receive his crown.

—Thomas Boston.



At Aunt Dorothy's

THERE'S never a day when the curtains are low
At Aunt Dorothy's house —
The curtains that drift with the whiteness of
snow
At Aunt Dorothy's house.
Aunt Dorothy loves both the air and the sun,
And sweetness and light fill the rooms, every one;
And, look where you may, there is nothing un-
done
At Aunt Dorothy's house.

Who cares for the weather, when one is a guest
At Aunt Dorothy's house?
Who cares for his worries, when one stops to rest
At Aunt Dorothy's house?
For all in Aunt Dorothy's neighborhood know
How calmly the years of her life come and go;
And age hath the grace of the lilies that grow
At Aunt Dorothy's house.

It seemeth to us, so serene are the ways
At Aunt Dorothy's house,
The angels must hallow the house-
keeping days
At Aunt Dorothy's house.
The wise and the happy, the kind
and the fair,
Do minister gladly and tenderly
there,
Make light of the burdens, a bless-
ing of care,
At Aunt Dorothy's house.
—Frank Walcott Hutt.

The Washington Monument

THE highest solid monument in the world is the famous Washington Monument, which is seen towering against the sky long before one reaches Washington. In the city its tremendous height confronts one at every turn, and has place in a thousand vistas — from the avenues and parks, from the Capitol, the White House, the hills of the Soldiers' Home, the heights of Arlington, and from far down the river on the way to Mt. Vernon. Go where you will, the one prominent feature of the landscape is the monument. Seen at different times of the day, it has a new character for each new hour; its appearance changes with the varying lights, and with alternations of clear sky and cloud. In stormy weather it suggests a mountain peak standing immovable with the mists driving by.

The foundation of this giant obelisk is of rock and cement, and is thirty-six feet deep, and one hundred and twenty-six feet square. The monument is fifty-five feet square at the base, and thirty-four feet at the top; the walls are fifteen feet in thickness at the base, and eighteen inches at the top of the shaft. The height is five hundred and fifty-five feet, five and one-eighth inches. The total cost of the monument has been one million three hundred thousand dollars.

The interior is lighted with electricity, and an elevator carries visitors without charge, ascending every half hour. A stairway of nine hundred steps leads to the top; but not a large number care to attempt the ascent or even the descent. It is really a great undertaking.

A magnificent view is afforded from the eight windows which pierce the walls at the height of five hundred and four feet. Immediately below,

the Virginia Hills, across the river to the west, is Arlington, the beautiful military cemetery; on the northwest is the Naval Observatory. The Potomac's winding course may be followed for miles; and, on a clear day, one may discern in the western distance the mountains of the Blue Ridge in Virginia.

It was built as a memorial of the "Father of his Country." The names of forty States and many societies that supplied a share of the money to pay for this mighty obelisk, are inscribed on special stones on the inside of the marble shaft — pure-white marble without and granite within, tipped at the summit with a pyramid of pure aluminum, visible from below only from a certain position, and then on a particular moment of the day, when it shines out like a brilliant star from the point of the monument. On this point are inscribed the words *Laus Deo*, "praise to God."



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Washington himself is said to have selected the site afterward adopted. The corner-stone was laid in 1848. In 1855 the shaft had attained a height of one hundred and fifty-two feet. Then, the funds being exhausted, the construction was suspended for twenty-three years, and was resumed in 1878. The monument was finished and dedicated February 21, 1885. The orator on that occasion was the venerable Robert C. Winthrop, who, thirty-seven years before, had delivered the oration at the laying of the corner-stone. The object and intent of the monument are impressively described in the following words uttered by the orator on the laying of the corner-stone in 1848:—

"Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the

and stretching away to the White House on the north and the Capitol on the east, is the beautiful landscape gardening of the Mall and the parks, the city beyond, and then the hills rolling away to the horizon. On an eminence in the northeast is the Soldiers' Home; on

whole American people to the illustrious father of this country. Build it to the skies: you can not outreach the loftiness of his principles. Found it upon the massive and eternal rock: you can not make it more enduring than his fame. Construct it of the peerless Parian marble: you can not make it purer than his life. Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art: you can not make it more proportionate than his character."

J. S. WASHBURN.

A Wonderful Night Song

If we had ears to hear and eyes to see, there is just as much to charm and instruct in an acre field and the brook that passes through it, as in the broad expanse of a continent with its mighty rivers.

We were rowing up a tide-water stream at midnight. My companion and I had exhausted our energy and enthusiasm in a three-hour drift down the river for shad, and had lapsed into silence. The only audible sounds were the harsh screeches of herons and cranes as our approach drove them from their feeding-ground at the water's edge.

But, softly and with sweetness inimitable, the quiet midnight air bore to us the song of a bird, altogether foreign to the discordant notes of the night-feeding host. I rested upon my oars, and listened. Thrice was the sweet song repeated; then silence reigned.

We had gone scarcely a hundred yards when a similar song was wafted to our ears. Four different minstrels thus entertained us before we reached our landing.

A few nights later this experience was repeated, the music coming from the same points. During a third trip, I said to my companion, who had not been over the course before, "When we reach the point opposite that old willow, I have a sweet-voiced bird engaged to salute us." My unseen midnight friend did not disappoint us, nor did his three comrades farther on.

I became so thoroughly interested in these strange sentinels and their unfailing challenges, that I improved an early opportunity by daylight to row along this shore and investigate. Of course, I had recognized the notes as those of the little marsh wren, whose nest is such a wonder of architecture, and whose voice is one of the sweetest of the feathered chorus.

The result of my investigations both surprised and delighted me. At each point where the night song had greeted us, I found a nest attached to the young reeds about three feet above high-water mark, and at once I connected the songs

with these secluded little homes.

Just as darkness was approaching, I concealed myself in some neighboring reeds, and arranged with a companion to row up and down the stream. Each time, as the boat approached the point nearest to the nest, the wren, I presume the male bird, sat motionless upon a reed just before the door of his home; but, just as soon as the boat had passed a few yards beyond, he broke forth in his sweet song.

There was but one conclusion, and a sweeter impression of bird life and love I have never received. Our tide-water marshes abound in life. On all sides, swimming, creeping, and flying creatures are seeking their food. It seemed clear to me that this tiny bird, knowing that his mate within the covered home could not see the cause

of the sound, but trembled as she heard it, just as soon as he saw that the intruder was not coming to destroy their peace, began his cheering song to assure her that the danger had passed. He was a midnight angel to the mother and her little ones, saying, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings."

From this new chapter in the great book of nature, I turned to open a still greater volume, and read of God, my maker, that he "giveth songs in the night." How many of the glad utterances of his word are assurances to the trembling heart that we are delivered from him who is roaming about seeking whom he may devour!

Are we not constrained to adore him whose purpose of love sounds alike in the Gloria that greeted the shepherds and in the marsh wren's jubilate that comforted his trembling mate?—*Forrest E. Dagger, in The Well Spring.*



"I am Ready"

"Thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my lord the king shall appoint." 2 Sam. 15:15.

Comrades, are we ready for the service of the King?

With a willing, glad surrender, every talent let us bring;

Whatsoever he appoints us, be our answer prompt and true,—

We are ready now to do.

"Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready?" 2 Sam. 18:22.

Comrades, are we ready our allegiance to proclaim?

Do we "run" with joyful "tidings" in the Saviour's precious name?

This sweet story of salvation that we surely love so well,

Are we ready now to tell?

"Ready to distribute." 1 Tim. 6:18.

Comrades, are we ready to distribute of our store in the Master's gracious spirit? for he gives us more and more?

For the sake of him who saves us,—he will bless our gifts, we know,—

Are we ready to bestow?

"Ready to be offered." 2 Tim. 4:6.

Comrades, are we ready, if we hear the tender call,

"Come up higher," to the mansions in the Father's palace-hall?

In our risen Jesus trusting, with a loving, child-like heart?

Are we ready to depart?

"Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Luke 12:40.

Comrades, are we ready for the coming of the King?

Are we working, watching, praying, while our halleluiahs ring?

Oh, the glory of his kingdom! All his might and majesty,

Are we ready now to see?

—*Young People's Weekly.*

A RECENT report from a secretary of a Young People's Society says: "The interest is increasing. Each member is engaged in some line of missionary work. Thus we are trying to lead a life of real service." If there is a Society in which the interest is dying, we commend to it the remedy here set forth. Let each member engage in active missionary work, and watch the rising interest.

The coming of Christ in this generation! How the heart thrills at thought of such a probability. And when the probability gives way to the actual promise that it shall be, there is nothing

that can restrain the joy, the enthusiasm, the full service, of the believer. Young people, "Awake, awake; put on thy strength." The Lord is calling for the time, strength, and ability of the young men and women of this denomination. Do not delay. The King's business requires haste; for it is to be completed in this generation.

In time of war, government ships frequently sail under sealed orders. Until they arrive at a certain place, neither officers nor men know where they are going, or what they are to do. Abraham's faith led him to obey the call of God to go out of his own country, "not knowing whither he went." Some of us may be called upon to take advance steps under "sealed orders." The child of God does not question the future. He only asks to know present duty.

MRS. L. F. PLUMMER.

A Smile and a Kind Word

It costs nothing to give them, and yet so many people act as if it did. Here is wealth that anybody with a loving heart may distribute without stint.

Not long ago a young Indiana schoolgirl won a fortune by a smile and a cheery word. Walking with her mother one day in Florida, she noticed an old, white-haired man sitting on a bench. His lonesome look appealed to her heart; and as the happy girl passed him, she smiled and asked if he was enjoying the sunshine.

The friendless old gentleman was attracted by the girl's sunny disposition, and sought an acquaintance with her family. Returning to the North soon after, the family heard no more of him until the official notification of his death came, with the information that he had left twenty-five thousand dollars for the little girl "who was kind to me."

The story will not suggest to any one the idea of showing kindness with any thought of a reward. We all know it does not work out that way. But the incident does show how appreciative many a sad and lonely heart may be of only a smile and a pleasant word. Truly our young people may all be rich in this coin, which passes current in every corner of this sinful world. Let us let people know that loving the Lord Jesus does us good, and fills our hearts with kindly thoughts for others. W. A. SPICER.

Items from the Field

CALIFORNIA has proved a fruitful field for our Young People's Societies. Twenty organizations have been perfected there, having in the aggregate a membership of over three hundred. The members have been very active in missionary work. During the first three months of this year, they spent \$141.94 in buying and distributing literature. Two young people's conventions were appointed in that State for the month of July. Extended reports will be given later.

A Young People's Convention was recently held at Cooper, Oklahoma Territory. There were over two hundred in attendance at this meeting, four churches being represented. The president of the Conference attended the meeting and assisted in the services. The program was prepared some time in advance of the convention, a committee consisting of one member from each church taking part. Important topics were considered relative to the work, and the meeting was pronounced a decided success.

A successful society has been organized in connection with Keene Academy. Miss Hattie Mosley writes: "Our first meeting was held February 7. We ordered our Membership Cards, and began with fifty members. A few have joined since, some have also gone away, and now since

school is out, our society is not so large as it has been. We sent one hundred copies of the *Life Boat* to Rusk, and one hundred copies to the State prison at Huntsville, and ordered five hundred for our members to sell. We take a club of twenty *Signs*, putting ten of them in the paper rack at the Cleburne station, and the other ten are sent to names, the member handing in the name corresponding with the person who receives the paper. We have also been sending two dollars each week to Brother Roderiguez, a worker in San Antonio. We take the programs for our meetings from the *INSTRUCTOR*, and like them real well. A large number of our members will be away through the summer, but we hope to keep the society alive, and next year when the students return, we hope that we can all take hold and work together. We pray God's blessings upon all Societies."

The Hope Villa, Louisiana, young people seem to have solved the problem of the proper relation of the older members of the church to the Young People's Society. The secretary writes: "The general interest is good. Parents, though not members, take a very active and encouraging interest." L. F. P.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Past and the Future

(August 9-15)

LET our closing study be a Bible reading based on the scriptures cited in the closing chapter of "Rise and Progress." That chapter is a survey of the rise of the message, and of the work accomplished by the Spirit of prophecy throughout the rise and progress of the movement. I would suggest that one member study this chapter, and by a Bible reading, and perhaps the reading of an extract now and then from the chapter, set forth the past and future of the work which this people were raised up to do.

Let some member read, as a scripture portion, Ps. 44:1-3; Rev. 7:1-4, 9-17.

As young people let us remember that all our opportunities, and mercies, and gifts cost something. Jesus gave his life to bring them to us. The pioneers in this work put all their strength and means into the blessed service of proclaiming the message. By the preaching of this definite message in its simplicity this work was built up. Now it is for us also to put our all of time and strength and means into the carrying of the same definite message to all the world; and in our day we are to see all that the early pioneers looked for—the glorious ending of the message in the coming of Jesus in the clouds of heaven. Let us live for nothing else, for no other object in life is worth striving for. Whatever our occupation, by life and lips let us tell the message that God has committed to this people. W. A. S.

From Dallas, Texas

As our Young People's Society is the second in the State, perhaps a report from us would help to encourage the young people in other places to start the same work. Our Society was organized Jan. 24, 1903, with a membership of eleven.

We meet alternately on Sabbaths with the church. Some have visited the jail every Sabbath afternoon, taking papers, holding a short service, and singing. The prisoners are interested, and several have expressed a desire to lead a better life.

Since our new election we have planned to meet every Tuesday evening. We expect soon now to be able to start mission Sabbath-schools in the city, and we hope that many souls may be saved through the efforts of our Society.

LENA RUST, Secretary.

CHILDREN'S

PAGE



Visiting

LET'S go a visiting, our thoughts to fancy given,
Not on the railroad, but 'way up through the
air,
Up where the pearly gates keep the way of
heaven,
Up where the "golden streets" and "many
mansions" are.

Take up the Bible, and turn to Revelation,
And you will see what John saw, in the upper
sky,—
The "gold" and "pearls" and "jasper," a won-
derful creation,
And only think, our eyes shall see its beauty
by and by!

I wish that we could stay forever up in glory,
For if we should be there a hundred thousand
years,
In all the many seasons we'd not hear a sorry
story,
Or see a single person whose face was wet
with tears.

Let's go a visiting, and rest up there in gladness,
And listen to the music of the "harpers" as
they sing;
Let's lie upon the River's bank, forget all earthly
sadness,
And see the flowers waving from the branches
where they cling.

Close by the "tree of life" I'd love to sit and
linger,
And look up at the blossoms to be plucked by
angel hands,
And gaze upon the fruit, that shall come to death-
less fingers,
And the far-reaching streets of gold, where
shining ones shall stand.

Oh, I wish that I could stay there forever and
forever,
Where sickness, pain, and wickedness never
trouble any more,
Where weariness is left behind, and heartache
cometh never;
I'd like to see life's crystal sea, and rest upon
its shore.

Well, we've enjoyed our heaven fancy visit,
Heard lovely music, that held no note of pain;
And it's not expensive, like an earthly journey,
is it?

Let's take our Bible often, and visit there again.
L. D. SANTEE.

A Pair of Doll's Shoes

CHARLIE ran into the house, upstairs, and then
down to the kitchen with his usual cry: "Where's
my ball? Anybody seen my ball?"

When he reached the kitchen, he stopped in
the middle of the floor; for there was Dorothy,
crying as if her heart would break. One small
foot was lifted to a chair, and her mother was
bathing the ankle with hot water, and something
that smelled like a drug store.

"What's the trouble? Leg-ache?"

"No, dear," his mother answered, "Dorothy
has sprained her ankle."

"Oh!" Charlie came nearer, and saw how it
was swollen.

"It's too—too bad!" sobbed Dorothy. "I
don't mind the ache so much, but—I can't—go
—for my—doll's shoes," and she covered her
eyes again with her tear-soaked handkerchief.

"Doll's shoes? Who cares?" Charlie asked.

"I do. They're given away for nothing at Ball
and Bailey's—and all the girls—"

"Huh! Ball an' Bailey wouldn't do it, would
they, mother?"

"Yes, *The Times* said so yesterday. It's to

advertise a certain sort of shoe polish. Yes, all
the little girls within the city limits are invited
to bring their dolls and have them fitted. Dorry's
Wilhelmina has never had a pair of nice shoes."

"Never!" wailed the little mother.

"I think it would be very nice if you, Charlie,
would take the doll up. Dorry's friends have
their own dollies, and they expect her to join
them out on the square to take a car."

Charlie's face had flushed to the roots of his
hair. "Me? Take Dorry's doll? Why mother,
what do you think I'm made of?"

Dorothy glanced up hopefully. "Don't you
remember, Charlie, how I stayed in and read to
you when you had the measles?"

"Huh! that wasn't hard; but—a boy with a
doll baby! None of the other fellows would.
The Stars wouldn't have me for captain another
minute."

"I'm sorry if the Stars have given up doing
kind things," said Mrs. Allen.

"O mother! you don't understand." Charlie
picked up his ball from behind the door, and went
out. He stood in the yard tossing it up, and
catching it in an aimless fashion. Two little girls
with dolls hurried by. He looked after them,
then turned and went in scowling, and kicking
the pebbles from the path.

"Look here," he said, throwing down his ball
with unnecessary force, "I'll have to jump into
my clothes if I go, an' mother, you'll have to
wrap up that doll baby so it'll look like a chicken
'r somethin'."

When Charlie came down, the lovely Wilhel-
mina Holland was tied up like a mummy, and he
caught it and dashed away, Dorry sending after
him a tremendous, "Be careful of her, won't
you?"

Longwood was a suburb of S—, and two miles
from Ball and Bailey's. When Charlie reached
the square, he found the "half-past car" ready
to start, and well filled with a laughing, chattering
crowd of little girls, each with a doll tenderly
clasped in her arms. "Where's Dorothy?" they
inquired, anxiously, as he swung himself to a
seat.

"Sprained her ankle this morning."

"Isn't that too bad!" exclaimed Mamie Brent,
Dorry's best friend. "Now she can't have any
—"

Katie Wells nudged Mamie and looked signifi-
cantly at Charlie's package. Mamie understood.

Then Katie whispered to the next little girl,
and very soon a dozen pair of bright eyes were
looking his way, and such a giggling and shrug-
ging of small shoulders followed as is seldom
seen in an electric car.

"Why don't you take her out of the paper?"
Mamie whispered, kindly. You're holding her
by the feet, and that isn't the right way."

"Don't you think you know a lot?" Charlie
returned, his face growing very red. Then he
turned quite away and watched the landscape.

As they left the car, Charlie was dismayed by
the crowd. There were nurse girls with babies
and dolls, mothers leading tiny tots and carrying
dolls, rich little mothers with dainty doll babies,
and poor little mothers with the merest wrecks,
whose pudgy feet no shoes would ever fit—all
eager to share in the free distribution. As the
crowd approached the door, they were obliged to
form in line, but Charlie had no idea of being
among the last. "It'll be time for the game be-

fore I get 'round if I do," he said to himself,
working his way toward the door, holding his
"chicken" carefully out of harm's way. With-
out pushing or jostling he held every inch he
gained.

"O, there's a boy!" he heard a tall girl ex-
claim, "and boys aren't invited."

"No, indeed!" her companion said.

"I guess Mr. Ball and Bailey will put him out
in a hurry."

Just in front of these girls was a little hunch-
back, with a scrap of a rag baby, and they looked
at her scornfully.

"You'll never get shoes to fit that thing, so
you better go home," said one, thoughtlessly.
"You're right in our way, too," added the other;
and then they crowded forward till the child was
forced out of line.

"No, you don't!" said Charlie, and with a
strong hand he drew the now sobbing child back
to her place, stepping in between her and the
girls.

"Isn't he horrid?" they whispered. "Boys
haven't any business here anyway—and with-
out a doll, too."

Then Charlie realized that they suspected what
was in his package; for they began to laugh and
call attention to it. But the captain of the Stars
help up his chin, and worked toward his "base"
without wavering. Reaching the "dolls' shoe
counter," he took off Wilhelmina's wrappings,
shook out her pretty muslin dress, and awaited his
turn.

"She's a beauty," said the smiling clerk; "your
sister's?"

"Yes'm, she sprained her ankle an' couldn't
come. But 'tend to her first."

"Her" was the little hunchback, whose head
hardly reached the counter.

"O, yes! but I don't believe"—and the clerk
bit her lip as she brought to view the shapeless
feet of the old rag doll.

After some whispering among the clerks, they
gave the poor little mother a doll with fluffy hair,
a red dress, and shoes! One glance of surprise,
a whispered "thank you," and it was Charlie's
turn.

"You see we knew there would be such cases,
so some of us bought a lot of cheap dolls to give
out, rather than see the poor things disappointed,"
the clerk explained, as she took Wilhelmina.
"I'm glad to see one boy," she continued. "We
didn't suppose there were so many dolls in the
city. I only hope there'll be shoes enough."

"How many did you have?" Charlie asked,
looking at the big boxes.

"We started with four thousand pairs. There!
I think your sister will call that a good fit," and
with another smile she handed back the doll, its
feet covered with a pair of shining kid boots.

When Charlie reached home, there was Dorry
watching beside the window, her bandaged foot
on a hassock.

"O, Charlie, aren't you good!" she cried, her
eyes shining as she examined the neatly fitted
boots. "They're just lovely!"

"Never mind," Charlie responded, running
upstairs for his "field suit." In a remarkably
short time he was on his way to the ball ground,
eating a cookie as he went. His mother did not
say one word when she gave it to him, but she
looked at him and smiled in a way that makes a
boy particularly happy.—*The Congregationalist*.

IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

The Builder

ONE who had toiled for God all day alone,
When evening came, sank wearily to rest,
And on her dreaming eyes a vision shone
To make all toiling blest.

Before her gaze rose up a temple gate,
Built of stainless marble, pure and bright,
Where thronging thousands met to praise, and
wait
Upon the Lord of light.

Aud music floated wondrous on the air,
And pillared aisles stretched toward the altar
high,
Glorious with carven shafts, and windows fair,
And exquisite tracery.

Down the long aisle her dreaming spirit trod,
Rapt in the radiant wonder of the place;
Musing: "How glorious is this house, O God!
Where men may seek thy face!"

"Blest are the hands that lifted up to thee
The soaring spire, the vaulted arches' spring;
Ah, that such gifts were given unto me
To offer to my King!"

"My feet alone in weary ways must plod;
My hands must do thy work 'mid grief and
blame;
But blessed are the hands that wrought, O
God!
This temple to thy name!"

Upon her dreaming ears the music fell
Of angel voices blent in chords divine;
"Blest are the hands that wrought? Thou sayest
well!
Daughter, the hands are thine!"

"Each deed which thou hast done in toiling love
Has laid a polished stone within its place,
Has raised a shaft, or swung the arch above,
Or carved the molding's grace.

"Each prayer that thou hast prayed through
weary years
Breathes in the organ's music, loud or low;
The rainbow splendor of thine olden tears
Shines where the windows glow."

The music floated down the aisle, and rose
Soaring among the vaulted arches high,
A sevenfold "Amen" in glorious close
Outpealing to the sky.

The toiler woke, as far the echoes died,
Kneeling with folded hands of speechless
prayer,
Like one who hears the blessing, satisfied,
Before the altar stair.

— Mabel Earle, in *C. E. World*.

Lessons from the Life of Daniel—VIII Success in Education

For three years the promising young men whom Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, selected to be trained for filling responsible positions, studied to acquire "the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans." "At the end of the days . . . appointed for bringing them in, . . . the king communed with them; and among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: therefore stood they before the king."

True success in any line is not the result of chance, of accident, or of destiny; it is the outworking of God's providence, the reward of faith and discretion, of virtue and persevering labor. In acquiring the wisdom of the Babylonians, Daniel and his three companions were far more successful than their fellow students, but their learning did not come by chance; they obtained knowledge by the faithful use of their powers, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

These youth placed themselves in connection with the Source of all wisdom. They made the knowledge of God the foundation of their education. Other young men had the same advantages, but they did not, like the faithful Hebrew

youth, bend all their energies to seek wisdom,—the knowledge of God as revealed in his word and works. They did not unite with these youth in searching the portion of the Old Testament then written, and making God's word their highest instructor.

In faith the Hebrew captives prayed for wisdom, and then lived out their own prayers. To this end they avoided everything that would weaken physical or mental power. At the same time, they improved every opportunity to become intelligent in all lines. They sought to acquire knowledge — to honor and glorify God. They in order to stand as representatives of the true religion amid the false religions of heathenism must have clearness of intellect, and a Christian character.

These youth determined to secure advanced education. They became skillful as well as religious knowledge. They studied science without being corrupted. They obtained a knowledge of the sciences by studying, also, the highest science — the science of salvation. They received light direct from the throne of God. The Lord himself was their teacher. The golden links of the chain of heaven were the finite with the Infinite. Constantly and conscientiously studying, keeping their hearts in touch with the Unseen, they walked in the light as Enoch.

The history of Daniel and his companions contains a lesson for us. Inspiration is "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Religious principle lies at the foundation of the highest education. If our education is not balanced by principle, they may prove the mental powers to the detriment, and may take all their attainments into the future life. There might become mighty men, if, like the Hebrews, they would learn of Christ, the greatest Teacher.

We would not prevent the young men from acquiring knowledge in literature, science, and art, but we would impress upon the mind the necessity of first obtaining a knowledge of his will, that the influence of God may direct every advancement in education.

Daniel placed himself in the light of God's only light, where he could converse with God in prayer. God co-operates with agencies who place themselves in the light. Increased light is constantly being given upon those who seek for truth. Those who do not choose to go into this channel meet with terrible results. Those who exalt the sciences above the knowledge of God will be ignorant when they think they are wise. Young men, young women, if you wish to be wise, give time to pray, can not give time to God, for self-examination and prayer will prove a hindrance to your learning will be defective. Education will prove a hindrance to your learning.

The lesson that the youth should learn, is the importance of having a heart to know God and to love him. The science of the salvation of the soul is the first lesson of life. Intellectual or scientific knowledge is to be made secondary to this. To know God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, is life eternal. MRS. E. G. WHITE.

A Neglected Treasure

FORTUNES have been spent and hundreds of lives sacrificed in the pursuit of some "buried treasure" that as likely as not never existed at all. But there is a treasure that, while of the greatest possible value to each human soul, is too often treated as of little value. A recent number of *The Youth's Companion* has the follow-

ing paragraphs concerning the alarming neglect of this treasure:—

It is a distinct and serious loss to the intellectual capital of our time that so few young men and women are familiar with the phraseology of the Bible. To say nothing of the ethical and spiritual misfortune, the decline in ability to appreciate or to use Biblical allusions makes literature poorer and less classic. How wide-spread the ignorance is, few except teachers realize. The following are collected from actual

THE FRIEND.

like the men who would not even stop to get a good drink till they had done the Lord's work. That is the kind of help that pleases the Lord, and it pleases your mama, too. That is cheerful, willing service.

The Lord planned the battle all Himself, and told Gid'e-on just how to do. He di-vi'ded the army into three com'pa-nies, and had them come very qui'et-ly up to the camp of the Mid'i-an-ites from dif'er-ent di-rec'tions.

They did not carry an'y-thing to fight with. Each man carried an empty pitcher, and in each pitcher was a lighted lamp. When Gid'e-on gave them a sign every one broke his pitcher and shouted, "The sword of the Lord, and of Gid'e-on."

The noise woke the Mid'i-an-ites from their sleep. They were so frightened by the shouting and the glare of the lights that they thought there was a very great army all around them. They ran in all di-rec'tions and were com-plete-ly destroyed. So the Lord gave His people a great vic'to-ry that night. They knew that so small an army could not fight with the Mid'i-an-ites without God's help, and they knew that God gave them the power to do it, for "power be-long'eth unto God."

QUESTIONS.—What does the Bible say about the army of the Midianites? Gideon's army was very small, but what did the Lord say about it? Who did He say should go home? Did many of them go? What did He still say about them? Where did He tell Gideon to lead them? How did nearly all of the men drink? What did the others do? Which did the Lord say should go with Gideon? Why did not the Lord wish the others to go? How do some little boys and girls do when they are asked to do some work? Who planned the battle? When they went to battle did they take anything to fight with? What did each man carry? What was in the pitcher? When Gideon gave them a sign what did they all do? Who gave them the victory? What is our memory verse?

SUGGESTIONS FOR HOME WORK.

Let the children il-lus-trate the lesson in the sand. Make a hill and on it the en-camp'ment of the Mid'i-an-ites, who were "like grass'hop-pers for mul'ti-tude." Make the tents of little squares of white paper. In the valley below make a little group of tents for Gid'e-on's three hundred.

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Her arms, their sure protection,
Can every ill beguile.

O, sweet, confiding spirit!
So little understood.
Loving, pure, and innocent,
Charming babyhood!

Dear baby, be my teacher,
And let me learn of thee
To trust my Heavenly Father,
As you confide in me.

PAULINE ALDERMAN.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VII—Gideon's Victory over the Midianites

(August 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Judges 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Rom. 8:31.

When Gideon's trumpet sounded the alarm of war, and his messengers went through Israel, a host of thirty-two thousand gathered to him out of the tribes. Though these were not nearly so many as their enemies, the Midianites, yet God saw that they were too many for him to work through. He could have worked with this large company, as he did at Jericho. But then they would most likely have thought, as did their fathers after the taking of Jericho, that the work was done by their own strength and numbers.

God told Gideon how to make his army smaller. Nearly three fourths of the people went back because they were faint-hearted. There were left only ten thousand who had enough trust in God to keep them from being afraid.

Perhaps Gideon's heart sank a little as he saw his army getting too small. But again the message came from God, "The people are yet too many." Verses 4-7 of our Lesson Scripture tell us what the next test was. Can you see how this trial would show who were likely to be faithful to God? Think of the circumstances. They had started out against the Midianites, who were waiting for them in the valley. At such a time, those who, when they came to water, went on their knees and devoted themselves to drinking, showed that they would make their own ease and comfort their first thought, and their God-given work would be put second. But the few who simply caught up a little water in their hands as they passed, and lapped it as they went on their way, showed that they would not leave the work of God to satisfy their own wants. These could be trusted anywhere, and would be sure to prove faithful.

Only three hundred left! What a handful to go against the Midianites, who were "like grasshoppers for multitude." Yes, but the noble three hundred, that little army of tried and faithful men, were far stronger than the mixed company of thirty-two thousand, some fearful, and some careless and lazy. God can do more with one faithful soul that trusts him fully than he can with a multitude of those who are half-hearted.

God kindly gave Gideon another sign, by letting him hear the Midianite's dream and its interpretation. It seemed strange to the Midianite that a little barley loaf should have power to knock down a large tent. He did not know that when the God of Israel works, he takes the "things which are despised," and even "things which are not, to bring to naught things that are."

When Gideon heard these words, all his own fears vanished, and he was strong for the battle. So God used the mouth of one of his enemies to give him a message of hope. Full of courage, he went back to the army, and said, "Arise, for God hath delivered into your hand the host of Midian."

Verses 16-20 tell of the preparation that Gideon made for the battle. Each of the three hundred men carried a trumpet in one hand, and in the other a flaming torch hidden in a pitcher. At a signal from Gideon, all the pitchers were broken, and the Midianites, awakened by the crash, saw by the light of the torches that their enemies were all around them. Thinking they were attacked by a great army, they fled in terror. In their confusion, they could not tell

their friends from their enemies, and they began to kill one another.

Hearing of the victory, those who had started home hurried back and joined in the chase. One hundred thousand were slain, among them the kings and princes. The Midianites never recovered from this crushing blow, and came no more to oppress or fight against Israel.

Questions

1. How many of the Israelites flocked to Gideon's standard? Did all these go with him to the battle? Why not? Why could not God work with this large army?
2. What was the first thing done to make the army smaller? Was this a new thing? Deut. 20:8.
3. How many faint hearts were there in Gideon's army? What is it that strengthens the heart? What, then, did this show?
4. How many were left when the fearful had gone home? Yet what did God say to Gideon about the number? Where were they taken to be tested? Tell what the trial was.
5. What did God say about the men that lapped? What about the others? How did this trial show the character of the people?
6. Where did God send Gideon? What did he hear that gave him courage? Why were the Midianites afraid of Gideon? When God is with us, what difference does it make how many may be against us?
7. What did Gideon say to his army? How did he prepare them for the battle? How did he arrange his men? What instructions did he give them?
8. What was the signal for the battle? What did the three hundred men then do? What was the effect on the Midianites? What did they do in their confusion?
9. Who now came and joined the three hundred men? How many Midianites were slain? Who were among the slain?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VII—The Unity of God

(August 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 4:1-10.

MEMORY VERSE: "But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one Spirit, even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all. But unto each one of us was the grace given according to the measure of the gift of Christ. Wherefore he saith, When he ascended on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. (Now this, he ascended, what is it but that he also descended into the lower parts of the earth? He that descended is the same also that ascended far above all the heavens, that he might fill all things.)—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. Because of the abundant salvation described in chapter 3, what does the apostle entreat God's children to do?
2. What graces mark the life of one, who walks worthy before the Lord? How will they regard one another?
3. How is the same experience described in Col. 1:10?
4. What will such Christians especially endeavor to do?
5. To what is the church likened in verse 4? How many bodies does the church represent?

What Spirit is manifested in the church? See also 1 Cor. 12:3, 4, 13.

6. What other characteristics of this church are mentioned?

7. What relation does the Father sustain to this body?

8. How is this same truth stated in Acts 17:27, 28?

9. What is given to every one of us? According to what measure? See note.

10. What scripture is quoted showing that he did this for every one of us? See note.

11. What did Christ do before he ascended to his Father's throne?

Notes

1. Although there is one God and Father of all, in whom we all live and move and have our being, it does not follow that all will be capable of occupying the same place, or doing the same work. We each have a different office to fulfil, and so grace is given to us according to the measure of the gift of Christ, without stint, but freely and fully, to fit us for the place we are to fill in God's great plan.

2. The gifts which were given to man at the ascension of Christ are mentioned in verse 11. Among the Romans the conqueror was usually followed in the triumphal procession by the conquered kings and generals, and sometimes other illustrious captives. This is probably the picture the apostle had in mind. Jesus ascended into heaven the conqueror, and he took with him a few captives as a kind of firstfruit of those that were delivered by his death and resurrection.

3. A beautiful thought is expressed in verses 9 and 10. Jesus, that he might know the experience of those whom he is not ashamed to call brethren, descended into the lowest depths of humanity's experience. He "made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name." And because of this he is able to sustain and comfort us in every temptation. "For we have not an high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." "For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."

Take Heed How Ye Build

WALKING down a busy street of a city, I saw a once large, handsome business house in ruins.

"What is the matter?" I asked a friend. "The walls have fallen, and I fancied that one of the strongest buildings in the city."

"It was strong," was the reply, "but the adjoining building fell, and pulled this down."

I looked on in silence; for strange feelings were disturbing the serenity of my spirit. Solemn questions were calling loudly to my spirit-ear, demanding recognition and reply.

Why need this beautiful, stately building have fallen? Such studied care had been taken in its erection! The watching eye of the skilled architect had carefully noted every detail. Yet it had fallen, and amid the debris a young life which, but a moment before, had been glad with beauty and rich with all the possibilities of the future, was ebbing fast away. What was the matter?

Only this: In building the adjoining wall, some other builder had not been careful, and, lo! a beautiful structure was lying in ruins, while a young life, so full of promise, was hurried into eternity, just because some one had blundered, or, perhaps, had not been careful. With solemn awe I whispered to my shrinking spirit, "No man liveth unto himself. Take heed how ye build." —*Epworth Herald.*



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A FEW steps only down the days
All plain the path before us lies;
Then mists and shades fold out the view,
And hide it from our anxious eyes.

Yet still we go — but not afraid,
As one who walks at night alone:
The mists will lift, the shadows flee;
God's sheltering love will guard his own.

And when, far forward on life's road,
The sun shines backward o'er the years,
A miracle I seem to see,—
Life's rainbow from life's tears!

WE are informed that the summer school at College View is having most encouraging success. A late letter from one of the instructors says: "I was never connected with a school where the Spirit of God was more manifestly shown than here. Our meetings are truly encouraging and refreshing. This morning we could not close our chapel exercises till nearly an hour after time. All the teachers expressed themselves as glad for the privilege of being here. We have an enrolment of fifty-nine."

"LEARN something from everybody," is a good rule. For there is no one, no matter how humble or how full of mistakes, from whom you can not learn some useful lesson, if you will. That does not mean to make other men's conduct your rule of life; but by comparing yourself, and the obstacles and difficulties you have to overcome, with similar experiences of those who have conquered them, you will gain courage for the conflict. Often, too, God has some little flower of sweetness of character hidden away from the eyes of the world like the violet in the depth of the wood, that will be a blessing to you, if you will but take time to read its lesson. Only the open eyes, looking out from a loving, sympathetic heart, will notice it at all, in its lowly surroundings. But such eyes and such a heart may be had by every one who truly desires to receive all the lessons that the Great Teacher would have him learn.

"The Heroism of a Private Life"

SUCH was the title of a stirring lecture given a few winters ago by one of America's "pulpit orators;" his hero, a poor lad who lived, a half century ago, in beautiful Venice, and who rose to greatness in spite of poverty and the many obstacles in his way. But I will not tell you the story of his life. The story I will tell is of a life that is being lived to-day—this beautiful, sunshiny day, when the whole earth seems glad, and the very air full of fine music.

Margaret Henry has lived for forty summers and winters in a little weather-beaten cottage out in the country. The cottage was new when her first cry was heard in it: but that was so long ago! Forty years have spent themselves on the little gray home,—forty springtimes, forty har-

vests,—bringing in their train the bright, brief days of her childhood, and a young girlhood of more than ordinary promise. "She has a wonderfully quick mind," said her teachers in the little country school she attended when she could be spared from home: "she should be given a thorough education."

But the family in the small cottage grew faster than did the profits from the forty-acre farm; and the oldest daughter must stay at home and care for the children, help her mother, and often even work in the field with her father and brothers in the busy season.

But Margaret had a brave soul. "Sometime—sometime," she would say to herself, over and over while at work, "sometime I shall have my chance, and I'll do my best to be ready for it."

She held to her resolution faithfully, and by improving every opportunity for self-improvement, obtained a common education. Now she taught in the district school, using her small salary to supply the home needs,—still longing for a deeper draught at the fount of knowledge, still hoping and longing for the day when her "sometime" would come to her; but always brave, always unselfish.

Years passed. Her sisters married; the boys had left home, and in a distant town were working their way bravely through school and college. Margaret was alone with her parents on the farm. She began to see a way now. But just at this time her mother was stricken down with an incurable disease. She might live many years, but she could never walk again, said the physician. She would be quite helpless, and need constant care. And Margaret, hearing this death sentence to her hopes, bravely put her dream away, and faced the future.

Five years flew by; her father lost his health,—there were two invalids to care for now. She felt old for twenty-five. Added to her indoor anxieties was the burden of managing the little farm, and the struggle to make both ends meet. Every thought, every energy, must be devoted to the present.

A decade more—ten summers, "with the length of ten long winters;" the tired father breathed his last, and was put to rest; but the mother's mind was so affected by disease that she hardly seemed to realize that he was dead. Her life was simply an existence; all memory was gone; she no longer knew the daughter whose loving care watched over her so constantly. The brothers to whom Margaret had looked for help were married, and each had his own interests to look after. To be sure, they visited her sometimes, and gave her a little money when they could; but not one of them came to her, and said, "You shall not have the burden of caring for the farm now; your life has been a hard one, and now you shall bear this burden no longer." It was during these years, however, that she had the opportunity to make a home of her own. Every inducement that love could devise was brought to her heart, by one who appreciated its depth of feeling and steadfastness of purpose—but brought in vain. No; God had set this work to fill her days. She would not prove unfaithful to the trust.

And so the last five years have passed—days, weeks, months of prosaic drudgery, unsweetened save by the blessed sense of duty done. On rare occasions Margaret comes to town with the products of the farm, and I never see the slight figure in its black drapery, and the pale face, lighted by a wonderful smile in the depths of the dark eyes, but she preaches a silent sermon to me. For such common, every-day heroism as this, "the world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells," but we know that "the Book of life the shining record tells."

"These be the heroes for whose victories won
No cities flame, or senates cry, 'Well done!'
But in that world where worth is always fame,
Divinest honors shall surround each name."

Remember

That the new series of lessons for the Young People's Societies will begin next week; and if you have not already done so, secure a copy of "Great Controversy" for reference and study. For the benefit of those who may not have read the notice last week, we give it again here:—

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 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 cheaper for each Society to order all the books they want at one time, and have them sent by freight.

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

Our Special Bible Offer

WE are pleased to note the interest manifested in our special Bible offer for new subscriptions for the INSTRUCTOR. Many are securing one of these excellent, self-pronouncing, combination teachers' Bibles with just the little effort required to secure only five new subscribers to the INSTRUCTOR. Some have secured only one or two new subscribers, and when sending their orders in have failed to add the price of the new subscription, seventy-five cents, to the amount required.

To help others who may be confused in the same way, we offer the following explanation:—

The price of one new yearly subscription (75 cents) is to be added to \$2.10, which equals \$2.85, the full amount to be sent for one new subscription and the Bible.

The price of two new yearly subscriptions (\$1.50) is to be added to \$1.75, which equals \$3.25, the full amount to be sent for two new subscriptions and the Bible.

The price of three new yearly subscriptions (\$2.25) is to be added to \$1.40, which equals \$3.65, the full amount to be sent for three new subscriptions and the Bible.

The price of four new yearly subscriptions (\$3) is to be added to 70 cents, which equals \$3.70, the full amount to be sent for four new yearly subscriptions and the Bible.

The price of five new yearly subscriptions (\$3.75) is the full amount to be sent for five new subscriptions and the Bible.

All orders for the INSTRUCTOR in connection with this offer should be sent direct to the Review and Herald Publishing Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.

D. W. REAVIS.

THE annual calendar of Walla Walla College is now ready, and may be obtained by addressing Walla Walla College, College Place, Washington.