

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Doom of the Giant Redwood

AFTER defying the countless storms of scores of centuries, the oldest living things on the planet, the California big trees, are in many instances yielding to the work of a caterpillar. This tiny insect is related to the common peach-tree borer. Some instinct seems to have taught this worm that the vulnerable spot in these mighty trees is the axils of the branches. The sinking of its tunnels there diverts the flow of sap; a formation of resinous knots follows, which effectively check the circulation of the tree's life-fluid. The unnourished limb then dies, and at last the tree itself is slain by its pygmy enemies.

In the smaller groves the ravages of the insect may be averted by digging the larvæ out with knives, but no practical remedy has been devised for safeguarding the larger forests. The subject is engaging the attention of expert foresters.

Another factor which threatens the existence of these famous redwoods is the growing recognition of their timber value. On account of antiseptic properties in the wood, no species of decay-producing fungi has ever been found in the timber. Giant trees up-rooted five hundred years ago, and which through the ensuing centuries have lain where they fell, exposed to all the elements that cause decay, have been found to be absolutely sound, and have been shipped to the sawmills and converted into lumber. This antiseptic character of the redwood is causing a growing demand for the timber in general construction, and particularly for the walling of tunnels. Moreover, the discovery made by Captain Ahern in the Philippines that California redwood was not subject to the depredations of white ants or termites has created a great demand for this wood in the archipelago, where only a few of the native woods, and those of the most valuable varieties, are free from the ravages of these insects.

Hitherto the market for redwood has been confined largely to Pacific Coast cities, where its commercial value was known. Shingles made of redwood last nearly half a century. The wood is devoid of resin, which gives it great resistance to fire, and is therefore in demand for building purposes, particularly in San Francisco. One secret of the vast age attained by redwood forests is that its bark is fireproof. Fires have repeatedly raged in redwood forests, mana-



ging to destroy the young trees, but unable to penetrate the asbestos-like sheathing of the monarchs.

Now that the trade in redwood is growing, that occasional cargoes are shipped to Australia, Honolulu, the Philippines, and other parts of the far East, and that dealers in the eastern part of the United States are sending in orders for the timber, naturalists interested in preserving these trees are making efforts to introduce better methods of lumbering. At present twenty-five per cent of the timber is destroyed in felling the trees.

It is the purpose of the foresters at work in California to urge that the young redwoods be left standing for future cutting. Freed from the shade of the large trees, they grow with remarkable rapidity. Trees that have increased scarcely any in diameter in one hundred years have started up like saplings when overshadowing monarchs have been removed. The forests are so dense that the present methods of lumbering frequently crush and utterly destroy far more timber than is taken out.

It not infrequently happens that a forest giant's great weight causes it to be *totally pulverized*. Foresters have witnessed instances of a big tree failing to yield an available foot of timber, so complete was its destruction in falling.—*Selected.*

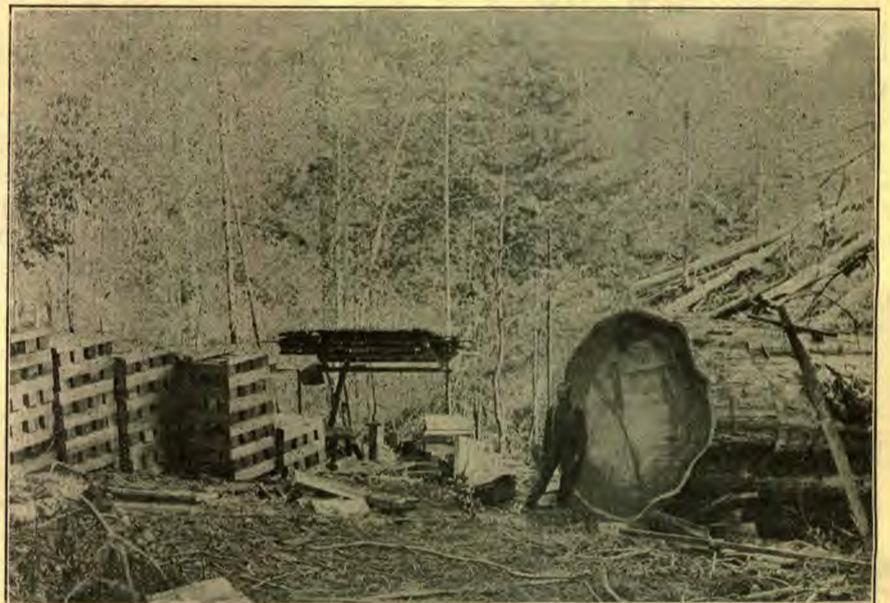
A Big Tree

PROBABLY no section of our world now more fully and forcibly and eloquently tells of God's love in providing for the wants of his children than does California, with its varied and extensive natural resources.

We wish to write of but one tree out of the vast timber resources of this State. It alone will suffice to illustrate how lavishly He who feeds the sparrows has provided for some of our principal needs.

Within the forests of California can be found not less than sixty-four distinct varieties of wood. Many are very valuable and beautiful. Some are susceptible of a high polish, and are much used for veneer work. Pieces of redwood burl

have sold for as much as one dollar a square foot. These are used in the manufacture of fancy furniture. The tree I am to tell you about is of the redwood variety. There are great forests of this wood on the Coast Range mountains. It is the felling, cutting up, and marketing of this timber that forms the greater part of the extensive lumber industry of this State.



Seven miles west of Willits, California, two years ago stood this fine specimen of the redwoods of which I write. It was the property of Irvin Muir & Co. It stood on ground that needed no preparation to prevent breaking in its fall. Great care in felling these large redwoods has to be exercised at times to prevent breaking. A break would mean the loss of many dollars in ruined lumber or other material. This tree was over forty feet in circumference at the stump, and towered skyward two hundred forty feet. The bark on the tree was one foot thick. This left a body eleven feet in diameter of good timber to be worked up. Three days were required to saw it down. It is no easy matter to fell one of these giants of the forest. The stumps are often higher than a man's head, and in order for the workmen to get up where they can work, spring-boards or scaffolding have to be used. A spring-board consists of a slab or plank, wide enough for a man to stand on, driven into a niche so cut in the tree as to hold the board firm without other support. On these the men stand and do their work. One who is skilled in the felling of these great trees commands high wages.

From illustrations on the first page an idea of the size of the tree may be gained, the gentleman standing by the tree in the picture being above the average height. In the smaller picture he is standing by a cut twelve feet from the stump, but in the larger one over one hundred feet up the body of the tree. In the left of this picture are a few piles of the 71,675 shakes that he made from the tree. Besides these the tree made 35,000 feet of lumber and 30 cords of wood. Twenty-six four-horse teams were necessary to haul the output of the one tree to market. The

gross receipts for the material were \$1,401; it cost \$555 to work it up and take it to market, leaving \$846 as the net worth of the tree.

This tree is larger than the average, but trees from six to eight and even ten feet in diameter are common. Occasionally larger ones are seen than that shown in the pictures. There is another species of tree here which produces trees of greater size than the redwood. It is the Sequoia family. This timber is not very abundant, but has given California her world-wide renown for large trees. I have measured specimens of this variety that ranged from seventy-five feet to one hundred ten feet in circumference. The only commercial use to which this timber has been put, so far as I know, is the manufacture of the bark into various articles which are sold as curios. This bark can often be secured two and one half or even three feet thick.

HENRY H. SCOTT.



Attitude of Jesus Toward the Sabbath

As noted in a previous article, the Sabbath was instituted at creation, before sin entered the universe. Six days were employed in the stupendous work of creation, and on the seventh day the Creator rested. And as Jesus was the one who made all things (Heb. 1:1-3), he of course was the one who rested, blessed and sanctified the Sabbath, and is, therefore, "Lord of the Sabbath day" given to man as a memorial of his creative power.

In this article we wish to call attention to how the Saviour regarded the Sabbath while here, clothed with humanity. Certainly, what he did, it is right for us to do. The question is not what man teaches, or what he does. Duty is not determined by majorities. We are warned against following a "multitude," and trusting in "mighty men." Ex. 23:2; Hosea 10:13. The word of God, as lived in the life of Jesus, is an infallible guide. Jesus was our example. Study carefully the following scriptures: "For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." John 13:15. "For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps." 1 Peter 2:21. "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked." 1 John 2:6. "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." Heb. 12:2. "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." Isa. 45:22.

The Saviour's example in reference to the Sabbath should be followed as closely as anything else in his life. He kept his Father's commandments (John 15:10), so of course he kept the seventh day as the Sabbath. "And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read." Luke 4:16. "And when the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue." Mark 6:2. "And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the Sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught." Mark 1:21. "And it came to pass also on another Sabbath, that he entered into the synagogue and taught; and there was a man whose right hand was withered." Luke 6:6. "And he was teaching in one of the synagogues on the Sabbath. And, behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself." Luke 13:10, 11.

These texts, and others which might be given, clearly prove, as Luke says, that it was the

"custom," or practise, of Jesus to keep the Sabbath. On the seventh day, or Sabbath, we find him wending his way to the place of worship. He did this while a boy at home with his parents, and during the week he worked at his trade as a carpenter. He never kept Sunday. So far as the record shows, he never took the name of the day upon his lips, and nowhere has he left on record a commandment for its observance. Then why should the children of God keep this day, and disregard the one Jesus did keep while here? In keeping the seventh day, we can see the footprints of the Man of Calvary in the pathway ahead of us, and we should "walk, even as he walked." Are those who keep the day Jesus kept doing wrong?—Certainly not. Then are those who keep another day, and violate the sanctity of the day he did keep, doing right?—Certainly not.

Some of the wicked Pharisees, when he was on earth, accused Christ's disciples of violating the Sabbath upon a certain occasion. The Saviour stated, however, that they were "guiltless," and that there was a law which regulated the observance of the Sabbath. "Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days." Matt. 12:12. The only divine law ever given enjoining the observance of a Sabbath is the fourth precept of the decalogue, which says that the "seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God;" and this is the law the Master recognized as binding. It is still binding; for "all his commandments are sure. They stand fast forever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness." Ps. 111:7, 8. It is right to do only the Lord's work on the Lord's day.

And further: Jerusalem was destroyed in A. D. 70, or about thirty-seven years after the Saviour finished his ministry and returned to heaven. He gave to his people a vivid outline of this terrible national calamity, and told them just how to escape the destruction. Among other things he said, "But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day." Matt. 24:20. This shows conclusively that Jesus recognized the Sabbath as binding in the year A. D. 70, and so sacred did he regard it that his people were admonished to continually pray that they might not have to flee from the doomed city upon that day to save their lives. And surely it is as sacred and holy to-day as then. That the example and teaching of our divine Lord are in favor of the seventh day, or Sabbath, which he himself instituted at the dawn of creation, must be clear to all.

But some one may ask, What day would Jesus keep if he were on earth now, as he was over eighteen hundred years ago? Would he keep the first day or the seventh day of the week? The Bible tells us very plainly which day he would keep, and surely the day he would keep were he on earth now, is the day we should keep. We read, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." Heb. 13:8. "For I am the Lord, I change not." Mal. 3:6. "And, thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of thine hands: they shall perish; but thou remainest, and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same."

"Yesterday" covers all the eternity of the past, "to-day" covers the present, and "forever" the eternity of the future. Jesus has never changed. He is the same loving, compassionate Redeemer as when he healed the sick, stood by the bier of the widow's son, or at the tomb of Lazarus. What consolation and comfort this affords to every Christian heart. And being unchangeable, were he on earth to-day, he would observe the same day that he did observe when he was on the earth. Now, as then, he would wend his footsteps to some church or place of assembly every seventh day. What was his "custom" then would be his "custom" at the present time.

And, dear reader, the Saviour is here now, by the presence of his Holy Spirit, and keeps in the hearts of his people his holy Sabbath. Shall we not yield our hearts to him, and observe every week the Sabbath that Jesus made, and kept when he walked the earth as a man, and would still keep did he now walk the earth clothed in humanity?

G. B. THOMPSON.

What the Cross Implies in the Scripture

THE cross implies various things in the New Testament. It is sometimes used as referring to the timber to which our Lord was nailed: He "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Phil. 2:8. Sometimes it means the trials incident to a Christian profession: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Matt. 16:24.

It is called the "cross of Christ" (Eph. 6:12), and the cross of atonement, for upon it Jesus died for the "sin of the world." John 1:29. This doctrine was to the "Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." 1 Cor. 1:23, 24.

In Scripture the cross is used in two ways, literally and metaphorically. Literally, it has reference to the instrument of capital punishment; metaphorically, it means the doctrine of atonement, or at-one-ment, because Jesus paid the penalty for our sins that we might be at one with him. Literally, it signifies the most ignominious of gibbets; metaphorically, the most glorious of truths. Literally, it was an accursed dead tree; metaphorically, it is the saving truth of God.

There is an old story which literally is not true, but as a symbol or metaphor is instructive. It is said that when the Empress Helena was searching for the true cross, men dug deep at Jerusalem, and found three crosses buried in the soil. Which one of these three was the veritable cross upon which Jesus died they could not tell except by certain tests. So they brought a corpse and laid it on one of the crosses, but there was neither life nor motion. When that same body, however, was brought in contact with one of the others, it lived.

The same is true of a poor sinner. When brought in contact with the Christ on Calvary, he lives; for Christ died to bring "life and immortality to light through the gospel." 2 Tim. 1:10. And what is the gospel?—Good news. And what is the good news?—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16. Thus we see the significance of the cross.

"The cross, it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope each gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup."

WILLIAM P. PEARCE.

If I Were You, My Boy

I WOULDN'T be ashamed to do right anywhere. I would not do anything that I would not be willing for everybody to know.

I wouldn't conclude that I knew more than my father before I had been fifty miles away from home.

I wouldn't go into the company of boys who use bad language.

I wouldn't get into the sulks and pout whenever I couldn't have my own way about everything.

I wouldn't abuse little boys who had no big brothers for me to be afraid of.—Selected.



THE HOME CIRCLE

The Something that Somebody Said

HEADACHES and heartaches, and "blue" days unending,

Grief, petulation, remorse, and regret,
Ofttimes we suffer, the whole of them blending
Into a union of worry and fret.

Some for relief seek a potion from Bacchus,
Through sleepless nights others toss in their bed.

Ah, the lost faith, the vexations that rack us,
All due to something that somebody said.

Many the morning, whose dawning is gladness,
Warmed with faith's sunshine, resplendent with hope,

Grows through the afternoon clouded with sadness,

Dark'ning with shadows the pathways we grope;

Just because somebody, thoughtless, uncaring,
Sly tittle-tattle and gossip has spread:

Heavy's the burden that many are bearing,
All due to something that somebody said.

—Roy Farrell Greene.

An Honor to His Alma Mater

How often the education of the young people of the household means rigid economy and sacrifice on the part of the father and mother! They are the real heroes of the commencement season. Mr. Moody was fond of telling a story of a student who was an honor to his alma mater.

"There was once a boy in college, and he was about to graduate. He wrote back to the farm for his mother to come. She replied that she could not do so. She said her clothes were worn out, and she had no money to buy new ones for that occasion. She had already turned her skirt twice, and it was ragged on both sides. The boy said come any way. The poor old woman went in her best, which was not stylish.

"The commencement was in a fashionable church. The son was prouder of his mother than of his honors. He walked with her down the aisle to the center of the church, and escorted her to one of the best seats. There were tears in her eyes, and she burst out weeping for joy when her son pronounced the valedictory. The president pinned a badge on his coat. The young man left the stage and went directly to his mother. He took off the badge, and pinned it on her dress. There were tears in his eyes. Then he bent over and kissed her wrinkled face. The boy animated by that kind of pride will make a man who will be an honor to his country and to his God. Such a boy is the glory of our King. May his number increase until the shadows of his loveliness cover the whole world."—*Selected.*

The Wife of Lafayette

A GREAT undying interest centers around the name of Lafayette, and the story of his life is a theme of never-ending pleasure. A foreigner, a nobleman of most ancient descent, with vast estates at his command, his ardent worship of liberty led him to our shores to become the intimate friend of Washington. In no small degree he served to comfort and sustain the "father of his country" in his times of sorest trial. The part he acted in the council was an important one, while his deeds of valor lend a charm of chivalrous bravery to his list of eminent virtues.

Of his wife, the cultivated and beautiful Countess Anastasie de Noailles, we know less, but that which is known is highly complimentary to her character. Womanly excellence has rarely exceeded the kindness, purity, and heroism of the Marchioness de Lafayette. Her disinterested

devotion to her husband, and patient submission to the manifold privations which attended such devotion, identifies her name with that of her distinguished lord. Charles James Fox, alluding to the admirable twain, has observed: "Such characters will flourish in the annals of the world, and live in the veneration of posterity, when kings and their crowns shall have moldered in the dust."

This noble woman was born of a distinguished family. The Chateau of Noailles, the cradle of the race, was built by her ancestor, Pierre de Noailles, before William the Norman conquered England. She was of high rank, and was a great heiress. When she was only fifteen years old, she was married to the young Marquis de Lafayette, who was also of patrician rank, and one of the greatest matches in the kingdom. He was only sixteen. The marriage occurred April, 1774.

They had seen each other very little before marriage; in fact, it was not their own doing, the whole thing having been arranged by their parents. Marriages among the nobility then, as now, were nearly always matters of bargain and interest, mutual love having very little to do with them. Of course, many such marriages must necessarily result unhappily, but in this instance the consequences were very pleasant and felicitous. The young couple loved each other with ardent and sustained affection, and their union of thirty-three years was unmarked by a single cross or repining word.

They had been three years married, and the young marchioness held in her arms their first child, that baby Henriette, who died during her father's absence, when Lafayette kissed his wife farewell to leave France for America. She was his confidant; a married girl of eighteen—the very age of romance—she sympathized from the very first with his purpose, and always kept his secret.

We are familiar with the young hero's career in this country. He won glory and honor here, while his wife grew pale and thin in her anxiety for his welfare. It was the talk of two worlds, this generous heroism of a patrician noble for a people fighting for their liberties. Once at a great party at Paris, in 1778, which was attended by Madame Lafayette and by Voltaire, the aged poet, recognizing the marchioness among the noble ladies, went and knelt at her feet, congratulating her upon the brave and disinterested conduct of her husband in America. It was a very complimentary act, and the marchioness received it with the graceful modesty so natural to her.

Lafayette was absent seven years, returning but once to France in the interim. When he returned for good at the conclusion of the war, as might be expected he was the hero of the hour. He and his marchioness were received at court with flattering attentions. The marquis was promoted to the rank of a field marshal of the French army, and Madame Lafayette became a maid of honor to the queen, Marie Antoinette.

The seven years that followed were the happiest of the marchioness' life, living alternately at court or at Chavagnac, the old home of the Lafayettes in Dauphiny, and combining rural ease with the brilliancy of court life, the happy mother of three promising children, Anastasie, Virginie, and George Washington, possessing health, wealth, and the love of a queen, there seemed nothing wanting to her lot.

The French Revolution broke in upon and destroyed this almost idyllic happiness. Lafayette was a Republican, but he was not a Jacobin; he made himself suspected by saving the lives of the king and queen from the mob that had taken possession of Versailles, and as soon as Robespierre came into power, an order for the arrest of the marquis was issued. Arrest at that time was certain death. He fled, intending to take refuge in Holland, but was arrested by the Austrian government, and consigned to the damp and dismal dungeons in the citadel of Olmutz.

Meanwhile Madame Lafayette and her two daughters languished in prison at Paris, where they narrowly escaped the guillotine. After the principal instigators of the Reign of Terror had successively fallen, the prison doors of the city were thrown open, and the marchioness was restored to liberty. Under the assumed name of Mme. Motier, she journeyed to Vienna, obtained an audience of the emperor, and pleaded with singular eloquence for the restoration of her husband. "My hands are tied," was the only and heartless reply to her entreaties. She then solicited a participation in her husband's captivity, and this was granted. At the same time she was assured that her entrance to the prison was forever, but she hastened to join the marquis.

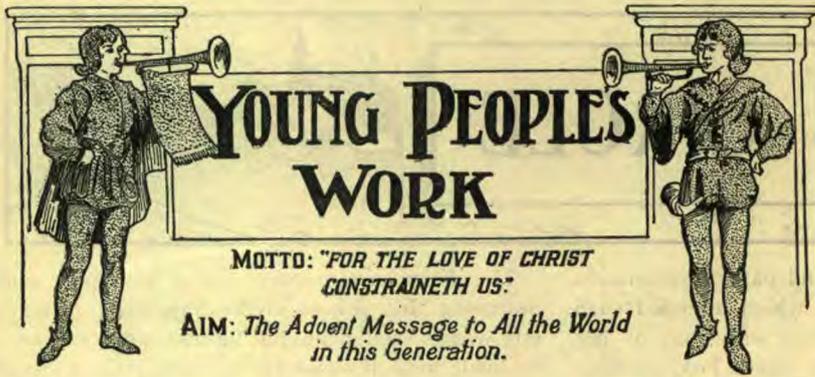
During twenty-two months, this heroic wife endured the horrors of captivity in the same cell with her husband. This apartment was nearly eighteen feet in length, and fourteen in width, with a miserable bed of rotten straw, a broken chair, and a worm-eaten table for its furniture. The want of wholesome air and decent food, and the loathsome dampness and filth of the dungeon, brought on an illness, and so alarming was her malady, that once she was thought to be at death's door. When at last in 1797, the doors of the fortress were thrown open by command of Napoleon, and the carriage was brought which was to convey them to liberty, Madame Lafayette was so weak that she had to be carried to it.

The Marchioness de Lafayette will be revered so long as virtue and heroism command the merited respect and admiration of the world.

On their return to France the noble pair retired to La Grange, a fine old chateau near Paris, which the marchioness had inherited, and which ever after was the customary residence of the family. There they gave themselves up exclusively to the endearments of domestic life, the pursuits of literature and science, and the interests and improvement of agriculture. The noble and charming mistress of this beautiful home did not long survive her return. Dec. 24, 1807, Anastasie Marchioness de Lafayette, died. The disorders which she had contracted during her cruel captivity had proved fatal. She was forty-seven years of age. Her husband lived to mourn his bereavement thirty years.—*Fred Myron Colby, in Wellspring.*

An Object Lesson

A FATHER told his son to set up some bricks on their ends in a line a short distance apart. "Now," said the father, "knock down the first brick." The boy obeyed. The fall of that brick made all the others fall too. The father then said, "Raise the last brick, and see if the others will rise with it." They would not. Once down, they must be raised singly. The father now said, "I have given you this object-lesson to teach you how easy it is for one to lead others astray, but how difficult for him to restore them."



MOTTO: "FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST
CONSTRAINETH US"

AIM: *The Advent Message to All the World
in this Generation.*

"We have an army of youth to-day who can do much if they are properly directed and encouraged."

THE WEEKLY STUDY

"Not to Be Ministered unto, but to Minister." Matt. 20: 28

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 10: 25-37.

ACCESSORY TEXTS:—

Isaiah's instruction to workers.

Preparation: Isa. 49: 2; 50: 4; 27: 5.

Extent of call: Isa. 49: 6; 62: 1, 2.

God's regard for the gospel worker: Isa. 27: 2, 3; 41: 10; 52: 7.

THOUGHTS FOR HEART MEMORY: Gal. 6: 10; Matt. 25: 40.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Christ's Object Lessons," chapter entitled, "Who Is My Neighbor?"

SUGGESTIONS IN THE REFERENCE STUDY:—

The troublous question.

The relation of a true incident—the unfortunate traveler and his benefactor.

Truths unfolded by the Saviour.

Mistakes of to-day.

Ministry to the needy and suffering.

Heathen hearts lighted.

Present calls from humanity.

Service a school to fit one for courts of God.

The rejecting of a life of service causes eternal separation from Christ's presence.

Full understanding of the lawyer's perplexing questions.

Notes

"Among the Jews the question, Who is my neighbor?" caused endless dispute. They had no doubt as to the heathen and Samaritans. These were strangers and enemies. But where should the distinction be made among the people of their own nation, and among the different classes of society? *Whom should the priest, the rabbi, the elder, regard as neighbor?* This question Christ answered in the parable of the good Samaritan."

The priest and Levite who were privileged to participate in the temple service, felt it beneath them to minister to an unknown sufferer by the wayside. But the Saviour of the world, heaven's eternal King, immediately on coming down from the mount of transfiguration, where he had been enshrouded in ineffable glory, stooped to give the healing touch to the writhing demoniac, the most wretchedly loathsome of men. Read "Desire of Ages," chapter forty-seven.

"If thou wilt keep my charge," the Lord declares, "I will give thee places to walk among these that stand by,"—even among the angels that surround his throne. In this blessed companionship we shall learn, to our eternal joy, all that is wrapped up in the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

Joplin, Missouri

My report is of the work of the Society during the first quarter of 1904. The membership was thirty, the average attendance thirteen, and the number of visitors forty. The lessons outlined in the INSTRUCTOR were used with much interest

and profit. We met Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock. Very few reports were made, therefore no accurate record was kept of the work done. Some of the young people have had profitable experiences selling the *Signs of the Times* and the *Life Boat*. One barrel of clothing—one hundred ten garments—was sent

to the South. Gospel cottage meetings were held, and a faithful few have done a good deal of missionary work in the sewing circle.

We are now planning to sell the special number of *The Southern Watchman*. Two of our number are attending a canvassers' institute, preparing to enter the canvassing work for the summer.

BIRDIE CRUZAN, *President*,
T. W. LEWIS, *Secretary*.

What Are the Opportunities for Work in the Cities?

(Concluded)

TENTH, in distributing literature, we have many available plans, such as rack work, wagon work, schoolhouse work, the envelope plan, the circulating library. In the rack work we have depots, hotels, barber shops, etc., in which to place racks kept full of reading-matter. We have often been refused the privilege of placing racks in depots, but we have the testimony that in many places where we were denied this privilege, it is now freely granted. So, let us take courage and go forth in faith. Next, the wagon work. Of course, this may apply to colporteur wagons going about to sing, hold meetings, and distribute literature, but papers may be placed in the wagons of farmers on days of special trade. These will, almost without fail, be read, as a farmer has quiet moments for reading and reflecting upon God. Next the schoolhouse work. We would suggest work at the nearest country schoolhouse where Sabbath-school or a Bible reading could be held for the farmers. As far as possible let us place our papers in the public library.

The envelope plan is an excellent one for the distribution of literature,—in some cases lending the precious pages, collecting and exchanging them weekly, in others giving them away. With this plan we have adopted the idea of the workers carrying with them note-books, and recording the names of those with whom special work should be done. These names are handed to the secretary, who calls for volunteers from the Society to take them in charge for a specified time, working for them either in the line of Christian Help work and Bible readings or in any wise way, then reporting weekly a correct account of the work done and the results. In this way the names are kept before the Society continually for work and prayer; thus it is a source of blessing to the whole Society.

Next comes the circulating library. Books of our faith may be collected from members by the young people until a complete library is obtained. We mean books that are now lying unused on the shelves. The city is then districted, a committee is placed over each district, and a superintendent over each committee to see that every house in the district is visited. Taking some books, we can go to the homes, and tell them we are trying to create a deeper interest in the study of the Bible, and have books to lend on certain subjects, naming the subjects. Tell them that we are lending the book for five cents, ten cents, or fifteen cents, according to the value of the book, and that the book can be kept a month for that price. Call at the end of the month, get it, and leave another one on a different subject.

You can see that no one would take the book and pay the price who would not care to read it, and in this way our larger books can be placed in the hands of persons who desire to read, but are too poor to buy.

The chapter in "Great Controversy" on the Waldenses, and their methods, many of which we can carry out, is worthy of careful study. I entreat those who have read it to read it again, word for word. There we are told how by patient and untiring work, sometimes in deep, dark caverns of the earth, by the light of torches, the sacred Scriptures were written out verse by verse, chapter by chapter. They secretly carried with them copies of the Bible in whole or in part, as they went about selling their goods, and their hearts were uplifted to God for wisdom to present a treasure more precious than gold or gems. It was their greatest joy to give light to the conscientious, sin-stricken soul, who could see only a God of vengeance. With quivering lip and tearful eye, did they often on bended knees open to their brethren the precious promises that reveal the sinner's only hope. Thus the light of truth penetrated many a darkened mind, rolling back the cloud of gloom. In secret places the Word of God was thus brought forth, and read sometimes to a single soul, sometimes to a little company who were longing for light and truth. Often the entire night was spent in this way. So great would be the wonder and admiration of the listeners, that the messenger of mercy was not infrequently compelled to cease his reading until the understanding could grasp the tidings of salvation. Often would words like these be uttered, "Will God accept my offering?" "Will he smile upon me?" "Will he pardon me?" The answer was read, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Would not each one be richly repaid if he could see a sin-sick soul grasp hold of Christ?

Our juniors are not to be slighted in this work of saving souls. There is much that they can do in the way of selling the *Life Boat* and *Little Friend*, running errands, carrying fruit and flowers to the sick and aged, piecing quilts, making scrap-books for missions, also binding INSTRUCTORS and *Little Friends*. In making scrap-books, cambric of different colors may be sewed into a book in which good pictures and Bible stories can be pasted. These may be carried to orphans' homes. A year's numbers of the *Little Friend* or INSTRUCTOR may be bound by placing them together with a strip of muslin about three inches wide at the back, and sewing this through. This leaves about one inch of muslin on each side of the volume to be pasted to pasteboard covers. Some nice design of paper can be used for the outside of the cover, and the cloth can be disguised by pasting plain paper on the inside of the cover. Glue a strip of leather at the back, and you have a durable volume that will carry much truth and cheer to the little orphans. Children may also raise flowers for the sick in the hospitals. Often a paper bearing precious truth can be given with a bouquet of flowers. Mission gardens can also be raised, the money earned in this way being used for the support of the work.

"Who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the 'harvest home.'"

BERTRAND PETERSON.

It is expected that in a week or two a series of new lessons for the Young People's Societies will begin to appear in the INSTRUCTOR. These lessons will be on the work of the apostle Paul, whose stanch, faithful, untiring life of service must give new inspiration and practical instruction to every worker for Christ. Will not all the Societies study together this excellent series of lessons?

Children's Page.

"Shao Wa-wa" or One of China's Babies

"SHAO WA-WA" in Chinese means small baby. This wa-wa was a boy baby, a beautiful little fellow, with long, black hair. He would have been welcome in many homes in China, for every family desires sons. Daughters are often unwelcome, and many sad stories of infant murder, or later, if permitted to live, of their sale into slavery or to a life of shame, are connected with the history of the little girls' life in China. But Wa-wa came to a strange kind of home. His parents were very poor — so poor that their little one-room house had only cane mats for the roof. Probably from poor food and exposure, his two older brothers were already sick. So Wa-wa only added to the misery of the place. But he was strong, and seemed determined to live.

Then one of the brothers died, and this was more trouble; for poor people can not afford to bury their dead. Bodies of children, and especially of infants, are simply thrown outside the city, sometimes not even covered with earth. The crows and dogs are so many that they quickly dispose of the bodies. Mr. Tong, Wa-wa's father, was like most of the people — a poor, ignorant man, and he thought evil spirits possessed his children, making them ill; so he became very angry, and taking the other sick one, a child of six years, he dashed the life out of him, and threw him outside the wall.

Little Wa-wa was now eight days old. His mouth had not been cleansed, and it became sore, and he refused to eat. His distracted mother concluded that he, too, would die, and she carried him up on the wall into a small watchtower, and let him drop a distance of twenty-five feet to the ground outside. We do not know why this did not end his life, but it did not. A goat shepherd herding goats outside the city found him crying, and came and told us that a small baby was crying outside the city. We went to see. We found the baby lying naked on the bare earth. The crows could not wait till the little one was dead; they had pecked a hole in its side, and torn one of its eyelids. Both wounds were bleeding, and Wa-wa was blue and stiff with cold when we carried him into our home. A bath and wraps soon warmed him, and he began to fight hard for life.

Strange to say, there were no bruises on the outside resulting from the fall. The crowd which had gathered by the time we reached him was quick to find out the place he came from, and the story already told. One woman recommended a preparation of ants for the little one's sore mouth, and others had other remedies equally absurd. The crow-pecked wounds were soon filled with pus; but with constant dressing, backed by strong vitality of the child, they quickly began to heal. Wa-wa was stunned by his fall, and lay very quiet at first. After that he

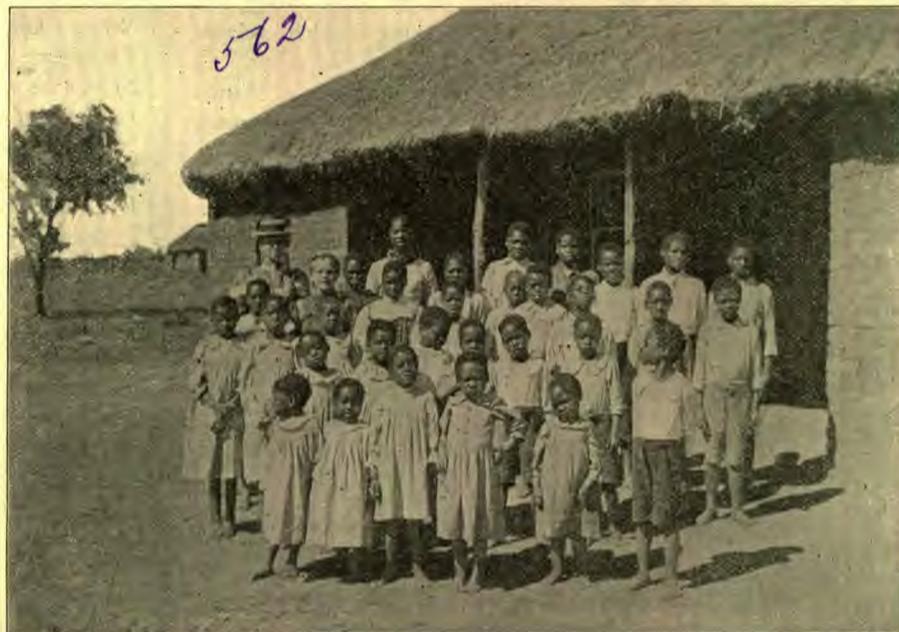
moaned a little through the night, and, to our surprise, was alive in the morning; but it was evident that pneumonia from injury was now his enemy. He breathed on through the day and most of the night, before he gave up the struggle which ended the little life.

Poor little Wa-wa's history is only one of the sad incidents of Chinese life, which result from the ignorance and superstition of the people who "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." Where is the light? Is any of it hidden beneath a bushel? Are our lamps trimmed and burning, full of the oil of the love of Him who so loved that he gave himself?

BERTHA LOVELAND-SELMON, M. D.

The Orphans and Their Biscuits

WHEN the people of Aniwa, one of the New Hebrides Islands, became Christians, the habits



A GROUP OF AFRICAN ORPHANS

of morning and evening family prayer and of grace at meat took a wonderful hold upon them, and became a distinctive badge of the Christian.

This was strikingly manifest during a time of bitter scarcity that befell us. I heard a father, for instance, at his hut door, with his family around him, reverently blessing God for the food provided for them, and for all his mercies in Christ Jesus. Drawing near and conversing with them, I found that their meals consisted of fig-leaves, which they had gathered and cooked — a poor enough dish, but hunger makes a healthy appetite, and contentment is a grateful relish.

During the same period of privation, my orphans suffered badly also. Once they came to me, saying: "Missi, we are very hungry."

"So am I, dear children," I replied, "and we shall have no more white food till the 'Day-spring' comes."

"Missi," they continued, "you have two beautiful fig-trees. Will you let us take one feast of the young and tender leaves? We will not injure branch or fruit."

"Gladly, my children," I answered; "take your fill!"

In a twinkling each child was perched upon a branch; they feasted there as happy as squirrels.

Every night we prayed for the vessel, and in the morning our orphan boys rushed to the coral rocks and eagerly scanned the sea for an answer. Day after day they returned with sad faces, saying: "Missi, *Tavaka jimra!*" (No vessel yet.)

But at gray dawn of a certain day we were awakened by the boys shouting from the shore, and running for the mission house with the cry: "Tavaka oa! Tavaka oa!" (The vessel, hurrah!)

I arose at once, and looking through my glass, I saw that they were discharging goods into the vessel's boats; and the children, when I told them that boxes and bags and casks were being sent on shore, shouted and danced with delight. As the first boat-load was discharged, the orphans surrounded me, saying: "Missi, here is a cask that rattles like biscuits. May we take it to the mission house?"

I told them to do so if they could; and in a moment it was turned into the path, and the boys had it flying before them, some tumbling and hurting their knees, but they were soon up and at it again, never pausing until it rolled up at the door of our storehouse. On returning, I found them all around it, and they said: "Missi, have you forgotten what you promised us?"

"What did I promise you?" I asked.

"Missi has forgot," they whispered to one another, looking much disappointed.

"Forgot what?" I inquired.

"Missi," they replied, "you promised that when the vessel came, you would give each of us a biscuit."

"Oh," I said, "I did not forget; I only wanted to see if you remembered it."

"No fear of that, Missi!" they said, laughing. "Will you soon open the cask? We are dying for biscuits!"

At once I got a hammer and tools, knocked off the hoops, took off one end, and then gave each girl and boy a biscuit. To my surprise they all stood around, biscuit in hand, not one beginning to eat.

"What," I exclaimed, "you are dying for biscuits! Why don't you eat? Are you expecting another?"

"We will first thank God for sending us food," one of the eldest said, "and ask him to bless it to us all."

And this was done in their own simple and beautiful and childlike way; and then they *did* eat, and enjoyed their food as a gift from the heavenly Father's hand.

We ourselves at the mission house could very heartily rejoice with the dear orphans. For some weeks past our European food had all been exhausted, except a little tea; and the cocoanut had been our chief support. It was beginning to tell against us. Our souls rose in gratitude to the Lord, who had sent these fresh provisions that we might love him better and serve him more.—From "The Story of John G. Paton," by Belle M. Brain.



Hungry for Kisses

Two young girls had gone to the orphan asylum one Sabbath afternoon to teach in the Sabbath-school there as substitutes for regular teachers who were absent. One of them taught the infant class, and when the lessons were over, a little blue-eyed tot caught hold of the girl's dress, and, looking up, whispered pleadingly: "Please, teacher, won't you kiss me?"

"To be sure I will, you dear baby!" the girl cried, and, dropping down on one of the low benches, she drew the child close and kissed her again and again. In an instant the others swarmed about, boys and girls alike holding up hungry faces for kisses. The girl's eyes filled with quick tears as she looked into the eager little faces.

Her friend, who had taught an older class, stood at the door of the infant room, looking on, half-laughing, half-impatient.

"Do come along, Helen," she called at last, and, as Helen gently put aside the little, warm, clinging fingers and joined her, the other girl exclaimed, with a touch of scorn: "I don't see how you could have all those mussy little things hugging and kissing you! See how they've tumbled your dress!"

Helen glanced down at her dress; it surely had suffered from the little loving hands, but her eyes were shining through a mist of tears as she gently answered: "You know they have no mothers to kiss them, Gertie."

Somehow Gertie could find no answer for that, and as the two reached the street, Helen went on: "Did you notice Sadie Burns, the little brown-eyed thing with the blue veins on her forehead?"

"The one that clung to your dress to the last minute?"

"Yes, that was Sadie. The matron told me that one day when Sadie was sick, a lady who is very fond of her, and who often visits at the asylum, came to see her, and brought her a little puppy, which she thought would amuse her. Of course, the child was delighted with the puppy, and at last the lady said to her: 'If you could have just what you want most of all for yourself, Sadie, what would it be?' She thought the little thing would like the puppy, and she meant to give it to her, if the matron was willing; but Sadie put the dog down at once, and, stepping close to the lady, leaned on her knee, and looking up at her with those big, solemn brown eyes, she said: 'I'd like most of anything to sit in your lap a few minutes just as if I was your own little girl.'"

Gertie turned impulsively to her friend. "I never imagined they felt so, Helen," she said, remorsefully.

"They don't all, of course," Helen answered; "but I know that some do, and I can not bear to think of little children going hungry for kisses. I can't give them mother kisses, but I do the best I can, even if my dress does suffer a little."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

A Talk with Jesus

Would you not like to have lived when Jesus was here on earth, and had the privilege of talking with him, and hearing the loving words that fell from his lips? Many of the youth would, I know, and older ones as well. While this privilege is not theirs, yet, if desired, all may have a talk with him every day, through reading his Word. The Bible is the word of the Lord, and were Jesus on earth to-day, he would say the same heavenly and beautiful things that he

said when he lived here. We can always have these precious words with us. At any time we can pause and have a little talk with the Master. Even when we walk by the way, like Mary of old, we can be learning of him.

When on the earth, as his cruel death on the cross drew near, his heart was drawn out to his disciples in this trying hour, and he gave them special instruction for that time, and talked to them about his death. Were he here now, among the things upon which he would give us special instruction would be that of his soon second coming, and the preparation necessary to stand through the dark hours of that time.

The Bible is a wonderful book. It is like no other book in the world. The more you read it, the newer it seems. It tells us of things past, things present, and of things to come. It contains truths so wonderful that the shining angels around the throne desire to look into the things which it contains. We are told so in 1 Peter 1:9-12. Look up this scripture and read it. And if angels who look into the very face of God are interested in the study of his Word, is it not wicked for us to neglect to study it? There is eternal life in this wonderful volume. Let it be your daily companion. G. B. THOMPSON.

Why Another Was Promoted

THE young people who are inclined to hold "luck" or a "pull" responsible for the fact that their business associates are advanced while they occupy the same position at the same salary, are invited to ponder the following incident related in *Success*:—

"I feel deeply hurt," said a faithful and trusted clerk, "that you should promote one of my juniors right over my head. I do not wish to seem impertinent, but would very much like to know the reason."

"What is making all that noise in front of the store?" suddenly asked the manager, without seeming to notice the clerk's protest. "Please ascertain at once."

"It is a lot of wagons going by," said the clerk, when he returned.

"What are they loaded with so heavily?"

"They are loaded with wheat," was the reply, after a second trip had been made to the front of the building.

"How many are there?"

"Sixteen," was the third reply.

"Find where they come from."

Ten minutes later the information came that all the wagons were from Lucena.

"Very good," said the manager. "Now call John, whom I have promoted; then take a seat and listen."

"Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?" he continued, when John appeared.

"It is unnecessary," was the reply, "for I have already ascertained that it is caused by sixteen wagons loaded with wheat. Twenty more will pass to-morrow. They all belong to Romero & Co., of Lucena, and are on their way to Marchesa, where wheat is selling at \$1.25 a bushel, while it only costs \$1 at Lucena. The wagons carry 100 bushels each, and get 15 cents a bushel for hauling."

"My friend," said the manager, turning to the old clerk, "you see now why John was promoted over you."—*Selected.*

Evening

WHAT can be compared to the evening? The sublimity and quietness that settles down upon nature makes itself a part of us. It is then one feels impressed, yes, inspired, by something nobler and grander. He would rise above his surroundings, and fly away to regions beyond. This he can accomplish in imagination, if not in reality.

There is a balm in the air which soothes the

ruffled feelings; a calm steals over one, and he is composed,—but only for a short time. There comes a yearning, a longing, which can not be satisfied. The inmost soul cries out for sympathy. It is not caused by lack of attention from those around—far from it; it is a grasping, a reaching after something one can not have. He feels keenly the absence of precious links which form the chain of life. The mind reverts to now distant friends of the past—distant in space, but not in thought. He longs to see them; since this is impossible, the mind marshals its forces, and a panoramic view of friendships passes before him, presenting each scene in the scale of importance.

One may thus spend a long time ruminating and digging up hidden joys and sorrows. While thus silently conversing with past associates, the evening has blended with her darker sister, Night. On awaking from dreaming, the bright assurance comes that though the friends of memory may be seen on this earth no more, there will be a happy reunion when Jesus assembles his children in the earth made new. LILLIE GEORGE.

Heard in the Street

What Was Said:

Our cook makes a *lovely* pudding.

She is *the best of any of them.*

Less we take a drive.

Thank you, I *will* be happy to go.

She *sung* two or three little German songs.

When Eleanor comes, she'll *liven* things up.

You *hadn't ought* to have told her.

When I *first began*, I was slow.

I'm in first-rate *shape* for work now.

Sposen he *don't* come, what then?

I get so *het up* that I *can't hardly* breathe.

Not *as* I know of.

He's not a *reliable* party.

Did he say whether he could fill *them* orders to-day?

I never said *nothing* about it.

She's the *beautifullest* girl in the city.

If you tease, you'll stay *to home* next time I go shopping.

The whole of my rose-bushes died last winter.

I went *for to* get a new hat.

We are using *karosene* oil for fuel.

I *haven't got* any money.

Can I go with you?

If it rains Tuesday, *would* I come?

'Tain't no use to get *mad* about it.

How *be* you going to church?

She's the most *aggravating* woman I know.

What Should Have Been Said:

Our cook makes a *delicious* pudding.

She is *the best of them all.*

Let's or [*Let us*] take a drive.

Thank you, I *shall* be happy to go.

She *sang* two or three little German songs.

When Eleanor comes, she'll *enliven* things.

You *ought not* to have told her.

When I *began*, I was slow.

I'm in first-class *condition* for work now.

Suppose that he *doesn't* come, what then?

I get so *heated* that I *can hardly* breathe.

Not *that* I know of.

He's not a *trustworthy* person.

Did he say whether he could fill *those* orders to-day?

I never said *anything* about it.

She's the *most beautiful* girl in the city.

If you tease, you'll stay *at home* the next time I go shopping.

All my rose-bushes died last winter.

I went *to* get a new hat.

We are using *kerosene* oil for fuel.

I *have no* money.

May I go with you?

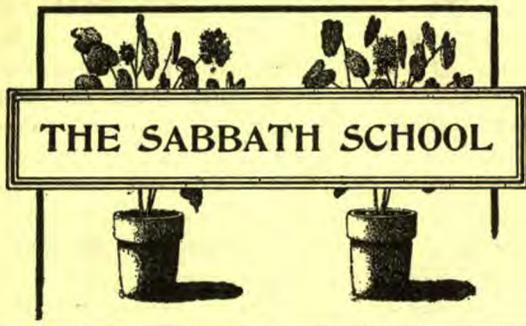
If it rains Tuesday, *shall* I come?

It's of no use [or *useless*] to get *angry* about it.

How *are* you going to church?

She's the most *irritating* woman I know.—

Selected.



"THE Bible: learn in it, teach from it, help with it, conquer by it."

INTERMEDIATE LESSON

V—Jehu Becomes King of Israel

(July 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 8, 9, 10.

MEMORY VERSE: "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord: but the words of the pure are pleasant words." Prov. 15: 26.

"And Elisha came to Damascus; and Ben-hadad the king of Syria was sick; and it was told him, saying, The man of God is come hither. And the king said unto Hazael, Take a present in thine hand, and go, meet the man of God, and inquire of the Lord by him, saying, Shall I recover of this disease?"

So Hazael took presents, and went to meet Elisha, and said: "Thy son Ben-hadad king of Syria hath sent me to thee, saying, Shall I recover of this disease?" and Elisha answered: "Go, say unto him, Thou mayest certainly recover: howbeit the Lord hath showed me that he shall surely die."

Now Hazael was planning to kill the king, and the Lord had shown this to Elisha. "And the man of God wept. And Hazael said, Why weepeth my lord? And he answered, Because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel; their strongholds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword. . . . And Hazael said, But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? And Elisha answered, The Lord hath showed me that thou shalt be king over Syria."

So when the king asked what word the prophet had sent, Hazael said, "He told me that thou shouldst surely recover." But the next day "he took a thick cloth, and dipped it in water, and spread it on his face, so that he died: and Hazael reigned in his stead."

After this Elisha sent a young man of the sons of the prophets to Ramoth-gilead to anoint Jehu king over Israel. He told the young man to call the captain aside, into an inner chamber. He said: "Then take the box of oil, and pour it on his head, and say, Thus saith the Lord, I have anointed thee king over Israel. Then open the door, and flee, and tarry not."

When the young man came to Ramoth-gilead, he found Jehu sitting with the other captains; and he said, "I have an errand to thee, O captain. And Jehu said, Unto which of all us? And he said, To thee, O captain. And he arose, and went into the house; and he poured the oil on his head, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I have anointed thee king over the people of the Lord, even over Israel." Then he told Jehu that the Lord had appointed him to utterly destroy the house of Ahab. He also said that the dogs should eat Jezebel in the city of Jezreel, and there should be none to bury her.

When the captains heard what had been done, they spread their garments under Jehu, and blew a trumpet, saying, "Jehu is king." Now Jehoram, the son of Ahab, was still king of Israel, and he was in Jezreel, to be healed of wounds that he had received in battle. So Jehu went up against that city, and slew him, and cast him in the field of Naboth. When Jezebel heard that Jehu was

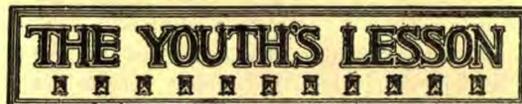
coming, she looked out at an upper window, and as he entered the gate, she called to him. But Jehu told the eunuchs who stood by her to throw her down; and when it was done, he rode over her, and went into the city. And the dogs ate her flesh, even as the Lord had said.

After this Jehu slew the seventy sons of Ahab, and put to death all who worshiped Baal in the land of Israel. He also cast down the house of Baal, and burned all the images used in the worship of this god. Nevertheless he did not take away the golden calves that Jeroboam had set up in Bethel and Dan; and after he had destroyed the house of Ahab and the images of Baal, "Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord."

All the kings of Israel that we have learned about were very wicked. There were a few more after Jehu; but they also did wickedly, and at last the Lord allowed the king of the Assyrians to come against Israel, and carry all ten tribes away captive.

Questions

1. To what city did Elisha come? Whom did Ben-hadad send to him? With what question?
2. What did the prophet say to Hazael, when he had asked if the king would recover? Why did he answer in this way?
3. What did the man of God do? What did Hazael ask him? How did he answer? What did Hazael say then?
4. When the king asked Hazael what message the prophet had sent, how did Hazael answer? What did he do the next day?
5. To what city did Elisha send one of the sons of the prophets soon after this? What was he to do there?
6. With whom did the young man find Jehu? What did he say to him? Where did he take him? When he had poured the oil on Jehu's head, what did he say he had anointed him to be? What did he say Jehu should do to the house of Ahab? What would become of Jezebel?
7. What did the captains say when they heard what the young man had done? Where was the king of Israel at this time? What became of him? Tell how Jezebel met her death. Why was this terrible punishment sent upon this woman? Read 1 Kings 21.
8. Tell how Jehu cleansed the land of Baal worship. Yet what did he allow to remain? After he had destroyed the house of Ahab, and put away the worship of Baal, what did he do?
9. What kind of men were all the kings of Israel? What nation finally came against Israel? What did the Lord allow the Assyrians to do?



V—The Judgment Message

(July 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rev. 14: 6-8.

MEMORY VERSE: "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Eccl. 12: 14.

Questions

1. In the typical service, what represented the judgment?—The day of atonement.
2. What was the service on the day of atonement called? Eze. 45: 18; Lev. 16: 16.
3. What time was set for the cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary? Dan. 8: 14. When did this prophecy end?—A. D. 1844.
4. Then when did the judgment begin? Note 1.
5. What did Paul say of the judgment in his day? Acts 24: 25.
6. What message began to be preached near the close of the twenty-three hundred days? Rev. 14: 6, 7.
7. For what event was this message with the

other messages of Revelation 14 to prepare the world? Verse 14.

8. What symbol is used to introduce this line of prophecy? What did the angel proclaim? What shows the message to be world-wide? Verse 6; note 2.

9. By what does the apostle James say God's people are to be judged? James 2: 12.

10. To what law does he refer? Verses 10, 11; compare with Ex. 20: 2-17.

11. What words in this message seem to call attention to the law of God? Rev. 14: 7, last part, with Ex. 20: 8-11.

12. What did the prophet see opened in heaven at the beginning of the judgment? What was in the temple? Rev. 11: 19. What significance is there in this? Note 3.

13. What will God bring into judgment? Eccl. 12: 13, 14.

14. Describe the judgment scene. Dan. 7: 9, 10. Who are the millions around the throne? Rev. 5: 11.

15. Out of what are the people judged? Rev. 20: 12.

16. What solemn decree will follow the close of the work in the heavenly sanctuary? Rev. 22: 11.

17. What should be our attitude in this important time? Heb. 4: 14-16; note 4.

Note

1. The judgment message, being a gospel message, must be given before probation closes. It is synonymous with the cleansing of the sanctuary, and began at the end of the 2300 days of Dan. 8: 14, on the tenth day of the seventh month, or Oct. 22, 1844—nearly threescore years ago.

"The prophecy of the first angel's message brought to view in Revelation 14, found its fulfillment in the Advent movement of 1840-44."—*"Great Controversy."*

2. When the Lord wishes to represent earthly governments, he selects as the most fitting symbol a wild and ravenous beast. But the work of the gospel for these last days is represented by an angel flying in the heaven. Though the gospel is preached by men, doubtless special angels have charge of the work.

3. The view of the opening of the temple of God in heaven and the sight of the ark of the testament at the time of the judgment, suggest immediately the fact that the law which was in the ark in the earthly sanctuary must have been in the heavenly, and was to be used as the standard in the judgment about to begin.

The judgment is a real thing. The judge upon the throne is a real, actual, personal being; the throne upon which he is seated is a real throne; the books opened are real books; the angels who surround the throne are real angels, and those who are being judged are real beings.

4. "Silently, unnoticed as a midnight thief, will come the decisive hour which marks the fixing of every man's destiny, the final withdrawal of mercy's offer to guilty men. . . . While the man of business is absorbed in the pursuit of gain, while the pleasure-lover is seeking indulgence, while the daughter of fashion is arranging her adornments,—it may be in that hour the Judge of all the earth will pronounce the sentence, 'Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting.'"—*"Great Controversy," page 491.*

"HAVE faithfulness and sincerity as first principles."

BE satisfied with nothing but your best.—*Edward R. Sill.*

"NOTHING is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength."

"Do you know that it is not so much a task to get the Bible to the people as it is to get the people to the Bible?"



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Friendship

FRIENDSHIP is an expert at reading human hearts, and when it finds two congenial minds, it silently, often unsolicited and fearing no repulse, envelops, enwraps, or binds them together, tightening the cord as time passes.

One heart can not be bribed to adopt another. Friendship is so permeated with the air of heaven that, like the Perfect Heart, it spurns all evil motives, abhors the pleasing proposals of the avaricious, selfish, or unholy ambitious heart.

The conditions of true friendship are mutual respect, possession of individual power that each may receive mental inspiration and help from the other. Each must possess, too, many of those heavenly graces or virtues that awaken constant and increased admiration, or must have in their stead an active purpose to gain them, which, I doubt not, even in the sight of Heaven is as pleasing.

To secure permanency of friendly feeling there must be unfolding of new powers, ripening or culture of the old, a constant quickening of the emotions; else each will not both give and receive, and what pleasure can a stagnant pool give? Hearts that are truly united in this way can not grow old to each other. Friendship, then, is the fountain that perpetuates immortal youth. It is the deep, clear, perennial stream, while momentary superficial attachments are but the shallow, roily brooklet.

How freely are one's best efforts, thoughts, and feelings laid upon friendship's altar! and why should they not be? for they are but the results, the involuntary outgrowth, of the feeling. Emerson says, "When one begins to write to a friend, troops of gentlest thoughts invest themselves on every hand with chosen words." I agree with him that such thoughts come involuntarily to the heart that beats with true, friendly feelings; yet these thoughts sometimes are too spiritual to be handled by the pen. Who has not felt dumb, powerless to speak, as he gazed upon the gorgeous heaven-painted West at close of day, and felt his soul beat against its chamber door, praying as fervently as does the poet his muse for the chosen words that shall unlock the door and set it free? Thus it is with friendship emotions.

What value has the gold band from which the diamond has dropped. What charm has the golden clasp of friendship without its sparkling gem of sincerity?

Few there are who have not seen the eyes of the "green-eyed monster" fastened upon some true and innocent one, if not felt its blighting, withering bite upon their own tenderest emotions and holiest aspirations. Only true sincerity has the power to forever bar this loathsome, slimy body from one's path. Then let friends be wholly sincere, else the cement of friendship will be dissolved.

So sacred is this tie, that well may he who separates friends receive retribution from the Hand above; and so sacred is it, that friends should cherish and prize it more than any earthly gift.

Were this feeling canceled from the human emotion, man would soon be frozen by the chilling blasts from a cold, unsympathizing world.

A Beautiful Prayer

The fishermen of Brittany, so we are told, are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and thy ocean is so wide." How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought! How wise and appropriate the prayer! Might not the same petition be uttered with the same directness by us every day of our lives? "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small,"—I am so weak, so helpless, so easily carried by the winds and tossed by the waves. "And thy ocean is so wide,"—the perils are so many, the rocks so frequent, the current of temptation so resistless, the tides of evil so treacherous, the icy mountains of disaster so threatening, that, except thou, the Lord, dost keep me, I must utterly perish. Keep me, my God, keep me; my boat is so small, and thy winds are so fierce, thy waves are so high, thy waters are so deep, thy ocean is so wide, I am so buffeted about by sharp adversity, so driven before the storms of grief, so swept by the resistless eurocyldon of defeat—keep me, my God, keep me!—Selected.

Robby's Teacher

WHEN Robby was at our house, I heard my grandma say, "He has the prettiest manners I've seen for many a day."

So then I went and asked him What made him so polite. I said, "I s'pose somebody Is teaching you just right."

But Robby said there wasn't; He said his mother's way Is just to smile, and make him Feel p'liter every day. —Elizabeth L. Gould.

The Power of Forgiveness

THE power of forgiveness even for an offense against human law is well illustrated in the following: A soldier was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offense. He was an old offender, and had often been punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned; "flogging, disgrace, solitary confinement, everything has been tried with him." Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and, apologizing for the liberty, said: "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet."

"What is that?" said the officer. "Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

"Forgiven!" exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected a few minutes, ordered the culprit brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge.

"Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only that I am sorry for what I have done."

Turning a kind and pitying look on the man, who expected nothing less than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offense, the colonel addressed him, saying: "Well, we forgive you!"

The soldier was struck dumb with amazement; tears started to his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust, and, thanking his officer, he retired—to be the old refractory, incorrigible man?—No! From that day forward he was a new man. He who told the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore a soldier's uniform.—Sel.

The Union College Year Book

THE Union College Year Book will soon be ready. It will contain the usual information concerning facilities, plan of work, courses of study, and expenses, which will be of interest to those who think of attending school the coming year. Our German, Swedish, and Danish-Norwegian people will be especially interested in the description and courses of study of the Bible-school, conducted in each of these languages, for the training of gospel workers; because these are the only schools of the kind in the United States. All who are watching the working out of the educational problems of the denomination will want to study the announcement of new plans (a) for industrial classes, (b) for promoting self-government among students, (c) for adapting the courses of study to the training of laborers for the missionary departments of the third angel's message, (d) for the conduct of the college homes.

Let all who wish copies of the new Year Book address at once the President of Union College, College View, Nebraska.



NORTH WINDHAM, CONN., June 14, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I like to read the letters in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and no doubt others do. I am thirteen years old. There were three besides myself baptized June 4, by Elder Langdon. I like to read the stories on the children's page. As my letter is getting long, I will not write more.

E. MAE SISSON.

The children's page is interesting and helpful, and the other pages are equally so. I hope the four who were buried with Christ in baptism will prove wholly loyal to the right, though a score more of years roll by.

ROBBINSDALE, MINN., June 13, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I look for the paper every week; I like to read the letters that it contains. At the time I mail this I shall send twenty-five cents for the Bible Training School, which is a good paper. I am going to have it sent to my auntie in New York.

There is no church here; so when we can't go to church in Minneapolis, we meet and have Sabbath-school at the home of a friend of ours. There are only two families here that keep the Sabbath, so our school isn't very large. I hope my letter isn't too long; for I want it to be printed. IRENE BULLIS.

ROYSE CITY, TEXAS, May 13, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a subscriber and a reader of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and I love the messages that God sends to me through it.

Its pages are filled with the love of God expressed by hearts that have been lightened by looking unto Jesus and receiving of his mercy.

Dear friends, I went to Christ last fall and asked him to have mercy on me. His tender love entered my heart, and caused me to study his Word more and more. At this time I was not a Sabbath-keeper, but I found that the Bible positively said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and I said, "Lord, forgive me for the past, and I will be thy child forever." I find he is merciful and will abundantly pardon. I kept my first Sabbath, Dec. 19, 1903, and since that day I have been walking in the light of Jesus.

We have Sabbath-school every Sabbath morning when the weather will permit. I am sixteen years old, and stay with my father on the farm, about ten miles south of Royse City. Until we came here, I knew nothing of Adventists. Now I am walking with Jesus, keeping God's commandments. I will close with good wishes to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. HENRY MONK.