

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## A Life of Faith and Works—George Muller

### His Interest in Foreign Missions

TEN years passed after Mr. Muller's conversion before he entered fully upon his life-work. These years brought him disappointments and discouragements, but it became evident later on that the Lord was very near to his servant all this time, and that these experiences were God's means of preparing him for his real mission in life. During this time Mr. Muller kept his "eyes on the fields," and applied to several societies for an opportunity to go to some foreign country. For various reasons his application was not received, war at one time being the hindering cause. He was to be a foreign missionary, but not until he had accomplished a marvelous work at home. By these experiences he learned that "continued uncertainty as to one's course is a reason for continued waiting." God's hand is in the delay.

Once, after waiting six weeks for a society to respond to his offer, he concluded that it was not right for him to wait for his fellow men to set him to work, so "instead of lying like a vessel in dry dock for repairs," he began at once to work for those about him, especially for the Jews in the city of London.

In 1826 Mr. Muller first attempted to preach. A gentleman whom he had been instrumental in bringing to Christ, invited him to come out to a schoolhouse and speak for an aged, infirm minister. Mr. Muller thought that by committing another man's sermon to memory and repeating it, he might be able to do some good; so he accepted the invitation. Twice in the forenoon he delivered his memorized sermon. He was asked to speak again in the afternoon. He had no sermon to give, but he felt that he could at least read and simply expound the fifth chapter of Matthew. As he began, the Spirit of God gave him wonderful assistance, both in thought and in presentation. He saw the great difference between the sermons of the forenoon and his effort in the afternoon. He decided that the way to speak was simply to expound the Word of God, a decision that gave the characteristic strength to his work as a minister of the gospel through the sixty years that followed.

In entering upon his ministerial work, Mr. Muller concluded that the taking of a stated salary was not right. Once decided that a thing was not right, he immediately abandoned it, whatever the apparent personal loss to himself. While he thought the people ought to support the minister, he held that it should be done by voluntary contributions, and not by subscribing a certain regular amount, nor by charging rent for pews. He claimed that pew rents made a distinction between the rich and the poor, and that to some, under certain circumstances, a promised regular

amount would be a burden. He also claimed that there was a liability that those who gave the most would feel that they should receive special attention and favor from the minister, and that "one must be unusually faithful and intrepid if he feels no temptation to keep back, or in some degree modify, his message in order to please men, when he remembers that the very persons most open to rebuke and most liable to offense are perhaps the main contributors to his salary."

He afterward took another step that he said was even more difficult than the refusing of his salary. To be consistent, he felt he must not

sand dollars. Surely it is not a vain thing to trust the Lord.

### The Influence of Three Books

At Halle, in Prussia, where Mr. Muller attended school, there had been erected by A. H. Francke, in 1696, the largest enterprise for poor children then existing in the world. The founder of this orphanage was a man of faith, and was abundantly blessed by the Lord in his work. For more than two hundred years this institution had been doing a noble work. It was the reading of the life of this man of God that inspired Mr. Muller with the idea that he must do a similar work for his Master.

After he had fully entered upon his life-work, the reading of the life of John Newton stirred him up to bear a similar witness to the Lord's dealings with himself; so Mr. Muller began publishing an annual report, called "A Narrative of the Lord's Dealings." This report has led to many conversions and renewed consecrations to the work of God.

There was still another book destined to influence the life of George Muller. This was the biography of George Whitefield. It was the reading of this book that convinced Mr. Muller that the remarkable power of Mr. Whitefield in winning souls to God was due to his habit of much prayer, and *reading the Bible on his knees*. So Mr. Muller formed the same habit, and afterward acknowledged that it had brought great spiritual blessings to him. These three books were used by God to direct George Muller into the fulness of the Christian life.

### The Founding of a Great Institution

Happily Mr. Muller found in Mr. Craik, of Bristol, a man after his own heart,—a man as anxious as Mr. Muller to walk in just the path that God outlined for the Christian. These two young men united their efforts in evangelistic work, and had marked success in winning souls to Christ. In 1834 Mr. Muller, though already overtaxed with pastoral duties, was led of God to found the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, for Home and Abroad. The purposes of this institution, and the principles upon which it was founded, are given by Mr. Arthur Pierson in Mr. Muller's biography, as follows:—

Every believer's duty and privilege is to help on the cause and work of Christ.

The patronage of the world is not to be sought after, depended upon, or countenanced.

Pecuniary aid, or help in managing or carrying on its affairs, is not to be asked for or sought from those who are not believers.

Debts are not to be contracted or allowed for any cause in the work of the Lord.

The standard of success is not to be a numerical or financial standard.

All compromise of the truth or any measures that impair testimony to God are to be avoided.

The objects of the institution were also stated:—

To establish or aid day-schools, Sunday-schools, and adult schools, taught and conducted only by believers, and on thoroughly Scriptural principles.

To circulate the Holy Scriptures, wholly or

### Thou Anointest My Head

Ps. 23, 5

IN Eastern lands the shepherds watch  
Their flocks on mountains lone,  
Guarding with care from foes about,  
Speaking with tender tone.

And when beneath the starry sky  
The air is damp and cold,  
A call rings out; the sheep respond,  
And gather to the fold.

The shepherd rods the eager flock,  
Thus holding back each one,  
Inspecting it with tender care,  
And leaving naught undone.

The knee that's bruised is bandaged up,  
The scratch with tar o'erspread,  
The worn and weary one is bathed  
With oil upon its head,

A cup of water full to brim  
To quench its thirst is given,  
And then into the shelter safe  
'Tis gently led, not driven.

And thus the Lord anoints my head,  
My cup is running o'er,  
My Shepherd kind with horn of oil  
Is standing at the door.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

North Deering, Maine.

even state his needs for traveling expenses and living, but look wholly to the Lord to supply every temporal as well as spiritual need. Then, later on, lest some would feel self-complacent over the largeness of their gift, and others humiliated because they could not give more generously, Mr. Muller had a box put up in the church, and each one was asked to deposit in it his offering.

Mr. Muller threw himself completely upon the mercies of the Lord, allowing man to have no part in the work only as the Spirit of God moved upon individual hearts; but he never lacked for means. Some years he was given as high as ten thousand dollars for his own personal use. While he received almost constantly money for the various lines of work he was conducting, he never used one cent for himself unless it was definitely stated by the donor that it should be so used. From his *personal* receipts, Mr. Muller was enabled during his life to return to the Lord in gifts more than four hundred and twenty thou-



in portions, over the widest possible territory.

To aid missionary efforts and assist laborers, in the Lord's vineyard anywhere, who are working upon a Biblical basis, and looking only to the Lord for support.

Mr. Muller began this work with only one shilling in hand; and we must ever keep in mind that the unique and beautiful feature—a settled principle—of Mr. Muller's work is that he never appealed to man, either directly or indirectly, for help; he never took up a collection, but simply stated to the public that such a line of work was to be established. He would also state clearly the principles upon which it was to be founded. All the rest he took to the Lord alone, and expected him to find those who would voluntarily support the work.

Somehow the Lord never failed to do his part; so that Mr. Muller had nearly eight million dollars given him during sixty years for the work of God. *This is more than our whole denomination has given in the same length of time, in both tithes and offerings*, at least as far as the records show.

The fifty-ninth report given by Mr. Muller of the work, shows that the Scriptural Knowledge Institution during the year 1898 maintained seven day-schools, of 354 pupils; the number of pupils from the beginning was 81,501; the number of home Sunday-schools, 12; and of children in them, 1,341; but from the beginning, 32,944. The number of Sunday-schools aided in England and Wales, 25. The amount expended in connection with home schools, \$3,680; from the outset, \$549,960. The number of Bibles and parts thereof circulated, 15,411; from the beginning, 1,989,266. Money expended for this purpose the past year, \$2,195; from the first, \$205,450. Missionary laborers aided, 115. Money expended, \$10,410; from the outset, \$1,309,295. Circulation of books and tracts, 3,101,338. Money spent, \$5,005; and from the first, \$235,940. All the shillings and pence were omitted in expressing the various amounts in United States money; so the real expenditures were even greater than these figures show. This seems a great work for one man to accomplish in the cause of God; but Mr. Muller is best known to the world through his orphanages, which will be the theme of the next article.

(To be concluded)

## Science Stories

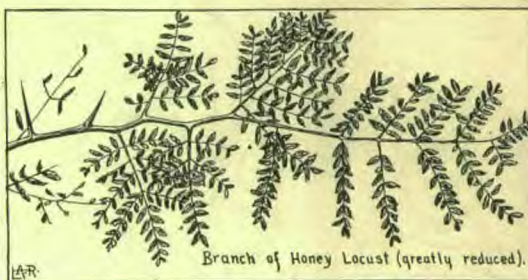
### The Mystery of Life



Do not forget that it is the chlorophyll-granules in the green leaves that perform the great work of starch-making, or food manufacturing of all plants.

The formation of plant materials always begins with the decomposition of absorbed carbon dioxide, the gas that animals exhale. But this decomposition is carried on only by that protoplasm in which are imbedded chlorophyll-granules. This protoplasm can accomplish the task indicated only by the aid of these granules, and it is therefore the chlorophyll-granules upon which everything depends.

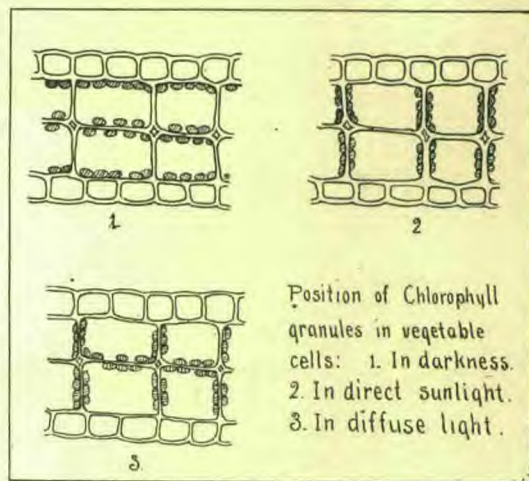
These granules always appear imbedded in protoplasm, but they are sharply defined from it, and in their entire development exhibit a certain separateness and individuality.



The quantity of organic substances formed in a cell, by the decomposition of carbon dioxide, is greater the larger the number of chlorophyll-granules, provided all of them are arranged within the protoplasm in such a manner that they can discharge their functions. The granules must be so arranged that no one deprives another of light. Each granule must labor as if there were no other, and yet with due consideration of every other.

If the granules "get in one another's light," the shaded granules are deprived of their power, for they can work only under the influence of light. But there is perfect adaptation and harmony between these granules; they seem endowed with intelligence, perfect and efficient for all their tasks and conditions of existence.

Each species of plant requires a definite amount of light, and the chlorophyll is perfectly adapted to obtain this certain amount. Under all the vary-



ing degrees of light and shade they seek to obtain the required amount.

If the foliage is weakly illuminated, the granules maintain a broader side, and more favorable position toward the light, in consequence of which they present the largest possible surface to the sun's rays. If the foliage is strongly illuminated, they assume a narrower side, and less favorable position to the light, by which the smallest possible surface is exposed.

At the same time the leaves themselves assist in also adapting themselves to the light. For instance, the leaves of the honey-locust, when weakly illuminated, will spread their blades as broadly as possible to the light; when, however, they are strongly illuminated, they partly close, back to back, thus shutting out to some extent the intense light. This folding of the leaf is a common method in many plants. The wood-sorrel leaves are also an excellent example; each leaflet folds through the center, closing to shut out the light.

Of course, these actions of the chlorophyll-granules in the protoplasm all take place through the sensitiveness of the cells. The protoplasm acts in response to the stimulus of light. But to say this, is not, by any means, to clear the mystery. How happens it that there is this marvelous relation between light and the watery protoplasm? Instrumentality does not explain the why of things; it shows only part of the process.

When we seek to understand these things, "we find ourselves in the position of an inquirer who visits a chemical laboratory without a guide, and wishes to ascertain in what way some material

—for example, a pigment—is manufactured.

"He notices apparatus set up there, sees the raw materials heaped together, and also finds the finished product. If the manufacture is actually proceeding, he can also observe whether warmth or cold and greater or less pressure are brought into action as propelling forces, and he can, if entrusted with the manipulation necessary to the production of such pigment, imagine the relation of the different parts to the whole. Of the details, indeed, much must remain incomprehensible, or quite unknown. Especially with reference to the quantity of the transformed raw material, and with regard to the propelling forces, must the visitor's knowledge remain incomplete."

It is somewhat like this when we attempt to inspect the processes carried on in the cells where chlorophyll-granules develop their activity. "We see the effective apparatus, we recognize the food-gases and food-salts collected for working up, we know that the sun's rays act as the motive force, and we also identify the products which appear completed in the chlorophyll-granules."

"But what is altogether puzzling is how the active forces work, how the sun's rays are able to bring it about that the atoms of the raw material abandon their previous grouping, become displaced, intermix with one another, and shortly appear in stable combinations under a wholly different arrangement."—Anton Kerner von Marilaun, Professor of Botany in the University of Vienna.

Thus does a great scientist write concerning the chemical decompositions and combinations which take place in the cells of plants. He says that we are able to see that these chemical actions take place under the stimulus of sunlight, "but what is altogether puzzling is . . . how the sun's rays are able to bring it about."

L. A. REED.

### The Message of the Clouds

WHAT is the message the clouds bring to us? The sunshine brings us life and cheer; we rejoice in the warm rays, and we sometimes almost wish the sun would always shine. But if it did, the sunshine, which brings life and rejoicing if uninterrupted, would bring death and mourning. Who that has passed through the experience does not recall the feeling of almost hopeless despair which seemed to overtake him, as, day after day, under the parching heat of the sun, he saw the fruitful promise of the spring-time withering, dying, and turning to dust? How anxiously every gathering cloud was watched, hoping that each one was the forerunner of the long-looked-for shower. Thank God for the clouds and the rain. "Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." This, then, is the mission of the clouds; without them we could have no fruitful seasons.

Now let us see what personal message the clouds bring. That it is an important one is shown in 1 Cor. 10:1: "Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea." This, then, represents an experience common to all. "Now these things were our figures." 1 Cor. 10:6, margin. They are like the kindergarten blocks by which we teach spiritual truths to children; but let us not, as children often do, see only the figures, and fail to grasp the truths they represent.

"He spread a cloud for a covering; and fire to give light in the night." Ps. 105:39. "The cloud . . . served as a protection from the burning heat, and by its coolness and moisture afforded grateful refreshment in the parched, thirsty desert."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 282. "For the Lord God is a sun and shield." Ps. 84:11. The bright rays of the sun would



overpower us at times, and we need something to shield us. So when God desires to draw very near to his people, he covers his glory with a cloud, that they be not consumed. "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way." Ex. 13:21. The cloud not only protected them, but it led them all the way they should go. "Yet thou in thy manifold mercies forsookest them not in the wilderness: the pillar of the cloud departed not from them by day, to lead them in the way." Neh. 9:19. "They called upon the Lord, and he answered them. He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar." Ps. 99:6, 7. "Clouds and darkness are round about him." Ps. 97:2. Thus God draws very near in the cloud; and if we speak, he will answer us, as he did Moses and Aaron. But to our human sight, the cloud seems to separate us from God. We fear as we enter into the cloud. Luke 9:34. But listen! the Father speaks: "This is my beloved Son: hear him. And when the voice was past, Jesus was found alone." What a blessed experience,—alone with Jesus on the mount.

But how thick the clouds seem sometimes! We think that God has forsaken us; we can not realize he is drawing very near to us in the cloud. "When thick clouds of darkness seem to hover over the mind, then is the time to let living faith pierce the darkness and scatter the clouds."—*Early Writings*, page 62.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy,  
And shall break in blessings o'er your head."

Let us ever remember that every cloud has a bright as well as a dark side. Let us keep on the bright side, which is the way of obedience. If our path seems to be enshrouded in darkness, let us search and try our ways, to discover where we are out of harmony with our Leader. Let us submit ourselves fully to him, to be guided in the way he would have us go, and rise above the clouds on the wings of faith. Like the eagle, let us live above the clouds; then we shall see only their silver lining. When the cloud comes, the Lord is seeking to reveal to us some defect of character. By faithful work in overcoming we may dwell forever in the sunlight of God's presence.

Mrs. NELLIE A. HONEYWELL.

## HEALTH HINTS

### Transmission of Infectious Diseases

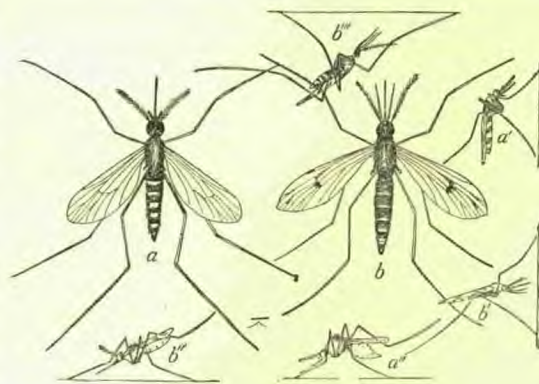
THERE was formerly so much mystery regarding the transmission of diseases that it is not surprising that superstitious people attributed disease to the agency of evil spirits or offended gods. Now that the cause of various diseases is definitely known, and the action of these diseases in animals can be studied, many things which were once mysterious can be understood, and much done toward preventing disease. Instead of going through incantations and attempting to frighten away the devils, men now study the habits of the germs, how they gain admission to the body, and how they may be successfully combated. The germs of anthrax (malignant pustule), tetanus (lockjaw), diphtheria, typhoid fever, yellow fever, tuberculosis (consumption), and perhaps some others, have been successfully studied. There is much yet to learn regarding these diseases; but what is already known has done much to put the prevention and treatment of the diseases on a scientific basis.

In diphtheria it is known that the discharges from the throat contain the infecting material. More than once a doctor has lost an eye because

a diphtheria patient coughed while he was examining the throat, and a bit of the sputum went into the doctor's eye. In other cases doctors or nurses have died by getting infected around the mouth with the coughed-up matter from the little patient.

So now a careful physician, in examining such a throat, looks at it through a pane of glass, so that if the patient coughs, anything coughed up will strike the glass, and not the face of the examiner.

Doctors or nurses handling such patients have learned to disinfect their hands before eating, as their hands may have become infected while



a, the harmless mosquito (*Culex*); b, the malarial mosquito (*Anopheles*). a' and a'' show the position of the harmless mosquito when lighting on the floor or on the wall; b', b'', and b''' show the position of the malarial mosquito when lighting on the floor, wall, and ceiling. [From *Bacteria, Yeasts, and Molds*. Gunn & Co., Publishers, Boston.]

around the patient. Another excellent precaution is to wear a linen duster over the suit when in the room with the patient, so that the diphtheria germ may not get lodged on the clothing ordinarily worn.

In tuberculosis it is usually the sputum that contains the infectious matter, and here again the necessary precaution consists in taking proper care of the sputum. It should not be coughed upon streets or sidewalks or in rooms. The cities which have provided a fine for expectorating in public places are making a move in the right direction.

It is not only unseemly and filthy to leave such unsightly masses around, but it pollutes the air with myriads of tubercle germs; for as soon as the sputum dries, it turns to dust, and is carried everywhere by the wind.

All consumptives should carry a receptacle for catching the sputum, which should be emptied and disinfected at frequent intervals. It may be small enough to carry in the pocket, and may be covered with a handkerchief in order not to attract attention. Some persons carry loose squares of old cloth which may be used and burned. The handkerchief should not be used for catching the sputum, as it dries, and soon infects all the clothing.

With the best of care, the room of the consumptive will be found to contain large numbers of tubercle bacilli, so it should occasionally be gone over with a cloth moistened in bichlorid solution. It is dangerous to raise a dust in sweeping such a room.

### Insects as Transmitters of Disease

Insects may carry disease germs in various ways. They may carry them on their legs, and leave them on food on which they crawl. Flies,

perhaps, light on some loathsome material, and afterward make their way into the dining-room and kitchen. Fleas, bedbugs, and similar insects may bite people or animals suffering from some transmissible disease, and then carry the infection to some other person or animal. Flies caught in the rooms of persons suffering from consumption have been found to have living tubercle bacilli in their intestines.

But the most interesting forms of insect transmission are those connected with malaria and yellow fever. The malaria parasite is not a plant, but a microscopic animal which gets into the blood current, and there destroys the red blood cells.

For many years it has been believed in Italy that mosquitoes were responsible for the transmission of malaria, but only recently has it been definitely proved. The word "malaria" means bad air, and is a relic of a former belief that malaria was caused by the inhalation of impure air. Later it was generally believed that malaria was caused by drinking impure water; and that the prevention of malaria consisted in drinking nothing but boiled water when in a malarious district. Finally it was found that the mosquito (a certain kind of mosquito known as *Anopheles*) is responsible for the transmission of malaria to man.

It was found that by protecting about one hundred laborers in a very malarious part of Italy, from mosquito bites, only three of the one hundred four persons were infected. At the same time the other laborers, who were not protected from mosquito bites, were suffering from malaria. Mosquitoes that had bitten a malarial patient in Italy were taken to England, and there permitted to bite a young man, causing in him a prompt appearance of malaria, though he had not been in a malarious country since he was a child.

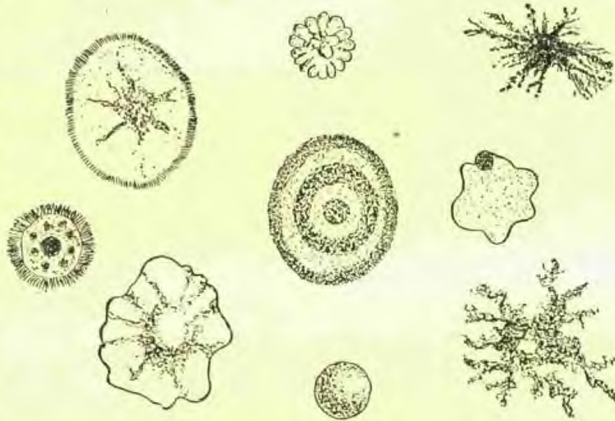
You all know that a butterfly undergoes various transformations. It is first an egg, then a caterpillar, then a chrysalis, and finally a butterfly. The malarial parasites undergo a series of transformations, one of which must take place in the body of a mosquito; so it would seem, if there were none of this particular kind of mosquito, there would be no means of transmitting the malarial parasite from one person to another, and the malaria would soon cease to exist.

There have been found places where the *Anopheles* lived, and there was no malaria. As long as there was no case in the neighborhood, the mosquitoes could not transmit it, but as soon as one person with malaria came into the district, the mosquitoes would

bite him, and soon the disease would become general.

In order to avoid malaria, keep away from malarious districts. If necessary to be in such a district, avoid being bitten with an *Anopheles* mosquito. This may be accomplished by having the house well screened, and keeping inside when the sun is out of sight. The *Anopheles* do not bite when the sun is shining.

The *Anopheles* may be distinguished from the *Culex*, or ordinary mosquito, by the position of the body. The body of the *Culex* stands parallel to the surface upon which it is resting. The body of the *Anopheles* is directed almost perpendicularly or at right angles to the surface it is standing on, so that its head and bill are pointing down ready to strike. (See cut.) Another difference: the *Culex* usually pauses a mo-



COLONIES OF GERMS



ment after lighting before proceeding to business, while the anopheles begins as soon as it lights.

But remembering the tendency of the insect to bite only after sunset, one in a malarious country may, by taking proper precautions, avoid an attack of malaria.

#### Yellow Fever

Havana was formerly the hotbed of yellow fever. Efforts were made there and in the Southern States to quarantine against the disease, which was supposed to be highly contagious. These efforts were unsuccessful because the method of transmission was not understood. When it was discovered that a kind of mosquito (*Stegomyia fasciata*), differing from the culex and the anopheles, was the means of transmission, it did not take long to rid Havana entirely of yellow fever. All that was necessary was to isolate every person having yellow fever, and prevent his being bitten by mosquitoes, and to destroy all mosquitoes that succeeded in getting into the house occupied by yellow fever patients. Now yellow fever, which was once the scourge of the South, is no longer so dreaded.

Experimental work has proved conclusively that the disease is not contagious. People have been allowed to sleep for days in the soiled beds on which yellow fever patients had died, without producing the disease. At one time it was thought that all excretions from such a patient were highly dangerous. Now the evidence all seems to indicate that every case of yellow fever is transmitted from some previous case by means of the mosquito.

So you can understand that the work in the "canal zone," on the Isthmus of Panama, is now progressing under much better hygienic conditions than when DeLessips tried to dig the canal many years ago.

Hundreds of thousands of yards of wire screen have been sent to Panama, for protection against mosquitoes, and the physicians in charge are doing all in their power to destroy the mosquitoes.

MIKE ROBE.



"NEVER delay

To do the duty which the hour brings,  
Whatever it be in great or small things;  
For who doth know  
What he shall do the coming day?"

### THE WEEKLY STUDY

#### Paul Delivered from a Plot—Sent as a Prisoner to Caesarea

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 23:12-35.

TEXTS FOR PERSONAL STUDY: Isa. 49:24, 25; 43:2; Rom. 8:28.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 225-234.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- A plot to kill Paul.
- Conspiracy revealed.
- Escort to Caesarea.
- Letter to Felix.
- Stop at Antipatris.
- Arrival at Caesarea.
- Interrogated by the governor.
- Place of imprisonment.

#### Notes

Notice how the Lord always delivers his servants from the power of the adversaries. He was with Paul in all his trials on land or sea.

"Two questions easily asked, but not easily answered, suggest themselves,—whether Paul's sister and nephew resided at Jerusalem, and if so, why he lodged not with them, but with Mnason."—*Conybeare and Howson*.

Caesarea was provided with everything that was calculated to contribute to wealth. Magnificent places of amusement were constructed from white stone. It was here in the immense amphitheater that Herod was making his oration when he was smitten by an angel, and died. Caesarea boasted of its harbor. The stones in the breakwater are said by Josephus to have been fifty feet long, eighteen feet broad, and nine feet deep. It was here that Vespasian was declared emperor, and Eusebius was born. It contained residences for Roman rulers, and quarters for a number of the imperial troops.

"Little now survives on the spot to aid us in the restoration of this handsome metropolis. On the wide area once occupied by its busy population there is silence, interrupted only by the monotonous washing of the sea; and no sign of human life, save the occasional encampment of Bedouin Arabs, or the accident of a small coasting vessel anchored off the shore. The best of the ruins are engulfed by the sand, or concealed by the encroaching sea. . . . Its glory was short lived. Its decay has been complete, as its rise was arbitrary and sudden."—*Conybeare and Howson*.

"Lysias gladly improved this opportunity to get Paul off his hands. He was the object of so great animosity, and his presence created so wide-spread an excitement, that a riot might occur among the people at any time, with consequences dangerous to the commandant himself."

"How unlike his present escort was the humble Christian company that had attended him on the journey from Caesarea but a few days before! Notwithstanding his changed surroundings, he was recognized by Philip and others of his Christian associates, whose hearts were shocked and saddened at the swift realization of their forebodings."

"The case of Paul was not the first in which a servant of God had found among the heathen an asylum from the malice of the professed people of Jehovah. In their rage against Paul, the Jews had added another crime to the dark catalogue which marked the history of that people."

#### Our Brethren in Bonds

THE latest information from our brethren who are in bonds in Asia is as follows:—

I see the leading hand of God in many experiences, and am tasting the good and comfort of it. I leave all to the good Lord. I am quite at rest, or else I would not be able to bear my husband's imprisonment four days' journey away from me, and absent eight months. I do not expect easy times in preaching Jesus, but troubles will increase as his glorious coming draws near to destroy Satan, who has great anger against us. . . . As I am a stranger here and my husband in prison, many sympathize with me, and wish me to go to them to visit them, and they, too, often call on me. Thus I have a good chance to read to them. They are hungry for the truth of the Bible. There is much work to be done here. I wish God may release my husband, and he would work among them. They have heard of his Bible lessons before his imprisonment, and now desire such lessons. They often say, "His preaching had a different taste from other preachers' preaching," and they miss him much.

My husband was called for two trials, in which he gave his express testimony of the third angel's message. He preached to them in one trial two hours, and one and one-half hours in another trial. He writes that many persons from that city came to hear his trial, and they all listened silently to his Bible readings. The officials were writing down whatever he was telling, word by word. They are putting his letters before him, and asking him how their life is hung upon his message. My husband writes that God is giving him power to speak the truth. His life is in very much danger. They may sentence him to ten or fifteen years' imprisonment. Another thing they

are asking is this, Why do you preach against the government now since you are forbidden? He has read the verse, "All power is given unto me, go and preach," and has told them that a higher government bids him preach, and he must obey. I can not explain all things, but you see how the message is carried to the government officials, and in how delicate condition we stay. There are six brethren now in prison, but each in a separate room. They were together before, but after my husband's trials the officials are fiercer against them, and have separated them. All preachers and missionaries say that unless they give money, they can not escape. On the day they offer some money, about twenty pounds, they will be free. The people in the city are so much in sympathy with them that they have decided to gather the money and offer it secretly without his knowing, but my husband has heard their plans and opposed them strictly. He will not bribe. All the people are anxiously waiting to see the result of this case, whether God will help or not. We say God can do it if it pleases him. They say money must be the means. Without money they can not escape. How much we need to pray! Brethren and sisters, pray for us that God's name be glorified, the God of Israel.—*Educational Messenger*.

#### Why Not Report?

ARE not our young people in the Societies at work? If so, why not send in reports of the work you are doing? Only this morning I received a letter from a young man, saying that the young people in his church had read with interest the reports of the various Young People's Societies, and had decided to organize one themselves. If this Society proves to be an active, earnest one, as we believe it will, surely all who have taken the trouble to send in a report of their work, will feel well repaid.

#### No Time for Delay

THERE are among us many young men and women who, if inducements were held out, would naturally be inclined to take several years' course of study to fit themselves for service. But will it pay? Time is short. Workers for Christ are needed everywhere. There should be a hundred earnest, faithful laborers in home and foreign mission fields where now there is but one. The highways and byways are yet unworked. Urgent inducements should be held out to those who ought now to be engaged in work for the Master.

The signs which show that Christ's coming is near are fast fulfilling. The Lord calls upon our youth to labor as canvassers and evangelists, to do house-to-house work in places that have not yet heard the truth. He speaks to our young men, saying, "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." Those who will go forth to the work under God's direction will be wonderfully blessed. Those who in this life do their best, will obtain a fitness for the future, immortal life.

The Lord calls upon those connected with our sanitariums, publishing houses, and schools to teach the youth to do evangelistic work. Our time and energy must not be so largely employed in establishing sanitariums, food stores, and restaurants, that other lines of work will be neglected. Young men and young women who should be engaged in the ministry, in Bible work, and in the canvassing work, should not be bound down to mechanical employment.

The youth should be encouraged to attend our training-schools for Christian workers, which should become more and more like the schools of the prophets. These institutions have been established by the Lord, and if they are conducted in harmony with his purpose, the youth sent to them will be quickly prepared for the various lines of missionary work. Some will be trained to enter the field as missionary nurses, some as canvassers or Bible workers, and some as gospel ministers.—*Mrs. E. G. White*.





### Tell Me, Grandmother

O THE warm, sweet, mellow summer noon,  
The golden calm and the perfumed air,  
The chirp of birds and the locust's croon,  
The rich flowers blossoming still and fair!  
The old house lies 'mid the swarming leaves,  
Steeped in sunshine from porch to eaves,  
With doors and windows thrown open wide  
To welcome the beauty and bloom outside.

Through the gateway and down the walk  
Madge and grandmother, hand in hand,  
Come with laughter and happy talk,  
And here by the marigolds stop and stand.  
"What a dear old pleasant place it is!"  
Cries the little maid in a trance of bliss,  
"Never anywhere could be found  
So sweet a garden the whole world round!"

"Tell me, grandmother, which do you think  
Is the dearest flower for you that grows,  
The phlox, or the marigold stars that wink,  
Or the larkspur quaint, or the red, red rose?  
Which do you love best, grandmother dear?"  
And the old dame smiles in the blue eyes clear—  
"Of all the flowers I ever possessed,  
I think, my precious, I love you best!"

—Celia Thaxter.

### A Little Child Shall Lead Them

THE children did not know just what had happened. They had heard something about the Squire's losing money which was in a bank, and that Mr. Lane's crops were likely to be poor, and there had been sickness in Mr. Wright's family; but this they were sure of, the church was to be closed, Mr. and Mrs. Harris were going away, and there would be no more Junior Union meetings.

When Mr. Harris brought his wife to the little parish, she had gathered the children about her, and for two years there had been an enthusiastic little band of workers, but this was all over because there wasn't any money left with which to support the church.

The children missed their weekly visit to the church, which stood a little way back from the cross-roads leading to the large villages where the other churches were.

Three or four Sundays went by, and little Elsie March, the Squire's only child, grew more disconsolate each week, and one bright Sunday afternoon a daring thought came to her mind.

"The Union's all here. Only Mrs. Harris is gone." The "only" made a big gap to Elsie's mind. "But we could meet and have our Union a little all by ourselves."

The church key was in the Squire's keeping, and Elsie bravely took it down from its place, and started out to collect the children near by.

If the roads had been much traveled, and had Elsie been less of an acknowledged leader, the plan might have failed. As it was, most travelers took a shorter way between towns, and the people of the neighborhood never asked many questions if their children were with Elsie.

She gathered her little company, and led them to the church, all rather awestruck by the thought of opening the church themselves and being there without any "grown-up" people.

Elsie tried to fill Mrs. Harris's place, and fortunately one little girl could play three or four junior songs nicely on the little organ. They

missed their superintendent's loving talk about the topic, but they enjoyed the meeting, and planned to come again. Instinctively they did not speak of their visit to the church. For several weeks they were undisturbed, but of course discovery finally came.

One afternoon the Squire happened to go by the church, and heard the notes of the organ. His temper had not been very good on Sundays, and his eyes flashed as he muttered, "Some of those pesky boys have got into that church. I'll fix 'em!" Softly he crept into the building, and close to the heavy baize doors just in time to peep between the cracks, and see his own little daughter rise to make the concluding prayer as Mrs. Harris used to do.

This was what he heard:—

"Dear Father in heaven, we thank thee that we can meet and worship thee, but we do miss our superintendent. Dear Father, won't you please bless the folks in this neighborhood so they won't be so poor, and don't let them be sick, because then it takes all their money to pay the doctor, and, Lord, please make the crops grow nice next year, and bless our pennies that we are saving up to help pay the minister, for we are going to ask thee every Sunday to send us one. Amen."

The Squire had just time to make his escape during the last song. It took him a long time to get home, for he stopped at every house in the vicinity, and that evening a group of friends gathered in the Squire's sitting-room to listen to his story of the children, and to plan for the immediate reopening of the church.

Again the children did not know what happened, but the very next Sunday there was Mr. Harris at the church to preach for them, and their own dear Mrs. Harris waiting to tell them how glad she was to be with her beloved Juniors again.—Mary L. Ballou.



### Insects and Their Habits at Home, and What Harold Learned about Them

THE next day Harold was ready to begin his study of bees, though his face was still somewhat swollen, and he had been careful to place a fresh handkerchief in his pocket.

"We will learn a little more about the queen bees to-day," began Uncle Frank, as they seated themselves on the soft, cool grass, under the shade of an apple-tree.

"Yes, I thought maybe I could see a queen to-day; how do they look, uncle?" asked Harold, getting up and creeping softly toward the nearest hive.

"O, you might as well come back; I dare say you would not see a queen if you should watch for a long, long time; for she almost never leaves

the hive. Should you see her, you would not see much difference between her and the workers. Her wings are a little shorter, and her body slimmer and longer, and she has a way of crossing her wings on her back."

"Are the other bees nice to her, and willing that she should rule over them, Uncle Frank?"

"O, yes; and they are as polite to her as are the subjects of a human king or queen. They are as polite as a Chesterfield. There is a cluster of guards constantly around her; they never leave her, but as she crawls about the hive, they move along with her; and what is very strange, they never turn their backs upon her for a moment."

"Does she eat the same food as the other bees?" asked Harold, for he was a great lad for good things to eat, and had sometimes longed to be a king, so that he could have royal dainties.

"I suppose you will be quite satisfied, Harold, when I tell you that at least when the young queen is an infant, she is fed with a very different food from that of the working bee,—a royal dainty indeed, much heavier and sweeter than the food of the common bee."

"I wonder how many baby queens are in each hive."

"The workers usually build about twenty royal cells. But out of them only one queen for each new swarm is allowed to live; for the stronger always kills the weaker."

"They seem to be very cruel. I wonder, uncle, what becomes of the drones; papa says they will not work; maybe they are the soldiers."

"On the contrary, Harold, the drones have no stings, and are quite incapable of fighting even in self-defense. The hot months of July and August are appointed by the workers to get rid of this part of the population, who eat, but will not work; so during these months the cruel workers chase and sting them to death. Then they suck the juices from the poor dead bodies, and cast the remains away. Can you tell me, Harold, if there is any race of human beings who act in much the same manner?"

"O, yes; I read about them in my history. Mama told me a great deal about them, too. They are called cannibals," said Harold, his eyes growing very large, "and mama says they sometimes eat boys!"

"Yes, but let us be glad that the Word of God is being given to these poor people, and that its blessed effects are being felt mightily, even by these ignorant savages."

Just then Uncle Frank noticed a peculiar buzzing among the bees in the hive nearest them. Taking his young nephew by the hand, he carefully stepped a trifle nearer.

"I think by the appearance," said he, "that these workers are dealing with some enemy which is trying to enter their home."

Just a step nearer, and the trouble was disclosed: a large snail was creeping into the door past the furious sentinels.

"Now for a great excitement!" exclaimed Uncle Frank; and in another moment a pompous-looking bee stepped up to his snailship and savagely attempted to stab him with his sting. But for once in his life, the snail was on time. Quick



as thought, he had retreated into his horny covering, leaving his enemies outside his impregnable fortress. But the bees were not to be thus outwitted.

"Look! look, uncle! do see; what are they doing now? They are climbing all over the shell."

"Yes, my boy, they are closing the door of the poor snail's shell, and he will very soon be sealed in his prison-house, waxed close in his air-tight coffin, where he must soon die."

Just then the dinner bell rang, and Harold ran to the house, hardly waiting for his uncle, to tell all the strange things he had learned about bees during the morning.

"Well, Harold, where now?" asked Uncle Frank, the next afternoon. "It is very warm and pleasant, so I think we will take a walk over the fields, and sit by the river a little while."

"O yes, uncle, so we will. Mr. Hill and his hired man are washing their sheep to-day, papa says, but I don't think there are any bees down there."

"Well, never mind the bees to-day, perhaps we may find something else to study that will be quite as interesting and instructive."

"Maybe so, uncle; but to tell the truth, I am just getting interested in those little insects; I like to learn about them, even if they did sting me."

"I am glad you do, and I surely hope you will keep on studying after I go away and can help you no longer. In fact, this has been my main object,—to point out to you just enough of the wonders of nature on every hand to beget in you a desire to know more of the things formed by that all-wise Being in whose sight nothing that he has created is small."

"See, Uncle Frank, there are the men washing their sheep," said Harold, as they sat down on a mossy log close to the water's edge.

"Yes, and see here, Harold, I am always on the outlook for the little things. What do you call this?" pointing to an insect creeping leisurely toward them on the log.

"Ugh! it's a horrid old sheep tick! look out, Uncle Frank, he'll get on you!"

"Yes, it has strayed from the sheep that are getting their coats washed over yonder. I dare say he is hungry; let us see." And Uncle Frank picked the little fellow up on a bit of stick, and placed him several inches away, on the other end of the log.

"How can you tell whether he's hungry, that way?" asked Harold, whose curiosity was becoming aroused.

"Why, if he's hungry, he will be pretty apt to turn around and start back after his dinner. You know he eats nothing but blood, and he is not very particular whether it is blood from a sheep or a person."

"O see! he's making back toward us as fast as he can go. Did you see him turn around, uncle?"

"Yes, and now let us go and sit on the farther end of the log, and see if he will turn 'round again and find us."

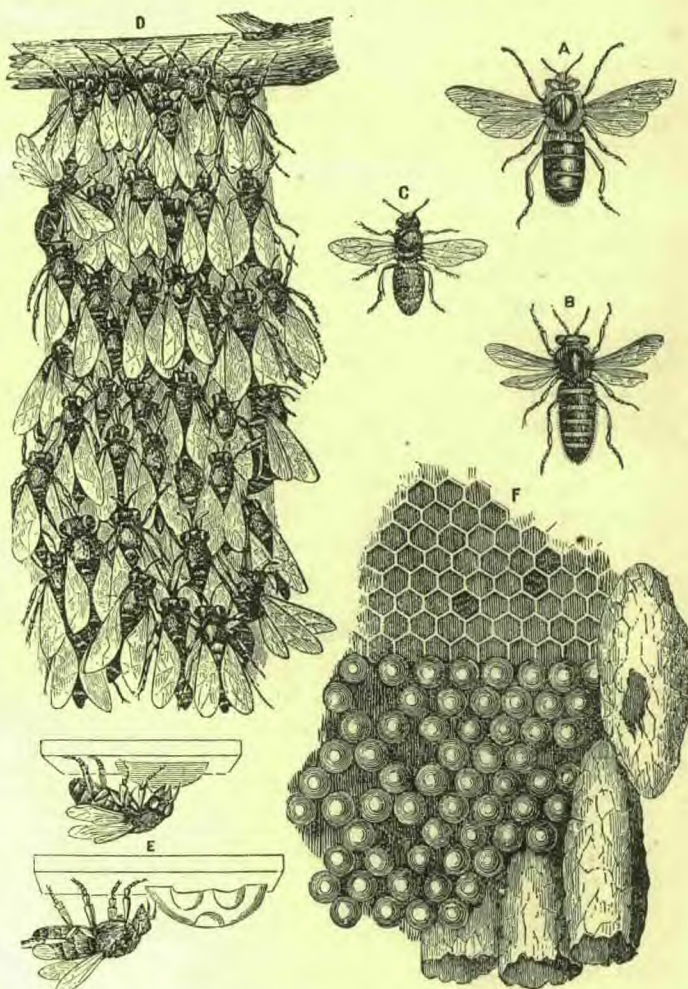
They were scarcely seated before Mr. Tick had missed them, turned about once more, and, with a perseverance worthy of imitation, had started off again after his supper. This was repeated several times, until finally, not caring to

furnish a meal for the tiny wanderer, they crossed the bridge that spanned the river, leaving the helpless insect to his fate.

"It is very wonderful how God has implanted a love of life even in the tiniest creatures, and has given them instincts which might almost in some cases be called reason."

"See here, uncle, see this little ant; she seems to be having some trouble," said Harold, pointing to the tiny insect that was crawling at their feet.

"I see; she is carrying home a bit of food much larger than herself; perhaps she is already laying up her winter provision. I tell you, lad-die, the study of insects is a wonderful study. There are creatures too small to be seen by the naked eye, and yet they are as perfectly developed as the largest animal; and some of the smallest of them even build houses for themselves, and lay brick and mortar like a



(A) Male bee; (B) Queen; (C) Worker; (D) Bees clustering while wax is forming; (E) Laying wax; (F) Empty, full, and queen cells.

mason. What do you think of that, my boy?"

"I should think," said Harold, looking very serious, "that the Lord wouldn't have any time to attend to such little things."

"It is a constant source of wonder to me, my dear boy, and yet we know he does; for he says that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. I do not so much wonder at the immensity of the starry universe, for our God is great and mighty; but that he constantly cares for the tiniest atom of his creation, fills my soul with wonder and love."

"It makes me surer than ever that he will take good care of a boy like me; don't you believe he will, uncle? and don't you think he loves me, too?"

"To be sure he does;" and Uncle Frank glanced tenderly at the little figure by his side, and repeated:—

"The vast expanse of sea and land  
Is only atoms, after all;  
But fashioned by th' Almighty Hand,  
Nothing is lost and nothing small."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

(To be continued)

"A CHEERFUL home, a household kind,  
Will breed no grief, leave none behind."

### An Interesting Operation

It is an interesting fact that one of the most useful, indeed one of the most necessary, articles in the world is so cheap that no man hesitates to ask even a stranger for it, or dreams of paying him except by the conventional "Thank you." That matches have come to occupy this position is due largely to American inventive skill.

The first friction-matches were made and dipped by hand. They sold for about three dollars a gross. To-day all matches are made, and most of them are dipped, by machinery, and one can buy from fifty to seventy-five for a cent. Between these two extremes stretches a long line of complicated and interesting machines.

Inventors began very early to give their attention to devices for making the sticks, or splints, cheaply. One plan after another was tried, until all finally gave way to the ribbon method. The machine for this process is a sort of lathe, in which is placed a cylinder of pine wood the length of seven matches. As this cylinder, previously soaked in hot water, or steamed, to make it soft and tough, is turned slowly, the circumference encounters a blade, which pares off a continuous shaving the whole length of the cylinder, and the thickness of a single match. This shaving, as it peels away from the log, again comes in contact with cutters, which divide it into seven strips, each as wide as a match is long.

When the ribbons have been cut into manageable length—say seven or eight feet—and freed from knots and crooked-grained portions, a large number of them—from one hundred twenty to one hundred forty—are placed in a machine like an ordinary paper-cutter. The mass is fed forward automatically, the width of a match at a time, and the descending cutter slices through the mass, making from one hundred twenty to one hundred forty splints at a stroke.

The splints are now dried and sifted in partitioned sieves, the motion of which lays the matches parallel, and prepares them for their places in frames, where they are dipped by hand. Some of these machines will turn out from fifteen to seventeen million splints a day. Rapid and cheap as this method is, it has been superseded in America by another system in which the hand work is reduced to a minimum. The raw material in this case is two-inch white plank. This is first sawed into blocks the length of a match, and thoroughly dried. The blocks are clamped to the bed of a machine, and cutters groove out a set of splints from the surface, not, however, taking the whole surface and converting it into splints at one impact, but cutting the matches out one fourth of an inch apart.

The splints, thus separated, are seized in iron clamp plates, which form an endless chain. These carry the splints across a steam-heated drum, which warms them nearly to the temperature of the melted paraffin into which they are next dipped. The heat prevents the paraffin from chilling, and insures a proper saturation.

From the first order to march, these companies of wooden soldiers have no permission to halt. They move on continuously and evenly from the paraffin bath to the rollers which carry the "heading mixture,"—phosphorus, chlorate of potash, and other substances,—and, as the companies pass by, these rollers place a red or a blue cap on the head of each individual. The line of march continues on through a room swept by a blast of cold, dry air, which hardens the newly deposited chemicals until the matches can be safely handled.

Still the companies march, until, just before they reach the starting-point again, the individual units receive their final order to "fall out" from an automatic and uncompromising punch, which deposits them side by side in a box placed in just the right place, and at just the right time, by another endless belt, a unique device.



The cutters, meanwhile, have been eating away the ridges which were left between the places from which the first set of splints was cut, and so it goes until the whole block has been converted into slim little red- or blue-capped fellows, each one snappish and full of fire.—*Edward Williston Frenitz, in Youth's Companion.*

### A Boy's Hobby

MANY years ago a boy in the far West of America, says the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, being suddenly thrown on his own resources by the death of his parents, hired himself out to a farmer. His eyes chanced upon the statement that every man should know something about everything, and also be a specialist in addition to his occupation. The next morning the boy decided to make the idea his own, and because the willow was the tree that was nearest him, he decided to become an expert upon willows. He found willows that were red, and willows white, and willows gray, and willows yellow, and willows blue; willows that stood up straight, and willows that bowed themselves down weeping. He collected choice specimens of willow seeds and leaves, and exchanged with agriculturalists in all parts of America. Then he gathered specimens of willows from China and Japan, from England and Russia.

The time came when teachers of forestry in lands beyond the sea sent to this farmer strange specimens of the willow for examination and classification. He lived and died a farmer, but, if his occupation confined him to his fields and meadows, his hobby made narrowness impossible, broadened the scope of his study and observation, lent him sympathy and made him friends in all the countries of the earth. There is not a single representative of the flowers or trees or insects or birds that is not waiting for some farmer's boy to inspect it, and, in doing so, the youth who has thought himself cabined and confined will find that he has become the child of liberty, and at last his feet are in the pathway that leads to growth and happiness.—*Selected.*

### A Leading Rule

If you'd like to be "healthy, wealthy, and wise," Keep clean, and do nothing that conscience denies.

You can not be wealthy unless you are healthy, You can not be healthy unless you are wise; You can not be wise if you do not keep clean, You can not be clean if your conscience is mean. But if you are faithful, and do as you should, You'll shortly reap beautiful harvests of good. And sometime you'll see that no one is quite poor Who's blessed with good health and who keeps it secure.

So, if you'd be healthy, and thus truly wealthy, Keep clean, and do nothing that conscience denies;

And then you'll be healthy, wealthy, and wise.

BENJAMIN KEECH.



## INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### 1—Healing the Centurion's Servant— Raising the Widow's Son

(July 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 7: 1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." Matt. 8: 13.

"Now when he had ended all his sayings in

the audience of the people, he entered into Capernaum.

"And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick, and ready to die. And when he heard of Jesus, he sent unto him the elders of the Jews, beseeching him that he would come and heal his servant. And when they came to Jesus, they besought him instantly, saying, That he was worthy for whom he should do this: for he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.

"Then Jesus went with them. And when he was now not far from the house, the centurion sent friends to him, saying unto him, Lord, trouble not thyself: for I am not worthy that thou shouldest enter under my roof: wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee: but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.

"When Jesus heard these things, he marveled at him, and turned him about, and said unto the people that followed him, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." "And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." "And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick.

"And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother.

"And there came a fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and, That God hath visited his people. And this rumor of him went forth throughout all Judea, and throughout all the region round about."

### Questions

1. Into what city did Jesus enter after he had given the sermon on the mount? Who met him as he came to the city? What request did these Jewish elders present to Jesus?

2. Who was this centurion?—A Roman soldier. What was his feeling toward the Jews? In what way had he shown kindness to them? How anxious were these elders that his request should be granted?

3. Where did Jesus immediately go? Who met him as he came near the centurion's house? What message did the centurion send to Jesus? What did he himself not feel worthy to do? What kind of man did he say he was? How great was his authority?

4. When Jesus heard the centurion's words, what did he say to the people who were following him? How was this a rebuke to the Jews? What did Jesus say to the centurion? Memory Verse. What did the centurion's messengers find when they returned to his house?

5. Where did Jesus go the next day? Who were with him? What did this company see as they drew near to Nain? Who was the chief mourner? What is said of this mother? Who were with her?

6. How did Jesus feel when he saw her? What did he say to the mother? How did he stop the funeral train?

7. What command did he give to the young man? What did he who was dead immediately

do? To whom then did Jesus deliver him?

8. What was the effect of this miracle on all who saw it? To whom did they give glory? What did they say? How far was this rumor carried?

9. Name two beautiful lessons in the life of Jesus taught by these events.

JOHN G. WHITTIER wrote to Mr. Coffin in 1889: "I hear of thee very often, Friend Coffin, and always on the right side."

"THERE are no compensations in life more delightful and soul-satisfying than those that come from service and sacrifice for the welfare of our fellow men."

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### 1—Lost and Redeemed

(July 1)

MEMORY VERSE: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19: 10.

### Questions

1. Describe man's paradise home. Gen. 2: 8, 9.

2. Before creation, what provision was made that the purpose of God for man should not fail? 2 Tim. 1: 9; note 1.

3. To whom was the earth given by the Creator? Ps. 115: 16.

4. How did man lose this gift?—By transgression. Rom. 6: 16.

5. Whose bond-servant did he become? 2 Peter 2: 19.

6. How much was lost by the fall? Matt. 4: 8, 9; note 2.

7. How is deliverance brought to man? Heb. 2: 14, 15.

8. What does the purchase of man include? Eph. 1: 13, 14; Micah 4: 8.

9. Will Christ restore all that man lost by sin? Luke 19: 10; note 3.

10. By whom was he tempted when he came to pay the price for man's redemption? Luke 4: 1, 2.

11. What offer did Satan make? Verses 5, 6.

12. How did Christ conquer him? Verse 8.

13. What promise does he make to us? Rev. 3: 21.

### Notes

1. The endowment of the power to choose life or death, righteousness or sin, was essential to man's liberty and happiness. To refuse created intelligences the power of choice would have meant bondage, discontent, and unhappiness; therefore, heaven esteemed liberty of sufficient value to bestow this great gift upon man, although it involved the possibility of the fall. It was when the councils of eternity had decided that man and all other created intelligences should be free, that Christ became man's surety, that the purpose of God concerning man should not fail.

2. Purity, the image of God, liberty, dominion, home, and life were lost by sin.

3. "The Son of God redeemed man's failure and fall, and now, through the work of the atonement, Adam is reinstated in his first dominion. Transported with joy, he beholds the trees that were once his delight,—the very trees whose fruit he himself had gathered in the days of his innocence and joy. He sees the vines that his own hands have trained, the very flowers that he once loved to care for. His mind grasps the reality of the scene; he comprehends that this is indeed Eden restored, more lovely now than when he was banished from it."—"Great Controversy," page 648.





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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.

Two thousand nine hundred fifty copies of "Christ's Object Lessons" have been sold by the training-schools, and four hundred by the church-schools during the last two years.

SEVEN hundred persons have gone out from our training-schools the last two years to engage in active missionary work. This is good; but we wish the number were doubled.

THE first report of the Washington "surprise party," recorded a gift of nearly six thousand dollars; the second showed that \$8,899 was given to foreign mission work, and \$5,439.18 to the Washington work. The third meeting, we hope, will greatly surpass in generosity even the second meeting.

LITTLE Emma was studying her Sabbath-school lesson. Her mama thought she was not thinking about it, so started to reread the memory verse, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." Emma quickly said, "You needn't read it again. I was just thinking what a nice thing it would be to drink once and never thirst again."

IN the beautiful Australian woods of fern and palm, a little fellow was walking. His heart responded to the beauty all about him, and as he looked up into the arch of green above, where the feathery fronds of the fern and the graceful branches of the palm met, he said earnestly and sweetly to his teacher: "Mrs. Hughes, doesn't it seem to you that the trees are all singing the doxology?"

IF all the schools of this denomination had planted gardens this season, and the returns had been according to the returns of those who had gardens last year, nearly nine thousand dollars would have been thus dug out of the ground for the Mission Board. If all the Sabbath-school children had each planted a missionary garden this spring, several foreign missionaries could have been supported by their service of love. We are anxious to learn how many have been engaged in this good work.

THREE provinces of China, with a population of seventy million, have been entered by our missionaries. Beyond are fifteen additional provinces, with an aggregate population of 325,000,000. Besides these, on her northern and western borders lie the great dependencies of China, which have an area greater than the eighteen provinces of China proper. These are Mongolia, Tibet, and Turkestan. The word of prophecy is that China shall be as thoroughly warned as the United States. Surely no further appeal than these facts is needed to make all see that men and means must at once be consecrated to China.

## What Kind of Christian Are You?

I do not mean, Are you a true Christian or a hypocrite? but, Are you a happy Christian or a melancholy one? If you are the latter, the Lord does not approve of you. God wants all his children to be happy, for he says, "Rejoice always."

It is right to weep with the soul that is repenting, and it is wrong to jest in the presence of the Holy Spirit. But at all times we should endeavor to bring to our faces the same light that is shining in our souls.

God is managing this universe in a perfectly correct manner. He made it, and he knows how to conduct it. Therefore, when we get despondent over his methods, we greatly dishonor him.

God does not desire us to tell him how to do things. All the assistance he requires from us is to become his children, be disciples of Christ, and win souls for him. Unless we are happy Christians, we can not enjoy complete success in doing his work.

BENJAMIN KEECH.

HENCEFORTH my heart shall sigh no more  
For olden time and holier shore;  
God's love and blessing then and there,  
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

—Whittier.

## In Great Strength

"No action, either foul or fair,  
Is ever done but it leaves somewhere  
A record, written by fingers ghostly,  
As a blessing or curse, and mostly  
In greater weakness or greater strength  
Of the acts which follow it; till at length  
The wrongs of ages are redressed,  
And the justice of God made manifest"

Let us read the lines again, and notice these words, "And mostly in greater weakness or greater strength of the acts which follow it." This is the record of every act. We are weaker or stronger according as we have decided.

Were you ever sorely, secretly tempted? Do you remember when the "still small voice" spoke, and you harkened and overcame, how glad and strong you felt? The next time the temptation came, you knew what it was; you could look to your "Rock of defense," and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped" me, and then by his grace, again overcome.

In the record of the churches we read, "He that overcometh." This overcoming is a continuous, progressive act—day by day deciding to choose the Lord's way, which is the way of strength, and day by day placing one's self under the heavenly Victor's standard. Those who make this choice and continue therein can claim the promise: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

MRS. J. C. BROWER.

## June

THE month of the roses—white, yellow, and red;

Their fragrance all over the garden is spread.  
The woodlands are ringing, the clover fields hum—

The glories and music of summer have come.  
The sun rises early, with warm, rosy light,  
And lingers with blushes 'most into the night,  
For he wants to enjoy all the beauties of earth,  
And hark to the songs of the summer-time's mirth.

—Selected.

"HEAVENLY blessings are not deferred by earthly difficulties."

COUPLE the train to the locomotive, and immediately all the power and speed which belong to the engine are communicated to the cars; and so the energy of the Holy Ghost is ours in proportion as we surrender to him and attach ourselves to him.—A. J. Gordon.



GENTRY, ARKANSAS.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write, as I have never written before; and I have read so many letters. I am fourteen years old. I go to Sabbath-school, and get my lesson from the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I live on a farm of eighty acres. I wish some of the readers would write to me. I hope to meet you all in the earth made new.

LYDIE GEORGE.

SEBASTOPOL, CAL., April 1, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I give it to my little friends. I have two little sisters, and a papa and mama. I go to church-school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Kenison. I am trying to do right. I ask your earnest prayers for me, that I may have a part in the earth made new. I am a member of the church, and am twelve years old.

ARTHUR J. PEARSON.

BETHEL, WIS., March 27, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never written before, I thought I would write now. I live on a farm one and one-half miles from Bethel, with my grandma and uncle. I will be thirteen years old the twenty-first of June. I go to the Bethel Industrial Academy to school. I am in the intermediate room; my teacher is Miss Mary C. Cook. I am in the sixth grade.

I sold about twenty copies of the special number of the Signs.

FRED EUGENE LOCKE.

COYLE, O. T., March, 1905.

EDITOR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I have been taking the INSTRUCTOR about four years. I think I could not do without it, as I have no church privileges. There are two families of Sabbath-keepers here. We have a small Sabbath-school in our home. We have a small farm, and I run the riding plow. I am almost twelve years old. I have gone to school only about one month. I am in the fifth reader. Mama has taught me until this spring. I would be pleased to correspond with some of the INSTRUCTOR readers. My address is R. F. D. No. 1, Coyle, O. T. I hope to meet you all in the new earth.

Your friend,

CLAUD MORRILL.

ST. MARYS, OHIO, April 4, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I like the INSTRUCTOR very much, and read it every week. I do not study my lessons from it. My Sabbath-school teacher is Mrs. Sadie Potts. I go to public school, as we have no church-school here. I have a brother and a sister older than I, and a sister and a brother younger. My mother died when I was six years of age; I am now fourteen. My brother Frank is attending the Mt. Vernon College at the present time. I hope to attend one of our schools in the near future, and fit myself for a church-school teacher. I was at the Marysville camp-meeting last summer; I hope to go to camp-meeting this coming summer. I want to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new. Pray for me.

CORA POTTS.

SOUTH LANCASTER, MASS., March 23, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I get the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR every Sabbath at Sabbath-school, and do enjoy so much reading the articles contained in it, especially the article of last week's number, entitled "Feeding upon Light." How true it is in the spring of the year, at the call of light, life answers.

I will be fifteen years of age next July, and this last year I have had the privilege of attending the academy, to be fitted for work in the cause of God. Professor Griggs, in his chapel talks, brings out the principles of character, and this I realize is the one important part of a true education—that of a Christlike character.

My home is in Brooklyn, New York, and I will be glad, you may be sure, when school closes, to go home and see my mother and sister. I enjoy reading the letters of different ones from the various States in the Union.

I hope that God will bless you in the good work.

WILLIAM BROOME.