

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Nehemiah's Ride

Neh. 2:13-17

NEHEMIAH went out in the moonlight
To a shadow,—a city, dead,—
Jerusalem shorn of its glory,
Like a garment o'er corpses spread.

And he wandered, few men as an escort,
Through the ruins, broken and bare,
Over masonry, tumbled and shattered,
And the desolate debris there.

And his face gathered sorrow and sadness
As he thought of the glory gone,
Of the sacrileged grave of his father,
Of his people and nation forlorn;

But it lighted with hope and with courage,
As he spoke to his body-guard:
"We'll rebuild, yea, rebuild the city;
With our God nothing is too hard."

Nehemiah strengthened the fearful,
Pushing on till the work was done.
As we read, we find that a lesson
Is recorded for every one;

For the midnight ride must be taken,
And sin's ruin all understood,
Ere the life can be built in triumph
On foundation of all that's good.

Mid the debris of sin the sinner
Must trembling and heart-broken
stand,
Ere the Saviour will grant him pardon,
And in mercy stretch forth his hand.

The old-fashioned way of conversion—
Conviction, then, "Peace, be still,"—
Is, in through the gate of repentance,
And, out through the gate of the will.
ELIZA H. MORTON.

The Balance Rock of Tandil

ABOUT one hundred and seventy-five miles south of Buenos Ayres is the celebrated balance rock of Tandil. It is of great size, but so nicely balanced that it is moved by the impulse of a strong wind. The movement is so slow that it is not easily perceived, but it is the pastime of the many people who visit the place to put bottles under the rock and see them crushed to atoms by its motion. I have been told that others pass a rope under the stone, as you have seen boys and girls playing "skip the rope" do, two taking hold at each end, and as the rock moved from side to side, pulling out the rope. What a strange object to skip the rope!

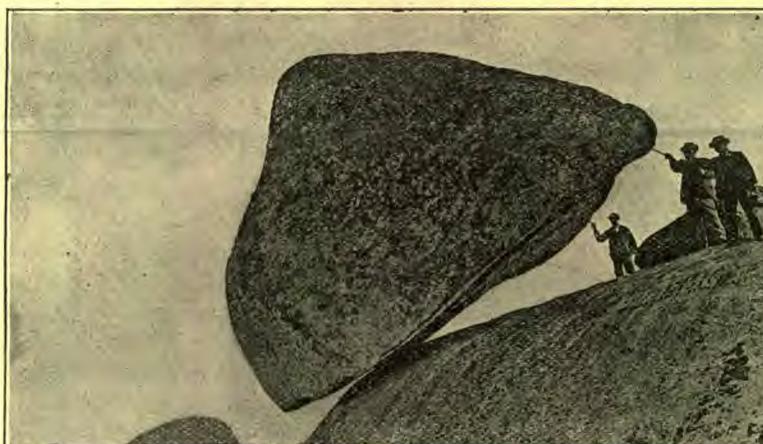
You would think a stone so lightly poised would be easily pulled from its place. So thought General Rozas when he was governor of the province of Buenos Ayres. It is said that he caused more than fifty yoke of oxen to be hitched to the rock in an attempt to pull it over, but happily his efforts were in vain, and it still remains the balance rock of Tandil, a wonder to all who behold it.

ARTURO FULTON.

A God in Israel

THROUGH God's dealings with his chosen people, it has always been his purpose to make known the power of his great name to all the nations of earth. All these nations through sin have departed from God, and forgotten him whose right it is to reign. Through his chosen followers the Lord is still seeking to call to himself those whose hearts can be reached with the divine rays of truth. It is both profitable and very interesting to study God's Word and observe how wonderfully faithful have been his providences to direct the attention of past nations to the fact that there was a God in Israel.

At the time of Elisha, Israel was backslidden. A succession of wicked kings had occupied the throne of Israel since the division of David's kingdom after the death of Solomon, and the wicked nations about them had lost to a great degree the fear of this once-dreaded nation. Thus God's name was greatly dishonored, and



Satan was given opportunity to exult at his apparent success in defeating God's purpose. However, God had his faithful representatives still.

The great Eastern kingdom of Syria had had evidences that God ruled in Israel. Repeatedly they had gathered mighty armies to invade the promised land, and twice in succession they had suffered terrible defeat with fearful loss of life. God fought for Israel, giving his people, even in the time of wicked Ahab's reign, another evidence of his great power. But because God's people had not regarded the lesson and turned to him, the Lord suffered Syria to again invade the kingdom of Israel and take captives of the people.

Among those taken was a girl who ministered to the wife of one of Syria's greatest statesmen. Also by this man, Naaman, the Lord himself had wrought, although probably he himself did not appreciate the real cause of his success. Though he was a mighty man of valor, the fatal disease of leprosy had fastened itself upon him.

One day this young Hebrew maiden dropped a word to Naaman's wife, wishing he could but see the prophet of Samaria. She felt sure that God would tell him something her master could do that would deliver him from this awful disease. She probably thought it was impossible, or very improbable at least, that her lord would

think of going to her despised people for relief, but sometimes, especially in sickness, persons grasp at what they otherwise would not heed; and so it was in this case.

At once Naaman besought the king of Syria to write to the king of Israel, and send him that he might find deliverance from the living death before him. The king supposed the king of Israel would know what to do, and send his servant to the right place, so he wrote him this letter, short, comprehensive, yet beautiful in its simplicity: "Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy." But the king of Israel had so far departed from God that he never once thought of referring this important matter to God through his prophet Elisha, but took it all to himself, and interpreted the whole thing to be simply a scheme of the king of Syria to get him into trouble. And had not God informed Elisha of what was going on, these peaceful messengers, on one of the most important errands men ever had committed to them, would have been roughly treated, and God's purpose in making himself known through his mighty healing power, to the great kingdom of Syria, thwarted.

Just at this moment, when the king had rent his clothes, and asked, insultingly, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive?" a messenger appeared with tidings from Elisha, who said, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him [Naaman] come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." Naaman expected to find a God in Israel, if there indeed was one, manifested through his prophet. Hence the word to the king, "He shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." It was in search of the prophet that he had left his home land. It was the prophet whom the little maid wanted him to see.

So Naaman was directed to the humble abode of the prophet Elisha. The record does not state that Elisha ever saw him before being healed of the leprosy. The record says: "And Elisha sent a messenger [without doubt Gehazi; for he was Elisha's attendant] unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." A testing time indeed for Naaman! But this shows he was dealing truly with the great God. A simple thing to do, surely—easily within his reach. Every word of that important message was to him a simple one, easy to be understood. And yet he was staggered, and had it not been for those with him who persuaded him to do the right thing *just then*, there would have been no account of the healing of Syria's great leper. Positively there was but one thing for him to do—go and wash; not once, not twice, not five times, but exactly as told, *seven times*, in that very identical River Jordan. In order for him, and through him Syria, to know that there was a true prophet in Israel,

and the one true God operating through that prophet, it was necessary strictly to obey the word spoken. When he did thus obey, he *knew*, and not until then.

Here is a very important lesson for us in strict obedience. God always means exactly what he says, and his word is not to be trifled with.

But notice, even the expression of thankfulness for his deliverance that arose from Naaman's heart as he looked upon the pure new flesh grown where those terrible places of dying flesh had been, was, through the covetousness of Gehazi, turned into a curse to Israel. Without doubt God had carefully instructed Elisha to receive no present from Naaman, either large or small. And Elisha knew how to obey. So when Naaman pressed him urgently to receive a token of his gratitude, the prophet said: "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused." God did not want the impression to obtain in Syria that this healing was done for pay. And right here let us note that in the midst of healers of all sorts now, here is a sure test that can be put upon them. If for money they heal, know of a surety that their work is a *counterfeit*, and not of God.

But Gehazi wanted some of that money. So God let him do exactly as he pleased. Thinking Elisha never would know, he slipped out after Naaman with a pretended message from the prophet: "Behold, even now there be come to me from Mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets [Israel's prophets now surely stood high, Gehazi thought, in the mind of Naaman, which was true]: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments." Very gladly the request was granted, and another talent of silver pressed in, and some help to carry it back to Elisha. But, ah! what a terrible thing Gehazi had done. That good impression of the God of Israel with which Naaman was leaving for home was greatly marred. Elisha had sworn that he would receive nothing, then sent for what he had so solemnly refused. Whether this false impression was ever cleared up in Naaman's mind we have not the record, but we do know that Gehazi did not deceive the prophet of God; for here are Elisha's burning words to his servant on his return to minister before the Lord as before: "Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive-yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men servants, and maid servants? The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed forever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow."

To-day, as of old, there is a God in Israel. And through his word he is testing all, young and old, as to whether we shall walk in his statutes or not, and *keep* his testimonies and ordinances *to do them*. Those who are doers of the word shall be blessed, and those who evade and shun his requirements shall suffer great loss and bring upon themselves swift retribution. Whether we can fully comprehend at the time or not the messages of God, it is always safe and highly important that we strictly follow the Lord's instruction. "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie." Ps. 89:34, 35.

T. E. BOWEN.

OUR bodies are Christ's purchased possession, and we are not at liberty to do with them as we please. All who understand the laws of health should realize their obligation to obey these laws, which God has established in their being. Obedience is to be made a matter of personal duty.—"Ministry of Healing."

Spiritual Pleasure and Profit in Bible Study (Concluded)

Do we enjoy reading pathos? Let us turn to the book of Lamentation. Here we find a wonderful series of threnodies. Nowhere in secular literature do we find more pathetic elegies than those five recorded in this book. The prophet Jeremiah's mourning for the ruins of Zion, the fall of Judea, the destruction of the sanctuary, the exile of the people, and the terrors of famines, fire, and sword in Jerusalem, would cause to vibrate a sympathetic chord in every reader.

Do we wish to exercise the power of our imagination? Let us anticipate the unspeakable joy and the magnificent inheritance as pictured in the last few chapters of Revelation. There, with the gates of pearl and the foundation of precious stones, stands our "beloved city." There we hear the continuous music indescribable by human pen. There at the river of life, with joy unutterable, we meet once more with our dear ones, friends, and all for whom we have labored, and clasp their hands in holy reunion that shall never again be severed. There we see and admire and partake of the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits. There we shall know each other better, even as also we are known. There, best of all, we shall "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth," studying more about the wonderful story of redemption, visiting unfallen worlds through the countless ages of eternity. What greater stretch of imagination than this can anything on earth afford? Imagination, or anticipation, is in itself good, but realization is infinitely better. Dear reader, it would pay to sacrifice everything, however dear, in order to obtain that pearl of great price.

While we have briefly discussed the Bible as pleasurable and profitable from the intellectual point of view, there arises higher pleasure and profit—that which pertains to our spiritual welfare. The Saviour's injunction to us is, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life." John 5:39. From this we learn that if we desire to have eternal life, we are to search for it,—search as for lost valuables,—search as for hidden treasure.

When we read a book, we read the author's thoughts expressed in the printed page. The same is true of the Bible; though written by different writers and at different periods, the same Author's thoughts—immutable and endurable—fill all its pages. Consequently when he says anything, he means it. When he makes a promise, he will fulfil it; when he predicts an event, he will bring it to pass. Thence comes the Christian's joy. The same God that sustains the worlds in space, marks even the sparrow's fall; the same God that calls all the stars by their names, numbers the very hairs of our heads. Nothing escapes his notice; nothing is beyond his control.

The study of his thoughts, then, is invaluable and inestimable to us as young people, especially in this age of the world. We have an example of Christ's victory in using the spiritual weapon to subdue the enemy during his forty days' temptation in the wilderness; and what he was able to do through the strength of God, we are no less able to do if we put our trust in him. In these perilous times in which the enemy of our souls is making special efforts to bring manifold temptations to test our character, if we do not have the word of God ready on our lips, assimilated in our spiritual system, and made a part of our very being, we shall not avert the danger of being led away.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" asks the psalmist. The immediate answer is, "By taking heed thereto according to thy Word." Timothy was doubtless an exemplary young man, and the success of his labor afterward was largely attributed to his early training, for it is said to him, "From a child thou

hast known the holy Scriptures." 2 Tim. 3:15. Perhaps many a young person has had the same experience. From early childhood, around the family altar, sitting by the fireside, daily has he been taught the simple stories of the Bible; and by faithful example as well as by patient precept on the part of the parents and older ones of the family, valuable lessons of moral truth have been inculcated in his plastic mind. A few years elapsed, and a few text-books are studied; and as he grows older, he is contaminated with worldly influence and associates. He is now getting busier with his studies or occupation, and consequently has no time nor desire for improving his spiritual appetite. Step by step he is drifting along with the tide of the ocean of skepticism, until finally the Word of God becomes to him undesirable. To this class of young people—if there be any among the INSTRUCTOR readers—the invitation to a renewed study of the Scriptures is especially extended. Return and repent are the two major notes of the song of mercy: acceptance and pardon are the key-note of God's unimpeachable contract. "Taste and see that the Lord is good."

To all others who have never experienced sweet communion with the Divine, have never approached the throne of grace, have never traced the footprints of the Saviour, the invitation "Come" is tenderly and graciously extended.

Welcome, welcome! sinner, hear!
Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call—
Mercy is proclaimed to all.
None can come that shall not find
Mercy called whom Grace inclined."

G. DOANE WONG.



Correct English in the Home

Roschen.—Just think! I have had all my birthdays here at the lake, and I've had a party every time.

Beatrice.—No, you haven't. I mean—I beg your pardon. You didn't have a party when you were a year old; and you weren't at the lake, either, because we were at Chesapeake Bay that summer, at Bay Ridge.

Mrs. Baker.—You should say, "Chesapeake Bay," not "Chesapeake." It is pronounced as it is spelled.

Roschen.—That's something like it! We most always—I mean, almost always—have to pronounce words different than they are spelled. "Kro-kay" is spelled "c-r-o-q-u-e-t," and "gimp" is spelled "g-u-i-m-p-e."

Mrs. B.—You should not say, "different than." You should say, "different from."

Beatrice.—What a time we had when we bought our gimpes. First, the girl that waited on us asked the man where they kept them, and then he asked mama what they were like, and when she told him, he said, "Oh, yes! 'gamps'!"

Roschen.—I suppose almost everybody says "gamp" when they mean "gimp."

Mrs. B.—You should not say, "Almost everybody says 'gamp' when they mean 'gimp'." You should not refer to everybody as *they*. "Everybody" means "every person." You would not say, for example, "everybody are going," would you?

Beatrice.—No. "Everybody is going."

Mrs. B.—Then, you should not refer to everybody as *they*. Now you may repeat the following ten times: "Everybody, or every one, each one, no one is going."

Beatrice.—I think it is real mean. I never have a party on my birthday, because we always

stay up here until everybody else has gone home, and then there isn't any one to come to my party. I should think that we could go back to Chicago,—I mean Evanston,—before my birthday, and then I could have a party, too.

Mrs. B.—This year you may have a party at Evanston, as we shall return home on the first of September; but you should not say, "real mean;" omit "real," and I think "mean" is a rather strong word to use in that connection.

Roschen.—We'll have Ariel and Lucille Frost.

Beatrice.—And, of course, Katherine and little Fenton, because they are our cousins—

Roschen.—And our other cousins, Willie and Evelyn and Mabel—

Beatrice.—And Marion and Dorothy. My! but there'll be an awful lot.

Roschen.—Well, we can have some of them in the house, and some on the lawn.

Mrs. B.—Your little friends would not feel complimented if they knew that you referred to them as an "awful lot."

Beatrice.—Roschen, don't you remember how we looked after the party at Marion's, when we played outdoors?

Roschen.—It wasn't Marion's party. It was mama's Ant Rachel's golden wedding.

Beatrice.—It isn't "ant." Our teacher said that it was "aunt." She said that mama's magazine gave a sentence to remember it by: "My father's aunt's house is haunted," and she said that "aunt" and "haunted" were pronounced like "father."

Beatrice.—Yes, mama says she always calls her Aunt Rachel "aunt," like it is spelled, because she is her favorite aunt.

Mrs. B.—"As it is spelled," not like it is spelled."—*Correct English.*

What the Beaver Can Do
Shows Great Ability in Cutting
and Handling Timber—
Moonlight Worker

A WRITER in *Outdoor Life* says:

It is wonderful what large pieces of wood a beaver will move. I have frequently seen cuttings of cottonwood large enough for fence posts that had been moved over level ground and through underbrush to water several hundred feet away.

If timber is cut on a bank where a down grade can be had all the way to the stream, much larger pieces will be moved. Beavers are very skilful wood-choppers, and seldom fail to fell a tree in the right direction; that is, with the butts all pointing toward the trail to the stream, and never felling the top of one tree into the top of another.

Smooth trails are always made from the scene of the operations on land to the water, and all the material is carried over them. If the cutting happens to be on a side hill above the stream, a slide not unlike that sometimes used by lumbermen will be made.

The cutting of the large growth stuff is mainly done in the fall and winter; willows, small poplars, and cottonwoods being used in the spring and summer. After getting down the larger trees, the branches are all cut off and made into lengths suitable for transporting, and taken to the water, after which the trunk is cut up, and as much of it removed as possible.

The bark of these pieces, which, with the twigs, forms the principal item of food, is all gnawed off in the water or at the houses. The barked sticks are then used in repairing or strengthening the dams, or stacked on top of the houses.

Beavers generally work on moonlight nights only, and scarcely ever in the daytime, though they may sometimes be seen making repairs on a dam when it needs immediate attention.

Contrary to the general opinion, the beaver does not always build a house for himself, being content very often with a burrow in the bank of

the stream. As is the case with the houses, the entrance to a burrow is under the water, though sometimes there is an opening from the surface through which brush and sticks are carried for their food supply.

These burrows are sometimes very commodious, and offer comfortable quarters for a large colony. They seem to be generally dug from the banks of a stream which is too swift to make the building of dams easy, and which has a deep channel. A lone beaver, which has been driven out by his fellows for some cause or other, is very likely to make such a home in the bank of a stream.

When a colony of beavers is harassed by its enemies, or when internal dissensions arise, a part or the whole of the colony will establish a new home some distance away. They lose no time in choosing a weak portion of the river, where the banks are well wooded, and fall to work at once.

Where the river is rapid, one of the slow reaches between the rapids is chosen for a dam. The wood is cut above the dam site at quite a distance, and transported to the water, where it can be easily moved down stream.

The sticks are placed more or less parallel to one another, so as to make a compact structure, and the continuous pile thus resulting extends directly across the stream.

Mud is continually used to fill the interstices



as the dam grows in height. At some distance up-stream the house is now built, also of sticks and mud, in as secluded and inaccessible a place as possible.

In the days of our great-grandfathers the beaver was a resident of many streams and small lakes all the way from Maine to Oregon. He is now numbered among our rare animals, and a few years ago seemed doomed to total extinction.

Recently some of the Northwest States have given him a certain amount of protection, and in favorable localities of this region he is now increasing quite rapidly in numbers.—*Washington Post.*

As Good as His Bond

I REMEMBER that a good many years ago, when I was a boy, my father, who was a stone mason, did some work for a man named John Haws. When the work was completed, John Haws said he would pay for it on a certain day. It was late in the fall when the work was done, and when the day came on which Mr. Haws had said that he would pay for it, a fearful storm of sleet and snow and wind raged from morning until night. We lived nine miles from the Haws' home, and the road was a very bad one even in good weather. I remember that father said at the breakfast table:—

"Well, I guess that we shall not see anything

of John Haws to-day. It will not make any difference if he does not come, as I am not in urgent need of the money he owes me. It will make no difference if it is not paid for a month."

But at about noon Mr. Haws appeared at our door, almost frozen, and covered with sleet and snow.

"Why, John Haws!" exclaimed my father, when he opened the door and saw who it was that had knocked. "I had not the least idea that you would try to ride away out here in this fearful storm."

"Didn't I say that I would come?" asked John Haws, abruptly.

"O, yes; but I did not regard it as a promise so binding that you must fulfil it on a day like this."

"Any promise that I make is binding, regardless of wind and weather. I said that I would pay the money to-day, and I am here to keep my word."

"But then, it is only a small sum, and I do not really need it."

"I need to keep my word. If the sum had been but ten cents, and you were a millionaire, and I had said that I would pay it to-day, I would be here to pay it if I had been compelled to ride fifty miles."

Do you wonder that it was often said of John Haws that his word was as good as his bond? He was as truthful as he was honest. I remember that a neighbor of ours stopped at our house one day on his way home from the town. He had an almost incredible story to tell about a certain matter, and father said:—

"Why, it hardly seems possible that such a thing can be true."

"John Haws told me about it."

"O, then it must be true!"

"Yes, or John Haws never would have told it."

It is a fine thing to have a reputation like that. It is worth more than much worldly glory and honor when they are combined with the distrust of the people. There are men in high positions, with all that wealth can buy at their command, who are much poorer than humble John Haws, because their word is of no value, and they have none of that high sense of honor that glorifies the humblest life.—*Selected.*

Splitting Granite with Air

THE expansive force of compressed air is employed in a very interesting way by the North Carolina Granite Company. On a sloping hillside, composed of granite which shows no bed planes, but splits readily in any direction when started, a three-inch bore is sunk about eight feet deep, and the bottom is enlarged by exploding a half-stick of dynamite. A small charge of powder is fired in this hole, which starts a horizontal crack or cleavage. Charges increasing in size are exploded until the cleavage has extended over a radius of seventy-five or one hundred feet. Then a pipe is cemented into the bore, and air is forced in, under a pressure of from eighty to one hundred pounds. The expansion of the air extends the cleavage until it comes out at the surface on the slope of the hill. A horizontal sheet of granite several acres in extent may thus be separated.—*Youth's Companion.*

Trusting in Christ for Strength

"SPIN carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God."



Our Field — The World

Belgium Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Scripture Reading: All Members Recite a Text.

Prayer.

Report.

Music.

LESSON STUDY: Belgium.

General Description.

History.

Our Work.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

General Description

BELGIUM is surrounded by Holland, France, Germany, and the North Sea. It is the most densely populated country of Europe, seeming like one great city. While its area is less than that of Maryland, its population is more than five times that of Maryland. The people of the north resemble the Dutch, but in the south they are more like the French. Its geographical position and its level surface have made it the highway of nations. It has been called the battle-field of Europe, because many foreign armies have marched through it and fought battles in its territory. On June 18, 1815, Napoleon met his fate at Waterloo, in Belgium, where an army of British and Germans under Lord Wellington utterly defeated his hastily collected forces.

The fertile lowlands on the north produce rye, wheat, and other food products. The rich mines of coal and iron in the south, the favorable situation of the country for commerce, and the skill of the people, combine to make Belgium in part a manufacturing region. The large crops of flax are made into linens and laces. The finest Brussels laces sell for several hundred dollars a yard. They are made by women who work in damp cellars because the air above ground makes the threads of lace brittle.

Brussels, the capital, has given its name also to fine carpets which are made there. Because of its gaiety, the city has been called a "Second Paris." It communicates by canal with the chief cities of Belgium.

Antwerp is one of the principal seaports of the continent of Europe. Ghent is the leading city in loom products.

Belgium stands at the head of all nations for the amount of strong drink used per capita. In 1900 there were one hundred and ninety-eight thousand saloons, or one for every thirty-six persons. In some places the ratio is one saloon for six men, the saloon-keeper included. More than one hundred million dollars is expended each year on alcoholic drinks. Tobacco is used to an alarming extent, even by schoolboys.

History

Without doubt, this little country has changed hands oftener than any other nation of Europe. Perhaps her size, location, and the character of her people have all had a part in making her a prey for the ambitious nations about her. Rome, France, Holland, Austria, and Spain have all had a claim on her, and in nearly every case she has succeeded in some way in gaining her freedom from the country, only to be reconquered by the same nation in after years.

At the time of the French Revolution Belgium gained an inspiration from France to assert her independence from Holland. She established an hereditary monarchy, and elected Prince Leopold as king.

King Leopold proved himself one of the wisest monarchs of modern times. He was greatly beloved by his people, and much respected by the other sovereigns of Europe. He was repeatedly chosen to decide in international disputes. After a prosperous reign of thirty-four years, he died in 1865, his son Leopold II, the present ruler of Belgium, taking the throne.

Our Work

"The French-speaking population of Belgium numbers over three million. This is a very difficult field for missionary work. The vast coal-mines and the large number of glassworks have had a tendency to diminish the morality of the country. The inhabitants themselves call it "the black country." So dense is the soot which comes from the many mining and manufacturing plants, that even the very dust of the cities lies black in the streets. A strong wind is all that is needed to blacken features, nostrils, mouth, collar, cuffs, and clothes. Good wages are earned, but they are immediately squandered in the *cabarets*, the vile, drunken taverns of Belgium. It is a pitiful sight to see men, after a few years of service in the glassworks, with eyesight completely gone, dismissed from service in the prime of their lives. Of their past wages they have none; the money went to the owners of the taverns. Their only support rests in their young daughters, whom custom forces to take their places before the glowing, blinding heat of the glass furnace, soon to share the fate of their blind fathers. Unhappy people! Only one Seventh-day Adventist worker in this country! If they only had some loving messengers to teach them how, by faith in God, to live a different life, what a brazen serpent might be lifted up, to which the wounded, agonizing, and dying might lift their eyes, and be healed.

"For centuries past, the country has been enveloped in the thick cloud of Catholic superstition. It was to draw the people from their miseries that our beloved Brother Grin laid down his life among them. The Lord has blessed the effort in the large city of Liège, wherein sixteen have been baptized and added to the church. After the work in Liège, Brother Grin went to Charleroi, another large city. Here he spent himself day and night, pleading with the people to turn to the full gospel light. He gathered around him a number of interested ones. But his health was failing rapidly; his wife and friends urged him to flee to Switzerland, at least for a rest. He resolved to do so, but tarried yet a while, for some souls seemed trembling in the balance. When at last he took the train for Switzerland, it was too late. He passed to his final rest at Basel, leaving behind in Belgium a wife and two children. He was a noble man. By his death the church lost a devoted worker, the home a loving father, and Belgium a needed missionary. Among those whom he interested in the truth were a prominent railroad man and his wife. This lady was quite wealthy, and at her death, which occurred last year, she left express provision in her will that money should be placed aside sufficient to purchase land, and to build upon it a stone chapel for Seventh-day Adventists.

"Two years ago this summer, Elder Curdy was sent to Belgium to take up the work of Brother Grin. Last year he reported five baptisms at Liège. The believers in Belgium number twenty-two, out of a population of 6,693,800."

Elder Klingbeil, assisted by his wife and a lady Bible worker, has succeeded in securing the regular Sabbath attendance of about six in Antwerp, a city of two hundred and seventy-eight

thousand inhabitants. They have not had an easy time, for the people generally are Catholics. Companies of boys have preceded the workers, pushing open the doors, and warning the people against buying the Protestants' literature. Our sisters have been snowballed, mud balled, drenched with pailfuls of water thrown upon them from overhanging windows, cuffed on the cheek by rough and persecuting hands, dragged down the doorsteps, insulted and taunted in many ways; but they are of good courage, and have been given grace to suffer and endure patiently for the cause of Christ. At the time of Luther, there was a strong movement in favor of the Reformation, but as Belgium was then under the rule of Spain, a relentless persecution raged against those who dared preach or accept the gospel. As a result many were killed or forced to leave the country. The spirit of intolerance that then ruled the country has been handed down to succeeding generations. The light of truth has been almost quenched. Is it not time that every effort possible was made to give them the truth for this time?

A Pleasant Event

In this world of care and sorrow, children are needed to give cheer, happiness, and rest to older ones; and the little people can not get along without the care, protection, and instruction of older ones. The following incident described by Brother A. J. Scott illustrates beautifully how children may by a very little effort brighten the lives of those who have grown old in the service of God, and also how the older ones may give help to the little people:—

Mrs. Williams, the teacher of the primary class of the church-school, at Battle Creek, Michigan, visited, with her forty well-trained pupils, the Old People's Home. Their entertainment was greatly enjoyed by the aged pilgrims of the Home.

The program consisted of many songs sung with the spirit and understanding, and many appropriate speeches were made. These greatly cheered the hearts of the aged. One impressive feature of the program was a very intelligent talk made by a little girl on the second coming of Christ and the events connected with it. It so deeply impressed the people that many shed tears of joy. Brother Smith, quite an aged pilgrim, remarked that he remembered the time when William Miller and his collaborators proclaimed the first angel's message: "Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come."

One little girl showed how communication with our neighbors can be kept up by a modern invention, the telephone, which shows the fulfilment of Dan. 12:4—in the time of the end, "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

The matron gave the children an appropriate talk which cheered their hearts, and by invitation others followed. A. J. Scott sought to impress upon their minds that all things that mar our peace in this life in consequence of the transgression of God's law, will be removed through faith in Christ, and obedience to the law; that this old sin-cursed earth will, according to God's promise, be restored to its primitive purity; and that children in the redeemed state will grow up like the calves of the stall; the aged will be restored to the vigor of youth to inherit the new earth throughout eternity, and "delight themselves in the abundance of peace;" for "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." Others spoke words of encouragement to the children and their teacher. The little people cheered the hearts of the aged ones by bringing them a bountiful supply of oranges, bananas, canned fruit, home-made light bread, and pop-corn.

The services were concluded by an appropriate prayer that the children, with their parents teacher, and the aged ones, would make an unbroken family in God's everlasting kingdom.

"Be firm and strong, the moments save,
And let not sad-eyed Failure wave
Her dreary arms above your grave."

CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Tragedy of Persistence—No. 2

ONE warm morning I went down the terrace steps, as usual, on my way to the kindergarten. Past the young oak-tree I went, past the terrace itself, across the street, past another green terrace adorned with day-lilies and a large apple-tree, and up another flight of steps to the schoolroom. The children were at their happiest that morning, and being wholly absorbed in their work, were, at times, unusually quiet.

Of a sudden, one of these quiet times was filled with a humming and a whirring, as if a baby sawmill with any amount of work to do, had started up, full force, in the very midst of the classes. Quite startled, I looked about for the cause of the disturbance, and there near the ceiling was a great fat bumblebee, flying and buzzing as if the world depended upon his efforts. He had entered an open screen (it was too early for fly time), and after exploring the premises with rather undue familiarity, he alighted with a distinct "plunk!" on another screen door which was closed.

Considering him very much of an intruder,—a noisy one, at that,—I followed, and swinging back the screen, interrupted Mr. Bee's exploration of the upper door-frame. With an indignant buzz, he took flight again, but instead of indoors, he found himself out in the air and sunshine, and I closed both screens securely, leaving him to visit his own schoolroom, among the grasses, flowering shrubs, and blossoming trees.

But whether he was tired of the outdoor lessons he had been learning all his life, and wished, for a change, to try our system of education; or whether he hoped, if left alone, to teach us something, which, no doubt, he could have done; or whether he merely wished to explore the place, or to find a likely storehouse for his honey, we could not tell. But Mr. Bee certainly had some good reason for wishing to remain with us. He seemed determined to re-enter the house, and flew about the doors, scolding us roundly for our rudeness in shutting out visitors, while every now and then he bumped his fuzzy head violently against the screens, in his efforts to go through them. When I shut up the room at noon, however, I thought the persistent old fellow would give up the battle and go away for good.

But not so. When Fred and I returned that afternoon, it was not long before Mr. Bumblebee again appeared, flying and buzzing about the doors, and trying to re-enter the house, as before. What did he want? What could he want? We could not understand him.

Presently, however, there was a lull in his humming, and for just a moment we forgot our persistent visitor. But, at last, "Buz-z-zz! br-r-r-rr!" the sawmill burst forth again, full blast, and there, in his old place near the ceiling, was the bee. Clever fellow! He had finally succeeded in finding a small hole in the screen, had squeezed through it, and was now humming his triumph over our heads.

He circled around a few times, then, as if concluding he was now to be left unmolested to pursue his investigations, dropped to the floor just in front of the closed door of a clothes closet, straight toward which he immediately crawled in a very businesslike way.

By this time, our interest as well as curiosity was aroused. I remarked to Fred, who was growing quite excited over such mysterious behavior: "He is determined to have something, Fred; let's watch him and find out what it is." So we watched.

Beneath the closet door was a large crack, through which the bee made several vain attempts to force himself, traversing its whole length in so doing. At the corner of the door, the crack became a hole, into which I might have thrust the tip of my finger, and which our bee appeared to hail with joy as a certain passageway to the interior. But alas! although he plunged his head deeply into it, the opening was not large enough to admit his fat body. Again and again he tried, first buzzing angrily, then, each time, muffling his buzzing by another plunge so desperate that his rear legs were fairly forced into the air, while he threatened to stick fast; but 'twas all useless; his portly proportions would not al-

low him to pass through, try as he might. That night there was a change of weather, and Sabbath and Sunday were raw and chill, almost freezing. But Monday was bright and beautiful, and the schoolroom was soon warm and cheerful with sunshine. As I opened the door, almost the first thing of which I thought was the bee. "He will hardly trouble us again, after being shut out in the cold so long," I said to myself. "I believe I'll take a look at the closet."

The most careful examination, however, showed no evidences of the bee's visit. Whatever had been his business, he had left no traces behind, and I was more puzzled than ever. "If he ever came back," thought I, "he was certainly forced, at last, to give up his plan, whatever it was, for he had no way to get inside again."

But right there I stopped. I had caught sight of a small dark object on the dusty floor, and startled and hardly able to believe my eyes, I sprang forward, and saw, beyond mistake, our same old bee. But he was neither crawling nor buzzing now; instead, he lay quite still on his face, under one of the little chairs, and nothing could coax him to move or make a sound. By some crack, hidden and unknown to us, in some way we have never been able to discover, he had found his way back into the room after we left it. Probably he lost the entrance when trying to return to the outer world, and so, from cold or hunger, or both, he had perished, a victim to his own persistency.

With a faint hope that he was not quite dead, and that warmth might revive him, we laid poor Mr. Bee in the sunshine, and placed close to his nose some fresh dandelion and white clover blossoms, which bees and we so love, that food might be awaiting his first breath of life. But he was past enjoying the sunshine, past caring for bud or blossom, past flying, past humming. He had deliberately abandoned these outdoor delights for the fancied charms of inside dust and darkness, just as all of us often abandon heaven-appointed spheres of blessed usefulness for fields of selfish pleasure of our own choosing; and as we often pay for such folly, so had he paid for his with a loss of all.

With his legs folded meekly over his breast, we put him into a little box filled with clover



"SOME FRESH DANDELIONS AND WHITE CLOVERS"

low him to pass through, try as he might.

This seemed to puzzle him, and he ran about in an investigative way, as if thinking he might be mistaken in the locality. But he always ended by returning to plunge with renewed determination into the hole again, as if satisfied that it was the only place he sought, and as if resolved to get inside that closet door if he squeezed himself flat in the effort. Fred and I began to admire his perseverance and pity his failures.

"Poor fellow! Turn the knob for him, Fred," I said.

So Fred stepped quietly and unlatched the door. When next Mr. Bee returned to his self-appointed task, he had no difficulty in creeping round the corner of the door and into the darkness of the closet, where he disappeared with an air that proudly said, "I knew it could be done!"—his second triumph that day. Of course, he totally ignored our part in the matter, and, no doubt, gave himself all the credit of his success. Sad to say, there are greater things than bees, in the world, which credit all their blessings to their own efforts, and ignore the higher Hand that turns their fate.

Fred wanted to follow the bee into the closet, and see what he did there, but I said no, lest we interfere somewhat with his proceedings. "After a while, we will investigate," I said; so we waited quietly.

Probably an hour passed, when "Buzz-brr!" out burst the sawmill again, and thud went our



Past Humming.

heads, and buried him on the very brink of the terrace, under the young oak-tree. We felt quite sad when we thought of his untimely end, and almost like the bee's funeral text, the sweet old lines kept passing through my mind, as we left him among the terrace grasses: "He shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low."

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

Be Kind to Mother

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache
Till ready to break:
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will
Stick to you through good and through ill,
And love you, although
The world is your foe:
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay;
Who for you won't spare
Self-sacrifice rare:
So worship the mother alway.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight:
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss
When she has departed from this,
So love and revere
That mother while here,
Some time you won't know her dear kiss.

You have only one mother, just one,
Remember that always, my son;
None can or will do
What she has for you.
What have you for her ever done?

—Selected.

Failure a Stepping-Stone to Success

EVERY month, yes, every week and every day, thousands go down to their last, long sleep in the quiet resting-place. Many of these go to the silent tomb without hope, without promise of reward, and with no prospect of everlasting happiness on the eternal shore. Their lives have been marked by failure and defeat.

But this need not have been so. Some, indeed, may have been crowned with the laurel wreaths of success so far as this world goes, but in their last moments, what satisfaction, what peace and joy, did all the worldly honor bring them? Did they then, about to die without hope, without God, count their life a grand success?

There are many in the world to-day, even among the young people, who say, "My life has been a failure. I can not succeed in anything." Discouraged by past mistakes, they seem unable to rise and obtain the mastery over the foes about them—blasted hopes, adverse circumstances, and the seeming successes of others.

Sometimes the reason of their failure lies in the fact that they do not have the inward determination, the indomitable will possessed by their companions of whom they are so jealous. They attribute the success of their fellows to the smiles of Providence, the prosperous turn of the wheel of fortune, or, perhaps, to the fact that "fortune has made him a genius, but fate has destined for me the life of a mediocre."

Enwrapped in such thoughts as these, they fail to consider the fact that where there's a will, there's always a way; that it is their privilege to either "find a way or make one;" and that, after all, "there is no genius like the genius of hard work." The road to real, true, lasting success is not a royal road; it is not all paved and flower-strewn.

As we, therefore, review our past lives, stained and darkened with mistakes, and marked with apparent defeat, let us not become discouraged. Longfellow well says:—

"Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks at last,
To something nobler we attain."

It is our privilege to triumph over failures, to make them stepping-stones to something higher and better. Wendell Phillips has strongly and encouragingly expressed it thus: "What is defeat?—Nothing but education; nothing but the first steps to something better."

Especially will this apply in the Christian life. Not that it is necessary that we fail,—we may profit by the failures of others,—but we are poor, finite creatures, and we make many mistakes. But, through the mercy and grace of Christ, that failure, that seeming defeat, may be made a stepping-stone to grand and glorious success. One author has said: "It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must recommence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us toward what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure."

So, dear young Christian friend, do not become discouraged. Do not let the enemy of souls hear that word escape your lips; for then he has the vantage-ground, and will come in like a flood. Let us say with the inspired prophet of old: "When I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." Remember your failures only as they will inspire you to redeem yourself, to build stronger and surer. Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, whose Christian life was once seemingly marked by defeat, but who fought the good fight of faith, and laid hold on eternal life, sums up the secret of his success in the following words: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Let us make these words, this motto, ours, not only in theory, but in practise as well. Then shall we meet with all-glorious success, far surpassing even our highest realizations or expectations, and before which the hardest trial and the greatest obstacle of this world will pale into insignificance. Is not such success worth striving for?

KATHRINA BLOSSOM WILCOX.

Greetings to Japan

CORDIAL greetings have been exchanged over the new cable of the Commercial Pacific Company connecting the United States and Japan, between President Roosevelt and Mutsu Hito, the emperor of Japan. The President cabled as follows:—

I am glad to send to Your Majesty over the American cable, which has just been completed between Guam and Japan, and thus unites our two countries across the Pacific, a message of sincere good-will, and the assurance of the earnest wishes of the government and people of the United States for the welfare and prosperity of Your Majesty and Your Majesty's empire.

In reply the emperor of Japan said:—

I have just received with great interest and appreciation the kind message sent by you over the cable which has recently been laid between Guam and Japan, and which will be shortly open to the public. I am highly gratified to know that the first telegram by this new line, which unites our two countries, should convey to me the assurances of the friendly sentiments of the government and people of the United States for myself and people. I most cordially reciprocate your expression of good-will and good wishes.—*Washington Post.*

An Undertone

WHEN the storms of life are beating round me,
And the sky is dark and drear,
Though the tempest's din almost confound me,
And my heart be faint with fear,
Yet below the troubled surface, singing,
I can hear a joyful voice,
Peace and comfort to me ever bringing,
Bidding my sad soul rejoice.

"Sometime all the good for which thou'rt yearning
Shall be thine" (so runs the song);
"All thy tear-drops into jewels turning,
Shall enhance thy joy erelong.
Disappointment is loss but in seeming;
Stars of hope, long since gone down,
In a fairer sky are brightly beaming,
And shall one day be thine own.

"Think not that thy long-lost joys and pleasures
Have forever taken wing,
For the Father shall give back thy treasure"
(Thus the glad voice seems to sing).
"Thy loved dead for whom thou still dost sorrow,
For whose presence thou dost long,
Thou shalt clasp them on that radiant morrow
Long foretold" (so says the song).

VIOLA E. SMITH.

The Dog Ashamed

MANY years ago a boy had a little black-and-tan dog that was a great pet. He taught him many tricks, and praised him so much for his skilful performing that the dog seemed to enjoy it as much as the boy did. There was one thing, however, that he never did only as he was compelled to, and then with the most shame-faced reluctance. The boy used to put a hat and coat on the dog, and set him up in a chair and give him a pipe (empty), and tell him to smoke, which he did only because he seemed to think he *must obey*. As soon as he was excused, he would slink out of sight with overwhelming mortification. Why should men and boys do that of which a dog is ashamed? MARY MARTIN MORSE.



The State of the Dead

1. What change takes place in man when he dies?

"His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." Ps. 146:4.

2. How much do the dead know?

"For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten." Eccl. 9:5.

3. What goes into forgetfulness with them?

"Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun." Verse 6.

4. Then how much can they praise the Lord?

"The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence." Ps. 115:17.

5. How does the Saviour express this condition?

"These things said he: and after that he saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. Howbeit Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep." John 11:11,13.

6. How long will the dead sleep?

"So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." Job 14:12.

7. When and how will they be awakened?

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose

again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. . . . *For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first.*
1 Thess. 4:14-16. EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

We tread through fields of speckled flowers,
As if we did not know
Our Father made them beautiful
Because he loves us so.

—Alice Cary.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VII — Paul in the Temple at Jerusalem

(August 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 21 and 22:1-29.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." Isa. 43:10.

After leaving Miletus, Paul and his brethren sailed to Syria, finally landing at Cæsarea. Here they stayed for a while with Philip the evangelist, whose four daughters had the gift of prophecy. "And while we tarried there many days," says Luke, "there came down from Judea a certain prophet, named Agabus. And when he was come unto us, he took Paul's girdle, and bound his own hands and feet, and said, Thus saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles. And when we heard these things, both we, and they of that place, besought him not to go up to Jerusalem.

"Then Paul answered, What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus. And when he would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done.

"And after those days we took up our carriages, and went up to Jerusalem. There went with us also certain of the disciples of Cæsarea, and brought with them one Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple, with whom we should lodge.

"And when we were come to Jerusalem, the brethren received us gladly. And the day following Paul went in with us unto James; and all the elders were present. And when he had saluted them, he declared particularly what things God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry."

But the unbelieving Jews of Asia, who had so often persecuted Paul from city to city, now stirred up the people in Jerusalem against the apostle, "crying out, Men of Israel, help: This is the man, that teacheth all men every where against the people, and the law, and this place: and further brought Greeks also into the temple, and hath polluted this holy place. (For they had seen before with him in the city Trophimus an Ephesian, whom they supposed that Paul had brought into the temple.)

"And all the city was moved, and the people ran together: and they took Paul, and drew him out of the temple: and forthwith the doors were shut. And as they went about to kill him, terrors came unto the chief captain of the band, that all Jerusalem was in an uproar. Who immediately took soldiers and centurions, and ran down unto them: and when they saw the chief captain and the soldiers, they left beating of Paul.

"Then the chief captain came near, and took him, and commanded him to be bound with two chains; and demanded who he was, and what he had done. And some cried one thing, some another, among the multitude, and when he could not know the certainty for the tumult, he commanded him to be carried into the castle. And when he came upon the stairs, so it was, that

he was borne of the soldiers for the violence of the people. For the multitude of the people followed after, crying, Away with him.

"And as Paul was to be led into the castle, he said unto the chief captain, May I speak unto thee? Who said, Canst thou speak Greek? Art not thou that Egyptian, which before these days madest an uproar, and leddest out into the wilderness four thousand men that were murderers? But Paul said, I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia: a citizen of no mean city: and, I beseech thee, suffer me to speak unto the people.

"And when he had given him license, Paul stood on the stairs, and beckoned with the hand unto the people. And when there was made a great silence, he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue, saying, Men, brethren, and fathers, hear ye my defense which I make now unto you."

Having the attention of the people, Paul reminded them how carefully he had been taught the law. He called to their memory the fact that he himself had persecuted the believers in Jesus, and told them how, as he was on his way to Damascus to engage in this work, the Lord himself had spoken to him. He told them how he had been led blind into Damascus, and how through Ananias he had received his sight, and had been baptized. At last he told them plainly that the Lord had chosen him to work for the Gentiles, saying, "I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."

"And they gave him audience unto this word, and then lifted up their voices, and said, Away with such a fellow from the earth: for it is not fit that he should live. And as they cried out, and cast off their clothes, and threw dust into the air, the chief captain commanded him to be brought into the castle, and bade that he should be examined by scourging; that he might know wherefore they cried so against him. And as they bound him with thongs, Paul said unto the centurion that stood by, Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?

"When the centurion heard that, he went and told the chief captain, saying, Take heed what thou doest: for this man is a Roman. Then the chief captain came, and said unto him, Tell me, art thou a Roman? He said, Yea. And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom. And Paul said, But I was free born.

"Then straightway they departed from him which should have examined him: and the chief captain also was afraid, after he knew that he was a Roman, and because he had bound him."

Questions

1. At what place did Paul and his brethren leave the ship that had brought them from Miletus? With whom did they stay at this place? What man from Judea visited them?

2. What did this man do and say? What did Paul's companions urge him not to do? How did Paul answer them? What did they finally say?

3. Who accompanied Paul to Jerusalem? How did the brethren there receive him? Of what did he tell them? What did they do when they heard this good news?

4. What was done by the enemies of Paul? How wide-spread was the tumult? What did the people do? Tell how Paul's life was saved at this time.

5. What did the chief captain do with Paul? What did he ask about him? Where did he order Paul carried?

6. How was it necessary to carry Paul, in order to save him from the people? What were they crying after the soldiers?

7. As Paul was about to be led into the castle, what request did he make of the chief captain? Where did Paul stand as he spoke to the people?

8. When the mob was quiet, how did Paul

address them? What did he then briefly tell them?

9. How far did the Jews allow Paul to continue his speech? When he mentioned his command to go to the Gentiles, what did the people cry out? What did they do?

10. What cruel order was now given by the chief captain? As they bound Paul, what question did he ask of a centurion who stood by?

11. What warning did this man at once give to the chief captain? What did the captain now ask Paul? How did Paul reply?

12. What did the chief captain say when he heard this? What did Paul say further about himself? Why was the chief captain afraid when he learned that Paul was a Roman?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VII — The Fruit of the Spirit

(August 18)

MEMORY VERSE: "Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." John 15:2.

Questions

1. How is the relation of the Christian and his Saviour represented? John 15:5.

2. What is expected of the Christian? John 15:2.

3. Name some of the fruits of the Spirit. Gal. 5:22, 23.

4. How are these contrasted with the works of the flesh? Gal. 5:19-21.

5. Does a tree ever bear more than one kind of fruit? James 3:10-12.

6. How is the tree known? Matt. 7:17-20.

7. What application is made of this principle to our Christian experience? Luke 6:43-46.

8. What is done with fruitless branches? John 15:2, 6.

9. What did the Saviour do with the fruitless fig-tree? Mark 11:11-14, 20, 21; note.

10. What disposition is made of trees that do not yield good fruit? Matt. 3:8, 10.

11. What is the result of truly abiding in Christ? John 15:7.

12. How is such a life regarded by the Father? John 15:8.

13. What is an appropriate prayer for all? Phil. 1:9-11.

Note

Christ's act in cursing the tree which his own power had created stands as a warning to all churches and to all Christians. No one can live the law of God without ministering to others. But there are many who do not live out Christ's merciful, unselfish life. Some who think themselves excellent Christians do not understand what constitutes service for God. They plan and study to please themselves. They act only in reference to self. Time is of value to them only as they can gather for themselves. In all the affairs of life this is their object. Not for others, but for themselves, do they minister. God created them to live in a world where unselfish service must be performed. He designed them to help their fellow men in every possible way. But self is so large that they can not see anything else. They are not in touch with humanity. Those who thus live for self are like the fig-tree, which made every pretension, but was fruitless. They observe the forms of worship, but without repentance or faith. In profession they honor the law of God, but obedience is lacking. They say, but do not. In the sentence pronounced on the fig-tree, Christ demonstrates how hateful in his eyes is this vain pretense. He declares that the open sinner is less guilty than is he who professes to serve God, but who bears no fruit to his glory.—"Desire of Ages," page 584.



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HOLD fast the beginning of your confidence.

ONE church-school last year gave twenty dollars to the work in Japan.

"THE time is at hand when Satan will work miracles to cause the people to believe that he is God."

A FEW years ago old Brother La Rue was our only missionary in China; now there are between twenty and thirty earnest, consecrated young men and women. But many more are needed.

MORE cigarettes were smoked in the United States last year than there have been minutes since the days of Adam, but the incalculable injury done to thousands of boys and young men can not be estimated.

At the Huntsville (Alabama) school the students rise at forty-five minutes past three, and retire at eight o'clock. The cooler parts of the day are devoted to work on the farm, and the warmer parts to study. Two students pay their way entirely by canvassing.

THE Educational Messenger of July 15 is a double number, illustrated, devoted to the proceedings of the recent educational convention, and gives the gist of the conclusions reached. Price, five cents a copy. Address the Educational Messenger, College View, Nebraska.

WE are very glad to have the membership of the Reading Circle increased by the following names:—

Elsie Forsberg	Rosslyn Gallion
A. L. Gallion	Paul Gallion
Forrest Washburn	

THE spirit of helpfulness so clearly revealed in the following words written by one expecting to attend a camp-meeting is refreshing: "I'll order a small tent, and be there with content, till the meetings are all over; won't you? I'll keep myself ready to help where I can, to make the place pleasant, too. If the grounds are to be kept clean, tents to be pitched, I am your man: I'll be with the throng that seeks to make hearts long to sing that grand jubilee song. Won't you?"

Answers to Bible Enigma

THE INSTRUCTOR of July 17, 1906, contained a Bible enigma, the answers to which are given below:—

1. B-artimeus. Mark 10:46.
2. A-bimelech. 1 Sam. 22:9.
3. R-echabites. Jeremiah 35.

4. N-ineveh. Jonah 1:2.
5. A-ssyria. 2 Kings 19:35.
6. B-ow. Gen. 9:13.
7. A-rabia. Gal. 1:17.
8. S-halmaneser. 2 Kings 17:3.

College View Bible Readers

DURING the educational convention recently held at College View, Nebraska, the editor of the INSTRUCTOR was asked to speak to the intermediate department of the College View Sabbath-school. It was an interesting division of wide-awake boys and girls. The importance of reading the Bible through, and the pleasure to be gained from such reading, was spoken of, and as a result eighteen of the division decided to endeavor to read the Bible through by December, 1907. Their names are given below:—

Myrtle Wilcox	Blanche Mendelssohn
Beulah Marney	Rose Christensen
Grace Jenkins	Vera Mendelssohn
Lenore Lewis	Maggie Jenkins
Stephen Mulder	Vesta Cummings
Merrel Clark	Zella Schmaltz
Ivo McKim	Ruth Thorp
Altha Wilson	Lorrain Lee
Carolina Erickson	Leonard Rayburn

Report of the Educational Convention

THE educational convention held at College View, Nebraska, June 28 to July 10, under the auspices of the Educational Department of the General Conference, was without doubt the most important educational meeting in the history of the denomination. It was the largest convention we ever held, and the field was most widely represented. The relation of our educational work to the message was never before so clearly seen or so forcibly presented. A general missionary movement was started to bring the schools and the fields into closer touch. Courses of study were carefully worked out and unanimously adopted, covering the church and intermediate schools, academies, colleges, and training-schools. Text-books were adopted so far as any have been produced specially adapted to the work of our denominational schools; the entire proceedings were conducted in a beautiful spirit of Christian unity and manliness. The story of this epoch-making gathering is now in preparation by the Department of Education. It will be published by the Union College Press, and will be ready in a few weeks. Every Seventh-day Adventist will want to read it. It will increase his faith and renew his courage. The report will contain more than one hundred pages, and the price will be but ten cents. Send your orders at once. Lay the matter before the members of the church, and order in clubs, or singly if you prefer; but do it now, that we may know how many to print. Address all letters, and make all orders payable, to the Union College Press, College View, Nebraska.

Making the Most of Life

"MEASURE thy life by loss instead of gain; Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth; For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice, And whoso suffers most hath most to give."

According to our Lord's teaching, we can make the most of our life by losing it. He says that losing the life for his sake is saving it. There is a lower self that must be trampled down and trampled to death by the higher self. The alabaster vase must be broken, that the ointment may flow out to fill the house. The grapes must be crushed, that there may be wine to drink. The wheat must be bruised, before it can become bread to feed hunger.

It is so in life. Whole, unbruised, unbroken

men are of but little use. True living is really a succession of battles, in which the better triumphs over the worse, the spirit over the flesh. Until we cease to live for self, we have not begun to live at all.

We can never become truly useful and helpful to others until we have learned this lesson. One may live for self, and yet do many pleasant things for others; but one's life can never become the great blessing to the world it was meant to be until the law of self-sacrifice has become its heart principle.

In a mine in England, there had been a fearful explosion, and the men came rushing up from the lower level, right into the danger of the deadly after blast; when the only chance of safety was in another shaft. One man knew this, and stood there in the dangerous passage, warning the men. When urged to go himself the safe way, he said, "No; some one must stay here to guide the others."—Selected.



THE following extract from a personal letter from Sister Williams, one of our missionaries in Honolulu, will give an idea of the progress of the work in that place:—

We are under our own flag, but so constantly associating with different nationalities and races that we can easily imagine that we are living in the Orient, and we really feel that we are numbered with the "foreign missionaries."

God has wonderfully, and in a marked way, opened the Chinese work for us, and we are very thankful to him. We find this people quick to learn, studious, grateful, and very courteous. Some are now keeping God's commandments, while others have expressed the desire to do so, but have not the strength and faith to claim God's promises and step out. We expect, however, to see more of them doing so soon. It is sad to see some turning away as God's testing truths are brought closer and closer to their lives; but sadder still will it be when Christ turns away and says to such, "I never knew you."

BROTHER W. C. HANKINS writes as follows of the work at Kulangsu, Amoy, China:—

We can not tell you how much we appreciate the effort that is being put forth by our young people in Colorado to help carry the good news of the soon-coming Saviour to these hundreds of millions of people in Asia who are ignorant of him and his coming. And how glad I am to tell you that I never had a firmer faith in his soon coming than I have to-day. These Asiatic nations are waking up out of their long sleep, and are preparing for the battle of Armageddon. There are many indications that time is short, and one of them is the rapidity with which decisions are being made for or against the truth, and the rapidity with which the knowledge of the truth is spreading throughout this country.

I know you are anxious to know all about the worker you are supporting here with the birthday-box offerings, but I can give you only a little idea of what a grand man he is. He was ordained a few weeks ago when Elder J. N. Anderson was here from Canton, and is, I believe, the only ordained Seventh-day Adventist Chinese preacher in China.

He has the entire oversight of our native workers here, and is very faithful in looking after the interests of the Lord's work. He is a man of education, and perhaps has few, if any, superiors among his countrymen. He is known for miles around, and there are hundreds throughout this province who have become interested in the Sabbath question through hearing of his change. Many times he is busy till late in the night telling the "truth" to enquirers who come in from the interior to learn about this new doctrine. I hope you will all remember him in your prayers.