

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

Korean Sketches

The Gospel in Korea

It is said that Christianity first found its way into Korea in 1777, by the sending to that country of certain Jesuit writings in Chinese from Peking. From the very first, the new ideas spread rapidly, although the government was very determined in its opposition. Many were tortured and exiled; and the persecution continued till 1787. Four years later the first foreign missionary entered the country.

The work of Protestant missionaries in Korea is much more recent, dating back only about twenty or twenty-five years. But during this time the progress of the work has been quite remarkable. Various missionary societies of America and Europe have entered the field, and many thousands of the people have professed Christianity. As a rule the Korean people have laid aside their opposition to foreign innovations, so that the gospel may be freely proclaimed. There are also no laws to interfere with missionary work.

The missionary society of the Church of England began work in Korea in 1891. Bishop Corfe was the pioneer in this undertaking. Upon his arrival in Seoul, he wrote: "There are a large number of foreigners in Seoul,—chiefly Americans, and these mostly missionaries,—Presbyterian, Episcopal Methodist, and a few nonconformists from Canada, working on independent lines." Since that time many more missionaries have entered the field, and every year new workers are being sent out. A large number still make their homes at Seoul; but many other places, on the coast and in the interior, have been entered.

The missionaries in Korea have undertaken various phases of Christian work,—evangelical, educational, and medical. Churches, schools, and hospitals have been established in various places. I can speak, from personal observation, only of the work established at Pyeng Yang, the ancient capital. The Methodists have several missionaries resident here; also a substantial brick church, and a well-built hospital, with physician's residence. All these buildings are within the city walls, but are pleasantly located on high ground. Just outside the walls, west of the city, the Presbyterians have purchased quite a piece of ground. Here are located the residences of the missionaries, also church, school, and hospital buildings. There are also a number of church buildings in the city. We saw one quite large church, just recently erected. The Pres-

byterians have their work well established, and their communicants are said to number over four thousand in this place alone. The work of the Methodists is more recent, and their churches are mostly located in the country round about.

We often hear the Korean Christians spoken of in terms of commendation; and our brief stay among them confirmed these reports. As a rule, they are teachable, and readily receive the truths presented to them. Further, they seem to possess the true missionary spirit, and so are very active and earnest in communicating what they learn to others. Also, in spite of their poverty, they do remarkably well in supporting their work. It seems to be a rule for the native congregations to build their own meeting-houses. Those we visited had been so built, without any aid from mission funds. This way of doing cultivates a spirit of self-reliance that is wholesome.



A GROUP OF KOREAN BELIEVERS

The story of the entrance of the third angel's message into Korea has already appeared in the *Review and Herald*, but may be briefly summed up here. Last summer two Korean believers, while in Kobe, Japan, came in contact with our workers there, accepted the truth, and were baptized. One of these went on his way to Hawaii, where he is faithfully living out the truth, but hopes soon to return to his native country and teach his countrymen. The other, while on his way back to Korea, communicated his new-found faith to a fellow passenger, who gladly accepted it, and upon his arrival at Chinnampo began to publish it among his friends and neighbors. Soon quite a company began to observe the Sabbath; and these sent an earnest plea for help to our workers in Japan. So Brother H. Kuniya went and labored among them, and a few weeks later the writer joined him. As a result, seventy-one were baptized, and four small churches were organized. Many others were interested, and fifty or more of these began to observe the Sabbath, but needed more instruction before being received as members. Since our return we have been informed that others have received the truth,

and have begun to obey it. And now these Korean believers are anxiously waiting for help,—for some one to come and help carry forward the work thus begun. Though you may not be able to respond to this call, you can at least unite with us and them in prayer that they may not have long to wait.

F. W. FIELD.
Tokyo, Japan.

A Life of Faith and Works—George Muller

The Orphanages

THE first formal step in the work of opening an orphan house, a work over which Mr. Muller had been especially exercised for some time, was taken in the last month of 1835. Three days after this event, Mr. Muller was forcibly impressed by a passage in the psalms,—

"OPEN THY MOUTH WIDE,
AND I WILL FILL IT."

Ps. 81: 10.

This text became one of his life mottoes. He believed the Lord meant what he said; so with new confidence in God he began to pray for money and helpers for the establishment of an orphans' home. He asked for land, for five thousand dollars, and for suitable assistants. Mr. Muller had already conceived the idea of erecting the orphanage not only as a temporal and spiritual benefit to needy children, but as a memorial of God's willingness to hear and answer prayer; to show to all the world that it is not a vain thing to trust in the Lord. In order that the power of prayer might be more clearly manifested, he conscientiously avoided in all his work saying

anything that would directly or indirectly be an appeal to the people for help. However great the strait they were in, he nor his helpers were not, even when questioned, to disclose the need, but could tell it only to the Lord.

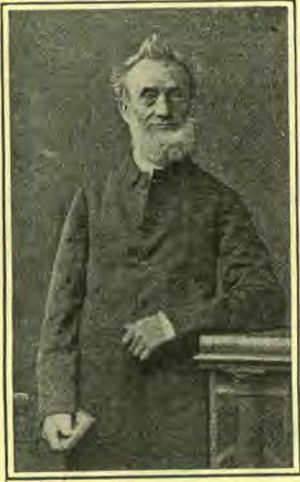
Mr. Muller, when in prayer for the orphans, always kept before the Lord the fact that they were *His* orphans, and of course he would provide for them; for had not the Lord said that he was "a father of the fatherless"? Mr. Muller was but thirty years of age when he began his orphan work.

"So soon as the enterprise was launched," says Dr. Pierson, "the Lord's power and will to provide began at once and increasingly to appear; and, from this point on, the journal is one long record of man's faith and supplication and of God's faithfulness and interposition." Gifts of money began to come in, also letters from those who voluntarily offered their services. One letter received from a brother and sister read as follows:—

"We propose ourselves for the service of the intended orphan house, if you think us qualified for it; also to give up all the furniture, etc.,

which the Lord has given us, for its use; and to do this without receiving any salary whatever; believing that, if it be the will of the Lord to employ us, he will supply all our need."

On the day appointed for the opening of the institution everything was in readiness, *save the orphans*. Not one application had been received. Mr. Muller felt greatly humiliated when he remembered that he had never once asked the Lord to send them children. He had gotten all he had asked for, but no more. Therefore he fell upon his face before the Lord in prayer. It is needless to say that in time the Lord sent the children; for as the work grew, more than two thousand were cared for in one year.



GEORGE MULLER

The Lord marvelously provided for his servants, but he sometimes allowed them to come into close places. A gentleman and lady at one time were being shown through the orphan

houses by one of the matrons. The lady remarked: "Of course you can not carry on these institutions without a good stock of funds?" and the gentleman added, "Have you a good stock?" The answer was, "Our funds are deposited in a bank which can not break." This reply deeply impressed the lady, also the gentleman, who took twenty-five dollars from his pocket and handed the matron—an acceptable gift as there was not *one penny in hand*. Time and again gifts came at the opportune moment. Sometimes, *but very rarely*, meals had to be delayed, perhaps for a half-hour, because of a lack of supplies. The Lord did not see fit always to keep his servants under such financial embarrassment; for sometimes there was sufficient money in the treasury to supply all their needs for months. The second orphan house early became a necessity, and through faith materialized in due time, and in 1843 Mr. Muller felt led to open the *fourth* orphan house, the third having been opened nearly six years before. The work kept steadily growing. No one but the Lord was apprised of his purpose. He prayed much to know whether it was the Lord's will. He would say, "Lord, if *thou* hast no need of another orphan house, I have none." While this work was marvelously growing, we must not forget that the same thing was true of the many other lines of work that Mr. Muller was conducting. More missionaries were being sent out, more schools established, and more Bibles distributed.

Mr. Muller became convinced after much prayer that it was according to the Lord's will that advance steps be taken. The playgrounds were becoming inadequate, the residents objected to the noise of the children at play, the location of the rented houses was unfavorable for proper sanitary conditions, and ground was desired for cultivation by the boys. These were some of the things that led Mr. Muller to purpose the building of a new orphan house.

This idea involved an outlay of about seventy-five thousand dollars, for site and building, with an additional expense of one third as much more every year. Dr. Pierson says, "No man so poor as George Muller, if at the same time *sane*, would ever have *thought* of such a gigantic scheme, much less have undertaken to work it out, if his faith and hope were not fixed on God." George Muller knew whom he trusted.

On the thirty-sixth day after specific prayer had been offered for this new building, a gift of five thousand dollars was received. Three days after, a Christian architect in London, unknown to Mr. Muller, offered to draft the plans for the building and to superintend its erection gratuitously. Seventeen days later two hundred fifty dollars more came. On each of two occasions ten thousand dollars was received, and at another time a gift of fifteen thousand. Not for two years after Mr. Muller began to pray was everything in readiness to begin. He then had nearly fifty thousand dollars on hand. A beautiful location was providentially secured, and a good substantial brick building, capable of accommodating three hundred persons, was erected. Hardly was this completed, before the work demanded a second building. This was erected in the same way as the first. The money must be in hand before the building was begun; so prayer was resorted to. One donation brought Mr. Muller about four hundred and five thousand dollars, thirty thousand of which was used for the erection of a second orphanage. The work grew until five handsome, well-built, commodious houses, having cost nearly five million dollars, stood on Ashley Down, and more than two thousand orphans were being cared for annually. Interest in the orphan work did not center in its financial prosperity; but God marvelously blessed the work in the conversion and development of those in the Homes. Many strong Christian laborers were given to the world by the orphanage work.

Missionary Journeys

When George Muller, five times during the first eight years that followed his conversion, had offered himself as a foreign missionary, God had blocked his way; now, at the age of sixty-five, he was about to permit him to be a missionary to the world. Mr. Muller traveled extensively in Europe, America, Asia, Africa, and Australia, everywhere preaching the gospel with power to large audiences. These missionary journeys were productive of much good, and would in themselves have sufficed for an ordinary life-work. The last six years of Mr. Muller's life were spent at Bristol, in quiet, but not in idleness; for even on the night of his death



ORPHANAGES ON ASHLEY DOWN

he assisted in the usual orphanage prayer-meeting. He died at the age of ninety-three, and hearts grieved all over the world. Mr. Muller seemed to grow in grace all the years of his Christian life, which was a constant repetition of the psalmist words, "O, fear the Lord, ye his saints; for there is *no want to them that fear him*."

Mr. James Wright, the son-in-law of Mr. Muller, continues the work of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution and the Orphanages on the same basis as that upon which they were founded and conducted by George Muller.

Old Bedford Jail

ONE dismal day in November, 1660, a man, not middle-aged, was brought to the old Bedford jail, thrust into a dungeon, and left. He had no idea whether he must stay for life, be banished, or hanged. He was brought several times to trial, threatened, reviled, and then offered full free-

dom on terms that he could not accept. Who was this now famous prisoner of old Bedford jail? He had been a very wicked young fellow, yet no one had complained of him when, as he says, he "took delight in all manner of vice;" but as soon as he was converted, changed his whole course of conduct, and woke up to find the Bible a new and wonderful book, he began to be noticed.

In those days of intolerance no one but a regularly ordained clergyman or priest might publicly teach from the Scriptures or preach. It made no difference that this man's hearers left off drinking, swearing, and rioting, or that he himself was a kind neighbor, a good husband, and the father of little children. The day he was flung into prison, he knew that poverty and distress must come on them.

Bedford people that day thought that John Bunyan was now to be as useless a man as any in England. But it came to him to write a little book that children and humble working people could understand. He was allowed a cell with a dim light, paper, ink, and quills.

The story of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was finished, and stole quietly out into the world. Better days then came for Bunyan, and he was free again, restored to his family, and allowed to teach as he pleased.

To his surprise, edition after edition of his book was sold, and before he died, it was read all over England and Scotland, and was translated into French and Dutch.

If you were to go to Bedford to-day, you would not see the old jail. It has perished with time, but the great oaken door of John Bunyan's cell would be shown you. When men shut him to silence and uselessness two hundred thirty years ago, God shut him up to grow in holiness, to get ready a help for millions of people all over the world. His written book has been more widely read than any other book except the Bible, and translated into almost every known language. It is by men of judgment declared to be a classic.—Annette L. Noble, in *Morning Star*.

"I Can Not Get Away From God"

NOT many years since, a coachman was living in a gentleman's family near London. He had good wages, a kind master, and a comfortable place; but there was one thing which troubled and annoyed him; it was that his old mother lived in a village close by, and from her he had constant visits. You may wonder that this was such a trouble to him. But the reason was, that, whenever she came, she spoke to him about Christ and the salvation of his soul.

"Mother," he at last said, "I can not stand this any longer. Unless you drop that subject altogether, I shall give up my place and go out of your reach, where I shall hear no more of such cant."

"My son," said his mother, "as long as I have a tongue, I shall never cease to speak to you about the Lord, and to the Lord about you."

The young coachman was as good as his word. He wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, and asked him to find him a place in that part of the world. He knew that his mother could not write and could not follow him; and though he was sorry to lose a good place, he said to himself, "Anything for a quiet life."

His friend soon got him a place in a gentleman's stable, and he did not hide from his mother that he was glad and thankful to get out of her way.

You may think it was a pity she thus drove him to a distance. Would it not have been

wiser to say less, and thus not lose the opportunity of putting in a word in season? But she believed, in her simplicity, that she was to keep to the directions given her in the Word of God—that she was to be instant, not in season only, but also out of season.

The coachman was ordered to drive out the carriage and pair, the first day after his arrival in Scotland. His master did not get into the carriage with the rest of the party, but said he meant to go on the box beside the footman.

"He wishes to see how I drive," thought the coachman, who was quite prepared to give satisfaction. Scarcely had they driven from the door when the master spoke to the coachman for the first time. He said, "Tell me if you are saved."

Had the Lord come to the coachman direct from heaven, it could scarcely have struck him with greater consternation. He simply felt terrified.

"God has followed me to Scotland," he said to himself. "I could get away from my mother, but I can not get away from God!"

And at that moment he knew what Adam must have felt when he went to hide himself from the presence of God behind the trees of the garden. He could make no answer to his master, and scarcely could he drive the horses, for he trembled from head to foot.

His master went on to speak of Christ, and again he heard the old, old story so often told him by his mother. But this time it sounded new. It had become a real thing to him. It did not seem then to be glad tidings of great joy, but a message of terror and condemnation. He felt that it was Christ, the Son of God, whom he had rejected and despised. He felt, for the first time, that he was a lost sinner. By the time the drive was over, he was so ill from the terrible fear that had come upon him that he could do nothing else. For some days he could not leave his bed; but they were blessed days to him. His master came to speak to him, to read the Word of God, and to pray; and soon the love and grace of the Saviour he had rejected became a reality to him, as the terror of the Lord had been at first.

He saw there was mercy for the scoffer and despiser, and he saw that the blood of Christ is the answer before God even for such sin as his had been; and he now felt in his soul the sweetness of those blessed words, "We love him because he first loved us."

He saw that Christ had borne his punishment, and that he who had tried to harden his heart against God and his own mother, was now without spot or stain in the sight of God, who so loved him as to give for him His only Son. The first letter he wrote to his mother contained the joyful tidings: "God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul!"

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."—*Watchword.*

"He who works with his heart will always have work for his hands."

"HEALTH and good humor," said Massillon, "are to the human body like sunshine to vegetation."

As we impart the blessings of this life, gratitude in the recipient prepares the heart to receive spiritual truth, and a harvest is produced unto life everlasting.—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

GOOD MANNERS

"No service in itself is small,
Nor great though earth it fill;
But that is small which seeks its own,
And great which seeks God's will."

Best Treatise on Etiquette

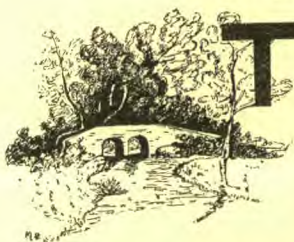
"Love doth not behave itself unseemly."

THE most valuable treatise on etiquette ever penned is the precious instruction given by the Saviour, with the utterance of the Holy Spirit through the apostle Paul,—words that should be ineffaceably written in the memory of every human being, young or old:—

"Love suffereth long, and is kind;
Love envieth not;
Love vaunteth not itself,
Is not puffed up,
Doth not behave itself unseemly,
Seeketh not its own,
Is not provoked,
Taketh not account of evil;
Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness,
But rejoiceth with the truth;
Beareth all things,
Believeth all things,
Hopeth all things,
Endureth all things.
Love never faileth."

—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

Crossings



HERE'S never a stream on a rural road That can not be safely passed; A ferry may ply between shore and shore, Or a bridge o'er the tide be cast:

The shallow spots show a fording place,
Or of stepping-stones a row;
Or a mossy log, joining bank to bank,
May a safe transition show.

And so with the streams in the way of life;
A smile arches floods of wrath;
A prayer sends a boat o'er a tide of grief;
Or hope lays a trusty path:
While shallows found in the fiercest streams
Of despair or doubt or woe,
In the sunny light of a love flows out,
And the fording places show.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

Beauty of Manners

THE Greeks believed that any violation of good taste or breach of courtesy was morally vicious. They kept beauty and goodness together. That which was uncouth and forbidding could not be good to a Greek. To him manners and morals were one. What we call blemishes or defects he called vices. It is our habit to separate morality and esthetics, and to place immeasurably more emphasis on the former than on the latter. In this we are in danger of going too far. We certainly do go too far whenever we so minimize the value of decorous behavior as to lead any one to think that it is a matter of comparative insignificance. Rude and boorish people may have in them a streak of piety, but they are saints only in the rough. The full-statured saint is beautiful in all his ways. He does not offend delicate ears by boisterous or ill-mannered speech, nor does he shock refined hearts by ill-considered and clownish action. There is no reason why a Christian should be disagreeable, nor have we any right to think that the Lord will hold him guiltless who constantly irritates by eccentric behavior those with whom he deals. The psalmist felt it desirable that men should worship the Lord in the beauty

of holiness, and equally desirable is it that they should inject that same beauty into their daily intercourse with their fellow men. The Christian is bound to be a gentleman, for he professes to be a follower of Jesus, of whom the poet Dekker says:—

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

—*The Wellspring.*

Things One Ought to Do

WHY don't you answer your friend's letter at once? It will have double value if written promptly, and will take no more time than by and by.

Why don't you make the promised visit to that invalid? She is looking for you day after day, and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Why don't you send away that little gift you've been planning to send? Mere kind intentions never accomplish any good.

Why don't you speak out the encouraging words that you have in your thoughts? Unless you express them, they are of no use to others.

Why don't you try to share the burden of that sorrowful one who works beside you? Is it because you are growing selfish? Why don't you take more pains to be self-sacrificing and loving in the every-day home life? Time is rapidly passing. Your dear ones will not be with you always.

Why don't you create around you an atmosphere of happiness and helpfulness, so that all who come in touch with you may be made better?—*Selected.*

The Sunshine Man

"THERE'S the dearest little old gentleman," says James Buckham, "who goes into town every morning on the half-past-eight train. I don't know his name, and yet I know him better than anybody else in town. He just radiates cheerfulness as far as you can see him. There is always a smile on his face, and I never heard him open his mouth except to say something kind, courteous, or good natured. Everybody bows to him, even strangers, and he bows to everybody, yet never with the slightest hint of presumption or familiarity. If the weather is fine, his jolly compliments make it seem finer; and if it is raining, the merry way in which he speaks of it is as good as a rainbow. Everybody who goes in on the eight-thirty train, knows the 'sunshine man;' it's his train. You just hurry up a little, and I'll show you the sunshine man this morning. It's foggy and cold, but if one look at him doesn't cheer you up so that you'll want to whistle, then I'm no judge of human nature."

Hints to Letter-Writers

THE pleasure gained from writing a letter is doubled by receiving a prompt and complete answer.

A friend writes and asks for the address of some one. The friend is polite enough to say, "Answer at your convenience," but she wants it right away, or she would not have written for it, and when "your convenience" means a fortnight, she can perhaps just as well go without the information she is seeking.

To answer a letter, and *not answer the questions it contains, is nothing less than rudeness.* Answer the questions first, visit later.

To write of some enclosure, and then to seal and send the letter without the enclosure, is excused only by sending it in another envelope by the next mail.

Lack of material is the cause of many broken promises and many unanswered letters. It costs little to keep on hand a box of stationery, a box of pen points, and a bottle of ink.—*Selected.*



Origin of the Railway Mail

Suggested by a Dry-Goods Box Rigged up to Accommodate the Pony Express

AN officer of a great railway system found a memorandum which is the basis of what follows:—

"This memorandum," he said, "dates back to the genesis of the railway mail. The man who made the first step in this wonderful improvement was, I think, the Democratic postmaster in St. Joseph, Missouri, at the breaking out of the Civil War. He was appointed by Buchanan.

"The Pony Express, which was also started from St. Joseph, suggested to the postmaster a crude arrangement from which was evolved our present railway system. The postmaster found it necessary to arrange his mail so that it could be handled quickly on the arrival and departure of the Pony Express rider.

"He rigged up a lot of pigeonholes in an old dry-goods box, and put it where he could have the mail at the ends of his fingers. Each pigeon-hole was labeled with the name of a post-office.

"Soon after this arrangement, a similar one was fitted up in the baggage-car of a railroad train, and the man in charge distributed his mail for towns along the line by putting it into the pigeonholes in a pine box.

"Crude as that was, it facilitated business. It was the cue for the inventive genius who improved upon it, and, of course, his improvements have been improved upon until we have now the best railway-mail system in the world.

"All this has been brought about within the recollection of men who are not yet old. From one man who experimented with it the service has grown so that it now requires a force of twenty-five thousand men."—*New York Sun*.

Enduring Hardness

It is pleasant to contemplate the joys of the Christian life; yet it is necessary to know of its trials. The call to join the army of the Lord is to every creature involved in the great controversy between good and evil. There is no excuse why every one who hears the call may not take his stand upon the right side and become a good soldier. No deceptive promise is held out; he is assured at the outset that "life is not a parade-ground, but a battle-field," that "each day is a battle and a march," that the church of Christ must still fight on against seen and unseen foes. Thus were the early Christians assured that "all who will live godly shall suffer persecution," and that it is through much tribulation that we enter the kingdom. So it is clearly understood by each new recruit of the Lord's forces that he has entered upon a real and life-long conflict, which is never to cease for a day or a moment until he has finished his course, and fought his good fight, and has his victor's crown assured.

To know that there is no way to overcome an obstacle but to meet it squarely, gives strength to meet it. Should any feel like drawing back because he learns that there is hardness in the way, that is of itself a strong reason why he should enter the service, for it is in the service that courage and endurance are acquired. Through exercise all good qualities are strengthened.

Endurance is an evidence of patience. To endure is an evidence that our faith is growing. There is a satisfaction in enduring that brings real happiness, so much so that it draws forth the exclamation, "Behold, we count them happy

that endure." We may be happy when enduring the most severe struggles, if we are good soldiers of Christ Jesus. And there is hope in endurance, for as we endure the hard race with the footmen to-day, it cheers us to think that we are becoming strong to run against the horsemen tomorrow.

Every day of life is meant to teach us endurance. Much of our unhappiness is because of our failure to endure the tests with which our wise Teacher suffers us to be tried that we may learn to endure. When we learn the lesson, then comes the happiness. If God counts those happy who endure, then they have the only real happiness. It pays to endure. We should be glad that we may.

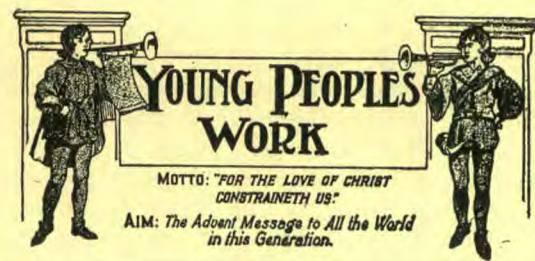
We are weak, and naturally seek for ease, and shrink from trial. If we must endure, how shall we? The answer is in the Bible, the Christian's manual of arms. As we study it, we shall become strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, and shall rejoice to endure, as a strong man rejoices to run a race. It is said that Moses endured "as seeing Him who is invisible." So we see that it was his faith that helped him to endure. This is further explained by the statement that "it is the continual sense of Christ's presence that gives power." Here is the great secret. We can endure anything when we realize the presence of the Lord, and that his eye is upon us, and his approving smile upon every effort made for the glory of his name.

The hardest battle of the long struggle is the closing one. The battle is on, and we are learning what it is to endure a little hardness. It must increase in intensity. The participants in the struggle are selected from the weakest generation, and the remnant are a people small and weak, but not helpless. Our faith sees the army of angels upon the hillsides, and while men wonder, we may glorify the Captain of that army which is the invisible part of ours, by advancing at the word of command in the face of everything that the enemy presents.

But we must have strength to endure, and unless we eat the Word that is the source of all strength, we shall have no life in us. And we must pray more earnestly and unceasingly. This is the breath of the soul, we are told, and was the means by which our Example overcame. Then the third great essential is work. "Seeing we have this ministry," said Paul, "we faint not." It is in unselfish service that self with all its weakness is forgotten, and our own souls are saved by the exertions to save our fellows.

The thought that we must endure should not make us sad. We endure to express our love for him who has endured so much for us. By the help of the Lord we may endure anything. Of all the trials that may trouble us, we may say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." It is the great joy at the finishing of the course that makes present hardness endurable. Even when there seems to be no glory in the battle, we must endure. We should remember that Christ considers us as soldiers always on duty. There is no place in his service that is mean. Men may despise us, Satan may seek by every means to discourage, but we are still the soldiers of Jesus Christ. Eternal results are wrapped up in the small affairs of the most obscure life. We are not walking in a vain show. We are in a real contest. And while of ourselves we are nothing, we are of great value in the sight of God. Let us think of him. We do not need to care for anything but to please him. This is the way of peace, this is the way of victory. Thinking of his greatness, we forget our littleness. The vastness of the heavenly makes the earthly things seem small, and the thought of eternity will make this life appear as it really is, but a "vapor, that appeareth for a little time," in which we may endure that which a loving Father

sees to be necessary to fit us to have a part in his eternal kingdom. SAMUEL TRUMP.



Wise Counsel

THE "Quiet Hour" of the Christian Endeavor Society has brought rich blessings to those members who have faithfully kept it. It will bring strength to all who will observe it. Mrs. E. G. White says in "Education:" "Let the youth follow the Saviour's example in *finding at dawn and twilight a quiet season* for communion with their Father in heaven." Why should not our Young People's Societies regard this suggestion?

The Undimmed Vision

LET thine eye be single,
And no earth-born vision mingle
With thy pure ideal;
Then will its undimmed light
Make all within thee bright,
And all around thee real.
But if thine eye be double,
Black care will rise to trouble
And veil that light.
Then blindly wilt thou grope,
Cheated of faith and hope
By phantoms of the night.

—From the German.

JULY STUDY OF THE FIELD

The Latin Union Conference

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.
Scripture reading: Isaiah 59.
Prayer.
Singing.

BEGINNINGS IN THE LATIN UNION FIELD ("Historical Sketches").

FIELD STUDY:—

The Latin Union Field (introduction to Elder Wilkinson's report), *Review*, June 8.
France.
Italy. (See also *Review* May 11 and April 13.)
Spain.
Algeria and Tunis.
French Belgium.
French Switzerland.

SINGING.

LATE REPORTS FROM THIS FIELD: Portugal (*Review*, May 4 and 11), France (*Review*, May 11), Spain (*Review*, April 27).

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Notes

The study this month is based on the report rendered at the General Conference by Elder B. G. Wilkinson. Where the Society is large enough, each country mentioned could be assigned to a different person; the one presenting it weaving in other interesting facts concerning these fields, which he can gather from back numbers of the *Review* and the *General Conference Bulletin*. If possible, use a map, pointing out the different countries as they are mentioned.

"Historical Sketches" furnishes ample material for an outline of the early days in this field, which might be presented by the leader. Where a Society does not have access to this book, an interesting program may be arranged without this number. E. H.



The Boy Inside the Clothes

"My boy, come here a moment, I want to see how you look." Ralph stepped into the library, where his Aunt Anna was sitting. He was generally rather afraid of her keen eyes, but just now he was ready for school, and knew that, for once, his tie was straight, his shoes tied, and his clothes were above reproach.

Aunt Anna held him off at arm's length, and looked him over carefully. "Well, you really are beautifully neat!" she exclaimed, laughing, "but oh, dear! it won't last long. I know you'll come home looking like a little scarecrow."

The keeping of his clothes tidy was the problem of Ralph's life. "I can't help it," he said, desperately; "things just get dirty themselves."

Aunt Anna laughed again. "Run and show yourself to your mother," she said, "she won't know you."

Ralph found his mother in the sewing room. "Good-by, dearie," she said, "keep your clothes tidy, son."

"Oh, dear, that's what everybody's always saying to me," groaned Ralph, "I don't know why I always get things into a muss."

His mother looked into the boy's troubled face. She knew he did try sometimes to keep himself tidy. "Well, dear," she said, gently, "you know I would like very much if you could learn to be more careful, but there's something far more important. Keep the boy inside the clothes clean and honest, and mother won't mind so very much."

Ralph ran off, feeling much comforted. He really intended to make a special effort this time to come home from school looking respectable. But, as usual, he forgot all about his clothes before he reached the schoolhouse. They were called to his mind very suddenly, however, just before recess. Ralph's geography was torn; his books, like his clothes, were generally out of repair. Ted Hammond, who sat opposite, offered him his book, and in reaching for it Ralph upset Ted's ink bottle. He did not notice the fact at the moment, and swept his arm through the black stream, sending it spattering over his new tie and his spotless suit.

Ralph hung his head in shame, as the giggles passed up and down the rows of spectators. He was thinking that Aunt Anna would say it was just as she expected; and his mother would be disappointed again.

But he forgot all about his trouble at recess and his condition was not at all improved by the playtime. Ralph lived some distance from the school, and did not go home at noon; so by the time the hour for closing school drew near, the tidy, spotless boy who had set out from home, was quite what his Aunt Anna would have called "a little scarecrow."

In the middle of the afternoon the room received a joyful surprise. Mr. Evans, the principal, walked unexpectedly into their midst. Mr. Evans had a big sailing yacht on the river, and had long been promising the boys of Ralph's grade a trip. Every one sat up very straight as he entered; the time had surely come.

"Well, boys," he said, his eyes twinkling at

the sight of their eager faces, "I think it's time for that sail down the river, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," came like one great voice from twenty throats. Mr. Evans laughed. "The breeze is just favorable to-day, and Miss Wilson says you may come at half-past three; so you see that will give you a little holiday, too. You have a grammar lesson yet, and your teacher says all those who are perfect may come with me, and all those who are not must stay and study. Now, do your best, because I want every one of you."

Ralph's heart sank as the principal left the room, and he could not join the joyful applause. Next to keeping himself tidy, grammar was his worst difficulty. He felt there would be very little chance for him.

Miss Wilson was already assigning the lesson; there were four rules to be written out. He sat and chewed his pen in despair. Try as he would, only one rule would come into his head; and he sat staring fiercely at his blank sheet of paper.

Ted Hammond was watching him. Grammar was as easy for Ted as playing football, and he finished his four rules in about four minutes, and handed them to Miss Wilson. Suddenly he seized another piece of paper, and scribbled upon it rapidly. Miss Wilson passed down the aisle, collecting papers. When her back was turned, Ted shoved the sheet upon Ralph's desk. Ralph opened it. There were the four rules written in Ted's sprawling hand, and underneath was written, "Copy these quick, or you'll miss the sail." Ralph's heart leaped. What a chance! He had almost given up hope: now he reached for his pen; but, as he did so, his eye caught sight of the inky streaks on his sleeve. He looked down on his soiled clothes, and his mother's parting words came to him, "Keep the boy inside the clothes clean and honest." Certainly he was a disreputable looking object on the outside, and now he was going to make matters far worse by soiling his character. It wouldn't be "clean and honest" to copy those rules; and yet, oh, how he did want to go on that sail!

He struggled for just a moment; then he took his pen and wrote across the paper, "No, thanks, it would be saeaky." When Ted received the paper, he stared. "You're a big silly," he whispered, as the bell rang, and the successful ones passed out.

As they clattered joyfully down the stairs, poor Ralph sat struggling with his lesson, and thinking how much better the breezy sail would be than the hot schoolroom. He was beginning to feel that doing right was a very hard thing.

Matters did not improve when he reached home. "O Ralph Rogers!" Aunt Anna gasped, "was there ever such an untidy boy? Just look at him!" she cried to Ralph's mother, who had just entered.

Mrs. Rogers looked down at her inky, muddy son gravely. She had hoped that Ralph would really try to be tidy this time.

"Perhaps the boy inside the clothes is all right, though," she said, encouragingly. Ralph

looked up at her gratefully; he did not tell of his honest deed, but he felt a thrill of gladness that he was not ashamed to look into his mother's eyes.

But a wonderful surprise awaited him next morning. As he ran down-stairs neat and tidy once more, he found his mother and aunt waiting for him in the hall. Mrs. Rogers held in her hand a piece of paper that somehow looked familiar to Ralph. She kissed him with tears in her eyes. "Look, dear," she said, "Miss Wilson called with this. She found it on the schoolroom floor. I am very proud of you, Ralph!"

Ralph's face grew hot, but his heart swelled with happiness. What a good thing it was to be honest, after all! There was his written refusal to do wrong.

"And, Ralphie," cried his aunt, "Miss Wilson told Mr. Evans you had lost the sail for the sake of your honor, and he is going to take you on the yacht this afternoon. And you may come home looking like a little tramp if you like," she added, laughing, "and Aunt Anna won't scold you one little bit; but be honest, Ralph, whether you are ever rewarded by men or not. God, who notes every act, will see to the reward by and by."—Margaret Graham, in *Youth's Evangelist*.

Some Queer Animals

WILLIE was wiping off the blackboard with a sponge.

"I'd like to know what a sponge is," said Jennie.

"Let's ask the teacher," said May. "She knows, of course."

"That is a sponge," said Miss Williams, who had overheard the question.

"Yes, I know it is a sponge, because I have seen mama use them. But what is a sponge?" asked Jennie, bashfully.

"Not a great deal is known about the origin of sponges," said Miss Williams. "It used to be thought that sponges belonged to a family of animals that became extinct; that is, they stopped living and growing a long time ago, the same as the big animals that some scientific men have found buried deep in the earth."

"But sponges aren't animals, are they?" asked May. "They don't have any feet or mouth or — or anything like animals have."

"Yes. They are classed as animals by those who have studied such things very deeply," said Miss Williams. "But they are so different from all other animals that they make a family by themselves."

"Well, that's a queer-looking thing to ever have been an animal," said Willie holding up the sponge.

"The living matter is removed long before we see the sponges," said Miss Williams, "and it is only the skeleton that comes to us in the shape of the sponge that we use for so many different purposes."

"Where do these queer animals live?" asked Jennie.

"Under water," answered Miss Williams.

"But there are not any in the lake back of the schoolhouse," said Willie.

"No, there may not be any there, though there are sponges found in many of the rivers and lakes of America, as well as in Europe, Asia, and Africa, but none in Australia. But the sponges in common use are found in salt water. The softest and best sponges, the variety that brings the highest price, is the Turkey or Levant sponge. This, with several other varieties, is found along the coast and around the islands of the Mediterranean Sea. Several kinds of bath sponges are found along the northern coast of Cuba, though not so plentifully as in other places, on the coast of Australia and in the North Pacific and South Atlantic and Indian Oceans, so you see the people in almost all parts of the world can get sponges."

"How do they live in the water, Miss Williams?" asked May. "Do they swim around, like fish, or do they live in shells, like oysters and lobsters?"

"They are attached to rocks and other objects at the bottom of the sea."

"How do people fish them up?" asked Willie.

"Different means are used, according to the depth of the water and the people who use them. In the Mediterranean several men go out in a boat. While part of the crew remain in the boat, others take a large stone in their arms and jump overboard with it. It causes them to sink to the bottom in the same way that a sinker of lead causes your fishing-lines to sink. The divers, as they are called, have a rope tied to the stone; and when they want to come up, they pull on the rope, and the men in the boat pull them up. A diver can not stay under water more than three minutes, and there are very few who can stay as long as that. When he reaches the bottom, he pulls the sponges off the rocks within reach as quickly as he can, and puts them into a net that is tied about his waist. In other places, where the water is shallow, they are loosened and hooked up with a harpoon. This is a sort of three-lined fork with a long handle attached. Sometimes when one is not long enough, two are lashed together. There



FIG. 1

is generally but one man in the boat, with a boy to steer, and a stone, which has been dipped in oil, is thrown a yard or so ahead. The oil, scattering over the water, makes the surface smooth, so that the sponges can be seen. In Greece the sponge fishermen use a piece of zinc, round and hollow, like a piece of stovepipe, and with a piece of thick glass filling one end. They place this in the water by the side of the boat, the end with the glass in it beneath the surface of the water. By looking through this they can see the bottom through a great many feet of water. In very deep water the sponges are brought up by dredges. These are usually iron frames about six yards wide and one yard high. At the back of this frame is fastened a net of camel's hair cords about as large as one's finger. The dredge is drawn along the bottom by chains attached to a schooner, or sailing vessel. It scrapes the sponges from the bottom, and into the net."

"I did not know, sponges were so interesting," said Willie. "I would like to read a book about them."

"That is a wise plan," responded Miss Williams; "and I will promise to have a lesson upon them in school some day."

"Good!" said the children, and Miss Williams was assured of three interested pupils whenever it came time to have the promised study.—*Alice May Douglas, in The Children's Visitor.*

Fearless and Honest

A SCOTCH lad arrived at Euston, the brightest, yet the loneliest, passenger by the London and Northwestern Company's Express. He was barely fourteen, had not a friend in London, and had only a sovereign in his pocket.

"Well, Sandy," said a fellow passenger, who had befriended him during the journey from Glasgow, "don't you wish that you were safe now with your mother in Scotland?"

"No," said the boy, "I promised her, when I left, that I would be fearless and honest. I have her fortune to make as well as my own, and I must have good courage."

"Well, laddie, what can you do?" asked a kind voice behind him.

"I can be loyal and true to any one who will give me something to do," was the quick response.

A well-known lawyer, whose experience with applicants for clerkships in his office had been unfavorable, was passing at the moment.

Sandy's fearless face caught his eye. The honest, manly ring in Sandy's voice touched his faithful Scotch heart.

"Tell me your story," he said, kindly.

It was soon told. Sandy's mother had been left a widow, with little money, and a child to bring up. She had worked for him as long as she could, but when her health failed, she had bought his ticket to London, and had given him what little money she could spare.

"Go and make your fortune," she said. "Be fearless and honest, and don't forget your mother, who can not work for you any longer."

Having heard this story, the lawyer engaged Sandy as an office boy.

"I'll give you a chance," he said, "to show what there is

in you. Write to your mother to-day that you have found a friend who will stand by you as long as you are fearless and honest."

Sandy became a favorite at once in the office. Many of the clients who entered the office paused to have a word with him.

He attended evening classes, and became an expert penman and accountant. He was rapidly promoted, until he was his patron's confidential clerk.

After sharing his earnings with his mother, he went to Scotland, and brought her back with him.

By and by he studied law, and when he began to practise at the bar, his fearlessness commanded respect, and his honesty inspired confidence. Juries liked to hear him speak; they instinctively trusted him.

His mother had impressed her high courage and sincerity upon him. His success was mainly due to her.—*Scottish American.*

LET fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, so long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence.—*Alexander Pope.*

"AFTER examining sixteen thousand school children, three German medical experts have urged the abolition of afternoon lessons, as they exhaust the vitality of the scholars."



FLOWER BASKET FILLED WITH TRAILING ARBUTUS



Flower-Basket Model No. 9

MATERIAL, reeds Nos. 2, 3, and 4.

Base, three and one-half inches in diameter. Spokes of No. 4 reeds, weavers of No. 2. Nineteen stakes of No. 3 reeds, each twelve inches long. Pinch and bend up sharply. Weavers of No. 2. Five rows of triple twist, the first being very tight of course. One inch of single weaving. Stakes should be perfectly straight up to this point. The handle must now be made before the weaving is carried any further. Take a two-yard piece of No. 2 reed; starting at the bottom, pass the ends, one at either side of a spoke, up through upsetting, and single weaving. Fig. 1. Pull the reed up till the loop fits tightly around the spoke.

Take seven one-yard lengths of No. 2 reed, and insert down through single weaving beside the double reed already in. With these nine reeds make a three-strand braid, using three reeds to each strand. Leave the stake on the outside of the braid. Fig. 2. When the braid is as long as desired for the handle, pass two of the reeds down through single weaving and upsetting, around opposite spoke from the first one used, and up again through the upsetting. This firmly secures the handle. Cut the remain-

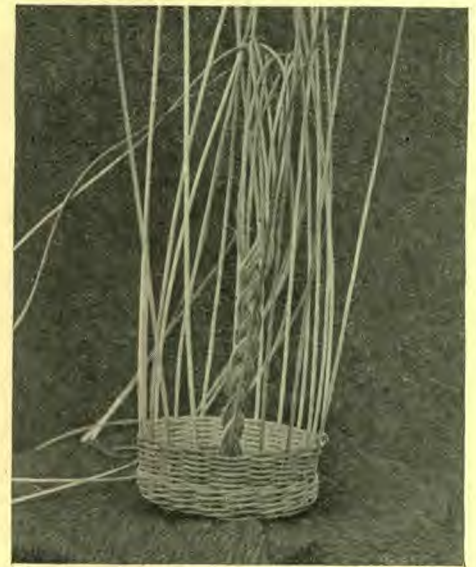


FIG. 2

ing seven reeds just long enough to reach into the upsetting, and insert them beside the other two. This completes the handle. Now bend stakes and handle straight outward, and continue single weaving about one and three-fourths inches. The handle must be woven in along with the stake, keeping the stake on the outside.

Bind off same as the base, by passing weaver under last row of weaving at each downward stroke last time around. Cut the stakes to a uniform length, six inches. Make border same as on the first work-basket. E. M. F. LONG.

The Wondrous Cross

ISAAC WATTS, of Southampton, England, is called the father of English hymnody, preceding Charles Wesley in point of time, and probably surpassing him in the sustained quality and popularity of his work. He was an Independent, or Congregational, preacher, debarred from the universities for his religious views, and hindered in his work by infirmities and illness. He began the versification of the Psalms when he was eighteen years of age, and he published the complete work when he was forty-five. He also wrote a great deal of other religious poetry; all the great collections show more of his hymns than of any other writer's. He is also the writer of the sublime hymn, "The Wondrous Cross." Some authorities consider it the finest hymn in the English language, while the rest place it second only to Toplady's "Rock of Ages." There are four great hymns which are printed in more collections, translated into more tongues, and used in more congregations than any others; they are: "The Wondrous Cross," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Coronation." These four were written within the space of one hundred years, the one by Watts being the first of them.

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God,
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

"See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

—Selected.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL

INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II—Jesus at the House of Simon

(July 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 7:18-50.

MEMORY VERSE: "And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." Luke 7:50.

"And the disciples of John showed him of all these things. And John calling unto him two of his disciples sent them to Jesus, saying, Art thou he that should come? or look we for another? When the men were come unto him, they said, John Baptist hath sent us unto thee, saying, Art thou he that should come? or look we for another? And in that same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind he gave sight. Then Jesus answering said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.

"And when the messengers of John were departed, he began to speak unto the people concerning John, What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind? But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which are gorgeously appareled, and live delicately, are in kings'

courts. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet. This is he, of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee. For I say unto you, Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist: but he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he.

"And all the people that heard him, and the publicans, justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John. But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him. . . .

"And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat. And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

"Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner. And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged.

"And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven. And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also? And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Questions

1. What news was brought to John? Where was John at this time? Matt. 11:2. Where did John send two of his disciples? What questions did they ask Jesus?

2. While the disciples of John were with Jesus, what wonderful things did they see? What did Jesus then tell them to say to John? How did this answer John's question? Upon whom does Jesus pronounce a special blessing?

3. When the messengers of John had gone away, of whom did Jesus speak to the people? What did he ask them? What great work had John been raised up to do? Who were baptized at this time? Who rejected the counsel of God?

4. What man invited Jesus to his house to eat? Who heard that Jesus was there? What did she bring to the house of Simon? Why did she weep when she came into the presence of Jesus? What did she do?

5. What did the Pharisee who had invited Jesus to the house think when he saw this? Did he speak his thoughts aloud? But what did Jesus know? How did he speak to Simon? How did Simon answer?

6. Relate the parable of the debtors. What

question did Jesus ask Simon when he had told the little story? Give the Pharisee's answer.

7. What opportunity had Simon had to show love for Jesus in his own home? What courtesies would he have shown to a guest whom he really wished to honor? Yet what had he not done? How had the woman's course been an example to the proud Pharisee? What had she shown by her acts? What had Simon as plainly shown by his neglect?

8. What did Jesus now say to the woman? What question at once arose in the minds of those present? What did Jesus again say to the woman in the hearing of all?

"Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high,
Who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth!"

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

II—The Church Indicted

(July 8)

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye have robbed me." Mal. 3:9. "Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts." Mal. 3:7.

Questions

1. What time in the history of God's people is represented by the Laodicean church? Note 1.

2. What does the term signify? Note 2.

3. Is the Laodicean church, as a body, prepared to meet their Lord? Rev. 3:13-17.

4. What are they counseled to do? Verse 18.

5. What message is sent to the church existing just before the coming of the Lord? Mal. 3:5, 7, 8; note 3.

6. Who sends this message? Verse 7.

7. Why are these cursed? Verse 8.

8. What message of hope is held out to these transgressors? Verses 10, 11.

9. When this message is heeded, how will the world look upon God's people? Verse 12.

10. What sin stands at the head of those mentioned as prevalent in the last days? 2 Tim. 3:2; note 4.

11. What are those who love God enjoined to seek first? Matt. 6:33.

12. If they fail to do this, how much good will they derive from their accumulated gold? Zeph. 1:14, 17, 18.

13. What does God promise to do for his remnant people? Micah 7:18

14. Describe the loyal church which comes forth to meet her Lord with every stain of selfishness removed. Rev. 12:17; 14:1, 4, 5, 12.

Notes

1. It is the last stage of the church . . . while the great day of atonement is going forward upon the investigative judgment is going forward upon the house of God,—a period during which the just and holy law of God is taken by the waiting church as their rule of life.—"Thoughts on Daniel," page 371. Compare Mal. 3:17 with Rev. 3:13-21.

2. *Laodicea* signifies the judging of the people, or, according to Cruden, a *just people*. The message to the church brings to view the closing scenes of probation. It reveals a period of judgment.

3. "Do not allow lax principles to lead you to rob God. Keep a faithful account with your Creator. Realize fully the importance of being just with him who has divine foreknowledge. Let every one search his heart diligently. Let him look up his accounts, and find out how he stands related to God. Let every one of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him. The poor and the rich, the young men and women who earn wages—all are to lay by a portion, for God claims it."—Mrs. E. G. White, in *Southern Watchman*, Feb. 14, 1905.



"God is so constant to the earth."

Lessons of Star, Flower, and Leaf

ALL down the ages the Lord has spoken to his people through object-lessons. It seems to be his favorite way of imparting truth, of revealing his will. The fire of Abel's altar taught the lesson of perfect obedience; the flaming sword at the gate of Eden told of the enmity between sin and righteousness; the lamb upon the altar of sacrifice pointed to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; the tabernacle with its furnishings and service disclosed the whole story of heavenly ministration for man. Again and again has God sought to reveal objectively his love for the world. Before the foundation of the earth, the whole plan of salvation was laid, and even then so much did it mean to the Father and Son that when the earth and all upon it were spoken into existence, the Saviour made every created thing to reveal some part of this story of infinite love. He meant for man to find continual delight and strength in reading these hidden lessons. Star, flower, leaf, and rock each had its own secret to reveal to those who would inquire. And heaven meant to give man power to read new lessons continually; but sin threw a dark veil over the whole face of nature, and man seemed to lose sight of the fact that God had spoken to him through the things about him. But the Saviour partially lifted the veil when he was on the earth, and gave man a glimpse of nature's hidden truths. He himself spent much time in reading the lessons which his own hand had written in earth, sea, and sky.

Man may have misinterpreted many of these lessons, he may have made the fatal mistake of calling the created the Creator; but God does not desire that man should shut his eyes and ears to these manifold messages in nature because some have read them incorrectly. Many men have read wrong lessons from the Bible; but God intends that man should still reverently go to this fount for a true knowledge of spiritual things. And he bids him still to seek to read the precious lessons in the created works. God will cause the scales to drop from the eyes of those who heed his admonition: "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number."

The stars tell of God's unfailing power, the rainbow of his unforgotten promise, the sun of the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, the flower of God's loving thought, the water of the Water of Life that is offered freely to every thirsty soul.

Galileo, the great philosopher, when asked if he believed in the existence of a supreme Being, pointed to a straw lying upon the floor, and said that from the structure of that trifling object, he would infer with certainty the existence of an intelligent Creator. And every blade of grass echoes the same truth. A thoughtful study of the grass will reveal other lessons our Father meant it should teach us. "Speak to the earth," said Job, "and it shall teach thee." The grass is equally able to instruct. It will bear "uninjured summer's heat and winter's frost; it will rise elastic from the heavy footstep and the cumbrous snow-wreath; it will speedily re-form the parts that have been broken off or injured; it will wave with the wind, and stand upright

under rain and hail; it unites elegance with strength, slenderness with beauty and usefulness." It is therefore a fit symbol of the Christian's relation to adverse and favorable circumstances, for the child of God is the same whether exalted to heaven or crushed to earth.

(To be concluded)

"Too High for Me"

WHERE twilight was folding its wings to sleep,
Sat a little boy on his mother's knee;
His bright face glowed with a coaxing light,
As he said, "Moon and stars, come down
to me."

But the moon sailed on, the stars hung high,
And soon his mistake he seemed to see;
With extended hands and palms held up,
"Moon and stars, please do come down to me."

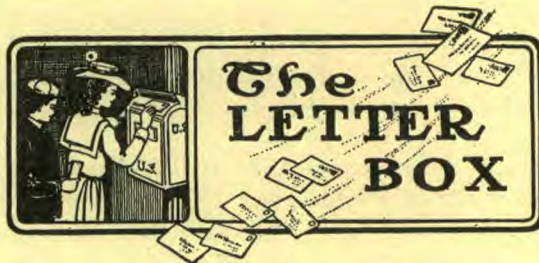
But "please" did not bring the treasures down,
So clasping his hands on his little knee,
The philosopher, sighing, sweetly said,
"O, the moon and stars are too high for me!"

Alas for the sorrow of later years,
If the wish of our hearts always came true!
But that wisdom gives, and that love denies,
Is by far the safest for me and you.

Let the moon and stars still swing aloft,
It is well our "please" can not bring them
near;

The hand holds them that is holding us,
And sleeping or waking, we need not fear.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.



NEW BEDFORD, MASS., April 9, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I live on an island in the middle of the Acushnet River. I have one brother and a sister. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath; it is about two miles from my home. It is on Willow Street. My teacher's name is Miss Annie Carter. I like her very much. There are nine in our class. I get the INSTRUCTOR, and like it very much. I expect to be baptized in the spring. There is no church-school here, so I have to go to public school. I would like to have some of the INSTRUCTOR children write to me.

GERTRUDE E. WOOD.

CASS CITY, MICH., April 8, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, as I have never written before. The INSTRUCTOR visits our house weekly. I like to read the nice stories on the Children's Page. I wish some of the INSTRUCTOR readers would write to me. As this is my first letter, I hope it will be printed. Mother and I are Sabbath-keepers, but my father is not. We have no Sabbath-school, for every one here keeps Sunday. I have my lessons in the INSTRUCTOR every Sabbath. I am thirteen years old, and live in the country. I am trying to be a Christian.

LIZZIE PARKER.

ANTELOPE, O. T., April 13, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never written to the INSTRUCTOR, I thought I would write now.

I am twelve years old. I have two little brothers younger than I, and all of us keep the Sabbath with our papa and mama.

I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR very much. In fact, I do not see how I could get along without it. I especially like the science stories and field letters. I have a missionary garden planted this year.

I have been to school only two years, and that was at Keene, Texas, when I was six and seven. Sister Giddings was my teacher there.

I study at home, and I want to get a good education, and fit myself for some work for Jesus.

We may have a church-school here some day. There are twenty-one children in our company. There is a church organized here, with thirty-two members.

I would like some of the INSTRUCTOR readers to write to me. I want to be a good boy, and have a home in the earth made new.

FRED PALMER.

CALDWELL, IDAHO, April 13, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have often thought of writing to you to tell you of my appreciation of the INSTRUCTOR. I have had it every Sabbath since I could remember, and to say I enjoy it, would be but a mild statement. I feel as if I were well acquainted with you, and were writing to a friend: your talks are so good and homelike.

I have a piece of poetry that I composed when I was thirteen years old, which I would like to see published if possible. I don't care about this letter being published, but if the poetry is acceptable, I may write again.

We have a small place of ten acres, one and one-half miles from town, also some chickens, a cow, and a calf. We also have two lots in town.

MAUD BIRD.

MORRISVILLE, VT., April 11, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have seen only one letter from the "Old Green Mountain State" since I have taken the INSTRUCTOR, I thought that I would write one.

I have joined the Reading Circle. My choice of books is, "Christ's Object Lessons," "Christ Our Saviour," "The Two Republics," "Bible Readings," "Things Foretold," "Making Home Happy," and of course the Bible, for it is my favorite book.

I am thirteen years old, and was baptized at camp-meeting last year by Elder T. H. Purdon, at Hardwick, Vermont.

My father is dead, but mama is living. I have a pair of bantams and a kitten for pets.

Louise Crampton said she wasn't going to take the INSTRUCTOR any longer, but I do not see how she can part with it. I like Mr. Robe's and Mrs. Loper's articles very much, also all the rest.

I would like to ask Mr. Robe if germs work more in summer than in winter. Please do not print this if it will crowd any other out.

WINNIE YOUNG.

In life's small things be resolute and great,
To keep thy muscle trained. Knowest thou when
Fate

Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"

Souvenir Booklet

DURING the closing days of school at Union College it occurred to some of the teachers and students to prepare a souvenir for the institution. The result of their effort was a neat booklet containing over one hundred sixty gems of thought, each with the name of the author, and of the person whose choice it was, thus at once making a collection of literary gems and an alphabetical enrolment of teachers, students, and employees. The souvenirs were rapidly disposed of as soon as received from the press, many taking several copies each for distribution among friends. However, knowing that old students and friends of the school who were not here would be interested, an additional number was secured for them. They are printed on good paper with cream-tinted covers, trimmed in red, and may be had for 20 cents a copy or 3 for 50 cents (stamps taken). Address J. I. Beardsley, College View, Neb.

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