

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Our Visit in Russia—I The Baltic Provinces

BEFORE discussing any of the details with reference to our journey from Riga to the Caucasus, it may be interesting and helpful to take a short glance at that part of Russia which we have just been visiting—the Baltic Provinces. These shores are washed by the Gulf of Riga. There are three of these governments—Estland, Livland, and Courland—with a combined population of 2,388,000 inhabitants. In general, the land is low and level, although there is the so-called Livonian Switzerland, where the elevation is about one thousand feet in some parts. There are many streams and inland seas. There are also a large number of artesian wells, whose waters are utilized in dry seasons for irrigation purposes.

History

These three governments are among the more recently acquired lands of the czar. The Lettish tribes that dwelt here were conquered by the Knights of the Teutonic Order, and annexed to the so-called Holy Roman Empire, in the Middle Ages. Ivan the Terrible broke up the Lettish Confederation. Courland and Livland went over to Poland for protection, and Estland became subject to Sweden. The provinces embraced the Reformation in the first half of the sixteenth century. As in other parts of Europe, the results of this step were enlightenment, religious liberty, and equality before the law. Courland obtained these through the efforts of her own government; the *Privilegium Sigismundi Augusti* (1561) gave the people of Livland the Lutheran faith, a good educational system, self-government and taxation, the German law and courts, and freedom of conscience; in Estland, similar rights were conceded as the basis of the people's submission to Sweden. These local institutions were reassured when the provinces submitted to Russia in the eighteenth century, and for a hundred years they were carefully respected. Such a policy on Russia's part was well repaid by the loyalty of the German nobility; and the prosperity of the educational, judicial, and religious departments of the community was a great object-lesson to the other parts of the Russian empire. The bitter race feeling, the hatred of the czar's rule, the terrible revolutionary struggles, so evident in Poland, did not find any place in the Baltic Provinces.

However, all this was changed by the Russianization which began in 1885, when Russia sought to inaugurate a religious movement which would supplant Protestantism with the Greek Orthodox faith, and would substitute the Russian language and law for the German language and liberties. Russian agents by skilfully stirring up the Lettish peasants against their German

landlords succeeded in creating an insurrection of the people against the nobility in 1882. This local trouble offered a pretext for the interference of the Russian officials, and the end was that the freedom of these governments was lost between 1885 and 1889; and the mutual hatred between the Germans and Russians has wrought great harm to the heretofore peaceable provinces. The fine university at Dorpat, which had been a shining light in the educational world, was entirely remodeled and Russianized, so that it has now become of no educational importance whatever. On the most trifling pretext, Protestant pastors were deprived of their parishes, and no successors were appointed in their stead; to erect new Protestant churches was not allowed; pres-



A SCENE IN RUSSIA

sure of all sorts was brought to bear to weaken the Lutheran Church, and to secure conversions to the Orthodox faith. The standard of the common schools has been lowered, for many qualified teachers were supplanted by persons whose chief educational virtue lay in the fact that they could teach the Russian language. At that time (1885) it is estimated that while seventy-three per cent of all the Russians could not read and write, yet in Livland less than three per cent, and in Estland about 2.3 per cent, were in this condition—certainly a very good record so far as education among the common people of the Baltic Provinces is concerned.

In naval affairs, the large harbor of Libau plays an important part, for here the government was constructing new dockyards at the time of our visit to these parts, and the czar himself called at that port to inspect these works that same year. The cost of the naval harbor here was about thirty-five million dollars. One reason why such tasks require so much capital is the lack of good natural harbors.

Our Work

Of course to the readers of this article, perhaps that which is of most interest is the prog-

ress of our own message in the Baltic Provinces. Here is a good part of the territory in the North Russian Mission. The persecution we have sometimes had to face here has been incited by religionists not of the Orthodox faith in Russia; but as the state has been anxious to check these powerful religious bodies in these governments, they have seemed to welcome anything that would, in their mind, tend to weaken this party. Now, we all know that the warning with reference to the soon coming of Christ, and the preparation necessary to meet him, must go to all the world, and that those who are really anxious to please their Lord through simple faith and obedience to his commands, will welcome the news of his expected return. However, those who say in their hearts, "My Lord delayeth his coming," or those who feel free to believe that God does not mean what he says to us in his Word, will be found among those who seek in every way to oppose the glad tidings of Christ's second advent; and it has worked just this way in these parts of Russia. So-called Protestants have felt it their duty to oppose our work, and to seek to incite the police authorities against us; but, finally, thinking to weaken the Protestant party, the Russian Senate allowed us the right of holding our quiet meetings, at least we have little interruption now, especially in such governments as the czar wishes to Russianize. Of course, it is simply a postponement of the time of reckoning to us, as we very well know from the study of history and prophecy. We have churches in Riga, Reval, Libau, Jurjev, and Weissenstein. Our membership here is one hundred forty-five. We are carrying on operations among the Germans, the Esthonians, the Lettonians, the Russians, and the Poles.

We believe that the great movements taking place in the far East, while they present many difficulties to us, will also be so overruled by the providence of God that more liberty and freedom will be accorded our work in this land.

In the next article we will speak of the trip to the southeast.

GUY DAIL.

Spiritualism—Its Origin and Fruit

IN a previous article we called attention to the fact that the claim of modern spiritualism to call up in the seance the spirits of the dead to communicate with the living, is a falsehood, for the "dead know not anything," and have no "more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun." Eccl. 9:5, 6. Hence any professed "materialization" by the "medium," is nothing more or less than fallen angels masquerading in robes of light, with a lie upon their lips, to deceive souls.

What is now known as "modern spiritualism" first attracted public notice in the family of John D. Fox, Hydesville, near Rochester, New York, in 1848, and was then known as the "Rochester knockings." Strange noises, raps, and muffled footfalls were heard. Chairs and the dining-room

table were moved from their places. Questions were intelligently answered by means of raps, and the information imparted gave evidence of an intelligence of no ordinary character operating through an invisible agency, and claiming to be the disembodied spirits of the dead. Close investigation failed to reveal any fraud being practised, and the mysterious phenomenon remained inexplicable. From this veiled beginning the terrible thing has spread its deadly miasma throughout the earth. Its manifestations have been subjected to the most rigid human scrutiny, but this has not fathomed its mystery. Some of the workings of this invisible power have been a terror to the soul, and can not be the product of any jugglery or scientific manipulation. So great is its deceptive power that in a little over half a century it has gathered into its fold tens of thousands of the most learned and distinguished persons of the world.

Spiritualism comes to us clothed in the garb of religion. But what are its fruits? The Saviour says, "Ye shall know them by their fruits." Matt. 7:16. He admonishes us to "try the spirits whether they are of God" (1 John 4:1), and says that if they speak not according to the Word, there is no light in them. Isa. 8:20.

But look at the baneful fruit of this godless system, clothed, though it be, in the livery of heaven. Pages of its profane, atheistical teaching could be transcribed, but perhaps this is unnecessary. Suffice it to say that spiritualists do not believe in a real, actual, personal God who dwells in heaven, and is seated on a throne, but teach the pagan pantheism that everything is God—the flowers, the grass, pebbles, the sun, moon, stars, anything and everything; that his face is seen in the tiny flower; that Confucius stands higher as a teacher than Christ; that that ranting infidel, Thomas Paine, is above Christ in the spirit world; that there is no real, personal second coming of Jesus in the clouds of heaven. They deny the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, stating that the Gospels are "vague, disgusting, inaccurate, and difficult to believe. They deny the divinity of God's dear Son, and blasphemously affirm that "any just and perfect being is Christ." The atonement is rejected, and the crucifixion said to be "nothing more than the crucifixion of the spirit." They deny all distinction between right and wrong, and we are told that "sin does not really exist." They teach that "man is his own savior, his own redeemer." Its blasting influence tends to lower the pure standard of virtue and morality, and to open the gateway to the most unbridled iniquity. Moral fitness is no test of admission into its synagogue. Let its teaching but gain the ascendancy in the earth, and we shall behold a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. Such spawn and filth of demon control could be cleansed only by the eternal fire of the last day.

But modern spiritualism is not a new thing. We read in the Bible how anciently there were "soothsayers," "witchcraft," "sorcery," "charm-ers," "consulters with familiar spirits," "divination," "enchantment," "magic," and "necromancy." It is from this foul bog that spiritualism has sprung. It is a member of this family. What is now called a "medium" was then known as a "witch," who held pretended intercourse with the dead. Then, as now, they went to the dead for light instead of to the living God; they bowed before the sarcophagus instead of the altar. How the Lord regards this seeking unto "familiar spirits" he tells us in his Word. "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord." Lev. 19:31. "And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go a whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people." Lev. 20:6. "A man also or woman that hath a

familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death: they shall stone them with stones: their blood shall be upon them." Verse 27. See also Deut. 18:10-12. And in Rev. 21:8; 22:15, we learn that all sorcerers and unbelievers have their part in the lake of fire.

The revival of this deceptive, miracle-working power is a sign of the last days. The spirits of devils have gone forth into the whole world to gather them to the great day of God, and by means of the real miracles which they will have power to do, will deceive millions. Rev. 13:13, 14; 16:14. In the last days a miracle-working power is to resist the truth "as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses." 2 Tim. 3:8. When Moses and Aaron appeared before Pharaoh, and Aaron cast down his rod and it became a serpent, the magicians were called, and they "did in like manner with their enchantments." Ex. 7:10-12. Satan is to be working "with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish" when the Saviour is revealed in the heavens, coming in power and great glory to deliver his people from the grasp of the enemy. That the world is ripe for this delusion is certain. Nearly all believe in the pagan doctrine of the natural immortality of the soul and the consciousness of the dead. And if the dead are conscious, why should they not return to the earth and visit those still living? This would be nothing strange or improbable. Satan laid the foundation for the consciousness of the dead on the lie he told in Eden, and from it has sprung all the terrible brood of errors, spiritualism included, which has cursed the earth. And in these closing hours of probationary time, Satan and all his fallen host, as angels of light, through means of modern spiritualism, are seeking to lead the world captive and into perdition at last. Only those who believe God's Word shall escape. "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," Vol. IV, page 377, edition 1887.

G. B. THOMPSON.

Practical Things About Tithing—V

DE WITT was not always a model boy in the home or neighborhood; but when he plainly saw an obligation due his Creator, there was no parleying with self. Thus we can see how, when instructed that a tenth of the means entrusted to his care did not belong to him, was only loaned to prove him, he readily returned to the Lord his portion whether it was much or little. As in the case of many children, it was at first only now and then a few pennies, but his nobility of character was shown in his practise of selecting the brightest ones as the tithe.

As he grew older and worked for wages, he was faithful in tithing all money received. God does not leave his honest, earnest children without showing them all the light and privilege which it is theirs to enjoy and put in practise in their lives. This was fulfilled in the case of De Witt, as is evidenced by a conversation between his mother and himself, as follows:—

Mother: I have been thinking very seriously about our tithing. It seems to me we have not been paying to the Lord all he requires as tithe.

De Witt: How can that be? I have paid one tenth of my wages, and I am sure you have tithed all you have earned.

Mother: In a sense you are right, but only partly so. Is twenty dollars a month all you receive for your work?

De Witt: No; I get my board and room and have my washing done. Do you think the Lord requires a tithe of these too?

Mother: After much thought on the subject I have so decided for myself, and am putting my belief into practise. It seems to me one should add to the money received all else he gets for his work in either board or anything for which money must be paid did he not so receive it.

De Witt: I can not see it as you do, mother, but I honor your convictions and your faithful practise.

So the weeks and months passed into years before the veil of semi-selfishness was removed from his eyes, and he saw how to solve the little problem in mental arithmetic something like this: If I work for twenty dollars a month, and besides that receive what is worth ten dollars, is not my obligation to God a tenth of thirty dollars—three dollars—just the same as it would be if my wages were thirty dollars, and after tithing it I were to use ten dollars with which to provide myself the necessities of life? Thus satisfied, he set about making up past obligations, and ever since has considered it a privilege to tithe all he receives for services rendered.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Revering God

"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."—Proverbs.

Go, maiden, turn the storied page
Of distant, far, romantic age,
And mark how fared the dames who hung
On flattering words of kingly tongue;
How at Napoleon's jealous frown
E'en his beloved queen went down;
And how Eugenia, praised to-day,
Saw her admirers turn away;
Note how the proud old world beguiled
Each cheated devotee, and smiled.

Then Beauty see, by gaping throng
Crowned empress of the world of song,
Drawing, as captives to her side,
The royal sons of wealth and pride;
Till Time, at last, resentful grown,
O'er her his misty veil has thrown,
And she, left wrinkled, weak, and old,
Is mocked as "stupid," "crabbed," and "cold,"
And while she turns her eyes to see,
Her courtiers vanish utterly.

Ah, true the prophet's words of old,
Wrought out in sentences of gold!
For earthly favor is but dross
Though bought with years of pain and loss;
Too oft those years of service prove
The fatal shaft of jealous love;
And Faith and Innocence implore
In vain at heartless Tyrant's door;
Who dares too much of royal praise,
With life the debt of envy pays.

But loving favor from our God,
Though often proved by chastening rod,
Is all unlike the grace of kings
Or fickle Folly's shouting rings;
It changes not,—if we be true,—
But comes each day as something new.
For fool, for wise, for young, for old,
'Tis better chosen far than gold.
Fear of the Lord—'tis strength for man
That girds him safe for every plan.

Beauty must fade, and love decay;
God's precious grace endures for aye;
And she who most our Father fears,
Who loves him most, and most reveres,
Shall win most true and heartfelt praise
Through life's swift, toilsome, fleeting days.
Ah! may such praise as this be thine,
Dear, loving child of truth divine!
A woman praised for fearing God,
For treading where the Saviour trod.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

WE are nearing the close of this earth's history; soon we shall stand before the great white throne. Soon your time for work will be forever past. Watch for opportunities to speak a word in season to those with whom you come in contact. Do not wait to become acquainted before you offer them the priceless treasures of truth. God to work, and ways will open before you.—Mrs. E. G. White.



THE HOME CIRCLE

Good Things to Cultivate

Good sunlight, good air, good ambition,
Good water, good food, and good work,
If coupled with other good habits,
Will richly bless all but a shirk.

Good health gives a good, vigorous body
To aid in the battle of life;
Good heart and good mind and good conscience
Will help one to win in the strife.

Good seed sown in springtime will flourish,
If properly tended till fall,
When harvests of good may be garnered,
With no weeds to hinder at all.

Good boys into good men develop,
And bless the old earth with good deeds
That help make the weak and bad better;
Then, boys, sow the very best seeds.

The good God, above you, is watching
And waiting for you to decide;
Good blessings for you he is keeping,
O pray do not turn them aside!

Begin right away with the sowing,
And cultivate everything good;
When distant years harvests are showing,
You'll clearly see why that you should.

BENJAMIN KEECH.

Two Trifles

(Concluded)

THE next day he was ready with his report. "Girls," he began, "Mary wins in the argument about trifles, and as a result I'm feeling pretty mean about the business. I guess I'm the trifle in the case."

Both girls laughed as they glanced at his six feet of length, and his great broad shoulders.

"Oh, it's no laughing matter," he said, good-naturedly. "This is the way it happened: Washington's birthday you know, everything in town was closed, and I thought, as Al was living in a boarding-house, I'd better ask mother if I might bring him home the night before, and have him spend the day here with us; we were going to have a kind of celebration anyway, you know. So about seven o'clock that evening, just before I started for the travel lecture, I ran up to mother's room. It was on the tip of my tongue to ask her if she wouldn't include Al in the number of her guests, when I noticed she looked pretty blue. I know she whisked away a tear so I shouldn't get sight of it. I pretended I didn't see it, but I said, 'Got some troubles, little mother?'"

Helen knew in just what a hearty, cheerful way he had said it.

"Not very many, dear," she said, but I didn't feel like bothering her about anything then, and decided it would do just as well to bring Al home the following Saturday night and keep him over Sunday."

Will looked dubious.

"But it didn't do," he continued. "Having nothing to keep him busy that holiday, Al went off with a crowd he had always before refused to join—a pretty gay set, I'm afraid. The man who had half promised him the position he's been slaving for during the past year happened to see him with those people, and the next day he informed Al very curtly that, after due consideration, he found he had no place for him. Alson guessed why, and now he feels reckless, and says he might as well have the game as the

name, might as well be really bad since he has to suffer anyway. He talked in a desperate sort of way this morning when he told me about it. Somehow I feel responsible for the whole thing because I hesitated about asking mother."

Will looked thoughtfully across at the girls, whose faces expressed ready sympathy. Suddenly Helen exclaimed:—

"The night before Washington's birthday, you say?"

"Yes."

"Mother was nearly crying alone in her room?"

"Yes."

"About seven o'clock?"

"Yes. Is this a cross-examination?"

"Then," said Helen, sitting upright and paying no attention to her brother's question, "it's all my fault."

"How?"

"Bridget was out that evening, and I had to stay home from the lecture to put away the dinner things, and I said I didn't see why I always had to do such disagreeable things. I didn't see why all our relations were rich, and why we had to be always scrimping and missing everything. Of course I repented in a little while and apologized. It made mother feel pretty bad I knew, but I didn't think she minded as much as that, though."

"It was a pretty serious mix-up all round, wasn't it, sis?" Will spoke consolingly, but he looked worried.

"Well," came Mary's soothing tones, "you mustn't take all the blame, for probably there were a great many more 'little nothings' that had something to do with it. Al must take his share, too."

"Yes, perhaps," said Will, "but we've got to take the blame that belongs to us."

Helen was aghast at the enormous result of her few minutes' irritability. Such outbursts were not common with her. There was a catch in her voice as she said, "Poor Al!"

Mary went directly to the heart of the matter. "It's done," she said. "It's somebody's fault, of course, but what's to be done first to rectify it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," Helen answered, musingly. "I have not had a thought of anything but the garden picnic for the last two days, and I don't seem to have any idea but picnic in my head."

"Oh, good," ejaculated Mary. The joy of the discoverer shone in her eyes. "The picnic! That's just the thing. Ask him, of course."

Alson Jarvis had hidden the hurts of his schoolmates' recent slights under a nonchalant manner. Each one, while it cut deeply, seemed to aggravate him to greater wilfulness. Well-bred as he was, he took no real pleasure in the sports of the company of which he had made a part since the loss of the position he so desired, and for which he had worked so faithfully. He felt himself disgraced and barred from the old associates, so, from pure discouragement, he continued with the new.

Helen Fairmont's note of invitation came as a surprise.

DEAR ALSON [it ran], I am inviting, for Aunt Sue, a number of my friends to meet Miss Mary Sutton, my guest from Amosville. We are to have a garden picnic Thursday evening. I think you will enjoy meeting Miss Sutton as she has the same love for golf as you have, and I have

already told her of the scores you made last summer.

Yours sincerely,

HELEN FAIRMONT.

He read it with pleasure. Then the accumulated unkindnesses of his old friends came before him. A spirit of resentment took hold of him. No, they had shown how little they cared for him. Why should he go among them again? There was plenty of other company he could enter. But why had she asked him if she did not want him? Oh, well, they all were alike anyway. Even if she had not already done so, Helen would pass him by sooner or later like so many of the others. But Will Fairmont had stuck to him. Maybe he'd got his sister to pity him. Al winced at the thought. "I'm getting contemptible. Will Fairmont wouldn't do that. Oh, well, I might as well be done with them all right now." His eyes flashed defiantly. Then he caught sight of the little note.

"Friendly enough," he said. "Sounds as honest and sincere as her brother." Then he added: "I might give her the benefit of the doubt, I suppose. Yes, I'll go if for no other reason than that she is Will's sister."

He went. And he enjoyed himself thoroughly, thanks partially to Mrs. Armour's knowledge of human nature. Where others saw only weakness, she found smarting hurts. She felt he was on dangerous ground, that he was ashamed of himself, and that his self-pride and self-respect needed propping, and she immediately proceeded to prop them.

Helen's grief over her own unsuspected part in his career resulted in an especial effort to make the picnic a pleasure and success for him. With that kindly compliance which is more common in those about us than we sometimes think, the other young people accepted the idea of Alson's being one of them again, and he found himself, before the termination of the evening, on almost his old footing with them.

"Wasn't it a success all round?" said Mary that night. "I congratulate you, Helen, on your ability to extend real hospitality. It was just lovely."

"They did seem to have a good time, didn't they? Al Jarvis was on my conscience all the evening. Do you think he enjoyed himself?"

"Yes, I do, Helen."

"After what I did it was such a little return to make."

Simultaneously the girls laughed.

"Trifles again! They keep bobbing up, don't they? I suppose this is one of those of little consequence."

"Time will tell," sententiously quoted Mary in a sleepy tone.

Time did tell. Years afterward two successful lawyers sat in an office, one congratulating the other on his brilliant speech of the day.

"It might never have been, Will," said Alson Jarvis, "if your aunt hadn't somehow, without a single definite word on the subject, shown me the broken road down which I had about decided to travel through life. It was at a party she had in her grounds one night long ago for your sister and Mary Sutton. Do you remember it?"

Did he? Will's heart glowed with pleasure and gratitude as he thought of the great result of Mary's little suggestion about inviting Al.

How unlike this was the outcome of that miserable trifle which had played so important a part in the lawyer's experience.—*Elizabeth Golden, in The Wellspring.*



"THE sorrow that nobody mentions,
The sorrow no one may share,
Is the sorrow the dear Lord giveth
His sweetest, tenderest care.
He knows where the hurt is deepest,
The tears of night and of day,
And whispering softly, 'I love you,'
Brushes the dewdrops away."

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Voyage and Shipwreck

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Acts 27.

TEXTS FOR PERSONAL STUDY: Ps. 107: 23-31.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 261-271.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- Leave Cæsarea.
- Companions.
- Touch at Sidon.
- Sail south of Cyprus.
- Arrive at Myra.
- Change ships.
- Reach Crete.
- Admonished by Paul to remain.
- Leave Crete.
- Tempest.
- Despair.
- Paul's courage.
- Shipwrecked at Melita.
- All delivered.

Notes

Locate carefully on the map the various places mentioned in this lesson, and ascertain as nearly as possible the route taken by the ship. Do not neglect the geographical study.

There are many practical lessons which can be drawn from a study of this lesson. Have you ever been tossed on the sea of trouble, in Adria as it were, when all seemed dark, and neither sun, moon, nor stars in many days appeared? Remember Paul's experience, for it was written for our encouragement. The Lord did not forsake him. Note his words of faith in verses 22-25.

Though Paul was a prisoner, note who was the real "master" of those who were on board the ship. See verses 33-36. This aged servant of God, in chains, put courage and "good cheer" into the hearts of all. This is a lesson for us.

Note also the favor which the Lord gave Paul with the centurion. Verses 3, 43. The counsel which Paul was enabled to give, being followed, was the means of the lives of all being saved. Paul's work was not done, and the Lord watched over him, bringing him to a place of safety.

Paul had as companions on this voyage Luke and Aristarchus. The counsel and prayers of these faithful servants must have greatly cheered the aged apostle in the trying circumstances which surrounded him.

"In the midst of that terrible scene, the apostle retained his calmness and courage. Notwithstanding he was physically the greatest sufferer of them all, he had words of hope for the darkest hour, a helping hand in every emergency."

"For three months the ship's company remained at Melita. During this time Paul and his fellow laborers improved every opportunity to preach the gospel. The Lord wrought through them in a remarkable manner, and for Paul's sake the entire company was treated with great kindness; all their wants were supplied, and

upon leaving they were liberally provided with everything needful for their voyage."

G. B. T.

Report of Oakland (Cal.) Young People's Society

OUR present Society was organized with the following declaration of principles as its foundation: "We, the undersigned young people of the Oakland Seventh-day Adventist church, being in hearty sympathy with the missionary recommendations passed by the recent General Conference Council, do hereby band ourselves together to assist, to the extent of our ability, in carrying on this mighty missionary campaign which is to know no cessation until this gospel of the kingdom is carried to every nation, tongue, and people."

Our plan was to have just as little complexity and as few officers as possible, the main object being to bring all the members into active Christian work, outside of regular meetings, and to make these occasions times for reports of work done, and for the encouragement of fellow workers.

The principal lines of work to be taken up by us as a Society were as follows: distributing denominational literature, as outlined in the REVIEW AND HERALD of Oct. 13, 1904; visiting the inmates of hospitals, jails, and other institutions to which we have admission, and helping in Sabbath-school.

A large subscription list for the four special numbers of the Signs of last fall was made up by our members, and these papers were either sold or given away.

We find that one of the most interesting fields of labor is at the county hospital. We go in little companies to this place on Sabbath afternoons occasionally, and hold meetings to which most of the inmates come with eager faces and glad hearts. Visitors are rare, and we are received cordially. First, we hold a meeting for all those able to attend, and then we visit the wards, and sing for those who are unable to leave their apartments. Most of these people are old and very feeble, but they join heartily in singing and testifying.

As it is impossible for us to go such a distance very often, it would be an excellent place for our neighboring Young People's Societies to visit now and then, thus giving these willing-hearted and lonely people a chance to hear more of our truths.

The Colored Old People's Home at Beulah Park is another field. Little companies go as often as possible, and make visits similar to those made to the county hospital.

Some jail work has been done, although this is less fruitful than other lines. It is not always easy to secure admittance, and of course the people found in these places are the hardest to work with.

The King's Daughters' Home, a home for incurables, is supplied with reading-matter by members of the Society, and we find this to be an open door for work, as visitors are perfectly welcome at any time.

Our young people have taken hold of Sabbath-school work with enthusiasm, and now nearly all the teachers of the kindergarten, primary, and intermediate divisions of the Sabbath-school are from our numbers.

Interesting reports of individual work have been made. In the State secretary's quarterly report for quarter ending March 31, 1905, we find that active work has been done in missionary correspondence, visiting the sick, holding Bible readings and cottage meetings, taking subscriptions for literature, tract distribution, Christian Help work, and various lines suggested to individuals by their surroundings, associations, and circumstances.

Of late we have made a special study of *The Family Bible Teacher* tracts. Taking one of the twenty-eight leaflets of the series each week, we study it at the regular meeting, and then we circulate as many copies of it through the week as possible.

There is certainly a vast field of labor for each band of young people, and if we faithfully perform our duties as missionaries at home, we shall be well fitted for missionaries abroad, when such openings may be offered.

VIDA M. BARNARD.

The Relative Importance of Meetings and Work

THE relationship and the importance of meetings and work, depend largely upon the object of the meetings and the nature of the work done; and these depend upon the aim of the Society. If the aim of the Society is "The Advent Message to All the World in This Generation," which I trust is true of each Society, then every meeting that is held will be educational, and will contribute directly toward the attainment of that object, and consequently will bear the relationship to work that cause does to effect. Viewed from this standpoint, meetings mean more than mere collections of people, as Webster defines them.

What is the significance of young people's meetings? What is the meaning of the appeal that calls our young people together into companies "formed somewhat after the order of the Christian Endeavor Society"? Is it a call that as young people we may have some place to go to keep us from drifting into the world?—No! no! That may be, and I trust will be, the result, but the object is much more than that. It is to edify one another by an interchange of thoughts and feelings, to distribute and gather light, strength, and courage, by becoming acquainted with one another's hopes and aspirations, and by unitedly offering up earnest prayers be refreshed and invigorated from the source of strength to labor more earnestly for the Master. It is that we may provoke one another to love and good works that Paul has told us to assemble together, and more often as we see the day approaching.

That we may heed the call of the hour and accomplish the work implied by the call, we need simplicity, meekness, confidence, and love,—simplicity of plans, meekness of spirit, confidence in ourselves and one another in the Lord, and love to God and man. Since these attributes are found only in Jesus, we need the Saviour first of all, last, and all the time.

Meetings are not to be made mere places of amusement and entertainment, where orations are delivered, speeches made, and interesting programs rendered. They may, however, be both instructive and interesting if rightly conducted. We have been told that "our meetings should be made intensely interesting," but above all else, they should be pervaded with the atmosphere of heaven. That which is light and frivolous should have no place in them. The molding influence should come from those who have a living connection with heaven, instead of from unconverted ones.

That our meetings may be what they should be, wise planning, carefully devised ways and means on the part of a well-chosen committee, is also needed. If you wish success, be sure to avoid large committees, or committees selected to act independently of the president, which makes him a sort of machine to grind out a program of which he knows little or nothing. Surprises are a good thing sometimes, even in meetings, but to be successful the leader must be free to introduce them as the Spirit leads.

ANNA HIBBEN.

(To be concluded)

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Tom Tompkins's Start



WELL, it's just what I've been expecting all along." Mrs. Parsons gave a self-satisfied nod as her needle scratched the stiff gathers of the ruffle. "I knew something would come out one of these days to show Tom Tompkins's real nature. I never saw a Tompkins yet that was trustworthy. It's just as I've expected."

Unfortunately Mrs. Parson's comment was true, in so far as it applied to the Tompkinses in general; but I felt in my heart that in its relation to Tom Tompkins it was unjust, if not altogether false. Yet when I looked at her firmly set lips and heard the scratch, scratch of the needle as it laid those stiff gathers into submissive regularity, I suppressed the remonstrance that rose to my lips, and quietly bidding her good morning, kept my indignation to myself.

Tom Tompkins had grown up in our neighborhood. Until he was fourteen, there was nothing which particularly distinguished him from the rest of "the Tompkins tribe," as the family was called in the neighborhood, unless it might be an added degree of indifference as to his personal appearance, or an even greater tendency to idleness than that manifested by the other six scions of the family tree. But at fourteen something happened to Tom.

Nobody seemed to know what that something was, but one morning he rang the door-bell at Mr. Casson's elegant home, and informed the maid that he must see the gentleman of the house himself.

"I don't know what he wants, sir," the servant reported to her employer, who was enjoying his morning paper; "but he won't go away, and he says to tell you it is very important business."

Mr. Casson smiled as the lad was shown in. His appearance was not such as to indicate that he was the bearer of important news. His clothing was ragged, and he held his torn straw hat by inserting the fingers of one hand into a hole in its crown.

"I've come to tell you, sir, that I'm a-goin' to make a start in life this mornin'," Tom said. "I've been thinkin' a lot fur a couple o' days, and nights, too, mostly. There ain't nobody that has any use fur us Tompkinses, an' I'm goin' to begin now an' show 'em we've got somethin' in us after all. I 'lowed you'd have somethin' fur a feller to do in that big store o' yours, so I come to you first. I'm ready to begin work this mornin', sir."

Mr. Casson had listened to many remarkable business propositions, but this one struck him as the most original of them all. Here was a boy who for fourteen years had been considered the most worthless youngster in town, standing before the largest merchant of the place and coolly demanding a position in his store.

"If you can't think of nothin' right now," Tom

continued, "I'll just go down to the store an' stay aroun' until I see somethin' to do."

"It evidently isn't a question of hiring you," the merchant remarked, half-laughing. "You seem to have settled that little matter for yourself. What salary are you to receive?"

"Oh, that'll be all right, sir," Tom replied, missing the irony of the question; "you'll do the right thing 'bout paying me. I hain't got no worry 'bout that."

Mr. Casson scratched his head, and then chuckled.

"Give this boy some work," he wrote to the manager of the men's clothing department. "Fix him up with a good suit, and set him at anything he can do. Pay him three dollars at the end of the first week, and send him to me."

That was Tom's start. For a very brief period his work was about what he had suggested—just staying around until he saw something to do. But it was not five minutes after he was on duty before he saw something to do. An old man had misplaced a bundle while making other purchases, and in an instant Tom was on hand to hunt for it. The clerks looked surprised at his "at home" manner, but he merely remarked, "I'm workin' here now;" and as the suit he wore was the livery of the boys of the store, they concluded it was not best to interfere.

It was Tom's eyes that first spied the missing bundle. He turned from the old gentleman, almost before the latter had time to realize that his package was once more in his possession, to amuse a little child who was fretfully clinging to her mother's skirts, while she was trying to decide between two house coats.

"I wish you would have more such boys," the mother remarked to the floor-walker, as she entered the elevator. The floor-walker mentally chalked down a credit mark for Tom. The woman was one of their wealthiest customers.

These were incidents of Tom's first day as an employee of Casson & Company. Before his first week was up, he had won the good will of every clerk on the floor, and in less than a month he had gained their confidence, in spite of the fact that he was one of "the Tompkins tribe."

But one morning, about a year after Tom's awakening, there was trouble at the desk in the men's clothing department. A ten-dollar bill was missing. The cashier could not account for the loss.

"I've been here all the time," she explained to the floor-walker, "except early this morning, before any customers were in, when I ran up to the second floor to speak to my sister; but I was not gone three minutes, and besides, Tom was here, and said he would watch the money-drawer."

It had not occurred to either the cashier or the floor-walker to suspect Tom until she had finished the sentence. Then their eyes met, and, though neither spoke, each knew the thought in the mind of the other.

The floor-walker turned away and called Tom to him. When the boy realized that he was suspected of the theft, his eyes flashed.

"I'll go straight to Mr. Casson!" he exclaimed. "I won't talk with you folks! You think because I'm a Tompkins, of course I'll steal. It ain't no fair sizin' a feller up by what he *has* to be instid of by what he *is tryin' to be*!"

And straight to Mr. Casson Tom went, closing his somewhat excited statement of the trouble with the same words:—

"It ain't no fair sizin' a feller up by what he *has* to be instid of by what he *is tryin' to be*!"

Tom did not lose his place. But the incident leaked out, and Mrs. Parsons was not the only one who, with a wise nod of the head, pronounced judgment:—

"It's just as I expected."

Tom said nothing more about the matter, though the glances of suspicion which he met on every hand cut him to the heart.

One night, about two months after the ten-dollar bill had disappeared, the lock on the money-drawer in the men's clothing department needed repairing. During the process the workman's file slipped, and the end of it scraped along the top of the drawer. The workman noticed a ragged bit of paper hanging down, and, pulling at it, drew out a ten-dollar bill.

"Here, Miss," he said, turning to the cashier, "you didn't take all your money out of this drawer. Here's a ten that was sticking to the top."

The cashier did not wait until night to "make up cash." She counted it at once. Yes, there was ten dollars too much. This must be the bill they had suspected Tom of taking.

Investigation showed that a sliver in the top of the drawer had caught into the bill in such a manner as to hold it securely hidden from view. Tom was vindicated, and Mr. Casson had a motto printed in big letters, and hung up on the wall over the cashier's desk:—

"Judge a man not by what he *has* to be, but by what he *is trying* to be."

Thus it was that Tom Tompkins got his "start." He hasn't stopped going up yet, so it is impossible to tell where he will finish. However, he is head cashier of Casson & Company's store now, and the wise people who once shook their heads dubiously now nod them approvingly, and say,—

"It's just as I expected."—*Epworth Herald*.

A Social Game

An Incident from Life

"WHY, John Newsom! Who would have thought you were so straight-laced, you who are always trying to make others enjoy themselves?"

"And one would think we were committing murder from the look of horror on your face," spoke another.

"You can not say there is any sin in a social game of cards. Come, explain yourself. We all have confidence in your judgment; so if you can show us any harm in playing without 'stakes,' let's hear it at once," said Harry Lane, the expert player.

Such were the replies to John's expression of disapproval when he found several of his college chums in their room one evening engaged in a game of poker.

"Yes, we want to hear it," "We'll all listen to you," "Ready to be converted," came a chorus of voices.

"It costs me a great effort to relate this chapter of my life," John began, "and I do so hoping and trusting that new light may be thrown upon this subject for you all. A few years ago we

were living in Baltimore, where my father practised law and was regarded not only as one of the most eminent members of the bar, but a Christian whose influence was wide-spread. He was very liberal in his views, and did not think that a church could justly make rules in regard to amusements, but that each member should be guided by his own conscience. He said that if home were made attractive for boys, they would not seek doubtful pleasures elsewhere. So he had us taught all the games that he considered innocent. He said there was no difference in dealing bits of paper stamped with hearts or spades and those bearing the names of authors—that any game could be made sinful by being carried to excess, and we must learn self-control in all things."

"Yes, I stand with him there," "He was right," "A man of sound judgment," were the expressions of approval which greeted this portion of the narrative.

John Newsom proceeded gravely: "But listen. Cards soon became the most popular diversion, and my father taught us to play scientifically. Among the number of visitors at our card parties was Ernest Walton, a brilliant young man of enthusiastic temperament. He became fascinated with the game, and in a short time we called him our champion player. He never lost a chance, and I often laughed at his excitement when a game was almost lost or won."

The speaker paused for an instant, and the expression of pain on his face deepened, exciting the sympathy of his listeners, who were now thoroughly interested and far from a laughing mood.

"Once Ernest proposed playing for money," continued John; "but my father sternly prohibited this, telling how sinful and dangerous was the habit of gambling. Then I saw his imminent peril, and begged him to abandon cards. He laughed scornfully, and replied: 'I thought you were at least consistent, John. You who taught me how to enjoy the game should not now give this advice.'"

"But I can't understand," said Harry Woods, who possessed great self-control and took life easily, "why some persons will let a sport run away with them."

"You must remember," replied John, sadly, "that we are not all similarly constituted. Ernest never came to our house again, and we soon heard of his gambling with disreputable characters. I determined to make another effort to reclaim him, when he suddenly removed from the city with his unhappy mother. When I was visiting in Washington, about a year later, I met a man who bore some resemblance to my former handsome friend Ernest. I thought, 'Could dissipation have effected such a great change in so short a time?' I saw that he recognized me, and I spoke affectionately to him; but he indignantly refused my friendship, and scornfully upbraided me. 'No,' he said bitterly; 'I've had too much of you, John Newsom. You and your father have been my worst enemies. Now I have fallen to the lowest depths. I have broken my mother's heart, and no power on earth can save me. Take this memory with you through life.' When he had finished, he turned abruptly and left me. This is all of the story that I am able to relate; for my feelings, then and now, can not be expressed. Yes, my conscience will reproach me through life."

There was silence for some moments. Harry was the first to speak. "I, for one, will never play another game. I do not fear for myself, but I might be the cause of another's ruin. Let's burn the cards. What do you say to this, boys?"

The reply in the affirmative was unanimous. As John saw hearts, spades, and clubs turn to ashes, it seemed a slight atonement for his past mistake.—*Frances Leigh, in Children's Visitor.*



Insects and Their Habits, and What Harold Learned About Them

"O UNCLE FRANK! Is that your microscope? May I see it?"

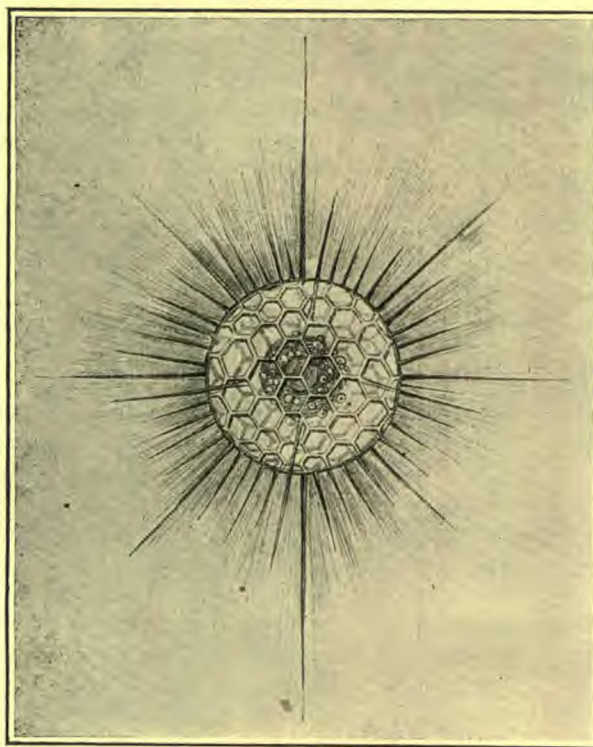
"Certainly you may, though there is not very much to see about the instrument itself; but it is able to show you many wonderful and beautiful things;" and Uncle Frank carefully adjusted beneath the lens, on a small piece of clean glass, something which looked no larger than a tiny speck of dust.

"What are we going to see first, uncle?" cried Harold, enthusiastically. "O, let's put something under the glass! see, here's a little bug on the window; I guess it's a ladybug. Let's put him under."

"I have something fixed, already; that bug is much too large; you can see it very well without a glass. But come, I told you I had something ready now; can you tell me what it is?"

"I didn't see as there was anything at all on the glass you put under—but O, O! uncle! isn't it pretty? What can it be?"

"It is only that little speck which looked like a bit of dust. They are the shells of a tiny animal, called *fossil infusoria*. You will be as-



A FOSSIL INFUSORIAN WITH SYMMETRICAL SHELL

tonished when I tell you that many high mountains are composed chiefly of these little creatures and others of the same nature. There is a very large deposit in the State of Virginia, and if you were to examine the most minute particle of this dust through the glass, you could count many of them."

All this time Harold was gazing at the pretty shells, as beautifully marked and shaded as if traced by the pencil of a famous artist, and, indeed, each delicate line was traced by the finger of the great Master Artist, whose eye delights in beauty.

"The little animals which made these tiny shells their home, died long ago, and their houses—myriads of them—compose the foundation and substance of the imperishable mountains. Even great cities are built upon these tiny coffins, and, again, they are sometimes ground to powder and sold for polishing. Indeed, the shells of these creatures are more thickly spread over the earth than are the bones of the large

animals. Nor is this all, Harold; even the very air we breathe is sometimes filled with these minute shells."

"I suppose it is not healthful to breathe such air, is it, uncle?"

"No, it is quite harmful. I remember once as I was sailing near the Cape Verd Islands, the air seemed hazy and thick; so I examined some of the brown dust which settled over everything, and found that it contained very many of these tiny shells. They are called fossil because they are the bony remains of an animal, and infusoria because they were first discovered in water where there was decomposing vegetable matter present, and it was supposed that an infusion of vegetable product was necessary in order to produce them. This idea, however, has been proved false. But do not forget that there are very many different kinds of these delicate creatures."

"I would like to see some real live ones," said Harold, eagerly.

"Well, well; I am much pleased that my young scientist is so intensely interested. I rather expected it, however, and so I have been preparing a few *real live ones*, as you call them, especially for your entertainment. You see, a few days ago I just took a little handful of sage leaves and poured over them a cup of clean rain-water, and—well, you shall see the result;" and Uncle Frank placed under the eyepiece of the instrument a thick glass containing a little cavity into which he carefully placed a drop of the prepared water.

"There; what do you see now, my lad?"

"O uncle! the drop of water is just full of the oddest little fish; they don't look much like fish either, but they are swimming about just as lively as if they were in a big pond of water. O! O! there goes a large one! wait,—he's still now,—I guess he's tired."

"Look close, and see if you can't see his blood circulate," said Uncle Frank.

"O, I can! I can! he keeps his tail going, but he is resting, and I can see right through him, and something is just rushing on the inside of him,—but it can't be blood, for it isn't red," declared Harold, who began to feel that he was quite a scientist.

"No, it's not red, but it is all the blood he has, and it keeps the tiny creature alive as much as your red blood keeps you alive."

"But where did you get these little midgets, uncle? were they in the sage leaves?"

"O, no, the eggs were floating in the air, and the rain brought them down with it, and then they hatched,—that's all. I put the leaves in because the eggs seem to hatch better in water prepared this way, though a little wisp of hay will do as well."

But the study hour was up now, and Uncle Frank placed his valued microscope back in its case.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

(To be continued)

"My Peace I Give Unto You"

O, WONDERFUL gift of the Saviour,—
Sweet peace as a river to flow,—
His latest, best gift ere he left us
To drink of the cup of his woe!

'Tis fraught with divinest compassion,
With courage and fervor it glows,
Or it falls on my heart like a cadence
That lulls to the sweetest repose.

O not like the world doth he give it!
It soothes in the world's darkest hour,
And comes to my soul with refreshing,
Like sunshine in silence and power.

A gift from the greatest of givers,
Unlike to earth's tarnishing gold.
O come to the mount of his blessing,
And take of this treasure untold!

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

BIBLE READERS COURSE

Promises for the Children

[THE special texts to be memorized can not be put in heavy type, as the office has disposed of all it had. *Italics will be used instead.* We hope there are many who are fixing these texts in mind. They are worth more than gold or silver. Only one little girl has written me of learning the texts; but I am sure she can not be the only one who is doing so.—ED.]

1. *What promise is connected with the fifth commandment?*

"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." *Ex. 20: 12.*

2. *What does the Lord promise to children who harken unto him?*

"Come, ye children, harken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." *Ps. 34: 11.*

3. *What is the fear of the Lord?*

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." *Ps. 111: 10.*

4. *How does the Lord look upon a wise child?*

"Better is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king, who will no more be admonished." *Ecc. 4: 13.*

5. *What did Jesus do for the children?*

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." *Mark 10: 16.*

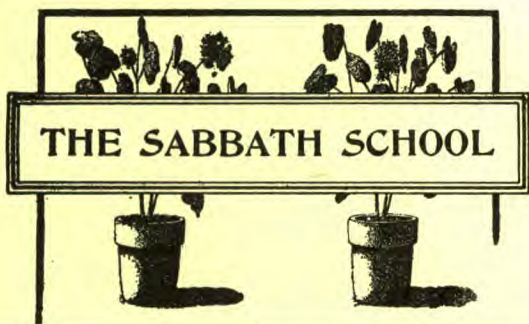
6. *How may each one receive the blessing of Jesus now?*

"And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." *Matt. 21: 22.*

7. *What promise is given to each one who keeps the commandments of God?*

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." *Rev. 22: 14.*

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IX—The Five Thousand Fed

(August 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: *Mark 6: 30-46; John 6: 14-21.*

MEMORY VERSE: "Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid." *Mark 6: 50.*

"And the apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught. And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat. And they departed into a desert place by ship privately. And the people saw them departing, and many knew him, and ran afoot thither out of all cities, and outwent them, and came together unto him. And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and he began to teach them many things.

"And when the day was now far spent, his disciples came unto him, and said, This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed:

send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat. He answered and said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat? He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see." "One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him, There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?"

"And he commanded them to make all sit down by companies upon the green grass. And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties. And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave them to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided he among them all. And they did all eat, and were filled." "When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." "And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes. And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.

"Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world. When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take him by force, to make him a king, he departed again into a mountain himself alone.

"And when even was now come, his disciples went down unto the sea, and entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum. And it was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them. And the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew. So when they had rowed about five and twenty or thirty furlongs, they see Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship: and they were afraid. But he saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid. Then they willingly received him into the ship: and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."

Questions

1. After the death of John, where did the disciples of Jesus gather? What did they relate to him? Where did Jesus invite them to go? Why did they need to rest?

2. How did Jesus and his disciples seek to go away? Who saw them go? What did the people do?

3. When Jesus and his weary disciples arrived at the "desert place," whom did they find gathered there?

4. When Jesus saw the people, how did he feel toward them? Why? What did he begin to do?

5. When the day was nearly ended, who came to Jesus? What anxiety filled their minds? Where did they advise Jesus to send the people?

6. What did Jesus tell his disciples to give to them? What question did they ask the Master? What did Jesus now ask them? How much food was found in all that company?

7. What command did Jesus then give? How were the multitude divided? When Jesus had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, what did he do?

8. Who distributed the food? How many ate? Did they have all they wished? How much was left after all were served? What important lesson in economy did Jesus teach at this time?

9. What was said by those who had seen the five thousand fed? What did Jesus perceive? Where did he go? Where had he sent his disciples? At what time had they begun their journey?

10. What arose on the water? When they had struggled for a time against the storm, what did they see? Why were they afraid? How did Jesus calm their fears? How did they receive him? Where did they immediately find themselves?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IX—What Is the Tithe? When and Where Should It Be Paid?

(August 26)

MEMORY VERSE: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" *Micah 6: 8.*

Questions

1. What instruction does the Lord give concerning the use of our substance? *Prov. 3: 9.*

2. From what portion of the substance should the tithe be paid? *Ex. 22: 29; note 1.*

3. What is the tithe? *Gen. 14: 20; note 2.*

4. Should the fact that it is difficult to determine the exact amount of tithe, lead us to neglect the payment of tithe?

5. What was the arrangement in Hezekiah's day for receiving and paying out tithe?—A treasury and a treasurer. *2 Chron. 31: 11-15; note 3.*

6. Where are we to-day commanded to bring our tithe? *Mal. 3: 10.*

7. What promise is made to those who do this? *Mal. 3: 10-12.*

8. For what purpose should the tithe be used? *Num. 18: 21; note 4.*

9. How are other needs in the church to be supplied? *Mal. 3: 8; 1 Cor. 16: 2.*

10. How is the amount of offerings to be regulated? *2 Cor. 9: 7.*

11. In all these matters what does the Lord require? *Micah 6: 8.*

Notes

1. Not only does the Lord ask a tenth, but this tenth is to be taken from our income as the first-fruits. When one neglects to pay the tithe until the close of the quarter or the close of the year, the sum looks very large, and it is often a temptation to pay less. Upon the receipt of means, the tithe should always be taken out first, and laid aside as sacred to the Lord, and as soon as possible sent to the treasury.

2. The tithe is one tenth of all man's income. What is the meaning of the word "income"? Webster defines it as follows: "That gain which proceeds from labor, business, or property of any kind; the produce of a farm; the rent of houses; the proceeds of professional business; the profits of commerce or of occupation; the interest of money or stock in funds, etc.; revenue; receipts; especially the annual receipts of a private person or corporation from property; as, a large *income*, a limited *income*."

This is a very different word from "increase," which means to "become greater in bulk, quantity, number, degree, value, and intensity," etc.

The definition of income is very clear. Man's income is what *comes in* as gain from all sources, rents, labor, business, or property, interest, proceeds of stock, salary, etc. One tenth of all that income God claims as his own, with which he proposes to sustain his ministers.

3. "Great objects are accomplished by this system. If one and all would accept it, each would be made a vigilant and faithful treasurer of God, and there would be no want of means to carry forward the great work of sounding the last message of warning to the world. The treasury will be full if all adopt this system, and contributors will not be left the poorer."

4. "The portion that God has reserved for himself is not to be diverted to any other purpose than that which he has specified. Let none feel at liberty to retain their tithe to use *according to their own judgment*. They are not to use it for themselves in any emergency, *nor apply it as they see fit, even in what they may regard as the Lord's work.*"—Mrs. E. G. White.



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The Shutting of Doors

THE shutting of a door is a little thing, and yet it may have infinite meaning. It may fix a destiny for weal or for woe. When God shut the door of the ark, the sound of its closing was the knell of exclusion to those who were without, but it was the token of security to the little company of trusting ones who were within. When the door was shut upon the bridegroom and his friends who had gone into the festal hall, thus sheltering them from the night's darkness and danger, and shutting them in with joy and gladness, there were those outside to whose hearts the closing of that door smote despair and woe. To them it meant hopeless exclusion from all the privileges of those who were within, and exposure to all the sufferings and perils from which those favored ones were protected.

Here we have hints of what may come from the closing of a door. Life is full of illustrations. We are continually coming up to doors which stand open for a little while and then are shut. An artist has tried to teach this in a picture. Father Time is there with inverted hour-glass. A young man is lying at his ease on a luxurious couch, while beside him is a table spread with rich fruits and viands. Passing by him toward an open door are certain figures which represent opportunities; they come to invite the young man to nobleness, to manliness, to usefulness, to worth. First is a rugged, sun-browned form, carrying a flail. This is labor. He invites the youth to toil. This is already passed far by, unheeded. Next is a philosopher, with open book, inviting the young man to thought and study, that he may master the secrets in the mystic volume. But this opportunity, too, is disregarded. The youth has no desire for learning. Close behind the philosopher comes a woman with bowed form, carrying a child. Her dress betokens widowhood and poverty. Her hand is stretched out appealingly. She craves charity. Looking closely at the picture, we see that the young man holds money in his hand. But he is clasping it tightly, and the poor widow's pleading is in vain. Still another figure passes, endeavoring to lure and woo him from his idle ease. It is the form of a beautiful woman, who seeks by love to awaken in him noble purposes, worthy of his powers, and to inspire him for ambitious efforts. One by one these opportunities have passed, with their calls and invitations, only to be unheeded. At last he is arousing to seize them, but it is too late; they are vanishing from sight, and the door is closing.

This is a true picture of what is going on all the time in this world. Opportunities come to every young person, offering beautiful things, rich blessings, brilliant hopes. Too often, however, these offers and solicitations are rejected, and one by one pass by, to return no more. Door after door is shut, and at last men stand at the

end of their days, with beggared lives, having missed all that they might have gotten of enrichment and good from the passing days.

A true Christian home, with its love and prayer and all its gentle influences, is almost heaven to a child. The fragrance of the love of Christ fills all the household life. Holiness is in the very atmosphere. The benedictions of affection make every day tender with its impressiveness. In all life there come no other such opportunities for receiving lovely things into the life, and learning beautiful lessons, as in the days of childhood and youth that are spent in a home of Christian love. Yet how often are all these influences resisted and rejected. Then by and by the door is shut. The heart that made the home is still in death. The gentle hand that wrought such blessing is cold. Many a man in midlife would give all he has to creep back for one hour to the old sacred place, to hear again his mother's voice in counsel or in prayer, to feel once more the gentle touch of her hand, and to have her sweet comfort. But it is too late. The door is shut.

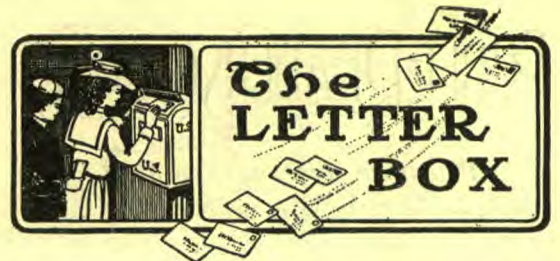
Many young people fail to realize what golden opportunities come to them in their school-days. Too often they make little of the privileges they then enjoy. They sometimes waste in idleness the hours they ought to spend in diligent study and helpful reading. They might, if they would, fit themselves for high and honorable places in after-years; but they let the days pass with their opportunities. By and by they hear the school door shut. Then, all through their years they move with halting step, with dwarfed life, with powers undeveloped, unable to accept the higher places that might have been theirs if they had been prepared for them, failing often in duties and responsibilities—all because in youth they wasted their school-days, and did not seize the opportunities that then came to them for preparation. Napoleon, when visiting his old school, said to the pupils, "Boys, remember that every hour wasted at school means a chance of misfortune in future life." Thousands of failures along the years of manhood and womanhood attest the truth of this monition.

These are but illustrations. The same is true in all phases of life. Every day doors are opened for us which we do not enter. For a little time they stand open with bidding and welcome, and then they are closed, to be opened no more forever. To every one of us along our years there come opportunities, which, if accepted and improved, would fit us for worthy character, and for noble, useful living, and lead us in due time to places of honor and blessing. But how many of us there are who reject these opportunities and lose the good they bring us from God! Then one by one the doors are shut, cutting off the proffered favors while we go on unblest.

There is another closing of doors which is even sadder than any of those which have been suggested. There is a shutting of our own heart's door upon God himself. He stands at our gate and knocks, and there are many who never open to him at all, and many more who open the door but slightly. The latter, while they may receive blessing, yet miss the fulness of divine revealing which would flood their souls with love; the former miss altogether the sweetest benediction of life.

This sad sound of closing doors, as it falls day after day upon our soul's ears, proclaims to us continually that something which was ours, which was sent to us from God, and for which we shall have to answer in judgment, is ours no longer, is shut away forever from our grasp.

The years that are gone we can not get back again, but new years are yet before us. They, too, will have their open doors. Shall we not learn wisdom as we look back upon the irrevocable past, and make sure that in the future we shall not permit God's doors of opportunity to shut in our faces?—J. R. Miller.



FRISCO, ARK., June 12, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR very much. I do not take the paper myself, but I get it at Sabbath-school. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Mrs. Rouse. There are eleven in my class. I am sixteen years old. I was baptized the first day of April. All of my folks at home keep the Sabbath. I hope to meet the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in the earth made new.

MYRTLE ORSBURN.

SHERIDAN, OREGON, May 22, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been intending to write to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for some time, and now I am going to do it. I like the INSTRUCTOR very much, especially the Children's Page. I am going to join the Reading Circle. I will read "The Story of Daniel," "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation," "Mount of Blessing," "Life Sketches of Paul," and "The Story of Joseph." I was baptized about a year ago. I go to public school, and am in the sixth grade. I am thirteen years old.

OLIVE A. GIBSON.

FONT HILL, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

DEAR EDITOR: I live in Font Hill, a little mountainous district thirty miles from the city. We have a Sabbath-school of forty members. Perhaps some of the INSTRUCTOR readers will remember me, as they read my letter three years ago when I was in America with Father Wright at the South Lancaster Academy Home, where everything was nice and good. The INSTRUCTOR is indeed a welcome visitor. O how I love its sweet pages as I read them carefully! It is indeed meat in due season. I hope my letter may be accepted.

ZIPPORAH MOODIE.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., June 12, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write to the young friends of the INSTRUCTOR and let them know how I enjoy reading their letters. There is no church-school here, so I study at home. Neither is there any Young People's Society, but I am doing all I can. I have given away one hundred forty-eight pages of reading-matter, visited three sick persons, held two conversations on the truth, loaned thirty-two papers, written one missionary letter, and have done other missionary work. I want all the readers to pray for me that I may be faithful.

WILLIE HERRELL.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., May 27, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a reader of the INSTRUCTOR, and like it very much. I don't think I could get along without its weekly visits. I am fourteen years old. I go to public school. My teacher's name is Miss Woodruff; she is a good teacher.

I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR very much, especially the Children's Page.

I would like to hear from Lizzie Harvey, whose letter appeared in the April 25 number. Now as my letter is getting lengthy, I will close, hoping to see it in print.

ETTA HUDSON.

SHERIDAN, WYO., June 5, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I never have written to the INSTRUCTOR, I will now write. We came from Texas about three months ago. We lived in Texas six years, and I liked it very well.

The children of our church have started a missionary society, and are sending out papers to different children. We are going to sell fifteen copies of the June number of the *Life Boat*. We take our dinners to Sabbath-school, so we can have Children's meeting.

I have read the book of Genesis, and learned how perfect the Lord made the earth. I am acquainted with a great many of the INSTRUCTOR readers.

We like to live in Wyoming. The weather is delightful in the summer. We see the Big Horn Mountains and the Rosebud Mountains of Montana every Sabbath as we go to meeting. I am fourteen years old.

WACO McCULLY.

We are glad to hear from Waco, and I hope the missionary society may have a long, useful life. If it does, I am sure each of the members will be happy in his work. Now that you have read Genesis, I hope you will go on until you have read the whole of God's letter to you.