

# 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

#### 2—In Ancient Scotland

WITHIN the walls of picturesque old Edinburgh Castle is a tiny building of rough-hewn stone, called St. Margaret's chapel. It is a relic of times of no little interest to us, for Queen Margaret it was who helped to turn the Scottish people away from the true Sabbath.

The story begins in Ireland. Southern Scotland gave Patrick to Ireland to be first a herdboys in slavery, and then the missionary apostle to the Irish people. A generation or two later Ireland gave one of its princely sons to be an apostle to the fierce Picts and Scots of northern Scotland.

Columba was born in 521, about thirty years after Patrick's death. He was of a ruling clan in Ireland, an O'Neill. Getting into the schools that Patrick had founded, his heart was fired with the missionary zeal which he found in them. He started out to plant other schools in the wilderness. These schools to begin with were evidently but Bible training-schools. They were industrial schools also, for when Columba founded his first one in wild Derry, by the northwestern sea, he had to cut down the oaks and build his new school from the ground up.

These schools later grew into severely monastic institutions of the Romish sort. No doubt in the time of Patrick and Columba there was a tendency setting in strongly toward monasticism; but there is evidence that it was by no means as strong as the Romanist writers have made out. We must remember that the chronicles of those times were written long after by men who had every reason to make these early pioneers appear as Catholic as possible.

Columba's heart always clung to his first school settlement, which has grown into the modern city of Londonderry. "My Derry, my fair oak grove," he sings in one of his poems. He planted other school centers in Ireland,—

"But sweeter and fairer to me  
The salt sea where the sea-gulls cry  
When I come to Derry from far."

The missionary fire was in his soul, however, and across the salt sea to the northward he knew that the wild Picts and Scots of north Britain and the western isles were living in darkness and ignorance. So he exiled himself from his native land, and founded an independent

missionary center on the island of Iona, just off the Scottish coast. For thirty-four years he and his missionary band wrought among the pagan clansmen, planting churches and schools in all the land to the utmost bounds of Scotland. Scottish missionaries were sent out into western Europe, joining those from Ireland in preaching among the Gothic tribes, from the North Sea to the Alps and the Danube.

As Rome gathered power, this early work was largely spoiled. There was constant effort to break down the ancient churches in Britain, and with too great success. Furthest of all from Rome's influence in Britain were the churches that had descended from those founded by Columba in northern Scotland. When Queen Margaret came to the Scottish throne in 1069 as wife of King Malcolm, she found the peasant churches quite out of harmony with the Roman practise.

of Scotland, Queen Margaret turned the people away from the Sabbath.

Papal darkness fell upon Scotland for centuries, and only by the hard struggles of the Reformation was the light let in again. John Knox and other Reformers did not go to the end of the matter and take their stand upon the Word of God with no admixture of Romish tradition. They saw not all the truth. Now in these last days, once again the primitive faith is being preached in Scotland, and our own workers are carrying the Sabbath truth through lowland and highland where once Columba's missionaries taught the people to keep God's holy day.

W. A. SPICER.

### Fallen Angels

SIN is a terrible thing. It has wrecked a world. It has clothed this earth in the pall of night,

transforming it into a vast charnel-house filled with misery and woe. Every tearful eye, every aching heart, every bowed form, every sick person, every funeral train, is a testimony to its power and cruelty. Sin took the life of the Son of God.

This subtle, mysterious power gained admittance into the universe through Lucifer, the highest angel in glory, created by the Lord for this high and exalted position. He led others in revolt. Angels, the pure and holy, sinned. 2 Peter 2:4. They exchanged the beautiful, glorious habitation of their Creator, their "first estate," for chains of darkness. Jude 6. "And there

was war in heaven: Michael [Christ] and his angels fought against the dragon [Satan]; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was there place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." Rev. 12:7-9. This tells the whole sad story. Sin transformed the "covering cherub" into Satan, and an unnumbered host of holy angels into imps of darkness.

You say, I do not understand how angels could sin. Possibly not. But the fact remains nevertheless that they did, and as a result exchanged the robe of light for the sable garment of night. The whole wicked scheme originated with Lucifer, the "covering cherub," the one next in power and command to Christ. He was the chorister of heaven. He had raised the first note, then all the angelic throng united with him in songs of praise to God. But he became jealous and envious of Christ. He beheld the Father and Son in counsel (Isa. 43:13), planning perhaps



ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL, EDINBURGH CASTLE

She was a Saxon princess from England, and an ardent Catholic. She was shocked by the simplicity and plainness of the Scottish services. She urged the placing of crucifixes in the churches. Doubtless this little chapel of hers was fitted out to be a model of Catholic ritual. But strangest of all to her was the practise among the northern churches of working on Sunday and keeping the Sabbath.

Says Skene, the Scottish historian: "They held that Saturday was, properly, the Sabbath on which they abstained from work." He traces this respect for God's Sabbath to the teaching of Columba and the practise of the early Irish church.

Queen Margaret argued long about this with the Scottish church leaders. Her royal husband, Malcolm, called them in and translated for her. They spoke only the ancient Gaelic. She declared that the "blessed Pope Gregory" commanded rest on Sunday. And so he had, for Sabbath-keepers had been troubling him in Constantinople and the East. By her royal authority and by studied efforts to Romanize the churches



concerning the creation of the world, and making provision for the terrible consequences of sin which they foresaw. He could not understand why he should be excluded from the council. He nourished his envy, and whispered his evil surmises among the angels, and led in rebellion fully a third of the angelic host. Rev. 12:4. "God informed Satan that to his Son alone he would reveal his secret purposes, and he required all the family in heaven, even Satan, to yield him implicit, unquestioned obedience; but that he (Satan) had proved himself unworthy a place in heaven. Then Satan exultingly pointed to his sympathizers, comprising nearly one half of all the angels, and exclaimed, These are with me! Will you expel these also, and make such a void in heaven?"—"Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. I, page 22.

This was a terrible hour in heaven. God loved Lucifer and all his sympathizers, and bore long with them. But the time came when decided action must be taken, and they were cast out into the earth. Said Jesus, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." Luke 10:18. He "abode not in the truth" (John 8:44), and has been a murderer from the beginning of the world. As a roaring lion, he "walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." 1 Peter 5:8. When questioned in the days of Job whence he came, he said, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." Job 1:7. He tempted Adam in the garden of Eden, and he, with millions of the rebel host, for nearly six thousand years has been engaged in the terrible work of destroying souls. It is a well-organized and disciplined army against which we fight. "For our conflict is not with flesh and blood, but with principalities, and with those in authority and with the possessors of this dark world, and with the evil spirits that are beneath heaven." Eph. 6:12, *Murdock's Translation*.

The conflict in which we are engaged is as real as between two contending armies. Christ and loyal angels are working to rescue souls, and Satan and wicked angels are laboring with all their powers to drag souls down to perdition. But the counsel of Elisha to his servant is for us: "Fear not; for they that be *with us* are more than they that be *with them*." 2 Kings 6:16. The heavenly angels were with Elisha, and the evil angels were with the Syrians. There are more good angels than evil ones.

G. B. THOMPSON.

(To be concluded)

## Science Stories

### New Earth Geography—I

No one will question that the new earth will have geography, but it may startle some to think that we may know anything of its details now, and in imagination see some of its actual forms. About all we ever think of is the holy city, and perhaps its closest environs, though we may know that the rest of the earth is to be inhabited, and suppose that it has a varied surface. Yet would it not be interesting to know where, in the earth, the capital city is to be located, and from what direction Daniel, for instance, will come up to the city for the Sabbath and monthly services, and whether Jonathan will be joined in the way by David, or whether they will not meet until they have entered the holy city? Have you ever wondered to what tribe you will belong? and have you tried to picture the family life, and to form in your mind the surroundings and the location of your house in the country, as well as of your palace in the city? These are questions a little apart from geography, it is true, but they are connected with it, and I believe that the Bible

gives us data from which a much more complete conception of the new earth conditions may be made than we commonly have.

Now in tracing some of these geographical and related facts, let me have the privilege of an author, of forming a connected text and referring to my authorities in parentheses. While the searching out and arranging of evidence may in itself be a pleasing study, yet the making of a reference book is a different work from the writing of a treatise, and the combination of the two does not make the easiest reading. I shall try to be guided by my authorities in all that I write, aside from a legitimate use of the imagination, and between the speculative and the authentic I shall try to make a plain distinction.

It may be well to state here one principle which has governed in the collecting of the facts here given. The new earth, with its conditions, is a restoration, in almost every particular, of the first creation. Therefore it has been assumed to be safe to take conditions as they were before the fall, to represent conditions as they will be after the restoration, so far as they do not conflict with statements peculiarly relating to the latter state.

There is perhaps no reason to suppose that the general form of the earth will be altered in its re-creation, nor its relative position in the heavens changed, whatever may be the theories as to the phenomena of its movements, or the apparent certainty of its elevation in the economy of the universe. Day will succeed night and night day, save in and around that glorious city where "the Lamb is the light of it." No common, dismal nights will they be, however, nor days that hold anything of gloom, wherever eye may glance or foot may press.

Through that clear and undefiled atmosphere the light of the moon shall come as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold. Isa. 30:26. No dark, dank places will there be in the woods, where reptiles creep, and noxious insects breed, but light, like the soft shading in the cathedral naves, while the branches wave in the breezes their homage to King Jesus. There will be no violent changes of temperature, but the winds will still sweep on according to their circuits, and the cool of the evening will send down the dew upon the earth to refresh it.

Plains there are of wide extent, fields of living green and gold, where the grasses and the grains dip and wave, bend and glow, almost in rivalry with that sea of crystal near the throne. The little hills that bound them give a fringe of varied color, with the white of the lily and the crimson of the rose. Purple is no exclusive royal color there, and the amaranth mingles with the buttercup to make a crown of glory for the hills. Upward goes the path, range after range of hills swelling higher to merge into the noble crested heights; for the mountains there are not rough, jagged upheavals, with outcroppings of ledge and cliff, but beautiful slopes of living green, flower-besprinkled and tree-bedecked, whose heights give prospects over many leagues, with every hill and lake and field and vine-roofed palace clear and distinct through the transparent air.

There are watercourses and systems wonderful to contemplate. The great wide, rolling waste of ocean, so John tells us (Rev. 21:1), is no more, but there are expanses of water through which the rivers run, Eze. 47:8. Whence do these rivers come?

Out from the throne of God there gushes a crystal stream, the River of Life. Small at first, it grows with increasing distance (Eze. 47:1-5), and as it issues from paradise, it becomes parted into four rivers, one of which winds away to the north, one to the south, one to the east, and one to the west. Gen. 2:10. Through the city it forms a broad and beautiful avenue, the tree of life with its many fruits on its either side, and as it parts to seek the corners of the earth, it still carries life and gladness all along its way. As once it parted into four heads, so now may we in thought watch it still dividing and separating here and there, to reach all quarters of the land, flowing here a broad, serene river through the plain, there tinkling in little rills in hidden dales, here bursting into hill-girt lakes and flowing out again to join its brother rivulets, and now dashing under hills to emerge elsewhere in sparkling springs; singing, laughing, sedately flowing, always blessing, always clear and bright, blue in the depths, and like sunshine and air in the shallows. It is, in part, a reversal of the plan of water-systems here on earth, but may we not so conceive it, and, not as a certainty, but as a conjecture (which we know the actuality will surpass in wonder of plan), make it to our minds look like this?

The fair green earth, how beautiful it will be! There is no thought of beauty on this earth that will not be reproduced there, unless it be the clouds of the sky. But the beautiful effects of even these will be outdone. Angel visitants and companies of kings from other worlds, seen afar through the bright sky, or nearer as they pass so distantly that only the fleecy whiteness of their company-form is seen,—can summer clouds so gloriously adorn the sky walls now? And no sunset splendor known to earth can vie with the ever-changing, ever-constant glory around the throne. What a sight, when sometime through the softly lighted shade of those celestial nights we journey over the hills of Levi to catch the distant flashing and glowing of the light of the eternal city; then, climbing with buoyant steps the last slopes, have burst full upon our eyes the resplendence of that jasper jewel!

"There the glory is ever shining!  
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there!  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

A. W. SPAULDING.

### India Ink

#### The Way the Kind Used in China and Japan Is Made

INDIA ink, much used in China and Japan for writing with small brushes on soft paper, and made extensively in China since 250 B. C., consists of a mixture of carbon and gum, with the addition of a little musk or Borneo camphor to give it the characteristic odor. The preparation of this simple ink is by no means easy, for if the materials are not of the best quality, and if the carbon is not as finely divided as possible, an inferior ink will be the result. After the carbon and gum have been mixed, the product has to be slowly and carefully dried. The high polish is said to be produced with tree wax.

Europeans have produced ink equal if not superior to the genuine Chinese article. The reason why the manufacture has remained chiefly in Eastern hands is an interesting one. The business instinct of the European maker prompts him to seize any opportunity of substituting cheaper raw materials, so lowering the quality of his ink, while the tendency of the Chinaman is to work on in the same groove, and in this case his conservatism is profitable.—*London Mail*.





### A Lesson From the Street

"You'd better let me go to the door, mama," said Alice, warningly.

Mrs. Farwell looked up at her daughter with something very like an appeal in her gray eyes. "You won't be harsh with him, dear? He is only a child."

Alice smiled. There can be a vast deal of superiority in the smile of eighteen. Alice would have been shocked at the suggestion that there was also something very like contempt in the curve of her lip.

"You are so tender-hearted, mama!" she answered. "I really wonder that you could have lived all these years in the city without growing more worldly wise."

She went briskly to the front door, opened it, and frowned down upon the small boy whose hand was just reaching for the bell. "Go right away!" she said, severely. "We haven't anything for you."

The child lifted a pair of startled eyes to her face. He was a sufficiently wretched little figure, as he stood there, to appeal to the compassion of the hardest heart. And Alice was not hard-hearted, only proud of the thought that she could not be imposed upon. She was flattered by the child's evident confusion as he stammered, "Please, lady, I didn't mean —"

"I want you to go right away and not come back!" Alice commanded. "Don't you know that you have no right to go round begging? Why, I could have you arrested for it."

There was no need to say more. The child turned, and fled down the steps. When he reached the street, he paused, forlorn and bewildered, and, hiding his face in his ragged sleeve, broke into pitiful sobbing.

Mrs. Farwell turned to her daughter, who had re-entered the front room. "Look at him, Alice. Poor, poor little fellow!" There were tears in her eyes as she added, "It wouldn't have cost anything to speak kindly to him."

"You have to be decided with that sort of people. If you're not, you can't ever get rid of them," Alice declared. Yet there was a sensation at her heart very like regret.

Down the street came a swarthy Italian, pushing before him a small hand-cart, and uttering at intervals certain unintelligible syllables which only to the initiated conveyed any idea of the fruit he was offering for sale. As he passed the sobbing boy, he glanced not unkindly toward the bowed figure, looked again, then stopped short. Taking two of the ripe bananas in his hand, he came up to the boy and touched his shoulder. The smile that for an instant lighted his dark, heavy features was reflected in the uplifted little face on which the tears were still undried.

It was over in a moment. The man went his way, calling his wares in feeble English, but with stalwart lungs. In the opposite direction trudged the boy, quite comforted. But Alice Farwell stood within her home condemned. In contrast to the simple, brotherly kindness of this ignorant fruit-vender, her own act stood out unlovely and unchristlike. And she felt in her heart that in the scene she had witnessed the Lord himself had spoken.—*Young People's Weekly*.

### Home Manners

SELDOM is there so just and at the same time so pointed a comment on manners as is contained in an incident reported by the *London Chronicle*. A young girl boarded with an elderly woman, who was not only landlady, but assumed for her also the place of parents. The girl had been out one evening. Upon her return a young man accompanied her as far as the door.

"He is my brother," said the young woman.

"Your brother!" replied the cynical old lady.

"Why, I saw him raise his hat to you when he walked away!"

Do the young men deserve so severe a comment? Many, perhaps most, of them do. They are not always the boorish, rough, and uncultivated young men, either; nor is their incivility confined to their sisters. It is usually a family affair, not at all personal or exclusive; simply the carelessness which comes from familiarity. But it robs life of a charm fine enough to be classed among the moralities.

There is nothing which will so quickly restore the beautiful old-fashioned courtesy of husband to wife, brother to sister, and children to parents as intellectual honesty. A young man was entering a reception-room with his wife when he stepped upon her gown and stumbled. In his annoyance he exclaimed:—

"Bother it, Mary! I wish you would either hold your dresses up or have them made short."

The wife made no reply for a moment. Then she said, pleasantly:—

"Charles, if it had been some other woman whose dress you had stepped on, what would you have said?"

The young man was honest with himself. He turned red, but he answered frankly:—

"I should have apologized for my awkwardness, and I do apologize to you, my dear. I am ashamed of myself."

We are all ready to do for those who are nearest to us without stint or complaint, and we take pleasure in it. We ought also to remember that to give pleasure the deed should be framed in courtesy. A mother, a sister, or a wife, of all women, ought not to miss the consideration which mere acquaintances claim as a matter of course.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Practical Things About Tithing—I

SHOULD we try to do so, we could not count all the things included in the "every good gift and every perfect gift" of James 1:17. Neither are we competent to appreciate the fact that the Giver is not variable and likely to change his mind in regard to his benefactions. The instruction given ancient Israel is just as good for his people of to-day. His requirements are not arbitrary, but are given in view of our best good and highest eternal interests; therefore it should be our greatest desire to obey him; for "obedience is the proof of love." Who is so deserving of love and faithful service as our Creator, Saviour, and Elder Brother? Not to mention the "unspeakable gift" of the "all in Jesus," his temporal bestowments should cause our hearts to respond in praise, and our actions to reveal appreciation.

For the use of all these great blessings with which God is daily loading us, he asks in return one tenth—not because of need; for the silver and gold, the cattle upon a thousand hills, and the earth itself belong to him; but it is that we may be proved, whether in our selfishness we will rob the Lord, or, in our integrity, return to him a tithe of the goods with which he trusts us.

It is said plainly in Lev. 27:30-32 that the tithe, or tenth, is holy unto the Lord. It is also to be the first of our substance. Prov. 3:9. Not self or family first, but, "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase." Set aside the tithe before using any for self, and "so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

Too often we hear it said, "I have so little that if I tithe it, my necessities could not be met." Young friend, read Mal. 3:10; it may be that you will find that you have so little because you did not tithe as you should have done. Haggai 1:9.

You may find yourself wondering how a little can be made to meet so many wants. The nine

tenths will supply you better than would the ten tenths without God's promised blessing in Mal. 3:10-12. You will have a clear conscience and a heart of thankfulness to the Lord because he knew from the beginning what was for your best good.

Mrs. D. A. FITCH.

### Adversity

My sin-sick soul is weary,  
And life seems dark and dreary.  
Why am I left to suffer so,  
And only pain and sorrow know,  
While others are so free?

Why does my yearning, aching heart  
Know nothing but the poisoned dart,  
And go on grieving all the day,  
Nor ever hear my Saviour say,  
"It is enough"?

Why am I left so lonely here  
To shed unseen the bitter tear;  
To in the silence moan and cry,  
And sadly wish that I might die,  
While those around rejoice?

Why does my tried and trusted friend  
I had hoped to lean on till the end,  
Why does he turn and leave me so  
Nor stop to see the tear-drops flow  
From a heart that's well-nigh broke?

Then why does death with cold, relentless  
greed  
Snatch true friends from me in my sorest  
need,  
And cause my poor, torn, bleeding heart  
again  
To feel the sharpness of a lingering pain  
That will not heal?

Why is my heart so cold,  
And the sweet, true story of Christ grown  
old?

Why do I not fly to his gentle breast,  
And there find comfort and peace and rest  
In his love that will never fail?

At last my heart to Jesus turns,  
And in my soul a deep fire burns.  
I see this surely is his will,  
And say unto my heart, "Be still,  
For oftentimes it takes the rod  
To point the path to heaven and God."

O. E. SMITH.

## BIBLE READERS COURSE

### Cheerfulness

1. What effect do cheering words have upon the heavy hearted?

"Heaviness in the heart of a man maketh it stoop: but a good word maketh it glad." Prov. 12:25.

2. What effect will they have upon the weak and weary ones?

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones." Prov. 17:22.

3. How may a child bring gladness to the heart of its parents?

"A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." Prov. 10:1.

4. When should the Christian rejoice?

"Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice." Phil. 4:4.

5. Why should we be of good cheer?

"These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John 16:33.

6. Why should we especially be cheerful when we are persecuted for Christ's sake?

"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven." Matt. 5:11, 12.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.





### Report of the Society at Healdsburg, California

As a representative of a band of young people who are preparing for active service in the Lord's work, I would say, first, that we have tried to make our Society an active missionary organization, through which we might put into practise some of the noble principles taught in our college. We have not done as much as we might have done, but we have made an effort, and feel that the Lord has blessed us in the small service we have been able to render him. Our experience has proved to us that success in Young People's Societies depends largely upon their missionary activity, and we have endeavored to make our work as practical as possible.

You remember a few months ago when the two Sunday bills were pending in Congress, petitions against them were sent out to our people. The members of our Society circulated these petitions among the people of Healdsburg, and obtained many signatures. This proved a valuable experience to us, and, indirectly, a blessing to the people; for, in presenting the petition, we were enabled to bring before them the great principles of religious liberty that we as Americans and Christians hold to be sacred and inviolable. Thus we became acquainted with the people, and the way was prepared for the tract work we took up later.

A part of our time has been devoted to the mailing of *Signs* and other literature, a correspondence being maintained with the persons to whom papers were sent. Of the special *Signs* of November, we disposed of sixteen hundred copies in and about Healdsburg.

Possibly some remember Mr. Wee, a Korean, who was in San Francisco a few weeks ago. This young man had recently accepted the truth, and was anxious to gain an education, but because of financial difficulties, was unable to do so. Hearing of this, our young people resolved to assist him, and accordingly solicited means in his behalf. As a result, Mr. Wee is now, and has been for several weeks, a student in Healdsburg College, preparing himself to be a missionary to his benighted people. It would do your hearts good to see with what earnestness and diligence he pursues his studies, especially the Bible. He seems to be happy and contented in his work of preparation, and shows unmistakable evidences of a good Christian experience. Two weeks ago he united with the church at Healdsburg through baptism. We indeed feel thankful for having had a part in preparing a laborer for the neglected Korean field, and we trust that Mr. Wee may do a great work for his people.

In January, Brother Armstrong made an appeal through the *Review* for a tent for Ceylon, as a means through which he might preach the gospel more effectively in that island. In response to this call, our Society decided to raise the necessary funds for the tent. Sixty-five dollars was donated, and the rest, one hundred seventy-three dollars in all, was raised by our young people. The tent was made by the students in the college factory, and finally shipped to that far-off isle of the sea, where we know it was joyfully received by Brother Armstrong. Today it is probably pitched under a tropical sun, affording to many the privilege of hearing the third angel's message, which they otherwise

might never have heard. We feel glad for the privilege of thus co-operating with the Master in giving the gospel to the people of Ceylon.

Since the first of the year we have tried a plan in our Society that has been successful and profitable. On the second Sabbath of the month, the day set apart for the missionary reading, the young people take entire charge of the church service, and a missionary program is rendered by them. The program consists, generally, of about two missionary readings, and as many good, rousing, missionary talks on some of the foreign fields. In our meeting of May 13, the needs of the heathen millions of Africa were presented in such a stirring manner that the donations on that day were three times the usual amount. But the greatest benefit is derived by the young people themselves, for these meetings incite a personal interest in foreign missions; and as they learn of the great needs of the benighted millions in the far-off heathen lands, their hearts are stirred, and they long to have a part in lifting this cloud of darkness, and revealing the light of the gospel to these peoples. God is calling young men and women to enter these foreign fields, and how important it is that we prepare to answer this call!

On the three remaining Sabbaths in the month, our meetings are held at half-past five in the evening, and the afternoon is spent in doing practical missionary work, such as visiting the sick and needy, and distributing tracts. In this latter work we follow this general plan: The town is divided into districts, and a certain portion is assigned to each member. He visits those in his locality, and presents some good tract, as, "We Would See Jesus," and promises to call for it the next week. It is needless to say that our meetings are full of life and interest after an afternoon of such practical work. The air fairly rings with cheering testimonies, and interesting accounts of the afternoon's experiences. We were surprised to see how little the people really know about this great truth. Many have expressed their appreciation of the tracts, and asked for further reading-matter, which we gladly supply.

Dear young people, there is a good work before us. A greater responsibility rests upon the young people of this generation than has ever before been placed upon a class of youth. We must carry the gospel to the world, and it is high time we prepare for this responsibility. May God fill us with a missionary zeal that will stir the world, and bring to a speedy, glorious, and triumphant close the third angel's message, and then we shall hear with joy the welcome words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

INEZ HOILAND.

"THE universe is not quite complete without my work well done."

"THERE are few heroes in the world. I can not afford to give all my love and reverence to such vanities. I want a great deal of these feelings for my every-day fellow men."

"PATIENCE is a needed virtue. A girl who was tired of washing dishes and making beds told the village doctor of her impatience with the drudgery of her life. He showed her the vials in his office, and told her how into one he might put a poison, into another a healing medicine, and into another a sweet perfume. It was not the vial that counted, but the contents. So it is not the occupation in which we are engaged, but the spirit which we put into it, that counts. A king or a millionaire may be filled with discontent and cynicism, while an errand boy or a hod-carrier may be full of gratefulness and gladness."

## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### Paul Before Felix and Drusilla

#### OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 24: 24-27.

RELATED TEXTS: Acts 17: 31; Matt. 12: 36, 37; Eccl. 12: 13, 14; Dan. 7: 9, 10; Rev. 20: 12.

SCRIPTURE FOR PERSONAL STUDY: Psalms 15.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 239-246.

#### TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- Paul in prison.
- Sent for by Felix and his wife.
- Asked concerning his faith.
- Reasoned of righteousness.
- Of self-control.
- Of a future judgment.
- Effect on Felix.
- "Go thy way for this time."
- Paul left in prison.
- Why?
- How long?

#### Notes

Paul did not have a large audience on this occasion, but he did not permit that to deter him from speaking the principles of the gospel with faithfulness; so much so that his auditors, steeped as they were in sin, trembled.

"When I have a convenient season." Many are saying to the Spirit of the Lord, "Go thy way for this time." They are waiting for a "convenient season." Such a time will never come. Procrastination is a scheme of the devil to steal our time, our life, our service for himself. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." There is danger in delay. Felix might have been saved, but he shut his heart against conviction, and no doubt will be numbered at last among the transgressors. His example stands as a solemn warning to all. Felix had other interviews with Paul, not to hear the gospel, but to obtain a bribe from him to obtain his freedom. But Paul preferred a home in the prison to liberty obtained by dishonorable means. Much as the gospel work needed his services, Paul was permitted to remain here in prison for two years. The Lord knew why, though we nor Paul may not understand it. There are chapters in our individual experiences that we shall have to wait and have read in eternity. Then, if not before, we shall fully understand all the dark providences through which we are permitted to pass.

"So violent and cruel had been the course of Felix, that few had ever before dared even to intimate to him that his character and conduct were not faultless. But Paul had no such fears."

"Paul dwelt especially upon the far-reaching claims of God's law. He showed how it extends to the deep secrets of man's moral nature, and throws a flood of light upon that which has been concealed from the sight and knowledge of men."

"Paul then endeavored to direct the minds of his hearers to the one great Sacrifice for sin. He pointed back to those sacrifices that were shadows of good things to come, and then presented Christ as the antitype of those ceremonies,—the object to which they pointed as the one only source of life and hope for fallen man."

"Thus Paul the prisoner urged upon Jew and Gentile the claims of the divine law, and presented Jesus, the despised Nazarene, as the Son of God, the world's Redeemer. The Jewish princess well understood the sacred character of that law which she had so shamelessly transgressed; but her prejudice against the Man of Calvary steeled her heart against the word of life. But Felix, who had never before listened to the truth, was deeply agitated as the Spirit of God sent conviction to his soul."

"How wide the course of Felix and that of the jailer at Philippi!"

G. B. T.





### The Order of the Smiling Face



We've formed a new society —  
"The Order of the Smiling Face;"  
An honored member you may be,  
For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let  
The corners of your mouth droop down;  
For by this method you may get  
The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes  
A brave and merry twinkle show;  
For if the angry tears arise,  
They're very apt to overflow.

If you must practise for an hour,  
And if it seem a long, long while,  
Remember not to pout and glower,  
But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see;  
Make up your mind to join to-day.  
Put on a smile — and you will be  
An active member right away.

— Lucy Foster.

### A Boy with a Long Name

"FATHER," said the boy with the long name,  
"I have decided what I want to be. I would like to be an artist."

The father mopped his head with his red handkerchief in astonishment. He had planned many different careers for the boy with the long name, but he had never planned one like this. He himself was a minister and an eminent geographer. He wrote the first geography of the United States. It did not suit him to think of the boy of his hopes being an artist. But he was fair-minded and very wise. He remembered that the first punishment Finley had ever received in school was for scratching a picture of the teacher with the point of a pin on a chest of drawers when he was a tiny boy. He thought how, ever since, the boy had drawn pictures of every one he saw, and how he had painted a picture of a room in the house they were in, with the father, mother, two brothers, and himself all looking at a globe.

It was a good time to ask a favor. The boy had been ill, and the father's heart had been wrung for fear he should not get well. He sat now with his Bible on his lap, studying the lesson his father had assigned. The Bible was open at the twenty-third chapter of Numbers, and his fingers rested on the words, "What hath God wrought!"

The father looked down at him with rugged tenderness. "Well, Finley," he said, "you may be an artist if that is what you want most to be, but you will have to work hard to be a successful one. And I don't want you to be the kind of an artist that knows nothing but art. I want you to go through college with credit, and then it will pay for your art studies."

"I will, father," said the boy; and when he set out to do a thing, he did not give up until it was accomplished. He worked hard at school,

and his two rules were those that his father gave him, "Do only one thing at a time" and "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." When he worked at his arithmetic or physics, he worked hard. When he wrote a composition, he put his whole soul into his task.

But he never stopped planning and thinking about his study of art. In college he earned many a dollar by painting the portraits of his fellow students, and drew numberless pictures of them. When he had been graduated, his father sent him to London with Washington Allston, a noted painter who had become very fond of young Finley Morse. It took a long time to go across the ocean in those days, and the boy was homesick. It was four weeks before a letter could get from his home to him.

"I wish that we could hear from each other in an instant," he wrote in his first letter, and then laughed at himself, for nobody thought that a message could ever go across the Atlantic in less time than a ship would take.

He studied in the Royal Academy, and there he found plenty of opportunity to put into practise the lesson in perseverance that his father had taught him. He was told by Benjamin West to make a drawing of Hercules. He worked at it two weeks with all his might. Then he took it to his teacher.

"Very well, sir, very well," said Mr. West. "Go on and finish it."

The young man had thought it was finished, but he took it home and worked patiently on it for another week. Then he brought it back.

"Very well indeed, sir. Go on and finish it," said the teacher. Four times Finley Morse carried that picture, completed, as he thought, to the great painter, and four times he was told to take it back and finish it. Then the old man said:—

"Now, sir, you have learned more by this drawing than you would have learned in double the time by a dozen half-finished drawings."

It was true, and the young man was rewarded for his perseverance. The picture he painted called "The Dying Hercules," received a gold medal at the exhibition, and was counted one of the twelve best among two thousand pictures.

There came a later time when Finley Morse, grown older, must put his well-learned lesson of perseverance to a far harder test.

He had made his mark in art, but he did not want to be only an artist. The dream that had come to him in his boyish homesickness — that dream of sending a message hundreds of miles in an instant, was with him still. The studies he had pored over so faithfully in school and college, combined with his later research and inventive genius, showed him how it could be done. Crossing the Atlantic again, he noted how the signals were sent by electricity.

"If a message will go ten miles without dropping, I can make it go around the globe," he said. Sitting on the deck of a ship one day after dinner, he drew out a note-book and began to make a plan. It was a plan for an electrical telegraph.

Then for many years he worked over this plan. A few people believed in it and helped him, but most people thought that a man who would get up such a wild scheme must be a crazy visionary. He put all his money into it, all his efforts and

his time. He lived in one room, which was study, studio, bedchamber, parlor, kitchen, drawing-room, and workshop. He brought his food to his room at night that no one might see how little he had to eat. He worked over this plan so long and so hard that the labor he had put into the drawing of Hercules seemed mere play. After years of struggle and discouragement, it succeeded, and the first telegraph message was sent May 24, 1844, and the words of that message were those on which the boy's fingers had rested as he sat in the great chair with his Bible in his lap years before, "What hath God wrought!"

Do you know all of this boy's long name? — Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of the telegraph.— *Bertha E. Bush, in Youth's Evangelist.*

### "I'll Never Steal Again"

A FRIEND of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the room of a tenement-house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself up through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a hole in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody — please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Don't tell anybody, sir; I'm hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Don't tell anybody, if you please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Mother is dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him! don't tell him! but look here!" He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw the boy's flesh was bruised and the skin broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did your father beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir. I was a street thief once."

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and of heaven and of Jesus, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again, if father kills me for it. But, please sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here, you will die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir, but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,



Suffer me to come to thee.  
Fain would I to thee be brought,  
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;  
In the kingdom of thy grace,  
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-by."

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there was the little boy, with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead.—*John B. Gough.*

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

"COME, Harold, let us learn more to-day about those little farmers—the agricultural ants. Let's see; what were we going to consider next?"

"You promised to tell me what they do when the grain in their little granaries gets damp and begins to spoil."

"Well, how do you think it would be a good plan to treat damp grain in order to save it? Come now, what would you do?"

"As I told you yesterday, I'm afraid I should throw it all away. But maybe some of it might be saved if it could be put in a warm place till it dried; I suppose that would be the most reasonable thing to do," replied Harold, looking very wise.

"Reasonable! of course it's reasonable; but you forget that these little farmers are not supposed to have any reason. And yet that is the very thing they do. They have no fire, of course, to dry their grain by, and so the first warm, sunny day that comes after they discover the trouble, the little fellows go to work and take it all out, grain by grain, and spread it carefully in the sun to dry. Then the intelligent insect actually sorts every kernel, re-packing the good, after it has dried well, and throwing the bad away."

"Well, take it all together, uncle, I believe I have changed my opinion about farming, a little; and I think as you say, it would be too bad for an ant to know more about it than a great big boy like me."

"Good! I don't believe a certain boy I know will ever consider it a hardship to weed a garden again."

"It is strange how much one can learn from these little creatures," said mama. "But wait, my son, why do you put on your coat and cap? Uncle Frank will hardly care to take a walk now, it is too wet and foggy. It has rained all night, and is still raining."

"I thought we might go down by the barn where I keep my pet rabbits,—I want uncle to see them,—and we won't stay long, mama."

"But you know, dear, you were sick just last week, and you must not go out until it has stopped raining."

Harold turned a very discontented and frowning face toward Uncle Frank, who only said, pleasantly, "I have not finished telling you about the wise little ant; wait and listen; perhaps then you may be more contented."

Harold still looked a bit sulky, but took a seat at his uncle's knee. "What is it, uncle? Let's hear the story."

"O, it's not a story, exactly, only I was thinking about those sensible little ants again, and was wondering whether we couldn't learn another lesson from them. Every kind builds its nest in a manner peculiar to itself alone. But they all have long, winding halls leading into their secret chambers; and these little openings, or doors, are carefully closed whenever there are enemies about, and also at night, just as your papa closes and locks his doors. But that is not all; every rainy day the sensible little fellows shut their doors and stay inside until the

sun comes out again; and I never heard of their whimpering about it."

Harold looked a trifle uneasy as he replied: "I know there are lots of good lessons for boys to learn, though sometimes I do like my own way best. But I wish you would please tell me about the kind of ants that you showed me a picture of in your book,—the kind that keeps another little insect for cows."

"It is the red ant which you mean; they seem fond of the rich, sweet fluid which comes from the body of the tiny aphids, or plant-louse. When the ants are hungry, they simply go and milk these tiny cows of theirs, by pressing the two little tubes on their back and contentedly sucking down the sweet fluid; and the strange part is, the tiny cows are perfectly willing to serve their friends, and never think of rebelling. In fact, the ants treat them just as well as they do their own family, taking care of their females and young most diligently. I have read that sometimes two different colonies of ants go to war over the possession of a herd of aphides."

"To-morrow I will tell you about a more wonderful kind of ant than all the others, but I am sorry to say it is a destructive and mischievous one."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.  
(To be continued)

### **A Rainy Sunday**

"WHERE is Lou?" said brother James, yawning, from his place on the lounge.

"Getting ready for church," answered Mary, discontentedly. "It never pours too hard to keep Lou at home. I try to reason with her, but to no avail. I do not see why we should not be allowed a vacation as well as the pastor, who takes his regularly enough."

"At any rate, you always manage to get yours, sister," said James.

Lou at this moment entered the room, dressed for her walk in the rain.

"Daughter," said mother, anxiously, "had you not better stay in to-day?"

"O, mother," Lou said, "I am well protected, and it is really not so bad as it was last night when we went to the concert. There are so many absent when it storms that I feel that I must be in my place."

"Dr. Brown will preach," said Mary, with a wry face.

"And will deliver a message from God's own Word, Mary. It must be something more than a dull morning and a sermon by Dr. Brown to keep me home from worship."

Lou found the wet pavements almost deserted. "Not much like the throng and press of last night," she sighed, as she hurried on.

The last bell ceased ringing just as she reached the church door. Pausing a moment to regain her breath, she thought she recognized a trim, boyish figure turning the corner. Another look reassured her. "Why, good-morning, Harry," she said, brightly. "Are you going to our church to-day?" The boy's face flushed as he removed his hat.

"The fact is, Miss Lou, I am not going anywhere to church. I am on my way to the club house to meet the boys." Feeling an apology was needed, he added, "You know no one goes to church when it rains."

"But I do, Harry," she gravely replied, while her hold on his hand tightened. "There is no one out from home to-day but myself; won't you come and sit with me and help to fill our pew?"

The boy's face flushed anew. What would they say at the club if they knew that the young artist, Miss Lou Grayam, Dr. Grayam's elegant daughter, was actually inviting him to a place beside her in the family pew! He hesitated a moment. "There is no particular reason why I should not," he said.

"Then come," she gladly answered. And side by side they quietly seated themselves in Dr. Grayam's pew.

As had been predicted, Dr. Brown occupied the pulpit. If Lou had any misgivings, they were soon lost, for the message he delivered was one of peculiar worth. The heart of the Christian girl beat with new zeal beneath the zealous flow of words, and the boy beside her showed by certain silent movements that he was not an indifferent listener.

"I am glad that you came in with me," said Lou at the close of the service, as she again extended her hand.

"And I am glad, too," was the half-whispered answer.

And the following week Lou received a note written in a bold, boyish hand:—

DEAR MISS LOU: Through your help I have given my heart to the Saviour. When I met you last Sunday, I had just resolved to break away from all religious influences. I said: "They are only a sham." But, thank God, I am brought to the light. May he bless you forever, is the prayer of your friend.  
HARRY LINTON.

And Lou laid the note carefully away, and bowed her head in silent prayer, thanking God anew for the gift of grace which he is ever so ready to bestow.—*Sallie V. Dubois.*

### **"Manhood's Morning"**

THE period from fifteen to twenty-five has very properly been designated as manhood's morning, the dawn of a wider vision, the prospect and promise of a nobler life. It is a strange, mysterious awakening of body, soul, and spirit. It is the golden period of life, but it is a time of peril. Every physician knows that it is the period of the greatest strength and weakness. The world's best soldiers are recruited from this age. The prizes in the athletic field are won by the adolescent youth. And yet, on the other hand, with the exception of the extremes of babyhood and old age, the largest number of deaths occur among those from twenty to twenty-five. It is pre-eminently the period of promise and peril physically. How much more so morally and mentally! We have seen that the churches recruit their strength in this age, the average being sixteen.

But the prison returns tell the other side of the story. It is this age from which the criminal record is largely made up. "In the United States in 1890, there were in the prisons of the country 711 persons fourteen years of age, and under; 8,984 ranging from 15 to 19 years of age; 19,705 ranging from 20 to 25; 16,348 from 25 to 29; 11,078 from 30 to 34 years of age; 8,329 from 35 to 39; 5,519 from 40 to 44. It is the age of promise and peril morally." When the inmates of all reformatories, workhouses, and similar institutions are taken into account, eighteen is the age of greatest crime in the United States.

Hark ye! Eighteen the average age when a man becomes a criminal; sixteen the average age when he becomes a Christian. God, in his infinite mercy, thus gives the church two years advantage in the awful conflict for the salvation of a soul, and woe be to her if she fails to take advantage of it. She has failed miserably in the past. She has been burrowing in the catacombs of a dead ecclesiasticism instead of following the Master over the wide hillsides to seek and save the lost. Aye, we should weep, tears, bitter tears,—

"Tears for the passionate hearts we might have won,  
Tears for the age with which we might have striven,  
Tears for a hundred years of work undone,  
Crying like blood to heaven!"

—*Frank M. Thomas.*



**"Whisperings"**

IN his second letter to the Corinthians Paul expresses the fear that, upon his arrival at Corinth, he might find Christians there behaving improperly. Among the specific faults pointed out in anticipation we find "whisperings." It is probable that the whispering here referred to was of a malicious or hurtful kind, implying detraction; yet this sense is not in the Greek word itself, nor need it be presupposed that all whispering is bad. The practise of idle social chat or friendly badinage during religious services is not redeemed by the fact that it is carried on in an undertone, and is devoid of malice or intentional mischief.

A house erected for worship becomes, by the specific purpose and consecrating prayers of its builders, the "house of God." One has no more right to use such a house irreverently than to cover a bronze statue with red paint, or to picnic in a tomb.

Services appointed for the worship of God imply God's right to be worshiped with deference and awe, the right also of those who desire so to worship him to do so without distraction and annoyance. There is accordingly an affront both to God and to the neighbor in the secular and jocular spirit of those who enter into his gates with horse-play and into his courts with jokes.

It is sometimes necessary to converse in a low voice during the intervals of worship. Communication in the interests of the service, entirely proper in itself, should not, however, be made to cover frivolous and disturbing conversation, as is often the case.—*Our Young Folks.*

**INTERMEDIATE LESSON****V—Jesus Stills the Tempest**

(July 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Mark 4:35-41; Luke 8:26-39.

MEMORY VERSE: "And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." Verse 39.

"And the same day, when the even was come, he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side.

"And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships. And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith? And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?"

"And they arrived at the country of the Gadarenes, which is over against Galilee. And when he went forth to land, there met him out of the city a certain man, which had devils long time, and ware no clothes, neither abode in any

house, but in the tombs. When he saw Jesus, he cried out, and fell down before him, and with a loud voice said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God most high? I beseech thee, torment me not. (For he had commanded the unclean spirit to come out of the man. For oftentimes it had caught him: and he was kept bound with chains and in fetters; and he brake the bands, and was driven of the devil into the wilderness.)

"And Jesus asked him, saying, What is thy name? And he said, Legion: because many devils were entered into him. And they besought him that he would not command them to go out into the deep. And there was there an herd of many swine feeding on the mountain: and they besought him that he would suffer them to enter into them. And he suffered them. Then went the devils out of the man, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the lake, and were choked. When they that fed them saw what was done, they fled, and went and told it in the city and in the country.

"Then they went out to see what was done; and came to Jesus, and found the man, out of whom the devils were departed, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind: and they were afraid. They also which saw it told them by what means he that was possessed of the devils was healed. Then the whole multitude of the country of the Gadarenes round about besought him to depart from them; for they were taken with great fear: and he went up into the ship, and returned back again. Now the man out of whom the devils were departed besought him that he might be with him: but Jesus sent him away, saying, Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee. And he went his way, and published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done unto him."

**Questions**

1. On the evening of the day in which Jesus had spoken the parables of the sower and the tares, what did he say to his disciples? Why did he wish to go away? When they had sent away the multitude, what did the disciples do? Who followed them?

2. As the disciples rowed, what arose on the lake? How great was the storm? Where was Jesus? What does this show? How did the disciples feel? What did they say to Jesus?

3. When Jesus wakened, what did he do? What command did he give to the sea? What result followed the speaking of these words? What did Jesus now ask his disciples? What was the feeling of those who followed in the little boats? What did they ask among themselves?

4. When Jesus and his disciples reached the other shore, where did they land? Who met them? What was the condition of this man? Where did he live? Why was he allowed to roam at liberty in this way? Read Mark 5:3, 4.

5. What did he do when he came near Jesus? What did he cry out? What command had Jesus given? What did Jesus now ask? What answer was given? What did the unclean spirits beseech Jesus that he would not command them to do?

6. Into what were these wicked spirits given permission to enter? What immediately happened? Who saw it? Where did they go? What did they tell in the city? What was the result?

7. When those who had known of the fury of this wicked man saw him clothed and sitting at Jesus' feet, how did they feel? What was told to them? What did they beseech Jesus to do? Why?

8. Where did Jesus now go? Who wished to go with him? Why could he not go with Jesus? What was he to do? How widely did

he spread the glad news of the great things that Jesus had done for him? What may we learn from this man's willingness to tell others of the Lord's mercy?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

**V—The Lord's Witnesses**

(July 29)

MEMORY VERSE: "And ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1:8.

**Questions**

1. To whom does the world and all that is in it belong? Ps. 50:10-12.

2. What is said particularly of the gold and silver? Haggai 2:8.

3. Who claimed the ownership of the world? Luke 4:5-7; note 1.

4. What testimony did Moses give in talking to Pharaoh on this question? Ex. 9:29.

5. What acknowledgment did King David make? 1 Chron. 29:11-17.

6. Give the testimony of the apostle Paul. 1 Chron. 10:26.

7. How much do we bring into the world, and how much can we take away with us? 1 Tim. 6:7.

8. Who provides for our necessities? Hosea 2:8.

9. From what source does man receive power to obtain wealth? Deut. 8:17, 18.

10. What may he who bestows these gifts and the power to obtain them, do if man fails to use them properly? Hosea 2:9.

11. How can we use the goods entrusted to our care here so that they will stand to our credit in the world to come? Luke 12:32-36.

12. What rich returns does the Lord promise to those who do this? Luke 19:13, 16-19; note 2.

13. What is the fate of those who fail to do this? Luke 19:20-27.

14. What besides wealth does the Lord require? Mark 10:21.

15. What precious promise does he make to those who will give all? Mark 10:29, 30.

**Notes**

1. Satan disputes the right and title of Christ to this world. Just before the coronation of the Son of God, after the wicked dead are raised, true to his text, Satan's last effort to deceive is upon the same question of the rightful ownership of this world. "Yet, true to his early cunning, he does not acknowledge himself to be Satan. He claims to be the Prince *who is the rightful owner of the world*, and whose inheritance has been unlawfully wrested from him. He represents himself to his deluded subjects as a redeemer, assuring them that his power has brought them forth from their graves, and that he is about to rescue them from the most cruel tyranny."—*"Great Controversy,"* page 663. It is worthy of note that Satan causes the most of strife and carnage among men and nations to arise over questions of ownership, or title, to the things of this world.

2. On which side of this controversy do you stand, my brother and sister? What is your confession of faith and practise upon this vital question? The Lord has reserved to himself the *tithe* of all the products of the earth, and of that produced by the mind or muscle of man, as a constant *test* and *acknowledgment* from man that Christ is the rightful owner of all. This Satan denies. This is a practical question that will decide the destiny of souls. Christ says, "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 10:33.





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THE first of Elder Spicer's series of articles entitled "Traces of Sabbath Observance in Olden Time," appeared in last week's INSTRUCTOR. No one can afford to miss even one number of this interesting and instructive series.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT in one of his famous short addresses said: "A man is in duty bound to work for his living, if his circumstances demand it; and if not, then he is bound to work for the good of the public."

By earnest endeavor strive to gladden the human circle in which you live—to open your heart to the gospel of life and nature, seizing each moment and the good which it brings, be it friendly glance, spring breeze, or flower, extracting from every moment a drop of the honey of eternal life.—James Russell Lowell.

"THERE are said to be hundreds of horses and thousands of cattle in the Hawaiian Islands that never take a drink of water. On all the islands the upper altitudes of the mountains are given up to cattle ranges. Except possibly two or three months in the rainy season there are no streams or pools of water in any part where the cattle roam, but everywhere there grows a recumbent, jointed grass known by the native name of 'maninia.' This is both food and drink."

THE way that improving little opportunities makes for growth is illustrated by the story of Lucy Larcom when she was a mill girl in Lowell, Mass. She was given a loom to tend, by a window. She began to make the window-seat into a little library. She pasted the grimy paint all over with clippings of verse which she gathered from such newspapers and magazines as fell into her hands. And so this little factory drudge grew until she became a sweet-souled, helpful poet.—Selected.

THE sulphur mines of Louisiana produce a pure brimstone in great quantity, which can be sold in competition with that of Sicily. During September, it is stated, twenty-eight thousand tons were sold, and the market is ready to take Louisiana sulphur as fast as it can be gotten out. The first shipments were about ten thousand tons, which were sent to New York in July last. The Sicilian interests were slow to believe that their monopoly was threatened, but they are now, it is said, fully convinced.—Search-Light.

HELP other people grow, and you will be amazed and delighted to see how much larger and more robust you have yourself become. Every time you lead a wanderer along the Godward path, your own feet become more familiar with the way and stronger to walk therein.

Every time your arm steadies a stumbling one or lifts a fallen, it becomes more sinewy for the bearing of its own burdens and for warding off the attacks of evil. Only idle hands and heads and hearts are dwarfed and weak.—Rev. Ira D. Landrith, LL. D.

## Near at Hand

It is said that some years ago a vessel sailing along the northern coast of the South American continent, was observed to make signals of distress. When hailed by another vessel, they reported themselves as "dying for water." "Dip it up, then," was the response, "you are in the mouth of the Amazon River." There was fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but dip it up, and yet they were dying of thirst because they thought themselves surrounded by the salt sea.

How often are men ignorant of their mercies! How sad that they should perish for want of knowledge! Jesus is near the seeker, even when he is tossed upon oceans of doubt. The sinner has but to stoop down and drink and live, and yet is as ready to perish as if salvation were hard to find.—Spurgeon.

"God is our refuge and strength,  
A very present help in trouble.  
Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed,  
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

## Something Definite

"SINCE I have devoted my life to God," said a young man who had been recently converted, "I find that all my plans and purposes in life are changing." What better evidence of conversion have we than that? It is a change of heart—the implanting of new desires, purposes, and motives. The careless, thoughtless boy or girl begins to see the seriousness of life and to live for a purpose. Life has a new meaning and a new joy.

The young man referred to above is leaving school at the end of this term to go into the canvassing field. He expects to return to school in the autumn for further preparation for the Lord's work.

The following letter shows what the Lord has done for another young person. She is now working with good success for the book that was the means of her conversion:—

"I was a worldly girl, knew nothing of the truth, and cared but little about Christianity until last August, when I met Miss —, who was canvassing for 'Heralds of the Morning.' I purchased the book, and became deeply interested in it. Afterward I met Miss — on the street, and then visited her in her rooms, where she told me of her religion. I believed the truth as soon as it came to me, but I did not want to accept the Sabbath truth, as it interfered with my business, and caused my worldly friends to think I was foolish. I finally surrendered, left my friends and the place where I worked, and went to obtain a better knowledge of the truth, and to get a preparation to work for its advancement. I am glad that I took this step. My sister has accepted the truth also, and we have hopes for the rest of the family. I am ready and willing to work for the Master in any way I can."

Let all our young people notice this word from "Christ's Object Lessons," page 331:—

"Many whom God has qualified to do excellent work accomplish very little, because they attempt little. Thousands pass through life as if they had no definite object for which to live, no standard to reach. Such will attain a reward proportionate to their works."

M. E. KERN.

## Let Us Be Glad

COURAGE, sad hearts! The sun still shines;  
The cold wall is hidden by clinging vines,  
And God's care is over all.

Look up, dim eyes! There's effulgent light!  
All nature responds to the cheering sight,  
And there shall no ill befall.

Make haste, slow feet! We must win the race;  
Press on to the goal with triumphant pace;  
The battle is not to the strong.

Praise God, dumb lips! Praise the Lord your King;  
Let the sad, old earth with your praises ring.  
Join the glad deliv'rance song.

MRS. J. C. BROWER.



BARTLESVILLE, I. T., April 25, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I will join the Reading Circle, and read five books during 1905. I have just finished reading "The Story of Daniel the Prophet," and am now reading "Desire of Ages." I have also begun to read the Bible through. I hope there will be many others to join the Circle.

MAY LEWIS.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, April 27, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I get the paper every week, and like it very much. I would like to see more letters in the Letter Box. I am fourteen years old.

We have Sabbath-school in the Odd Fellows' Hall. I go to church every Sabbath. There are twelve in our class. My teacher's name is Mrs. Carrie Fecks.

I canvassed some last summer, and I enjoyed it. I sold fifty copies of the *Pacific Health Journal*, and one "Glorious Appearing." We had a church picnic Easter Sunday.

"Run, Waste-basket, don't catch me;  
For this is my first letter, you see!"

I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth.

DAISY REYNOLDS.

HILDEBRAN, N. C., May 2, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am thirteen years old, and this is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and get the INSTRUCTOR. I like it very much. We have been South over five years, and like it here. My mother is a canvasser, and has sold a number of our books since we have been South. I have sold the *Life Boat* and other papers. My father has been dead nearly ten years. I will join in reading the five books, during the year 1905. I have finished "Early Writings," and am now reading "Paradise Home." The other three books that I intend to read are "Coming King," "Steps to Christ," and "Desire of Ages." I hope my letter is not too long to be published, as this is my first one.

HOWARD D. BRENSINGER.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEB., April 22, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter to the INSTRUCTOR, as I have never written any before. I go to the Young People's meeting every Sabbath afternoon. I will be eleven years old the eighteenth of June. I have two brothers, but no sisters. My brothers' names are Austin and Willie. I am a little Swede girl. I have a missionary garden. I forgot to tell you how many members there are in our Young People's Society. There are nine. Brother Gilbert is our leader. I am going to canvass this summer. I expect to go to camp-meeting this year. Pray for my father that he may keep the Sabbath. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. Pray for me that I may be ready to meet the Lord when he comes, and go with him to his kingdom. I go to public school, and am in the third grade. I would have been in the fifth grade, but I was out two months last year when I went to the church-school.

ELSIE FORSBERG.

P. S.—I would like to hear from some little girl about my age or older.