

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

5—Some Pioneers in the Modern Revival of the Sabbath Truth

ALL through the Dark Ages witnesses for God's Sabbath were protesting against the lawless rule of the papacy. History gives us only a glimpse here and there of these early Protestants. We know that about the year 600, the pope was pronouncing curses upon Sabbath-keepers in Rome itself. While Queen Margaret in Scotland was pressing the Culdee churches to give up the Sabbath, the agents of Pope Gregory (about 1054) were fighting against the Sabbath in the regions about Constantinople.

All along the centuries the Waldenses had among their numbers those who went to the root of the matter and kept God's Sabbath instead of the papal Sunday, amid their mountain retreats in the Alps. They were missionaries. Even the young people braved persecution and death in going forth as workmen, teachers, or peddlers to carry the light to other places. Like witnesses for the truth were found in those times in Bohemia and far Hungary. Not long after the Reformation had spread over the continent of Europe, there began in England the distinct Sabbath revival which has continued to our own day.

About the time the Pilgrim Fathers were landing in New England, to find religious freedom, John Trask was stirring up the church authorities by preaching the Sabbath in London. He was brought before the old star-chamber court, where the clergy of that time had it all their own way in trying men for heresy.

For "scandalizing the king, the bishops, and the clergy," by preaching that they ought to obey the fourth commandment he was put in

the pillory at Westminster. Standing on a platform, with head and hands through holes in the boards of the pillory set upright before him, he was made a spectacle to the crowds. Afterward he was publicly whipped to Fleet prison, near the Ludgate Circus. The Memorial Hall, a headquarters for the dissenting churches in London, now stands on the site of the old Fleet prison, where so many dissenters suffered. The distance from Westminster is about a mile and a quarter, perhaps. It is only a short penny ride on a 'bus now, down through bustling Fleet Street and the Strand, by way of Charing Cross. But it was doubtless a long road to Trask that day, whipped at the tail of a cart, followed by the curious crowd, and cursed by the clergy. After keeping him imprisoned for one year, they broke him down, and he gave up the Bible Sabbath.

released her at last.

One October Sabbath, about the year 1661, a congregation of Sabbath-keeping Baptists were meeting in their house of worship in Bull-stake Alley, off the White-chapel Road. This was doubtless well on the outskirts of London in those days. Now it is in the busy heart of the East End. John James was preaching that Sabbath afternoon, when officers and soldiers rushed in and dragged him to prison.



BULL-STAKE ALLEY

He was tried for treason. Some witnesses, who were shown to be false and unreliable men, testified that they had heard him utter words against the king and government. It is evident that the basis of their lying witness was the fact that John James preached the second coming of Christ as well as the Sabbath. He believed that Christ's kingdom was near at hand, and that all the kingdoms of this world would give place to the everlasting kingdom of King Jesus. In the trial, the conduct and manner of James won general sympathy. But those were unsettled times politically, and the clergy were harshly dealing with all who had separated from the church.



MANSION HOUSE PLACE, LONDON

His wife was made of sterner stuff. A mild little woman, the Lord showed in her case how, out of weakness, the child of faith is made strong.

Amid the struggles that her husband had as a preacher of the Sabbath, she helped to keep the home going by school-teaching. She had no school on Sabbath, of course, and none on Sunday. Any Sunday-keeper might have done the same thing without occasioning remark; but it was different with a Sabbath-keeper. An old writer, Pagitt, who lived at that time, says that, "for teaching only five days in the week, and resting upon Saturday, it being known upon what account she did it," Mrs. Trask was sent to prison.

No doubt those who broke her husband down, thought soon to quench her little light. Old Pagitt writes that she was noted for her kindness to the poor, and "endued with many particular virtues, well worthy the imitation of all good Christians," but he adds that a strange "obstinacy in her private conceits spoiled her." She would be true to the Sabbath of the Lord her God, though all the world were against her. For nearly sixteen years she was kept a prisoner, loving not her life unto the death; for death only

James was sentenced to be hanged, and his body cut up and exposed on the city gates.

He was not at all dismayed. He met the judge's sentence with the words: "Blessed be God; whom man condemneth, God justifieth." While lying in prison, awaiting death, many tried to secure his pardon, having been won over to him by his Christlike bearing. But at last he went to Tyburn tree, the place of execution, now well within West London, near the Oxford Street corner of Hyde Park. On the scaffold he prayed for his people and country, for the false witnesses against him, for the executioner, and for the coming of Christ. Hearts were melted at the scene. The executioner begged his forgiveness for what he was about to do. A friend, observing his freedom in God, said to him, "This is a happy day." James answered, "I bless God it is." Then with the prayer, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," this Sabbath-keeping witness overcame the powers of darkness by the blood of the Lamb and the word of his testimony; for he, too, loved not his life unto the death. His head was set up on a pole in Whitechapel Road, in front of Bull-stake Alley.



ONE ENTRANCE TO OLD NEWGATE

Mansion House Place, by the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, is the heart of London. The main thoroughfares running out from it are like great swollen arteries, through which throbs the life of that vast city. Near this center, just off Broad Street, now all too narrow for the traffic rushing through it, there is a short alley leading to a low building which still bears the name "Pinner's Hall." In this hall Francis Bampfield ministered to a congregation of Sabbath-keeping Baptists. He had been a clergyman of the Church of England. One historian says he was "a celebrated preacher, and a man of serious piety."

One Sabbath in February, 1682, the under sheriff and his officers came into the meeting hall and ordered him in the name of the king to cease preaching. He replied that he had orders from the Head of the church and the King of kings to preach the word. They arrested him and brought him to trial. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life in old Newgate prison. He died after about a year, being seventy years old, and unable to endure the hardships suffered. The old historian says he was followed to his grave by "a very great company of factious and schismatical people."

We must close this story of men and women of olden time who kept God's Sabbath when it meant persecution and suffering, and sometimes the sacrifice of life itself. But they counted God's truth far more precious than life. Despised of the world, counted obstinate and factious, their names are nevertheless on God's great honor roll of the heroes of faith in all ages—men and women of whom the world was not worthy, who suffered and bled and died for the truth as it is in Jesus. Now that the last days have come, and the closing conflict is on, may we also learn to value the truth of God above all else. We live in stirring times. Witnesses are needed still, in all the earth, who will do and dare for the word of God and the glory of his cause.

W. A. SPICER.

Spiritualism

For six thousand years the prince of darkness has carried on his warfare against God in the earth. His work is to deceive souls, and drag them down to ruin. In the closing scenes in the history of the earth he will come down with special power, and work with all deceivableness of unrighteousness. Rev. 12:12; 2 Thess. 2:8-12. "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." 1 Peter 5:8. None are safe from his wiles, only as they study the Bible and implicitly follow the counsels and admonitions of the Lord.

As the crowning delusion in the mysterious drama of sin we behold spiritualism. Here the arch rebel, clad in the robes of an angel of light, presents before the world the final, almost overmastering deception, and gathers its millions into its deadly embrace preparatory to its final plunge into the lake of fire.

Spiritualism is founded on the belief of the soul's immortality and the consciousness of the dead. The theological error of an immortal, never-dying soul is almost universally believed. In the seance the spirit "medium" professes to be able to bring back the souls from the spirit world and materialize them before us. The world believes that they are conscious, and it is but a step further to believe that they can return and converse with us. This is a terrible delusion.

"I saw the rapidity with which this delusion [spiritualism] was spreading. A train of cars was shown me, going with the speed of lightning. The angel bade me look carefully. I fixed my eyes upon the train. It seemed that the whole world was on board. Then he showed me the conductor, a fair, stately person, whom all the

passengers looked up to and revered. I was perplexed, and asked my attending angel who it was. Said he, 'It is Satan. He is the conductor, in the form of an angel of light. He has taken the world captive. They are given over to strong delusions, to believe a lie that they may be damned. His agent, the highest in order next to him, is the engineer, and other of his agents are employed in different offices as he may need them, and they are all going with lightning speed to perdition.'" — "Early Writings," page 125.

Satan laid the foundation for this monstrous error in the garden of Eden. The Creator had warned Adam and Eve of the result of disobedience, telling them that in the day they ate of the forbidden tree, they should *surely die*. Gen. 2:17. But Satan appeared on the scene, and boldly contradicted the statement of Jehovah by saying, "Ye shall not surely die." Gen. 3:4. Man sinned. He tried the terrible experiment which has filled the world with sorrow, and on every hand we behold the terrible ravages of death. Every seared leaf, fading flower, bowed form, and funeral procession is a silent testimony to the truthfulness of the words of the Creator.

But Satan, in order to establish the truthfulness of his statement, has instilled into the darkened minds of men the fable that there is no such thing as death, that man possesses by nature an immortal soul which survives the dissolution of the body, and continues a conscious existence in the realms of bliss, or with the lost amid the confines of despair. And to settle forever the fact that he, and not the Creator, told the truth in the beginning, spiritualism, the most fatal delusion this sin-cursed earth has ever known, comes to his aid, claiming to be able to materialize the forms of the dead, and bring messages of comfort to the living from the spirit world. And, dear reader, there is nothing within the reach of mortals which is able to unmask this tremendous deception, and strip from it its pretended garments of light, revealing the hideous thing that it is, except the blessed Bible. Let this be studied, and our souls anchored to the everlasting rock.

Tested by the Bible, the doctrine of the consciousness of the dead, which is the basic pillar of spiritualism, is shattered at once, and like the temple of Dagon when bereft of its pillars by the hand of Samson, the structure collapses. God's Word tells us that the dead are not conscious, and that between death and the resurrection they have no part in human affairs.

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; *in that very day his thoughts perish*." Ps. 146:3, 4. "Thou prevailest forever against him, and he passeth: thou changest his countenance [in death], and sendest him away. His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them." Job 14:20, 21. "For the living know that they shall die: *but the dead know not anything*, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is *now perished*; *neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun*." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." Eccl. 9:5, 6, 10. "The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence." Ps. 115:17.

These texts, and many others which might be given, prove conclusively that the dead are not in a state of consciousness and able to communicate with the living, and that spiritualism comes to us with a falsehood upon its lips.

In connection with the marvelous working of spiritualism, there is doubtless more or less de-

ception practised upon its votaries, for this pleases the devil well. But it is a sad mistake to conclude, as some do, that it is all humbug. There is a real wonder-working power behind the screen, the manipulations of a master mind. There are real "rappings," "slate writings," "mind readings," "materialization," and working of miracles. The power is satanic. "For they are the spirits of devils, *working miracles*, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." Rev. 16:14. Satan and his fallen angels are there working, impersonating the dead, and what purports to be our friends who sleep in Jesus are imps from the abode of darkness. The same words our friends once spoke may be repeated, and in the very tone, but it is Satan, "transformed into an angel of light." 2 Cor. 11:14.

This miracle-working delusion is a sign of the end; for it is when Satan is working with "all power and signs and lying wonders" (2 Thess. 2:8, 9), that Jesus is revealed in the clouds of heaven.

"Those who would stand in this time of peril must understand the testimony of the Scriptures concerning the nature of man and the state of the dead; for in the near future many will be confronted by the spirits of devils personating beloved relatives or friends, and declaring the most dangerous heresies." — "Great Controversy."

G. B. THOMPSON.

Practical Things About Tithing—IV

In "Early Writings" we read: "It is hard for some who profess the present truth, to even do so little as to hand the messengers God's own money that he has lent them to be stewards over."

It is self, large and dense, which stands in the way so that the tithing question can not be viewed in its just light, and causes us to use for selfish ends our own portion, and the Lord's also. Some dare appropriate for their own use ten tenths of their increase plus the curse of Mal. 3:9, rather than depend upon nine tenths plus the blessings of verses 10-12.

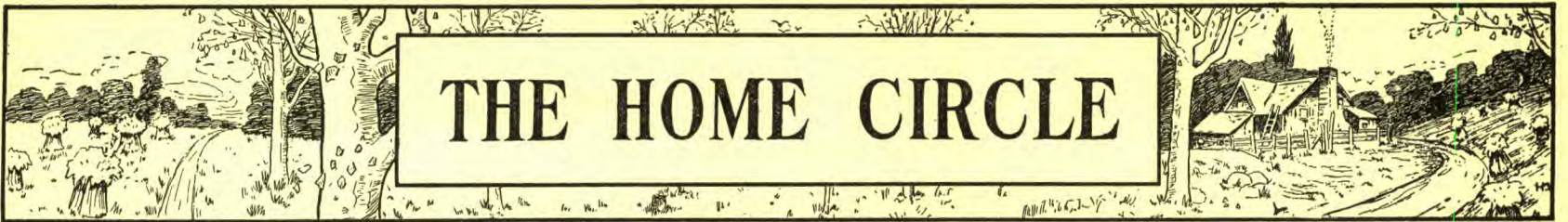
Many who would gladly tithe what they really earn are not able to do so because not allowed to handle any of the resources of the family. Wives, sons, and daughters should share in the income so they can return to God for his benefactions to them.

It was recently said to the writer: "Elder — always paid a tithe on the board of his children while they were at home with him. Sometimes it was quite difficult to do so, but he was always faithful. Perhaps that is why the Lord has given him all his sons to labor in the ministry."

There are many very practical phases of the tithing problem, and it is the desire of the writer that the youth think deeply and candidly so as to start right in the Christian course. It is not at all encouraging to find, after a few years, that a large debt to the Lord has been accumulating, and must be paid. Know accurately what is your increase, whether it be in earnings, gifts, inheritance, or from any other source. To illustrate: You need a garment the value of which is ten dollars, but it can not be purchased until you have earned the ten dollars and enough more to meet the tithe, which must always be first-fruits; but in the meantime some friend, having learned your need, presents you with the garment; are you under any less obligation to tithe its value than if you had earned the money yourself? Is it not true that any useful gift should have its value tithed?

Suppose you find a sum of money. Having made all known efforts to find the owner, and failing, it is legally yours. What is duty now? What is your privilege, too?

Mrs. D. A. FITCH.



THE HOME CIRCLE

Estrays of Eden

WE meet on Time's unsteady sea,
 Thrill 'neath the love light of an eye;
 A billow flings us far apart;
 We think, and thinking, drop a sigh.

Across some dark, some desert waste,
 There floats the fragment of a song;
 We hush a heart-throb, but the strain
 On rushing winds is borne along.

We feed the flame of fading hope,
 We drink the breath of drooping flowers,
 And groping, touch a pitying hand
 Outstretched from jeweled heights to ours.

It guides us toward a golden dawn,
 And there, thrice beautiful, the friend,
 The hope elusive, and the song,
 In joy's exultant peans blend.

ELVIRA A. WEBBER.

Two Trifles

"Isn't Aunt Sue the dearest person you ever saw?" exclaimed Helen Fairmont as she and her visitor sank into a garden seat in the beautiful grounds surrounding Mrs. Armour's lovely home. "Nothing ever seems to be too much trouble for her, if she can make others happy."

"Yes," answered Mary Sutton, "I just felt like giving her a good hug when she told you her plan. Is it really just for me that she is going to let you give the picnic here?"

"Just for that very reason. It will be simply fine. Oh, she is so sweet! You see, two weeks ago when you wrote that finally you could arrange to visit me for the summer, I was so full of the good news that I couldn't get to Aunt Sue's quickly enough to tell her about it,—somehow one always wants to tell Aunt Sue about things,—and she said she used to go to school with your mother, and was very fond of her, and she was all ready to like you, too, and that just the very minute you reached here, we were both to come over—I mean you and I were."

"Oh, dear," laughed Mary, "I think you'd better stop and take a good long breath, and get the we's and you's straightened."

"I don't care," Helen went chattering on. "You know what I mean. Just what we've done. We, you and I—is that right?—were to come to her house and choose what kind of an entertainment we wanted her to give, so you might meet my friends."

"Who thought of the garden picnic?" inquired Mary, her face all happy animation. Then, not waiting for Helen's answer, she said, enthusiastically: "Isn't this a beautiful spot in which to picnic?"

The girls stopped talking long enough to look about at the pride of Mrs. Armour's heart, the lovely grounds round her home. They surrounded a fine old house of colonial type, for which they made a dainty setting. A double row of dignified and ancient elms flanked a pathway leading from the gate. The lawn on each side of the walk made one think of the answer the English gardener gave to the inquiry as to the cause of the velvety beauty of England's lawns. "Why, sir," said he, "we sows 'em, and we mows 'em, and we mows 'em, and we sows 'em." Mrs. Armour's lawn had the appearance of having undergone a like experience. At the back and sides of the house was a variety of shrubs and bushes whose blossoms in the spring-time made the place indescribably sweet. Mrs. Armour boasted that there were forty kinds of

bushes, but her husband laughingly said that he had never been able to count more than thirty-nine and a half, "for you certainly couldn't call that Japanese dwarf a whole one."

June roses ran riot in season, and later, more cultivated varieties, blooming regularly through the summer, took their part in providing fragrance. Sweet old-fashioned garden plants and more valuable products, procured with much trouble and expense, helped to make a bower that might have satisfied even more fastidious eyes than those which reveled in them now.

Mrs. Armour's great delight was in using her garden, and she had given Helen the privilege of inviting all her young friends to "picnic" there the following Thursday evening.

"And, O Mary, you just can't imagine how pretty it is here with the Chinese lanterns swung from tree to tree and the dainty tables scattered round." Helen could scarcely contain herself.

Mary laughed merrily. She was equally delighted, but naturally she took everything in a more quiet manner. Smiling at Helen's exuberance of spirit, she asked: "What was it your aunt said about the sandwiches?"

"She wants us to help make them, and she was telling me she'd like me to cut them a little more carefully than I did last time I helped her. Say, Mary, don't tell anybody if I tell you a secret, will you?" Nell whispered in a hoarse tone of mock mystery.

"No, I'll not. Helen Fairmont. What is it?"

"You'd never think Aunt Sue has a hobby, would you?"

"No, I don't think I should."

"Well, she has. She's the most particular old darling about little things that you ever saw. Now those sandwiches I made I will admit were not cut very prettily, but, dear me! they tasted good enough. Tom Canton ate six. I told her so, but she said they should have looked good, too."

"Well, what's her hobby?"

"I just told you. It's trifles. She says life is made of them, and trifles with the rough edges polished off make beautiful lives. And she loves to quote such things as, 'Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.' She says trifles decide almost everything for us, and shape our characters. She says it's interesting to study how most big things grow from the little ones."

"Helen, I think she's right." Mary's dark, thoughtful eyes looked into her friend's.

"Oh, pshaw, I don't! It isn't trifles, trifles, trifles that decide things and make the real differences. It's the big things. For instance, it is brother Tom's education in the School of Technology that placed him in the responsible position we're all so proud of him for obtaining."

"Yes, but I heard him say himself that he just happened, by mistake, to leave one of his scribbled figures on your uncle's desk, and your uncle picking it up, by mistake, too, said that a boy who could do that should have a chance at the right training."

"Why, that's a fact, Mary mine," said Helen, in surprise. "I never thought of it that way."

"And," continued Mary, full of her subject, "did I ever tell you how I came to go to Europe last summer with mother's friend?"

"No; I often wondered how it happened that she took you."

"She was calling on mother one day, and while they talked, I sat at the other end of the room reading a story, the scene of which was

laid in Italy. It mentioned the beautiful scenery about Brindisi. I didn't know just where Brindisi is, so I interrupted them to ask if Brindisi were near Venice. Mrs. Carter is a great traveler, and she laughed heartily at my question. Then she turned to mother and said: 'Jessie, I think that daughter of yours needs a little brushing up in her geography. I think she'll have to come with me this summer and study it awhile.' And it was just that stupid little mistake of mine which procured for me that glorious trip. Perhaps if I hadn't interrupted Mrs. Carter and mother, I might never have gone, or at least until I had myself earned enough to go."

"Well," Helen returned slowly, "I'll admit it was so in those cases, but I won't agree that it happens so often. For example"—glancing about for an idea, she caught sight of a young man, a former schoolmate, passing just in front of the Armour home—"for example, I don't suppose it was a trifle made Alson Jarvis turn out the kind of individual he has become lately. He used to be a fine boy, but I'm afraid he's getting dissipated. He doesn't go with our crowd much now. I guess he isn't invited the way he used to be before he began going with those South Town boys."

"I wish I could prove to you my side of the argument. Let's try your Aunt Sue's idea of studying how the big things come from little ones. Wouldn't it be interesting to find the cause of this one case? I wouldn't be one bit surprised if it were just some little thing which was the pivot which turned him."

"All right," agreed Helen. "I don't believe your theory, but it would be fun, as you say, to try it. Will"—Will was her brother—"insists Al's not so black as he's been painted lately. We'll get Will to find out for us if he can."

Then the talk drifted to the more absorbing subject of sandwiches and cakes.

At dinner time the two girls confided to the accommodating Will their desire to find what had changed Al.

"Same old woman's vice, is it?" said Will, banteringly. "Trying to pry into private closets regardless of the kind of welcome their enclosed skeletons may accord you?"

Mary, not accustomed to his teasing, blushed furiously, wondering if she had really been guilty of an indelicate presumption, but Helen spoke up quickly in their defense:—

"Now, Will, you know perfectly well it isn't any such thing. As a pledge of our good faith—does that sound nice and lawyer-like?"—Will was studying law, and Helen, too, liked to tease occasionally—"I do affirm that if you'll do that for us, I'll do something nice for him on your account."

"Then I certainly will. It's what I've been trying to convince you a month you ought to do."

The girls told him why it was they were so anxious to know more of Alson's private affairs.

"I'd like to prove that your Aunt Sue and I are right, you know," said Mary.

"Well," said Will, turning to his sister's guest, "don't you let them prejudice you against Al. He's off the track just now, I know. The girls aren't having much to do with him, but I've seen worse than he is."

Will went off whistling as though his confidence at least was not shattered.—*Elizabeth Golden, in the Wellspring.*

(To be concluded)

Science Stories

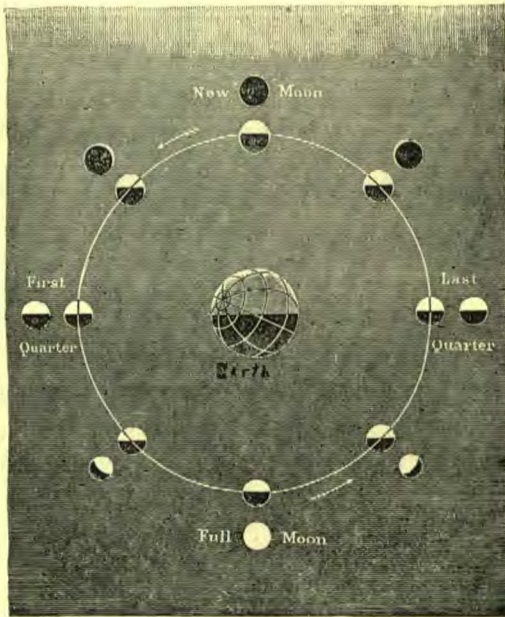
The Phases of the Moon

IN answer to the frequently asked question, "What is the cause of the different phases of the moon, as new moon, half-moon, full moon?" a simple illustration is all that is necessary.

Take an orange or a round apple into a room at night. Stand at some distance from the lamp, and hold the orange at arm's length between you and the light. It should be held a little above your direct line of vision so that the lamp can be seen at the same time. Notice that you can not see any light whatever shining from the lamp upon the orange, although it is shining on the opposite side. Turn it slowly round toward the left, still holding the orange at arm's length, and note that you can begin to see the light shining on the side toward the lamp. At one fourth of the distance around, you can see the light on one half of the side of the orange nearest to you; at half way, you can see distinctly the whole illuminated outline; turning still further, the lightened part grows smaller, until at three fourths of the distance around, the light can be seen on only half of it again; and as it is brought to the original position, you can see, as at first, only the blackened disk.

In this illustration, the lamp takes the place of the sun, and the orange, the moon. Your position represents the earth, from which the moon is viewed.

The moon passes around the earth once each month, or more definitely, in about twenty-nine and one-half days. Not being a body which gives off light of itself, the moon shines with a light borrowed from the sun; that is, it merely reflects the rays of sunlight which fall upon it. Hence, when the moon is between us and the sun, we can not have reflected to us any of this light shining upon it. This accounts for several



nights and days in the month during which the moon is not seen at all. As it passes a little out of direct line between the earth and sun, we can begin to see the light reflected from one edge, so to speak, the same as we did the lamplight on the orange. This is what is called new moon.

A little more can be seen each night, until the end of the first week, when we can see the light shining on about one half of the moon's disk, that is, the side toward us. This is known as the first quarter. In another week we have full moon; and then the illuminated part begins to wane, passing the last quarter at the end of the third week, then still growing smaller until it resembles a new moon, after which we lose sight of it altogether for a few nights, when it reappears, as it did a month before, in the form of a

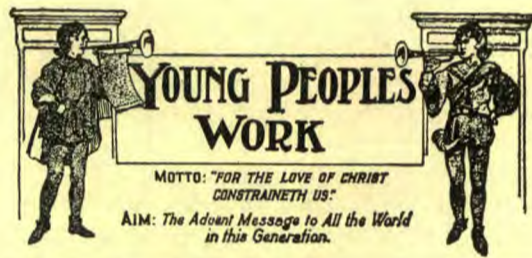
thin band of yellow light, to pass through the same phases during the next four weeks.

The accompanying diagram illustrates very nicely the phases of the moon. The figures on the outside represent the moon as it appears to us at stated periods during the month; those directly on the circle show the manner in which the sunlight shines on it all the time. At each phase represented we can see from the earth only the light part lying within the circle.

During the first and fourth weeks, or when less than half the moon is visible, it is said to be crescent; and during the second and third weeks, when more than half of its illuminated face is shown, it is known as the gibbons phase.

No doubt you have noticed during the early part of the new moon period, that the portion of the moon's disk which does not get the direct sunlight is often visible, illuminated by a pale reddish light. This is due to the reflection of the sunlight from the earth, and is known as earthshine. From the moon the earth would appear to have the same phases as the moon shows to us, only at opposite times of the month. Hence when the moon is full to us, the earth would be totally darkened to an observer on its surface. At the time of new moon, the earth is at its full, and it is this light reflected on the moon which enables us to see its reddish-brown outline.

CLAUDE CONARD.



THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul Before Agrippa

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 26.

TEXTS FOR PERSONAL STUDY: Luke 21: 12-18.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 252-261.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- Paul permitted to speak.
- Complimentary words.
- Denies charge of heresy.
- Describes his persecution of Christians.
- His conversion.
- Divine commission.
- Believed Moses and prophets.
- Festus speaks.
- Paul's reply.
- Personal appeal to Agrippa.
- Agrippa's response.
- Paul's noble reply.
- Interview ends.
- Agrippa's words to Festus.

Notes

"In all the pomp and splendor of royalty, Agrippa and Bernice went to the audience room, attended by a train of followers in the costly apparel of Eastern display. . . . At his command, Paul, still manacled as a prisoner, was led in, and the king gazed with cold curiosity upon him, now bowed and pale from sickness, long imprisonment, and continued anxiety."

"What a contrast was there presented! Agrippa and Bernice were destitute of the traits of character which God esteems. . . . That aged prisoner, standing chained to his soldier guard, presented nothing imposing or attractive in his dress or appearance, that the world should pay him homage, yet this man, apparently without friends or wealth or position, had an escort that worldlings could not see. Angels of heaven were his attendants."

"And he (Agrippa) could but be affected by

that burning zeal which neither stripes nor imprisonment could quench. For a time he forgot the dignity of his position, lost sight of his surroundings, and, conscious only of the truths which he had heard, seeing only the humble prisoner standing as God's ambassador, he answered involuntarily, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'

"Two years afterward, the result of that day's proceedings saved the life so precious to the cause of God. Festus, finding that his own judgment of the case, on grounds of Roman justice, was sustained from a Jewish standpoint by the protector of the temple, sent a letter to the emperor, stating that no legal charge could be found against the prisoner." G. B. T.

Alameda, California

FOUR years ago our Society was started. At that time Brother Chamberlain was our regular leader, and our studies were in the nature of short Bible readings, in which all the members took part. There was no regular organization. Afterward the Society was organized according to the plan outlined in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, with a leader, assistant, and secretary. The lessons in the INSTRUCTOR were adopted as the basis of study, and some missionary work was done.

Then several of our best workers moved from Alameda, and the meetings were discontinued. We all greatly missed these services, and when the church-school was organized, we again took up the work of the Society, and secured the teacher as our leader. While our membership is small compared with the Societies of Oakland and San Francisco, we are having good meetings.

We raised \$16.50 for the Huntsville school in the South, and have done some missionary work in the way of visiting, giving Bible readings, etc.

Several small donations have been made to foreign missionary work, and a number of the younger members have sold *Signs*, one of the boys selling two hundred of one of the special numbers and about twenty-five a week of the regular *Signs*.

We have adopted the plan of having our meetings on the first and third Sabbaths of each month. We are of good courage, even though there is so much to do, and seemingly so few to do it. LOWELL M. BROWN.

Report from Louisiana

A YOUNG People's Society was organized Jan. 1, 1902, at Welsh, Louisiana. At that time we did not realize the importance and responsibility of the work, neither did we appreciate it as we do now. As we watch its growth and development, we praise our Father above.

We have found in our experience that the co-operation of the Society with the church has been of benefit to both organizations.

We are drawing very near the close of this world's history; soon Christ and his retinue of angels will appear in the clouds of heaven; then our time for saving souls will be forever at an end. The question with each of us is, Have I so deep an appreciation of the sacrifice upon Calvary that I am willing to make the work of saving souls my most important work?

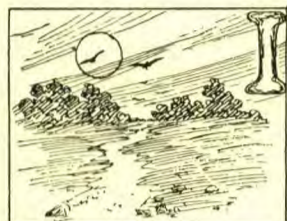
The Young People's Society is a living channel through which God can communicate to many the unsearchable riches of heaven. Let us pray and work that our Societies may not be mere places of entertainment, but a band of zealous workers.

We are greatly interested in the sacred work appointed to our young people, and the prayer of the Welsh company is that God's blessing will rest upon all the organizations throughout the land. The Society here consists of twenty members, all of whom are encouraged by the work they have done.

B. M. HEALD, *President*.



The City Child



F I lived in the country, I know what I would do, I'd have a great big garden, and hills and pastures, too; I'd waken every morning to see the sun come up, And I'd hear the big

bees bumble in the morning-glory's cup; I'd see the sagging cobwebs all spangled with the dew; I'd fly a kite, I'd sail a boat, I'd have a pet or two — A nice old toad-frog, maybe, and my little dog that died, And a pair of pink-eyed rabbits, and a guinea-pig beside. There'd be a stable, too, with stalls, and hay and corn and hens, And underneath the eaves a box built specially for wrens. I'd know the horses all so well I'd dare go near their legs, And when the old hens cackled, I'd run and hunt for eggs. I'd go into the forest, and there so still I'd lie, The butterflies and bees would stop to rest as they went by. The breeze would come and sway and bend the tip-top boughs all green, And the leaves would laugh and flutter, with the deep-blue sky between. Then if I stayed, oh, very still,—as I can when I try,— I'd see the mother robin teach the little birds to fly. I'd hear the brook go babbling, and I'd watch the minnows swim, And the crawfish back and scuttle when I got too close to him. When the cows were milked and lowing, and the busy day was done, I'd run back home to mother, and we'd watch the setting sun; We'd listen to the crickets, and she'd tell what they said, Till the big bullfrog said, "Hunk-ker-chunk! It's time to go to bed!" My mother used to do these things when she was small like me. That's why I know about them all — she tells me, don't you see?

— Laura Spencer Porter.

A Chance Acquaintance

OUR constitutional walk that beautiful spring morning had taken us so far into the country that my friend at last exclaimed: "That projecting rock looks too tempting to pass by. I move that we rest thereon."

"I second the motion," said I, and an instant later we were both enjoying the beautiful scenery surrounding us to such an extent that we forgot that our seat was the reverse of easy.

"Why don't you carry away a reminder of this pretty spot?" queried I of my companion, who, as we often tell her—jokingly—carries her camera everywhere except to church.

"I intend to before we leave," was the rejoinder, "but I want some life in the view, and so far there has not been a single passer-by."

"This road does not seem to be much traveled, but I see some one on horseback heading this way."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed my camera friend, "and I must make sure of him. Now, you ask him some question when he gets here, and then

I'll snap him. I want to make sure of that chance!"

"Say, boy," cried I an instant later, "is that beautiful pony yours?"

"Why, yes, lady; he's mine part of the time, anyhow."

This the boy said as he drew rein and looked at me in such a way that I was tempted to make his acquaintance, so my next query was: "Are you in a hurry?"

"I should say not," was the frank reply. "To tell the truth, I'm just putting in my time while grandpa is having a nap, and wasn't going anywhere in particular."

"Well, then, just dismount and join us. I like nothing better than to visit with boys."

He needed no urging, but speedily jumped to the ground, and, hitching his pony with a loose rein, said: "Now, Dandy, you can munch this nice grass while we wait."

"Yours is a fine pony," said I, as the boy showed his training by lifting his cap, and saying: "My name is Harold Rogers. I'm staying with grandfather, who lives on the next farm."

"I am very glad to meet you," I said, introducing myself as well as the one who said, "Perhaps I owe you an apology for taking your picture without your leave, but I could not resist the temptation."

"O, that's all right," said the boy, good-naturedly. "I have a camera too, and snap everything in sight, without asking leave, either."

This led to an interchange of queries, such as, "What is the make of your camera?" and similar questions, until Harold was perfectly at his ease with us, and then it was my turn to query, "What did you mean, if I may ask, by saying that the pony was yours part of the time? Is it a partnership horse?"

"It is, in a way," was the laughing reply of the boy, who had already told us that his home was in Cleveland. "It is like this. The pony was raised for me by my grandfather, and given to me when a little colt, as far back as I can remember, on condition that it could remain here, and that I would come every summer to see it."

"I suspect that was a ruse on your grandfather's part to get you here," was the laughing retort.

"Well, it's worked, anyhow, for I have been here every summer since."

"Have you never been tempted to spend your vacations elsewhere?"

"Well, yes, I did want to go with father and mother to Europe this summer the worst kind" (he had before told us of the camera his parents were to bring him on their return), "but

of course I couldn't give up coming here!"

"That's a beautiful pony, sure enough," said the artist-photographer; "but if I'd had your chance, I should have quickly given up my claim to the horse for the sake of going to Europe. Just think of the views you could have secured!"

"Perhaps I can't make you understand how I felt," was the hesitating reply; "but Dandy wasn't in it at all."

"Not in it? Why, you seem to contradict yourself. A moment ago you gave us the impression that you had come here every summer to make your conditional claim on the pony good, and now you convey the idea that you were not influenced by that."

"Just a misunderstanding, I am sure," I made haste to say, "which Harold will soon clear up if you will let him tell his story in his own way."

"Well, I'll try to make my meaning clear," said Harold, with a grateful look toward the one who understands boys. "I admit that seeing Dandy and riding horseback was what counted for most when I was a little shaver, but now it's—it's my grandpa."

"Isn't grandmother an attraction, too?"

"There isn't any. She died three years ago," was the rueful answer. "That's why I wouldn't miss coming for anything. Poor grandpa is so lonesome since she went away. It makes my heart ache every time I look at him."

"Why, you are having anything but a jolly time, then!" said one interested listener in a tone of sympathy.

"Not 'jolly' for a fact," was the ready rejoinder; "but I'm happy, and I couldn't be anywhere else."

"It seems to me that you are learning the secret of true happiness early in life, my young friend," said I from a full heart.

"I don't quite catch your meaning," said Harold, looking me squarely in the face.

"Well, it seems to me that a boy who gives up the charms of a trip to Europe for the sake of giving joy to his lonely grandfather must know from experience that the secret of real happiness is in making others happy."

But Harold, boy-like, was evidently shy of praise, and so, with an air of indifference replied: "Grandpa and I are real chums, anyhow, and I like to be with him. Europe will keep. But Dandy is getting restless, and grandpa will be awake by this time, so I must be off."

We detained him, however, long enough to give him directions where to find us when next he went to town, for we wanted to cultivate the acquaintance of one who gave evidence of being a prince among boys.—*Helena H. Thomas, in The Children's Visitor.*

The Prize Jack-Knife

IN his book, "On the Indian Trail," Mr. Eger-ton Young gives a graphic description of his life among the Cree Indians of the far Northwest. To induce the Indian boys to sing, he tried this plan:—

Knowing the boys love pocket-knives, he says, I went to one of my boxes, and, taking out six very good ones, I stood up before the crowd and said:—

"Boys, listen to me. I am going to give these



INSEPARABLE FRIENDS

six knives to the six boys who will sing the best. And look! While five of them are good two-bladed knives, one of them is a splendid four-bladed one! Now I am going to give this best one to the boy who will sing the best of all!"

Great, indeed, was the excitement among the Indian lads: Nearly every boy in the audience rushed to the front, and the trial began. Indians in their wild state have no music worth preserving, and so in all our missions our hymns and songs are translated, and the tunes of civilization are used. The teacher seated herself at the little organ and the testing began. They sang such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," "Just as I am," "Jesus, my all, to heaven has gone," and many others.

The inferior singers were weeded out very rapidly, and sent back to their seats. When the number was reduced to about ten, the work of selection proceeded more slowly; but eventually the number was reduced to six.

The question now was which of these six was to receive the four-bladed knife. This was not easy to settle. The members of the committee differed very decidedly; so one boy after another was tried, over and over again, and still no unanimous decision could be reached.

While the committee was discussing the matter, five of the boys, seeing our perplexity, took the matter out of our hands and settled it in a way that surprised and delighted us all. These five were fine specimens of Indian lads; they were lithe and strong, and full of life and fun.

The sixth boy, Jimmie Jakoos, was a cripple, having one leg which was very much shorter than the other, the result being that he had to use crutches. These five had moved over to one side, and were observed to be excitedly, though quietly, engaged in conversation.

After their brief discussion, one of them sprang up, and looking at me, asked: "Missionary, may I say something?"

"Certainly you may," I replied.

"Well, missionary," he answered, "we five boys have been talking it over, and this is what we think about it. You see we are well and strong. We can chase the rabbit, and partridge, and other game; and then, when winter comes, we can skate on the rivers and lake; but Jimmie is lame—he has a bad leg. He can not run in the woods; he can not go skating on the ice.

"But Jimmie is fond of whittling. He is a good hand at making bows and arrows, and paddles, and other things, and a fine knife would be just the thing for him. And so we five boys have talked the matter over, and as he is a cripple, we will be very glad if you will give the best knife to Jimmie."

Noble boys! How the people were thrilled at this speech! It electrified me, and filled not only my eyes with tears, but my heart with joy.

I could but think of the past, of the cruelty and intense selfishness of those dark days when, among both the young and old, every one was for himself, and the unfortunate and feeble were neglected and despised. Among the heathen Indian tribes the rule has always been that the sickly or deformed are treated harshly and cruelly, just as a lame or weak animal is despised and ill used. But the gospel had done its work among these Cree boys. Now, thanks to the blessed influences of Christianity, they were learning this Christlike spirit, and would spontaneously act in this brotherly way.

So to Jimmie was given the four-bladed knife, and to the other boys were handed the two-bladed ones; but so pleased was I with the spirit displayed by them that I added to the gift a good shirt or jacket as each boy chose.—*Sunday School Visitor.*

"HAPPINESS does not consist in doing what we like, but in liking what we do."

Answers to Initial Exercise

1. LOUIS AGASSIZ.
2. Mark Twain.
3. Henry M. Stanley.
4. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
5. William Ewart Gladstone.
6. Louisa M. Alcott.
7. William M. Thackeray.
8. William Shakespeare.
9. Abraham Lincoln.
10. Oliver Wendell Holmes.
11. Ralph Waldo Emerson.
12. Christopher Columbus.
13. David Livingstone.
14. Edgar Allen Poe.
15. Mary Stuart.
16. Thomas Carlyle.
17. Charles Dickens.
18. Robert Louis Stevenson.
19. Susan B. Anthony.
20. P. T. Barnum.
21. James G. Blaine.
22. Thomas A. Edison.
23. Ulysses S. Grant.
24. Robert E. Lee.
25. Jay Gould.
26. Paul Revere.
27. Robert Ingersoll.
28. Eugene Field.
29. Ignace Paderewski.
30. Michael Angelo.



Insects and Their Habits, and What Harold Learned About Them

"I'll tell you, Harold, the queen ant does not have to manage the eggs at all; she only lays them."

"Well, I think if she lays eighty thousand eggs every day, that is about all that ought to be expected of her," said Harold.

"Certainly; and this is evidently what the other ants think; for they feed her very lovingly, and busy themselves night and day carrying away the multitude of eggs which she is constantly producing."

"Where do they carry them? I guess all the egg-baskets must soon be full."

"The 'egg baskets,' as you call them, are little cells, just above the mother queen's apartment, which are separated from one another by partitions of sawdust which the ingenious insects have gummed together. This nursery, as we may term it, is so placed in the nest as to get the greatest amount of fresh air; and as there is still the attic above it, it has a more even temperature than any of the other rooms; and of course this is necessary, as they seem to understand."

"I suppose," said Harold, "that the queen goes up to the nursery, once in a while, to see her eggs and 'tend to things.'"

"O, no; she never walks about; she is constantly confined to her royal chamber, although you see her outside, in the picture."

"I wonder if she doesn't get pretty tired of staying in one room and never going outdoors at all; I should; when it rains and I have to stay indoors all day, I feel cross," said Harold.

"I dare say; but the poor queen could not get

out of her room even if she wanted to, for the workers have made her doors so small that she could not possibly get her large body through them."

"I know she must be lonesome all alone," said Harold, who did not enjoy being left alone, even for an hour.

"But you see the little servants are with her, to feed her, and carry away her eggs, and, besides, her royal spouse is close beside her all the time. But it is a good thing that these destructive insects have very many enemies which hunt and destroy or eat them by the million. Because if they did not, and if the insects kept on multiplying at such a rapid rate, they must, after a time, overrun everything, and would literally drive mankind off the face of the earth. But while these little termites have deadly enemies, they are very friendly among themselves, and extremely devoted to their ungraceful and enormous queen. Her chamber forms the center of their home; it seems to be for her sake that the soldiers fight and the workers toil. Indeed, the whole community seems never to tire of paying their respects to her in one way or another."

"But still, Uncle Frank, if I were in her place, I should hardly think all this paid me for living in prison."

"No, there is nothing so dear to the human heart as liberty; and this, the desire for freedom, was implanted in our souls by the great Being who created not only the tiny insects, but our own wonderful bodies.

"Here is a stanza I would like to ask you to commit to memory; and to-morrow you shall have a peep through my microscope, and we will learn about something too small to be seen by the unaided eye:—

"Shall we not trust the mighty One
Who rules the earth and sky,
Who guides the planets 'round the sun
With his omniscient eye?
And yet he marks the sparrow's fall,
For in his sight there's nothing small."

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

AROUND THE WORK-TABLE

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.

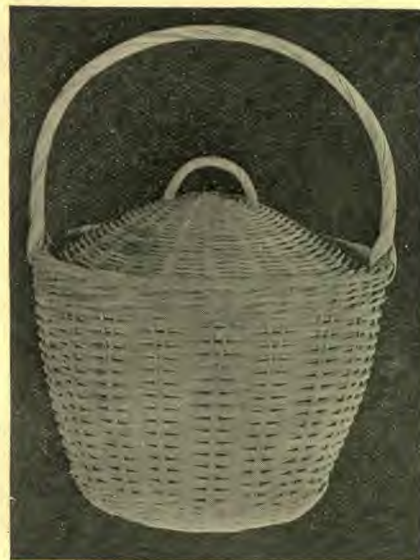
This is done to make the top of the basket stronger and the border firm and close. One row of triple twist; cover ridge, two rows of triple twist.

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.



Scattering Sunshine

A LADY friend, who does not forget that she is a lady even when shopping, and who carries her bright and kindly religious life into a store as truly as into a drawing-room, gave me this little incident from her experience. She went the other day into a busy store to purchase some article. The shop-girl was attentive, but rather quick. Turning suddenly, she said to the lady:—

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I fear I appeared abrupt, I only wanted to give you prompt service. Perhaps there is something more you would like to look at."

The lady assured her that her promptness was much appreciated, and that she always liked to trade at her counter because she was not only prompt, but bright and sunny. Tears came at once to the girl's eyes. Her heart was opened by the loving words of the lady, and she told the little story of her life in a few words. She said:—

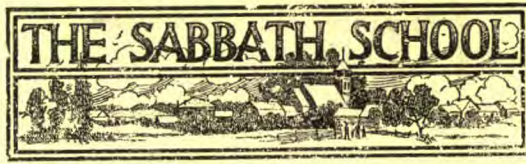
"I had a great ambition to study and fit myself for teaching. I had some evidence in my quickness in studies that I could, perhaps, rank well as a teacher if I could only secure the necessary education. My mother and father died suddenly. My brother is still young, but supporting himself, and we have an invalid sister whom we two must care for. I could not study as I had hoped to fit myself for my life-work. I must do what I could. I got a place in this store and began work here. I at first thought all my hopes were defeated. There is nothing for me to look forward to but the treadmill of a shop-girl's life. It was not the hard work, but it shut me out from all the privileges that I most longed for.

"Then I thought, No, I am a Christian girl. God in his providence has led me to this place and this work. I must do it for others' sake as well as my own. I will try to use my life to the best advantage where I am. I looked over my checks one night, and found that I had waited upon seventy-two persons that day. I said to myself, What an excellent opportunity for doing good! And I determined that I would try and make everybody who traded with me just a bit happier, and, perhaps, even though only a shop-girl, I might bring sunlight into a good many lives in a day. I have been trying it some months now, and surely life has taken on a new meaning for me, and my work is pleasant and I am happy."

Who has a better secret for a happy life than that? Whose life so humble that he can not make it nobly useful? Whose light so small that it may not shed a few rays of light into a darker life? Whose comforts so limited that they may not awaken thankfulness that shall overflow to some more sorrowful heart? The quiet, cheerful consecration of that shop-girl gives us each a lesson.

On the other hand, is there not in this little incident a lesson to those who stand on the other side of the counter? How many women make it a rule to speak some kind and appreciative word to the girl who waits upon them in the shop? How many of you never pull over the goods on the bargain-counter, nor poke things here and there with your parasols, nor barter and squeeze and browbeat, just a little, these girls who can not answer back, although the unladylike conduct of some woman in silk and satin merits it? Should not each one of us determine, as has our friend the shop-girl, that every day we will make the lives that we touch, whichever side of the counter, brighter and sunnier and better? "He went about doing good."—*Congregationalist.*

"A good name is better than riches. So it ought to be. It is harder to get."



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VIII—The Death of John

(August 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 6: 14-30.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 5: 10.

"And it came to pass, when Jesus had made an end of commanding his twelve disciples, he departed thence to teach and to preach in their cities."

"And the king Herod heard of him (for his name was spread abroad); and he said, That John the Baptist was risen from the dead, and therefore mighty, works do show forth themselves in him. Others said, That it is Elias. And others said, That it is a prophet, or as one of the prophets. But when Herod heard thereof, he said, It is John, whom I beheaded: he is risen from the dead. For Herod himself had sent forth and laid hold upon John, and bound him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife: for he had married her. For John had said unto Herod, It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife. Therefore Herodias had a quarrel against him, and would have killed him; but she could not: for Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly.

"And when a convenient day was come, that Herod on his birthday made a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee; and when the daughter of the said Herodias came in, and danced, and pleased Herod and them that sat with him, the king said unto the damsel, Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee, and he sware unto her, Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom. And she went forth and said unto her mother, What shall I ask? And she said, The head of John the Baptist. And she came in straightway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist.

"And the king was exceeding sorry; yet for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her. And immediately the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought: and he went and beheaded him in the prison, and brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel: and the damsel gave it to her mother. And when his disciples heard of it, they came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb."

Questions

1. When Jesus had sent out the twelve, what did he himself do? Who heard of him?
2. What did Herod say? What reports were spread by others? But of what was Herod positive?
3. Why had Herod shut up John in prison? Luke 3: 19, 20. Who hated John? What would she have been glad to do? Why would not Herod kill John?
4. What feast did Herod give? Who were invited?
5. Who came in and danced before Herod at this feast? What did Herod promise to give her?
6. To whom did the girl go for counsel? What did her wicked mother tell her to ask?
7. How did the king feel when he heard her request? Yet what did he do? Why?
8. When the head of John was given to the damsel, to whom did she carry it? Though this wicked woman had caused the death of John,

was she able to stop the influence of his life?

9. When John's disciples heard what had happened, what did they do?

"LORD, bless the little children wherever they may be—

Far out on the silent prairie, down by the sounding sea.

Like flowers in the crowded city, like birds in the forest free—

Lord, bless the little children, wherever they may be."



VIII—The Tithe Reserved for the Support of Christ's Ambassadors

(August 19)

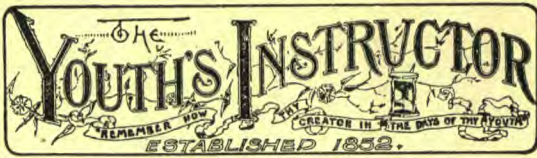
MEMORY VERSE: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." 2 Cor. 8: 9.

Questions

1. What is the high position of the gospel minister? 2 Cor. 5: 20.
2. Name some other titles given to these ambassadors. Mal. 2: 7; Eph. 3: 7, 8.
3. How extensive is their commission? Matt. 28: 19.
4. By whom is it given? Matt. 28: 18.
5. To what time does this commission extend? Matt. 24: 14.
6. How much of their time and strength are the ministers of Christ to devote to the Lord's work? Acts 6: 4.
7. What account will the minister be called to render to God for the results of his time and labor? Heb. 13: 17.
8. What provision was made for the support of the ministers in ancient Israel? Num. 18: 21.
9. How are the ministers under the gospel dispensation to be supported? 1 Cor. 9: 13, 14.
10. What will the minister be compelled to do if the church fails to bring in the tithe? Neh. 13: 10; note 1.
11. What are we urged to do that there may be more ministers in the great harvest field? Luke 10: 2.
12. In what way may we co-operate with God in answering our own prayer? Mal. 3: 10.
13. Will there come a time when it will be too late to use our means to give the bread of life to the people? Amos 8: 11, 12; note 2.
14. Of what use will the gold and silver that has been withheld from the cause of God be in that day? Isa. 2: 19-21.

Notes

1. "The work of God, which should be going forward with tenfold its present strength and efficiency, is kept back, like a spring season held by the chilling blast of winter, because some of God's professed people are appropriating to themselves the means that should be dedicated to his service."—*Mrs. E. G. White.*
2. "I saw that if any held on to their property, and did not inquire duty of the Lord, he would not make duty known, and they would be permitted to keep their property, and in the time of trouble it would come up before them like a mountain to crush them, and they would try to dispose of it, but would not be able. I heard some mourn like this: 'The cause was languishing, God's people were starving for the truth, and we made no effort to supply the lack; now our property is useless. O, that we had let it go, and laid up treasure in heaven!' I saw that a sacrifice did not increase, but it decreased, and was consumed. I also saw that God had not required all of his people to dispose of their property at the same time, but if they desired to be taught, he would teach them, in a time of need, when to sell and how much to sell."



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OWING to the absence of the editor from the office, a cut that should have appeared in the article on basketry found in the paper dated July 25, 1905, was omitted. The article therefore appears again in this number of the INSTRUCTOR.

SECRETARY-OF-STATE JOHN HAY died suddenly at Newbury, New Hampshire, on the first of July. He has been one of the wisest and most practical servants of his country for many years. He was private secretary and biographer of Abraham Lincoln. Since 1898 he has held the office of Secretary of State. He was the author of several books, and served his country as secretary of legation at Paris, Madrid, and Vienna; also as ambassador to England.

THE storm that recently swept over parts of Missouri and Kansas stripped the trees of their leaves, destroyed the crops, and did much other damage to property. One-half hour after the storm, wagon-loads of hailstones as large as hens' eggs could be gathered. In one township the stones were so large that only thirty were required to fill a three-gallon jar, a single stone measuring eight and one-fourth inches in circumference. Such a storm seems to be given as a precursor of those spoken of by John the Revelator, in which the hailstones are said to each weigh a talent.

THE keynote of the twentieth century is how to do things easily. All the world is calling for the easy way to do difficult things, and should not the Christian be most interested in learning this lesson; for it is the easy performance of life's duties that brings peace, and it is the easy performance that gives the most joy and benefit to the receiver of Christian effort. Our Saviour invited us to come to him because his yoke is easy. The secret of the ease with which the Christian may perform all his duties is found in the motto of the Young People's Societies: "For the love of Christ constraineth me." It is not our love for Christ, but his love for us that constrains. "We love him because he first loved us."

The Christian works, bears, suffers, not primarily because of his love for Christ, but because of a knowledge of Christ's great love for him. All one needs to think about, all one needs to understand, is the love of Christ for the world. This love is so full, so deep, that a knowledge of it will constrain and restrain, and make the doing of difficult things easy.

To keep conscious of this love is the only problem of life. At times we are impressed by it, but the impression fades, evaporates from mind and heart. But God has made provision for this event. To retain the knowledge already gained, and to add constantly to this knowledge, we must read the Bible, the Word of God.

A Letter Worth Reading

ROME held the aged Paul a prisoner; yet his spirit was not bound. He was active in ministering to the churches, accomplishing more than if he had been free to travel among them. The fact that he was a prisoner gave him the sympathy of his brethren in a greater measure than he otherwise would have had it. Of course this bond of affection strengthened his influence for good. Though a prisoner for two years or more, he kept in close touch with the churches he had raised up. He sent delegates to them who informed him in regard to their spiritual condition. Paul would then write letters to the churches, reproving, admonishing, and encouraging them. The epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and the letter to Philemon were written from Rome during his imprisonment.

Besides his oversight of the great mission fields of Asia Minor and Greece, he daily taught the gospel truths to large companies who came to "his own hired house" to hear him. Though constantly under the close supervision of a soldier, he was allowed much freedom in entertaining friends. Luke, Timothy, Mark, Demas, and Tychicus were with the apostle, and they doubtless did much to influence persons to come to hear him preach. Many needed no urging; or they were glad for the opportunity of hearing a prisoner speak. Whether at first out of curiosity or not, some even of Cæsar's household came to hear him, and finally accepted the truth of God.

There was an old pagan slave that wandered in one day to hear the discourse. Perhaps he had heard enough about the good prisoner to make him think it might be his master's friend and fellow laborer. He found he was right in his thought, and Paul recognized him as Onesimus, the slave of Philemon, who was a member of the Colossian church. He saw that the man was in great distress financially, so aided him, and afterward explained to him the truths of the gospel. Onesimus was now ready to listen to the counsel of the apostle, though when they had met at Ephesus he was wholly indifferent to eternal things. Onesimus had robbed Philemon, and then fled to Rome. He was profligate and unprincipled, but God used the apostle to lead the old man into the way of righteousness. He was fully converted, and became a great help to Paul, who learned to love him for his piety, meekness, and sincerity, and also because of his personal service to the apostle, and his zeal in the work of God. Paul valued him as a missionary worker; but he recognized that Onesimus was under obligation to his former master, to whom he had proved so untrue. He therefore advised him to return to Asia, confess his errors, and do what he could to right the wrong. It was a very severe trial to the old man to give himself up to his master; but loyalty and duty required it, so he determined to go.

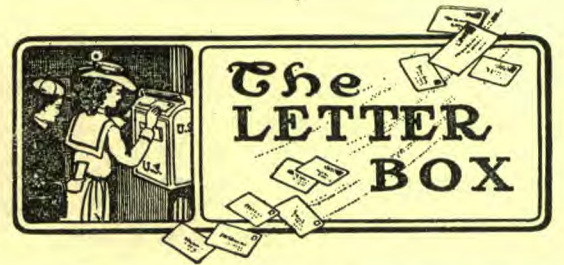
To make the return as easy for Onesimus as possible, the apostle Paul wrote a letter to Philemon. You will find this interesting epistle in the New Testament. Our Father seemed to think its generous spirit was worth preserving. The letter begins with an affectionate greeting to Philemon, who had been given the truth by Paul, and afterward had been a fellow laborer with him. The tactful apostle then reminded Philemon that every good purpose and trait of character which he himself possessed must be accredited to the grace of Christ; for this alone caused him to differ from the sinful and perverse. The same grace could transform his old slave—a debased criminal—into a sincere, trusting child of God, and a useful worker in the cause of Christ. Paul did not command Philemon, but urged him to receive Onesimus kindly, saying, "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus,

whom I have begotten in my bonds, which in times past was unprofitable to thee, but now profitable to me and thee." In these lines the whole story is told. Paul further said that he would have been glad to have kept Onesimus to minister to him in his bonds as Philemon himself would have done had he been with his aged friend, but he did not desire the services of Onesimus unless Philemon voluntarily sent him back to Rome.

Paul did not want Philemon to think of Onesimus any more as a slave or servant, but he asked that he might be received as a brother in Christ, or as Paul's own son, or even as the apostle himself would be received were he to visit Philemon. Paul even added that if Philemon still held Onesimus under obligation to restore the money he took from him, he himself would pay the amount. This is the climax of Christian brotherhood.

Union College Catechism

THIS is the title of the substance of the second number of the Central Union Conference Bulletin. It consists of nearly one hundred questions that people are likely to ask about Union College, with direct, pointed answers which give the pith of the annual calendar. It is designed for wide-spread distribution. Anybody may have any reasonable number of them for the asking. Address Central Union Conference Bulletin, College View, Neb.



ROBBINSDALE, MINN., May 28, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my second letter to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I write this at the same time mama sends my renewal for this paper. You may add my name to the Reading Circle. I will try to read five good books this year. I would like to hear from some little girls in the South and from across the waters.

IRENE BULLIS.

ARLINGTON, S. D., May 8, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am glad to be a member of the INSTRUCTOR family. The paper is much appreciated in our home. The articles on Good Manners are excellent. I have made some of the things "Around the Work Table" with good success. The chemicals for batteries are twice as high in this State as mentioned in the INSTRUCTOR.

In the last INSTRUCTOR I saw that fish puzzle. I will send you the answers; maybe some of them are right. I think that kind of puzzle is very instructive. It leads a person to study up the names of animals.

I am striving for the prize of the high calling in Christ, that I may at last have a home with the redeemed people.

GALE RUITER.

FALLS CITY, NEB., May 6, 1905.

KIND EDITOR: I have been wanting to write to the INSTRUCTOR readers; but I saw your request for those to wait till after the first of May. Now I will try to write. I like the paper very much, and thoroughly appreciate it. I think all the readers sympathize with those who have laid their dear mothers to rest. But Jesus says in him is the life and resurrection; so we are not without hope. But too many of our young people do not appreciate their mothers till they are laid to rest. My prayer is that they may be more thoughtful of their mothers in the future, helping them, and lifting some of their burdens, instead of making them more. I must stop now as my letter may crowd out other letters. I am fourteen years old, and would be very glad if some of the readers would write to me. Pray for me that I may be faithful till the end.

LULU M. STUMP.