

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

3—In Ancient Abyssinia

THE Abyssinians lay claim to great antiquity for their royal house and government. The queen of Sheba, they say, who came from the ends of the earth to see the glory of Solomon, was of their land. Whether this be so or not, Abyssinia is an ancient land with an interesting story.

Although it is not far from the great ocean highway to the East—lying inland west of the southern end of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden—it is even yet a country little known. A few travelers have reached it in recent years, and have told us of the land and its people. But missionary work has been discouraged by the government, and very generally the Abyssinians have avoided contact with Europe. They have too often suffered by such contact in the course of history. There seems a change now, and the country is more open. Not long ago the United States sent a representative to negotiate a commercial treaty with King Menelik. He was cordially received in the royal city of Adis Adaba. We hear now of a proposed visit to Europe by the king. As mid-Africa generally is opened up, we shall hear more and more about Abyssinia.

From the point of view of our missionary work, it is a land of special interest to us. We ought to be foremost in entering. In the early centuries Christianity was introduced there. It was before the doctrine of lawlessness had trampled the Sabbath out of sight, and the Christians of Abyssinia were taught to honor and reverence God's holy day.

In the breaking up of the Roman empire, and later in the Mohammedan invasion of all North Africa and Syria, Abyssinia was cut off from all contact with northern civilization. It was lost to European knowledge. "The Ethiopians slept near a thousand years," says Gibbon, "forgetful of the world, by whom they were forgotten."

During all that time the papal church in Europe had grown more and more corrupt, and the Sabbath had been set aside altogether, save as here and there persecuted remnants of the old-time faith kept the light of truth dimly burning amid the darkness.

The Dark Ages passed at last, and the first streaks of the dawn of the Reformation had begun to brighten the horizon. New life was stirring, and men began to explore the world in which they lived. Portuguese navigators rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and made their way up the African east coast. So they found the lost empire of Ethiopia, the present Abyssinia. They found a people with the Bible, keeping up the form of Christianity, and that, too, of a far purer stamp than the Roman Catholic Church knew.

They knew nothing of the doctrine of mass,

of purgatory, or of image worship. And they were keeping the Sabbath. A representative of the Ethiopian church was taken to Lisbon by the Portuguese in 1534. He explained to the king their reason for keeping the seventh day:—

"Because God, after he had finished the creation of the world, rested thereon; which day, as God would have it called the holy of holies, so the not celebrating thereof with great honor and devotion seems to be plainly contrary to God's will and precept, who will suffer heaven and earth to pass away sooner than his word; and that, especially, since Christ came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. It is not, therefore, in imitation of the Jews, but in obedience to Christ and his holy apostles, that we observe that day."

They had many superstitions mixed with their religion, but it was too Scriptural a faith for



"MY FELLOW PASSENGER," AN ABYSSINIAN

Rome to let alone. After a generation of effort and intrigue the Abyssinian church submitted to the pope. He commanded them to give up the Sabbath, and the king made laws threatening severe penalties for Sabbath-keeping. Later the tyranny of the priests of Rome was such that they were expelled, and the Abyssinians succeeded in shutting themselves off again from nearly all intercourse with Europe and the churches of Europe.

Their religion now is no doubt a sad mixture; but they are still witnesses to the fact that those who received the gospel in the earliest centuries received also the Sabbath; and they have not even yet forgotten it. Dean Stanley, the English historian, said of them in his "History of the Eastern Church:—

"There alone the Jewish sabbath is still observed, as well as the Christian Sunday. They (with the exception of a small sect of the

Seventh-day Baptists) are the only true Sabbatarians in Christendom."

Elder L. R. Conradi tells of interesting conversations that he had with Abyssinian Christians not long ago. He says: "While traveling from Beirut to Joppa on the steamer—traveling steerage as I was—I had opportunity to get acquainted with those on board. I noticed six or seven strange-looking, tall persons, and they had shepherd's crooks. They had very little baggage or clothing with them. They had a place on the boat very close to me. When supper time came, they would stand, leaning on their crooks, and the lady in the party would pray before they sat down to the meal.

"I knew they were Christians, and I was curious to know what kind of people they were. So I got a man who understood the language to interpret for me, and I learned that they were Abyssinians. I began to talk with them a little. 'We are Christians,' they said; 'we are going to Jerusalem to worship at the holy places.' I asked this man what day he kept. He replied, 'The Sabbath.' 'What day of the week is the Sabbath?' 'The seventh day, Saturday,' he replied. I wanted to be sure; so when I came to Jerusalem, I asked our Brother Krum, 'Haven't you an Abyssinian church here?'—'Yes.' 'Let us go up there,' I said. Friday evening, as the sun set, we went up to the church, and what did I see?—The people assembling for worship. And on the Sabbath day also they assembled for worship.

"I inquired if they had not some man there, a man of learning, with whom I could converse. I was shown to the church of the Holy Sepulcher, where they have a small place that is given to them. They are poor people. Calling there, I was told that the bishop was not there. He had gone back to Abyssinia to see King Menelik; but the sub-priest was there, and I talked with him through an interpreter. I said, 'Are you Christians?'—'O, yes.' 'Do you believe in Jesus Christ?'—'Yes.' 'Do you believe in the Word

of God?'—'O, yes.' 'Do you believe in the ten commandments?'—'Yes.' 'What day of the week do you really keep as the day most holy?' He said, 'Sabbath, Saturday, the seventh day of the week.' Then I asked him, 'Now why do you keep Sabbath?'—'Because it is commanded in the ten commandments.' 'Do you keep any other day?'—'Yes; we keep Sunday, too; but Sunday is not so holy to us as the other day.' 'Why do you keep that day?'—'O,' he said, 'our forefathers had introduced that.' And I noticed that when I began to talk on that subject, he did not like to say very much, and he did not have the facts of Scripture as for the other practise."

These people must hear the message of Sabbath reform also. We are pushing downward toward them from Upper Egypt, and we are pushing up toward them from South Africa.

W. A. SPICER.

Science Stories

New Earth Geography—II

In the preceding article we considered mainly the physical conformation of the new earth. Let us now study the political—if we may, in its first and purer meaning, use such a term—the political geography. The center, geographically as well as governmentally, of the new earth is the capital city, now known as New Jerusalem. (The basis for the most of this part of the article is the forty-eighth chapter of Ezekiel.) It lies foursquare in a plain, surrounded by a group of seven mountains. ("Early Writings," pages 13, 14. While the passage on the latter page has reference to the temple, which is outside the city, it is evident that the temple and the city are in close proximity.) Its measurement, as given by John, is twelve thousand furlongs in circumference, which by our computation is fifteen hundred miles. This would make it three hundred and seventy-five miles each way. We will further consider the city a little later.

Leaving this part for a time, we will go to the extreme north. Here is the land of Asher. (While the list as given by Ezekiel puts Dan at this extreme northern point, the omission of its name in the catalogue given later by John, indicates that the persistent idolatry and impenitence of that tribe has caused it to be left out; and so we put the next in order, Asher, in the place. This course is supported by the arrangement made by Ezekiel, of the gates in the city, which not only makes the substitution plausible, but seems almost to have anticipated it and provided for it.) We must not suppose this land, though far to the north, to be bleak or forbidding, for that is not a possible thing in the new earth. And while the meanings of the names which mark the northern boundary do not indicate tropical luxuriance, they do show the surroundings to be pleasant and salubrious. It may be that there will be some differences of climate, but not to a degree to be greatly noticed, or such as to make life in one incompatible with life in another.

From east to west, the record states, a section is set apart for this tribe, and thus we may suppose it extends around the earth in a broad belt, giving this quarter of the globe to the enduring sons of Asher. Next to them, at the south, comes the land of Naphtali. Upon its southern border the Manassites dwell, and beyond the Manassites' boundary live their brothers of Ephraim. Reuben comes next, and Judah fills the remainder of the northern hemisphere. Thus six tribes are given inheritance in the north.

To the south of the border of Judah is set apart a strip "in length as one of the other parts," and the sanctuary of the Lord is in the midst of it. Eze. 48:10. The holy city occupies the center of this territory, and round about on every side of it is a broad tract of land, its suburbs, set apart for cultivation by the priests, the inhabitants of the city. To one side, perhaps the east, perhaps the west, of these suburbs, in the broad strip in which the city lies, and upon the south border of Judah, is the portion of the tribe of Levi. They do not possess the whole of the remainder of this territory, however, for the size of their portion is definitely stated, as that of the other tribes is not, "and the residue," it is declared, "shall be for the prince,"—that is, the great King of earth.

Passing now to the south, we find next in order Benjamin, and upon his southern border Simeon; then, descending still toward the south, Issachar, Zebulon, and Gad, which last tribe occupies the southernmost position. Thus we may roughly divide the earth after this manner.

Every week, upon the Sabbath, and every

month, at the new moon, the inhabitants of the earth come up to the great center, for worship of their King and communion with him. From the north throng the people of the tribes of Judah, Joseph, Asher, and their neighbors; from the south come the Benjamites, Zebulonites, Gadites, and the men of their kindred tribes. Great armies, mightier in numbers than the biggest hosts ever marshaled on this earth, and incomparable in power and glory, gather toward the great city. They enter the city through twelve great gates, three on each side, upon each gate being the name of one of the tribes. Rev. 21:12. A majestic angel warder stands at the gateway, not as a guard, but as a sign. Each tribe to its gate; from the south the Benjamites sweep around to the east to enter the southernmost of those three gates, next to the entrance ways of Ephraim and Manasseh; the Gadites part to the left, to enter a gate upon the west side; while the men of Simeon, Issachar, and Zebulon enter the three gates upon the south which bear their names. From the north Reuben and Judah come down, and are joined upon the north side of the city by the Levites, and each tribe enters its own gate. The two northernmost tribes, Asher and Naphtali, have their gates upon the west side, next to that of Gad, though between them flows out the beautiful river of life. Eze. 48:31-34.

The approach to the city upon every side is through the most varied and beautiful scenes. Through forests of illumined palms, oaks, cedars, firs, these different tribes take their ways, now walking amid groves of citrus, apple, pomegranate, and all manner of fruits, now examining



the vineyards whose plants rear their graceful heads without support. ("Patriarchs and Prophets," page 47.) They pass many houses, whose noble columns support their light framework, and mingle their gleaming brightness with the green and purple of the grape. Cascades along the way fall over ledges, not of broken, somber rock, but of gleaming quartz, of gold and silver, and of many-colored precious stones. Fountains jet and throw their feathery forms aloft in the sunshine, catching in their arms as they rise and descend the swiftly playing colors of the rainbow, such as that which spans the throne. On bridges of crystal and gold, magnificently wrought, the pilgrims cross the streams that throw their network about the city of God, and finally they pass over that wonderful crystal sea that spreads before the gates of the city. No bridges, indeed, do they need, nor paths nor streets to walk in, for there in that country they journey by ways we know not of, and the pilgrimage from far-away Gad can be made without the loss of a moment. But surely, as we are told not only of fields and forests, of flocks and herds, but also of houses and of walls, it is meant that we should see in that coming kingdom things to which our eyes here are accustomed; and so may we be permitted to fill out the picture with conceptions of all things beautiful that even man can make, to humanize and make real that very real world in which we, with the immortal spirit glowing within our incorruptible bodies, shall delight.

But who shall tell the glories of the city within! City it is indeed, but not such cities as we have here. No close-packed rows of houses there! It is the paradise of God, a garden hundreds of miles in diameter, and besides having

broad gold-paved avenues, it has winding walks among the trees and the flowers of the garden, in the midst of which are hidden away the palaces of the priests. Country estates, we would call them here. Though near enough to one another to make possible constant intercourse of their owners, they are buried in the midst of the creation of God, where every leaf speaks lessons and every rivulet murmurs new secrets of the glory of our matchless King.

And the palaces, do you think of them as being like the mansions men build here, with solid walls, and roofs impervious to rain? There are no thieves there to break in and steal, nor cold winds to howl down upon a shrinking world, no rain-clouds to mar the face of the sky and threaten men, nor shall the sun light on them fiercely, nor any heat. No, we need not such close-built palaces there! Stately columns of precious worth are reared for walls ("Early Writings," page 13), and between them twine the flowing vines of many fruits, and what shall roof them better than the trees and vines? ("Patriarchs and Prophets," page 47.) Here and there, perhaps, we see delicately wrought walls of lattice-work and arabesque, with designs which human genius has most nearly approached in the graceful if too elaborate Moorish art.

We may talk of the glories of that place, we may give our imaginations latitude unbounded, we may please our most artistic conceptions, and yet know that the reality will surpass them; and if we fail to realize their exact form or plan, yet rest assured that what we shall see will not condemn us, but, while amazing, will fascinate and charm us. Does not the contemplation of these things thrill us with a desire for their consummation? But they who enter those pearly gates and tread those green fields of Eden, will now be having a work done in them and by them that is not dreaminess nor speculation; for they who enter there are without spot or wrinkle of character. "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie. I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things. . . . And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

A. W. SPAULDING.

Making Butter Without Churning

A COMMITTEE of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia has just made public its report on the Taylor process for butter making. It is recommended that Mr. Taylor receive the John Scott Medal and Premium in recognition of the value of his invention. In this new process sweet cream is poured into shallow pans, the bottoms of which are covered with absorbent pads. The pads are composed of heavy, white blotting paper supported on Turkish toweling, and absorb from the cream nearly all of its constituents except the fat.

The cream fat remains as a layer on the surface of the pads, and after several hours' standing may be rolled off. In this condition the product contains rather too much water and milk proteins; on this account, and because of the absence of salt, it does not keep very well. If, however, the separated butter fat be worked and salted in the same way as the ordinary churned product, the result is a very fine butter.

The process has the advantage of cheapness, since the pads may be used over and over again, lasting, it is said, for six months of daily use. The labor of churning is avoided, and, on account of the use of fresh cream instead of that which has stood for days, the product keeps better than butter made in the ordinary way.—*Search-Light*.

A Christian Life

A CHRISTIAN life, have you ever thought
How much is in that name?
A life like Christ, and all he taught
We must follow, to be the same.

How little of ease the Saviour knew
With his life of labor and love!
And if we would walk in his footsteps too,
We must look not to earth, but above.

The darkest hour the Christian knows
Is just before the dawn;
For as the night draws to its close,
It will bring in the morn.

So if you trust, though shadows fall,
And dark your pathway be,
The light, which shines from heaven for all,
Will surely fall on thee.

VIOLET HAWKESWORTH.

Fallen Angels

(Concluded)

SATAN has been described by many as a hideous monster. By others it has been ignorantly asserted that he has no existence as a real being, but is simply a principle of evil. Both of these positions are false and dangerous. They mask the real character of this artful foe, and enable him to better carry on his destructive work. He is a real being, as are all the fallen angels. He is an angel still, though fallen. "Satan was once an honored angel in heaven, next to Christ. His countenance, like those of the other angels, was mild and expressive of happiness. His forehead was high and broad, showing great intelligence. His form was perfect; his bearing noble and majestic." "I was shown Satan as he once was, a happy, exalted angel. Then I was shown him as he now is. He still bears a kingly form. His features are still noble, for he is an angel fallen. But the expression of his countenance is full of anxiety, care, unhappiness, malice, hate, mischief, deceit, and every evil. That brow which was once so noble, I particularly noticed. His forehead commenced from his eyes to recede. I saw that he had demeaned himself so long that every good quality was debased, and every evil trait was developed. His eyes were cunning, sly, and showed great penetration. His frame was large, but the flesh hung loosely about his hands and face. As I beheld him, his chin was resting upon his left hand. He appeared to be in deep thought. A smile was upon his countenance, which made me tremble, it was so full of evil and satanic slyness. This smile is the one he wears just before he makes sure of his victim; and as he fastens the victim in his snare, this smile grows horrible."—"Early Writings," pages 17, 24.

A graphic picture is given in Ezekiel 28 of the fall of Lucifer, under the symbol of the King of Tyrus, a wicked, exalted ruler. Read carefully verses 12-19. Here we learn that this remarkable being has been in Eden, and was covered with the precious stones which compose the walls of the New Jerusalem (Revelation 21); that he has been upon the holy mount of God, and walked amid the stones of fire, walked the golden streets of the city of God; that he was perfect in his ways and in beauty, and full of wisdom; that God created him to be the anointed cherub that covereth; but self-exaltation entered into his heart, he sinned, and was cast out to be destroyed. This can refer to no other being in the universe except Satan. And he lost all through pride. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars [angels] of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High." Isa.

14: 12-14. But instead of going up as he desired, he fell. "Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit." Verse 15. Pride puffeth up, but the Lord lifteth up. "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." Prov. 16: 18.

God might have destroyed Satan in the beginning, but for wise reasons he did not choose to do so. The Lord desired to set no precedent for mob law. Satan had accused God before the universe of being a tyrant, and had he been immediately blotted from existence, it would, without doubt, have seemed to some loyal angel, or unfallen being who had never beheld sin, and could not understand its subtle workings, as an arbitrary act, and that Satan's charges were true. A query would have been left in minds that never could have been answered, and sometime in eternity perchance would have caused another revolt. But the patient, gentle, long-suffering God gave him a trial, and let him demonstrate before all created intelligences the kind of kingdom he meant to establish, and what sin really is; and when it is fully developed, amid the plaudits of the universe, he will blot out the hateful thing forever, and destroy Satan and all his host. The Lord declares, "I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee. All they that know thee among the people shall be astonished at thee: thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more." Eze. 28: 18, 19.

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." Heb. 2: 14. A lake of fire is prepared for the purpose (Matt. 25: 41), and the fallen angels are aware that their doom is certain. Matt. 8: 28, 29.

Sin, root and branch (Mal. 4: 1), will be rooted out of the earth, and the Lord will have a clean universe once more. Rev. 5: 13. There will never be another rebellion to mar the happiness of God's creatures (Nahum 1: 9), but through eternal ages shall abound joy and pleasures forevermore.

G. B. THOMPSON.

Arctic Cure for Consumption

A NOVEL project that is expected by those behind it to commend itself to physicians throughout the world has just been inaugurated by a number of Washingtonians. It is based upon the contention of Dr. Frederick Sohon, a Washington physician, that a sojourn in the bracing atmosphere of the arctic regions will cure consumption.

Dr. Sohon has been with Civil Engineer Peary on his last two expeditions seeking for the north pole. He was suffering from tuberculosis when he made his first voyage north, and he found that his long sojourn in the Greenland fiords eliminated the bacilli from his system. Recently he embodied his experience in a paper entitled "The Applicability of the Greenland Fiords to the Treatment of Tuberculosis."

His views attracted wide attention in the medical world, and as a result a number of men who are interested in stamping out the white plague have decided to give them a thorough test. Under their direction the steamer "Havana," appointed as a hospital ship, is to leave Halifax for a health cruise along central Greenland.

It is proposed to visit certain sterile and dustless areas which lie under perpetual summer sunshine within the arctic circle, for the cure of early cases of the disease. Dr. Sohon contends that the continuous day of the arctic summer, with its healthful and bracing features, far surpasses any conditions in this country for the cure of tuberculosis.

After leaving Halifax the "Havana" will cruise along the shore of Baffin's Land and central Greenland, anchoring in various sheltered

fiords for the diversion and benefit of the patients, and return to Halifax about September 30. The menu will be that of a first-class hospital. The number will be limited, and advanced cases will not be received.—*Search-Light*.

"A PROMPT, strong sense of justice is indispensable to a thoroughly helpful manliness."

"He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause."

**An Exercise in English**

THERE is a deal of poor English in our newspapers. The fourteen erroneous expressions given below, I copied from my reading in about two weeks. And I did not copy all, to say nothing of several gross blunders in spelling. And all these were taken from first-class papers. It will be a good exercise for pupils to correct these errors. And it might be well to encourage them to criticize the language of the newspapers for themselves.

1. "Passengers would be forced to lay here all night."
2. "Savings that can be affected in little things."
3. "These formally neglected things."
4. "The will bequests all the property."
5. "To those whom are interested."
6. "The tiger laid in wait for its prey."
7. "When an organization has been affected." (That is, concluded.)
8. "He laid down on the front side of the bed."
9. "Who treats others like he likes to be cared for."
10. "Some one whom they had heard could do it."
11. "Neither are strong in number."
12. "If one follows this way, they will find it easier."
13. "A festoon between each pedestal."
14. "One of the principle causes."

These are all errors really found without searching; and most of them are very common.—*E. C. H., in School and Home Education*.

Rules for One-Hundred-Year Club

SIR JAMES SAWYER, an English physician, has formulated the following eighteen rules for prolonging life to one hundred years:—

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat at your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. Exercise before breakfast.
7. Eat little meat, and see that it is well cooked.
8. (For adults.) Drink no milk.
9. Eat plenty of fat, to feed the cells which destroy the disease germs.
10. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
11. Daily exercise in the open air.
12. Allow no pet animals in your living-room. They are apt to carry disease germs.
13. Live in the country if you can.
14. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp, and drains.
15. Have a change of occupation.
16. Take frequent and short holidays.
17. Limit your ambitions.
18. Keep your temper.



Report from San Francisco, California

THE Young People's Society of San Francisco was organized four years ago. During this time the help and strength it has been to the young people who have been associated with it, the joy it has brought to the sick, imprisoned, and down-cast, the influence it has exerted upon the cause of truth, only eternity will reveal. We acknowledge, however, that all good that has been accomplished has been due to God's Spirit impressing different ones to work.

Our young people come and go, some to engage in lines of work elsewhere, but it makes no difference where we are, if we are consecrated to God, he will use us.

From time to time different methods of work which might prove successful are tried; some of these include monthly visits to the county jail. Here we find many young men and women with bright, intelligent-looking faces, and we wonder why they are here. Wrong habits formed and constantly encouraged because they had no knowledge of a better way, probably caused their downfall. We know the plain truths given them from the Word have been an encouragement to many. Only a few weeks ago a young man, a prisoner who had become interested in his soul's salvation through the meetings held, came to us as soon as he was released. We were so thankful for this, because we believe he felt that in us he could find friends, shelter, comfort, sympathy, and a welcome. What a privilege to restore such a one!

The Sailors' Home work has been given a great deal of attention by some of our number. The outcome may seem somewhat discouraging to us, yet we claim the promise, "All things work together for good."

The *Life Boat* has not been forgotten. Our Society of about thirty has ordered as high as one thousand copies a month. Of late some of our readers have asked for *Signs* in place of the *Life Boat*, so we have been taking *Signs* to them. We are glad for this request on their part, because it shows they are thinking of what they are reading, and want good, solid food. Some of our members take *Signs* to the many hospitals of our city. At no time is one more inclined to read and speak of the Great Physician than when on a bed of sickness.

The Home Department of the Society is a means by which much good may be accomplished. Visiting a lady in her own home makes one seem nearer to her than if one should accost her on the street, or perhaps speak to her in church. By a Christlike conduct you can gain her confidence. If she is one of our people, but does not attend Sabbath-school or church service, she will tell you why she does not. Perhaps the children are so many she can not take them all to church; if so, you can care for them the next Sabbath so that she may go. Many ways there are in which we may labor. Tracts and periodicals need to be distributed. Many are being distributed in the city; several thousand pages have been given away by our Society alone.

The *Family Bible Teacher* has recently been used in this city by several of the young people. This line of work opens the way for Bible readings and cottage meetings. There is so much work to be done, not only in our home field, but in the great foreign fields. Only a few weeks ago a valuable worker was asked to lay down her life

in far-away China. Speaking of Dr. M. Miller's death, her husband writes: "The strongest appeals were not sufficient. A consecrated life must be laid down, to arouse us who are in the field, as well as our brethren in America, to push the battle to the front in these neglected fields. Her parting words to us were that we should not become fearful at her experience, but she hoped it would inspire us to take up the work in these difficult fields, stand by it until it is finished, and the harvest reaped." The young are the ones who must answer these calls, yet few are willing to do so.

Mrs. D. D. FITCH.

Report of the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Young People's Society

THE following is a brief report of the work done by our young people in Grand Rapids during the past four months. We are glad to say that our young people are arousing to a sense of their privileges in this great work for the Master, and are putting forth greater efforts in spreading the gospel of the third angel's message. We feel that God is blessing our feeble efforts, and that the members of the Society are gaining a deeper spiritual experience. Plans are being made and funds raised to help some worthy young person to attend school next year to prepare for service in the great harvest-field.

Bible readings held	59
Talks given	12
Tracts given away	29
Papers given away	720
Pages of literature given out	1,598
Pages of literature sold	5,016
Missionary visits	30
Missionary letters written	51
Hours of Christian Help work	15
Articles of clothing given away	10
Offerings in cash	\$32.50
Pledges	7.50

We earnestly pray that during the remainder of this conference year our young people may be so filled with the sweet spirit of Christ that they may do much more in his service, making this the *very best* year in the work for the Young People's Societies.

EDITH E. BRUCE.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul Appeals to Caesar

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 25:1-12.

TEXTS FOR STUDY: 2 Cor. 13:8; Prov. 21:30; Rom. 8:28.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 246-252.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- Festus governor.
- Visits Jerusalem.
- Interviewed by Paul's enemies.
- Festus returns to Caesarea.
- Paul placed on trial.
- False accusers.
- Paul's defense.
- Refuses to go to Jerusalem.
- Prefers Caesar's tribunal to Jewish Sanhedrin.
- Willing to die if guilty of wrong.
- Appeals to Caesar.

Notes

"The governor appointed in the place of Felix, was Porcius Festus, a far more honorable ruler. He had a higher sense of the responsibility of his position, and, refusing to accept bribes, he endeavored to administer justice."

"He (Festus) looked with disgust upon the scene before him,—the Jewish priests and rulers, with scowling faces and gleaming eyes, forgetting the dignity of their office, eagerly reiterating their accusations, in tones that grew louder and louder until the tribunal rang with their cries

of rage. Heartily desiring to end it all, he turned to Paul, who stood calm and self-possessed before his adversaries, and asked if he was willing to go to Jerusalem under his protection, to be tried by the Sanhedrin."

"Paul was weary of strife, weary of the fierce reiteration of charges, again and again refuted, and as often renewed. His active spirit could ill endure the repeated delays and wearying suspense of his trial and imprisonment. . . . He had nothing more to hope for from Jewish priests or rulers; but as a Roman citizen he had one special privilege, he could appeal to Caesar, and for a time, at least, his enemies would be kept at bay."

"Festus knew nothing of the conspiracies of the Jews to murder Paul, and he was surprised at this appeal to Caesar. It was not flattering to the pride of the Roman procurator, that the first case brought before him should be thus referred to higher authority. . . . 'Hast thou appealed unto Caesar? Unto Caesar shalt thou go.' This was said in a tone and manner which seemed to imply that Paul little knew what an appeal to Caesar meant."

"Once more the hatred born of Jewish bigotry and self-righteousness had driven the servant of God to turn for protection to a heathen ruler. It was the same hatred that forced the prophet Elijah to flee for succor to the widow of Sarepta, that constrained the heralds of the gospel to proclaim their message to the Gentiles. It is the same spirit that the people of God in this age have yet to meet. In the great crisis through which they are soon to pass, they will become better acquainted with the experience of Paul."

G. B. T.

"THERE are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who dwell by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones."

Practical Things About Tithing—II

THE first published requirement that the tithe be returned to the Lord is recorded in Lev. 27:30-32. "And all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord. . . . And concerning the tithe of the herd, or of the flock, even of whatsoever passeth under the rod, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord." But several hundred years previous to the giving of this commandment, Abraham and Jacob are on record as paying tithes of all, as though it was an established rule. Evidently their paying tithe did not create the custom, but they conformed to the custom because it was an established one of which God was the author. Jacob did not possess those traits of character which make it easy to part with this world's goods unless prompted by conscience to do as God requires. It is certainly interesting to note God's dealings with these faithful tithe-payers, for it is said of Abraham that he was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold. When he wanted to go to the rescue of his nephew, Lot, who had been taken prisoner, it was no trouble to arm more than three hundred servants trained in his own house. Gen. 14:14. Reading the story of Jacob, we see he was not a poor man by any means, although Laban had tried to deprive him of a just share of his earnings.

"Since God has said, 'The tithe is holy,' we must believe it, and suit our action to his word. It is not to be used for secular purposes. Anciently it was for the support of those who ministered in the tabernacle. This is very plainly told in Num. 18:24. Since those who now give their time and effort to the teaching of God's word are in a corresponding place, why should not they be supported in the same way?"

Mrs. D. A. FITCH.



Where the Children Hide



T was raining out of doors.

Grandmother, who had just arrived from California, had gone to her room. Mother was busy with the baby.

"I wonder what we can do now?" said Tommy, disconsolately.

"We've played most everything already!" sighed Ruth.

"We don't want to make any noise," said thoughtful Dorothea. "We haven't very many grandmothers. We must be 'just as good' to the few we have."

"She's come such a long ways," added Rob.

"I know what we can do," said Florence, happily. "It's a 'sit still' game, and we can have just oceans of fun." Four pairs of very bright eyes were turned on Florence.

"You always do think of the nicest things," said Tommy.

"We'll just hide," and Florence laughed at the very idea.

"We'll make a noise hiding. We can't help but —"

"Oh, but we can help!" said Florence. "We're just going to hide 'in our minds,' you know."

"I don't see," said Rob.

"Blindy!" said Florence, and she was almost laughing. "It's like this. We'll let Ruth hide first. She is the smallest. You just think of some place you'd like to hide if you — why, if you could."

"You hide first, Florence. Then we'll all see how."

Florence thought a moment. "I'm hid."

"Somewhere in the room?" asked Dorothea.

"Yes, somewhere, in something, in the room, but in a place I really couldn't hide, only in my mind."

"Why, that's jolly!" said Tommy. "There are no end of places you could hide that way. Is it in the clock?"

"No," laughed Florence, softly.

"The book shelf?" "The lamp?" "The sewing-machine drawer?" "The match-safe?" "The stovepipe?" These guesses followed fast upon one another. Florence only gave a negative shake of her head.

"I think it's in the teakettle spout," said Ruth, who had not spoken.

"How did you ever guess?" asked Florence.

"Why, I just thought I'd like to hide there myself and find out something about steam."

"I haven't found out much yet," said Florence.

"You've found something better," said Tommy. "You've found out the very best game, and you are always finding good things."

"It's your turn, Ruth. You guessed the place, so now you can hide."

The guessing went on. All seemingly possible and impossible places were suggested.

"I believe she's hid in Florence's mind. She wants to find out how she thinks of things," said Dorothea.

"That's right!" exclaimed Ruth, gleefully. "I didn't find out much."

"You will in time," said Florence. "The

world, the books, everything is full of lovely things to learn."

Rob hid in Tommy's ear, and Tommy in the fire, without getting burned.

Suddenly Ruth looked at the door. There stood grandmother and mother. They were looking very happy.

"What makes you all so still?" asked grandmother.

"We're playing hide-and-seek," said Ruth.

"In our minds," added Rob. He told how it was played.

"It's a nice game," said grandmother. "I have some things in my trunk to show you."

Off ran the children. Grandmother "almost" kept up. "I'm sure I did in my mind," she laughed.

"That's quicker than anything else," said Florence.

"Mind is a great racer," said grandmother. "The more you use it, the faster it goes. I hope you'll all win some 'mind' races."—*Rose Seelye Miller, in Youth's Companion.*

"BLESSED be the name of the Lord
From this time forth and forevermore."

Abraham Lincoln's Two Texts

AMONG those who might fairly claim to have known Abraham Lincoln were the pupils in a primary and intermediate school located near the White lot in Washington, the yard of which was separated by a fence from the rear end of the White House grounds. Most of the reminiscences of the president, which the boys carried away with them were small events not easy to relate, but such, nevertheless, as gave to them a growing love for the great man who sometimes found recreation in watching and applauding their sports, and who more than once visited the school and addressed the children. One incident, however, stood out distinctly, and is described by a witness, one of the boys then attending the school.

One day the teacher gave a lesson on neatness, and asked each boy to come to school next day with his boots blacked. They all obeyed; but one of them, John S., a poor one-armed lad, brought down upon himself no end of ridicule, for he had used stove-blackening, the only kind of polish which his home afforded.

Boys are sometimes merciless in their ridicule. The poor child, only nine years old, and doubly sensitive because of his lost arm, tried to be brave, but his lips were quivering, and the tears were in his eyes, when the jeering suddenly stopped; for there, leaning upon the fence and listening, stood the President.

Mr. Lincoln uttered no word of reproof, but entered the schoolhouse and made inquiry of the teacher. He learned that John was the son of a dead soldier, and that his mother, who had other children, was a washerwoman. Then he went away, and it was many days before he came back again.

The next morning John was at school in a new suit, and with new shoes radiant with the best blacking. The change was so great the

boys hardly recognized their companion, whom they plied with questions. John replied that the afternoon before, the President and Mrs. Lincoln and another lady had called at his home in their carriage; that the President had taken him to a clothing store and bought him two suits, and that while he was doing this, the ladies made inquiries of his mother, which later were followed by clothing for the two little girls, and a supply of coal and groceries. In addition to this information, the lad brought to his teacher a scrap of paper containing a verse of Scripture, which Mr. Lincoln had requested to have written on the blackboard:—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Some weeks afterward, when Mr. Lincoln visited the school again, the verse was still there, and the teacher called his attention to it. Mr. Lincoln adjusted his spectacles

and read it, then removed his glasses and wiped them, and the boys thought there were tears in his eyes. But he replaced his glasses, and taking a crayon, said, "Boys, I have another quotation from the Bible, and I hope you will learn it, and come to know its truth as I have known and felt it." Then below the other verse he wrote:—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A. LINCOLN.

One boy, at least, never forgot it. He is now himself a teacher in the public schools, and often tells the boys he teaches of the two texts which President Lincoln taught to him and his school-mates.—*Selected.*

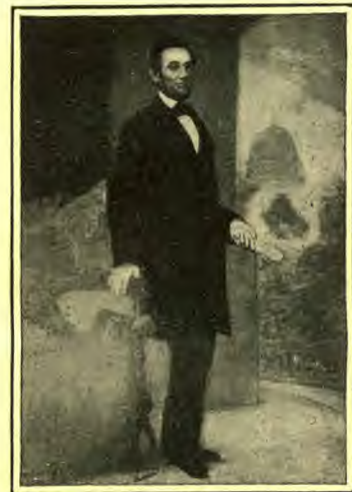
The Parrot and the Dog

MR. BROWN had a dog called a pointer. That name is given to dogs because, when they see a bird, they stand still and point at it with their nose; then the hunter sees where the bird is, and can shoot at it.

Well, the bird and the dog of which I am telling you were owned by Mr. Brown, for there was a parrot in the house that came there as a gift. When the dog came into the room, he saw the bird. He stopped and slowly pointed at it.

What do you think the parrot did then? It came slowly across the room, stood in front of the dog, looked him in the eye, and then called out loudly: "You're a rascal!"

The dog was so surprised to hear a bird talk that he put his tail between his legs and ran away; and from that day he was never known to point at a bird.—*The Picture World.*



Making Mountains into Mirrors

TRAVELERS between Harrisburg and Altoona, Pennsylvania, can hardly help noticing a ragged, serrated line of mountains stretching off toward the northeast, not far from a busy mountain town called Tyrone. This particular range is conspicuous not on account of its height, but because the rock strata of which it is composed are literally turned on their edges, giving it the abrupt, serrated appearance of some titanic saw. As one approaches nearer, he notices its peculiar, scarred appearance, and a closer view reveals the cause in large numbers of men engaged in blasting and quarrying at its rocky sides. From the main line of the railroad run off numerous branches and side-tracks, terminating at long, low buildings scattered along the bases of the mountains for several miles.

Those rough and ragged mountains are the foundation on which has been built a great and important American industry, the manufacture of plate glass. They are composed of silica, unmixed with mica and other impurities that render ordinary sandstones worthless for this purpose. From them hundreds of thousands of tons of rock are blasted, to be ground into white sand in the crushers in the valley, and then shipped to scores of plate-glass manufacturing establishments located all through Pennsylvania and adjoining States. Within ten days after the quarrymen have blasted the rock from the mountainside, it may be transformed into a show-window for a great department store, or may be fitted into a private residence, ready to be backed with lace curtains.

After the sand arrives at the glass factory, the first step taken consists in mixing the "batch." This consists of sand, limestone, old glass, soda ash, and various other chemicals. The nature of these chemicals, and the proportion of each of the ingredients, are trade secrets which the manufacturers guard with great care.

The "batch" is placed in a great hopper, and passed through rolls that grind it into a fine powder. Then it is conveyed to the melting pots, composed of fire clay heated to a white heat, inclosed in the furnaces. In these pots the batch boils and bubbles at a temperature of more than twenty-five hundred degrees for twelve hours. By this time it has been changed by the alchemy of heat into glass—a yellow, fiery mass having much the consistency and appearance of Hallowe'en taffy. The door of the furnace is opened, revealing the melting pot heated to a dazzling white heat by a seething gas fire. The pot is lifted from the furnace, and placed upon a small wagon mounted on casters. The furnace door is closed again, and the workmen rush the wagon to the casting room.

The operation of casting is the crucial point in the manufacture of plate glass. The doors of the casting room are closed, to prevent drafts, and the smallest particle of dust might cause a defect that would ruin the entire cast. At the same time quick action is necessary, as the molten glass cools very rapidly, and must be poured out while still perfectly fluid.

A hydraulic crane with immense iron clamps is lowered over the pot, and this lifts it seven feet above the floor. Several men run up and wipe from the pot every trace of dust and soot. Then the crane carries it over the exact center of the casting table, where its edge is tilted up, allowing the contents to flow quickly out. The casting apparatus consists simply of a steel bed twenty feet square, provided with a heavy steel roller. The moment the molten glass flows upon the table the roller starts on its course, and rolls out a great plate about half an inch in thickness. Almost instantly the plate cools sufficiently to be recognized as glass, translucent and corrugated on both surfaces. If allowed to cool now, the plate would begin to crack in a very few minutes.

Two minutes after the pot has been emptied, the rough sheet of glass, still resting upon the casting table, is pushed into the tempering furnace, or lehr.

For the next three and one-half hours no one sees the glass. On a moving bed, like the straw carrier of a threshing-machine, the sheet is carried slowly through a gradually diminishing degree of heat for a distance of one hundred feet. At the farther end of the tempering furnace the sheet is taken out and placed on a wooden rack and allowed to cool.

Next comes the grinding. In order to save time, several sheets are ground at the same time. Mounted on trucks are round, revolving tables, each twenty-four feet in diameter. The sheets are buried on top of these in a thick layer of plaster, and tightly wedged in place. When the plaster sets, the tables are run on the trucks to the middle of the grinding room, and are there placed on another truck that conveys them underneath two "spiders," fitted with twenty heavy steel grinding "shoes." The table is connected up with power by means of belts, and revolves at the rate of twenty-four revolutions a minute. The grinding spiders, weighing several tons, revolve in the opposite direction, and water and fine, hard sand begin grinding away the plaster and the corrugated surface of the glass. For three hours the tables are operated with sand, and then for another hour with emery powder. By this time the corrugations have been ground down, so that the upper surface of the sheet of glass is perfectly flat.

The glass plate is then given another coat of plaster, and is ready for the polishing machine. This is operated in exactly the same manner as the grinding machine, except that the spiders are fitted with shoes covered with felt. After three hours under the polishers, a fine, transparent surface is put on the glass. The sheet is then turned, and the other side is subjected to the same processes. Then the sheets are placed in a rack, and washed with water and a mild solution of sulphuric acid. Then they are taken to the cutting room, and given a final polishing off, to be ready for the inspector.

What would pass for a perfect sheet of crystal under the eye of an untrained observer often fails to meet the requirements of the inspector. He makes a critical examination of every square inch of the surface before pronouncing it perfect. Sometimes he merely runs his hand over the glass, and then orders it back to the polishing room for more perfect finishing. Air bubbles, scratches, and blemishes of various kinds are detected and marked with a piece of chalk. If these are of such a nature that they can not be removed by further polishing, the sheet must be cut into sizes that will allow of cutting out the imperfections entirely. Then comes the cutter. With his diamond and rule, he soon converts the irregular sheet into "lights" of standard measurements.

The glass is then finished. The time required to carry it from the casting tables to the cutters is less than twenty-four hours. From the mixing of the raw sand in the batch to the final boxing and stenciling of the finished product requires

about forty-eight hours. Frequently the finished plates of glass are shipped from the factory in the same car that conveyed thither the identical sand out of which those plates were made. The rocks blasted from the mountainside are often transformed into window lights and put in position in a building in less than two weeks' time.

However, it is in mirrors that the highest manufactured form of the mountain sandstone is seen. The plates of glass are first cut into the required sizes, and then beveled on rapidly revolving emery wheels. When the beveled edge has been cut down far enough, it is polished by wheels of felt. For both beveling and polishing the plate of glass is held lightly against the wheel by the workmen. As soon as both surfaces of the glass, including the beveled edges, have been reduced to a condition of as nearly perfect smoothness as is possible, the plate is passed on to the silvering department.

An amalgam of mercury and tin was formerly used for backing mirrors; but mirrors made in this way reflect but imperfectly, and the workmen are exposed to the certainty of sooner or later contracting mercurial poison. For this reason nitrate of silver is now used exclusively for this purpose. This is dissolved in ammonia, and then precipitated by a solution of tartaric acid. The plates of glass are then placed, face down, on warm metallic tables, and the solution poured over them. The heat causes the silver to be precipitated and to adhere to the glass. As soon as this hardens, it is given a coat of shellac, and then one of paint. The plates are then ready for their frames, and the rough, unsightly sandstone has been transformed into a beautiful and useful mirror for the adornment of our homes.—

John L. Cowan, in *The Children's Visitor*.

A Round Lunch-Basket

Model 10

MATERIAL, reeds Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 9.

Diameter of base, six and one-half inches; top, ten inches; height, seven and one-half inches.

Thirty-eight stakes, twenty inches long, of No. 4 reed. Insert one each side of each spoke, and use double. Use No. 3 reed for weaving. Five rows of triple twist; five and one-half inches of double

weaving. Now separate the stakes and use them singly.

This is done to make the top of the basket stronger and the border firm and close. One row of triple twist; cover ridge, two rows of triple twist.

Cover ridge, border, and cover same as darning basket. Handle same as handy basket.

Fig. 2 shows a reed picture-frame. Fifteen No. 5 reeds in groups of five were used to form a three-strand braid. This was made in one long piece, and afterward fitted to a pine foundation, and glued and tacked in place.

The corners were mitered.

MRS. E. M. F. LONG.

[The picture-frame encloses a diploma given to the South Lancaster Academy for its display of basketry at the Clinton Fair. The braid for the frame was made by one of the academy students.—Ed.]



A Fighting Coward

Pussy lay on the side porch, so comfortable in the warm afternoon sun. Her eyes closed and then opened, and then closed and then opened again. Even the slow waving of her tail spoke of peace and content.

But you should have seen her a moment later, when Tucker, as fine and well-meaning a dog as ever gnawed a bone, came up the steps and passed near where Miss Pussy was lying. Her eyes flew open and stayed open. Her tail stiffened, and she seemed to say, "Yes, you've come here to make trouble, but I'm ready for you."

Tucker took no notice of Pussy. I don't think he even saw her. He sat down at a little distance, and looked out over the fence at a passing wagon. When a fly lighted on his nose, he brushed it off with his paw.

"Hi there!" Pussy was greatly excited by this movement of Tucker's. "Hi! you want to fight, do you?"

Still Tucker took no notice of Pussy. He heard a bird singing in the maple tree, and lifted his head up high to look for it.

Pussy started to her feet, and raised her back, on which every hair stood straight out. "Snapping at me, are you? I'll show you!" And Pussy raised her paw,—so soft a while ago, now full of claws,—and made a dab at Tucker.

But Tucker only thought she was scaring away the flies, so he looked kindly at her, and wagged his tail. It thumped a little on the floor, and Pussy grew still more excited.

"You can't frighten me that way. I can growl, I can!" And Pussy did growl.

Tucker put his ears forward to listen in a rather kind fashion. But Pussy drew back. "Oh, I know you're getting ready to spring on me, but I'll show you,—yes, I will!" And Pussy made another dash at him with her paw full of claws, and then drew back to make ready for a real rough and tumble fight. But the edge of the porch was too near, and over she went into a rose-bush. Getting out as well as she could, off she ran, while Tucker watched her, wondering why she was in such a hurry.

Pussy "showed fight," and Tucker didn't, but still I call Pussy a coward, and Tucker a gentleman.—*Helen A. Walker.*

A Blind Student

ALONE and unassisted, paying his way with money which he earned by lecturing last year, E. Ray, a blind student from the mountains of North Carolina, is pursuing his studies in the Harvard graduate school.

Ray is the first blind student who ever had the courage to come to Cambridge and secure an education without the help of a tutor or some outside person. Other blind students there have been, but none, not even Helen Keller herself, who was graduated from Radcliffe, the Harvard Annex, last year, came without some helper to supplement the wonderful intelligence and instinct which the sightless always possess.

Ray was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1903, taking four years' course in three.

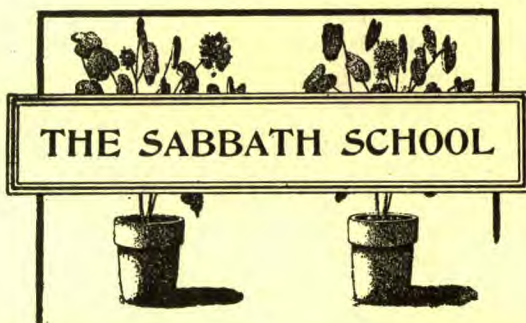
Traveled 1,000 Miles

Then, after lecturing a year, he traveled a thousand miles alone, finding his way about with wonderful intuition until he reached Cambridge.

Soon after reaching here he learned the principal streets and buildings, still unassisted, and now walks confidently about the college grounds, as if in the full possession of his sight. He uses a cane, but very unostentatiously; takes his notes in the lecture-room on a "point-writing" machine, and hires a fellow student to read aloud the books required as outside reading.

Ray is one of the most cheerful fellows

imaginable, and, although he is taking some of the hardest courses in Harvard, seems thoroughly to enjoy his work. He is studying to teach.—*Selected.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VI—The Raising of Jairus's Daughter

(August 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 8:40-56.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace." Luke 8:48.

"And it came to pass, that, when Jesus was returned, the people gladly received him: for they were all waiting for him.

"And, behold, there came a man named Jairus, and he was a ruler of the synagogue: and he fell down at Jesus' feet, and besought him that he would come into his house: for he had one only daughter, about twelve years of age, and she lay a dying. But as he went the people thronged him. And a woman having an issue of blood twelve years, which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any, came behind him, and touched the border of his garment: and immediately her issue of blood stanch'd.

"And Jesus said, Who touched me? When all denied, Peter and they that were with him said, Master, the multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me? And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched me: for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me.

"And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately. And he said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.

"While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

"But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole.

"And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden. And all wept, and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead. And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway: and he commanded to give her meat.

"And her parents were astonished: but he charged them that they should tell no man what was done."

Questions

1. When Jesus returned to the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, who were there to meet him? What were they doing? How did they receive him?

2. What man came to see Jesus? What honorable position did this man hold? What did

he do when he came to Jesus? What great trouble had fallen upon his household?

3. For what place did Jesus immediately start? How great was the company that followed him? Who came behind him? How long had she been ill? What did she do when she came near Jesus? What was the result?

4. What did Jesus ask? What did the people deny? What did Peter say to Jesus? How did Jesus answer him?

5. When the woman saw that she was not hidden, where did she come? What did she tell Jesus? Repeat the words of comfort that Jesus spoke to this believing woman.

6. While he was yet speaking to her, what sad message was brought from the house of Jairus? What did Jesus answer when he heard it? Where did he go?

7. When Jesus reached the ruler's house, who only did he allow to enter with him? What was going on in the house? What did Jesus say as he saw the weepers? How were his words received? Why? Where did Jesus then send these hired mourners?

8. When Jesus had put them all out, what did he do? What gentle command did he give to the dead child? What was the result? What did Jesus then tell her parents to do? How did they feel? What did he charge them not to do?



VI—Trying the Heart

(August 5)

MEMORY VERSE: "Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them." Hosea 14:9.

Questions

1. To what is the kingdom of heaven likened? Matt. 25:14.

2. How did the Lord distribute his goods to his servants? Matt. 25:15.

3. What did he require of them on his return? Matt. 25:19.

4. By what means does the Lord require of man a constant acknowledgment of his ownership? Lev. 27:30, 32; note 1.

5. What is said concerning Abraham's faithfulness in paying tithes? Gen. 14:18-20; note 2.

6. How was Abraham regarded by the Lord? James 2:23.

7. What special honor was bestowed upon him? Rom. 4:11, 17.

8. Will faithfulness now receive the same recognition? Gal. 3:9.

9. When Jacob became converted, how did he at once recognize the Lords' ownership? Gen. 28:20-22.

10. What did Jesus teach concerning the obligation of paying tithe? Matt. 23:23.

11. What specific instruction has the Lord given concerning the support of the gospel ministry? 1 Cor. 9:13, 14.

12. What blessing is pronounced upon those who follow the Lord's plan in the support of the ministry? Mal. 3:10.

Notes

1. "The system of tithes and offerings was intended to impress the minds of men with a great truth, that God is the source of every blessing to his creatures, and that to him man's gratitude is due for the good gifts of his providence."—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

2. At first reading this text may seem a little obscure, the one who paid tithe and the one who received tithe not being mentioned by name. But a careful reading of Heb. 7:1, 2, 6, makes the matter very plain.



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"SILKWORMS fed on different leaves produce silks of varied colors; thus a diet of vine leaves produces a bright red, and lettuce an emerald green."

IN the tropical northern territory of South Australia travelers need not carry a compass. The district abounds with the nests of the magnetic or meridian ant. The longer axes of these nests point due north and south.

A PROCESS of making alcohol from sawdust has recently been discovered. Had the reverse operation been successfully performed upon the quantity of the intoxicant now in existence, the invention would have elicited wider interest.

THE huge brown bears of Alaska are said to be skilful salmon fishers. The task of supplying the family with fish falls upon the mother bear. Sometimes, according to a writer in the *Scientific American*, she wades, upright, into rivers so deep that the water reaches her neck. Her movements are very cautious. Walking slowly on her hind legs with her forepaws outstretched at her sides, she waits until a salmon, running up-stream, inadvertently brushes against her. Instantly she seizes it, and flings it out on the bank, where her hungry cubs are waiting. After their appetites are satisfied, she catches a fish for herself. Recently a specimen of these bears, eight feet long and weighing sixteen hundred pounds, was mounted at the Museum of Natural History in New York.

Converted Through a Sparrow

MR. THOMAS PAYNE, the evangelist, related the following incident recently:—

"In a London slum there lived a working man, his wife, and four children, all wretched and miserable through drink. In wandering about one day, the drunken wife saw a sparrow pick up a crumb and carry it to her young. The poor woman turned pale, trembled, and burst into tears. The day of repentance had come to her. 'O,' she exclaimed, 'that sparrow feeds her young while I neglect my little ones! And what for?—Drink—nothing but drink!'

"Under a sense of guilt and shame, she wrung her hands, while tears continued to flow down her cheeks. Presently she made her way home, and, throwing herself upon her knees, she cried unto God in her distress, and he sent the message of forgiveness to her soul. Then her face wore a new beauty, and her husband and family looked wonderingly upon her. She kissed them all one by one, and told them how she had become a changed woman. The husband, under his wife's influence, afterward became a true Christian, and a happy home, with comfort and peace and plenty, soon followed."—*Selected*.

Youthful Strategy

A SWEET little tot of four summers was in a precarious situation. Her mama was seriously contemplating the virtues of the birch rod as a reformer. Tears, grief, anger do not always effectively serve little people in time of need; somehow mother is able to withstand their influence. But wise is the little culprit who has the tact to use a bit of strategy; for it is quite sure to provoke a smile, and the battle is won. If our little friend did not reason so in detail, she acted upon the latter method, and sweetly said, "Now, mama, be calm, be calm! Let us reason together."

THE outside gate opened; and a dear little girl with a seriousness of expression and a solicitude that at once attracted attention, stepped out and offered her hand to her baby brother, saying, with an air of earnest regard for his health, "Come, let us walk up and down the sidewalk." While marveling at the apparent self-disinterestedness of the meek little lassie, I heard the demand of an older sister for their immediate return. At once I perceived that the serious look of solicitude was due to an eagerness to improve unobserved the opportunity offered by the unlatched gate. The little strategist will have to try again.

"BUILD a little fence of trust around to-day;
Fill the space with loving thoughts, and therein stay;
Look not from its sheltering bars upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes, of joy or sorrow."

Let Your Light So Shine

BEFORE me, on the writing-table, is a bouquet of lilacs. Whenever I seat myself to write, or to spend a few moments with the Word, my senses are immediately conscious of their delightful presence.

They mutely but eloquently speak to me messages of wisdom, comfort, peace. Truly they are "songs without words," harmonious strains of the most entrancing music.

Only a few weeks ago there stood near the dining-room window a cluster of bare, black stems and branches. Now, every one approaching the house is made aware of a wondrous change. The Lord touched the bare branches, and there burst forth a wealth of untold loveliness.

Unselfishly and unstintedly they bestow their all to bless the world in impartial, unobtrusive, quiet service.

Has your life seemed to you like the bare lilac bush? Do you wish to be a "fruitful bough," whose sincerity and purity of character are a blessing to humanity? Make this your prayer:—

"O, let me know the power of Thy resurrection;
O, let me show thy risen life in clear reflection!"

Come close to the Saviour. Hide yourself in the secret of his pavilion. Let that Life which is the "Light" of men be manifest in your character. Then, "let your light [character] so shine."

The flower does not need to sound trumpets nor ring bells to attract attention. It blooms. And whether on a smoothly mown lawn, or in a secluded spot far from the haunts of men, it fulfils its mission, contented, whether seen or unseen, to do the will of the Creator.

"Be like a flower in your pure beauty, and in the influence of your unselfish spirit, and you may do more to bless the world than many who talk incessantly. The 'living sacrifice' does not always mean active work. It may mean the patient endurance of wrong, the quiet bearing of pain, or the cheerful acquiescence in disappointment."

MRS. J. C. BROWER.



SAYVILLE, L. I., May 13, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a few lines to the INSTRUCTOR as I have never written before. I am twelve years old. I go to Sabbath-school. We have the INSTRUCTOR in my class. I stay with my aunt; she keeps the Sabbath. I have two brothers and one little sister. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth.

JENNIE MEYERS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 12, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never seen any letter to the INSTRUCTOR from Los Angeles, I thought I would write one. I go to Sabbath-school on the car. I get an INSTRUCTOR and *Our Little Friend*, which I enjoy very much, and hope others do, too. I am eleven years old. My papa does not keep the Sabbath, but I hope he will. I hope to meet you all in the new earth. I wish some one would write to me. I live on Compton and Florence Avenue.

VIVIAN VOLKERS.

ROUGH AND READY, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR EDITOR: I live in a little country place four miles from Grass Valley, the nearest town. I always like to get the INSTRUCTOR; it has so many encouraging stories in it. I have been trying to keep the Sabbath for many years. My mother has taken me to Sabbath-school ever since I was a baby, and I will be sixteen this month. Our meetings are held in our house. We have one visiting sister who is from Oregon. She has been in the truth for thirty-six years. I have six brothers and two sisters. We go to Grass Valley to the quarterly meetings. One of my favorite hymns is, "Is my name written there?"

Yours in the hope that we may all meet in the new earth.

MARY FIPPIN.

BERWYN, NEB., April 15, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write to the INSTRUCTOR as I have never written before. I am fourteen years old. I go to public school, but I intend to go to church-school next winter. I am in the ninth grade. I go to Sabbath-school at Broken Bow, and we have a Little Folk's Willing Worker Band. We have made quite a number of things to sell to get money for foreign children. My mama and I were baptized and joined the church, Sept. 11, 1904. I am doing all I can toward the missionary cause. I like to read the pieces on good manners and the letters. When I have read my INSTRUCTORS, I give them to my schoolmates. I would like to see this letter in print.

JESSIE ODA PORTER.

ECHO, OREGON, April 2, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: My brother and I receive the INSTRUCTOR every week, and are always glad to get it. I have a mother, father, three brothers older than myself, and a brother and sister younger. We are all Sabbath-keepers, for which I am very thankful.

We are the only Sabbath-keepers in this neighborhood, the nearest being twenty-five miles from here. We get very lonely sometimes, but we always have our little Sabbath-school each Sabbath.

We would be very glad if some Adventist family would come here, and live in our beautiful country near us. While the car rates are so cheap it would be a good time to come.

We have never had the opportunity of attending church-school, but would like to very much. I go to public school, and have just finished the seventh grade.

I have a brother going to school at Walla Walla College. He expects to be graduated from the commercial course at the close of school in May. My older brother was graduated from there three years ago.

We live on a farm, and have horses, cows, and sheep, and raise lots of chickens and turkeys each year.

I would like to correspond with some one living in McClean County, near Le Roy in the State of Illinois, as my mama used to live there. Her maiden name was Winnie Howell, and she had a dear friend and schoolmate named Retta Pemberton.

MABEL RALEY.