

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### Traces of Sabbath Observance in Olden Time

#### I—In Ancient Ireland

THE most interesting memorial of the beginning of Christian work in Ireland is Slemish Mountain, looming up amid the Antrim Hills. Here it was that Patrick led his flocks in ancient days. Then Ireland was mostly a wild tangle of forest. Now the mountainsides slope down into well-cultivated valleys, beautiful in the bright green of the Emerald Isle.

The name of Patrick has come to stand for all that is intensely Roman Catholic. As a matter of fact he was never a Roman Catholic at all. It was long after his death that they made him a Catholic, and put him in the calendar of "saints."

Long before Catholic missionaries came down upon Britain, the gospel had been carried there. A portion of Britain was included in the Roman world of apostolic days. In that early time Paul could say that already the gospel had been carried into all the world. Col. 1:6.

In the year 208 Tertulian declared that there were Christian churches in the British Isles, even beyond the regions ruled by the Romans. The farther

beyond the reach of Rome, the purer these churches were, too; for even within less than a century of apostolic times the mystery of iniquity had spread abroad like a plague, preparing to supplant God's truth and Sabbath by heathen philosophy and observances.

About the year 411 a band of Irish pirates swept down upon the Scottish coast, south of the Solway, pillaging, slaughtering, and taking captives. Young Patrick, the son of Christian parents, was then carried away into slavery. The lad was set to herding his pagan master's swine and cattle amid the hills of Antrim. Many a time from the top of Slemish he must have looked lovingly toward the sea that separated him from home and dear ones.

His sad lot was turned to his soul's profit, however. "I was sixteen years old," he wrote, "and I knew not the true God; but in a strange land the Lord brought me to the sense of my unbelief, so that, although late, I minded me of my sins, and turned with my whole heart to the Lord my God." After six years of slavery he escaped, and made his way to his own home. But the herdboy had already begun his missionary train-

ing on the slopes of Slemish. He could not forget the darkness and ignorance of the land of his captivity, where he himself had given his heart in loneliness to God. As he meditated over it, he imagined voices crying to him across the sea, as Paul in vision heard the call from the coast of Macedonia. The cry from the Irish coast rang in his ears, "We beseech thee, child of God, come and again walk among us."

Yielding to the missionary call, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, Patrick entered upon his life-work in Ireland. He knew the language of the people. He preached the word and pleaded with souls to receive it. Converts began to gather round him. Druidism was the religion of the land. The chief seat of this nature-worship was the royal capital on the hill of Tara, in Meath. There Patrick appeared one day, on

was much obscured by tradition; but we are apt to do him injustice because of the fables and inventions by which later Romish writers covered the real Patrick. All the evidence goes to show him a preacher of the word, holding no allegiance to Romish authority. He reduced the ancient Irish language to writing, and gave them the Scriptures. He established schools, which became centers of missionary activity. Irish missionaries went out into Scotland and northern Europe, founding churches so free from tradition that Rome found them dangerous rivals, never ceasing until she had overcome and ruined them.

The historian of the Celtic church, Skene, traces the Sabbath-keeping of later times in Scotland to this early Irish church, founded by Patrick. He says that the later generations in north Britain "seem to have followed a custom of which we find traces in the early monastic church of Ireland, by which they held Saturday to be the Sabbath on which they rested from all their labors."

The history of those early times is obscure. It was written by those steeped in Romish tradition. But it is evident from Skene's testimony that as yet the primitive north British church had not lost the knowledge of the Sabbath, and Patrick, as he went over to Ireland from Britain, taught Sabbath rest by the fourth commandment to the people of Ireland as they forsook their native pagan worship. With his teaching, no doubt, were mingled ele-

ments of weakness, for the leaven of ecclesiasticism had early worked out into the remotest bounds.

Now again the Sabbath truth is being preached in Ireland, and with no admixture of tradition. Last summer I met with Elder Hutchins and others at Ballymena, where he was preaching the third angel's message, almost within the shadow of Slemish, where Patrick so long ago led his herds.

There is now a great statue of Patrick on the hill of Tara, where once the druid altars blazed. It shows him with crook and mitre and bishop's cape—a typical saint of Rome's creation. I prefer as his memorial the green hill of Slemish, where a slave boy's troubled heart was touched with a sense of God's mercy and forgiveness. That was the Patrick who preached the word of salvation through all Ireland so long ago. It is the same word that Erin needs to-day.

W. A. SPICER.

No picture ever painted, no statue ever carved, no cathedral ever built, is half so beautiful as the Christ-formed man.—Rev. N. D. Hillis, D. D.



SLEMISH MOUNTAIN

the great spring sun-festival of Easter, and preached the gospel before the king in his own halls. Arrayed about were the druid priests and ancient bards, who would gladly have put him to death, no doubt, had they not been restrained. There has survived a hymn, said to have been composed by Patrick as he prepared to face this great crisis in his early work. It is a prayer to God. "At Tara to-day, in this awful hour," he pleads:—

"Christ be beside me  
On left hand and right!  
Christ be before me, behind me, about me!  
Christ this day be within and without me!  
Christ, the lowly and meek,  
Christ, the all-powerful, be  
In the heart of each to whom I speak,  
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!  
In all who draw near me,  
Or see me or hear me!

Salvation dwells with the Lord,  
With Christ the Omnipotent Word."

He was delivered in that day, and lived to see the power of the druid worship shattered in all Ireland. No doubt Patrick's view of truth



## Good Angels

(Concluded)

THE Bible is filled with a record of the precious visits of angels who have come from the glory land to minister blessing to the children of the Lord or to execute his judgments upon the wicked. Jacob in vision beheld a ladder reaching from heaven to the earth, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. Gen. 28:12. Please read and carefully study the following scriptures:—

Angels revealed things to the prophets. Rev. 1:1; 22:8; Dan. 8:16; 9:21-23.

They superintend the proclamation of the gospel. Rev. 14:6, 7.

They announced the birth of Christ. Luke 2:10, 11.

They encamp around every child of God. Ps. 34:7.

Angels write in books the history of each person, even the most secret thing. Eccl. 5:6; Job 16:19; Eccl. 12:14; 11:9.

They assist in the judgment. Dan. 7:9, 10.

They are sent to answer the prayers of God's people. Dan. 10:3-13; 9:23.

An angel delivered Peter from prison. Acts 12:1-11.

Angels were with Paul on the stormy sea. Acts 27:23.

They cared for Elijah in the hour of trial and discouragement. 1 Kings 19:5-7.

An angel delivered Daniel in the lion's den. Dan. 6:22.

Angels opened the prison doors, and bade the Lord's servants go and preach the words of life. Acts 5:18-20.

They protected Job and all his substance. Chap. 1:9, 10.

They delivered Elisha and his servant in Dothan. 2 Kings 6:13-17.

They rejoice when sinners repent. Luke 15:10.

Angels were sent as messengers of destruction to Sodom. Gen. 19:13.

They were also sent to destroy Jerusalem. 1 Chron. 21:14-30.

An angel destroyed 185,000 warriors in the Assyrian army in one night. 2 Kings 19:35.

An angel smote King Herod. Acts 12:23.

Angels will pour out the seven last plagues. Rev. 15:1; 16:1-17.

They cast the wicked into a "furnace of fire." Matt. 13:39-42.

They gather the saints. Matt. 25:31; 24:30, 31.

Many more texts could be cited to show the wonderful manner in which angels are interested in the affairs of mankind in this world.

They love fallen man. "Angels were so interested for man's salvation that there could be found among them those who would yield their glory and give their life for perishing man."—"Early Writings," Supplement, page 40.

"I saw angels over the saints with their wings spread over them. Each saint had an attending angel. If the saints wept through discouragement, or were in danger, the angels that ever attend them would fly quickly upward to carry the tidings, and the angels in the city would cease to sing. Then Jesus would commission another angel to descend to encourage, watch over, and try to keep them from going out of the narrow path; but if they did not take heed to the watchful care of these angels, and would not be comforted by them, but continued to go astray, the angels would look sad and weep. They would bear the tidings upward, and all the angels in the city would weep, and then with a loud voice say, Amen. But if the saints fixed their eyes upon the prize before them, and glorified God by praising him, then the angels would bear the glad tidings to the city, and the angels in the city would touch their golden harps and sing with a loud voice, Alleluia! and the heav-

enly arches would ring with their lovely songs."—"Early Writings," Experience and Views, pages 31, 32.

We should continually praise the Lord for the care of the good angels, and live each day so they can make the record of our lives with joy and not with tears. It is a solemn thing to know that an unseen, heavenly secretary is making a faithful daily record of our lives!

G. B. THOMPSON.

## Science Stories

### Our Friends the Trees

To know the trees, especially our fine American forest trees, is to possess friends whose character can always be depended upon, and whose intimate acquaintance brings continual and increasing pleasure.

As one becomes acquainted with these noble and beautiful plants, he soon finds that each tree differs from every other tree just as each human being differs from his fellows, and yet there are families and classes of trees just as there are races and nations among men.

It is quite a wonderful thing to know that in

under it when he rode from his headquarters to the army encampment at Fishkill.

Sometimes we better appreciate the value of a tree if we know of what use it is to us. The chestnut-oak, besides being one of our most beautiful trees and valuable for the timber it furnishes, has a bark which is rich in tannin, a substance used extensively in tanning leather.

The chestnut-tree needs no description to American boys and girls, as we all have spent glorious days in the crisp autumn weather searching for the plump brown nuts in the dry leaves, and afterward roasting them over blazing hot fires during the long winter evenings.

The boys may be interested to know that chestnuts prove a very profitable crop. Experts claim that an orchard of chestnuts will bring greater returns to the owner than an apple orchard of the same size, as the nuts are retailed on the street corners at about six dollars a bushel, while the Italian who sells roasted chestnuts receives pay for them at the rate of at least eight dollars a bushel. The tree is one of our most rapid growers, and has been known to bear fruit at five years of age.

### The Oaks

The large family of American oaks is one of which we are justly proud, and it is difficult to say which is the finest. Among trees the oak stands for all that is sturdy, reliable, hardy, and useful—a symbol for the honest, true, and patriotic citizen among men. Although it is perhaps not as graceful as the elm, nor as luxuriant as the magnolia or the palm, its strong and heavy trunk, its gnarled branches, and its clean, healthy foliage give it a prominent place among our American trees. Its wood ranks high as valuable timber, being strong, hard, and durable, with a handsome grain which takes a fine polish.

Figs. 7 and 8 show the leaves of the two oaks which are the best known and most common about New York City. Their leaves are so different that they can never be con-

found. The white-oak leaf is deeply indented and has rounded lobes; there is not an angle nor sharp point anywhere on the leaf; while the red-oak leaf on the right is sharply toothed and bristling with points. Both of these leaves are large, the white-oak being of a beautiful light-green color, while the red-oak is darker, stiffer, and very glossy.

Both trees grow to a very large size, and their timber, which is used extensively in ship-building, carriage-making, cooperage, and cabinet-work, is the standard among woods for strength and durability.

There are several kinds of oak closely related to these two trees. For instance, the post-oak (Figs. 2 and 9) has a leaf resembling the white-oak in shape, yet it is a simple matter to distinguish either the trees or individual leaves. The leaves of the post-oak are very much darker, thicker, and more leathery than the delicate and refined leaf of the white oak, and the indentations are not so deep. The whole tree is rougher in its bark, leaves, and general appearance, and the leaves have a habit of clothing the entire branch, from the point where it leaves the trunk out to the very tip. The wood is so hard that the tree is often called the iron-oak. It is very common on Long Island and all along the eastern coast of the United States.



a forest containing thousands of trees, with their millions of leaves, no two leaves are exactly alike, and yet we can readily distinguish the maple leaves from those of the oak, the beeches from the birches, and so on through the list, just as we can tell Chinese from negroes, and Indians from white men, in the human family.

On the other hand, some leaves are so nearly alike that we must observe them very carefully in order to discover whether they belong to the same kind of tree. For example, in Figs. 5 and 6 we have two leaves, which, at the first glance, seem quite similar, but which, on closer examination, prove quite different. The one on the left is the chestnut, so dear to all of us, while the other, which is wider and has rounded instead of sharp teeth along its edges, is the chestnut-oak.

Of course if we had the two trees standing side by side, we could distinguish them immediately by their fruit, because one would bear burs containing chestnuts and the other acorns. The chestnut-oak is a true oak, and is so named simply because its leaves so closely resemble those of the chestnut. It is a noble tree, and grows to a great size, often being found a hundred feet in height. There is one near Fishkill-on-the-Hudson famous for its age and size. This tree is seven feet in diameter. It is claimed that in 1783 Washington used to mount his horse



Another tree which resembles the white oak is the magnificent mossy-cup or overcup oak, with its long, shiny leaves, which are sometimes a foot in length. Figs. 11 and 12 show the difference between the two leaves; but the principal points of difference are the peculiar, corky ridges found on the young branches of the mossy-cup, and the beautiful, single acorns of the latter, with the heavy fringe around the nuts, from which the tree takes its name. This tree is primarily a Western oak, and reaches its finest development in the Mississippi Valley, but is occasionally found in the Eastern States. It grows to a great height,—one hundred and fifty feet being not unusual,—and its wood is of a superior quality.

The great oak family might be divided into two classes; those that ripen their acorns in one season, such as the white, post, and mossy-cup oaks just mentioned, and those which require two full years, such as the red, scarlet, and black oaks. To the first class belong the chestnut-oak and the live-oak of the South. This latter tree for generations played an important part in ship-building, but has now been superseded by iron and steel. The leaf, which is an evergreen, is entirely without indentations, and is thick and leathery. The wood is very heavy and strong, has a beautiful grain, and is susceptible of taking a high polish. At one time this wood was so valuable that our government paid two hundred thousand dollars for large tracts of land in the South, that our navy might be sure of a supply of live-oak timber.

To the second class of oaks we are largely indebted for the gorgeous colors of our autumn leaves. The red, scarlet, and pin oaks, with their brilliant reds, scarlets, and browns, are close competitors with the maples in giving our American landscapes the most wonderful autumn colorings to be found anywhere in the world. These three trees have leaves which at first glance are quite similar, but by careful examination may always be distinguished.

The red-oak is an unusually large one, of a dark-green color and very shiny. By comparing the sketch of it with that of the scarlet oak, it will be apparent that the indentations are not nearly so deep in the former, which has a broad, massive appearance, while the latter is so deeply indented as to give a skeleton effect. The deeply cut foliage of the scarlet oak makes it the more handsome tree of the two, but each of these oaks grows to a large size, and is valuable both as a shade and a timber tree.

The novice at tree study is much more apt to confuse the scarlet and pin oaks than the red and scarlet. Referring again to the diagram of leaves, one sees at a glance that the pin oak has a smaller leaf than the scarlet oak, and this difference in size appears to even better advantage on the trees than in the drawing.

The pin oak, which has recently become a favorite among nurserymen as an ornamental tree, takes its name from the pin-like appearance of the tiny branches which sprout from the main trunk and the limbs; its timber, however, is not so valuable as some of the other oaks. No list of oaks which are common about New York would be complete without the black-oak and the black-jack varieties. These two trees—the latter being sometimes called the barren oak—thrive in exposed and sterile regions, such as the sandy flats of New Jersey and Long Island, where no other tree except a stunted pine seems able to live. Their whole appearance, from the individual leaf to the framework of the stripped tree, is summed up in the two words "tough" and "rugged." The leaves are tough and leathery, while the wood is gnarled and strong, and altogether these trees are in perfect harmony with their wind-swept surroundings. The leaf of the black-jack oak (Fig. 16) may be easily

recognized by its three lobes or rounded points, from which it rapidly tapers to a point at the stem. The leaf of the black oak (Fig. 17) is very slightly indented for an oak leaf, the sharp points being few, far apart, and separated by shallow recesses, as shown in the sketch.

Occasionally one will find in the parks or along the roadside an oak which bears fine, large acorns, with a leaf which somewhat resembles our white oak, but is poorer, smaller, and very inferior in size and symmetry. This is the famous English oak (Fig. 15), which has been imported into this country as a shade-tree. A curious thing in connection with this leaf is the fact that practically all of the wood-carving we use, in which oak leaves and acorns are prominent features, represents the English oak. Our artists will find a mine of wealth in our American oaks and acorns that has hardly been touched.

Then, too, we find some interesting freaks in the oak family: such as the willow-oak, whose leaves closely resemble the long, narrow, and familiar leaves of the willow; and the laurel-oak, whose thick, glossy, and dark-green leaves remind us of our evergreen laurel. These two varieties are not common around New York, however, but reach their highest development in the South and West; the willow-oak being a remarkably beautiful shade-tree, familiar to all dwellers below Mason and Dixon's line.—*Edwin W. Foster, in St. Nicholas.*

#### The Dream Composition

A CLEAN white sheet of paper,  
With "Trees" written up at the head.  
"What else can I say?" sighed little May.  
"Why, trees are just trees," she said.  
"There's oak-trees, and maples, and cedars,  
And grandfather's willow-tree,  
And hemlocks and spruces, but all of their uses  
I never can tell!" sighed she.

Then something wonderful happened,  
So strange it was like a dream,  
For into the nursery came trooping  
All the trees, in a steady stream!  
And one at a time before May  
Each stopped and merrily spoke.  
"It's I make your chairs and your tables and  
stairs,  
And your sideboards and beds," said the oak.

"I'm at my best making shingles,"  
The cedar-tree smiled and said.  
"And my special use," spoke up the spruce,  
"Is to make the house over your head."  
"Any kind of a box I can make you,  
Except a handbox," laughed the pine,  
"And whenever you ache, you have only to make  
A pillow with needles of mine."

The ash-tree was swinging a basket.  
"I made it!" he gaily cried.  
"Any other basket—you've only to ask it—  
I'll make with the greatest of pride."  
"Shall I make you a beautiful whistle?"  
Grandfather's willow smiled.  
"Just tap me and see," cried the maple-tree,  
"What makes maple-sirup, my child."

The last in the merry procession  
The birch-tree proved to be.  
And he smilingly said, as he nodded his head,  
"I'm the spool manufactory!"  
Then—deary me!—did you ever?  
Mistress May's eyes open flew,  
And the dream was o'er, but no matter, for  
Every word in the dream was true!

—Eleanor Woodbridge.

#### Wonders of the Depths of the Sea

"THAT one animal can devour another twice its own size, at a single swallow, is a statement that may seem as incredible as any fish story ever invented," writes Dr. Sanderson Christison. "Nevertheless, it is true of certain fishes. The chiasmodon niger, six and five-eighths inches long, has been found to have swallowed another fish ten and a half inches long. The stomach of the devourer is stretched as thin as goldbeater's skin.

It has sharp, hooked teeth, which cross each other from opposite sides of the mouth, and usually point backward. According to Gunther, the fish, after having seized its victim with its capacious and very movable jaws, partly presses it down as a snake would do, and partly draws itself over it. The prey is received into an esophagus and stomach the membranes of which are as extensible as an india-rubber pouch.

"When a deep-sea fish is brought to the surface, how gradually and carefully soever, its bones are often like so much touchwood, and its muscles like rotten pulp, while its eyes are burst from their sockets, and its viscera are often blown out of the body cavity by the expansion of the air-bladder.

"Deep-sea fishes are commonly black or dark brown. But although it is claimed that light is essential to the formation of colors, some deep-sea fishes are scarlet in parts, or uniform red or rosy. Others are silvery white, while, according to Alcock, the neocopelus is 'one dazzling sheen of purple and silver and burnished gold.'"

#### A Water Observation Boat

CAPT. J. LARSEN, a sailor on the Great Lakes, has just received patents on a new form of pleasure boat. The boat is supplied with a glass bottom, and under the bottom is an electric light, which will illuminate the water and the bed of the stream for some distance around. A hooded reflector makes it possible to sit comfortably in the boat and witness the curious things in the water below with great ease, and pictures may be taken also by means of a mirror. The captain has in his possession a number of photographs which were taken by this means, and these are said to be quite satisfactory, although they were made when the water was clouded with dirt washed down into it.—*American Inventor.*

#### Fortunate Countries

DENMARK claims that there is not a single person in her domain who can not read and write. On the northwest coast of New Guinea, the island of Kutaba, surrounded by a wall of coral three hundred feet high on one side and from fifty to one hundred feet on the other, maintains thirteen villages of natives, to whom war, crime, and poverty have been unknown since the beginning of their traditions. The most peaceful and comfortable community in Europe is the commune of the Canton Vaud, in Switzerland. Nearly every one is well off, and there are no paupers. Finland is a realm whose inhabitants are remarkable for their inviolate integrity. There are no banks and no safe deposits, for no such security is essential. You may leave your luggage anywhere for any length of time, and be quite sure of finding it untouched on your return, and your purse full of money would be just as secure under similar circumstances. The Finns place their money and valuables in holes in the ground and cover them with a big leaf. Such treasure is sacredly respected by all who pass it, but, in the rare event of a man's wishing to borrow of his neighbor during his absence, he will take only the smallest sum he requires, and place a message in the hole telling of his urgent need, and promising to repay the amount on a specified date. And he will invariably keep his word, for the Finn is invincible in his independence.—*Golden Penny.*

THIS is the age of world-wide enterprises. Everything moves with a rapid foot, and time and space are annihilated. With a swiftness, credible only when witnessed, men push to the confines of the globe to find treasures or to bear inventions. The church of God alone moves slowly!—*A. T. Pierson.*





## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### Paul's Defense Before Felix

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 24: 10-23.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 237-239; "Great Controversy," chapter 38.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- Paul permitted to speak.
- Makes his defense.
- Denies the charge of sedition.
- Believes the law and the prophets.
- Teaches two resurrections.
- Clear conscience.
- Came to bring alms.
- Accusers should be present.
- Felix deferred sentence.
- Paul left in charge of centurion.

#### Notes

The events of this lesson occurred about the year A. D. 58. Felix had been governor for six years.

Now, as in the days of Paul, to believe "all things which are written in the law and in the prophets" is deemed heresy by many of the professed people of the Lord.

"The apostle spoke with earnestness and evident sincerity, and his words carried with them a conviction of their truthfulness. Moreover, his statements were in harmony with the letter of Claudius Lysias. Felix himself had so long resided at Cæsarea—where the Christian religion had been known for many years—that he had a better knowledge of that religion than the Jews supposed, and he was not deceived by their representations. The words of Paul made a deep impression upon his mind, and enabled him to understand still more clearly the motives of the Jews. He would not gratify them by unjustly condemning a Roman citizen, neither would he give him up to them to be put to death without a fair trial. Yet Felix knew no higher motive than self-interest, and his love of praise and desire for promotion controlled him. Fear of offending the Jews held him back from doing justice in the case, and releasing a man whom he knew to be innocent."

"Paul was again placed in charge of a centurion, but with orders that he should enjoy greater freedom than before his examination. While it was necessary for him to be strictly guarded, as a protection from the plots of the Jews, and also because he was still a prisoner, his friends were to be allowed to visit him and minister to his comfort."

G. B. T.

### China's Cry, "Come Over and Help Us"

[The following letter was read by Brother J. N. Anderson to the General Conference. It is from a Chinese brother who has recently received the truth in Amoy.—Ed.]

To the Seventh-day Adventist General Conference, Pastors, Teachers, Venerable Sirs, Great Men, A. Eng sends Greeting:—

I thank God for his great mercy in sending his Holy Spirit to give me an understanding of the important truth of the Sabbath. Although the Presbyterian Church has cast me out, yet I know that I have gained the favor of my Heavenly Father, and this is a comfort to me.

Having heard Pastor Anderson say that your venerable conference will soon convene, I am happy, although I have not had the privilege of seeing your faces, for the love of God binds us together as one body. I humbly pray that God

will show mercy to you all that you may be filled with the Holy Spirit as on the day of Pentecost. See Acts 2: 1-4.

At this time in my country, Fukien Province, there are many people, but God's true church has not yet been fully established. They are scattered abroad "like sheep having no shepherd. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest." See Matt. 9: 36-38. I ask each one of you, reverend pastors, to consider God's love for man and select many clean, hot-hearted pastors, doctors, and lady missionaries to come to Amoy that the church may be established in every prefecture and district of Fukien Province, that all may hear the Saviour's true word, so when Jesus comes again, the gospel will have been preached to all. Amen.

With love and greetings to you all.

KEH TSU ENG.

#### The Second Advent

"A TIME shall come when Nature's laws  
Will from their course be turned,  
And then the proud, rebellious ones  
Will see ambition spurned.  
The midnight gloom o'erspreads the sky,  
Such gloom was never known,  
When Christ, himself in cloud of fire,  
Shall come to take his own."

#### The Young People Are Helping

AN organized effort is now being made in Pittsburg and Allegheny to have the Pennsylvania Sunday laws more faithfully enforced. The Young People's Society of the Pittsburg church has planned to take an active part in the work opposing the movement. They have ordered one thousand of each of the religious liberty leaflets that have been recently published. These four tracts are, "Principles Too Little Understood," "Sunday Laws," "The Logic of Sabbath Legislation," and "The Civil Sabbath."

The Society purposes distributing these leaflets to ministers, business men and civil officers of the cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny.

It is encouraging to see our young people awake to the opportunity afforded them by the agitation of this question.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

#### Young People's Conventions

ON Sabbath, May 13, a Young People's convention was held in Alameda, California. This was attended by nearly all the young people of the San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda churches, and there were also present delegates from Healdsburg, Mountain View, and Calistoga. Our Alameda friends had the pleasure of seeing their church filled to overflowing for the first time in its existence. We saw a demonstration of the fact that a small church filled is more pleasant and inspiring than a large one with half its seats vacant.

Three sessions of the convention were held; the first being from 11 to 12:15. After words of greeting from the leader of the first Young People's Society ever organized in Alameda, the State secretary spoke briefly of the objects of the convention, which were to arouse all to a deeper sense of our need of spiritual power, to unite hearts in more earnest effort to spread the gospel in both home and foreign fields, to help those of our number who are growing cold, and are in danger of drifting away from the fold of Christ, and to lay plans for making the soon-coming camp-meetings seasons of great blessing to our young people.

The remainder of the morning session was devoted to stirring reports from the secretaries of the various Societies. This was the most interesting part of the program. As we listened to reports of what has been, and is being done, every heart must have thrilled with thankfulness for the privilege of having a part in this great gospel message for the end of the world.

All had come provided with lunch, so as to avoid the possibility of being late to the afternoon services. The weather was everything that could be desired, and the surroundings most favorable for a pleasant hour. In the large yard back of the church, numerous tables and chairs had been placed in the shade of wide-spreading trees. Here some repaired for lunch, while others carried their baskets to the ocean beach only a short distance away.

At two o'clock all were again gathered in the church, ready for a study of plans for earnest, active work. Three general subjects were presented and discussed: What the Young People Can Do in the Home Field, The Needy Foreign Field, and What We Can Do at Home to Help the Fields Abroad. As the contrast was drawn between our privileges and the privileges of those lands across the sea, many felt that they would gladly give themselves and all they have to help carry the good news to those needy foreign fields. The missionary secretary of the conference read an interesting summary showing how nearly six hundred persons have been brought to a knowledge and acceptance of the third angel's message, mostly through reading. This suggests to us one very important way in which we can help the fields abroad, as all that we do to bring others to the truth, helps, not only in the home field, but in the foreign field as well.

The third and last session was held from 3:45 to 5 P. M. An excellent paper on the Privilege, Importance, and Necessity of Prayer was followed by a recital of personal experiences in blessings received through prayer. The next two subjects were Cultivation of Christian Courtesy, and Consecration of Our Voices. Excellent points were presented, and Bible examples were cited on both these subjects. The writers suggested that our own people had neglected to give the attention to these subjects which they deserve.

The exercises of the day were interspersed and enlivened by vocal quartets, duets, solos, and several productions as well as by congregational singing.

A substantial proof of the interest of our young people in the work was given in the form of a donation of \$32.56 to the Washington One Hundred Thousand Dollar Fund.

The convention closed with earnestly expressed wishes for another to be held in the near future. But even after so long and busy a day, the young people lingered about the place, and twilight found groups, here and there, discussing ways and means for carrying forward the missionary work which has been so nobly begun in California. May this spirit increase and strengthen till all our young people shall be enlisted under the banner of the greatest Missionary the world has known.

MRS. CARRIE R. KING,

State Secretary of Young People's Work.

"WORDS are things of little cost,  
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;  
We forget them, but they stand  
Witnesses at God's right hand,  
And their testimony bear  
For us or against us there."

#### Orderly Habits

"A DISTINGUISHED scholar and writer, whose clear and powerful speeches and essays are no less noted than the vast amount of work for which he has time, says that when he began to study, he was very careless about the order of his room and his belongings. A teacher gave him the following advice, which he heeded, and to this he attributes much of his success: 'If you want facts and ideas arranged in your head so as to find them, put your hat and shoes and books in some sort of order around you. Orderly habits cultivate orderly brains.'"





# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## The Glory on Her Head

A SHOWER of pattering little steps,  
And in the room she flies;  
Upon her sunny head there rests  
A toy, worn halo-wise;  
A little circlet, golden-hued,  
Edged with a band of red;  
"Oh, look at me!" she cries; "I've got  
A glory on my head!"

I nod, and smile; she patters off;  
I put my paper by,  
And listen to her far-off voice  
With a smile that's half a sigh.  
"See, gran'ma!" shouts the baby voice;  
"You don't heard what I said;  
Look at me; see; see here; I've got  
A glory on my head!"

O baby voice! what truth you speak;  
A glory so alight  
With holy innocence, I stand  
Abashed before the sight.  
My head before that snow-pure soul  
Is bent, and soft my tread;  
How long it is since I have worn  
A glory on my head!

—Charles Willis Thompson.

## Mr. Bumblebee's Mistake

It was early morning in the spring-time. The dew sparkled on the grass, the trees had donned a new suit of green, the flowers were opening at the kiss of the morning sun, and the air was full of the songs of birds. A little bee came swiftly winging his way toward a beautiful flower garden, where he had been successful the day before in gathering a large load of pollen. His heart beat merrily in his breast at the thought of the rich store awaiting him. But just as he was entering the garden, his eye fell upon this sign.

"What does that mean?" he said, as he alighted on a stalk to think the matter over. "Now that was not here last night. And who could have put it up? I am sure it was not the owner of the garden, because I was told by Mr. Bumblebee that he was pleased to have us about. It must have been some one else. I can not imagine who it could have been. But let me see. Now that I think upon it, it must have been Mrs. Butterfly. Yes, that is just who it was. I met her as I was leaving here last night, and I thought that she did not seem pleased to see me. She wants all the honey for herself, the selfish thing! I'll never speak to her again. But she could not use it all anyway, and then we bees can not starve! No, we will not keep off the flowers. And besides, I'll change that sign so that none of the Butterfly family will dare to come around here any more."

So off he flew, and soon returned with a brush and some paint, and added a line to the sign.

"Now, then," said he, "I don't believe the Butterflies will dare show themselves around here any more, and it will not be well for them to do so either."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when, looking up, he spied Mrs. Butterfly coming directly toward him. "Good morning, Mr. Bee," said she. "I am so glad to see you! What a delightful morning! How beautiful everything is! It is a joy to be alive such a morning. What a fine day we shall have in the garden, and what lots of flowers! By the way, did you

read the sign the gardener put up last night? Some rude little boys were picking the flowers and destroying them, and he thought he would put a stop to it. There will be lots of flowers for

us all, and I wish you success." So saying, she was gone.

"My!" said the bee, "I am glad she did not notice that sign. I felt real mean all the time she was talking. I'll not be so quick, next time, to charge others with wrong-doing, and I'll never do a mean thing myself, even if others do. But what am I to do about that sign? I know. I will make it read as it should." And he did.—  
*L. B. Merritt, in Sunday-School Times.*

## Insects and Their Habits, and What Harold Learned About Them

"WHEN I get to be a man, I'm going to study insects and know all about them, like Uncle Frank," said Harold to his mother, the next morning at breakfast, for the little boy had thought much about what he had seen and learned during his walk of the day before.

"You need not wait to become a man before beginning, my dear," said mama.

"No," added his papa, "for if you do, there is great danger that you may never begin at all."

"O, I have begun, already!" declared Harold enthusiastically. "I like that study ever so much better than the multiplication table. And besides, papa, I shall never be a farmer. I just can't bear to dig potatoes and hoe corn and weed the garden as I had to yesterday, a whole hour in the hot sun,—I just hate it. O, I'm going to be a great entomologist!" and the

little boy glanced hopefully at Uncle Frank, expecting nothing but words of commendation. Instead, however, his uncle only replied very quietly:—

"I am afraid, my lad, that you would have use for the multiplication table, even if you were a great scientist; you could certainly never be very learned without it. And as to farming, it would be a great pity for a tiny insect to know more about it than you; don't you think so?"

"Why, uncle! what could a little mite of a bug know about farming? I guess you're just laughing at me now."

"Well, my lad, suppose we choose this very subject for our study to-day. If you are willing, I will tell you about a certain kind of insect called the agricultural ant; this name was given it solely on account of its knowledge of farming."

By this time the little fellow had crept up close to uncle, and two round, eager eyes watched him closely as he took a large volume from his trunk.

"This book will give you many interesting facts about insects of all kinds, and I hope you will learn while you are young to find more pleasure in studying such volumes as this than in reading foolish, trashy books. These farmer ants, as we may call them, are rather large, brown fellows, and are especially noted for their skill in doing whatever they undertake, and in building their nests. But the strangest thing is that they make preparation for every season of the year."

"Why, I don't see how they know when every season comes, though I know the ants get their food ready for the winter," Uncle Frank.

"Yes, and let me tell you how the farmer ants manage. They select a spot for their house where there is growing a certain kind of grain-bearing grass, which grain the insect uses for food. Here they build their house, carefully clearing off a little farm before their door."

"Why, they can't plow, can they?"

"No, but they can keep the weeds down, and they do, and do it very skilfully."

"Do they hoe them out? O Uncle Frank! how funny! to think of little ants hoeing weeds in their garden."

"They can not hoe, exactly, but they cut off the tiny weeds when they first appear, with their sharp pincers. They pay such close attention to their crop and give it such care that it generally pays them well, the same as is the case with the industrious human farmer," said Uncle Frank, giving his little hearer a questioning glance from his kindly eyes. But Harold was too anxious to hear more about the strange insects to notice it.

"But how do they get their crop harvested?"

"Well, the little fellows are not a bit afraid of hard work, or they never could manage it. But they do it as neatly as if they had a new-fashioned machine, just like a real farmer. Then they take the seeds, chaff and all, and store away in their little granaries."

"Then I suppose their work is all done, and they can rest a while, and have a good time to play," said Harold, who was inclined to prefer two hours of play to one of work or study.

"No, they are not ready to stop yet. They then take each grain and carefully remove every bit of chaff with their pincers, and repack the grain, while the chaff is carefully carried away beyond the limits of their farm."

"Maybe they don't want to litter their doorway," said Harold.

"Probably; for they are very neat and particular. But sometimes, in spite of their care, the grain which they have so nicely stored away, becomes damp, and begins to sprout. Then what do you think they do?"

"I should think they would give it up as a pretty bad job and let it spoil, I'm 'most afraid I should, uncle."

"I will tell you how they manage, to-morrow, because our study hour is up now; but meanwhile, I wish you would learn a little text of Scripture which you will find in Prov. 6:6."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

(To be continued)

"ALTHOUGH our rank is lowly,  
And our power for good is small,  
We will not idly fold our hands."

## When Rachel Came Home

(Concluded)

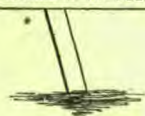
THAT was while the two of them were washing the breakfast dishes, Rachel laughingly setting aside all mother's protests. "Of course I'm going to work; I love to work," she declared. "But where are the children? Don't they help?"

"Oh, yes," mother answered quickly, "they're a real help when I need them, but Bessie isn't strong yet, and the doctor said she'd ought to be out of doors all she could, now she has stopped school. So I was thinking I wouldn't make her do dishes this vacation; and I let Lottie go with her, because she's so forlorn without her."

Rachel's eyes widened with surprise. "Why, mother, don't you think a little work adds zest to the play-time?"

"But the kitchen's so hot in the summer,"

PLEASE DON'T TOUCH THE FLOWERS  
THEY BELONG TO THE BEES





the mother explained, apologetically. "Bessie doesn't complain, but sometimes she'll get real white, and say she's too tired to play afterward. I guess I wouldn't make her, Rachel."

"All right," Rachel replied, cheerfully. But somehow her voice made mother a little anxious; it was the same way that she had spoken about the breakfast food.

After the dishes were washed, Rachel disappeared in the parlor with broom and duster. When she returned, she began to tell her mother of the changes she had planned, but stopped suddenly. "I suppose we'd better plan dinner first," she said. "What were you going to have, mother?"

"I thought for one thing I'd make a black-berry roly-poly. We haven't had one this year yet. You used to be real fond of roly-poly, Rachel."

"But I'm not any more," Rachel answered. "I've learned better. Why don't you make a rice pudding, mother, or sago? They're much more wholesome."

"I suppose I can," her mother answered. "I thought you'd like the roly-poly, Rachel." It was very foolish of her, but she couldn't help being disappointed; nobody cared very much for rice pudding.

But Rachel had already forgotten the food question. She was looking reflectively at her mother.

"This afternoon," she said, "I want to fix your hair for you. I know a way that will be a good deal more becoming."

A sudden dismay filled the mother's eyes. "I know I ain't good-looking, Rachel, but I've worn my hair this way ever since I was married. I shouldn't feel right with it any other way. I 'most know your father wouldn't like it."

"Oh, yes, he will," Rachel said, confidently. "You have no idea how 'good-looking' you will be, mother, when I fix you up. You'll get positively vain when you see yourself, and father'll think you've gone back to your girlhood."

"I—I guess mebbe I'd rather not," the mother repeated helplessly.

But Rachel only laughed. "You foolish little mother!" she said, affectionately. "Don't you know that you have a big daughter who is going to take care of you now? What are big daughters for, I'd like to know?"

As the days passed, Rachel's eager young spirit set itself to planning improvements in a dozen ways. She suggested changes in the furniture and a better way of making the children's dresses; physical culture exercises for Bessie, and a summer study course for Ned, and a system of diet for grandma. Finally, just before supper, one afternoon, she "fixed" her mother's hair; a parting and knot at the back of the head was so old-fashioned, she explained; nobody wore the hair so now. And mother's was so pretty, with that little crinkle running through it; it would look lovely fluffed about her face and done up high. All the time that Rachel was talking her fingers were busy; finally she pulled her mother across to the glass.

"There!" she cried, triumphantly, "tell me if that isn't a success!"

Her mother glanced timidly into the mirror, and then stood looking, with bewildered color creeping into her face. Was this really she? She felt as if in this strange day she had lost even herself. And oh, what would the others say—the children and father, who had always liked the old-fashioned parting! But Rachel gave her no time for thought. She gently pulled her into the dining-room where the others were gathering for supper.

It was worse than mother had feared. Father looked at her in perplexity, and Ned gave a long whistle of surprise. Lottie, to be sure, smiled at her comfortingly—Lottie was a sensitive little creature who always "felt" things;

but outspoken Bess had no restraining intuitions.

"O, mother, you look so queer! It doesn't seem to fit you, somehow."

The quick tears came to mother's eyes; she felt "queer,"—nobody knew how queer,—and hurt, and bewildered. Then she thought of Rachel, and resolutely smiled through the tears; Rachel's home-coming must not be spoiled by the selfishness of a mother who was old-fashioned and behind the times.

When the long, strange first days were ended, mother again lay awake thinking it over and over. It had all been so different from what she expected! There had not been any of the long talks she had longed for; Rachel had been too busy; and all the little homely "celebrations" she had planned—the roly-poly and the children's Saturday treat, and things like that—had been pushed aside. There had not even been any singing; Rachel said that "The Old Kentucky Home" and "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," were not music, and if she couldn't have real music, she didn't want any. Of course Rachel knew best, Rachel's mother acknowledged; only father and the children liked things the old way. It seemed kind of hard to disappoint them. But the idea of talking of disappointment when Rachel was home! Suppose, instead of being so interested in everything, she had not wanted to leave all her fine mates and good times and come back to a plain, old-fashioned farmhouse? It wasn't every girl that would come back eager and interested, the way Rachel had. And so mother's loving, loyal heart found its song again.

As the weeks went by, however, and Rachel's calm decision turned and overturned, there were things that even mother dared not let herself think about. The most terrible thing was that nobody seemed quite so happy as in the old days. More than once mother slipped away by herself, to come back after a few minutes with a smile that bravely ignored her dewy eyes. And grandma grew almost fretty at the restraint; it was strange to see grandma fretty!

But if mother worried over the situation, there was one other who thought over it scarcely less, and that was Rachel herself. She was sitting in the hammock one afternoon, her straight young brows drawn together in perplexity. Rachel, too, was realizing that things were not going well, and she was trying to understand the reason. Surely she had worked as hard as she knew how, since she came home, yet nobody seemed to appreciate it. Perhaps mother did, but even mother clung absurdly to the old ways. Why, she would go and comb her hair in the old way to-morrow if she had her way. As for Ned and the children and grandma—Rachel sighed. It was very hard to do things when there was no one to help you. If only—then her thoughts were suddenly interrupted.

It was Bess, blazing-eyed and flaming-cheeked, all her small figure eloquent with indignation, who was the interruption.

"I think you're just as mean as you can be, Rachel Palmer!" she stormed, "and I just will say it, so now! You're making mama cry all the time; that's what you're doing. She hates things the way you fix them, and so do all of us! And I don't care if you are the oldest and have been to school; I guess mama and grandma are older than you are. How would you like to be dictated to in every single thing, I'd like to know? Just as if you knew more than anybody in the world! I just wish

you'd go back to school, and let us be happy again,—that's what I wish." And then the small, storm-driven figure, having exhausted its courage, ran tempestuously around the corner of the house.

Rachel sat utterly still. She could not seem to think at first. Then gradually she understood, and, still half-dazed, went up to her room and locked herself in. Rachel was no coward, she must settle this thing at once, no matter what it cost. And hour passed—two, three. The children called to her down in the yard, and once her mother came to the door, but Rachel did not answer. She was occupied with Rachel Palmer, and could not leave her task.

It was almost supper time when at last she left her room, and her mother was stepping about in the dining-room below; she could hear her talking with grandma between the clatter of dishes. Rachel ran lightly down and followed her out into the kitchen.

"Do you suppose there'd be time to make some waffles to-night, mother dear?" she asked. The color rose to her face at mother's astonished look. "I thought the children might like them, and grandma," she said, meekly.

"Why, I thought you said—" her mother began in confusion, but Rachel interrupted her.

"I've said more foolish things than I like to think about; I wonder how you put up with me at all. It took Bess, plucky little thing that she is, to open my eyes. Some day we'll talk it all over, mother, but now—suppose you go and fix your hair the old way, while grandma shows me how to make the waffles. And to-night, if you and

father would like it, we'll have some of the old music."

"I guess we'll all like it, Rachel," mother said, simply. But as she went to her room to "fix" her hair, her eyes were deep with happiness. Rachel had come home at last!—*Mabel Nelson Thurston, in Young People's Weekly.*



### The Preparation of Diphtheria Antitoxin

LAST week we gave a description of the process of preparing diphtheria toxin. In order to prepare antitoxin, the fluid containing the toxin is injected into a horse, beginning with a very minute dose, and gradually increasing the amount of the dose as the horse is able to bear it. Each dose produces a slight illness in the horse, but in a few days he is over it, and ready for the next dose. The process is repeated at intervals of a few days, the quantity being increased each time, until at the end of a number of months, the animal can take enough diphtheria toxin to kill several hundred ordinary horses. The horse is now immune to diphtheria toxin, the immunity being due to large quantities of antitoxin which have formed in the animal as a defense.





Now a large quantity of blood (but not enough to endanger the health of the animal) is drawn, in a way not to cause it any particular pain. The blood is drawn with every care to avoid contamination with germs, into sterile test-tubes. The blood, after a time, coagulates, or clots. The accompanying illustration shows four such tubes. At the bottom may be seen the clot. The clear liquid, or serum, seen at the top of each tube, is drawn off, and put into sealed tubes, each tube containing the right quantity for one dose.

This serum, known as "diphtheria antitoxin," is kept by druggists, ready to be called for when needed by physicians for a case of diphtheria.

Physicians generally have now such great faith in antitoxin, that a doctor who fails to use this remedy in a case of diphtheria is considered inexcusable; and in case his patient dies, his neglect to use the antitoxin may get him into trouble. Still, there are intelligent doctors who have no faith in antitoxin, as there are those who do not believe in vaccination.

When the physician gives you a tonic or a cough mixture, he tells you to take so many drops, or spoonfuls, as the case may be. Antitoxin is not dosed out by spoonfuls, nor even by drops. The reason is that no two lots of antitoxin have the same strength. One lot may be twice as strong as the other, consequently some way had to be devised for ascertaining the exact strength of each lot. This is done by testing the antitoxin on guinea-pigs; thus its strength is determined and indicated on the package in "units." The usual dose is one thousand to three thousand units, though a smaller amount is used to prevent well people from "catching" diphtheria.

The accompanying cuts were kindly furnished by Parke Davis & Co., of Detroit, Mich. One picture shows the operation of injecting the toxin into a horse; the other shows four of the large tubes in which the blood is collected. The proportion of serum and clot may be readily observed.

MIKE ROBE.

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### IV—Parable of the Tares

(July 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 13:24-53.

MEMORY VERSE: "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." Verses 45 and 46.

"Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn.

"Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all

seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.

"Another parable spake he unto them; The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened. . . .

"Then Jesus sent the multitude away, and went into the house: and his disciples came unto him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field. He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one; the enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels. As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind: which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

"Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things? They say unto him, Yea, Lord.

"And it came to pass, that when Jesus had finished these parables, he departed thence."

#### Questions

1. What parable did Jesus speak after he had explained the parable of the sower to his disciples? To what did he liken the kingdom of God? Who came into his field? What did he sow among the wheat? What time did he choose for his evil work?

2. What was seen when the seed had begun to grow? Who came to the householder? What did they ask him? By whom did he say this evil work had been done?

3. What did the servants ask if they should do? Why did the householder not have the tares gathered out at this time? How long did he say they should grow with the wheat? What would be done with them at the time of the harvest? Where would the wheat be taken then?

4. Relate the parable of the grain of mustard seed, and explain its meaning. To what did Jesus again liken the kingdom of heaven? What is leaven? What does it do? How is the kingdom of heaven like leaven?

5. When Jesus had sent the people away, what did the disciples ask him? In the parable of the tares, whom did Jesus say he meant by the man who sowed good seed? What was this good seed? What did the tares represent? Who was the enemy?

6. What was meant by the harvest? Who were the reapers? What becomes of evil-doers? Where do the righteous dwell?

7. To what did Jesus again liken the kingdom of heaven? What would one be likely to do who knew of great treasure hidden in a field? What

will those do who rightly value the kingdom of heaven?

8. Relate the parable of the pearl of great price, and tell its meaning. To what common object did Jesus next compare the kingdom of heaven? What is done when a net has been filled? How did Jesus explain the parable of the net?

9. What question did Jesus ask his hearers when he had finished speaking to them in this way? What did they say? What did Jesus then do?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### IV—The Spirit of Sacrifice

(July 22)

MEMORY VERSE: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." 2 Cor. 8:9.

#### Questions

1. What did Jesus tell the rich young man that he must do to inherit eternal life? Matt. 19:17.

2. What reply did the young man make? What further question did he ask Jesus? Matt. 19:20.

3. What one thing did Jesus say was still necessary? Matt. 19:21.

4. How is the necessity of giving up all for the kingdom of heaven illustrated in the parable of the treasure hid in the field? Matt. 13:44.

5. How is the same truth taught in verses 45 and 46?

6. What price was paid to redeem man and his lost possessions? 1 Peter 1:18, 19.

7. How great was the sacrifice that Jesus made? 2 Cor. 8:9; note 1.

8. What can you say of his riches? Ps. 24:1; John 17:5.

9. How poor did he become?? Matt. 8:19, 20.

10. What does he say those who become his disciples must do? Luke 14:33.

11. What examples in the matter of forsaking the things of this world are recorded for our instruction? Luke 5:10, 11.

12. What precious promise is left for those who are willing to forsake all? Matt. 19:29; note 2.

#### Notes

1. "Many hold that from the nature of Christ, it was impossible for Satan's temptations to weaken or overthrow him; then Christ could not have been placed in Adam's position, to go over the ground where Adam stumbled and fell: he could not have gained the victory that Adam failed to gain. *If man has in any sense a more trying conflict to endure than had Christ, then Christ is not able to succor him when tempted. Christ took humanity with all its liabilities. He took the nature of man capable of yielding to temptation, and with the same aid that man may obtain, he withstood the temptations of Satan, and conquered the same as we may conquer. . . . He assumed human nature, being the infirmities and degeneracy of the race. It is not true that humanity has trials to bear which the Son of God has not experienced.*"—*Special Testimony.*

"In the Saviour's expiring cry, 'It is finished,' the death-knell of Satan was rung. The great controversy which had been so long in progress was then decided, and the final eradication of evil was made certain."—*Great Controversy.*

2. "But what do we give up, when we give all?—A sin-polluted heart for Jesus to purify, to cleanse by his own blood, and to save by his matchless love. Yet men think it hard to give up all! I am ashamed to hear it spoken of, ashamed to write it."—*Steps to Christ.*





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"THE gospel needs a voice; a book will not do. Behind the Bible must be a believer, behind the gospel a herald." The two appeals sent to the General Conference by Chinese brethren witness to the truth of these words. These appeals were in the form of two silk scrolls upon which were printed in Chinese characters the significant questions: "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?"

PROF. W. J. MCGEE, the geologist, estimates that the world is fifteen billion years old. Lord Kelvin, the great physicist, estimates that the maximum age of the earth is a hundred million years. And there are about as many other estimates as there are other great men. True, it requires only one hundred and fifty of Lord Kelvin's one hundred million years to make Professor McGee's modest estimate of fifteen billion; but even this slight discrepancy does not afford sufficient definite data to allow one to discard the record of the earth's age as given by Moses in the first chapter of Genesis.

In the INSTRUCTOR of June thirteenth, a rather strong statement was made relative to the amount of tithes and offerings given by our people as compared with the amount used by Mr. Muller in his work. The statistical secretary of the General Conference informs me that the tithes and offerings to foreign missions have amounted to \$8,779,508.12 during the last eighteen years. The offerings made to the work in the home land would considerably increase this amount. We would not unduly exalt the liberal spirit of our people, neither would we fail to appreciate the spirit of sacrifice that has characterized the believers of the third angel's message from the very beginning of the work.

YOUNG men and women who have been in school the past year are planning to canvass this summer. We know of one young man who has to walk upon crutches who is expecting to canvass among the hills and mountains of West Virginia. There are two young women who have chosen to remain in the hot city to canvass instead of going to their father's summer cottage at the Thousand Islands. Friends and surroundings entice them; but even these with their father's electric launch on the beautiful St. Lawrence, and a Teachers' Summer Institute at their very door, were not sufficient to make pleasure seem paramount to duty or privilege. Devotion to duty is heaven-born, and its reward is our Father's approval, and the giving of truth to hungry souls.

A GIRL living near the Ogowe River, West Africa, came one day with two bunches of plantain to sell to the missionary. As she was

going away, the missionary's wife spoke kindly to her, bidding her to remember that she had promised to come every week to the Sunday services.

"Yes," said the girl, "I will surely come."

On Saturday evening her canoe was stolen, and none of her friends would lend her one to visit the missionary; but she had *promised* to go, and she felt that she must do it, so swam all the way. The current was swift, the water deep, and the river fully a third of a mile wide; but by swimming diagonally, she succeeded in crossing it.

Were all promises regarded as sacred, and as earnest effort made to fulfil them, this world would be a far better place to live in than it now is. No promise is ever broken in heaven. Where, then, is the habit of *promise-keeping* to be formed?

## Prayer the Key to the Christian's Treasure-House

THE measure of our praying is the measure of our growth.—A. R. B. Lindsay.

"GEORGE MULLER prayed, and built a whole village of orphanages. What prayer has done in these cases it will do for missions."

"THE China Inland Mission was founded through the prayers of Rev. J. Hudson Taylor. God threw open one by one the doors of China's closed provinces before his prayers. Mr. Taylor believes so thoroughly in prayer for everything that he once told a friend that he would ask God for a pin if there was need of it."

"ABRAHAM and Jacob and Joshua and Elijah and Daniel and Paul got what they asked for in prayer. Luther prayed three hours a day, and then went forth to shake the papal throne. John Knox prayed all night for Scotland, and God answered his prayer. A familiar saying is that Baxter strained the walls of his study with praying breath, and sent a tide of salvation all over England. Finney prayed for a solid week, and then delivered his 'Revival Lectures.'"

It was in hours of solitary prayer that Jesus in his earth-life received wisdom and power. Let the youth follow his example in *finding at dawn and twilight* a quiet season for communion with their Father in heaven. And throughout the day let them lift up their hearts to God. At every step of our way he says, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand. . . . Fear not; I will help thee." Could our children learn these lessons in the morning of their years, what freshness and power, what joy and sweetness, would be brought into their lives!—Mrs. E. G. White.

"ABOUT the time of the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society in London, William Carey, in India, was greatly distressed for want of another missionary. Dr. Ryland at this meeting referred to Dr. Carey's two sons, Felix and William, who were devoted missionaries. 'But,' said he, 'there is a third who gives him pain; he has not yet turned to the Lord.' Then, after a solemn pause, he exclaimed in a voice full of emotion, 'Brethren, let us send up a united, universal, and fervent prayer to God in solemn silence for the conversion of Jabez Carey.' As if the Holy Ghost had suddenly fallen upon the assembly, the whole congregation, of at least two thousand persons, betook themselves to silent intercession. One of the first letters afterward received from Dr. Carey bore the news of the conversion of this son, and the time of his awakening was found to accord almost exactly with the hour of this memorable intercession. He at once presented himself for missionary service at the very place where his father so much needed a helper." Our God hears prayer.



OSCEOLA, IOWA, March 30, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR. I am eleven years old. I have been taking the INSTRUCTOR for three years. My mama and papa both keep the Sabbath. I have one sister eight years old; her name is Ethyl. I hope this letter will not crowd any others out.

GRACE DINGEL.

STURGIS, MICH., April 5, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I herewith enclose seventy-five cents, for one year's subscription to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I have taken it six months, and am well pleased with your good paper. I live on a farm one and one-half miles from Sturgis. I am thirteen years old, and have two sisters younger than myself. I think the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is really an instructor. I am trying to be a good girl. Pray for me that I may be.

PERMELIA FITCH.

XENIA, OHIO, April 22, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As this is my first letter, I hope it will be published. I wish to join the Reading Circle. I am very much interested in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. It is so instructive. All of our family are Seventh-day Adventists. As there is no Sabbath-school here, we go to Sunday-school. We are the only ones that believe in this faith, but we keep the Sabbath as well as we can. I am trying to be a Christian, and I realize the truth of the line, "The way of the transgressor is hard." I am fifteen years old.

LORENA M. RICHARDS.

MARENGO, OHIO, March 27, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: Enclosed please find forty cents in stamps, for which please send me the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for six months. I am a boy fourteen years old, and go to public school. I enjoy reading the letters in the INSTRUCTOR. I made several articles "Around the Work Table." They were all successful except the oscillating steam-engine. Would you please send me the back number of Dec. 15, 1903, if you have it? I am going to plant a missionary garden this year. I would like to see some articles about photography appear in the INSTRUCTOR. I wish some of the boys would write to me.

RAY OLMSTEAD.

AKRON, INDIANA, April 15, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I take great delight in reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. We think the Sabbath-school lessons are excellent. We have no Sabbath-school here, but we always study the lessons at home. I have a sister named Marian; she is seven years old. We live with our grandmother, Mrs. M. E. McMeans. Our mother died one year ago this month. My papa is now in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. We would like to know if the articles on the subject of Birds, written by Brother L. A. Reed, published in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR several years ago, are in book form. I would so much like to have them. I will enclose stamp for reply.

MILDRED HARTER.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., April 16, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR. I have been attending church-school at Berrien Springs, and am in the fourth grade. Miss Sommersette was my teacher. I liked my school very much. Now mama and I are visiting my aunts in Battle Creek. Mama says I am always making up poetry, so I thought I would send some to you, and hope you will print it in your paper.

## Take Ye Heed

"TAKE ye heed; watch and pray." Live this motto every day. Mark thirteen thirty-three, Read this chapter—learn and see—One half each day. Good doesn't count, Look to Christ, the living Fount.

Love to do the errands found,  
Making sunshine all around.  
Watch for chances to do right,  
And never quarrel, tease, or fight.  
When temptations come, resist;  
Never, never, forget this.

CLARENCE E. KELSEY.