

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Wasted Years

CALL them not wasted years,
Those years of struggle, toil, and labor unrepaid
Thou hast passed through, if they
Have led thee, though through tears,
To better things; if they have made
Thee strong, a conqueror; if to-day
Thou canst look back upon the way
Thou hast traversed, and, looking, see
Thy onward march across the wild
Where dark the shades of sorrow lay;
And if thy feet wend upward as they plod,
Although no joys have blessed, nor Fortune
smiled
Upon thee; yet if the years have taught
Thee this, to suffer and endure;
And if thy soul hath struggled up to God,
And come from the ordeal refined and pure;
If thou hast learned to rise above thy fears,
And put thy trust in Him who leadeth all,—
Though death be near to thee, and shadows fall,
Call thine not wasted years.

But O, they are wasted years
If thou hast not learned, as swift they fled,
The good, the beauty, in thy life that lies;
And if to-day no mountain peak appears
Of faith and hope, where glorious is shed
The light of love; and if the cloudy skies
Have not one rift through which thine eye can
see
A trace of heaven's bright blue;
And if thou hast not learned
The joy of sorrow, and, toiling upward, sought
From lowly, humble things the good, the true,
By which to rise, and heavenward turned
Thy longing gaze and fixed thy thought;
If the toil and tears have not refined
And strengthened all thy soul, and taught
Thee to press on, and leave behind
The doubts, the faltering, and the fears;
And if thou hast not gained a nobler mind,
More sympathetic soul, and heart more kind,
Then thine are wasted years.

EUGENE ROWELL.

Climbing

FEW travelers are so rash as to refuse the services of a native guide when seeking to ascend some lofty and perilous peak for the first time, and generally much care is taken to secure one of ample resources and lengthened experience. Yet even these precautions often fail to avert the threatened danger, and we hear but too frequently that guide and traveler have perished together in some unperceived crevasse. Surely a reliable leader is as indispensable if we would rise to a safe and secure eminence along the treacherous paths which we needs must tread—once, and no more.

Let us commend to our imitation the example of one whose early years were singularly encompassed with perils, and who was called, while yet a mere youth, to wend his way where one false step would have wrought his destruction. He records, as his special desire and request, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe," and as his personal experience he testifies, "When I said, My foot slippeth; thy mercy, O Lord, held me up," and he adds, in a part of his autobiog-

raphy, "Thou hast enlarged my steps under me, that my feet did not slip."

That which David found, in climbing (though by no merely ambitious impulse) from a sheepfold to a throne, has been realized by multitudes of young men and women, in all ages of the church's history, and in all stations of life from the lowest to the highest, from the ragged street waif to the head of the nation. Recognizing the insufficiency of custom, self-respect, education, or even the conscience, to lead them along the upward track of true excellence, they sought and obtained the aid of that Guide who could not and would not fail them.

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train."

But divine guidance does not imply human indolence or inaction. There must be *effort*, strenuous effort, if we would reach the heights of true excellence. We must aspire to a personal culture and active usefulness.

Personal culture includes the formation of religious, moral, and mental habits, and the acquisition of knowledge. I mention these in the order of their relative importance, though the field which they cover is so wide that we can enumerate only two or three.

Habit has a deep and mysterious power. It is possible, by frequent repetition, not only to accomplish the most difficult feats with comparative ease, but even to acquire a liking for these acts which at first were most distasteful. There is a self-adapting, "reconciling" tendency within us, by which we become fitted, as it were, to the groove provided for us. This fact conveys both a solemn warning and a bright encouragement to us. It is possible to grow, even in early life, so "accustomed to do evil" that the will becomes, if we may say so, magnetized, and is powerless to turn aside from its acquired direction. On the other hand, well-formed habits have, as it were, a self-producing force within them, so that their possessor "grows stronger and stronger," and evil becomes harder to follow. Some one has said that "habit is the magistrate of our lives, and therefore we should see that we have good ones." Habits crystallize into character, whether good or evil.

In these days of haste and indifference, there are no habits more needful to form than those of Sabbath-keeping, Bible reading, and private prayer. There is a so-called breadth of thought abroad, which is in truth a mere impatience of divine authority. Let us often remind one another of the apostle's counsel, "Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of." Let no day pass without sincere prayer, however brief, and the thoughtful reading of God's Word, even if it be but a single verse.

Of moral habits, devotion to duty is one of the most invaluable to us as young people. It is the practise of steadily following what we recognize by the simple word "ought." Combined with prayer, it is the armor of the soul, a coat of mail far more impenetrable than the fabled panoply of Achilles, and against which the

shafts of indolence and folly are leveled in vain.

And we may say of it what Samson said of the lion, "Out of the strong comes forth sweetness," for the habit of obeying duty's call will infuse a sense of pleasure into the most commonplace and unattractive occupations.

"Remember, though common your toil may appear,
Though lowly and hidden your lines may be laid,
That Jesus was called the 'carpenter's son,'
And followed the carpenter's trade."

But devotion to duty in the days of youth is yet finer poetry—'tis a part of the true poetry of life.

Let us urge one another to practical usefulness. With the help of the Lord we have done some things that can not but have an influence on others; but this is not enough. We must do more,—increasingly more,—for the Lord has promised to do great things through us, and consequently for us. Each of us has some talents, however few; some influence, however small; some sphere of action, however limited. Let us press on in that path which shall make us good and profitable to our fellow men. Let us measure our lives, not by hours or years, but by growth in excellence and usefulness. And if we have failed in the past, let us, looking to our heavenly Guide, begin our upward journey with new resolves and aspirations to-day, that it may be said of us, when we have finished traveling on life's common way, "Well done. . . . Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." ERNEST LLOYD.

Pleasure and Profit in Bible Study

History

(Continued)

OF the place history has in the Bible, scarcely any formal introduction need be made. Great is the contrast between the human historian, who may have spent his entire lifetime in investigating subjects hitherto unknown to the world, or lost through accident, writing such instances and events that may throw some light on the past, and Him who knows the destiny of nations from the very beginning.

"In the whole field of ancient history it stands alone. It gives the framework into which are fitted the shreds and patches of knowledge dug out of the graves of the empires. Its veracity has never been impeached. Every discovery seems made to authenticate its record. Not only does it give a certain number of facts, but it gives the origin of races, the trend of the ages."

The purpose of God in history is clearly pointed out in the following text: "The God that made the world and all things therein, he, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands: . . . and he made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation; *that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him and find him.*" Acts 17: 24, 26, 27, A. R. V. The question naturally arises here, How would such a mighty Ruler of the universe condescend to direct the trivial affairs of the nations of this world? His sole purpose is that they

should "feel after him and find him." This is the reason for the existence of all nations. Why was it that our father Abraham was called out from a heathen country, the Ur of Chaldees, to a place unknown to him that he afterward might be the father of the Israelites?—It was because God wished the light of his truth implanted in that people that they might be light-bearers to other nations of the earth.

When the Israelites as a nation refused to be God's light-bearers to neighboring countries, the Lord still used human instrumentalities to magnify his name in heathen lands. For God plainly declares, "For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name shall be great among the Gentiles." Mal. 1:11. Joseph in Egypt, Daniel in Babylon, and Mordecai in Persia, are striking examples of the foregoing statement. Thus the Lord's name has been, and will be, proclaimed and magnified in the dark corners of the earth until that great judgment day in which every knee shall bow and every tongue acknowledge his justice, mercy, and love.

Prophecy and history are inseparable. "Prophecy is history revealed in advance, and history is but fulfilled prophecy." Isa. 45:9-11; Matt. 1:22. Two books in the Bible deal especially with prophetic history, the one complementing the other. Daniel is national history with church history incidental; Revelation is church history with national history incidental. By careful and prayerful study of these books, we can review the great events of the past, ascertain exactly the time in which we are living, and anticipate the trying experiences of the remnant church, as well as the unspeakable joy and boundless glory that awaits the people of God. The second chapter of Daniel, the alphabet of prophecy, is the simplest and most comprehensive of the fourteen great lines. No one who diligently and prayerfully studies these great truths, can deny that he is living at the threshold of a terrible crisis, and that if he would stand before his Creator blameless, he should be preparing for it. It is an interesting fact that one out of every twenty-five verses in the Bible points out that imminent, consummating, joyous event—the second coming of our Saviour. This is indeed an event to which all true followers of Christ from all ages have been looking forward, and for which they sacrificed their all. This is an event that has made us a denomination; one that makes our hearts glow with the love of God for a perishing world; one that makes us sacrifice for the sake of our Master, leaving home comforts, liberty, loved ones, and friends to labor in foreign lands; one that should lead us to a better acquaintance with the Word of God; in a word, one that ought to cause all our young people to consecrate their lives fully to God's service.

Language

In the department of language, the Bible stands supreme. It has done so much for mankind—especially the English-speaking peoples—that Cæsar, Homer, or Shakespeare need hardly be mentioned. A few remarkable instances illustrating what the Bible has accomplished, will give a better idea of its literary merit than feeble comments. John Ruskin was unquestionably a master of English prose. His eloquent, vigorous style was surpassed by none in his age. Well might one ask, Whence did he attain to that pure, idiomatic diction?—Ah, it was from that fountain of high-grade literature, the Bible. He himself told us that from childhood he was required by his mother to commit to memory dozens of chapters of the Bible. A mind, while young and plastic, replete with such lofty sentiments, noble aspirations, and sublime style as contained in the Scriptures, will certainly exemplify those inward graces through outward expressions.

About half a century ago in this country there was a man, an obscure peasant, living quite a distance from any public library or civilization.

With his unquenchable thirst for education, he often walked miles through storm and snow to a city to borrow law books from some lawyers. But one of the few books within his possession was the Bible. The more he studied it, the dearer it became to him. At last, through his earnest efforts and righteous ambitions, he emerged from obscurity, and became one of the greatest men in history. With all the multitudinous duties of a nation, and his care over the impending doom of a race, he still found time to encourage literature. And not until the dedication of the cemetery of Gettysburg, where his speech made him famous, was he even welcomed by his merciless critics. Nor was this the only notable act in his life: the widely known debates with Douglas, and the emancipation proclamation against slavery, are others worthy of mention. And it was the latter that has made the name of Abraham Lincoln immortal. Whence came his attainment? Who would deny that it was first germinated from the reading of his Bible, the book he knew from childhood better than any other?

From the literary point of view, the Bible is monumental. The book of Job alone is sufficient to illustrate various kinds of literature. It may be regarded as a book of prosaic poetry or of poetic prose. The dramatic scene depicted therein is very typical. The three friends of Job—Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar—Satan, Elihu, and Job himself are its central figures. Let the imagination expand itself above the ordinary horizon, and see, first of all, the happy family of Job, with his ten faithful and obedient children, his untold wealth, his great stock of sheep and oxen, and best of all, his joyous, happy family life, revealing peace toward God and good will toward men. Unexpectedly, in the midst of this prosperity, the scene changed from resplendent sunshine to a destructive thunder-storm. Reports one after another came, all calculated to cause the utter discouragement of Job. In his mercy, the Lord permitted the tempter to inflict upon his servant physical pains, but not to take his life. One can imagine a patient-looking, God-fearing man at the intensity of his affliction, sitting upon an ash mound just outside of an ancient village. What a pitiful sight! Some looked upon him with compassion, others with contempt. Suddenly his three friends from afar came for the purpose of mourning with him and comforting him. Seven long days they sat with him, yet did not speak. Such is the introductory scene of the book of Job. Although the original poem does not contain a continuous dramatic movement, its dominant feature is that of Job's dialogue with his friends.

Of the epic interest of the book, it is no less striking. The Iliad and the Odyssey, by Homer, are only mythical; even "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," by Milton, are imaginary; but the grand epic in the book of Job is historically true. God did not give this experience to Job for his own good only, but also for our learning and admonition (Rom. 15:4) that we, through the actual experience of others, might learn the lessons of patience and integrity necessary for passing through adverse circumstances.

The lyric sentiment of Job and that of the Psalms are unparalleled specimens. During his deepest afflictions, Job did not lose faith in God. Step by step, he recognized his gracious providence, and spanned the "mystery of human suffering." Where do we find anywhere in secular literature such sublime words and contemplative restfulness as the following?—

"Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

"Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee."

"O that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat!"

"But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

We have taken the book of Job as a type of Biblical literary excellence; but what is true of this one book is also true of others. Now that there are two distinct kinds of literature—that of knowledge and that of power—the Bible occupies the highest place in both. It is a knowledge literature because the "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." It is the power literature because "it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Where do we find from the great store of secular literature such an unbiased, simple, yet sublime record of the life of our Saviour as recorded in the four Gospels? Did Demosthenes or Cicero, Burke or Webster, ever make such an eloquent speech as that by Paul before Agrippa? Could Herodotus or Rawlinson ever have given us such an infallible account of the peopling of the earth and the dawn of human civilization as Moses and other inspired historians? Did Mohammed or Socrates, Zoroaster or Confucius, Seneca or Aristotle, propound or originate such a system of moral truth as is contained in the moral law and its collaborations by the inspired prophets, our Saviour himself, and his apostles? Did Plato, Spencer, or any other profane philosophers produce such peerless reasonings as those contained in the book of Romans? Did any lyric poets, however prominent, ever pen such reflective and sublime melodies as the Psalms, which have uplifted many souls to a higher plane of living, a better spiritual standard, and a closer communion with the Almighty?

G. DOANE WONG.

(To be concluded)

The Power of Song

How much power there is in a song depends largely upon how it is sung. In it there is a mighty power for either good or evil. When the wrong use is made of it, it becomes a power for evil. Thousands are led deeper and deeper into sin by listening to cheap songs, and by singing them. "Birds of a feather flock together," it is said; so if we find ourselves desiring to learn and sing such songs or to play them upon an instrument, it is time to call a halt, for we are drifting in the wrong direction.

I know young men and women with musical talent, who were converted in their childhood days, but have been led away from God by the wrong use of music. They did not mean to forget God when they first started in the wrong way, but, flattered by their worldly friends, they went on till they lost all relish for worshipping God in holy song.

The devil is always pleased to make God's cause appear ridiculous. If, through lack of musical talent, one in the congregation sings a little above or below the proper key, thus making discord, how often the thoughtless forget that they are in God's house to worship the Creator and Father of all, and begin to nudge their neighbor, calling attention to the one making the discord. Perhaps all through the service, they think only of the discordant notes of Mr. Smith or Mrs. Jones. When they get out of church, they giggle over it, telling their friends what fun they had listening to Mrs. Jones sing. "O, it's too funny for anything," they say, "you must be sure and come to church next time; you will nearly kill yourself laughing. I thought I would die, it's so funny."

While it would be agreeable if all could sing, yet it is evident that all can not; and it might be well for some of us who like to sing, but can not, to remember that it takes more than noise to make music. In olden times there were sing-

ing men and singing women. It is the same now.

God's people have gone out to fight their enemies, singing praises to the Most High, and their enemies have fled before them. If we would meet our enemy with the spirit of prayer and singing, how much more victorious we should be!

Tahitian natives love music and do much singing, but it is not always musical according to our idea, nor do they always use it for a good purpose. They love rum as well, and sing while drinking. They like to congregate in companies, men and women alike, sitting on the ground. They sing a little while, then drink, passing the bottle around. This is repeated over and over till some of them get drunk enough to be quarrelsome. This goes on for hours, sometimes lasting a day or two, and usually ends in fighting, and sore heads, and torn clothing.

Sometimes a white man interferes to save, as he thinks, a woman from being killed, but I have never heard of his being thanked for it. It is said that some years ago a commander of a man-of-war was walking along the road with his white island friend, when he heard a native woman screaming and crying. They could hear the blows of the man beating his wife. The commander said, "Let us go in and rescue the woman." His friend said, "No; keep away from there and keep out of trouble." The commander said, "What, leave a poor woman like that to be killed! I can not do it."

So he went into the house and began to pull the man away from his wife, whom he had knocked down and was beating. As soon as the woman was free, she said, "What are you here for? I never asked you to help me. You had better attend to your own business." So both she and her husband turned the battle upon the commander, and he fled with bruised head and torn clothing.

He said to his friend, "I will never interfere in another quarrel between a man and his wife," and his friend comforted him by saying, "Didn't I tell you so?" Having heard of so many such cases, I have profited by the experience of the commander, and leave them to settle their own quarrels.

Upon returning to our home in Papeete about two weeks ago, we found a lot of new Tahitian neighbors on one side of our house, not more than forty feet away. Here, about every other night, they had been singing and drinking; and, judging from the sound of the beating and weeping, many heads and hearts must have been broken.

A few evenings ago there were probably as many as thirty of them, and the excitement was higher than usual; they had kept it up till nearly ten o'clock. I took my speaking trumpet, turned it toward them, and sang as best I knew in the Tahitian language in the midst of their confusion. The words were something like this:—

"We should love one another,
Husband, wife, sister, brother,
All our friends and neighbors, too.
Can this be truly said of you?"

Inside of five minutes everything was quiet. When I stopped, some one called out, "Sing it again." I did so, and when I finally stopped, only three or four persons could be seen. Whether they became ashamed of their conduct, or my poor music frightened them away, I can not say, but I was glad to go to bed and have a good night's rest, feeling I had done them a good turn.

How many times when we may be discouraged, singing some good song will drive the darkness out and let in the Sun of Righteousness. Even though our voices may not be melodious when singing with others, they do not sound so harsh when singing by ourselves alone. The Philistines may not be subdued by our songs; but an evil spirit within may be frightened away when we sing such songs as—

"Blessed Jesus, meek and lowly,
With us here take thine abode;
We would fain like thee be holy,
Humbly walking with our God.
We would thy sweet Spirit cherish,
Welcome in our hearts thy stay;
Lest without thine aid we perish,
O, abide with us, we pray!"

Then let us cultivate the power of song for our own good. Let us pray and sing in the Spirit, leaving the results with God.

B. J. CADY.

A Knight's Loyalty to Truth

It was not alone the humble and the poor that, amid suffering and scorn, dared to bear witness for Christ. In the lordly halls of the castle and the palace, there were kingly souls by whom truth was valued above wealth or rank or even life. Knightly armor concealed a loftier and more steadfast spirit than did the bishop's robe and miter. Louis de Berquin was of noble birth. A brave and courtly knight, he was devoted to study, polished in manners, and of blameless morals. "He was," says a writer, "a great follower of the papistical constitutions, and a great hearer of masses and sermons." "And he crowned all his other virtues by holding Lutheranism in special abhorrence." But, like so many others, providentially guided to the Bible, he was amazed to find there not the teachings of popery, but the doctrines of Luther. Henceforth he gave himself, with entire devotion, to the cause of the gospel.

"The most learned of the nobles of France," his genius and eloquence, his indomitable courage and heroic zeal, and his influence at court—for he was a favorite with the king—caused him to be regarded by many as one destined to be the reformer of his country. Said Beza, "Berquin would have been a second Luther had he found in Francis I a second elector." "He is worse than Luther," cried the papists. More dreaded he was indeed by the Romanists of France. They thrust him in prison as a heretic, but he was set at liberty by the king. For years the struggle continued. Francis, wavering between Rome and the Reformation, alternately tolerated and restrained the fierce zeal of the monks. Berquin was three times imprisoned by the papist authorities, only to be released by the monarch, who, in admiration of his genius and his nobility of character, refused to sacrifice him to the malice of the hierarchy.

Berquin was repeatedly warned of the danger that threatened him in France, and urged to follow the steps of those who had found safety in voluntary exile. The timid and time-serving Erasmus, who, with all the splendor of his scholarship, failed of that moral greatness which holds life and honor subservient to truth, wrote to Berquin: "Ask to be sent as ambassador to some foreign country; go and travel in Germany. . . . Do not trust too much to the king's protection. At all events, *do not compromise me* with the faculty of theology."

But as dangers thickened, Berquin's zeal only waxed the stronger. So far from adopting the politic and self-serving counsel of Erasmus, he determined upon still bolder measures. He would not only stand in defense of the truth, but he would attack error. The charge of heresy which the Romanists were seeking to fasten upon him, he would rivet upon them. The most active and bitter of his opponents were the learned doctors and monks of the theological department in the great University of Paris, one of the highest ecclesiastical authorities both in the city and in the nation. From the writings of these doctors, Berquin drew twelve propositions which he publicly declared to be contrary to the Bible, and therefore heretical; and he appealed to the king to act as judge in the controversy.

The monarch, not loath to bring in contrast the power and acuteness of the opposing cham-

pions, and glad of an opportunity of humbling the pride of these haughty monks, bade the Romanists defend their cause by the Bible. This weapon, they well knew, would avail them little; imprisonment, torture, and the stake were arms which they better understood how to wield. Now the tables were turned, and they saw themselves about to fall into the pit into which they had hoped to plunge Berquin. In amazement they looked about them for some way of escape.

Just at this time an image of the virgin, standing at the corner of one of the public streets, was found mutilated. There was great excitement in the city. Crowds of people flocked to the place, with expressions of mourning and indignation. The king also was deeply moved. Here was an advantage which the monks could turn to good account, and they were quick to improve it. "These are the fruits of the doctrines of Berquin," they cried. "All is about to be overthrown—religion, the laws, the throne itself—by his Lutheran conspiracy."

Again Berquin was apprehended. The king withdrew from Paris, and the monks were thus left free to work their will. The reformer was tried, and condemned to die, and lest Francis [the king] should even yet interpose to save him, the sentence was executed on the very day it was pronounced. At noon Berquin was conducted to the place of death. An immense throng gathered to witness the event, and there were many who saw with astonishment and misgiving that the victim had been chosen from the best and bravest of the noble families of France. Amazement, indignation, scorn, and bitter hatred darkened the faces of that surging crowd; but upon one face no shadow rested. The martyr's thoughts were far from that scene of tumult; he was conscious only of the presence of his Lord. . . . Berquin's countenance was radiant with the light and peace of heaven. He had attired himself in goodly raiment, wearing "a cloak of velvet, a doublet of satin and damask, and golden hose." He was about to testify to his faith in presence of the King of kings and the witnessing universe, and no token of mourning should belie his joy.

As the procession moved slowly through the crowded streets, the people marked with wonder the unclouded peace, the joyous triumph, of his look and bearing. "He is," they said, "like one who sits in a temple, and meditates on holy things."

At the stake, Berquin endeavored to address a few words to the people, but the monks, fearing the result, began to shout, and the soldiers to clash their arms, and their clamor drowned the martyr's voice. . . .

Berquin was strangled, and his body consumed in the flames. The tidings of his death caused sorrow to the friends of the Reformation throughout France. But his example was not lost. "We too are ready," said the witnesses for the truth, "to meet death cheerfully, setting our eyes on the life that is to come."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in "Great Controversy."*

Lefevre

MRS. E. G. WHITE gives the following sketch of the connection of Lefevre with the French Reformation:—

"In France, before the name of Luther had been heard as a reformer, the day had already begun to break. One of the first to catch the light was the aged Lefevre, a man of extensive learning, a professor in the University of Paris, and a sincere and zealous papist. In his researches into ancient literature his attention was directed to the Bible, and he introduced its study among his students. Lefevre was an enthusiastic adorer of the saints, and he had undertaken to prepare a history of the saints and martyrs, as given in the legends of the church.

This was a work which involved great labor, but he had already made considerable progress in it, when, thinking that he might obtain useful assistance from the Bible, he began its study with this object. Here indeed he found many saints brought to view, but not such as figured in the Romish calendar. A flood of divine light broke in upon his mind. In amazement and disgust he turned away from his self-appointed task, and devoted himself to the Word of God. The precious truths which he there discovered, he soon began to teach. In 1512, before either Luther or Zwingli had begun the work of reform, Lefevre wrote: 'It is God who gives us, by faith, that righteousness which by grace justifies unto eternal life.' Dwelling upon the mysteries of redemption, he exclaimed, 'O, the unspeakable greatness of that exchange,—the Sinless One is condemned, and he who is guilty goes free; the Blessing bears the curse, and the curse is brought into blessing; the Life dies, and the dead live; the Glory is whelmed in darkness, and he who knew nothing but confusion of face is clothed with glory.'

The work of Lefevre through some of his converts resulted in bringing many to renounce papal doctrines and ally themselves with the reformers. Had France zealously cherished these first rays of truth that shone upon her path, the Revolution, the "Reign of Terror," need never have existed.



Our Field—The World

France

Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Scripture Lesson—Each member give a promise from the book of Jeremiah.

Prayer.

Secretary's Report.

Music.

LESSON STUDY—FRANCE (Concluded).

The Bible and the French Revolution—Continued. "Great Controversy," pages 279-288.

Blasphemous Rites.

The Goddess of Reason.

Romanism and the Revolution.

The Reign of Terror.

Prophecy Fulfilled.

The Scriptures Exalted.

Our Work.

Our Work

In 1876 Elder D. T. Bourdeau, who had labored in Switzerland, pioneered the way in southern France. Public meetings were prohibited, and no more than twenty persons could assemble for meetings in a private house. Only publications authorized by the archbishop at Paris could be legally sold. Yet at Valance seventeen converts were baptized, and in other places some accepted the Sabbath. Within the next few years an increasingly liberal policy was adopted by the government, and public meetings were possible. Efforts were made in Branges and Nimes.

In 1888 an effort was made to establish self-supporting canvassing work in France, E. P. Auger being sent from America, joined by Brother Prudent, of Switzerland. The workers were unable at that time to succeed, owing to strong priestly influence. Both were made ill by privations, and Brother Prudent died in the hospital of Mont Celiard. Through the following

years something was done in southern and western France by workers from Switzerland.

In 1901 the first work was begun in Paris, and the French paper was transferred there from Basel, Elder J. Vuilleumier editing it. Prof. B. G. Wilkinson was sent to Europe in 1901, and became superintendent of the Latin Union on its organization. He held an institute for French workers in Geneva in the winter of 1902-03, and in the winter of 1903-04 conducted another in Paris. A number of young workers went out from these schools into service. Brother F. Nussbaum, of Switzerland, was a leader in the canvassing work. Energetic work was taken up in Paris, and a church was organized. Paris was made the headquarters of the French field and of the union.

In 1905 France reported 174 church-members, and 11 workers, while the tithe amounted to \$1,500.44, and the book sales to \$431.84.

Elder Wilkinson, speaking of the work, said:—

"The inauguration of the French camp-meetings last year marked a new era in the work in France. They gave birth in the hearts of the brethren to a definite determination to move forward as one body in the advancement of the truth among the people of this language. In France, to-day, with its forty million, there is but *one* ordained minister, and only four other laborers. In addition, the great French colonial empire of some forty-two million people has absolutely no worker at all.

"Here is a great nation; and she is struggling toward the light. Shall she go unaided? Shall we make no effort to augment the force of the devoted workers who are now standing one laborer to eight million people? In this stretch of territory, covering over two hundred and seven thousand square miles, five laborers would be barely enough to give even a little time to visit and comfort the seven hundred and fifty-four Sabbath-keepers in this country. In one thriving manufacturing city of the south I stopped to speak words of encouragement to a few who were investigating the truth. Having preached, like Paul, till midnight, I was conducted to the home of a wealthy Catholic widow, who was waiting to show me to my room. 'Shall we pray before retiring?' I asked her. She consented. Next morning, upon leaving early, she stopped me. 'Sir,' she said, 'won't you pray as you did last night?' and she threw herself on her knees, raising her clasped hands before my face. As I finished, she said, 'Sir, you must be a prophet. We don't hear such prayers as those in our church. Won't you come and teach your faith to my household and my people?' But the opportunity to return never presented itself. It would be impossible to enumerate the calls for workers which now arise from all sides in France. It is imperative that something be done for that field."

Note

The French Reformation as described in the twelfth chapter of "Great Controversy" would be of intense interest if used as a part of the lesson study; but since all the good and helpful things can not be crowded into these lessons, attention is called to it with the hope that all who are not familiar with the story of the French Reformation may read it. Sketches of the work of Lefevre and Berquin as given in this chapter appear in this number of the INSTRUCTOR.

Young People's Convention, Held Sabbath, June 9, 1906, in Los Angeles Church

A LARGE number were present at the appointed hour, and the services opened by singing "Watchman on the walls of Zion." Brother Fullmer invoked God's blessing upon the young people and their work, and upon the services of the hour.

The first number on the program was a quartette, "A Letter from Home," rendered by mem-

bers of the Glendale Society. Brother Silsby, the president of the young people's work, then made a few remarks regarding the object of the convention. He dwelt especially upon the aim of the young people at this time,—*"The Advent Message to All the World in This Generation,"*—and their motto, *"For the Love of God Constraineth Us."* Surely no one could have a higher aim or a greater work to perform; but with the love of God constraining us, the work may be accomplished. The first paper was given by Mr. Adams, of the Fernando Society. The subject was one which has been of much interest to our young people for some time, and a subject of vital importance. *"We as Christian Young People Need Recreation and Social Improvement: of What Shall It Consist?"* Mr. Adams dealt with the subject in a way to leave us free to answer this question for ourselves, giving us the principles to follow in settling the question in our own minds and hearts. One principle upon which to base our conclusions is this: there are two motives that may prompt every action—the motives of love and selfishness. We are prompted by the motive of love when we seek to make the lives of others brighter and happier. It is the motive of selfishness that prompts us to please self, to seek the amusement that contributes most to our own happiness rather than to the happiness of others. The Saviour's life is an illustration of a life whose every action was prompted by love. He mingled with people to help them, to lift them up, to contribute to their happiness, and by so doing he also brought peace and happiness to himself. If we keep this thought in mind, surely it will help us in deciding of what our recreation shall consist. Extracts from the Testimonies were read which show us that no pleasure should be indulged in from which we can not return with a clear conscience, improved in mind, and physically rested. Any amusement in which we can engage, asking Christ's blessing and his presence, is perfectly safe. On the other hand, any amusement upon which we can not ask God's blessing, or which bars us from the prayer-meeting or the family altar, is not safe, but dangerous.

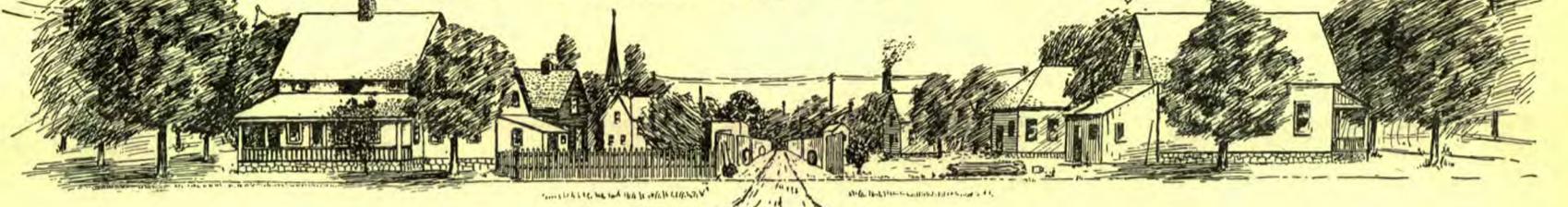
Miss Hinton, of the Los Angeles Society, followed with a paper entitled *"Who Is My Neighbor?"* The answer may be found in the beautiful parable of *"the good Samaritan."* Christ said, *"Love thy neighbor as thyself."* Then any one whom we can help is our neighbor, and we may find many every day who need our help, who are starving for sympathy and love, and by brightening the lives of these our neighbors we shall bring gladness and blessing into our own lives that could be gained in no other way.

The next subject considered was *"The Kind of President I Like."* This was given in a talk by Brother William Yarnell, of the Norwalk Society. The following characteristics were given of a good president: first, consecration is the chief requisite. Then he must be kind, able to come in touch with every individual life, full of sympathy. He should be educated and refined, but not wise in his own conceit. Another highly important characteristic mentioned was that of promptness. A meeting should never be allowed to drag, but should begin on time and close on time. A leader should not be impulsive, but self-controlled, brave, and courageous. A great deal of tact and skill is needed by the one who directs in giving to the world the message we have to-day, and as young people we need also to possess these characteristics, and then, co-operating with our leader here and our great Leader, Christ, we shall be able to carry the work forward to a successful completion.

The last number on the program was a reading by Mrs. Harry West, on *"The Burial of Moses."* The service closed by singing the doxology.

RUTH KANE.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



My Gentleman of Leisure

SPRING had undoubtedly come to the terrace. My big front window looking directly out upon the smooth embankment where the grass had turned richly green, also commanded a full view of the young oak tree growing recklessly upon the terrace's very brink, as if to show a daring spirit and utter defiance of any possibility of a tumble into the street.

The oak's leaves were many — whitish green, and growing rapidly — while its bunches of yellow tassels dangled merrily from almost every twig and bough. Tree and tassels and growing leaves, all in the golden sunshine, were a refreshing sight at resting times, or in the brief pauses of a busy morning's work; or when, the sun departed, we stood silently in the twilight, listening to the music in which we delighted at that hour, — poor music, however, compared with that which the tree itself made all day, with the wind and the bees and the birds in its branches.

Notwithstanding spring's arrival, there came a day when the north wind blew cold. The tree shivered and turned its whitish leaves upside down, as if endeavoring to find a comfortable position, while behind my window without a fire, I shivered likewise, and pulled my red shawl about my ears; even the sunlight was paler than usual, but, nevertheless, it was the only thing that seemed not to shiver that unseasonable day.

Suddenly there was a whisk and a flutter into the tree, and a wee brown bird alighted on a bough nearly as large as his own body, and ignoring the exposed situation of his perch, began calmly dressing his feathers, as if in fine scorn of the elements. Peck, peck; pull, pull; wriggle, wriggle! went Brownie, till every feather lay just to his liking, when he gave a final flutter and settled down comfortably over his feet, apparently to enjoy a rest, or perhaps a nap.

"Lazy bird!" thought I, "to idle thus in the middle of the day at this busy season. I little thought Birdtown ever harbored such gentlemen of leisure."

But Brownie cared not a twig for my criticism; he only flattened his head down upon his shoulders, settled more closely upon his perch, and sat motionless, taking life easily while the bird-world itself worked busily all about him.

Soon there was another whisk into the tree, and another birdling, evidently Brownie's mate, dropped to a knob-like projection among the swinging tassels. For a moment or two the newcomer also settled down as if to rest and doze. But it was quite apparent that she was an unwilling idler. No doubt she had missed Mr. Brownie from his accustomed haunts and duties, had come in search of him, and having found him, had made up her mind to await his return to his rightful place before resuming her own labors. At least, that is the way I explained their behavior as I watched them.

Presently the bird on the knob clearly became impatient with Brownie's unconcern, though equally unwilling to leave him to himself. She hopped protestingly to a twig facing and somewhat nearer him, but he paid not the slightest attention to the maneuver; in high dudgeon, she then whisked promptly about, turning her back squarely upon the offender, who still took no notice of her; then Mrs. Brownie fluttered an instant, mounted a step higher, and finally returned to the knob, where she moved uneasily from one foot to the other, glanced impatiently at her companion (who still persistently ignored her demonstrations), and at last, probably thinking it vain to hope to coax him into action, gave a last flutter and indignant glance, and then abruptly quitted the tree top.

As calm and undisturbed as ever, my gentleman of leisure continued sitting unmoving in the same spot, complacently blinking at the passers-by. I even fancied I could detect an expression of triumph in his bright eyes, as well



"FRINGY TASSELS DANCING ABOUT HIS SAUCY HEAD"

as one of satisfaction that he had escaped so speedily from that troublesome mate of his. I watched him with the wind blowing him about, and the slender, fringy tassels dancing about his saucy head. He seemed not in the least to mind the rude wind, although it towzled him unmercifully, and at times threatened to blow him into the gutter. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, he sat there in the same attitude. He showed no intention of ever even so much as moving; he seemed perfectly contented with all the world, especially his own particular corner of it, in spite of its pale sunshine and chilling breeze.

I had about made up my mind that Brownie had stationed himself for the remainder of the day, intending to change his perch into lodgings for the night, when presto, change! What could have happened to cause it will always remain a mystery, but suddenly a start of animation thrilled my gentleman of leisure; a visible quiver shook his little body, and from a drowsy ball of fluff, he was transformed into a bright-eyed, alert midget, pulsing with new life and energy from an unknown source. Quickly he flattened himself along the bough, with extended beak and stiffly protruding tail; with every fiber tense and quivering, he posed in the one attitude an instant, then with a dart as graceful and lively as any one could wish, he left the oak bough and vanished around the corner of the house whence

his inspiration had come. Why, I knew not.

Had the rogue been feigning after all? Instead of resting lazily in the tree top, had he stationed himself there as in a watch-tower? Instead of dozing and rocking for pleasure, had his sharp eyes, hidden in the ruffle of his feathers, been all the time on the lookout for a signal that came at last, to be only too promptly recognized and obeyed? Had even his disregard for the persuasions of his mate been but a refusal to allow anything to tempt him from the demands of duty? In fact, instead of the gentleman of leisure I fancied him, had my brown birdling been a faithful watchman upon the walls of his leafy citadel? Alas, that I should have misjudged him from mere appearances!

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

Madeline's Message

It would not have seemed so terrible, Madeline's friends told one another, if only Madeline had not from a child so exulted in the mere joy of motion. But to think of Madeline — *Madeline* — robbed in one cruel moment of all that eager, abounding life, and condemned for whatever years were left to her to an invalid's couch and constant suffering!

If, they said to one another, with choking voices, if only she had died and never known! But she had to know, and very soon. When, broken-hearted, her mother answered her questions, the girl asked to be left alone a while "to think it out." And the mother, knowing that it must be, closed the door and left her alone — in her wilderness.

The struggle lasted days, while the mother waited and suffered with her. In those days Madeline went over and over it all — her happy past, the merry walk from school that windy afternoon, the sudden blow from a falling branch — and then the strange, dark world of imprisonment and pain. She would see no one those days, not even the old minister who had loved her all her life.

"Tell him I've got to fight it out alone," she said. "He'll understand."

He did understand — they all did. And at last one morning Madeline drew her mother's face down to hers.

"It's all right, dear," she said. "Tell the girls I want them to come — everybody. Tell them they needn't think they can leave me out — I won't be left."

Everybody came eagerly, for Madeline's sake first; and very soon they were coming for their own. Madeline's room to all the "old crowd," and to others, who one by one found their way in, became the place where every one turned instinctively with joy or hope or sorrow. And true to her word, Madeline did not let herself be "left out." She learned every kind of light and pretty work that weak hands could do; she kept up with all the new books, the latest interests, even the fashions. More than one pretty gown was planned in Madeline's room.

"You may go to parties," she would laugh, "but parties come to me all the time."

In those twelve years that Madeline waited in her prison, she seldom, as the girls said, "talked religion," but soon after she knew what life was to be to her, she had had a motto illuminated and hung at the foot of her bed. It was the old com-

mand to a people entering a strange land—"Be strong and of good courage, for the Lord thy God is with thee."

Madeline's eyes so often rested upon this as she talked that her friends began to notice it. And then they remembered that from the day Madeline's doors had opened to them, no one had ever heard her complain.

But it was not until Madeline had gone that they understood what she had done for them. Rose Kenton began it by telling of the time when she was discouraged over her failure as a nurse.

"Madeline didn't pity me," she said. "She only said, 'Dear, there's always something left. One can always be brave, and—one doesn't have to be brave alone.' And when I thought of her and of her motto, I tell you, girls, I had to brace up. I'd have been ashamed to speak to her again if I hadn't."

Other experiences followed. One knew how George Alvord had gone to Madeline when Edith Marlow broke her engagement with him; another knew of one who had gone in the deep failure of sin, and many there were who had sought her in the loneliness death had made. To all her message had been the same—One can always be brave—and one doesn't have to be brave alone.

So, having fought her fight and strengthened uncounted hearts, Madeline had passed into rest.—*Youth's Companion*.

Birds that Sing on the Wing

Nor all birds have to sit on a limb, and clear their throats before they open their little mouths and agitate their beautiful throats, as they do when they accomplish what we call singing.

A number of them actually make music as they wing their way from place to place. This is true of the following:—

- The song-sparrow.
- The purple finch.
- The goldfinch.
- The swallow family.
- The merry bobolink.
- The lovely indigo bird.
- The very interesting meadow-lark.
- The noticeable red-winged blackbird.
- The purple finch (which is raspberry-red color).
- The goldfinch with his contrasting black tail.
- The king-bird, also called tyrant flycatcher and bee-martin.
- The fine fellow we know as the Maryland yellowthroat.
- The kingfisher as pugnacious-looking as may be.
- The horned lark, with tufts of feathers in horn effect.
- The oven-bird.
- The graceful chimney-swift with its deep, soot-gray coat.
- The pipit, or titlark, which dresses in quiet brown.
- The nightingale, the lovely bird so largely figuring in romance.—*Maryland Educational Journal*.

Only Two Birthdays in Japan

JAPAN is the land of topsy-turvy, and so, perhaps, it is only to be expected that individual birthdays—with the exception of that of the emperor—are not taken any notice of, but a sort of general birthday of everybody altogether is celebrated with great rejoicing. There are two of these general birthdays, one for each sex.

The male birthday, which is known as the "celebration of the boys," occurs on the third day of the third month, and the "celebration of the girls" takes place on the fifth day of the fifth month. These days are general holidays for the young. All studies and work generally are put aside, and boys and girls respectively receive presents according to their station.—*Selected*.

The Cart Before the Horse

THOMAS BRIGG, an Englishman, has been working on the problem of how to get more work out of horses. As a result of his experiments, he is convinced that the cart should be put before the horse, instead of having the cart follow, as has been the custom. Before a company of scientists and horsemen recently, he demonstrated that an animal, placed between shafts fixed to the back of a wagon could move a much heavier load than when placed in front. The scientists confessed that a well-understood principle of dynamics justified this conclusion. It remains for an intelligent world to put the cart before the horse, in defiance of traditions.—*Young People's Weekly*.

More Than One Million Aliens

COMMISSIONER WATCHORN, who has just forwarded his report to the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington, said recently that the total number of persons arriving at the port of New York during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, was 1,062,054, or 199,075 more than in 1905.

The immigration authorities on Ellis Island passed upon 888,543 immigrants, of whom 609,714 were males and 278,829 females. The greatest number of immigrants of one nationality was 222,606 from Italy, while the Jews were second, with 125,000.

The immigrants brought into this country with them \$19,000,000, and of those passing through the island 7,888 were deported for various causes, including 195 alleged criminals.—*Selected*.

The Girl Who Is Going Visiting

SIT down the next time you plan to go visiting, and make out a list of the every-day necessary things you mean to take with you. Then before you lock your trunk, run over the list and see if you have forgotten any of them.

No matter how dearly your hostess may love you, a visitor who is continually borrowing all sorts and conditions of things, from pins and sewing utensils to lounging robes and fresh blouses, is, to put it mildly, a nuisance, who has literally worn out her welcome.

Your own kimono, your own sewing utensils, all the little personal things, should be among those you take with you.

When you leave, be as punctilious about collecting your various trifles—not like the girl who left her thimble in one room, a dress in the closet of another, and almost every other room honored by some one of her possessions.

Look over everything you pack; you don't want to carry off some trifling thing of your hostess's by mistake. And if your room is full of them, the error is easily made.

The whole thing in a nutshell is: remember the rare distinction between "mine and thine," and remember it particularly when you are visiting.—*Selected*.

"Wants and Needs"

THE words "want" and "need" are very much confused, and are often used to represent a wrong meaning. Few persons trouble themselves to think about the difference between them; yet all know that a want is something which is desired, and a need something which is necessary. In many cases a want is not a need by any means, but something which would be dangerous for the wisher to have. For instance, would a father allow his baby to have a knife or some dangerous plaything because he cried for it?—Surely not, for it is not only unnecessary for him to have it, but dangerous.

People should prevent themselves from having everything they wish, if they feel it would bene-

fit either themselves or others to go without it. As an illustration, take the books one reads. It is quite right that children should read stories while young; yet, step by step, their parents should give them books which will make them think about their character, religion, or education. Grown-up people should deny themselves the pleasure of even occasionally reading interesting novels, and read some book which will improve their minds.

In the eighteenth century the rich people used to look down upon the poor very much more than they do now. With their dozen servants they could easily go without one of them, and give that money to the deserving poor. But no! they wanted all of them, although they needed only one, two, or at most three.

MARJORY DOWNES, aged thirteen.

A Lump of Coal

Do you see this little object, so black and glossy, glinting in the light as you turn it to the sun?

"Such a commonplace thing as that?" you say; "why, it is nothing but a piece of coal!"

Yes, commonplace; and yet how marvelous! Common, in that, like us and all other created things, it bears the marks of God's handiwork; and marvelous for the same reason. Common, because we see it around us every day; marvelous, because it is one of the many wonderful things which God has provided for our good.

How was it formed? of what was it made? and how came it to be buried far down in the earth from which it has been taken? Think of the ages through which it lay hidden, waiting for the time when the stroke of a miner's pick should bring it forth to the light, and to usefulness. Yet there was no waste of energy; nay, it had to go through that long process of waiting to become that which it is. Put it to your ear, and listen. In that little piece of coal is the singing of the kitchen teakettle, the roar of the locomotive, the throb of mighty engines driving ships across the sea, and the whirr of the wheels of industry in the thriving world of trade. Look upon it again. See in it the warm glow of the hearth where loved ones meet, the blazing forge where the blacksmith shapes the plow that tills the field, the fiery furnace where our steel and iron are made; the lights of populous cities, and the progress of civilization. What vital energy, what fervent heat, what mighty forces, are represented by that little piece of coal!

Is your life hidden away, while you long to do something great? Don't fret. Don't worry. In his appointed time the Master Workman will bring you forth, and use the pent-up fires of purpose and the power of lofty aims within you to drive the mighty loom which weaves the cloth of human destiny. Meanwhile, get ready, and wait.

EUGENE ROWELL.

To a Flower

THOU morning-glory!
Wet with the dew of heaven,
To us thou art given
In the freshness of the morn
To beautify and adorn
This dark, dark world of ours.
Thy softly tinted flowers
Pour their beauty on our sight
While fades the darkness into light,
And glorifies with love and beauty
All our hard and toilsome duty.

ESTHER SMITH.

GREAT BRITAIN, it is said, eats in thirteen weeks all the seventy-three million bushels of wheat which it grows.

A YOUNG robin needs no daintily prepared delicacies; its energetic appetite can be satisfied with nothing less substantial than fourteen feet of earthworms every twelve hours.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VI — Paul's Farewell Sermon
(August 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: ACTS 20.

MEMORY VERSE: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Verse 35, last part.

"And after the uproar was ceased, Paul called unto him the disciples, and embraced them, and departed for to go into Macedonia. And when he had gone over those parts, and had given them much exhortation, he came into Greece, and there abode three months. And when the Jews laid wait for him, as he was about to sail into Syria, he purposed to return through Macedonia."

Seven men, of whom Timothy was one, went with Paul on this journey through Macedonia. When the company came to Philippi, these crossed to Troas, but Paul stayed in the city during the feast of unleavened bread. Here he was joined by Luke, who afterward went with him to Troas, where they stayed seven days.

"And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow; and continued his speech until midnight. And there were many lights in the upper chamber, where they were gathered together. And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep: and as Paul was long preaching, he sank down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead. And Paul went down, and fell on him, and embracing him said, Trouble not yourselves; for his life is in him. When he therefore was come up again, and had broken bread, and eaten, and talked a long while, even till break of day, so he departed. And they brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted.

"And we went before to ship, and sailed unto Assos, there intending to take in Paul: for so had he appointed, minding himself to go afoot. And when he met with us at Assos, we took him in, and came to Mitylene. And we sailed thence, and came the next day over against Chios; and the next day we arrived at Samos, and tarried at Trogyllium; and the next day we came to Miletus. For Paul had determined to sail by Ephesus, because he would not spend the time in Asia: for he hasted, if it were possible for him, to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost.

"And from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the church. And when they were come to him, he said unto them, Ye know from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews: and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.

"Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.

"For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.

"I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

"And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship."

Questions

1. What did Paul do after the tumult at Ephesus? In what place did he stay three months? What caused him to change his plan when he was about to sail into Syria?
2. Who went with Paul on this journey? Where did they leave him?—At Philippi. At what place did they wait for him? Who joined Paul at Philippi, and went with him to Troas?—Luke, the writer of Acts.
3. On the first day of the week, who came together? What did Paul do? How long did he continue his speech?
4. Who sat in one of the windows of the room? What accident happened to him? Tell how the young man was restored to life.
5. How long did the meeting last? How did Paul continue his journey? At what place was he taken aboard ship by his fellow workers?
6. At what place did they finally stop?—Miletus. Why did not Paul visit Ephesus also?
7. For whom did Paul send at Miletus? Of what did he remind them? What did he say of his journey to Jerusalem? Why were earthly trials unable to lead Paul to give up the Christian race?
8. What did the apostle say concerning those for whom he had labored? Verse 25. What solemn warning did he give the elders? Verse 28. What would surely come among them?
9. To whom did the apostle commend his brethren from Ephesus? What had he not coveted? How had his necessities been provided for while he labored among them?
10. Describe the closing of the meeting.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VI — Family Prayer
(August 11)

MEMORY VERSE: "And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight." 1 John 3:22.

Questions

1. How diligently are parents to instruct their children in the way of life? Deut. 11:19.
2. Mention one case where a child was thus taught. Ex. 2:9, 10; note 1.
3. What was the result? Heb. 11:24-26.
4. What example has been left on record by Joshua? Joshua 24:15 (last part).

5. What instruction is given concerning the time of prayer? Ps. 55:17; note 2.

6. What was Daniel's custom? Dan. 6:6-10.

7. What is said concerning the families who do not call upon the Lord? Jer. 10:25; note 3.

8. Does the heavenly family have seasons of worship? Rev. 5:11, 12; 4:8-11; note 4.

9. What instruction is given in the Word regarding secret prayer? Matt. 6:5, 6.

10. What example has been left us by Jesus? Matt. 14:23. By Peter? Acts 10:9. By Paul? Acts 9:11.

11. What preparation of heart is necessary for effectual prayer? Ps. 66:18; Mark 11:25, 26.

12. In whose prayer does the Lord delight? Prov. 15:8.

13. What is there in Elijah's experience that encourages us to pray? James 5:15-18.

14. What strong assurance is given to those who pray in faith? Matt. 21:22.

Notes

1. Moses was under the instruction of his mother until about twelve years of age. The godly instruction imparted during these years laid the foundation for the noble and unparalleled career of this mighty man. It enabled him to live amid the splendor and idolatry of the court of Pharaoh, and to receive the education of a statesman, yet to maintain in his heart the pure precepts of the religion of the Most High.

2. Morning and evening, the father, as priest of the household, should confess to God the sins committed by himself and his children through the day. Those sins which have come to his knowledge, and also those which are secret, of which God's eye alone has taken cognizance, should be confessed. This rule of action, zealously carried out by the father when he is present, or by the mother when he is absent, will result in blessings to the family.—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. II, page 701.

3. Then there is nothing else that so sweetens the home life. True family worship is a fountain that brings streams of holy influence into every part of the household. It is a vase of perfume that sheds fragrance over all. It softens asperities. It quells anger. It quiets impatience. It settles differences. It subdues evil passions. Hearts that are drawn together at God's feet every day can not get very far apart. The frictions of the day are forgotten when all voices mingle in the same heavenly song. As the tender words of inspiration fall with their benign counsels, all feeling of unkindness melts away. The altar in the midst wondrously hallows and sweetens the home fellowship. Besides, it puts new strength into every heart. It comforts sorrow. It is a shield against temptation. It smooths out the wrinkles of care. It inspires strength for burden bearing. It quickens every religious sentiment, and keeps the fires burning on every heart's altar.—"Week-Day Religion," page 79.

4. The hour for joyful, happy songs of praise to God and his dear Son had come. Satan had led the heavenly choir. He had raised the first note, then all the angelic host united with him, and glorious strains of music had resounded through heaven in honor of God and his dear Son. But now, instead of strains of sweetest music, discord and angry words fall upon the ear of the great rebel leader. Where was he? Was it not all a horrible dream? Was he shut out of heaven? Were the gates of heaven never more to open and admit him? The hour of worship draws nigh, when bright and holy angels bow before the Father. No more will he unite in heavenly song. No more will he bow in reverence and holy awe before the presence of the eternal God. Could he be again as he was when he was pure, true, and loyal, gladly would he yield up the claims of his authority. But he was lost, beyond redemption, for his presumptuous rebellion!—"Spirit of Prophecy," page 28.



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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.

A PERSON of fashion said to the world, Wear ptarmigan wings on the hat; and as a result ten tons of these wings were shipped from one port in one season.

"BOTANISTS are trying to introduce the beautiful ginkgo tree of China and Japan into the United States. The leaves, somewhat like those of a maidenhair fern, group themselves more gracefully than the foliage of any other plant in existence."

THE foreign commerce of the United States during the fiscal year promises to exceed that of any previous year, the imports amounting to nearly one and one-fourth billion dollars, and the exports to one and three-quarters billion dollars.

"THE extent of the benevolence following the San Francisco disaster is shown by the announcement that the beasts, too, were remembered, and a special contribution for their benefit was sent by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

THE oil report of the Department of Commerce and Labor gave the following facts:—

"The Pennsylvania Railroad has given the Standard a rate of nine cents a barrel from Olean, N. Y., to Rochester, while the independent refineries situated in territory adjacent to Olean were given a rate of thirty-eight cents. . . . The saving to the Standard during 1904 by the secret rate from Olean to Rochester was \$115,000. The Standard has for ten years shipped oil from Whiting, Ind., to East St. Louis at six to six and a quarter cents. The only published rate has been eighteen cents. The saving to the Standard amounted to about \$240,000 in 1904."

The President in his message to Congress made good use of this additional argument for the need of some power in the government to regulate freight rates and stop the oil, sugar, and other trusts from fattening off the favors of the public carriers.

What Students Are Doing This Summer

TWENTY persons have gone from the Fernando Academy into the canvassing field. One young woman, seventeen years old, took forty-four orders the first week for "Heralds of the Morning," and sixty-six the second week. There are about as many also from Graysville Academy who have gone out into the work, and there are in the field sixty earnest canvassers from the Walla Walla College; twenty-six from Healdsburg, and twenty-three from another school of forty-seven members. More than sixty per cent of the students at Berrien Springs have gone out

into some department of our work. Not one chose worldly employment.

Two young girls fifteen years of age who have been canvassing for "Great Controversy" and "Bible Readings," recently sent in thirty-five dollars' worth of orders.

There was a colored woman who wanted to learn to read. The principal of one of our schools gave her private lessons for a time. She was quite anxious at the beginning of the summer to go out canvassing for "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation." The principal told her that he feared she would not be able to sell that book. But observing how disappointed she seemed to be, he told her that if she felt she really wanted to sell it, to go ahead and try. She replied that she had read the book through twice, and she thought she could sell it. Her first order was for forty-six dollars' worth of books.

Two young men who took orders at the rate of seventy and ninety dollars a week wrote that they were greatly enjoying the work, and that the Spirit of God was daily impressing them with its magnitude, and that they were daily consecrating themselves to it for life.

Another young man who had been planning to take up the medical work has concluded to give up that idea and dedicate his life to the canvassing work instead.

There is also another young man who is canvassing this summer who was so opposed to the work before entering school that he told the principal of the school he was thinking of attending that he would go if he would promise not to mention the canvassing work to him during the year. The principal promised; and the young man went to school. A few days before the summer vacation he remarked to the principal that he had never spoken to him about the canvassing work. The instructor replied that he had promised not to do so. The young man said he wished he would. At the close of the term he joined the canvassers' company, and is doing good work.

One of the teachers from Walla Walla College, with his whole family, is out in the canvassing field. One of the boys about eleven or twelve years of age has been taking as many orders for "Great Controversy" as his parents.

The Book of Jeremiah

HAVE you traced the golden thread of God's wonderful love and mercy that runs through the book of Jeremiah? If you have not, you will be interested to reread the book. Probably no book of the Bible reveals more clearly God's desire to save his erring, rebellious people. It remarkably emphasizes the following words found in "Desire of Ages:—

Our Redeemer *thirsts* for recognition. He *hungers* for the love and sympathy of those whom he has purchased with his own blood. He *longs with inexpressible desire* that they should come to him and have life. As the mother watches for the smile of recognition from her little child, which tells of the dawning of intelligence, so does Christ watch for the expression of grateful love which shows that spiritual life is begun in the soul.

A few selections from the book of Jeremiah are given below:—

"And they shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."

"Your iniquities have turned away these things, and your sins have withholden good things from you."

"For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me."

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"

"Woe is me for my hurt! my wound is grievous: but I said, Truly this is a grief, and I must bear it."

"My tabernacle is spoiled, and all my cords are broken: my children are gone forth of me, and they are not: there is none to stretch forth my tent any more, and to set up my curtains."

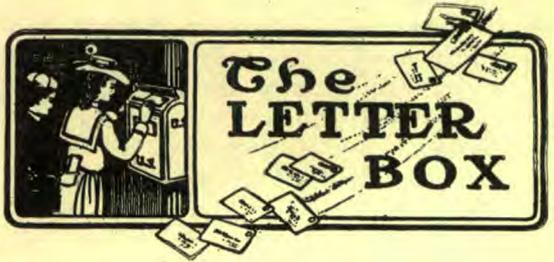
"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil."

"Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

"For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

"Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord."



CELT, MISSOURI.

DEAR EDITOR: I take the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and like to read it very much. There are five children in my class at Sabbath-school. I live two miles from Sabbath-school. I was baptized about four years ago by Brother D. P. Ziegler. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.
GEORGE E. SMITH.

CELT, Mo., April 30, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I take the paper, and like it very much. We have a nice Sabbath-school here. There are just six in my class,—Charley Lewis, Iona Ziegler, Lennie Smith, Elmer Ziegler, George Smith, and myself. Our teacher's name is L. F. Thomas. We have many beautiful wild flowers here. I will close with love to the editor and readers.
FANNIE E. SMITH.

SOUTH LANCASTER, MASS., May 5, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR AND INSTRUCTOR READERS: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I am nine years old. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR very much. I go to Sabbath-school, and like it very much. My teacher's name is Miss Wheeler. I go to school also.

I go down East every summer to my grandpa's farm. My grandpa does not keep the Sabbath, and I am very sorry. I want to be a Christian, so when Jesus comes, I can be saved. Pray for me.
CLARENCE H. GERALD.

VICTOR, COLO., April 22, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the letters in the INSTRUCTOR, so thought I would write one. I got seventy of the "One Hundred Bible Questions" answered, and would have continued, but I understood that one had to get every one right in order to get one's name in the paper. I had quite a little help, and got all but eight right. I enjoyed answering them, and if you would put more in, I would not give up so easily.

I am thirteen years old, and have a sister fifteen years old. We all keep the Sabbath but papa. This is a mining town, with about six thousand inhabitants. There are only a very few Sabbath-keepers here, so we hold Sabbath-school in a private house. There has not been a worker here for a year.

I go to a public school, and am in the eighth grade. I receive the INSTRUCTOR every week, and enjoy it very much.
EUGENIA COVERT.