

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

4—In India and the East

THE priests who accompanied the second Portuguese expedition to India, in 1503, were astonished by what they found on the Malabar Coast. There were a hundred Christian churches hidden away in that southwestern corner of India. The Romish priests could not see why there should be Christians anywhere without permission of the pope.

"These churches," they said, "belong to the pope."

"Who is the pope?" was the reply, "we never heard of him."

They were Christians, they said, whatever the Portuguese and the pope might be, for their fathers in the faith came from Antioch, where the followers of Christ were first called Christians.

It is a simple matter to trace the path over which these Syrian believers arrived in India. The missionaries of apostolic days went eastward as well as westward. There were present, at Pentecost, Jews and proselytes from Persia and Media, Arabia and Mesopotamia, and no doubt all the regions of the known East. The missionaries of the apostolic church pressed out through these lands; for, in the earliest times, Christianity was engaged in a fierce struggle with the sun-worshipping Persians. The ancient Parsee religion persecuted and harried the believers for centuries, and yet they grew.

In those days Persia had a regular trade with the farther East. Ships ran from the Persian Gulf to Ceylon and the south India coast, bringing back pepper, spices, and precious stones. The Jews of the East were merchants from of old, and Persian Jews had formed trading settlements on the west coast of India. Along this trade route Christian missions must have found a pathway into India, just as in the West the gospel first of all made its way among the Jewish colonies in Asia Minor and Greece.

A fourth-century traveler found Christian churches in Ceylon and on the Malabar Coast, keeping up a distant connection with Persia. Then came the break-up of the Roman empire in Europe, the rise of Mohammedanism in all Western Asia, and Europe was cut off from India for a thousand years.

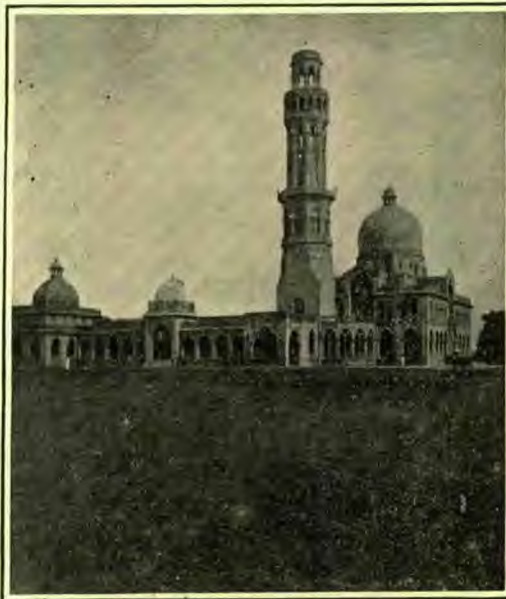
When the Portuguese rediscovered India in the sixteenth century, these Syrian churches had no doubt degenerated much; but the comparative purity of their faith shocked the Roman missionaries. The Indian Christians refused to adore images, as they said they were not idolaters. The Hindus all about them were bowing to idols. They rejected the pope, they knew nothing of other papal doctrines, and they kept the Sabbath.

The priests of Rome at once began to scheme

the ruin of these churches. They were backed in their efforts by the civil power of the Portuguese, who had established a capital at Goa, on the Malabar Coast. They made little headway at first, for, in 1545, the famous Catholic missionary, Xavier, wrote to the pope that "the Jewish wickedness spreads more and more." He begged for the setting up of the inquisition in India to fight it.

The Sabbath was the distinguishing issue. The Indian Christians were accused of "Jewish wickedness," just as Seventh-day Adventists in Russia have been persecuted for "Jewish heresy," because they keep the Sabbath.

The inquisition was set up. Over fifty men and women were burned at the stake, and many were tortured and imprisoned. At last the inquisition broke the spirit of these churches, and they surrendered to Rome. When the Portuguese lost their power over all western India,



PARSEE FIRE TEMPLE IN INDIA

except in the city of Goa itself, many of the old Syrian churches broke off with Rome again. But the purity of their faith was ruined. In Goa itself the inquisition ran on. A physician named Dellon, who escaped from it in the seventeenth century, wrote an account of its methods. Among other things, he said that the examining inquisitor might say to the accused:—

"If thou hast observed the law of Moses, and assembled on the Sabbath day as thou sayest, and thy accusers have seen thee there, as appears to have been the case; to convince us of the sincerity of thy repentance, tell us who are thine accusers, and those who have been with thee at these assemblies."

This shows that the Sabbath was still troubling Rome in India. Over a hundred thousand of these Syrian Christians are still reported on the Malabar Coast. Evidently they have sadly degenerated, and represent little or no evangelical life to-day. But we are hoping ere long to see our workers get in among these remnants of churches that hundreds of years ago did have much light and truth among them.

It is interesting to note in passing that the ancient Parsees who persecuted the early churches in Persia, were themselves driven from Persia by Mohammedan conquests, and their sun temples destroyed. Now the little remnant of these fire-worshippers have found refuge on the west coast of India. They are a small but prosperous people, and cling tenaciously to their religion. In their temples the sacred fire is still kept burning. Things have greatly changed in the world since their sun-worshipping fathers sought to extinguish the blazing light of primitive Christianity in Persia. What bitter persecution failed to do, the corrupting influences of succeeding generations accomplished, and the witnessing power of Christianity was lost in Persia and the East.

But the old issue is on again now, and all the world is to choose between the day of the sun and the Lord's own Sabbath, the sign of his power and the mark of loyalty to this throne. Through all these ancient lands where once men suffered for the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, the last message of reform is to be carried, and we are to help do it.

W. A. SPICER.

Practical Things About Tithing—3

Not all are accountants as the world estimates that class of professionals; but since the Lord deals with us on a substantial though simple basis, there need be no mistaking plans or figures. In some cases there may be more difficulty in determining the just measure of tithe due the Lord than in others. The mathematical qualifications should always be commensurate with the complexity of the business. Make your business problems as simple as possible, keep out of debt and other tangles, and there will be little difficulty in determining the amount of your tithe. Something of liberality added may serve to enlarge future increase, for "the liberal soul shall be made fat." The more tithes and offerings paid into the treasury, the sooner will the world be warned, and the sooner our work will be finished, and Jesus can come to take us home to the mansions he is now preparing for the faithful and loving tithe payers. If we lack wisdom in this very important matter, we can have it for the asking. James 1:5. God never fails in the fulfillment of his promises, but often delays an answer, waiting for right conditions on the part of the would-be recipient.

When we have returned to the great Giver of all things one tenth of that which he has trusted in our care, we have proved ourselves simply honest, not necessarily liberal; for we have given nothing of our own. The tithe was and is the Lord's, and always will belong to him. Liberality will prompt making offerings from the nine tenths, that which the Lord so liberally permits us to call our own. The study of the Bible will show many instances where the Lord has expected offerings to be made, and Mal. 3:8, 9, states the sin of which God's people are guilty if there is a failure on their part to make offerings. Am I robbing God? Are you robbing God?

When all shall be brought into the storehouse, there will not be room to receive the blessings which will fall upon us from the open windows of God's dwelling-place. The precious promises of increased stores given in Mal. 3:10-12 are not for selfish ends, but for the assurance of his children.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

The Blind Weaver

A BLIND boy stood beside the loom
And wove a fabric. To and fro,
Beneath his firm and steady touch,
He made the busy shuttle go.

And oft the teacher passed that way,
And gave the colors, thread by thread:
But by the boy the pattern fair
Was all unseen. Its hues were dead.

"How can you weave?" we, pitying, cried.
The blind boy smiled. "I do my best;
I make the fabric firm and strong,
And one who sees does all the rest."

O, happy thought! beside life's loom,
We blindly strive our best to do,
And He who marked the pattern out,
And holds the threads, will make it true.
—Beth Day.

Science Stories

Heavenly Citizenship—III

THE thousand years of life in the heaven of heavens is for the redeemed only a transient period. The new earth is to be their permanent home, but, to distinguish it from present earth existence, we may, because its conditions are those of heaven, call it the heavenly life.

All the inhabitants of that new earth are reckoned among the tribes of Israel. Rom. 2:29; Revelation 7. Thus, those who are living at the close of this earth's history, and who are redeemed, are sealed, each one as an Israelite of some tribe. They can not be assigned to any particular tribe because of their human lineage, because the most of them will not be of the blood of Abraham. But "he is a Jew which is one inwardly," and so also he is a Levite or an Ephraimite or a Gadite who is one inwardly. It would seem natural to suppose that the apportionment of the redeemed to the different tribes is made in accordance with their different characters. While all are perfect in character, all have distinguishing traits, and it takes their composite to make the perfect image of Christ: he is the bridegroom, the church the bride. The study, then, of the characteristics of the different tribes offers much interest, and their determination affords a basis for deciding (not finally, but with wide allowance for our ignorance of characters) to what tribe we and Christians of all ages belong.

In two places in the Bible we are given descriptions of the characters of the sons of Israel and their descendants. Jacob first, under the inspiration of God, described them, and Moses afterward, when the tribes were about to enter Canaan. The descriptions agree, sometimes being more full and circumstantial in one than in the other. By combining them, and studying, also, the history of the men of these tribes afterward, we shall see quite plainly the marks of a Reubenite, and of all on down to the Benjamite.

The typical Reubenite had good intentions, but he had too little force of character to carry them through. Gen. 49:34. He was tender-hearted, shrank from inflicting pain and misery, and did what he could to alleviate it. Gen. 37:21, 22. He was not passionate, and when others lost their tempers, he could remain calm and cool. Joshua 22. But he was weak in will power and lacking in energy. His appetites were not under control, and passive vices found him too easy a prey.

He was unable to take the leading place which natural advantages accorded him, and yet he was at times a gentle power among his brethren.

The Levite was, above all things, a teacher. Not content with instructing his own children in the way of the Lord, his heart reached to all Israel, and he became a teacher and a father to many. Deut. 33:10. As shown in the great rebellion at Sinai, he was one who would stand stiffly for the truth, and even against kindred and friends do his duty in clinging to the precepts of the Lord. With few exceptions, the firmness, integrity, single-heartedness, and love of the Levites were ever the most prominent qualities. Typical Levites were Moses, Samuel, Jehoiada, Jeremiah, John the Baptist.

In Israel the priests came of a family of Levites. In the new earth all will be priests, as well as kings. Yet there will be leaders—heads of families and of tribes—who may by pre-eminence be called kings; and there will be those who so closely follow the great King and High Priest, Jesus, as to merit being called, in distinction from the rest, priests. These are the one hundred forty-four thousand who, living in the last days of earth, have been redeemed without seeing death. Rev. 14:4. They live in the city, and are always the attendants of Jesus. Instead of being all Levites, they are taken from every tribe of Israel. Eze. 48:19. Thus this company has representatives of every character in the nation.

Judah was a natural-born leader. "Thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise." Strong, rugged of form and spirit, he was resourceful when others were confounded, and undismayed when others shrank. Not lightly emotional, he had depths which great passions deeply stirred, and in Judah Israel always had a strong tower of defense. Among the many king-like men of Judah may be mentioned Caleb, David, Jehoshaphat, and Daniel.

Issachar and Zebulon were brothers in nature as well as in blood, but with a difference. Both were toilers, and both gained wealth. Deut. 33:19. But Issachar was a burden-bearer for others. He was not self-assertive, and would bear oppression with a quiet spirit. Gen. 49:14, 15. He was no spiritless slave, however, for the men of Issachar were accounted good counsel, thoughtful and judicious (1 Chron. 12:32), but they had not the fiery zeal of Ephraim or Benjamin. Zebulon was more independent, and instead of bearing others' burdens, bore his own. He had a more enterprising spirit, and would reach farther in his efforts than Issachar. Gen. 49:13. Harmonizers and loyal friends, the Zebulonites "could keep rank: they were not of double heart." 1 Chron. 12:33.

Dan had a keen vision and a sharp judgment. In some ways he was like Judas Iscariot. For a time he occupied a prominent position in Israel, because of his powers (Gen. 49:16), but he used his keen judgment so severely in criticizing and backbiting (verse 17), and his infidelity to God was so persistent, that it seems he was finally dropped from the list of the tribes altogether.

Of Naphtali were the eloquent (Gen. 49:21), but they were as ready in deed as in word. Judges 5:18.

Gad was noted for perseverance. Even when overcome, he would not give up, but pressed forward to victory. Gen. 49:19. No odds terrified him when discharging his duty (1 Chron. 12:14, 15), and he was ever as bold as a lion in executing the judgments of the Lord. Deut. 33:20, 21.

Asher was fastidious. His personal appearance and manners were irreproachable, and he had the power of winning those to whom he addressed himself. Gen. 49:20; Deut. 33:24. And moreover, though dainty, he was not weak, but very strong and enduring. Verse 24.

Ephraim and Manasseh receive the same bless-

ing, in Joseph. These tribes were enterprising, industrious, and thrifty, ambitious also, and often imperious. Deut. 33:16, 17. Both Ephraim and Manasseh were hot-blooded, yet wide-eyed and usually broad-minded. Ephraim was the more aggressive, Manasseh the more judicious. As illustrated in Joseph, Gideon, Jephthah, and Jeroboam, they were able to bear slight and injury, and yet be energetic in action, and somewhat austere when in power. Elijah was probably a Manassite.

Benjamin, little Benjamin, developed the power of a giant, and next to Levi and Judah, has been perhaps the most prominent in Israel. Bold and daring to recklessness (Gen. 49:27), the Benjamite would smite at the most unexpected moment, and snatch victory from apparent destruction. 1 Samuel 11, 14. Yet in the midst of his conflicts, he was gentle and protective. Deut. 33:12; 1 Sam. 20; 23:16-18. We see the characteristics of this tribe stamped upon Ehud, Saul, Jonathan, Abner, and Paul.

It is an interesting occupation, thus having learned these characteristics, to study the lives of godly men of past ages, and in mind find their place among the tribes of Israel, and thus, perhaps, their residence upon the new earth. Peter, for instance, does he not seem like a fiery Ephraimite? And Martin Luther, would you think him a Benjamite, or a man of Judah? The eloquence of Latimer and of Whitefield was almost irresistible, and it was this that gave them their great power. To what tribe would that assign them? Melancthon might seem to be a Levite, were it not for his weakness and his compromising spirit, which partake of the spirit of Reuben. Thinking of the missionaries of recent times, do not the heroic struggles of Judson, Livingstone, Paton, and others, remind you of Gad, whom "a troop shall overcome . . . but he shall overcome at the last"? Of what tribe would you think to be William of Orange, the bulwark of Protestantism in the dark days of Spain's oppression?

Searching the records of history, men of characters like all the tribes may be picked out. Our judgments are not sure to be correct, it is true but sometime we shall see them and *know* their citizenship. And this innocent occupation may serve to take up many a leisure moment of the history student's, whose mind otherwise might at that instant be carried far distant from heavenly things.

In closing this series of articles, I wish to state that it has not been intended to declare everything suggested to be incontestible truth. In their assumed character of a text-book, the articles have adopted a rather oracular tone, only for the purpose of making real what was thought. The application to the time of the new earth, of some of the texts adduced, may not be clear to some, but I think it can be made clear, though that has not been attempted here.

Think what we may, we shall find conditions in the new earth much different from what we have supposed, but the more real we can make them to our minds now, certainly the more help that promised reward will be to us in labor and trial. In doing this, the imagination, guided by Scripture, is a great aid. With people—and especially young people—of strong imagination, I know there is often great difficulty in keeping the fancy within bounds, and certainly it is far better to let the mind dwell, even in realms beyond the known, upon heavenly things, than to let it be roving through fields of self-made fiction, in fanciful expeditions, conquests, and triumphs or trials. As we draw nearer the heavenly Canaan, let us, without the aid of the spies, inspire our hopes and feed our longings with visions of the grapes of Eshcol and the fountains of Carmel.

A. W. SPAULDING.

Rather or Right?

RATHER or Right, which shall it be?
Yours is the choice—a slave or free?
"I'd rather do this," says a fair young girl,—
Is it right?—a whisper behind that curl.

"I'd rather do this," says a bounding boy,
As he turns from study to some new toy.
Is It Right peeps in with a friendly nudge,
But the boy doesn't like to yield or budge.

"I'd rather do this," says a maiden fair,
Is it right? Coals burn or blacken—take care!
"I'd rather do this," says a gay young man,—
But the adder stings—look out while you can!

"I'd rather," says Self in his easy chair—
Is it right all labor to shun or share?
"I'd rather," says Self as he sleeps away;
"Is it right?" says the ant at work so gay.

I'd Rather drops oars to lazily glide,—
Is It Right pulls bravely through storm and tide.
I'd Rather sat still, swept on, and was drowned.
Is It Right reached the shore all safe and sound.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

A Missionary to the Indians

AMONG our American missionary heroes whose careers teach priceless life-lessons we are bound to give a foremost place to David Brainerd. Young people who will read his matchless journal with attention and with prayer, will be led to a fuller discovery of the joy and the power of a life utterly dedicated to the doing of the will of God.

John Wesley's Estimate

To the question, "What can be done to revive the work of God in the world?" John Wesley replied: "Let every preacher read carefully the life of David Brainerd. Let us be followers of him as he was of Christ, in absolute self-devotion, in total deadness to the world, and in fervent love to God and man. Let us be secure on this point, and the world will fall under our feet." Increasing familiarity with the career of Brainerd strengthens the conviction that this fine tribute to his excellent spirit, by one of the most discerning and aggressive of men, does not exaggerate. Brainerd spent nearly all his brief ministry in the wilderness, among Indians. He wrote but little besides the daily record of his aspirations and doings. He died more than one hundred and fifty years ago, at the age of twenty-nine. Yet his character has given an impulse and a direction to the lives of multitudes.

Brainerd's World-wide Influence and His Characteristics

He influenced men of widely dissimilar character. William Carey and Henry Martyn both felt the contact of Brainerd's concentrated and utterly dedicated life. To his journal they attributed much of their early missionary impulse. "There is a pattern of self-devotion and deadness to the world!" John Wesley exclaimed, referring to Brainerd's memoirs.

Frederick W. Robertson, of England, at one period of his life read daily the life of Brainerd. His biographer says that it supplied a want in his mind, and gave him impulse. Robertson himself wrote: "I have been reading lately Brainerd's life, which to my taste stands alone as a specimen of biography. 'To believe, to suffer, and to love,' was his motto, like that of the early Christians; but with us, if a minister gives himself a little exertion, a hundred voices flatter him with an anxiety for his life. Brainerd *did* spend himself in his Master's service, and his was self-denial that there was none to witness or admire."

Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, said that he never received such spiritual impulse from any other human being as from him whose body has lain now for nearly a century and a half under the Northampton slab. For many years Dr. Gordon kept an old volume of Brainerd's life on his study-table. He wrote "that no season passed without

a renewed pondering of its precious contents." Similar tributes might be multiplied.

Brainerd had many qualities now urgently needed in our American Christian life. The words in the third paragraph of this article are true words. With Brainerd's spirit in the lives of the young men and women of the churches, everything that needs to be done may be done. The spirit of Brainerd in any large number of the disciples of Christ would insure a revival at home and abroad; his was the Spirit of Christ.

Four of his qualities stand out pre-eminently, and may be profitably dwelt on at the opening of the Christian activities of the autumn.

His Exalted Purpose

Brainerd unreservedly dedicated himself to a great task. Promptly and with unswerving devotion he gave himself to the doing of it. He believed it to be the will of God that he should evangelize the Indians. He never felt that he should labor continuously where others had proclaimed the gospel.

"It appeared to me that God's dealings toward me had fitted me for a life of solitariness and hardship, and that I had nothing to do with earth, and consequently nothing to lose by a total renunciation of it. . . . If ever my soul presented itself to God for his service, without reserve of any kind, it did so now. The language of my thoughts and disposition now was, 'Here I am, Lord: send me; send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough, the savage pagans of the wilderness; send me from all that is called comfort in earth, or earthly comfort; send me even to death itself, if it be but in thy service and to promote thy kingdom.'" For his sublime concentration of purpose and effort alone, his life would be memorable.

His Unflinching Persistence

Brainerd held on his way regardless of opposing forces. He could have found ten excuses for quitting his work where one can be found today by the average worker in a young people's society, confronted with difficulties and tempted to give up trying to arouse a missionary interest. Among the pen-pictures which Brainerd gives of his bitter disappointments and gigantic difficulties, consider this one: "My circumstances are such that I have no comfort of any kind but what I have in God. I live in the most lonesome wilderness, have but one single person to converse with that can speak English. Most of the talk I hear is either Highland Scotch or Indian. I have no fellow Christian to whom I may unbosom myself, or lay open my spiritual sorrows; with whom I may take sweet counsel in conversation about heavenly things, and join in social prayer. I live poorly with regard to the comforts of life: most of my diet consists of boiled corn, hasty pudding, etc. I lodge on a bundle of straw; my labor is hard and extremely difficult; and I have little appearance of success to comfort me. The Indians have no land to live on but what the Dutch people lay claim to; and these threaten to drive them off."

Any one of three appeals that came to Brainerd to change the sphere of his work was sufficient to turn a person of ordinary character from so extremely difficult a mission. There was the severe hardship and awful loneliness of wilderness life, in the company of rude savages. Almost continually he suffered from bodily weakness. The pastorates he was invited to occupy afforded opportunities for the renewal of the friendships of college days and a life-work amid congenial surroundings. These were strong appeals, but Brainerd had set his face steadfastly toward the achievement of his life task, and could not be tempted even to look back.

Did he at the end regret this singleness of aim? On his death-bed he said, "I declare, now that I am dying, I would not have spent my life otherwise for the whole world."

His Striving for Inner Purity

There was also on his part a ceaseless yearning for perfect conformity to the will of Christ. He ever sought to obey the Master's injunctions: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Brainerd said: "I know that I long for God, and a conformity to his will, in inward purity and holiness, ten thousand times more than anything here below."

Brainerd sought absolute holiness of character. Imperfections which he found in himself pained him acutely. And these revealings led to cleansings. Brainerd's experience teaches the necessity and value of confession of sin, and the possibility, under most adverse conditions, of being a man of prayer, a man of the Bible, and a man of increasing conformity to the character of Jesus Christ.

His Believing Prayerfulness

Brainerd's unceasing prayerfulness is another characteristic full of instruction to the modern Christian worker. It was through his believing prayers that there came to him refreshment of spirit and renewed courage and hopefulness, when all was dark. "I love to live alone in my little cottage," he wrote, "where I can spend much time in prayer." Throughout his arduous ministry, in his hours of depression, of persecution, and of opposition, he was sustained by prayer.

His Spirit Essential Now

Brainerd's spirit, possessed by the Christian young people who are about to enter on vigorous work for the Master, would insure the diligent seeking for the plan of God for their lives, the commitment of themselves to the doing of a great task in his name, the earnest seeking after absolute conformity to the will of God, and the taking to God in believing prayer of every interest of life and work.—Don O. Shelton, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

Initials

AN interesting and instructive diversion is Initials, a conception of Miss White, the author of a book on home entertainment. The plan is described thus: A list of names is selected, either from one class of noted persons or from many. The correct names are to be guessed from brief characteristics of each, conveyed in words beginning with their initials as a clue.

Characteristics

1. Loved Animals.
2. Makes Travesties.
3. He Made Search.
4. Helped Banish Slavery.
5. Was England's Glory.
6. Left Many Admirers.
7. Wit; Much Tenderness.
8. Widely Studied.
9. Absolutely Loyal.
10. Oh, What Humor!
11. Renowned Witty Essayist.
12. Came Confidently.
13. Delayed Long.
14. Extravagant and Peculiar.
15. Many Schemes.
16. Terribly Caustic.
17. Character Delineator.
18. Rare Loving Spirit.
19. Sincere Ballot Agitator.
20. Gifted Englishwoman.
21. Perpetually Transported Beasts.
22. Just, Generous, Brave.
23. The American Electrician.
24. United States General.
25. Resolute, Eager Leader.
26. Jingled Gold.
27. Patriot Rider.
28. Renowned Infidel.
29. Endeared Forever.
30. Ideal Pianist.
31. Marvelous Artist.

King Arthur's Bedtime

"I will go for a frolic with King Arthur," I said, "before he sails away to the happy Isles of Sleep!"

King Arthur was the jewel in my sister's household. The household had but recently come from a distant city to occupy a cottage near us.

I found my sister Anna with flushed cheeks and a shadow lurking in her otherwise sweet eyes. Leaving the flushed cheeks and the shadow for later investigation, I went on in pursuit of the jewel. I paused by the downy bed, where I found its occupant already asleep; but his cheeks, too, were flushed, and a tear hung upon the baby lashes, while a sigh, born of trouble, came from the breast of the little dreamer.

"Why, Anna, what is the matter with King Arthur?" I exclaimed.

"O Muriel!" she answered, "I have longed so for your counsel. Tell me what to do! Arthur's bedtime is the 'hour terrible'! The thought of it sends a shadow over my brightest day, as I am sure it does over his. Poor little fellow! Weary of trudging and play, he will persist he is not tired, and does not want to go to bed. He obeys me because I require it; but it is an obedience of the poor little body and rebellion of the spirit. To-night he said, 'Dark is naughty dark. Baby hates dark! Dod is bad. He makes so much bad dark!' He tossed and cried until I called my baby a naughty boy, and refused him his good-night kiss. Poor little fellow! He cried himself to sleep."

My sister paused, and for reply I bent over the troubled baby face, and kissed it again and again, till turning in his sleep, he murmured, "Mama," and a smile settled upon the flushed little face. Anna resumed:—

"With all your flock you never had such trouble as I at bedtime with my one nestling."

"Poor little fellow!" I said, "like the rest of us, he will have tears enough to shed hereafter because of shadows and darkness. But the twilight hour has always been to me a special benison, and to its influences I believe I owe much of the good in the lives of my children as well as much of the confidence existing between them and their mother. Try, Anna, to make this bedtime hour the sweetest hour of all the day, something to which baby will look forward with pleasant anticipation, and toward which, in after years, his heart will revert with tenderness, mother and sweet lifetime lessons being blended therein. From hygienic motives, if no other, never let baby go to sleep with a heavy heart. Lead him to look beyond the shadows and darkness, forgetting them in the glory of the stars and the beauty of the silvery moon. Waken sweet little fancies in his heart by—

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are."

"Remember, howsoever old that is to you, it will be delightfully new to him.

"This twilight hour seems most fitting for heart-to-heart talks and the sweet Bible stories—

"Of Jesus and his love!"

"If things have gone badly with baby's spirit during the day, let the bedtime story be one to make his heart swell with the beauty of truth and unselfishness, one that will make him feel—

"There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
Nothing so royal as love."

"Sing to his tired little spirit. Your voice, Anna, ought to soothe a Saul—better still, bring to Arthur calms toward which his bark will turn in life's whirlpool, and find safe anchorage. Dr. Prime, when a bearded pilgrim on Bethlehem's sacred plains, heard in his heart his mother's voice as she sang in his babyhood to Bonnie Doon, the Star of Bethlehem. Anna, your bedtime song may follow Arthur all his life's jour-

ney through, luring him to peace and rest. Sing him Luther's sweet cradle hymn. Don't you remember it, dear?

"Away in a manger,
No crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down his sweet head.

"The cattle are lowing,
The dear baby wakes,
The little Lord Jesus—
No crying he makes.

"I love thee, Lord Jesus!
Look down from the sky,
Come stay by my bed
With thy sweet lullaby."

"When his little heart is weary, as older ones so often are in the 'stern, fierce fight of life,' give him a bit of fairy-lore—nothing foolish or meaningless—but some of the delightful first lessons in the fairy world of science. Tell him about the singing leaves, the mosscups, the morning-glory trumpets, the hang-bird's nest, the fairy lady-slippers hanging on the jewel weeds in summer. It will help to open his eyes to God's wonderful creations."

"Muriel!" exclaimed my sister, "your lips drop wisdom and sweetness. But I thought Arthur was old enough to go to bed alone."

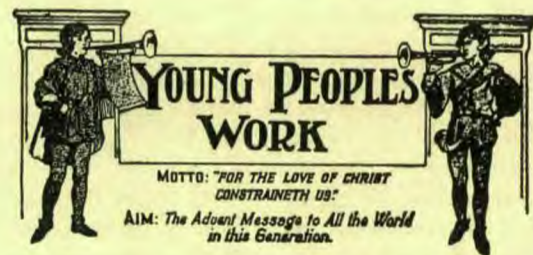
"So he is," I answered, "but I question whether you can afford to lose the ten minutes or so spent in this sweet converse. It is a work an artist might envy you—painting pictures to outlast time! It is starting strains of music to be sung on into eternity. It is the work of an angel, plucking out tares, sowing seeds that will bear fruit for earth and heaven."

A few nights later I slipped over again at twilight hour, anxious to know how it fared with King Arthur. My first glance assured me there was no need for anxiety. Mother and baby were too occupied with each other to notice my entrance. One dimpled arm was about the mother's neck, one hand snuggled in the soft wefts of her hair, while I heard in childish whisper,—

"Dearie Mama, dood night! oo eyes look like pitty stars! Baby like Dod! Dod makes such pitty stars! Me be dood boy."

The mother came to my side, and little King Arthur went out into the unknown of dreamland, but with love in his heart and peace upon his face.—*The Advance.*

EMBOSOMED deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.
—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*



AUGUST STUDY OF THE FIELD

(August 12)

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.
Scripture Reading.
Prayer.

FIELD STUDY:—

Our Buluwayo Mission, *Review and Herald*, July 13.
From German East Africa, *Review and Herald*, July 13.
The Malay Peninsula and the Philippines, *Review and Herald*, June 15.
One-to-three-minute reports from Trinidad,

Chile, South Africa, Straits Settlements, Burma, Panama, St. Andrews Island, India, Grenada, Ecuador, Hayti, Cuba, Portugal, Brazil, Colombia, China.

READING: Preachers of the Message, *Review and Herald*, July 13.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Note

Since we are dependent upon the material which appears in the *Review and Herald* from week to week, we are left this month to the field reports almost entirely for our missionary program. But in this department alone, in the issues of June 22 and 29 and July 6 and 13 there is ample material for an interesting meeting. Have as many take part as possible. The map will add to the interest of the meeting. E. H.

Halifax, Nova Scotia

THE following is the report of our Young People's Society for the quarter ending June 30, 1905:—

Meetings held	13
Missionary visits	6
Missionary letters written.....	3
Papers sold	45
Papers given away	400
Pages of tracts distributed	2,006
Books sold	10
Books given away	1

The work of our Society shows signs of progress. The meetings are interesting and instructive. The reports of the visiting committees to the hospital and poorhouse show that a good experience is being developed, and that some of these needy ones appreciate what is being done.

The reading rack at the ferry is well patronized. A good supply of our papers is kept there.

We are building up a library of our own books, and other good literature on travel, history, and missions, and by the use of these endeavor to counteract the influence of the light reading of the present day.

We have received a good supply of tracts, which we will use this summer in a systematic tract campaign, and thus help spread the message. We are all of good courage, and aim to do what we can in the giving of the advent message to the world in this generation.

MRS. J. G. HANNA, *President.*

Words from a Canvasser

[THE following is an extract from a State canvassing agent who does much actual canvassing. When he goes to assist or train a canvasser, he goes out with him to take orders, and afterward gives over to the new canvasser all the orders taken. His visits bring not only intellectual and spiritual inspiration to the worker, but are a real financial assistance. The president of the conference in which this brother is State agent also goes out and holds tent-meetings. The engaging of the officers of the conference in field labor proves a source of encouragement to the other workers in the conference.—ED.]

I have never received in all of my life so much of the blessing of God as recently. How I do enjoy working side by side with the canvassers in the field. Just to show you how the Lord blesses, I will relate a little of my experience. I canvassed ten hours for one of our workers a few days ago, and on one street secured \$93.75 worth of orders for "Great Controversy." It is wonderful to see how the Lord blesses our feeble efforts. With more workers, what could we not do in a short time! The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. It is not so much money that is needed as it is men,—men who are honest and sound from center to circumference,—men in whom the current of everlasting life runs deep and strong, and who will stand at their post of duty though the heavens totter or the earth reels,—men who will neither flag nor flinch, brag nor run,—men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor, and who are willing to work without having their way smoothed and every obstacle removed.



Love

O MOTHER-LOVE, sweet mother-love!
On earth there is no other love,
Content, like this, to toil by day,
By night to watch and weep and pray,—
Content within four straight, bare walls
To dwell, where love and duty calls,—
Content to bear the mother's pain,
That she may reap the mother's gain.
On earth there is no other love
Like to this tender mother-love.

But higher than the mother-love
Is this, the Elder Brother-love.
Content to lay aside a crown,
To put his glittering scepter down,—
Content to leave his throne behind,
And be a servant of mankind,—
Content to live in poverty,—
Content between two thieves to die,
And with us share his home above,—
This is the Elder Brother-love.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

A Rainy Day

LEWIS drummed with his fingers on the wet window-pane disconsolately.

"A rainy day is bad enough, but a fellow can have some fun when he can go 'up attic' and play bear."

"That's so," sympathized Robert. "Guess to-day'll be dull enough."

Aunt Alice was ill, and mama had said she must remain in bed, and the boys must be very quiet.

"How doleful we do look!" exclaimed mama, coming in to look at her boys.

"Can't help it," said Robert.

"Oh, yes, you can. You will look gay enough when you get your programs."

"Programs?" And two pairs of wondering eyes greeted mama's smiling gaze.

"Yes. This is Robert's in this envelope, and this is Lewis's. They are a little like school programs, you will see. You are to do things separately this morning, and then meet, near dinner time, to compare notes and see what has been done. This afternoon you are to play the new game that—well, I mustn't tell you any more." Mama put her finger on her lips and laughed.

"Are there nice things to do on the program?" asked Lewis.

"Of course there are," said Robert, quickly. "Mama always plans nice things."

"If any of them seem a trifle hard, you will be glad afterward that you did them," mama told the boys. "Now each read your program, all by yourself. Don't speak to any one. If we meet in the hall, or anywhere, we'll just nod and smile. There will not be any company to-day, I think."

"I should think not," said Robert, looking out into the wild, wet day.

Then they sat down in opposite corners to read the programs.

In a few minutes Robert went to look at the clock. It was half-past eight now.

He glanced back to exchange a smile with Lewis, who looked at the clock, too.

Then Robert went up-stairs, and Lewis went to the kitchen. For half an hour they were busy.

Lewis's directions were to make some molasses candy from 8:30 to 9 A. M. He could do it very well indeed, and was careful always to boil it just right for pulling. He liked to make it, but thought it hard work to pull it. Robert delighted in seeing how white he could make the little braided strands look, and always took much pains with this part of the work.

From 8:30 to 9 Robert busied himself in the attic. His program had told him to go to a certain corner of a certain drawer in an old bureau, and cut into one-inch squares the strips of pretty red cardboard he would find. Mama had written that they would need one hundred and fifty-six squares for the new game. Robert was to cut all that he could cut well in the half-



hour, then put everything back into the drawer.

From 9 to 9:30 Robert was to be busy in the kitchen, pulling the candy, and Lewis was to go to another drawer in another bureau and find a pile of calendar sheets, from which he was to cut twelve sets of numbers, from one to thirteen inclusive.

From 9:30 to 10 Lewis was to arrange the candy prettily on little plates for their afternoon "game-party with mama," after rolling part of it in paraffin-paper and making up a box for papa to take to the office to-morrow.

Robert, during this half-hour, was to find Lewis's numbers and paste as many as he could, very neatly, in the centers of the little squares of red cardboard. "Make them in sets of thirteen, and don't hurry. You can't do them all and do them well in the half-hour. I will plan for the others," mama had written.

From 10 to 10:30 was a delightful half-hour. Robert was sent to the hall-table drawer to find a little luncheon, which he was to eat in the dining-room while he read his last magazine. He did not know it had come. Lewis found a luncheon similar to Robert's in a little box in the attic, and he was to eat it there, looking over any

of the papers and books that he liked in the old chest. This was always a privilege, and could not be had without special permission.

From 10:30 to 11 Robert, who was very handy with tools, was to go to his shop in the attic and try to make a brownie target. Mama had cut the directions from a paper, and put the materials ready for a rainy day. Robert was delighted. He could understand the directions easily, and the brownie he whittled out and fastened with an elastic at the top jumped comically enough. Mama told him not to paint any of it, but let Lewis do that in his next half-hour. Lewis was more skilful with his water-color tube paints than Robert. Besides, Robert would have all he could do to make the target, even with compasses and all at hand.

From 11 to 11:30 was a trying half-hour for Robert. He could not help teasing mama to let him go to watch Lewis. He promised to whisper. But mama, who had given some "suggestions" on Lewis's program, told Robert it would be more fun to see it all afterward.

So from 11 to 11:30 Lewis painted happily the comical brownie and the rings and bull's-eye, while Robert cleaned the air-gun and mended the broken rod of a rubber-tipped arrow.

From 11:30 to 12 the program said the boys could have a whisper-party in the kitchen with mama, and finish the game of numbers or any other incomplete work.

At noon Aunt Alice was better, for mama's remedy and the quiet rest had done the work.

So they had a merry afternoon. Aunt Alice put on her pretty house gown and came to lie on the sitting-room sofa and watch the proceedings. The brownie target was great fun, even for mama, and so was the game of numbers.—Annie S. Perkins, in *Youth's Companion*.

"Make the Saw"

THE boy stood beside his grandfather, his eager eyes intent upon the little, yellow violin which the aged man's busy fingers were shaping and finishing.

"But you can't finish it, grandfather!" said the lad, in despair. "You can't make those little S pieces."

"Why can't I make 'em?" demanded the grandfather, crisply.

"Because you haven't got a saw fine enough for that."

"Then I'll make a saw," was the reply.

And he did make it.

Years afterward, that boy, grown to be a well-known violinist, understood that his own mastery, not only of the violin, but of many of the problems of his life, was largely due to the force with which that one sentence took possession of his mind. That tiny violin, the first he had ever owned, represented to him the overpowering of all difficulties by patient determination, and by an unflinching good courage from first to last.

It is often harder to "make the saw," or, in other words, to conquer some new and unforeseen difficulty, at the end of our task, than it was to achieve all that came before it.—*Exchange*.

The Book of Memory

My grandma has a curious book she often lets me see,
 When in the dusk I leave my play to sit upon her knee.
 I can not touch the book at all, but shut my eyes up tight,
 While grandma tells the pictures, and I see them clear and bright.
 I see the dear old farmhouse, where my grandma used to play,
 The barn, with all the cattle and the fragrant mows of hay,
 The pets that grandma used to have, and all her queer old toys,
 And the little country schoolhouse, full of merry girls and boys.
 And there are other pictures, too, which make my grandma sigh;
 She says I must not see them now, but wait till by and by.
 But though she thinks they're far too sad to show to little me,
 She's sure they all look brighter when I'm sitting on her knee!
 My grandma says I'm making now a book to be my own,
 And that I'll often look at it and smile, when I am grown;
 And then I'm sure the picture that I'll like the best to see
 Will be myself, a-sitting in the dusk on grandma's knee!

—Hannah G. Fernald.

Insects and Their Habits, and What Harold Learned About Them

"COME, Harold, I want to tell you a little story that a friend once related to me. The family had been very much troubled with ants, which seemed able to find anything and everything eatable in the house, and especially anything sweet; for as you know ants are very fond of sweets. These insects insisted upon making raids upon the sugar bowl, and would discover it no matter where it was hidden. Finally the idea came to my friend that he would place the sugar bowl in water."

"Mama sometimes draws a heavy line of chalk around her sugar," said Harold, "and the little thieves get their feet all dusty; they don't like that very well, and keep away."

"Sometimes this will stop them, but my friend tried every device before putting the bowl into the water, but it did no good."

"The water stopped them, all right, didn't it, uncle? I guess they didn't care to wet their feet."

"One would suppose so, but their extreme fondness for sweets led the ingenious fellows to invent a way of reaching the coveted prize. They actually climbed up the ceiling, and stopping directly over the sugar, dropped down into it."

"I should think they might have fallen into the water," said Harold.

"This is precisely what some of them did do. And it caused a great excitement among the others; but they did not dare to plunge in after the unlucky fellows, so they sent a small detachment back to the nest for help. Finally, my friend said, eight lusty fellows separated from their comrades, and, flinging themselves into the water, swam with such skill that they finally succeeded in saving most of their drowning comrades. After getting them out of the water, they, like human nurses and physicians, actually rolled, rubbed, and brushed their half-drowned friends until most of them were quite restored."

"It looks as if they really cared for one another, just like people; doesn't it, Uncle Frank?"

"Certainly; I am of the opinion that these tiny creatures are capable of feeling almost all the emotions of human beings: they must hate, or they would not fight; they must be jealous of the authority of others of their kind, or they would not try to kill their rivals. They certainly have

great love for their offspring and for those of the same family, or they would not risk their own lives to save them from death. So I think it ill becomes us to look with feelings of scorn even upon the humble insect that creeps at our feet,—humble it may be, but the wisest man on earth would find it quite impossible to give life even to the tiniest creature; none but an all-wise Creator can do that. But I must hasten to tell you about the strange insect wrongly named the white ant."

"Let's go out now, uncle, and take a walk, maybe we can find some of them."

"No; we shall not find any here; we are too far north for them to venture, and we may well be glad. But they are found in most warm countries,—in the hot portions of our own land, in Africa, in Guiana, in France, and in some other portions of Europe. They do all sorts of damage by eating whatever they find in their path. Sometimes very valuable articles are entirely ruined by them."

"Dear me! I'm glad none of them is here. Did you ever see any of them, uncle?"

"I have often seen them in Paris. They once caused a great deal of trouble in that busy city by creeping into one of the government buildings, and eating important records. But the queerest part of the story is that they did not touch the top leaf of paper nor the margins of any of the leaves, so that the pile of papers looked as perfect as when first placed there, really the whole box was only a mass of rubbish."

"Do you suppose the cunning fellows left it that way on purpose to cheat the people, uncle?"

"I can not tell you that, of course, but I do know that their clever work certainly had that effect."

"Are these the ants which build such big houses?"

"Yes, their houses are enormous. I will tell you about them. These white ants are by far the most gigantic and wonderful insects of the ant tribe. The houses which they build for themselves are certainly worthy of more than a passing notice. What would you think, Harold, to see an ant's nest which was much higher than your head? I have myself seen them ten or twelve feet high."

"Why, Uncle Frank! that is almost as high as men build their houses."

"Certainly; and these nests are not only large, but they are very strongly built. The sides of the house are more than a foot thick, and are just as hard and firm as a rock. There are several different kinds, or species, of this ant, but they are all expert miners."

"Are there any carpenters among them, uncle?"

"I am sure you would think so if you could see one of their houses. O, yes; there are architects, masons, and designers also."

"What do they build their nest of? I don't see how they can use sand, if it acts with them as it does with me when I try to make a sand house."

"They quite often use little pieces of wood which they have cut with their strong pincers. Then they glue it all together with a certain sticky gum, and it becomes very hard."



"I wonder if these nests would hold a boy up; I'd just like to climb to the top of one of them," said Harold.

"I fear you would want to beat a hasty retreat; for the insects would surely object. They have no notion of being trampled upon by boys, or men either, for that matter."

"Why, Uncle Frank! do you mean that they could prevent it if men chose to climb upon their houses?"

"I will tell you how the negroes in South Africa manage, and then you can judge for yourself whether you would care to venture onto one of their houses. The negroes are very fond of these ants for food. They roast them like coffee, grind and powder them, and mix them with flour, thus making a sort of bread or cake. But the negroes have learned better than to attack these pugnacious little fellows at close range; for the legs of the black men are generally quite bare, and this gives the little soldiers a good chance to use their pincers on them. So the natives carefully dig a trench a little distance from the nest and entirely surrounding it, into which they pour water. Then they shoot the houses, with their guns."

"O Uncle Frank! how funny! to think of men shooting at little ants. I wonder what the poor insects do then."

"Well, of course they are no match for the guns of their enemies, but still the brave little creatures sally out by the million, and soon fall into the ditch which has been dug to receive them; for they are entirely blind,—poor fellows!—and can not see the trap set for them. Then the negroes carefully fish them out of the ditch, dry, and eat them."

"Dear me, uncle; seems as if that isn't hardy fair, is it? But I do wonder how they taste. Ugh! the idea of eating ants—and blind ones at that!" said Harold, with a look of disgust upon his face.

"No; it doesn't really seem fair to me; but then, war of any kind is never fair, you know; but I can tell you how they taste."

"O, did you ever eat them, uncle?"

"No, but those who have, assure me that they taste much like the marrow of beef's bone, though some kinds are sour. But see here," said Uncle Frank, turning to his book, "I want you to see a picture of this wonderful insect and its nest."

"O dear! is that funny looking thing the nest of an ant?"

"That is what it is, my boy; it is represented as being cut right through the center, so one can see how the inside of the nest looks."

"But what is that odd-looking thing—like a great potato?"

"That is the female ant, the queen. You can see the workers, the soldiers, and the common ants beside her. That large fellow with wings is the male."

"But I don't see why the queen is so much larger than the others. Is she as large as in the picture? or is this magnified?"

"O, yes; she is much larger than she is here pictured, for she sometimes grows to be six inches in length—a perfect monster."

"Does she lay as many eggs as the queen bee?"

"O, yes; this wonderful insect far outrivals the bee in the number of eggs she lays. Why, this ant lays as many eggs in one day as the bee produces in a year!"

"Isn't it wonderful! wonderful!"

"O, yes, Harold; the works of the Creator are all wonderful. This insect lays an average of one egg each second, or more than eighty thousand every day."

"I don't see how she takes care of so many; how does she manage, uncle?"

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

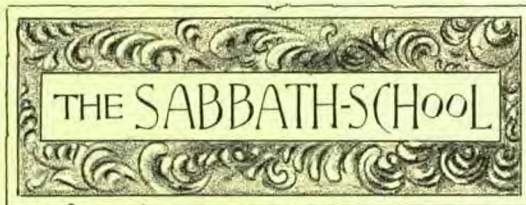
(To be continued)

Some Working Beliefs

THAT great modern psychologist, Professor James, tells us that thought, to complete itself, must pass into action, and that action, in its turn, reacts upon thought. That ancient teacher, the apostle James, insists upon the same point when he says that "faith, if it have not works, is dead, in itself." Only a working belief is a complete belief.

A good set of every-day working beliefs, quoted from a wise, but unknown author, is this: "I believe in cleanliness of body, mind, and soul. I believe in kindness to man, woman, child, and animal. I believe in truth because it makes me free. I believe in the charity that begins at home, but does not end there. I believe in mercy as I hope for mercy. I believe in moral courage, because I have good courage. I believe in righteousness, because it is the shortest and best line between two eternities. I believe in patience because it is the swiftest way to secure results. I believe in that kind of industry that takes an occasional vacation. I believe in that sort of economy that spends money for a good purpose. I believe in honesty, not for policy's sake, but for principle's sake. I believe in hospitality, because it puts a roof over every man and woman's head. I believe in obedience, because it is the only way to learn how to command. I believe in self-control, because I want to influence others. I believe in suffering, because it chastens and purifies. I believe in justice, because I believe in God."

Each of these beliefs set in action, will react upon the believer's thoughts, and grow stronger. Each act of faith is an act of growth. A purely intellectual belief can be easily assailed by doubt; but the young man or woman whose beliefs are daily acted out, grows daily in knowledge and faith. That is why this set of practical beliefs is cordially recommended for consideration.—*The Wellspring.*



VII—The Twelve Sent Forth

(August 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 10.

MEMORY VERSE: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matt. 10:42.

"And when he had called unto *him* his twelve disciples, he gave them power *against* unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease. Now the names of the twelve apostles are these; the first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James *the son* of Zebedee, and John his brother; Philip, and Bartholomew; Thomas, and Matthew the publican; James *the son* of Alphæus, and Lebbaeus, whose surname was Thaddæus; Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him.

"These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into *any* city of the Samaritans enter ye not: but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for *your* journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves: for the

workman is worthy of his meat. And into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter, inquire who in it is worthy; and there abide till ye go thence. And when ye come into an house, salute it. And if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it: but if it be not worthy, let your peace return to you. And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city.

"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. But beware of men: for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues; and ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.

"And the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child: and the children shall rise up against *their* parents, and cause them to be put to death. And ye shall be hated of all *men* for my name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved. But when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another: for verily I say unto you, Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel, till the Son of man be come. The disciple is not above *his* master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more *shall they* call them of his household?

"Fear them not therefore: for there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known. What I tell you in darkness, *that* speak ye in light: and what ye hear in the ear, *that* preach ye upon the housetops. And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows. "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

Questions

1. Whom did Jesus call unto him? Name them. What power did he give them? Where did he send the twelve? Into what cities were they not to enter? To whom, only, were they to go at this time? Why was this?
2. What special message were the twelve to give as they went through the cities and towns of the Jews? What mighty works were they to do? How were they to give to others? Of what had they "freely" received?
3. What provision were they to make for their own comfort during this journey? What did Jesus say of the workman? What were the disciples to do when they went into a new city or town? If the house they entered was worthy, what blessing would come upon it?
4. What was to be done when a city or a family rejected the message of light? For whom did Jesus say it would be more tolerable in the day of judgment than for these? Why?
5. How did Jesus send the disciples forth? Of whom were they to beware? Why? Before whom would they be brought? What promise did Jesus make that would be a comfort to them at such a time? When shall we need the comfort of that same promise?

6. Name some of the perils that Jesus said would beset those who follow him. Why can not his disciples have an easy time in this life? For what is it enough for the true-hearted disciples to be? Of what should they have no fear?

7. How did Jesus illustrate his love for his children? How great is his care for them? Whom will he confess as his before his Father? Whom must he deny?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VII—The Tithing System Was Founded Upon Moral Obligations, and Is a Part of the Gospel Plan of Salvation

(August 12)

MEMORY VERSE: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts 4:12.

Questions

1. Has the Lord ever had more than one plan to save man? Acts 4:12.
2. What is said of those who would preach any other gospel? Gal. 1:9.
3. In ancient days, what was the plan for the support of the gospel? Num. 18:20, 21.
4. How does that plan compare with the one for the support of the ministry at the present time? 1 Cor. 9:13, 14.
5. What is the first recorded instance of the paying of tithes? Gen. 14:18-20; 28:20-22; note 1.
6. Under what priesthood did these instances occur? Heb. 7:1-4.
7. To whom is Melchisedec likened? Heb. 5:5, 6.
8. When the people neglected to pay tithe in Nehemiah's day, what message did he bear to them? Neh. 13:10-12.
9. What did Hezekiah command the people to do in his day? 2 Chron. 31:4, 5.
10. What did Jesus say in commendation of the payment of tithes? Matt. 23:23.
11. What example of sacrifice is left us in the early church? Acts 4:32-37.
12. What will be the basis of the reformation in the last days? Rev. 14:6.
13. What is included in the everlasting gospel? Rev. 14:12; note 2.

Notes

1. No intimation is here given that the tithing system originated at this time. The record shows that Abraham and Jacob recognized its binding obligations upon them, and followed the instructions previously given by God to return the tithe of all that the Lord gave them. The origin of the tithing system seems to reach back to the beginning, when it became necessary because of the fall of man, and the promise of hope was offered to a lost world.

"The tithing system did not originate with the Hebrews. From the *earliest times* the Lord claimed a tithe as his; and this claim was recognized and honored. Abraham paid tithes to Melchisedec, the priest of the most high God. Jacob, when at Bethel, an exile and wanderer, promised the Lord, 'Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.' As the Israelites were about to be established as a nation, the law of tithing was re-affirmed, as one of the divinely ordained statutes upon obedience to which their prosperity depended."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, Sept. 10, 1889.*

2. Since the last reformation is a preaching of the everlasting gospel, we may expect to see a revival of everything connected with the gospel. The commandments of God embrace everything that he has commanded, and those who are living at the coming of the Lord will not come short of any good thing.



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THE science of living great things is Christianity.

"MY daily task, whatever it be, that is what mainly educates me."

"NEVER allow yourself to live habitually beneath your loftiest ideal; for if you do, that ideal will fade from before you, as a painter's who might paint sunsets, but contents himself with painting sign-boards."

"Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a heroine nor a saint."

JOHN WESLEY was preaching at 85, Gladstone at 84 was the ruler of England, Thiers at 77 was the master mind of France, and Gortchakoff at 80 was the diplomatist of Russia, Russel Sage at 88 is a power in Wall Street, Von Meltke at 71 and Bismarck at 60 made Prussia an empire, Judge Hoar at 78 was the oracle of the Senate, Marshall Field at 69 is the merchant prince of the world, and Lord Kelvin at 80 is the foremost scientist of the world.—*Our Young Folks.*

"THE world is very full of sorrow and trial, and we can not live among our fellow men and be true without sharing their loads. If we are happy, we must hold the lamp of happiness so that its beams will fall upon the shadowed heart. If we have no burden, it is our duty to put our shoulders under the load of others. Selfishness must die, or else our own heart's life be frozen within us. We soon learn that we can not live for ourselves and be Christians, that the blessings that are given us are really for others, and that we are only God's ministers to carry them in Christ's name to those for whom they were intended."

"God knows us through and through. Not the most secret thought, which we hide from ourselves, is hidden from him. As then we come to know ourselves through and through, we come to see ourselves more as God sees us, and then we catch some little glimpse of his designs with us, how each ordering of his providence, each check to our desires, each failure of our hopes, is just fitted for us, and for something in our own spiritual state, which others know not of, and which, till then, we knew not. Until we come to this knowledge, we must take all in faith, believing the goodness of God toward us."

A Turning-Point

A PEBBLE in the way of a stream trickling from a mountain spring may decide whether its waters shall empty into the Pacific or the Atlantic Ocean. There are crises in lives when a feather's weight of influence in either direction will turn the soul toward good or evil. The life story of Aaron Burr is a sad record of brilliant powers wasted, but the end might have been very different if he had received the right counsel at a turning-point of his life.

During Burr's course at Princeton there was a strong religious awakening among the students. The young man was touched, interested, and thoughtful. He went so far as to seek out the college president and open his heart to him. But, sadly enough, instead of receiving help, he was assured that his fellow students who were urging the claims of Christ, were fanatical. With such authority behind him, Burr found it easy to quiet his conscience, and, as far as is known, it was the last time he thought seriously of beginning a Christian life. Had he been under different influences at that critical time, the name of Aaron Burr might be beloved and honored to-day.—*Young People's Weekly.*

The Lord's Appointment

I MUST say it over and over, and yet again to-day, For my work is somewhat different from yesterday:

"It is the Lord's appointment;"

It quiets my restless will

Like voice of tender mother,

And my heart and will are still.

—Selected.

A Beautiful Act

It was at Fredericksburg, after a bloody battle. Hundreds of Union soldiers lay wounded on the field. All night and all the next day the space was swept by artillery from both armies, and no one could venture to the sufferers' relief. All that time, too, there went up from the field agonizing cries for water, but there was no response save the roar of the guns. At length, however, one brave fellow behind the ramparts, a Southern soldier, felt that he could endure these piteous cries no longer. His compassion rose superior to his love of life. "General," said Richard Kirkland, to his commander, "I can't stand this. Those poor souls out there have been praying for water all night and all day, and it is more than I can bear. I ask permission to carry them water." The general assured him that it would be instant death, but he begged so earnestly that the officer, admiring his noble devotion to humanity, could not refuse his request. Provided with a supply of water, the brave soldier stepped over the wall and went on his Christlike errand. From both sides wondering eyes looked on as he knelt by the nearest sufferer, and gently raising his head, held up the cooling cup to his parched lips. At once the Union soldiers understood what the soldier in gray was doing for their own wounded comrades, and not a shot was fired. For an hour and a half he continued his work, giving drink to the thirsty, straightening cramped and mangled limbs, pillowing men's heads on their knapsacks, and spreading blankets and army coats over them, tenderly as a mother would cover her child; and all the while until this angel-ministry was finished, the fusillade of death was hushed. We must admire the heroism that led this brave soldier in gray so utterly to forget himself for the sake of doing a deed of mercy to his enemies. There is more grandeur in five minutes of self-renunciation than in a whole lifetime of self-interest and self-seeking. There is something Christly in it. We must get the same spirit if we would become in any large and true sense a blessing to the world. We must die to live. We must lose our life to save it.—*J. R. Miller.*



CAMBRIDGE, IDAHO, May 6, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I like to read the INSTRUCTOR very much. I live on a farm. We have Sabbath-school and meeting every Sabbath. I am secretary of the Sabbath-school.

BESSIE STATES.

CAMBRIDGE, IDAHO, May 6, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a reader of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I live on a farm about ten miles from town. We have Young People's meeting every Sabbath evening. I am secretary of the Society.

MARTHA HOWLAND.

HILL CITY, S. D., May 26, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never seen a letter from this place, I take the pleasure of writing and letting you know we have a Sabbath-school of nineteen members. Brother Ruechel is superintendent, and he is also my teacher. There are four in our class. I hope that we may all meet in the kingdom of God.

EMMA HARPER.

ROCKWELL CITY, IOWA, May 6, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy the readings in the INSTRUCTOR very much. I go to public school, and am in the eighth grade. I have a sister ten years old, and a pair of twin sisters one month old. I was baptized three years ago. My mama and I are the only Adventists in this town. I am trying to let my light shine for others, and I hope to meet the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

Sincerely,

BESSIE B. LONG.

GENESEE, IDAHO, April 30, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I take the INSTRUCTOR, and like to read it very much. I live on a farm, and we have a good view of the mountains on three sides. I went to church-school two months and a half last winter, and expect to go again next fall. I like to go very much. I have begun the reading course. The books I have chosen are "Prophecies of Jesus," "Desire of Ages," "Great Controversy," "Things Foretold," and the Bible. I expect to attend the camp-meeting at Moscow, Idaho, which begins the twenty-fifth of May. I am going to distribute some copies of the "Open Letter" in Genesee, and have been sending away papers.

LEWIS R. YOUNG.

PORT HAMMOND, B. C., May 3, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: We have taken THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for about two years, and like it very much. I enjoyed reading the articles on the Yosemite Valley. We live on the Manson Industrial School Farm. We go to the only church-school in British Columbia. Our teacher is Miss M. Reith, and we like her very much. The farm has seventeen milch cows, and my brother, sister, and myself help with the milking.

I have three sisters and one brother. I am thirteen years old, and would like some of the readers to write to me. This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I have written one letter to *Our Little Friend*. We have Sabbath-school in the school, as we have no church. The school started last July. I hope to meet all the readers in the new earth.

—WINIFRED COURBARRON.

SAN JOSE, CAL., May 19, 1905.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: I, too, would like to join the Reading Circle. The books I have chosen are "Steps to Christ," "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," "Native Life in India," "Letters from the Holy Land," and "Life of Martin Luther."

I am nearly fourteen years old. I love the INSTRUCTOR very much, and I do not know how I could get along without it. I study the Youth's Lessons, and greatly enjoy them, because I know they are very important at this time.

I wish the editor's picture could be put in the paper sometime. There are many beautiful trees and flowers here in California. San Jose is called the "Garden City" of the State. Four or five varieties of palms grow here, and they are very pretty. There are also magnolia, orange, lemon, pepper, and eucalyptus trees. The raising and drying of fruit, mostly prunes, are the principal industries of this beautiful Santa Clara Valley.

VEDO FERRO CARNAHAN.