

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

Vol. LIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 17, 1906

No. 29



Hammock of Prayer

I HAVE read in a beautiful poem,
Of the low-swinging hammock of prayer,
Of the fastenings high in the heavens,
And the blessings awaiting us there,
As our blessed and loving Redeemer,
In his home in the heavens above,
Links the glittering mesh of the hammock
With his infinite pity and love.

How sweet is this holy communion
That binds us to heaven and home;
'Tis a joy to the sad and the weary,
When friendless, forsaken, alone.
Mid the jar and the strife of the present,
A solace awaiteth us there;
For the cares of the world never enter
The low-swinging hammock of prayer.

Then swing in this rest-giving hammock,
O sojourner, weary and lone,
'Tis as bright as the vision of Jacob,
When he pillowed his head on a stone.
'Tis as sweet as a vision of heaven,
And as pure as the flowers of spring.
I rest in this low-swinging hammock,
While I pray, and I praise, and I sing.

L. D. SANTEE.

The Island of Honolulu

You may be interested to learn something about our island home. We are way down here in the Pacific, just across the tropic, in the torrid zone. Our island is but a dot on the map, yet we have five hundred and ninety-eight square miles of land, while the Hawaia Island has four thousand and fifteen square miles. There are eight islands in what is known as the Hawaiian group; two of these, however, are little more than barren rocks, yet some stock is raised on them.

All the islands are quite mountainous, and many parts of them can not be used to advantage; but the slopes and valleys are very productive. Sugar is the main export. Bananas, pineapples, rice, cocoanuts, and coffee are raised extensively, and exported also. We have some other things here that we would be glad to export or deport, or port them any way, to get rid of them, but somehow people are no more anxious to get them than we are to keep them. I speak of the plague, leprosy, and other things of like nature. But our island is perhaps as conducive to health as the United States. The board of health succeeds very well in keeping down the plague and leprosy, so that fewer die of these than of some other diseases.

It is not so warm as I had supposed it would be. I have seen many hotter days in New York State than I have experienced here. The temperature never gets very hot or very cold; the trade-winds seem to temper it in both ways. Our thermometer has gone down as far as fifty-seven degrees and up as high as eighty-five degrees since last July. These are the two extremes, so you

see it is a very agreeable climate. Indeed, this is the paradise of the Pacific. Fruit-trees blossom and bear fruit any time. Some say that we ought to put calendars on the trees so that they might know when to bloom. Many times there are blossoms, green fruit, and ripe fruit on the same tree.

We live about half a mile from an extinct volcano, which is so old that the crater is filled with earth, but we have had no earthquake shocks during all the seismic disturbance that has so seriously affected California. Many newspaper reports have gone out to the effect that we have also been terribly shaken, but there is no truth in any of these reports.

There are few farms here like those in the States; much of the land is controlled by the sugar-planters and the pineapple men, as they are called. These plantations consist of thousands of acres, and the most of the laboring men work on them. The laborers receive from eighteen dollars to twenty-two dollars a month. These men are divided into companies, and a *luna* (boss) has charge of each company. While the crop is being gathered in one place, it is being planted in another, so that the cane is continually being carried to the factory and made into sugar. The sugar factory is a marvel in itself. The cane is brought from the field by the train-load on small cars, and backed down to one end of the factory, where great hooks, worked by machinery, pull it from the cars into a moving trough about ten feet wide and six feet deep, which dumps it between two great steel rollers. These cut and crush it, and send it on to other rollers, and so on to the last set of rollers, which put a pressure of forty tons upon it, and leave it as dry as kindling wood. It is immediately hurried into the furnace which heats the boilers that run the machinery. The juice of the cane goes from one evaporating pan to another, and from one filter to another, and from one centrifugal to another, till way in the farther end you can see them sacking up the still hot sugar ready for market.

Many are anxious to know about our volcano. We have one that really sends out smoke, but it is down on an island about two hundred miles from here. I went over there to see it some time ago, and found it very interesting. The outside crater is nearly four miles across, but the inner crater is only about one-half mile in diameter and six hundred feet deep. Only a little fire is to be seen, as the sulphur smoke hides it from view most of the time. We are not advertising the volcano just now, as volcanoes seem to have a bad reputation of late. But Christ said that among the signs of his coming would be the rising up of nation against nation, and famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places, and all these should be but the beginning of sorrows. So we might just as well look at these things as they are, make the best of them as they come, trust in the Lord at all times, and be prepared for whatever comes, realizing that the faster calamities come, the sooner the end and the kingdom of our God. Are we ready?

C. D. M. WILLIAMS.

The Morning and Evening Harp

THE normal close of human life is not a climax, but a cadence. Life's music begins in youth, like the nightingale in Tennyson's haunted valley, "with long and low preamble." It continues with increasing intensity and force through early manhood up to the prime of life, its midday. Then it moves forward on a level or slightly declining plane, with perhaps somewhat increasing force for a while, a force whose springs, however, lie back in the preceding stage, and whose activities take the directions determined then. Henceforth it slackens in intensity and movement, although not necessarily in depth or height, and by no means necessarily in beauty, for this is the season when "life takes a sober coloring from an eye that hath kept watch o'er man's mortality," and puts on ripe and tranquil graces impossible before. And then, "only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown," the soul in quiet tarries for that season when cadences shall end, and the full-toned, ever-deepening music of the eternal shall begin.

The glory of the mellow sunset, so often almost indistinguishable, balances the glory of the eager morning. Each part, like Emerson's shell and seaweed, in its place is best. Each is as significant and as beautiful as the other. So think not that the slackening energies and soberer pulses are an evil thing; they are the sweet-toned echoes of past music, the pause before the heavenly symphonies.

But for us the significance of the fact of the cadence lies in the relations of its different parts, in the truth that each note in the closing measures is the direct descendant of its predecessors, and they of theirs. The key-note was struck in youth, and while rude hands of sin too often play havoc later with the gracious melody thus begun, full, normal manhood is simply the louder, deeper vibration of the earlier chords, and old age carries on the same prevailing air and ruling motif. That last music, indeed, is not possible without the first. No doubt the Heavenly Master can take the harp all unused to celestial tones, and with many a string destroyed, and call forth strains which shall make angels wonder and all heaven rejoice; but even he, we may reverently say, can not evoke the music that might have sounded from its strings if through all the years they had grown wonted to the finer melodies. In each present note that sounds, all notes that have been are resounding, and if the higher music has been lacking in the past, the song, however sweet, lacks the richness it might have had. The tranquil march of age is moving to the measures it learned in manhood and in youth.

And therefore the character of the earlier music, whether marked by adequacy, redundancy, or defect, molds all the later. The later simply expands and develops the earlier. This furnishes the central tone which has attracted to itself and ranged round it the kindred notes; this has been the dominating power which selected out of life's materials the congenial elements, and transmuted them into its own likeness.

To change the figure for a moment, it is not

possible, from our human standpoint at least, to insert into the soul's warp and woof when the fabric is nearly woven, or even well-blocked out, the lacking threads of gold. Late-won polish soon wears off, late-won culture proves itself to be but superficial, late-won virtue has a hard struggle with long-seated passion, and the noble songs our minds have learned in maturer years are but evanescent; what remains are tunes which sank into the heart in youth, and those which vibrate in unison with them. As the harp resounds in the morning, so shall its music be at night.—*Sunday School Times*.

An Hour a Day for a Year

"ONLY an hour a day," that does not seem much, it seems hardly worth mentioning, much less making an article about.

But let us consider a little. An hour a day may mean more than we think. In a year it represents three hundred and sixty-five hours, and allowing sixteen hours for a waking day, three hundred sixty-five hours gives nearly twenty-three days,—waking days, too,—which is worth taking note of, not days one third of which is spent in necessary sleep.

Now, time is a possession to be parted with for something else; indeed, it forms a large part of the capital with which we trade. We give it and labor, and in exchange get education, money, dexterity, and almost all other things of value.

To be watchful of time, then, is wise economy. A person who had astonished everybody by his achievements was once asked how he had contrived to do so much. "The year," he replied, "has three hundred sixty-five days, or eight thousand seven hundred sixty hours. In so many hours great things may be done; the slow tortoise makes a long journey by losing no time."

Just think what an hour's reading daily would come to in a year. You can read easily a page of this paper in twenty minutes, and at that rate could get through in three hundred sixty-five hours no fewer than one thousand ninety-five pages. And suppose the matter were printed in small pages, of, say, three hundred words apiece, your daily reading for an hour would in a year cover something like twelve thousand pages.

As to the books in which the year's reading is to be found, let every one take his choice, remembering that people are known by the company they keep, and that to lead a noble life one should associate as much as possible with the noble.

Instead of reading, suppose one took to writing; an hour a day would then produce quite as remarkable results. Even the short rule of "no day without a line" has resulted in the production of volumes—we might almost say of libraries.

What results may indeed be arrived at by an hour's daily industry in anything! "An hour in every day," says a writer, "withdrawn from frivolous pursuits, would, if properly employed, enable a person of ordinary capacity to go far toward mastering a science. It would make an ignorant man a well-informed one in less than ten years."

Of course, the hour's work must not be done listlessly. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." There is an advantage, too, about hours taken at intervals of a day that do not belong to hours taken together. We come to their work fresher, and in better condition to do it justice. When working hours come together, the best work is usually done during the first hour; after that even the most energetic fall off.

In music, an hour's practising every day will carry us far in a year. But remember that practising must be gone about with strict attention. An hour with strict attention is worth more than three hours with carelessness; and if a girl who

wants to get on has only an hour to spare each day, she must be to herself a very exacting music master.

An hour a day is wisely spent in exercise. In an hour we can, without making too great haste, walk three miles. At this rate, a year's walking represents over a thousand miles. We must have relaxation to keep up our spirits and prevent life from becoming as monotonous as if one were sentenced to perpetual treadmill. Recreation is necessary, and the pursuit of pleasure is sometimes a duty.

If we had but an hour a day to spare, what would be the best conceivable use to put it to? The best use, perhaps, would be to sit down and think. Suppose we came every day to a full stop for an hour, and thought, What am I doing? What is to be the end of all this busy life for me, and how may I so act that when I go out of the world, it will be the better for my having been in it?

This thinking and planning would make us better characters altogether, would prepare us for coming duties, and enable us to face the future ready for anything that might happen. An hour a day spent thus would be a bright streak running through the year.

You may say it is easy to talk about devoting an hour a day to anything, and easy to make a start, but very difficult to keep it up. True enough, but there is no end to the wonders that can be wrought by the exercise of the human will.

"We all sorely complain," says Seneca, "of the shortness of time. And yet we have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are either spent in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as if there would be no end to them."

An hour a day for a year squandered in idleness or in foolish pursuits means the sacrifice of all the advantages mentioned above. And any one who keeps up idleness or folly for a year usually ends in having a lifetime of it.—*Our Young Folks*.

Keeping the Bolts In

In my boyhood days I used to know a man whose duty it was to walk along the line of a great railway at night. During the day he slept at home. Then, when the shadows began to fall, he lighted his lantern, shouldered a heavy hammer, and started out on his long and lonely tramp. His beat extended over three miles of track, part of which ran through a dark piece of forest. Storm or fair, wind or calm, up and back this faithful sentinel trudged, his eyes constantly bent upon the rail ahead of him.

What was he looking for?—Loose bolts and spikes along the narrow strip of steel over which the trains rushed like lightning, heedless of danger. If he found a spike loose, he stopped and pounded it down. If his sharp eyes caught sight of a bolt out of place at the point where two rails were fastened together, he paused long enough to tighten it securely. That was all. But upon the manner in which the work was done depended the safety of all who traveled that road.

I have often since then thought of that man, keeping his vigil in the dark. No one save the most belated wayfarer ever saw him or noted what he was doing. Not one out of a thousand who sped over the line ever knew there was such a man. Did that matter to the lonely track-walker? You would not for a moment say that he would be warranted in slighting his work because few ever saw him or knew of his existence.

And yet, some of us do not feel very great responsibility in doing our work. Many of us say, "O, it doesn't matter for such work!" We are not satisfied with keeping the bolts well

pounded down. If we were in the engineer's cab and held the lever, it would be different.

Why does a tree need branches and leaves? Why could it not have grown straight up a hundred feet, without a stalk or a leaflet? The trunk is useful. It may be made up into a thousand different forms, all of which are valuable to man. But the leaves and the slender branches—what are they? Wait now. The tree lives through its branches, and the little rootlets far beneath the earth. Cut them off, and the tree dies. Not useful? No branches and leaves, no tree. Cut them off, and the great tree is stricken to death.

Niagara is one of the wonders of the earth. Standing where one may see its cataract thunder over the edge of that abyss, one feels the very ground tremble beneath his feet. Yet, somewhere there was a beginning of Niagara. That immense sheet of water was made up of countless drops, and the drops once were clouds of mist, drifting in the sky. Here they are gathered up, and we have Niagara.

The world is a strange place, is it not? Strange people in it with strange occupations. You and I may be only the drops which go to make up the whole. Are we on that account of no importance to Him who made and rules the earth?

So long as God assigns us our work, it is of importance. How dare we say it amounts to nothing? Great wheels and strong axles are necessary to the engine, so are the little bolts and rivets. And it makes me glad when I read from the Word that it is the man who is faithful in a little who is to be made ruler over much. Most of us have only the bolts and the spikes to look after. We ought to be thankful that even that has been entrusted to us; for by and by we shall be looking for the "recompense of the reward," and we want to be worthy of it.

How about our bolts and spikes? Are we watching carefully to keep them pounded down well?—*Edgar L. Vincent*.

"I Forgot"

"I FORGOT!" is an excuse that is heard in the business world every day when some blunder is discovered and charged up to the ever-present expense account. The young man who expects to make a success in his career must put "I forgot!" in the same class as "I can't!" and keep them ever at a distance. The best advice I ever heard given to a young man was clear and concise: "Keep your wits about you." That should be the keystone of the budding business career; in other words, he must use his brain and be thoroughly awake at all times, concentrating his mind eternally upon the task in front of him, and keeping at it until it is finished to the smallest and most insignificant detail.

A business house can not afford to keep an "I forgot" young man on the pay-roll, for every task that he attempts is liable to be overlooked and remain unfinished until it clogs the machine-like precision of a well-organized business routine, and every break in this routine means a loss to the firm financially.

A young man was employed as an office assistant by a large concern that made a specialty of importing flavoring extracts, and one day was instructed to bill out some extracts, the book-keeper adding, "Now remember, these extracts are worth three dollars an ounce—not a pound—and you want to be careful to charge for every ounce."

The young man started at the task, and immediately proceeded to forget his instructions, for, when he came to a bill where a pound of extract was to be charged, instead of an ounce, he made it read: "One pound extract, three dollars."

It so happened that this bill was to a firm that was known to be slow in paying their accounts, and the next morning they sent a man around

with the cash to settle the account, and the young man who had made out the bill receipted it for them.

This prompt payment of the bill caused comment in the office, as the account of the month before remained unpaid, and the reason was soon discovered when the manager read the line, "One pound extract, three dollars." They had taken advantage of the error, and had dishonestly made thirty-three dollars; and, when the young man was called into the office, he was asked: "You were told that these extracts were worth three dollars an ounce, were you not?"

"Yes, sir; the bookkeeper told me to make out the bill that way," was the response.

"How does it come, then, that you billed it out three dollars a pound, when you know it should have read three dollars an ounce?"

"I forgot!" was the lame excuse, and the next morning there was a vacancy in the office for a young man who did not forget his instructions.

The young man of business must bring his mind with him to his work every morning, and not allow it to leave the confines of the office or shop during business hours; that is, he must not be thinking about outside affairs and allow them to interfere with his work. Many young men know more about baseball, football, or other outdoor recreation than they do about their positions, and such young men remain at a standstill, and then wonder why other young men who attend to their work at all times are promoted to better positions that pay more wages. Outside influences make a young man careless in his work, and he becomes numbered with the "I forgot" young men beginning their business careers.

The Word of Honor

In entering business a young man must strive to keep every promise he makes, whether it is of importance or not, and must never place himself on record unless he means to stand by whatever statement he makes. If he makes an engagement, be it ever so small, he must make it with the expectation of being at the appointed place promptly on the minute he promised to be there, not five or ten minutes later, as so many young men have a habit of doing.

I remember a young man who worked in an office. Whenever any of his fellow employees asked him whether certain tasks had been performed, he would always reply in the affirmative, without knowing whether it had been done or not. In a majority of cases it was found that he had "GUESSED," as he put it, that they had been completed. He would have saved time by waiting to verify his statements, or by coming right out and saying that he did not know, and would find out by investigation. He did not intend to tell a falsehood, but at the same time his word could not be depended upon, and he was a source of annoyance to every one who worked with him. The consequence was that he was dismissed from the service of the firm.

"You do not intend to tell a falsehood," the manager said to him when it became necessary to dispense with his services, "but we find that you give us your opinion that the work has been done, not your actual knowledge, and we have to go to the trouble of verifying all your statements, even when we think that you are giving us the correct information. I would not say that you are intentionally untruthful; but, at the same time, you deceive us—we think that the work we ask you about is completed and out of the road, and then find that it has remained untouched. In business, time is too valuable to waste verifying one employee's statements, for we have to have information that can be relied upon at all times—not guesswork. Outside of that your work has been satisfactory, but I shall have to dispense with your services."

It was a severe lesson to the young man, but it made him watch what he was saying in the

future, and he now gives definite answers only when he has positive knowledge.

One thing that the young man on the threshold of business must learn is to say "No" when he has to say it, not acceding to a request, and then disappointing the one to whom he made the promise. If he is asked to do anything that he knows he can not do, he must have the moral courage to decline in as tactful a manner as he can without giving any one offense. These and many other instances where a promise is idly made and then not kept are points against which he must be ever on the alert; the young man must realize that one prime requisite of business is the possession of the word of honor that will always be kept when a promise of any kind is made.—*Paul Alwyn Platz.*

A Lesson from the Trees

"SEE that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise." Eph. 5:15. "Circumspect" is made up of two Latin words, *circum*, around, and *specio*, to look. Thus we virtually have, "See that ye walk, *looking around*, not as foolish, *but as wise*." We are told in "Christ's Object Lessons" that we are to get a lesson of love and goodness from everything our eyes behold or our hands touch in nature. And if we do this, our lives will be sweeter, and our days brighter and happier. We may find whatever we are looking for in this world. The crow always finds a carcass, and the bee a beautiful flower. There is a silver lining to every dark cloud. On the Egyptian side is darkness, but on the Israelites' side there is always a clear, heavenly light. Ex. 14:20.

Now with these thoughts, let us take a quiet stroll through that strip of shady woods, where the sleek cattle contentedly graze during the warm summer days. Let us endeavor to gather a lesson of good from everything we see.

As we pass leisurely down the rocky hillside to the old gap, where the eager herd wait admittance, we notice those short, knotty, crooked trees, made so by the very poor soil on which they grow, and from lack of sufficient moisture. Even after a refreshing shower, the heavy stones, which lie thickly around, only help to evaporate the life-giving water that the trees so much need. Like the good seed of the sower, because they had not much root, they had made very poor growth. The reason why there are so many dwarfed, undeveloped lives in the world is because of such poor, stony hearts destitute of the refreshing showers of God's blessings. And, as a natural consequence, they have no depth of root, and therefore can not develop into broad, symmetrical characters.

Next we notice that post oak stump from which the laborer has taken the thrifty, rapidly growing sprouts every season since the original trunk was taken away six years ago. It seems as if the only way to stop their growth is to dig the stump out, roots and all. As Job says: "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant." Job 14:7-9. Just so with our evil habits. We shall never get free from them by cutting them off; for the more we cut them, the more they seem to flourish. The thing to do is to "lay the ax unto the root of the tree," as John did, exchanging the old sinful heart for a new, clean one; and then there is nothing to produce these evil things.

See that tall, slender elm, with half-dead leaves, which the lusty wind has partly uprooted, and which is now leaning heavily upon another more sturdy tree, that is doing its utmost to support its dying and partly fallen neighbor. Should the oak fall, the elm would surely come to the

ground with a crash. As, day by day, the oak stoutly stands the double strain, its roots sink deeper and deeper into the rich soil. These trees represent the two classes of people who make up the population of the world—those who make burdens, and those who bear them.

Next, we see what was once a sturdy forest king, but is now dead and sapless, clasped in a tangle of poisonous vines from the ground up. Once the lazy herd sought refuge from the warm rays of the sun under its leafy boughs; but one day a little wood-borer got into its heart, and poisonous vines began to clasp its roots. The little wood-borer industriously worked; the vines grasped a little tighter, and each day reached a little higher, till the giant tree began to drop one by one its beautiful leaves. Next its once tender twigs slowly decayed, and fell from the body until now it stands a bare, lifeless trunk, a veritable "heath in the desert." No longer can it be said of this specimen, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, . . . where the birds make their nests." Ps. 104:16, 17.

Now we cross over a huge log, all decayed, lying just as it fell many years ago. At sight of it, we are reminded of the words of Solomon, "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be." Eccl. 11:3. So just as we are laid away in the grave, the resurrection morning will find us. If we die with one sin unforgiven, we shall be raised with the same defect in the character. There is no change in the grave.

Next we come to an evergreen, the holly. We observe no striking difference between it and the other trees of the forest. All are covered with green, luxuriant foliage. In fact, had we not been walking circumspectly, we, perhaps, would never have noticed it. But when the chilling blasts of winter come howling through the valley; when all the forest is bare, and each deciduous tree is reaching out its leafless branches to the cold wind, then the holly has the same luxuriant evergreen foliage, appearing all the more prominent and beautiful because of its dismal surroundings.

Even so in life, we may not be able always to discern between the hypocrite and the genuine Christian, between the false and the true worshiper; but when the world turns a cold shoulder to a person, when God brings him through severe afflictions, when the cold winds of life wrap him in their chilly embrace, then he will be known by the colors he shows, and the fruit he bears.

As we move on, we notice a cluster of tall, slender trees, growing closely together. Their roots are small and near the surface. Their weak trunks are pliant and tender. Were they standing alone, they would be easily uprooted. Leaving these for a moment, we pass out into the open again. Here, on a little elevation, stands a large solid giant, with strong roots, thick, massive trunk, and low, drooping branches. Its very appearance suggests solidity and strength. It has always stood alone. From a tiny twig it has been tossed and twisted by every tempest, yet each succeeding storm only toughened its fiber, and sank its roots deeper and deeper into the rich soil, until now it stands a veritable monarch of the woods. Here is the material that always gladdens the heart of the expert timber seeker. In like manner the one whose life is all clustered up, and shielded from trials and difficulties, is never strong enough to successfully fight life's battles. But he who stands alone with God, depending not on human aid and support, bravely battling with every difficulty from his very childhood, will become firmly "rooted and grounded in love," and the smiles of heaven will rest upon him. Though advantages are meager and difficulties plentiful, yet by means of these very things, and through the grace of God, he may develop into a perfect man in Christ Jesus.

CHAS. G. BELLAH.



Our Field—The World

France

Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Music.
Scripture Reading.
Prayer.
Secretary's Report.
Music.

LESSON STUDY—FRANCE.

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What France Lost through Her Rejection
of the Bible.

General Description

FRANCE is separated from the rest of Europe by high mountains, and is nearly surrounded by water. These conditions help to give it the merited title of "Sunny France," though some parts of the country suffer at times from heavy frosts and snows. Take out an area equal to that of all the New England States from the State of Texas, and the remainder of the "Lone Star State" will just about equal the area of France. But its population is about fourteen times that of the whole of Texas. Three hundred of its rivers are navigable. Agriculture and manufacturing both receive much attention. It is admirably located for commerce.

One of the leading business men of the world speaks of the prosperity of France as follows: "France is the world's finest exemplification of the truth that when the people are given ownership in the means of production, production will increase. Before the Revolution the church and the nobility owned France. The Revolution was a protest against this ownership. The people took the land, then the greater part of the wealth, and divided it. What is the result? In a little over a century it has developed from the poorest to one of the richest of the great nations. Its resources seem to be ever expanding. It always has the money."

"The common explanation is that France is thrifty. That is true; but it is not the bottom of the matter. France is productive and saving because France is a nation of proprietors. More than half its people are farmers; three fourths own land. In France the individual still preserves his economic opportunities and independence. France has yielded less than any other country to the tendency to consolidation and concentration."

The Government

The government is a republic, established in 1870. It lacks some features that Americans regard as essential, yet it is immeasurably in advance of the absolute despotism of the old monarchy prior to the Revolution. The lawmaking power is vested in a Chamber of Deputies, elected

Its Cities

Paris is the capital, and has been pronounced the most beautiful of the world's cities. Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne put in his personal diary the following unique description of Paris:—

The splendor of Paris, so far as I have seen, takes me altogether by surprise: such stately edifices, prolonging themselves in magnificence and beauty, and, ever and anon, a long vista of a street, with a column rising at the end of it, or a triumphal arch, wrought in memory of some grand event. The light stone or stucco, wholly untarnished by smoke and soot, puts London to the blush, if a blush could be seen on its dingy face; but, indeed, London is not to be mentioned with, nor compared even with, Paris. I never knew what a palace was till I had a glimpse of the Louvre and the Tuileries; never had my idea of a city been gratified till I trod those stately streets. The life of the scene, too, is infinitely more picturesque than that of London.

Paris is eminent in art and sciences, as well as in trade.

Lyons has the most important silk manufactures in the world. Here the silkworm was first introduced. Marseilles is the most important seaport of the republic, and Bordeaux also has a world-embracing commerce. Lille is a great hive of manufacturing industry.

Colonial Possessions

The colonial possessions and protectorates of France are dispersed over Asia, Africa, America, and Polynesia. They include an area about equal to that of Australia. Algeria and Tunis, in Africa, are considered politically as part of the French republic. French Guiana in South America also belongs to France.

History

The history of France has been a checkered one. For lack of space I shall not attempt even an epitome of it. She has tried almost every form of government. It was a kingdom until the Revolution. In 1792 the first republic was established; then under Napoleon in 1804 it became an empire. In 1848 a second revolution was inaugurated which resulted in the establishment of the second republic. Then in 1852 the second empire was founded. Since 1870 it has been a republic.

France was the bloodiest battle-field of the Reformation. Fifteen years of almost uninterrupted and most embittered civil war resulted because of a difference in religious belief. The persecution against the Protestants was at first enacted by the Catholic clergy, then later by both the clergy and the monarch. For nearly half a century, from 1515 to 1559, the bitter conflict raged. Within a week or two a score of Protestant villages were destroyed, thousands of their inhabitants perishing, and the work went on in a wholesale way until the nation had robbed itself of the best of her citizens.

Report from Irving, New Jersey

WHEN I think over what I have to report, I feel I can never do justice to the faithful members of our Young People's Society. My mind reverts to the time when one of our officers accepted the third angel's message. She was one of a family of thirteen, all of whom bitterly

for four years by universal suffrage, and a Senate, elected for nine years. The president is chosen for seven years by the Senate and Chamber in joint session.

Education is controlled by the central government, and is made compulsory for the years between six and thirteen.

opposed her, and to compel her to renounce the Sabbath she was forced to wear a thin spring coat almost all winter. Her mother hoped to keep her from church by following this course, but she would draw herself together and say, "The Lord will keep me warm." There are others who were also greatly opposed, and who suffered much, but went onward in the name of Jesus, and were overcomers. Some have given up betrothed friends, two have set aside their wedding day, one is in training at Melrose, and many are patiently striving and faithfully working in Christ's name, giving all the honor and glory to him. I mention these things because to me they seem as important as general missionary work.

At present we are filling a box for the suburban home at Hinsdale. We have a fairly good-sized circulating library containing our very best books. A number of members have consecrated one day each week to house-to-house work, and seventy-five copies of Earthquake Specials have recently been purchased by the Society and donated to these faithful laborers. They not only consecrate the day, but also the profits, to missionary work. One member started this week, and, after canvassing nineteen houses and failing to sell a paper in each instance, gave a glowing testimony, expressing her faith in the Lord, and then went forward and sold eleven. All return after the day's labor tired and foot-sore, but of good courage.

Last, but, O! not least, let me tell of the little colored girl, aged thirteen, who has been kept out of school until recently, consecrating her life and praying for an education that she may go out into the broad harvest-field to carry the "glad tidings" to her own people. Her limbs are badly crippled, being very crooked, but she went out this week with the rest, and faithfully hobbled from house to house, selling her papers and striving earnestly to be, as she says, one of his jewels.

Ten cents each week is given to church expenses, fifteen to the canvassing fund; the tithe has been faithfully paid, and the sick are provided with flowers and fruit. The young people are the working element in this church, and we consider all young in Christ Jesus. We have twenty members, all active and faithful. We are pursuing a systematic course of Bible study in our meetings, which aids us greatly.

* * *

All the World for Jesus

TAKE the world, but give me Jesus;
He, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Tender Counselor and Helper—
He will keep me till the end.

Take the world, but give me Jesus,
When the clouds of doubt arise;
When around me close the shadows,
Then to him I lift my eyes.

Take the world, but give me Jesus,
When the sun is shining bright;
For 'tis he whose radiant splendor
Sheds on us a holy light.

Take the world, but give me Jesus—
Bleeding Lamb of Calvary!
Trusting in the healing fountain,
Lord, just now, I come to thee!

Take my *all*, but give me Jesus,
For without him life is loss.
Take my gold, for with my Jesus
Gladly will I count it dross.

Take my *all*, but give me Jesus,
All for him I freely give;
For he gave *his* all for sinners—
Died for them, that they might live.

All, yes, all, I give for Jesus,—
Riches, honor, worldly fame;
Even *life* I give for Jesus—
Praise be to his holy name!

L. FRANKIE AYERS.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Apple Blossoms

O LITTLE waxen flowers, with your faint, sweet blush of pink,
While you blossom on the trees, I wonder, do you ever think
How soon you will be dropping, slowly, one by one,
Beneath the ardent glances of the bright, all-powerful sun?

But, little pale-pink blossoms, don't you worry!
For, you know,
Your dainty, fragile beauty will to ruddy apples grow.
Though you may not look so pretty, I'm very sure you will
The little boys who view you with more satisfaction fill.

—Margaret Erskine.

"The Man that Died for Me"

MANY years ago I wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but as my way seemed hedged about, and as the years came and passed, I went to live on the Pacific coast, in California. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived with my husband and little boys. I heard of a man living over the hills, who was dying of consumption, and they said, "He is so vile, no one can stand it to stay with him, so the men place some food near him, and leave him for twenty-four hours;" and added, "They'll find him dead some time, and the quicker the better. Never had a soul, I guess."

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for three days to get some one to go to see him, and find out whether he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with his indifference, the thought came to me, "Why don't you go yourself? Here's missionary work if you want it."

I'll not tell how I weighed the probable uselessness of my going, or how I shrank from one so vile as he. It wasn't the kind of work I wanted. At last, one day, I went over the hills to the little mud cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open, and up in one corner, on some straw and colored blankets, I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and had I not heard that he was unable to move, I should have retreated. As my shadow fell over the floor, he looked up, and greeted me with a dreadful oath. I stepped forward a little, and there came another oath. "Don't speak so, my friend," I said. "I ain't your friend. I ain't got any friends," he said. "Well, I am yours, and —" but the oaths came thickly, as he said, "You ain't my friend. I never had any friends, and I don't want any."

I reached out, at arm's length, the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the doorway, I asked him if he remembered his mother, hoping to find a tender place in his heart; but he cursed her. I asked him if he had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God, and he cursed him. I tried to speak of Jesus and his death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths, and said, "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

I went away discouraged. I said to myself, "I knew it was no use." The next day I went back again, and went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude of a dog. At the end of that time, I said, "I'm not going any more." That night when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charley noticed it,

and said, "Mama, you did not pray for the bad man." "No," I answered with a sigh. "Have you given him up, mama?" "Yes, I guess so," I said. "Has God given him up, mama? Ought you to give him up till God does?"

That night I could not sleep. That man dying, and so vile, with *no one to care*. I got up and went away by myself to pray, but the moment I touched my knees to the floor, I was overpowered by the sense of how little meaning there had been to my prayers. I had had no faith, and I had not *really cared*, beyond a kind of half-hearted sentiment. I had not *claimed* his soul for God. O, the *shame*, the *sham*, of a missionary zeal! I fell on my face literally, as I cried, "O Christ, give me a little *glimpse of the worth of a human soul*." Did you, Christian, ever *ask that and meant it*? Don't do it unless you are willing to give up ease and selfish pleasure, for life will be a different thing to you after that revelation. I stayed on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I can not describe those hours.



"SUCH WONDROUS THINGS IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS"

They came and went unheeded, but I learned that night what I had never known before, what it was to *travail for a human soul*. I saw my Lord as I had never seen him before. I stayed there until the answer came. As I went back to my room, my husband said, "How about your miner?" "He is going to be saved," I said. "How are you going to do it?" he asked. "The Lord is going to save him, and I don't know that I shall do anything about it," I replied.

The next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never learned before. I had waited on other days until the afternoon when, my work being over, I could change my dress, put on my gloves, and take a walk while the shadows were on the hillsides. That day, the moment my little boys went off to school, I left my work, and, without gloves or shadows, hurried over the hills, not to see "that vile wretch," but, *to win a soul*. I thought the man might die. There was a human soul in the balance, and I wanted to get there quickly. As I passed on, a neighbor came out of her cabin, and said, "I'll go over the hills with you, I guess." I

did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin, she said, "I'll wait out here, and you will hasten, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected, but the man greeted me with an awful oath; but it did not hurt as it did before; for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day, and which he had used, but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird note. "What's that?" said the man, eagerly. "It's a little girl outside who is waiting for me." "Would you mind letting her come in?" said he, in a different tone from any I had heard before. Stepping to the door, I beckoned to her, and then taking her by the hand, said, "Come in and see the sick man, Mamie." She shrank back as she saw his face, and said, "I'm afraid," but I assured her, "Poor sick man, can't get up; he wants to see you."

She looked like an angel; her bright face, her eyes tender and pitiful. In her hand she held the flowers she had picked, and bending toward him, she said, "I sorry for 'ou, sick man. Will 'ou have a posy?" He laid his great bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and the great tears came as he said, "I had a little girl once, and *she died*. Her name was Mamie. *She cared for me*. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

I knew at once I had the key to the man's heart. The thought came quickly, born of that midnight prayer, and I said, "When I spoke of your mother and your wife, you cursed them: I know now that they were not good women,—you could not have cursed a good mother." "Good women! O, you don't know nothing 'bout that kind of women. You can't think what they were."

"Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn't she have been just like them? Would you have liked to have her live for that?" He evidently had never thought of it, and his great eyes looked off for a full minute. As they came back to mine, he cried, "O, no! I'd killed her first. I'm glad she died."

Reaching out and taking the poor hand, I said, "The dear Lord did not want her to be like them; he loved her even better than you did. He is keeping her for you. Don't you want to see her again?"

"O, I'd be willing to be *burnt alive* a thousand times, if I could just see my little girl once more, my Mamie."

O friends, *you know* what a blessed story I had then to tell, and I had been so close to Calvary that night that I could tell it in earnest. The poor face grew ashy pale as I talked, and the man threw up his arms as if his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as if losing breath. Then clutching me, he said, "What's that, woman, you said t'other day 'bout talking to somebody out o' sight?" "It's praying," I said. "I tell him what I want." "Pray now, pray quick. Tell him I want my little girl again. Tell him anything you want to."

I took the hands of the child, and placed them on the trembling hands of the man. Then dropping on my knees, with the child in front of me,

I bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie, and wanted to see her again. This was the prayer: "Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He has lost his 'tittle girl, and he feels bad about it. I'se so sorry for him, and he's so sorry, too. Won't you help him? Do, please. Amen."

Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood One with prints of the nails in his hands and the wound in his side. Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying, "Tell him more, tell him everything; but O! you don't know." Then he poured out such a torrent of confession of his life that I could not have borne it but for the One who was close to us that hour. By and by, the poor man grasped the Strong Hands. It was the third day when the poor tired soul turned from everything to him, the Mighty to save, "the Man who died for me." He lived on for weeks, as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him one day about a meeting, and he said, "I'd like to go to a meetin' once. I never went to one of them things." So we planned a meeting, and the men came from the mills and the mines, and filled the room. "Now, boys," said he, "get down on your knees while she tells 'bout that Man that died for me."

I had been brought up to believe that a woman shouldn't speak in meeting, but I found myself telling the simple story of the cross. After a while he said, "O boys, you don't half believe it, or you'd cry; you couldn't help it. Boys, raise me up. I'd like to tell it *once*." So they raised him up, and between his short breathing and coughing, he told the story. He used the language he knew. "Boys," he said, "you know how the water runs down the sluice-boxes, and carries off all the dirt, and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that Man she tells about went right over me, just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. But it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see the Man that died for me. O boys, *can't you love him?*"

Some days after there came a look into his face which showed that the end was near. I had to leave him, and I said, "What shall I say to-night, Jack?" "Just good night," he said. "What will you say to me when we meet again?" "I'll say 'good morning' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the men sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the dead, and I looked on the face, which seemed to have come back nearer to the "image of God." "I wish you could have seen him when he went," they said. "Tell me all about it." "Well, all at once he brightened up 'bout midnight, and smilin' said, 'I'm goin', boys. Tell her I'm going to see Mamie. Tell her I'm going to see the Man that died for me; an' he was gone.'"

Kneeling there, with my hands over those poor cold ones, which had been stained with human blood, I asked to come to understand more and more the worth of a human soul, and to be drawn into deeper sympathy with Christ's yearning compassion, "Not willing that any should perish."—Mrs. J. K. Barney.

THE keeping power of God is about us every hour of life, and yet we often fail to appreciate the fact, until some friend meets with a misfortune. Perhaps even then we do not realize that it is the protecting power of Providence that keeps us from harm; the leading hand of an angel that directs our course from accident. Should not this protection be more often acknowledged? If, at this moment, we offer a prayer of thankfulness, our Father will be pleased, and perhaps the angels of heaven will sing an extra song of praise.



Work for Little Fingers—No. 17

WE have a picture-frame for this lesson. Figs. 1 and 2 show different ways of finishing. Draw two diagonal lines, as in Fig. 3. Make points on these lines three and one-half inches from each corner of the paper. Connect these points with straight lines. This forms the square opening for the picture. Open your compasses three and one-fourth inches, place the point where the diagonal lines cross, and draw a circle. Open your compasses three and one-half inches, and draw another circle around the first. Open your compasses one and one-fourth inches, place the point in turn at each of the four points where the diagonal

lines cross the small circle, and make a point each side of each line. Divide the space between each two points by placing the point of the compasses at one point and making a point between the two. Pierce each point with a pin so that it may be found on the under side of the paper. Place your paper on a piece of cardboard or heavy paper, and with a sharp-pointed knife cut both diagonal lines through the square opening.

To make Fig. 1 fold the lines of the square, turning the triangular sides over upon the upper side of the paper and folding down flat. To make Fig. 2 turn the triangular sides over onto the



FIG. 1



FIG. 2

under side of the paper. Do not fold, but tie down near each corner with a small bow of ribbon. The under side of the paper is used for the right side, to avoid having lines on the outside. Cut out the large circle. The frame must have a back, both to give it strength and to provide a place for the picture. A sheet of the drawing-paper will be just the thing for the purpose. Draw two diagonal lines. Make a point on each line two and three-fourths inches from the upper corners. Connect these points with a straight line. Fig. 4. Cut this line with a knife, as you cut the lines through the square opening of the frame. This slit is to slip a picture through after the frame is finished. Place the back upon the table with the

lines up. Place the frame which you have cut out, upon the back, with the lines down. Locate it in the center by having the lines of the back exactly fit into the corners of the square opening of the frame. Secure it in this position with a touch of paste at the top, bottom, and each side of the frame, just under the edge. Press until dry, then cut the back exactly like the frame. If you have a punch, use it at each pin-prick. If not, enlarge the pin-pricks by passing a darning-needle through each. To finish as in Fig. 1, thread your needle with two yards of yarn or ribbon and pass through each hole, going around first forward and then backward. For Fig. 2 mark around in one direction only. Attach ribbon for hanging, and insert a picture.

Mrs. E. M. F. LONG.

Scripture Enigma

1. ONE who received the blessed gift of sight
From Him who came to be the world's true light.
2. What priest of God with all his sons was slain
The favor of a tyrant king to gain?
3. What people did their fathers' law obey,
From ancient times until the prophet's day?
4. To what great city was a prophet sent,
Whose people with contrite grief repent?
5. Whence came that mighty host, by angels slain
To prove that God o'er all the earth doth reign?
6. What beauteous sign was placed the earth above,
Emblem of God's sure truth and love?
7. To what lone land did holy Paul retreat,
To make himself by his high office meet?
8. What monarch o'er a mighty realm had sway,
And bore the tribes of Israel far away?

If the initials side by side you place,
You'll find the name of one renowned for grace.
His name, the comfort that he brought, will show.
To those that were in trouble and in woe;
He gladly gave up all that he possessed,
To aid the church of Christ, when sore distressed.
He was among the first of those who bore
The gospel light to many a heathen shore.
O, may we imitate his works of love,
And share with him in glorious joys above!

ONE Frederick Ireland has invented an artificial man made of wheels, springs, and batteries, which enable it to walk, write, and ride a bicycle.

ALL the peasants in the Russian empire might be fed for one year on the proceeds of the sale of the wealth accumulated at the czar's winter palace.

THE Polish cause, which in the past has aroused the sympathy of the world, will probably be benefited by the assembling of the Russian legislative body, the Douma. A large number of Poles have been elected to seats in the Douma, some being sent from their own province, and others from different parts of the empire.

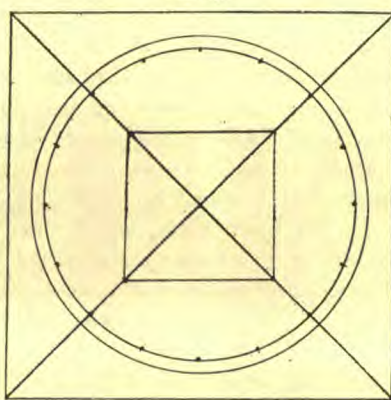


FIG. 3

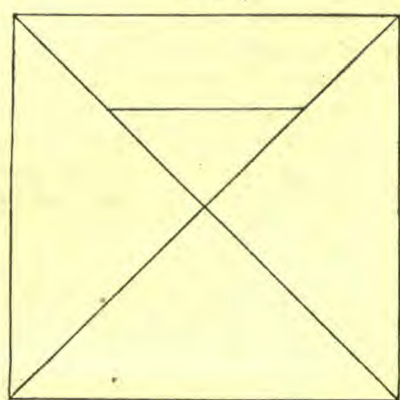


FIG. 4

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV—Paul's Further Ministry

(July 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 18 and 19: 1-20.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be not afraid, . . . for I am with thee." Acts 18: 9, 10.

"After these things Paul departed from Athens, and came to Corinth; and found a certain Jew named Aquila, born in Pontus, lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla (because that Claudius had commanded all Jews to depart from Rome); and came unto them. And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought: for . . . they were tentmakers.

"And he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks. And when Silas and Timotheus were come from Macedonia, Paul was pressed in the spirit, and testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ. And when they opposed themselves, and blasphemed, he shook his raiment, and said unto them, Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean: from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles.

"And he departed thence, and entered into a certain man's house, named Justus, one that worshiped God, whose house joined hard to the synagogue. And Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord with all his house; and many of the Corinthians hearing believed, and were baptized.

"Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city. And he continued there a year and six months, teaching the word of God."

When Paul left Corinth, Aquila and Priscilla went with him to Ephesus. Here Paul left them, while he went on to Jerusalem to attend a feast held there. While he was gone, a certain learned Jew, "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures," came to Ephesus, and began to preach in the synagogue. This man, whose name was Apollos, had not heard of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but knew only the baptism of repentance, which John taught.

"And he began to speak boldly in the synagogue: whom when Aquila and Priscilla had heard, they took him unto them, and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly.

"And it came to pass, that, while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus: and finding certain disciples, he said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. And he said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism. Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him.

"When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied."

For two years Paul stayed in Ephesus, preaching and teaching the people. "And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."

Now there were at Ephesus a number of strolling Jews (those who wandered from one place to another), who, when they saw the miracles of Paul, also tried to cast out evil spirits. Seven sons of a certain chief priest are mentioned as trying to do this; but when they called on the

evil spirit to come out of the man, "the evil spirit answered, and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?"

"And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, and overcame them, and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded."

When this became known to the Jews and Greeks at Ephesus, "fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified. And many that believed came, and confessed, and showed their deeds. Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver.

"So mightily grew the word of God."

Questions

1. What important city did Paul visit on leaving Athens? With whom did he make his home? How did Paul employ his time? Why was this necessary?

2. What did Paul do on the Sabbath? Who finally came from Macedonia? What was Paul now impressed by the Spirit to do?

3. How were his words received? How did the apostle rebuke his hearers? What did he declare he would do?

4. With what man did Paul now make his home? What kind of man was Justus? Where did he live? What success attended Paul's work?

5. How did the Lord speak to Paul about this time? With what words did he encourage the apostle? Memory Verse. What must Paul continue to do? Why?

6. When Paul left Corinth, who went with him? At what city did he leave Aquila and Priscilla? Where did he then go?

7. Who came to Ephesus while Paul was away? Describe this man. How far did he understand the gospel? What had he not heard? By whom was he taught the way of God?

8. To what city did Paul finally return? What question did he ask the believers at Ephesus? How did they answer? What further question did Paul ask? Give their reply.

9. How did Paul show that they needed to go further than this? How did the believers show their faith in Paul's teaching? What blessing did their brethren receive after their baptism?

10. How long did Paul stay at Ephesus? How did God manifest his power through this apostle? What miracles are mentioned?

11. What did certain vagabond Jews now attempt to do? Who of these are specially mentioned? What did the evil spirit say to them?

12. Tell how these men learned not to use the name of Jesus in this way. How did the Ephesians feel when they heard what had happened?

13. What was done by many who believed? What had many been in the habit of doing? What did these now do with their books of magic? At what price were these books valued? How was the work of God now prospered?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV—Duties and Work of the Young

(July 28)

MEMORY VERSE: "My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways." Prov. 23: 26.

Questions

1. What important counsel is given the young by Solomon? Eccl. 12: 1.

2. When does Jeremiah say we should begin to wear the yoke of service? Lam. 3: 27.

3. What does Jesus say of this yoke? Matt. 11: 30. Whose yoke is it? Verse 29.

4. In 2 Chron. 34: 1-3 is mentioned an interesting case of one who bore the yoke in his youth.

How old was he? Tell what he did. How did he compare with his father? 2 Chron. 33: 23.

5. How should the young regard the aged? Lev. 19: 32.

6. What example is recorded as a warning? 2 Kings 2: 23, 24.

7. What will enable the young to live a Christian life? Ps. 119: 9, 11; note 1.

8. What is said of the faith of the young man Timothy? 2 Tim. 1: 5.

9. What was the source of this faith? 2 Tim. 3: 15.

10. Has the Lord given the young a work to do? 1 Tim. 4: 12; note 2.

11. Tell about the little girl who was a missionary in the house of Naaman. 2 Kings 5: 1-3, 14, 15.

12. What purpose filled the heart of the young captive Daniel? Dan. 1: 8.

13. What was the result? Dan. 1: 17-20.

14. What noble resolve was in the heart of Joseph when a slave in Egypt? Gen. 39: 9; note 3.

15. What blessing did this bring to him? Gen. 39: 2, 3, 23.

16. What gift does our Heavenly Father ask of us? Prov. 23: 26.

Notes

1. The youth who finds joy and happiness in reading the Word of God and in the hour of prayer, is constantly refreshed by drafts from the Fountain of life. He will attain a height of moral excellence and a breadth of thought of which others can not conceive.—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IV, page 624.

I was shown that the youth must take a higher stand, and make the Word of God the man of their counsel.—*Ibid.*, Vol. I, page 497.

2. I saw that Satan is a vigilant foe, intent upon his purpose of leading the youth to a course of action entirely contrary to that which God would approve. He well knows that there is no other class that can do as much good as young men and young women who are consecrated to God. The youth, if right, could sway a mighty influence. Preachers, or laymen advanced in years, can not have one half the influence upon the young that the youth, devoted to God, can have upon their associates. They ought to feel that a responsibility rests upon them to do all they can to save their fellow mortals, even at a sacrifice to their pleasures and natural desires.—*Ibid.*, page 511.

Young men and young women, gather a stock of knowledge. Do not wait until some human examination pronounces you competent to work, but go into the highways and hedges, and begin to work for God. Use wisely the knowledge you have. Exercise your ability with faithfulness, generously imparting the light that God gives you.—*Ibid.*, Vol. VII, page 281.

3. His soul thrilled with the high resolve to prove himself true to God—under all circumstances to act as became a subject of the King of heaven. He would serve the Lord with undivided heart; he would meet the trials of his lot with fortitude, and perform every duty with fidelity.—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 214.

4. Dear young friends, that which you sow you will also reap. Now is the sowing time for you. What will the harvest be? What are you sowing? Every word you utter, every act you perform, is a seed which will bear good or evil fruit, and will result in joy or sorrow to the sower. As is the seed sown, so will be the crop. God has given you great light and many privileges. After this light has been given, after your dangers have been plainly presented before you, the responsibility becomes yours. The manner in which you treat the light that God gives you will turn the scale for happiness or woe. You are shaping your destinies for yourselves.—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. III, page 363.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	.40
THREE MONTHS	.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25
CLUB RATES	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	.50
100 or more " " " "	.45

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THE inquiry, knowledge, and belief of truth is the sovereign good of human nature.

A MEMBER of the family of the cupbearer to the German emperor has accepted the truths of the third angel's message, and has recently been baptized. The emperor's second son not long ago purchased one of our books. Two other princes also secured copies.

THE tithe in the German field increased the first quarter of this year ten thousand dollars over the last quarter of last year, and eight thousand dollars in that quarter over the preceding one. Evidently somebody loves this truth, and is bringing others to a knowledge of it.

FOR a time our papers were allowed in Russia, then they were debarred. But the publishers changed the name of the paper, and continued to send it. The authorities finally discovered this fact, and again refused to allow it to be sent into the country. Then it was printed on thin paper, enclosed in envelopes, and sent under letter postage. But now that the censorship of the Russian press has been removed, our literature can be sent anywhere throughout the empire without fear of detention.

THE beautiful egret, or snowy heron, was once so abundant in Florida that flocks of them alighting on the trees would suddenly change the forest from green to snow white. Now the bird is nearly extinct. And the secret of its disappearance is that ladies like to wear its delicate feathery plumes on their hats. One man and his companion who were engaged in securing these much prized feathers, boasted that they maimed or killed one hundred and fifty-five thousand egrets in one season. It is during the brooding season that the bird is captured, then, however badly frightened, the mother bird will not leave her young ones, so she is killed by the nest, and the feathers then hastily plucked from her warm body.

A King's Loyalty to Conscience

WHEN Henry IV, king of France, came to the throne in 1589, the Catholic nobles tried to force him to renounce his Protestant faith, having resolved they would tender him their allegiance only on condition of his immediate adoption of the Roman Catholic religion.

Henry had always resisted the attempt to force upon him a change of faith. He said, very determinedly: "I have been often summoned to change my religion; but how?—The dagger at my throat. If I had no respect to my conscience, my honor would have hindered it. What would

the best Catholics say of me if, after living thirty years in one way, they saw me suddenly change my religion in hope of a kingdom; and what would they say who have seen and tried my courage if I quitted basely through fear the form in which I have served God from the day of my birth? *No, gentlemen; it will never be the king of Navarre who will do that, though he had thirty crowns to gain.*"

Christ Our Example

OF all the New Testament writers, the apostle John most frequently causes one to pause and think of Christ; and always that one might believe him and love him.

Occupying the choice seat at the table, John feasted his eyes and ears and heart upon the Lord; and through his writings he would have us attain the same condition.

"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."

To corroborate his ardent words, he introduces John the Baptist. "This was he of whom I spake," says the Baptist. "He that cometh after me is preferred before me: for he was before me. And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace. For the law was given by [him through] Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

It is "glory," "grace," and "truth," all that is lovable and inspiring, that John would have us see in Christ. He is the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the One altogether lovely.

In his epistles, where he speaks of the glories that the wonderful love of God will reveal in the faithful, John's description is, "We shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." With his eyes and soul, John realized the truth, the grace, the glory in Christ. To "be like him" was his only ambition; to "be like him" was to John the greatest and most wonderful promise that could be made to those who love God.

John, in his endeavor to make us perceive that in Christ dwelt that which was pure and lovable, that which was exquisitely beautiful and most attractively inspiring, drew our attention to the voice of our Lord, mellow, sweet, and thrilling, "as the sound of many waters."

Our voice is our means of communication. By the voice we proclaim to the knowing ones exactly what we are. There is the quick, blatant voice, which tells us of shallow intelligence and quick temper; the unsteady voice, that proclaims instability of mind; and the quiet, steady voice, against which Satan has wrought his arts in vain; for that voice bears only the words of love and kindness. Who does not covet such a voice? The singer, to reach the high notes of the scale, the orator, to master the rich chest tones so dear to the hearer, will spend years in practise, and much money for instruction, to perfect the art. In the battle of life, with its earnest communion with God, battling with the flesh, yielding to the Spirit, rejoicing in hope, and triumphant in love, the voices of God's people will attain their sweetest and most attractive notes, and thereby proclaim their character to men.

In picturing to us the character of Christ, so perfect and pure, the apostle makes no mistake when he describes Christ's voice, so musical and attractive, "as the sound of many waters."

No other voice ever uttered words of wisdom to surpass or even equal those of our Master. His words were ennobling and divine, his beatitudes have music so exquisite that the most saintly soul is but entering into the true appreciation of it; his parables have wisdom that the poorest sinner can grasp. His voice had the quiet confidence of authority. He taught not as scribe or Pharisee, "but as one having authority."

JOSEPH E. HANSEN.



OAK, CAL., May 14, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: We are the only Sabbath-keepers here. I am eleven years old. I am in the fifth grade. Papa is elder of our church in Redding. I have three sisters and one brother. I want to be a good girl, and meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth.

VIOLET MAY PALMER.

BELDING, MICH., March 9, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have taken the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for quite a while, I will write a letter to our little readers. I have one brother and two sisters, and we live on a farm near Belding. We lived in Battle Creek about two years, and used to attend Sabbath-school at the Tabernacle. I will close for this time, with love to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

FERN ZIMMER.

DUSTY, WASH., March 12, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I see many letters in the INSTRUCTOR, and enjoy reading them very much. We have no Sabbath-school privileges here, but have Sabbath-school at home. I have four brothers and three sisters. My oldest brother lives a short distance from us, and my oldest sister is a nurse in the Tacoma Sanitarium. We all keep the Sabbath. I am ten years old, and go to a district school. I like to read the Children's Page, and hope to meet all in the new earth.

RHODA H. HART.

MARLETTE, MICH., April 24, 1906.

DEAR READERS AND EDITOR OF THE INSTRUCTOR: It is a beautiful spring morning, and everything seems animated with new life. I feel more encouraged in missionary work than ever before. I have been enjoying reading the INSTRUCTOR all this winter. We did not have any sleighing. Since the middle of February, I have sold twenty-two papers and given seventeen away, together with twenty-eight pages of tracts. I hope this is not too long to be printed.

ELLA BRONSON.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., April 8, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write to the INSTRUCTOR, as I have never written before. I live on an island in the Acushnet River. I have two sisters, but no brothers. We all keep the Sabbath except my father.

Our church is about a mile and three quarters away. There is no church-school here, so I go to public school. I am in the fifth grade. Miss Christopher is my teacher. I would like to have some of the INSTRUCTOR readers write to me. I hope to meet all of them in the earth made new.

THEO WOOD.

ASHAWAY, R. I., May 13, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I never have written to the INSTRUCTOR, I will do so now. I live five miles from church and Sabbath-school. We have our Sabbath-school in our church. My teacher is Mr. Lamonyon. I like him very much. I have not been able to attend in a long time. I enjoy my papers very much, and as I can not go, my teacher sends them to me, and I seem to think more of the papers because my teacher remembers to send them to me. I am thirteen years old, and as I grow older I want to learn to love my Saviour more and more. I hope you will all pray for me that I may be counted at the end as one of his children.

VIRGIE WILLIE ETTA WELCH.

CASS CITY, MICH., March 10, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR AND INSTRUCTOR READERS: I thought I would write a letter as I am sending a renewal for the INSTRUCTOR, as this week is the time for it to stop coming as a weekly visitor to our home. I can not do without it; it is so interesting. It is rightly named, for it is a nice paper, and has a great many pieces that the youth should try to learn. The piece entitled "A Day in the Mammoth Cave" is very interesting.

I would like to raise some missionary vegetables, but as my mother is sick in bed, and we are very poor, I can not do it this year. Perhaps I can next year. I will close, for my letter is getting quite long. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth.

LIZZIE PARKER.