

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH



A Trip Through Egypt—II The Environs of Cairo

A visit to Materieh is both interesting and instructive. The village is situated on the site of the ancient city of Heliopolis, or On, the headquarters of an important priestly order, one of the members of which we read in Genesis as having given his daughter in marriage to Joseph (see Gen. 41:45). The railway from Cairo traverses a portion of the perfectly level pasture of the upper delta anciently known as the "Land of Goshen." Taking a donkey at the station, we are led for half a mile through a rich farming district, when we reach a large garden which contains the famous "Virgin's tree," a large sycamore, under which the Virgin Mary and her child are said to have rested after the flight into Egypt. The trunk and branches of the tree are covered with "inscriptions," few of which, however, are dated earlier than the nineteenth century.

Near this tree is a red granite obelisk, about seventy feet high, which was brought from Assuan. It is the oldest obelisk in existence, dating from the twelfth century.

Near Materieh is a large ostrich farm, where nearly a thousand birds are kept. The beautiful birds are in fine condition, and a large annual harvest of feathers is reaped. A large plume is worth about five dollars.

Returning to Cairo, we at once arrange for a moonlight visit to the small petrified forest. Starting at about five o'clock, we make our way past the citadel, arriving about sunset at the summit of the Mottokam mountain. Here we pause to admire the magnificent view. The spectacle of an Egyptian sunset is one of the sublimest the writer has ever witnessed. As the sun sinks behind the desert hills, the golden zone next the horizon fades rapidly through the most exquisite shades of pink, violet, and purple, settling finally into a deep blue, from whose fathomless depths the stars shine out with a subdued yet brilliant splendor. As the full moon rises over this scene, the charm increases. From Helwan to the barrage the country is spread out before us like a

map. At our feet lies Cairo, glittering with ten thousand lights. Up from the south comes the Nile in a broad, dark band, and, sweeping past the city, breaks up into a dozen waving ribbons of shimmering, silvery light as it winds in and out among the isles and palm-trees of the upper delta. Beyond are the massive profiles of the Pyramids, standing like mighty sentinels of the desert against the advance of the moonlight, casting their deep purple shadows, like a protecting arm stretched backward far out over the white glare of the sand. It is with difficulty that we break away from this imposing and fascinating spectacle, but at length we move on.

The road now leads over a desert abounding in precipitous rocks and little steep-walled canons. The intense whiteness of the boulders, in the brilliant moonlight sharply contrasting with their inky shadows, produces a weird, almost supernatural effect, and the distant howl of a famished jackal or hyena does not tend to allay the creepy feeling which is very likely to attack the nervous traveler.

The "petrified forest" is a narrow plain, strewn with the fallen branches and trunks of great trees, all turned to solid stone by the action of the desert climate. It is not supposed that these trees grew here, but that they were bodily transplanted to this locality by some upheaval of nature. Many interesting fossils have been found here, such as petrified fish, insects, various kinds of fruits, etc. A much larger forest of a similar nature farther on in the desert is said to contain many of these interesting specimens as yet untouched.

There are many other interesting places around Cairo, especially the fine botanical gardens of Ezbekieh and Gizeh, where the rarest tropical plants can be seen flourishing in all their native vigor. Helwan, with its far-famed mineral springs and bracing desert climate, is worthy of a visit, also the great barrage, or dam, south of Cairo, and the beautiful gardens near it, — Cairo's favorite picnic grounds; but we are too anxious to see the antiquities, the real attraction of Egypt, to give these more than a passing glance; so we retire, with great expectations for the morrow.

GLEN WAKEHAM.

"NATURE reveals the power, existence, goodness, and wisdom of God, but does not reveal God himself."



THE KASR EL NIL BRIDGE, CAIRO. THE SECTION SHOWN IS OPEN TO ALLOW SHIPS TO PASS

Rambles in Bermuda—III St. George's

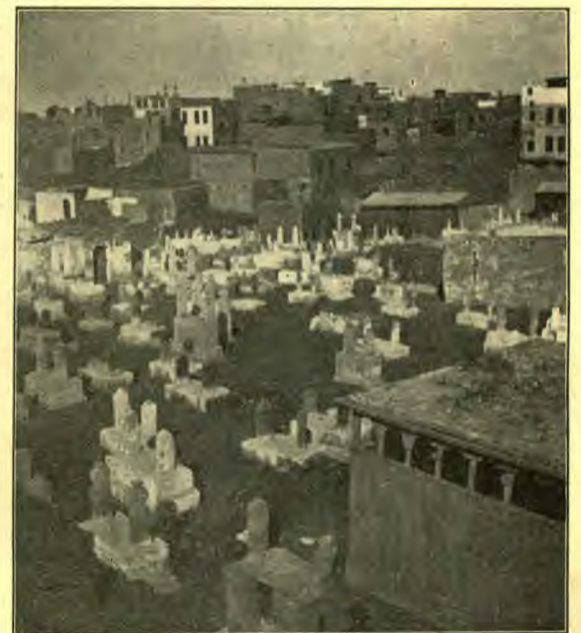
I HAD heard much of St. George's and its peculiarities before I had time to explore it for myself, and my curiosity was fully aroused; so it was with pleasure that I accepted an invitation to spend the Easter holidays there at the home of a friend.

I rode down from Hamilton on my bicycle along the North Shore road, passing the governor's residence on Mt. Langton, and here and there a tiny village like Devonshire Dock, Crawl Point, The Flatts, and Barley Bay. The road is everywhere very near the ocean,—so near that it is dashed in many places by the salt spray. The constantly changing hues of the water, now a bright sapphire blue, now shading into reds and purples under the setting sun, present a picture that, if seen in an artist's studio, would be at once declared untrue to life. The coloring is so vivid—the blue so intensely blue, the white so white!

"The Flatts" is a collection of houses near the outlet of Harrington Sound to the Ocean. A post-office, a grocery, and a bicycle shop, with one or two hotels for the accommodation of winter guests, form the business part of the little village.

The road leads past Shelley Bay, named from Captain Shelley; Bailey's Bay, a beautiful little inundation where the path hugs close to the water's edge, and down to the causeway connecting St. George's Island with the Great Bermuda. The causeway is two miles long, divided into two sections by Bird Island. It was once built of solid masonry, but the severe storm of September, 1899, one of the most disastrous that has ever visited the islands, destroyed it, the great waves heaping the masses of sandstone one on another like children's toy blocks. In rebuilding, it was decided to leave free passage to the water by supporting the roadway on piers and arches.

My first trip to St. George's was taken before the storm, and was uneventful. After the storm I rode down again on my bicycle, intending to take the



MOHAMMEDAN CEMETERY IN THE SUBURBS OF CAIRO

ferry that had been established to accommodate travel until the causeway could be rebuilt. Just as I reached the ruined causeway, I saw the ferry-boat leaving the landing several rods away. It was Sunday, and the trip was made once in three hours. I had promised to attend church with my friend in St. George's at eleven o'clock, and it was now ten. I looked at the causeway, and saw that a narrow plank bridge about a foot wide had been laid for the convenience of the workmen. Two men were coming toward me, and in desperation I decided that what others had done I could do. My wheel was in the way; but I picked it up and started.

It took some courage to keep on, when I looked down at the waters swirling against the piers; but I had gone the distance of three arches when the two men, soldiers of the garrison, passed me, also carrying their bicycles. I noticed that they looked at me rather strangely, but attributed their manner to a man's natural surprise at seeing a woman carrying a bicycle over a footpath in mid-ocean. I had gone but a few steps, however, when I heard a voice behind me, and, turning, saw one of the soldiers approaching. He told me that there was a strong wind blowing, and that it was with the greatest difficulty they had gotten across. In fact, more than one person had fallen in that morning, and he would not think of attempting to cross again. He begged me to turn back, and let him look up a boat that could take me to the still unharmed part of the causeway. It was an hour's work to find an old negro who had a boat and time to spare; but I was glad enough to take him at any price.

I did not attend church that day, however. Before leaving Bermuda, I had the privilege of riding over the new causeway.

After reaching the Island of St. George's, the road winds in and out, curving along the water's edge, skirting the hillside with a fringe of houses on either side. The houses are quaint and old-fashioned, and in the town itself are built closely, one upon another in Spanish style. St. George's is said to be Spanish in appearance. It nestles at the foot of a range of hills bordering the ocean and has one of the finest harbors in the islands. Castle Harbor was once the stopping place of all vessels that visited Bermuda. At present it harbors a few coal-barges and merchantmen.

To a stranger the most noticeable feature of the town is the narrowness of the streets. In some of them two persons in the center, holding hands, can easily touch the houses on either side. Many are not only narrow but crooked as well.

On one of the principal streets is an old church that appeals to one in search of antiquities. Services have been held in it for nearly four hundred years. One may see there a silver goblet presented by the Company in 1626 and an entire silver service presented by William and Mary in 1693. Along the walls are marble slabs with curious epitaphs, inscribed to former governors and great ladies. The following inscription on a tablet in honor of one Governor Papple, as nearly as possible an exact reproduction in arrangement, spelling, and capitalization, is an example of these epitaphs:—

"Died at Bermuda, Nov. 17, 1744,

In the 46th Year of his Age,

After Nine Days Illness of a Bilious fever,

The Good Governor,

Alured Papple, Esq.

During the Course of his Administration,
Which to the inconsolable Grief of the In-
habitants

Continued but Six Years,

Of the many Strangers who resorted
hither

The observing easily discovered in Him

Under the graceful Veil of Modesty

An Understanding and Abilities equal

To a more important Trust.

The Gay and Polite were Charmed with the
Elegance and amiable, unaffected Simplicity of
his manners,

And all were char'd

By his Hospitality and diffusive Benevolence

Which steadily flowed, and Undisturbed

From the Heart,

To praise according to his Merit

The deceased

Would be but too sensible a Reproach

To the Living;

And to enumerate the many rare Virtues

Which have united in the Governor

of that little Spot

Were to tell how many great Talents,

And Excellent Endowments, are

Wanting in Some,

Whom the Capriciousness of Fortune

Exposes

In a more elevated and Conspicuous

Station.

In the churchyard are other epitaphs quite as curious. In Bermuda the dead are buried, not in graves, but in tombs; and one raised slab or stone or marble marks the resting-place of an entire family. In the Public Gardens there is a tablet erected to the memory of Sir George Somers, whose heart was buried in that place, though his body received interment in England.

The Public Gardens are exceedingly interesting from the variety of tropical and semi-tropical trees and shrubs gathered there. Different varieties of palms—the date palm, sago palm, cabbage palm, the monkey tree and the bamboo, are among some of the most interesting.

St. George's, like Hamilton, is surrounded by forts. Fort George is on a hill overlooking the city, and is a fine look-out station. The garrison is not so large as that at Hamilton, and the soldier's barracks are nearer the town.

There can be few sights in the world more beautiful than the view of Castle Harbor from Fort George,—the bay of Naples, to which it is often compared, included.

Opposite the town is the Island of St. David's, where the smaller of the two lighthouses is situated. This, with Castle Island and the other islands inclosing the harbor, will furnish material for another chapter. WINIFRED M. PEEBLES.

The Power of Sin

I ONCE read of an artist who wished to portray his ideal of innocence and purity. To secure a model he searched a long time among thousands of people in a great city, and finally found a beautiful little boy, whose innocent face was just what he desired. Years afterward he conceived the idea of painting the picture of a fiend. He searched the slums among thieves, murderers, and thugs, and finally found a desperate character, foul and depraved beyond description—just the model he needed. He painted him, and then discovered that in both instances he had painted the same person. Once an innocent child, the pride of a mother's fond heart,—a child who might have grown up a noble man, and filled a place of honor and usefulness, the youth allowed his feet to stray into wrong paths, and chose the pleasures of sin. Yielding to its power, he was changed from an innocent boy into a savage vagabond, feared and shunned by all.

Sin is a terrible deceiver. It promises much, but gives nothing but trouble, sorrow and disgrace. None are able of themselves to withstand its seductive power. It lures its followers on, step by step, until they are completely under its control. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." These words reveal the steps by which many have been betrayed into sin. First they walked down that way, to see, perhaps to gratify a vain curi-

osity. Next time it did not seem so bad, and they stood and viewed the scene, only later perhaps to sit down in the haunts of sin.

Beware of the first step in transgression. King Saul was chosen by the Lord, and by special direction was anointed by the prophet for his work. Then the Lord gave him a new heart, changed him into another man. But he was not loyal and true. He permitted himself to take the first step into disobedience, and in a while we see him seeking the counsel of the witch at Endor, holding converse with fallen angels. What a sight for heaven to behold! Yet it was only the logical sequel of transgression. Demas was a follower of Christ at one time, and numbered among Paul's fellow laborers. But he clung to some wrong thing. The love of the world crept into his heart, and he forsook the work; he turned traitor to his Lord. So with Judas. He had great natural ability, but he was covetous, and step by step he was led on until he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver, and died a self-murderer.

How good it is to know that Jesus knows how to deliver us from sin, and will cleanse us, and keep us from falling if we are only willing. None need be overcome. His keeping power is free to all.

G. B. THOMPSON.

The Angel of Patience

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance.
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"
—Whittier.

Things People Ought to Know

THAT a quiet voice, courtesy, and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlewoman.

That roughness, blustering and even fool-hardiness, are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.

That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.

That the best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.—Selected.

COMING to Jesus is the desire of the heart after him. It is to feel our sin and misery, and to believe that he is willing and able to pardon, comfort and keep us; to ask him to help us and to trust him as a friend. To have the same feelings and desires as if he were visibly present, and we came and implored him to bless us, is to come to him, though we do not see his face nor hear his voice. The penitent's desire for pardon, his prayer, "Lord, save me; I perish,"—this is coming to him.—Newman Hall.



THE HOME CIRCLE

In the Books

AN idle word, at random dropped,
I fain would call it back;
But it is gone, and others, swift,
Still follow on its track.
O Angel with the pen of fire!
How many idle words
Have been set down against my name,
Thy book of truth records,

And angry words, a bitter train,
And unkind, sinful, vain,—
How black the list grows as I gaze,
How filled my heart with pain!
The angel's eyes are sad to know
The record he must keep—
Nothing left out—a fearful list
With which my God to meet!

O Heavenly Father! For his sake
Who loved humanity,
My sinful words, my every act
Of dark iniquity,
Blot from thy books! and in their place
Write "Pardoned," O my God!
So shall I know, not guilt but grace,
Saved by his precious blood.

LUCINA MOON.

Flower-Growing for Young People (Concluded)

WHEN the bulbs arrive, plant them as soon as possible. In the bottom of each can or pot, place an inch layer of the drainage material collected, and over this put a covering of excelsior, leaves, or moss to hold up the potting soil. The five- and six-inch pots (measuring across the tops), also the quart tin cans, should usually be well drained; but the smaller pots and cans will not need it, as the moisture dries from them so rapidly that enough water can not remain in the soil at any time to harm the bulbs.

The pointed, conical end of a bulb is the top; and the flat end, with "wart" projections, the roots to be, is the bottom. Always plant the bottom end down, and have a good, roomy space between it and the drainage material. Usually the top should come about even with the rim of the dish. Fill in around it with soil, and water very thoroughly. As the soil settles, add more until the dish is full.

As stated before, these bulbs must be set away in the dark for several weeks, to form roots; if one has a cellar, it will usually be just the place in which to store them, provided it is not inhabited by mice. Rodents are very fond of bulbs, and they should be outwitted. A large wooden box, with a shelf in it, may be fastened to the ceiling; or the bulbs may be set away in closets and cupboards in the living rooms, which are dark and cool and have plenty of air. Don't place the bulbs too near the fire, as this will cause them to start into growth too quickly.

Bulbs differ so in size that one can not tell exactly how to plant them. Generally, however, those as large as hyacinths may be set one in a three- or four-inch pot or pint tin can, or three in a six-inch pot. Daffodils, narcissus, and tulips may be set three in a four- or five-inch pot or one in a three-inch receptacle. One bulb of the large-sized crocuses may also be put in a three-inch pot, while extra large bulbs of hyacinth and narcissus may need to be planted in nothing smaller than a five-inch dish. In planting, always consider the depth of a receptacle rather than its width.

The Chinese sacred lily, one of the most beautiful and interesting of plants, should be given

a six-inch pot or gallon pail if it is grown in soil, which is the most satisfactory element in which to cultivate this lily, especially if one is planning to sell the bulbs when in flower. However, it is an interesting sight to witness a thrifty, blooming plant richly feeding on water and pebbles, and apparently enjoying it. As this is the way the sacred lily of China is generally grown, I will give that method of culture for those who wish to grow it in water.

Remove all the rough, brown covering from the bulb, and pare away the old roots, detaching all the smaller bulbs but two or three. Select a glass dish that will hold the bulb comfortably, and fill it with pieces of charcoal, pretty pebbles, or shells. Place the bulbs on these securely—two or three large stones may be used if preferred—so that the base comes about even with the rim of the dish. Fill with water and set away in a cool, semi-dark place, until growth begins, which will generally be within eight days.

After the leaves show, give a good light and replenish the water frequently. It may be necessary to pour all the old water off, every week, substituting new. The Chinese lily often comes into flower within one month from the time of planting, so it is not a difficult matter to decorate the Thanksgiving and Christmas tables with the fragrant, waxen beauties. Successive plantings should be made throughout the fall, in order to have a continuous display of the flowers.

Hyacinths and other bulbs that require to be set in the dark after planting, should be examined frequently, and watered well if dry. The usual rule is, not to bring a bulb up to the living rooms until the tips show well above the soil; and while one should ordinarily follow this advice, it is sometimes necessary to bring many of them up to the light and warmth before the leaves show, especially if they are wanted to flower for any particular day.

Try to have a box or cupboard, in one of the living rooms, that will not be too near the fire and in moderate light, and in this put each pot of bulbs as it comes up from the cellar. In such a convenience the green shoots will soon appear, and when the buds begin to show, the bulbs may be placed in the window to blossom.

This window should preferably face west or north, as the flowers will last much longer and be much better in a practically sunless window than in a place where the excessive light and warmth make quick work of the blossoms. Therefore, in the beginning, plan for a cool, even temperature for your bulbs, and you will not be disappointed with the results. Keep the soil well moistened, after the buds begin to grow, and if no nutritive elements were added to the soil in the first place, it would be well to procure a package of plant food, and work some of it into the soil, as directed on the package. Generally, however, this will not need to be done.

If some of the hyacinths show a tendency to come into bloom before the flower stem has had a chance to grow up out of the neck of the bulb, make a small funnel out of a piece of writing-paper, cut it down to the right length, and slip it between the leaves and undeveloped flower spike or over the whole plant. This will cause the stem to grow up higher and blossom as it ought. However, this will not need to be done if one is careful not to bring the bulbs from the dark too soon, or put them in the warm window directly after bringing them from the cellar.

After New-Year's the growth of the bulbs will be more rapid, and the windows may be kept full of them, in all stages of development.

Of course, all things considered, the first year

may not be a complete success; but the second year there will be a decided gain, and in time any boy or girl ought to make a little money by carrying on this branch of flower-growing. Bulbs that are planted in tin cans may be dressed in crape paper and baby ribbon, which will add much to their appearance, and contribute to their value in the eyes of the purchaser.

The prevailing custom of sending flowering plants to the sick or poor is one that should be encouraged; but often, in many communities, there are no plants to send. For weddings, funerals, receptions, and other functions, cut flowers are always in demand, and often it is difficult to secure enough blossoms to go around.

Flower growing "pays" in more way than one. Is it worth your attention, boys and girls?

BENJAMIN B. KEECH.

Famous Grape-Vines

WHEREVER the fame of Santa Barbara has gone, that of her big grape-vine has likewise spread. The *Scientific American* gives an interesting account of this famous vine, as well as of some others as remarkable, if not so widely known:—

There was many a pang of regret when, in the Centennial year, it was known that the old landmark in the Montecito Valley was to be cut down and a portion of it removed to the exposition at Philadelphia; but it was whispered that relentless Age, who is no respecter of grape-vines, was beginning to impair its vitality, and that the inevitable was only hastened a little by the intervention of man.

No record was kept of the time of planting, but from events connected with the family upon whose grounds it grew, it was believed to be seventy-five or one hundred years old. The measurement of its trunk is given as three feet ten inches in circumference, and the arbor about seventy-five feet square. Its death was believed to be premature, the result of changing the course of a small stream that had flowed near its roots.

But another vine near by, a cutting from the original, had attained to nearly this size, so Santa Barbara could still boast of having "the biggest grape-vine in the world." In 1899 this vine succumbed to a disease of the roots, perhaps invited by age, and its body now rests in the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce. Its irregular trunk attained a girth of four feet four inches at eighteen inches above the ground, and five feet seven inches at forty-two inches, and its maximum yield was four tons in a season. It was believed to be seventy-five years old.

In the Carpenteria Valley, a few miles farther from the city, a third vine surpassed both of the others in size. It was planted in 1842 by Joaquin Lugo de Ayala, and has therefore recently completed its threescore years. The first election in Santa Barbara County under American rule was held beneath its ample shade. This latest candidate for the world's record is double from the surface of the ground up; the two parts are knit together in a David-and-Jonathan-like embrace, to a height of about five feet seven inches, where they separate into large branches, the largest having a circumference of three feet. Six inches above the ground, the vine measures eight feet five and one half inches in circumference, and it covers an area one hundred and fifteen feet square (the whole back yard), sixty posts supporting the framework. The owner says that, were provision made, it would spread over a greater surface, but it is pruned every year. Fabulous tales are told of the grapes this vine produces. That it did actually yield ten tons in a recent season seems to be authentic.



Prayer

SOMETIME, between the dawn and dark,
Go thou, O friend, apart,
That a cool drop of heaven's dew
May fall into thy heart.

Thus with a spirit soothed and cured
Of restlessness and pain,
Thou mayest, nerved with force divine,
Take up thy work again.

—Anon.

Notes From the Field

THERE are two active Societies of young people in San Francisco. At the Laguna Street church, young people's meetings are held each Sabbath after the regular morning service, and the young people assemble in large numbers for a pleasant and profitable three-quarters of an hour. The young people of the Valencia Street church also hold interesting meetings. The members of this Society used three thousand copies of the *Life Boat* during the last month.

Children can do very effective missionary work. In one of the cities on the Pacific Coast, a lad of thirteen and his sister aged ten, sold from house to house about nine hundred papers in six weeks. The proceeds from these sales were used for charitable and missionary purposes.

The Young People's Society of the Los Angeles, California, church, has forty members. They have recently undertaken the financial support of a young man, enabling him to receive an education in the Avondale School, Australia. The Secretary writes: "Our plan for doing this was suggested by Elder Gates while he was here after the General Conference. He thought that we could sell papers, and donate the proceeds from the sales to the support of this young man. Our Society has taken up this work with real zeal and earnestness. Even little children sell the papers, and tell the people about the young man we are educating for a missionary. Often they receive donations to this fund from different persons. Our young people here are beginning to realize the real object and purpose of their organization, and are starting in to work with great interest."

A few of the Societies are interesting themselves in the circulation of literature especially directed against the evils of tobacco-using. Elder H. F. Phelps, one of the pioneers in our work, is the editor of a paper and leaflet each entitled "Save the Boys." Our young people can do a good work by securing subscribers to this paper, or by selling the leaflet and paper. Address orders and requests for sample copies to H. F. Phelps, 18 West Minnehaha Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn.

L. F. P.

Young People's Conference at the Indiana Camp-Meeting

THURSDAY, August 6, was set apart for the Young People's work at the Peru camp-meeting. The forenoon session was devoted to the Young People's Societies, and the afternoon and evening to the educational work.

I wish to speak especially of the young people's part in the work of the day. Fathers and mothers and others in the congregation who have not before been keeping pace with the Young People's work, listened attentively while the various phases of the movement were presented and discussed by the young people themselves.

The plan and aim of the organization, the needs

of our young people, and the various lines of missionary work in which they can engage, were set forth as fully as the time would permit. Many realized for the first time that there is indeed a definite call to our young people to have a definite part in preparing the way for the soon-coming Saviour, and that "the movement truly is of God at this time, and to meet the call of the hour."

A very practical demonstration of what the young people can do was shown in their work of distributing tracts. The city was districted, and companies formed, who went out in twos, carrying to each home a package of the late tracts. Many of these were sold, and many people interested. One company reported sixteen families in their territory desirous of knowing more of the truth. Through their efforts nearly every home in the city was reached. Only the judgment will reveal the results of the work begun at this meeting.

As our young people consecrate their lives to the service of God, and go forth to work for the salvation of souls, they have the assurance that "they are co-workers with the angels; rather, they are the human agencies through whom the angels accomplish their mission. Angels speak through their voices, and work by their hands. And the human workers, co-operating with heavenly agencies, have the benefit of their education and experience. As a means of education, what "university course" can equal this?"

"With such an army of workers as our youth rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the world! How soon might the end come,—the end of suffering and sorrow and sin?"

MRS. R. W. McMAHAN.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Supreme Cost of Life

SCRIPTURE LESSON:—

A divine paradox. Matt. 16:24-26; Rom. 8:13.
Paul's death struggle from the truth. Romans 7: and 8:1-14.

Death is the road to life. Col. 3:1-5, 9, 10;
John 12:24, 25.

PARALLEL READING:—

"Great Controversy," Chapter Six.

Lesson Notes

Muss was the first "great sacrifice in the long struggle by which liberty of conscience was to be secured;" and Jerome soon followed him to the ordeal by fire. Our hearts burn within us as we read the thrilling story, and we rejoice that the religion of Jesus Christ has the power in it which enables those who *know him* to lay down their lives for him.

The questions will arise in many hearts, "How would I stand such a test?" "Will I be called upon to give my life as did the martyrs of old?" As we see the storm gathering for the last great conflict, do our hearts fail us as we think of what may come to try the genuineness of our experience? The glorious triumph of these noble men, even in the hour of death, should be a cheering inspiration to us.

But let us not spend our precious moments in idle speculation over what may come to us in the form of outward persecution. The inward secret struggle, the crucifixion of this body of sin, the daily death which all must die, is of vital importance just now. Have you experienced the refining fire? Have you been nailed to the cross? Is the old man of sin put out of the way? If so, death has lost his terrors, and you have experienced the only sure preparation for outward persecution.

A martyr's fate is before all who would enter into life. Jesus purchased our life on the cross, and opened a way of salvation for us; but that

way leads us to the cross where we must die. The Saviour's great struggle with sin was in the daily battle with temptation. He mortified the deeds of the body; he kept the tendencies of the flesh under control; and his daily victory over sin was an unfailing preparation for the crucifixion.

To-day is the great searching, testing time for those who will be translated. The crisis of the ages is upon us. Soon the winds of strife and trouble will be let loose, and the material with which we have builded will be revealed. The old man of sin will not stand the test. If he has been put away, that new man will bear off a glorious victory. When the supreme trial comes, we will do "as aforesaid." Daniel's three friends had walked with Jesus long before he walked with them through the fiery furnace.

The Reformation of which we are now reading was brought about by men who had died to self, having conquered sin and fear; and so in the last great reformation the men who under God erect the standard of truth, and carry the burden of the Prince of Life over the last rampart of the enemy will be men who have died to sin and conquered the foe in private battle, before the day of open conflict.

To the Leader

May the dear Lord greatly bless your Society in the study of this lesson. As far as possible direct every feature of your program toward the central thought of these lessons on the Reformation. The world's greatest Reformation is now overdue. Stalwart characters are required for the work. To-day those characters are being formed. In some way—by prayer, by study, and with the blessing of God—give vital power to these truths, and make them ring with the true spirit of our times.

Wolf Lake, Indiana

THE Willing Workers of the Young People's Society of Wolf Lake, Indiana, meet each Thursday at the home of some sister or neighbor, who needs help in her sewing. Viola Graham, the assistant secretary, writes that this work is much appreciated. The spiritual interest in the Society is good. The members find pleasure in this work for the Lord, and nearly all take part in the prayer service at the close of their work each week.

Seattle, Washington

ON August 1, we were pleased to have with us Brother Sadler, of San Francisco, who took charge of the meeting for an hour, giving us some helpful thoughts concerning work for the Master. The principal points he sought to bring out were how Paul, Moses, and many of our forefathers started out in the work while very young, and that we as young people professing Christ should begin work for his cause, even if it is but in little things.

The meeting closed by singing "Not a Wasted Moment."
L. BLIWIN.

MISS BIRDIE CRUZAN writes that the Young People's Society of Joplin, Missouri, is doing nicely. They have just completed twenty-eight garments for the Nyassaland Mission. We shall look for an early report from this Society.

THE United States has a law that battleships of the first class shall be named for States, and as there are at present only six States for which such ships have not been named, and these six will soon be given out, the government will presently find itself in the queer plight of having used up all its available names for this class of vessels! No doubt, however, some way will be found out of the difficulty, and the work of building more and larger battleships will go merrily on.

• • CHILDREN'S • • PAGE • •

Lester's New Game

LESTER was a dear obedient little boy usually; but he did not like having his face washed. To be seized and held firmly while soapy water crept into his eyes and made them smart, and up into his nose and made him sneeze, and then after his face was washed the scrubbing of the chubby hands that were never idle and always needing cleaning followed. It seemed unnecessary and useless to the little fellow, and many a lusty protest was heard during the ordeal.

One happy day Lester's aunt came to make a visit at their home, and loving little boys and this especial one very dearly, she volunteered her services.

Lester went into the bathroom with aunty rather reluctantly. He felt that he must be good with aunty, but how he did hate to have his face washed!

"Now," said his aunt, when they were alone, "we are going to play a new game."

"Play a game to wash your face!" said the child. "How can you?"

"Well, we will play this face is a little house that we are going to clean. We won't hurry about it, because if we hurry, sometimes the soapy water gets into the cracks of the house, and makes the house cry."

"That is funny. A house crying," said Lester, already amused.

"Well, first we will wash the roof of the house," and the wash-cloth was passed lovingly over the little forehead. "Now the side of the house," and the rosy cheeks were rubbed.

"The two windows in the front of this house are dirty. Please draw down the curtains tight while I clean them," and Lester obediently shut his eyes, until aunty cried out:—

"Now the windows are clean! Just see how bright they are! It is the chimney now that we must see to," she continued, and the little pug nose came in for its share of attention.

"Next is a little door, where lots of things pass in through, and sometimes part of it sticks on the door. We will wash that clean so that it will be sweet enough to kiss."

"Isn't that funny?" said the little boy. "Kissing a door!"

"Well, now the door is clean, I am going to taste the kisses. Aren't they sweet?" said aunty. "Now we go down cellar and see that it is cleaned nicely," and the little man held his chin up while the little throat and neck were washed.

"Last of all come the telephones."

"Telephones, where are they?" cried the child, with a little wriggle of delight.

"Right here, dear," and the golden curls were lifted, and the pink ears washed without the usual outcry.

"Just one thing more, and my little man is ready for breakfast. These little shovels must be cleaned so they can pass the breakfast to the

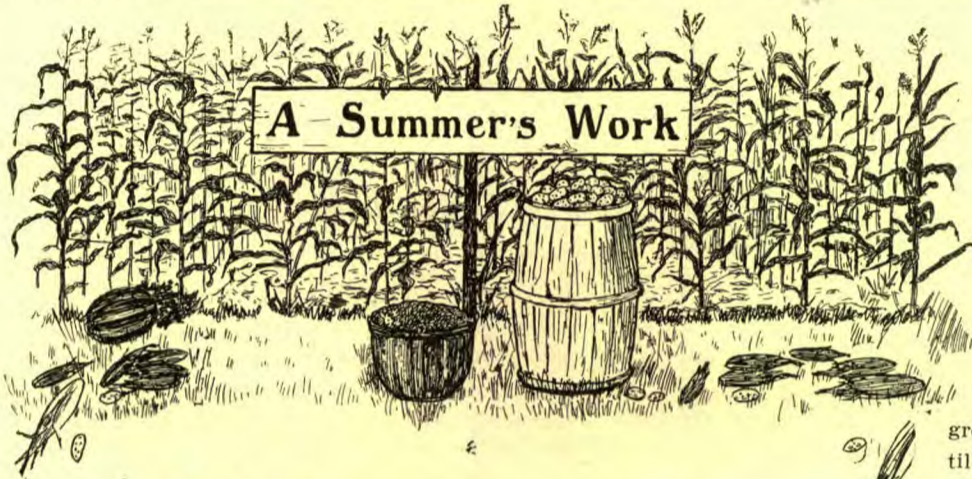
little door," and the dear little hands were obediently held out for their cleaning.

"Now we will brush the curls and be ready when the breakfast bell rings."

"O aunty, will you play this game every time my face is washed?"

"Yes, darling; and when I go home, you can tell nurse to wash the top of the house, and the side, and the windows, and the chimney, and the door, and down cellar."

"And the telephones, aunty; don't forget them. They are the best part of the game," interrupted the child.—*Selected.*



"I've been working pretty hard,"
Said the .
"In a corner of the yard
Free from shade.

Tommy Jones knows how to dig,
If he isn't very big;
And his garden's trim and trig,"
Said the .

"I've been very busy, too,"
Said the .
"If a weed dared come in view,
Snip! 'twould go.
Up and down, and in and out,
Tommy hustled me about;
Me he could not work without,"
Said the .

"Not an idle day I've found,"
Said the .
"I had all the garden ground
Fine to break.
Not a seed that he had sown
Without me had ever grown;
Not a blossom would have blown,"
Said the .

"I, too, had to do my part,"
Said the Boy;
"But my crop just fills my heart
Full of joy.
Corn, potatoes, beans, and peas
Never were so fine as these.
Buy of me, sir, if you please,"
Said the Boy.

Elizabeth Rosser.

Snowball and Fido

WHEN one speaks of a dog and a cat, it brings no pretty picture before children's eyes. They see the cat arching her back and spitting, growling, runs in front of her, till she darts up a tree, where luckily, he can not follow.

That's just the way the dog and cat, whose story I am going to tell you, behaved at first.

Pretty little Snowball belonged to Frieda, who was very fond of her pussy. Snowball really was a beauty, dainty and graceful. She was a lively little thing, always full of pranks, and led a very happy life with her mistress. Only when Frieda's cousin Minna came with her dog Fido, the house became a battle-ground. Snowball put up her back, spit, and was very unfriendly, and Fido barked and growled, and was very different from the nice little dog he seemed to be at home.

"What a pity," Minna used to say, "that our pets, so good when they are apart, should begin to fight whenever they are together."

"Remember that," said her mother, smiling; "and don't forget that the behavior you think so naughty in animals is far worse in children."

To prevent this quarreling, the little girls determined to keep their pets apart. When Frieda visited Minna, she left Snowball at home; and when Minna went to see Frieda, she said to her little dog, "Fido, I'm going to Frieda's; you must not come!"

Fido didn't like this, for not to be allowed to go with his little mistress was one of the greatest punishments which could be imposed upon him. He bore it once, twice, three times, then he made up his mind to a plan. And the next time Minna went to Frieda's, he car-



ried out the plan he had thought of.

Minna had several errands to do on the way to her cousin's and when she reached the house, to her astonishment, she found her dog in the parlor, lying quietly on the floor, wagging his tail. Snowball did not seem to know just what to do. She spit, and put up her back. Fido took no notice of it. This went on for some time. Then Snowball grew a little tired of such a one-sided quarrel, and sat down and purred, and a pleasant, quiet hour pleased everybody. Fido was only a dog—but he who conquers himself is greater than he who takes a city. And now Minna always took her pet with her.

Things went on for a while in this way. Fido and Snowball kept a few feet apart, and no longer quarreled with each other. But matters were to be better still. One beautiful summer evening, Frieda was sitting with Snowball on a little bench by the lake. Suddenly a spiteful boy seized the pretty little cat, threw her far out into the lake, and then ran away laughing. Poor Snowball mewed and struggled pitifully, and her mistress screamed for help.

Several minutes passed. Then Minna came running up with her dog.

"Fetch, Fido!" Fido leaped into the water, swam over to Snowball, seized her by her fur, and brought her ashore. Oh, how happy Snowball was, and how grateful her mistress was to Fido. The dog shook himself, and seemed greatly pleased.

From that day Fido and Snowball became the best of friends. They ate from the same dish, and neither grudged the other the best pieces.—*Selected.*

His Little Lamb

THE Good Shepherd leads me, O so gently,
Beneath the shade of palms;
He folds me close in his loving bosom;
I'm one of his little lambs.

The grass is green, and the waters sparkle,
And the angels sing their psalms;
I have no care; he feeds me ever;
I am one of his little lambs.

So close I creep, when the storms are raging,
His whisper my spirit calms;
For do I not know the Good Shepherd will keep
me?
I'm one of his little lambs.

B. F. M. SOURS.

"I DRINK to make me work," said a young man, to which observation an old man replied thus:—"That is right. You drink, and it will make you work. Hearken to me a moment and I'll tell you something that may do you good. I was once a very prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife, and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and used to live happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might have been an independent man; but I used to drink to make me work—and it makes me work now. At seventy-two years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work."—*Selected.*

"It is a comforting and assuring fact that, as we grow in the custom of doing right things and necessary things, we grow also in the ease and the love of doing them. Hard tasks, cheerfully and faithfully performed, do not always remain hard tasks. The time will surely come when we shall perform them with the ease of trained power and the delight of concentrated, effective service."—*ice.*

"LET me be strong in word and deed
Just for to-day!
Lord, for to-morrow and its need,
I must not pray."



Resolve

TO-DAY NO coward thought shall start
Upon its journey from my heart;
To-day no hasty word shall slip
Over the threshold of my lip.

To-day no selfish hope shall rest
Within the region of my breast;
To-day no wave of wrath shall roll
Over the ocean of my soul.

To-day I vow with power and song
To fight oppression and the wrong;
To-day I dedicate my youth
To duty and eternal truth.

—Robert Loveman.

Lessons From the Life of Daniel—XII

The Moral Deterioration of the Nation

"RIGHTEOUSNESS exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people."

The image revealed to Nebuchadnezzar, while representing the deterioration of the kingdoms of the earth in power and glory, also fitly represents the deterioration of religion and morality among the people of these kingdoms. As nations forget God, in like proportion they become weak morally.

Babylon passed away because in her prosperity she forgot God, and ascribed the glory of her prosperity to human achievement.

The Medo-Persian kingdom was visited by the wrath of heaven because in this kingdom God's law was trampled under foot. The fear of the Lord found no place in the hearts of the people. The prevailing influences in Medo-Persia were wickedness, blasphemy, and corruption.

The kingdoms that followed were even more base and corrupt. They deteriorated because they cast off their allegiance to God. As they forgot him, they sank lower and still lower in the scale of moral value.

The vast empire of Rome crumbled to pieces, and from its ruins rose that mighty power, the Roman Catholic Church. This church boasts of her infallibility and her hereditary religion. But this religion is a horror to all who are acquainted with the secrets of the mystery of iniquity. The priests of this church maintain their ascendancy by keeping the people in ignorance of God's will, as revealed in the Scriptures.

It is sin that is ruining nations to-day. Even many leaders in the religious world have not a good conscience toward God. Many of those who claim to be Protestants have not the faith in God's word that Luther had in the early days of the Reformation. They have left the old landmarks, and depend on ceremony and formal display to make up for their lack of the purity and piety, the meekness and lowliness, found in obedience to God.

There is no real standard of righteousness apart from God's law. By obedience to this law the intellect is strengthened, and the conscience is enlightened and made sensitive. The youth need to gain a clear understanding of God's law. They are not left to follow blindly the guidance of men. The great prophetic waymarks which God himself has set up show the path of obedience to be the only path that can be followed with certainty.

Those who love and obey the law of God will meet with trials and temptations; but if they hope and pray, and trust his word, they will be able to say, with Paul, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other

creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

My dear young friends, have you wholly given yourselves up to God, to do his will? Are you transformed by the grace of Christ? Some claim to be one with Christ, while their special work is to make void the law of God. Will you accept their assertions? How will you distinguish God's true servants from the false prophets that Christ said would arise to deceive many? There is only one test of character,—God's holy law.

We are living in a momentous period of this earth's history. The final conflict is just before us. We see the world corrupted under the inhabitants thereof. Satanic agencies have made the earth a stage for horrors that no language can describe. War and bloodshed are carried on by nations claiming to be Christian. A disregard for God's law has brought the sure result.

"We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

There will be a sharp conflict between those who are loyal to God and those who cast scorn upon his law. The church has joined hands with the world. Reverence for God's law has been subverted. The religious leaders have taught for doctrine the commandments of men. As it was in the days of Noah, so it is in this age. But shall the prevalence of disloyalty and transgression cause those who have revered God's law to have less respect for it, or to unite with the powers of earth in attempting to make it void?

The test comes to every one. There are only two sides. Dear young reader, on which side are you standing? MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Study the Bible

IN our study of the Scriptures it is interesting to note the additional particulars which each writer supplies when writing about the same event. The Holy Spirit did not reveal all the light through the same person, but different persons were used. Four evangelists have written concerning substantially the same events in the life of Jesus, yet each gives additional particulars.

Take as an illustration the account of the Saviour's feeding the five thousand. Each of the four evangelists records this miracle. Matthew tells us that the place where they were assembled was a "desert place." From this record alone we might infer that it was a barren country. Luke, however, tells us there were towns "round about," or not far away. In John's account we have the additional information that there was "much grass in the place." Mark, in speaking of the same miracle, says that it was a "desert place," and informs us that there was grass in the place, but that it was "green."

Take, also, the case where Moses and Aaron appeared before Pharaoh, and the rod which Aaron cast down became a serpent. The magicians and sorcerers were called, and did likewise with their enchantments. Exodus 7. Paul, hundreds of years later, in describing the wicked condition of the last days, incidentally tells us the names of two, the leading, perhaps, of the magicians who were present on this particular occasion. The Holy Spirit had not forgotten their names. See 2 Tim. 3:8.

Another illustration is formed in the case of Moses when the Lord, in glory and majesty such as had never been seen before, handed down to mankind the ten commandments. Humanity quailed before the awful sight, and we are told

that the unspeakable glory of the Deity affected Moses so that he "spoke." Ex. 19:19. We are not told what he said; but the Holy Spirit has a good memory; and hundreds of years after this event, Paul, writing concerning it, tells us what Moses said upon this occasion. As he viewed the terrible sight, he said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." Heb. 12:21.

Many other similar examples could be cited; but these are sufficient to show that a careful reading and comparison of scripture with scripture will bring much precious light to our minds. No more instructive book has ever been written than the Holy Bible to those who properly study it.

G. B. THOMPSON.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

I The Ark Taken by the Philistines

(October 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 4.

MEMORY VERSE: "Rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord." Joel 2:13.

God did not at once bring upon Eli's house the trouble of which he had warned him through the child Samuel. But as the years passed, there was no change in the behavior of his sons, neither did Eli make any determined effort to correct them. At last the blow fell.

The nations around, seeing the wickedness of the Israelites, became bolder in their own sins, and the Philistines again began to trouble them. They came and fought against Israel, and slew about four thousand men. The Israelites ought to have known that this defeat was because of their sins; for whenever they were true to God, they were always victorious. But they said, "Wherefore hath the Lord smitten us?" as if there were no cause for it.

The ark was the symbol of God's presence among them; but it had no power in itself to save them. Because the glory of God had been revealed there, and by it God had led them to victory, they had come to look upon it much as the heathen look upon their false gods—as if it were an object of worship, and had the power to deliver them. While they disobeyed the law that was inside it, they yet looked to it for protection. And now they thought that they were defeated because the ark was not with them. So they sent for it, and shouted for joy when it came into the camp.

The Philistines also knew something about the ark, and about what God had done for Israel; and when they heard the shouting, they were much afraid, and said, "Who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty gods?" But when the Israelites fled before them, and they gained an easy victory, and took the ark of God, of which they had been afraid, they must have changed their minds, and thought that the God of Israel was not so powerful after all. So God was greatly dishonored by the sins of his people.

Rending the clothes, and putting earth upon the head, was the sign of great grief. When the messenger came thus to the city, and told the terrible news that the ark was taken, the Israelites felt that they had lost all, and they mourned greatly.

Eli was sitting by the wayside, waiting for news of the battle. He trembled with fear, lest anything should happen to the ark, of which he, being high priest, was the keeper. He heard the cries of the people, and asked the reason. Then the messenger told him that the battle was lost,

and his two sons were slain. He expected this, for he knew that God would fulfil the word that he had spoken through Samuel. The worst news was kept back until the last: "And the ark of God is taken." This last blow was too much for the aged priest, especially as it had come through his own unfaithfulness. All his strength left him, and he fell back, "and brake his neck, and he died."

The bringing of the ark of God into the camp when the people had not really turned to God in heart, was only an outward form that meant nothing. The priests who carried the ark were wicked men, with hearts full of sin, and God could not work with them to save Israel. He let the ark, their glory and pride, be taken from them, so that they might see that they were grieving away his Holy Spirit because of their sins. Thus they would be led to turn again and seek him.

Questions

1. What warning message had God given Eli through Samuel?
2. What nation came against Israel in the last days of Eli? What happened at the first battle?
3. Why were the Israelites defeated? Did they know the reason? What did they think?
4. Could the ark save the people? Of what was it only the sign? Was God leading Israel?
5. Who carried the ark? What sort of men were they? What did the people do when it came into the camp?
6. Who heard the shouting? How did they feel? Of what were they afraid?
7. What took place in the battle? What was the greatest trouble that could come upon Israel?
8. How did the messenger come to Shiloh? What did the people do when they heard the news?
9. What did Eli ask? What did the messenger answer? How did he receive the news?
10. What was the glory of Israel? Why did God let the ark be taken away?



I God's Kingdom in This World

(October 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Gen. 1:26, 28; 2:8, 9, 16, 17; 3:1, 4, 5, 6, 15; 6:5, 7; John 8:44; James 4:7; 2 Cor. 11:3.

MEMORY VERSE: "For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praise with understanding." Psalm 47:7.

Questions

1. To whom was the dominion of this earth given in the beginning? Over how much was man given dominion? Gen. 1:26.
2. How much of the earth were Adam and Eve commissioned to subdue? Verse 28.
3. In what way did the Lord give them an object-lesson of what he designed the earth should be? Gen. 2:8.
4. What did he plant in this garden?
5. How were Adam and Eve to show their loyalty to God as the Supreme Ruler of the world? Verses 16, 17.
6. By acknowledging God's claim to this one tree, what would man have acknowledged concerning everything that God had made? See Note 2.
7. By whom were they first led to doubt God's love for them in the restriction which he had placed upon them? Gen. 3:1. How did Satan tempt them? Same verse.
8. What lesson may we learn from Eve's experience in heeding and answering the insinuations of the serpent?
9. When Eve showed herself ready to hear, what bolder assertion did the devil make? Verse 4; Note 3.

10. What character did he attribute to God? Whose character was he in reality describing? John 8:44.

11. As Eve listened, how did Satan continue to misrepresent God? Gen. 3:5.

12. How did the fruit begin to appear to Eve as she permitted the devil to continue his insinuations? Verse 6.

13. What did she eventually do? By what course could she have saved both herself and her husband from yielding to this temptation? See James 4:7.

14. What led Eve, and leads others to see that which in reality does not exist? 2 Cor. 11:3.

15. To what state of wickedness did this first act of disobedience lead? Gen. 6:5.

16. What did the Lord then say he would do?

17. What promise had he already made? Gen. 3:15. How much was included in that promise? Note 4.

Notes

1. With this lesson we begin a series which will extend over one year, and in which we cover every phase of truth which is a part of the third angel's message. Our young people especially will find these lessons interesting and helpful. In this evil day we need to be fortified upon the word of God. Nothing but a knowledge of his truth will save us. We are soon to be brought into positions to answer for our faith, and we can not expect God's Spirit to bring to our remembrance things which we have never learned. By applying ourselves faithfully each week, even devoting only ten or fifteen minutes a day to these studies, we shall be able to lay a foundation in the study of the Scriptures upon which we may build for eternity. Not only will we be benefited; but as these truths become a part of our own lives, we shall rejoice in the many opportunities that present themselves, to pass them on to other needy souls.

2. Had Adam and Eve refused to listen to the insinuations of Satan, accepting God's command as sufficient evidence that they were not to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, they would by that very act have acknowledged God as the Ruler of the earth, and themselves as his loyal subjects. But by disobedience to this command, they refused to obey God, and placed themselves under the rulership of Satan, their enemy, and the enemy of their Heavenly Father and Creator. In this way they lost the dominion entrusted to them.

3. Temptation is not sin, but the moment we allow an insinuation of doubt to find a lodging-place in the heart, and begin to parley with the tempter—begin to reason that perhaps the wicked thing is right—we are on the enemy's ground, and by his cunning and deception, practiced for six thousand years, he will make wrong appear right. The Lord has given us one sure and safe weapon with which we can successfully meet every temptation of Satan, "It is written." That weapon of defense has been tested and proved by One who met and conquered in every temptation that can ever come to humanity.—*S. S. Lesson Pamphlet.*

4. The whole plan of human redemption, as revealed in the Bible and which "will be the song and the science of the redeemed throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity," is embraced in the promise of the seed which was to bruise the serpent's head. Adam had gone into bondage to Satan, and had forfeited to him all the rulership and dominion with which he had been entrusted. This promise of the seed is a pledge to the universe that God will never relinquish his kingship of this world. That kingship, perpetuated through the promised Seed, will be the central thought running through this quarter's lessons.—*S. S. Lesson Pamphlet.*



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 N. CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER EDITOR

Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	-\$.75
SIX MONTHS	-.40
THREE MONTHS	-.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25
CLUB RATES:	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	-\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	-.50
100 or more " " " "	-.45

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THE Correspondence School for Nurses, connected with the Battle Creek Sanitarium, will organize a new class in October, to continue one year. Lessons are sent out weekly, and a tuition fee of five dollars is charged to cover expenses of postage, etc. Those interested should address the Correspondence Department of the Sanitarium Training School, Battle Creek, Michigan, for further particulars.

A SUBSCRIBER in Battle Creek writes as follows to the Editor concerning the paper: "I feel as if I must say a few words in favor of the INSTRUCTOR. I have taken it for a number of years, and only wish I had begun to take it sooner, for it has done me much good. I would not be without the paper for twice its price. As fast as the numbers come, I read them, and then send them away, that they may continue their mission, and do others good. May the Lord bless the INSTRUCTOR, and all who are connected with it."

God does not remember our sins. He casts them behind his back, he forgets them, he remembers them no more. In the blood of Jesus they are washed away, and we are cleansed from them, made white as snow. But he remembers our need. The more needy we are, the more he remembers us. "I am poor and needy," wrote David, "yet the Lord thinketh upon me." So does he think of all who are in need. And the thoughts that he thinks toward us—"thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." God remembers us to love us,—to give us help for the present, and a home with him by and by. How do we remember him?

A TOUCHING story is told of a sheep herder of France, whose only son, early in life, committed some wrong against his fellows, and was compelled therefor to flee from his native hills, and seek refuge in a distant country.

Many years passed, and in course of time the lad's mother died. Then the father set forth, old, poor, and alone, but with strong love in his heart, to seek his son. He knew that the boy had come to the United States; beyond this, he had no clue, save the knowledge that one whose early years are spent in caring for the sheep in the free air of the hills, is very likely, in course of time, to find his way back to them again. So in his quest the old man sought the shepherd world of the far West. Here he found work to do; and here, as he watched his flock, or led it to new pastures, he asked unceasingly of those whom he met for news of his son.

But he knew that very likely if his son was to be found among those hills, he would not be known by his true name; so he did not stop with asking.

Again and again he wrote upon the rocks the message, "Jean Baptiste, your father loves you." And with care he cut the same loving words upon the trunks of the pines,— "Jean Baptiste, your father loves you."

Seasons passed, months lengthened into years, and no response came to these messages of love. But still the father sought his son. At last, after many days of wandering and longing, he found him; and, like the father in the parable, ran to meet him, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him. And henceforward they dwelt alway together.

As this father wrote his message of love on rock and tree, that his erring son might see, so has our Father written the same word on the face of all nature. Every leaf and bud and flower, every lake and river and laughing brook, repeats the words: "My son, my daughter, your Father loves you." And again, in the innocent faces of little children, in the peaceful countenance of serene old age, in a thousand thousand ways and places, is the tender message written, that all may read who will.

Day by day he spreads the feast of welcome, and calls his sons and daughters to come to him. He wants them now, in the bright days of youth and strength, to accept his love, to consecrate their powers to him, to enter his service. "Your Father loves you," he repeats. "Come unto me," he entreats. Who would not answer the call, accept that invitation?

The Instructor Mission Fund for India

FOR a number of years INSTRUCTOR readers have raised a fund to send the paper to two schools in India. One of these schools receives forty copies, which were sent out by the Christian woman in charge to young men throughout India. The other receives three copies, which are read by the girls week by week.

The subscriptions to twenty-eight of these papers expire the first of January, and the remaining fifteen in March. To continue the clubs for another year will require only thirty-three dollars; and from the liberal way the readers of the paper have responded in former years, we feel sure that we have only to present this need to you, and so bring it to your attention, to have the money raised. If a few Sabbath-school classes will take up this work, with some of the smaller Young People's Societies, the whole amount will soon be in hand.

In this connection we give a brief extract from a recent letter from the leader of one of these schools to which the INSTRUCTOR is sent—a converted high-caste Hindu woman. She says:—

"At the end of June we had a week of prayer. We had a very good meeting. The Lord's children came from different places to give us the message from God. They were a blessing to us. Many of the girls were converted, and many testified that they were greatly blessed spiritually. . . . We have now moved into our new house, and are quite settled, and enjoy it very much. The girls are getting on nicely. Eleven of them are doing Bible work, and they are getting along well. All are receiving a good training. We give the glory to God. He is sending new girls to the school, and supplying all their need. . . . We thank you very much for the INSTRUCTORS which you so kindly send. We all enjoy the papers very much."

Subscriptions to the India Mission Fund should be sent to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, 222 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C., and with the gift should be a note stating plainly the purpose to which it is to be devoted. All contributions will be recorded in the INSTRUCTOR from week to week; and when sufficient money has been raised to pay for the papers for a year, the readers of the papers will be notified. Who will be the first to send in a gift for this fund?

An Opportunity

WHEN Isaac Watts was a boy of eighteen, he went away from the service of a Sunday morning in the little independent chapel where his father was a deacon, dissatisfied with the character of the singing. The hymns employed were those of an early Congregational minister, William Barton by name, whose work is now almost forgotten, but is said by hymnologists to have been of considerable value in the introduction of hymns, more rythmical and melodious than the hard and unmetrical versions of the psalms then in use.

Young Isaac ventured to say that the hymns were not so good as they ought to be, and received the answer, which was intended to put him to silence, "Give us better hymns if you can, young man."

Such a rebuke from a church official, would have silenced many a self-confident young worshiper of the time of Watts; but Watts accepted it as an opportunity. When the congregation assembled in the afternoon, it was invited to sing a new hymn composed by him that day, the first lines of which read:—

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Before his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown."

It was far from being his greatest hymn, but it was the beginning of his work as a hymn-writer. From that time on "songs before unknown" flowed from his pen almost every week, and were used, first in the church of which his father was a deacon, and later in that of which he was the minister.

No other man made such contributions to the riches of English hymnody; and excepting Charles Wesley, no one else has produced such a volume of songs that have survived through later generations. Lofty hymns of adoration, like "The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!" rose from his reverent soul. Songs of heroic service, such as, "Am I a soldier of the cross?" summoned the hearts of men to action and self-denial. Songs full of inspiration and cheer, like "Come ye that love the Lord, and let your joys be known," made the religious life one of solemn pleasure. Songs of historic retrospect, like the common version of "O God, our help in ages past," established the confidence and trust of those who sing.

It may be hard for us to realize the comfort which millions of mourners receive from, "Why do we mourn for departing friends?" The quaint tune "China," to which it was sung, is almost alone among surviving hymn-tunes of this period. But few can fail to appreciate the comfort of such hymns as, "There is a land of pure delight."

All these hymns, and hundreds more, came from the pen of the lad who accepted a rebuke as an opportunity. The courage with which he took up the task assigned he illustrated in the freedom with which he broke from past traditions, and gave new power and dignity to the art of hymn-writing. Wherever the English language is spoken, his name is loved, and his hymns have been translated into many of the tongues in which the gospel is preached.

It is not to be supposed that none of these things would have happened had Watts failed to write his first hymn when the opportunity offered itself, nor are we free to say what occasion might later have called out his slumbering power. We can measure the good that follows the opportunity accepted, but we can rarely determine the loss which comes from its neglect. With every opportunity in life might well be remembered this motto: "The future may offer to thee honorable service, but this choice comes but once."—*Youth's Companion.*