

Cape Colony

CAPE COLONY is the most southern division of Africa, and has a mixed population of 2,405,000. Europeans, Malays, and natives form its chief inhabitants, and they vary in color from any shade of white and brown to black.

The land rises in terraces from the coast. Near the southern coast, and parallel to it, is a range of mountains; then comes a large plain about fifteen hundred feet above sea-level, followed by another range of mountains, and another plain, having an altitude of three thousand feet. The third plain is very extensive, consisting of the land drained by the Orange River. This river forms the northern boundary of the Colony. These plains are barren tracts of reddish-brown land, on which a small shrub grows, called the

low and sandy. Table Bay is the principal harbor on the west coast, and is protected from the strong northwest winds by a breakwater. Algoa Bay is the busiest port. It is protected from the northwest wind, but is exposed to the full force of the southeasters. Many a gallant ship has been wrecked there.

The industries are chiefly pastoral, with limited agricultural facilities. Only one acre out of one hundred and twenty is cultivated. Ostriches are bought and sold like sheep. They have valuable feathers, which are cut and sold. The Angora goat thrives on karroo pasture. Its hair is famous for its long silky texture. Diamond mining is carried on in Kimberley, from which mines rich yields are obtained. Also valuable yields of coal, copper, and salt are found in different places.

At present there are two Young People's Societies here: one at Claremont, and the other at Rokeby Park. The young people do various kinds of missionary work; some sell papers, others are members of sewing bands, and still others have gardens, etc. The work is yet in its infancy, but is steadily progressing.

Pray for the work here, that God will touch the hearts of many of our young people, that they will give their lives to his work. The field is large, but the laborers are few.

VICTOR WILSON.

Beecher's Advice to His Son

FROM a letter once written to his son by the famous preacher, we take the following wise hints, which are good for all young men, and young women, too:—

"You must not get into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule,—cash or nothing.

"Make but few promises. Religiously observe the smallest promise.

A man who means to keep his promises can't afford to make many.

"Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Aim at accuracy and perfect frankness,—no guesswork,—either nothing or exact truth.

"When working for others, sink yourself out of sight; seek their interests. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity, and integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

"Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself; never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

"Concentrate your force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast.

"The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing; in this country any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste, be patient.

"Do not speculate or gamble. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and hate are two devils that destroy thousands every year."—Selected.



GOLD-MINES OF JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA

"karroo bush." This plant sends down its roots into the earth for over twenty feet to find water. Rains are very infrequent, but when they do come, torrents of water fall in a very short time. However, it soon seems as if no rain had fallen, except that the ground is covered with beautiful flowers. In different places may be seen flourishing villages, and farm-houses, where many kinds of fruit and grain are grown.

The rivers run only during the rainy season. The sources of most of them are in regions of little rainfall, while the mouths receive an abundance of rain. There are no mountains above snow-line from which they can obtain a supply of water. They wind their way in and out among the mountains to the sea, and have either a sandbar or rocks at their mouths to hinder them from being navigable by large boats. Many small streams are called rivers, some of which are so small and shallow that they disappear before reaching the sea, especially if the soil is sandy.

The coast is very regular, and has few good harbors. The Atlantic coast for the most part consists of long stretches of white sand. From Cape Point to Cape Recife the coast is generally rocky, with dangerous reefs stretching into the sea. From Algoa Bay northward the shore is

A few years ago the Colony was in a very prosperous condition; but now everything is at a standstill. There are no very large towns. Cape Town is not only the capital, but is also the oldest and largest town. One writer says of it, "In all the world there is no town more beautifully situated than Cape Town. The view from the 'Kloof' rivals that of the Bay of Naples." It was laid out by the Dutch. The streets cross one another at right angles. It has a number of beautiful suburbs.

Seven miles from Cape Town, and about ten minutes' walk from the station, is the Union College School, our only training-school in Africa. At present there is a very poor attendance on account of the depressing times through which the Colony is passing; but we have great hopes that things will improve.

About three miles from the college and quite near the mountain is the Cape Sanitarium, under the supervision of Dr. George Thomason. The sanitarium is doing good work, and at present is well filled with patients.

We have only one mission in Cape Colony, and that is the Maranatha Mission among the Kaffirs. A schoolhouse is being erected, but not much work has as yet been accomplished there.

The Six Stages of Wrong

THE first scene, "Temptation," in this story of a crime, marks the beginning of a downward career. Is the first downward step an easy one to take?—Easier perhaps to take than to retrieve when



once taken. True courage is displayed by the young man who at once makes up his mind to turn from the temptation with a determined "NO," thus saving himself and others from future misery, sin, and its results. The young man enters the gambling den perhaps for the first time. His tempter, or leader, doubtless has himself been fleeced in such a place, and is taking pleasure in getting others into the same trouble. The tempter is luring the young man on, and he is taking the step that has been the beginning of untold sorrow to so many thousands of young men.

He sits down at the card table, and scene two shows the game played and lost. His gay companions have fled with his money, leaving him cheated and downcast, ashamed of his folly, and wondering how he is to replace the borrowed money. It must be made up, and at a great sacrifice. Pity is felt for the young wife and helpless child by all who look upon scene three. The time of respite has passed. The evil day has come. The borrowed money must be replaced, and to satisfy the demands of the money lender, the little family must be driven penniless from the once happy, pleasant home. The dear, broken-hearted wife and startled child are realizing for the first time the awfulness of the first step taken in the downward career, and what it now means to them. Instead of awakening in the young father a desire to retrace his steps, turn from his evil way, awake to a new life, assert his true manhood rights, it creates in him a spirit of revenge, and we have but to look upon scene four to see the effect of cherishing a revengeful spirit. The money lender lies murdered, and murdered by the man he first tempted to go wrong. After the awful deed has been committed, the murderer stands aghast, and with uplifted hand he is saying, "I would give worlds, if I possessed them, to undo the work of a moment before;" but it is too late.

Now he sits before the judge in the crowded court room, on trial for his life, he knows what the one word "guilty" will mean for him. It will consign him to the condemned cell and the gallows; take from him life, and all that life holds dear. Wife and child must henceforth suffer a living death, shunned and cast out, with peace and happiness forever gone.

Scene six shows him taking his last journey. "He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." "He moves along the dreary

prison corridor, on his way from his cell to the scaffold, in the gloom of a wintry morning. On the one side the hangman supports him, and on the other the prison chaplain—fit emblems, these two, of the death that is the wages of sin, and of the hope of pardon and life eternal that may be claimed by every repentant sinner."

So ends the common history of yielding to temptation and wrong. The first step was only a little deviation from the right, but yielding was sin, and the wages of sin is death. When the tempter comes to those



who may chance to read these lines, just call to mind that blessed promise, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." We can do all things through Christ, who strengthens us. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape."

The experience of this young man makes a dark picture, full of sorrow, calling forth sympathy, yet being lived over by thousands of young people to-day, and by many not so young. May it awaken in us a desire born of heaven, not only to avoid the first downward step, but to lend our influence in helping others in the upward way.

MRS. R. C. PORTER.

A Long Time Coming

THERE is an old story that caught fire in my heart the first time it came to me, and burns anew at each memory of it. It told of a time in the southern part of our country when the sanitary regulations were



not so good as of late. A city was being scourged by a disease that seemed quite beyond control. The city's carts were ever rolling over the cobble-stones, helping carry away those whom the plague had slain.

Into one very poor home, a laboring man's home, the plague had come. And the father and

children had been carried out until on the day of this story there remained but two, the mother and her baby boy of five years. The boy crept up into his mother's lap, put his arms about her neck, and with his baby eyes so close, said, "Mother, father's dead, and brothers and sister are dead. If you die, what'll I do?"

The poor mother had thought of it, of course. What could she say? Quieting her voice as much as possible, she said, "If I die, Jesus will come for you." That was quite satisfactory to the boy. He had been taught about Jesus, and felt quite safe with him, and so went about his play on the floor. And the boy's question proved only too prophetic. Quick work was done by the dread disease, and soon the mother was being laid away by strange hands.

It is not difficult to understand that in the sore distress of the time the boy was forgotten. When night came, he crept into bed, but could not sleep. Late in the night he got up, found his way along the street, down the road, in to where he had seen the men put his mother. And throwing himself down on the freshly shoveled earth, sobbed and sobbed until nature kindly stole consciousness away for a time.

Very early the next morning a gentleman coming down the road from some errand of mercy, looked over the fence, and saw the little fellow lying there. Quickly suspecting some sad story, he called him: "My boy, what are you doing there?—my boy, wake up, what are you doing there all alone?" The boy awakened, rubbed his baby eyes, and said, "Father's dead, and brothers and sister's dead, and now—mother's—dead—too. And she said if she did die, Jesus would come for me. And he hasn't come. And I'm so tired waiting." And the man swallowed something in his throat, and in a voice not very clear, said, "Well, my boy, I've come for you." And the little fellow, waking up with his baby eyes so big, said, "I think you've been a long time coming."

Whenever I read these last words of Jesus or think of them, there comes up a vision that floods out every other thing. It is of Jesus himself standing on that hilltop. His face is all scarred and marred, thorn-torn and thong-cut. But it is beautiful, passing all beauty of earth, with its wondrous beauty light. Those great eyes are looking out so yearningly, out as though they were seeing men, the ones nearest and those farthest. His arm is outstretched with the hand pointing out. And you can not miss the rough, jagged hole in the palm. And he is saying, "Go ye." The attitude of the scars,



the eyes looking, the hand pointing, the voice speak-



ing, all these are saying so intently, "Go ye."

And as I follow the line of those eyes, and the hand, there comes up an answering vision—a great sea of faces that no man ever yet has numbered, with answering eyes and outstretching hands. From hoary old China, from our blood-brothers in India, from Africa where sin's tar stick seems to have blackened blackest, from Romanized South America, and the islands, aye, from the slums, frontiers, and mountains of the home land, and from those near by, from over the alley next door to your house maybe, they seem to come. And they are rubbing their eyes and speaking. With lives so pitifully barren, with lips mutely eloquent, with the soreness of their hunger, they are saying, "You're a long time coming."

Shall we go? Shall we not go? But how shall we best go?—By keeping in such close touch with Jesus that the warm throbbing of his heart is ever against our own. Then will come a new purity into our lives as we go, irresistibly attracted by the attraction of Jesus toward our fellows. And then, too, shall go out of ourselves and out of our lives and service, a new supernatural power touching men. It is Jesus within reaching men through us.—S. D. Gordon, in "Quiet Talks on Service."

"Learn to Do Well"

Be not a drone in earth's garden fair,
But a busy, busy bee.
Be not a thorn among roses fair,
Piercing hearts so dear to thee.

Be not a cloud o'er the fair blue sky
Of those whom thou shouldst cheer.
Cast not a shadow, heave not a sigh,
To make life's pathway drear.

Make not earth's burdens more heavy seem,
As seasons come and go.
Add not to the weight of sorrow's stream,
But check its downward flow.

One's life each day should the better make
This world in which we live;
Should soothe the sorrowing hearts that
break,
Of love's sweet store should give.

Ah! earth is not so far from heaven
If one "learn to do well."
That stars will to his crown be given,
Eternity will tell.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

Divine Authority of the Bible — Protestant versus Catholic Canons *

Two volumes lie before me. Both claim to be the product of a divine mind, a revelation to men of the will of an infinite Being. On investigation I find a difference between them, leading me to the conclusion that both books in their entirety can not come from the same mind. One is presented to me by a church claiming not only catholicity, but the prestige of being the original and only Christian church. It therefore assumes infallibility, and declares itself the sole medium of communication between God and man. To reject its doctrines and teaching is to lose the eternal favor of God. The other is presented by the Protestant church, which denies the claims of the Catholic Church, urging their book as being the true Word of God. How shall I decide between these books and these churches?

I purchase several different parcels of real estate in the city of Washington, and wish to ascertain the validity of my title to each one of them. I take the deeds to the registrar's office, and trace each one through its preceding purchaser, till I come to the title derived from the original proprietors. If there is no break in the chain, and the original proprietors had a

legal right to the property, then I receive a clear title. At times deeds are made out which are forgeries, but by careful investigation their spurious character may be exposed and repudiated. So it is possible to trace the Bible to its divine Author, and expose books which are either forgeries or at best mere products of the human mind.

The people to whom God gave his Word originally, ought to be the best judges of what books are of divine origin. The reverence of the Jews in general for their divine writings was so great that if, in copying the manuscripts, a single error was made, they would reject the material thus spoiled, and begin again. They never permitted themselves to retouch or erase; and in coming to the name Jehovah, they always wiped their pens and refilled them. When the manuscripts became at all old or injured, they reverently buried them in graves; and this is one reason why there are not in existence any very old Hebrew manuscripts. Such strict integrity to preserve the Word of God as it came to them from the Lord through his prophets, precludes all possibility of alteration, or the acceptance of anything spurious. While the Scriptures were in the keeping of the Jewish people, they were so carefully preserved for centuries that the scribes and elders could tell the number of words they contained, the number of letters, the middle word, and the middle letter, of any given book and of the entire Scriptures. Josephus, a Jew, in speaking of his own day said: "If any of us should be questioned concerning the laws, he would more easily repeat all than his own name." Philo corroborates this fact. The little orthodox Jewish street urchin can chant the first books of the Bible with ease. Timothy was commended because "from a child" he had known the Scriptures. 2 Tim. 3: 15. This perfect familiarity with the Word of God became necessary, as the Scriptures contained the laws by which the nation was governed, the nation's genealogies, and the boundaries of the people's country and tribes. They also contained their sanitary laws, the regulations for their family relations, their weights and measures, also rules regarding their sowing and planting, their buying and selling of property and real estate.

God's manifest displeasure was revealed when the first attempt was made to destroy his Word. This occurred when Jehoiakim deliberately burned it in the fire. Jer. 36: 23. Immediately it was reproduced by the prophet Jeremiah; then the king sought to slay the writers, but "the Lord hid them." For this crime God decreed the destruction of Jehoiakim and his family, and that he should "be buried with the burial of an ass." Then came the captivity in Babylon, teaching the forbearance of God when people sin grievously; but how quickly he resented the destruction of his Word!

On the return from Babylon God's Word was in existence, and was given its place of honor and authority in the nation. Standing on a pulpit of wood, before a congregation of fifty thousand people, Ezra read God's Word day after day for seven days, the people indorsing its truths. When Jesus came, he found this people still in possession of the Scriptures, holding them in reverence, and he urged them to study the Word of God.

The writings which the Jewish people recognized as being divine are identical with those accepted by Protestants; and who are better judges than the people whom the Lord recognized as the custodians of his Word? Rom. 3: 1, 2; 9: 4.

The apocryphal books were never added to Hebrew copies of the Scriptures, but only to the Septuagint, or Greek version, made at Alexandria about B. C. 277, the translation being made, it is thought, by five learned men under the direction of the Greek Sanhedrin, composed of seventy leading Greek Jews. Alexandria was then a chief colony of the Jews, one hundred thousand of

them residing there. It was at that time one of the greatest cities of the world. Not one of the writers of the apocryphal books says they are inspired; they were never received as inspired by the ancient Jewish church; they were written in Greek, and not in Hebrew, the ancient sacred language. Not a single passage from them is ever quoted by Jesus Christ or his apostles, while they quote as freely from the Septuagint version as they do from the Hebrew.

The Catholic Church, prior to the Council of Trent (1546), was not a unit, some holding to the protocanonical and some to the deuterocanonical books. And even after the Council of Trent, some of their eminent men have expressed themselves against placing the larger canon on an equal basis with the smaller. Bernard Lamy (d. 1714) declared: "Nevertheless, they are not of the same authority." Martin Chemnitz, not long after the decree was published, remarked that "the later church could never by decree make certain that of which the early church upon historical evidence had remained uncertain."

Augustine, supposing that the deuterocanonical books had the indorsement of the apostles, accepted them, and yet says: "In the canonical Scriptures I follow for the most part the authority of the Catholic churches, so that those which are received by all the Catholic churches, I place before those which some do not receive. But in reference to those which are not received by all, I prefer those which the greater number and the more important churches receive." Certainly he made a distinction which the Council of Trent did not.

Jerome, greatly superior to Augustine in scholarship, declares: "Wisdom, which is commonly inscribed Solomon's, the book of Jesus Sirach, and Judith, and Tobias, and Pastor, are not in the canon." In another place he says of these books: "The songs of the apocrypha ought to be sung by dead heretics rather than by living ecclesiastics."

Melito, bishop of Sardis, A. D. 170, on being urged by Onesimus to make selections for him from the Word of God, wrote: "I accordingly went to the East, and, coming to the very place where these things were preached and transacted, I have accurately learned the books of the Old Testament. Their names are as follows: Five books of Moses, to wit, Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy; Joshua, Nave, Judges, Ruth, four books of Kings [two of Samuel and two of Kings], two of Paralipomenon [Chronicles]; the Psalms of David, the Proverbs of Solomon (which is also Wisdom), Ecclesiastes, the Song of Songs, Job; of the prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah; and of the twelve prophets, one book; Daniel, Ezekiel, Esdras [including also Nehemiah, and perhaps Esther]." He indorses the smaller canon.

Athanasius, the great champion of orthodoxy, A. D. 330, rejects all of the apocrypha except Baruch.

Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, A. D. 350, rejects them all, as does also Epiphanius, the great opposer of heresy, A. D. 360.

The Council of Laodicea, A. D. 369, rejects them all.

Gregory Nazeanzen, fellow student and distinguished opponent of the Emperor Julian, A. D. 390, rejects all of them.

Rufinus, the learned translator of Origen, A. D. 400, rejects them all. He says: "These are they which the Fathers concluded within the canon; of which they would have the assertions of our faith to consist. But we must know that there are other books, which are not called canonical, but ecclesiastical by the ancients; such as the Wisdom, which is called of Solomon, and another Wisdom, which is called of the Son of Sirach; which book among the Latins is called 'Ecclesiasticus,' by which word not the author of the book, but the quality of the writing is designated.

* Paper read before the Bible class of the Review and Herald night-school. Sources: Stowe's "History of the Books of the Bible," "The Origin and History of the Versions," Bible Record.

Of the same order is the little book of Tobit, also Judith and the book of Maccabees."

The unanimous consent of the Fathers is what the Roman Church requires for the establishment of a doctrine; but the above historical facts compel me to renounce her position on the canon, and adopt the Protestant. The Council of Trent condemned those to eternal flames who refused to accept the larger canon. This means that some of those whom she recognizes as "Fathers" will find themselves among the lost.

"Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition?" "For this cause also thank we God without ceasing, because, when ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe."

JOHN N. QUINN.

The Time to Begin

To-day is the time to begin whatever you have to do,
The kindly word or the tender deed, to-day is the time to be true;
To-day is the time to begin with the lifted sword of the strong
The battle of faith on the fields of rose 'gainst the militant leagues of wrong;
To-day is the time to begin the struggle you've got to make
For truth and right and the common good, and the spirit of manhood's sake;
To-day is the time to begin some labor of love for those
Who walk in the dream of an infinite love like shades in a garden of rose.

— Baltimore Sun.



Study for the Young People's Society

BIBLE STUDY: The following texts relate to diet and the care of the body:—

Gen. 1:29; 3:18; 9:3; Rom. 12:1; 1 Cor. 10:31; 6:19, 20; 3:17; 2 Cor. 6:16, 17.

Note

Let one of the members prepare a Bible reading, using the foregoing texts, or others.

Another suggestion for those trying to vary their meetings, is to have different members give three- or five-minute well-prepared talks on topics assigned. "Religion in Cooking," "Eating to the Glory of God," and "How Is Reform Possible?" are suggested as special topics for this week.

Topics of Study—Diet and Health

SELECTION OF FOOD:—

Why is the selection of proper food essential? "Ministry of Healing," page 295, paragraph 1.

Why should neither appetite nor custom guide in the selection of foods? Paragraph 2.

What is the ideal bill of fare? Why? Paragraph 3; page 296, paragraph 1.

Even in the use of wholesome foods, what care is necessary? Paragraph 2.

Speak of the relative value of nut foods. Page 298, paragraphs 1, 2.

Why do not all relish health foods? Paragraph 3.

VARIETY:—

What classes of foods constitute a complete list from which to select? Page 299, paragraph 2.

Why object to a great variety at one meal? Paragraphs 6, 7.

PREPARATION OF FOOD:—

Discuss the preparation of wholesome bread.

Page 300, paragraphs 3, 4; page 301, paragraphs 1, 2.

What is the objection to some desserts? Page 302, paragraphs 1, 2.

Show the importance of good cookery. Paragraphs 3, 5.

REGULARITY IN EATING:—

Why is there so much irregularity in eating? Page 303, paragraphs 2, 3.

What are some of the evils resulting from this irregularity? Page 304, paragraphs 2, 3.

WRONG CONDITIONS OF EATING:—

Why avoid drinks and spiced foods at meals? Page 305, paragraph 1.

Why is thorough mastication essential? Paragraph 2.

What is the relation of the stomach to the brain? Page 306, paragraphs 1, 2.

How does the custom of serving meals tend to unbalance digestion? Paragraph 4.

What are some of the results of overeating? Page 307, paragraphs 1, 2.

DIET ON THE SABBATH:—

How should Sabbath meals compare with those of week days? Why? Paragraph 3.

What care should be taken in serving these meals? Paragraph 4.

REFORM IN DIET:—

How is self-control in diet rewarded? Page 308, paragraph 2.

Show how diet influences the mental powers. Page 309, paragraphs 1-3.

Suggest a good plan when work is chiefly mental. Page 310, paragraph 1.

How should reform in diet be brought about? Paragraph 3.

Why should the health be guarded as sacredly as the character? Paragraph 4.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Reading Course Notice

It has become necessary to make some changes in regard to ordering books for the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course. Everything except "Early Writings" should be ordered direct from the Review and Herald, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C., instead of from the tract societies or other publishing houses.

The books will be studied in the order named below:—

"Early Writings," 75 cents.

"Into All the World," cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.

"Outline of Mission Fields," sent free to all who order "Into All the World," at the same time such order is filled, or later.

World Map, showing prevailing religions, 50 cents.

"Pastor Hsi," cloth, \$1; paper, 65 cents. (This book can be had bound with the book, "One of China's Scholars," which gives the story of the life of Pastor Hsi up to his conversion; cloth \$1.25.)

Order the books and send your name to your conference secretary of the young people's work. Do it to-day. Let thousands of our young people take this our first Missionary Volunteer Reading Course. Articles in the INSTRUCTOR of September 10 and October 1 explain all about it.

"He is a Christian who aims to reach the highest attainment possible for the purpose of doing others good."

M. E. KERN.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course—No. 4

"EARLY WRITINGS," pages 97-127.

1. Mark the characteristics of the messenger duly qualified to present God's truth.

2. Study carefully the causes of church difficulties, and the responsibility of the individual in such troubles.

3. In the chapter on the "Head of the Church," what is said to be the condition of many pro-

fessed Christians? Contrast this condition with the life of Christ while on earth. What is our glorious hope?

4. Make a personal application of the questions in the chapter on "Preparation for Christ's Coming," and read Isaiah 53.

5. Give four essentials for successful social meetings. See also article in this paper entitled, "A Means of Grace." In what way are the ordinances a blessing to God's people? To what do we pledge ourselves when celebrating the ordinances? See also "Desire of Ages," chapter 71, page 651, paragraph 29.

6. What admonition is given for the guidance of the inexperienced?

7. Let us apply the principle of self-denial to our own lives.

8. What is meant by irreverence in prayer? Compare with this the irreverence of being called a Christian when the life denies the transforming power of Christ.

9. Study carefully how to fortify the soul against the teachings of false shepherds. See also, "Great Controversy," chapter 32.

M. E. KERN.

A Means of Grace

"HIGHER than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for his children," physically, intellectually, and spiritually. The athlete, to prepare for the final meet, places himself under a systematic course of thorough training, and everything must be secondary to that. The student spends years of hard grinding in order to reach his goal mentally. To be the spiritual giants that Moses, Daniel, and Enoch were, a definite plan for the development of our spiritual natures is necessary. Sandwiching in a few spare moments to talk with God and feed upon his Word now and then as we feel like it, will not suffice to develop that inner man so that we can comprehend the length and breadth and depth and height of the life of Jesus.

The ship with engines going at full steam, whose pilot has not studied out a careful course to follow, will plow through the sea, to be sure, but the probability of her reaching a desirable port is very remote. This is just as true in the spiritual as in the natural world. There is no such thing as a person's ever reaching heaven by chance. Close observation will reveal the fact that those who reach great heights of attainment in temporal or spiritual things, do so because of a clear, definite plan of action.

Some little boys in a group were discussing religion. At length one little fellow said, "My father is a Christian, but he doesn't work at it very much." William Carey sounded the keynote when he said he cobbled shoes to pay expenses, but the business of his life was to save souls. A Christian's plan places Christian duties first, but Satan works incessantly to oppose such a plan. Among the many subtle temptations which he places before young Christians is that of urging them to remain silent in social meetings. Confessing Christ before men is a Christian duty, and a source of much spiritual strength. It is an excellent means of grace. Six thousand years of experience has taught Satan to tremble before the young Christian who speaks for his Master whenever opportunity is given.

Every Christian should have a regular daily program in order to feed and develop his spiritual nature. If each would determine to study his Bible daily, visit with God as with a bosom friend, work for others at every opportunity, take part in every prayer-meeting, and bear testimony in every social meeting, we should have a church whose spiritual warmth would thaw out the frozen hearts about us, and they could not say, "Speak louder; your life speaks so loud we can not hear what you say."

C. L. BENSON.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Chestnut Burr

KATE stood a moment at the door, leaning on her broom, and watching the gay picnic party as it drove down the road. O, how she did want to be with them, with a longing such as only those know who feel themselves left outside all the gladness and good times that belong to youth!

Myrtle looked up from the dishes she was washing and caught the expression on her face. "Why didn't you go, Kate?" she inquired. "Mama is feeling better to-day, and Nellie and I could take care of her and do the work all right."

The broom was flying briskly by this time. Kate paused only long enough to flash a look of scorn at her younger sister. "You and Nellie! You'd do the work in fine shape! I suppose you think it would be a good excuse to stay out of school. Do look out! You're slopping greasy dish-water on the floor. Maybe you think it's fun to scrub; if you had a little of it to do, perhaps you would be more careful."

Myrtle's delicate face flushed, and there was a hurt look in her eyes as she turned her attention to dish-washing once more.

Presently the door opened with a bang, and Charley came bounding in. "O Kate, I wish you'd mend this sleeve, quick; it's almost school time," he exclaimed, ruefully showing a great tear in the sleeve of his coat.

A frown gathered on Kate's face. There was so much to be done, and Charley was so careless! "You always want something done, it seems to me," she exclaimed, impatiently twitching the coat away from him, "there isn't any sense in your tearing your clothes so."

"I didn't mean to," Charley declared. "I was just trying to get some cherries for you, and some way my sleeve caught and tore before I knew it."

Kate jerked the thread impatiently. "If you'd been getting in the wood, it wouldn't have happened," she said, sternly.

"I did get in the wood, and I thought you'd like the cherries. It'll be one while before I try to get anything for you again," the boy declared.

The coat was neatly darned at last, and Kate went back to the piled-up work with a weary sigh.

In a few minutes Nellie came in with her school-books under her arm.

"O Kate," she said, persuasively, "can't you bake some of those little frosted cakes to-day? Our class is going out in the woods after school. Miss Winters is going to take us, and we're to have a picnic supper."

The mountain of work to be done between then and night loomed up before Kate. "You're always wanting something done, it seems to me; do you think that I don't have anything to do but bake fancy cakes for you to run off to a picnic? It's do this, or do that, from morning till night. Yes, I suppose I can do it, and all your work, too; I suppose you'll expect me to do that while you're off to your picnic."

Nellie's black eyes flashed. "You needn't make them," she declared. "I wouldn't have them now if you did. I think you are just too cross for anything. I wish you would go away somewhere; I'm tired of hearing you scold, scold, from morning till night." She went off to school, her head held very high, her cheeks hotly flushed.

It was the last straw. Kate tried to swallow

the big lump in her throat, but it only grew bigger. The tears rolled down her cheeks and threatened to mix with the bread she was kneading. She had given up school, and no one knew how hard it had been to give it up, and she had given up all the good times that other young people had, to stay at home, wash dishes, bake, scrub, mend, and sweep, and this was all the thanks she got for it.

Her mother called from the next room, and she quickly tried to brush away the traces of tell-tale tears. She thought there was no sign of them left when she carried the glass of water to the couch where the frail mother had had to spend most of her time for the last year. But mother-eyes are sharp, and in spite of her resolve not to say anything about it, a very few minutes found Kate sobbing out the whole story in her mother's arms.

Her mother let her cry until some of the bitterness was washed away, only holding her close, and lovingly stroking her dark hair. "I know I'm ugly and cross," she said presently, with great

prickly burr hurt so that you felt as if it didn't pay to try to get the meat out. Dear," she went on, "the cross words are the prickly burr that you wrap your kind deeds in, and sometimes the prickly burr hurts the children so much that they can't enjoy the unselfish act that it enfolds. You do a hundred things a day for us; darling, don't spoil half our enjoyment of them by wrapping them up in a prickly burr of cross words."

Kate slipped away, for she knew the bread would be running over, but she could not forget the chestnut burr.

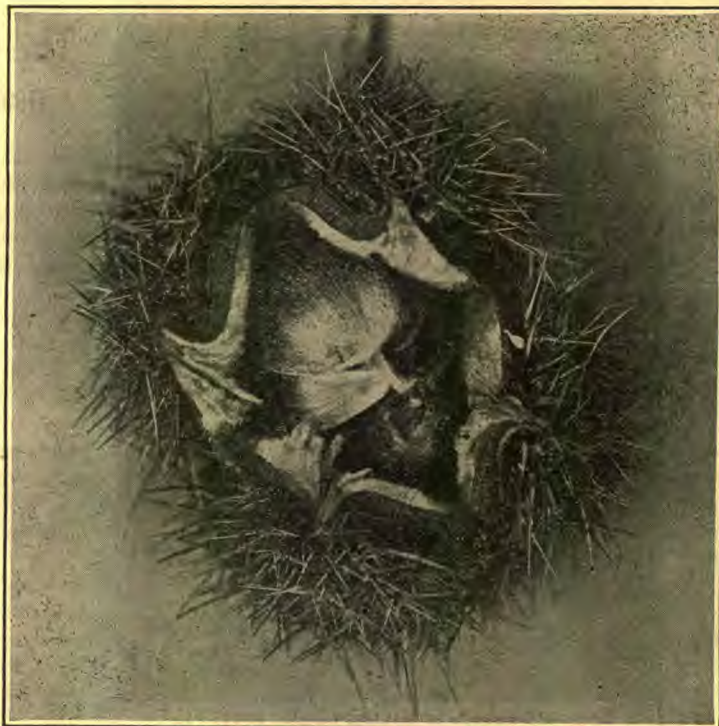
One day the next week Myrtle sat looking at her, thoughtfully. Kate smiled as she met the steadfast gaze of the brown eyes. "Well, what is it?" she inquired.

Myrtle hesitated a moment. "I was just wondering what made you so different this week," she said, finally.

"Am I different?" Kate waited anxiously for the answer.

"I should say you are!" Myrtle's answer was emphatic. "I think you are the nicest sister that ever was, this week. Say, Kate," she asked in a puzzled manner a moment later, "what makes you keep that chestnut burr hung up by a ribbon?"

But Kate only smiled in answer.—*Marion Brier.*



I Don't Love You Now, Mother

A GREAT many years ago I knew a lady who had been sick for two years, as you have seen many a one, all the while slowly dying with consumption. She had one child—a little boy named Henry. One afternoon I was sitting by her side, and it seemed as if she would cough her life away. Her little boy stood by the post of the bed, his blue eyes filled with tears to see her suffer so. By and by the terrible cough ceased. Henry came and put his arms around his mother's neck, nestled his head in his mother's bosom, and said, "Mother, I do love you; I wish you wasn't sick."

An hour later, the same loving, blue-eyed boy came in all aglow, stamping the snow off his feet. "O mother, may I go skating? It is so nice! Ed and Charley are going."

"Henry," feebly said the mother, "the ice is not hard enough yet."

"But mother," very pettishly said the boy, "you are sick all the time. How do you know?"

"My child, you must obey me," gently said his mother.

"It is too bad," angrily sobbed the boy, who an hour ago had so loved his mother.

"I would not like to have my little boy go," said his mother, looking sadly at the little boy's face all covered with frowns, "you said you loved me—be good."

"No, I don't love you now, mother," said the boy, going out and slamming the door.

Again that dreadful coughing came upon her, and we thought no more of the boy. After the coughing had begun, I noticed tears falling thick upon her pillow, but she sank from exhaustion into a light sleep. In a little while muffled steps of men's feet were heard coming into the house as if carrying something, and they were carrying the almost lifeless body of Henry. Angrily had he left his mother and gone to skate, disobeying her; and then having broken through the ice,

(Concluded on page seven)

penitence, all the hard, rebellious feelings melted away by the loving, sympathetic clasp of mother's arms. "I'm just horrid, and all the time I've been blaming everybody but myself." The tears flowed again, but more quietly this time.

The arms about her were drawn still more closely. "You are my dear, unselfish daughter," her mother said, with a note in her voice that made Kate's heart glad. "Do you think, daughter, that I don't see how you give up your own pleasure to do things for us all, or that I don't know how hard it was to give up school? I know it was, dear, but you did it bravely for our sakes. Your heart is sound and true and unselfish, I know."

"But, girlie," she went on, lovingly taking the troubled face between her two hands and looking deep into the gray eyes, "there is one thing that troubles me." She paused a moment, and then went on: "You remember last year when we were at Aunt Sue's how much you enjoyed the chestnuts there, but how impatient you used to get at the prickly burrs. You know how you children would always get your fingers pricked before you could get to the heart of the nut and enjoy the sweet, sound meat. Sometimes you would throw the whole nut away because the

"Go Ye into All the World and Preach the Gospel to Every Creature." Mark 15:16.



Chinese Jews

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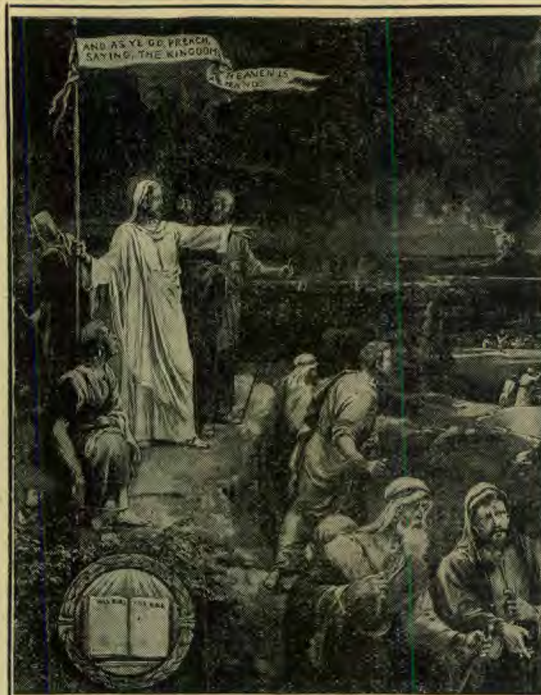
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An Indian Homestead, India



Jinrikishas

"The Gospel to the World in This Generation" "There Shall Be Delay No Longer."

"I Don't Love You Now, Mother"*(Concluded from page five)*

he sank under the water, and now, saved by a great effort, was brought home barely alive to his sick mother. I closed the doors, feeling the more danger of her life than the child's, and, coming softly in, drew back the curtain from the bed. She spoke, "I heard them. It is Henry. O, I knew he went! Is he dead?" But she never seemed to hear the answer I gave her. She began coughing and strang'd to death. The poor mother—the boy's disobedience kil'd her. After two hours, I sought the boy's room. "O, I wish I had not told mother I did not love her! To-morrow I will tell her I do," said the child, sobbing painfully. My heart ached, for to-morrow I knew we must tell him she was dead. We did not tell him until he came into the room, crying, "Mother, I do love you."

O may I never see agony like that child's, as the lips he kissed gave back no kiss, as the hands he took fell lifeless from his hand, instead of shaking his hand as it always had, and the boy knew she was dead!

"Mother, I do love you now;" all the day he sobbed and cried, "O mother, mother, forgive me." Then he would not leave his mother. "Speak to me, mother," but she could never speak again, and the last words she heard him say were, "Mother, I don't love you now."

That boy's whole life was changed. Sober and sad he was ever after. He is now a gray-haired old man, with one sorrow over his one act of disobedience, one wrong word embittering all his life, with those words ever ringing in his ears, "Mother, I don't love you now."

Will the little ones who read this remember, if they disobey their mother, if they are cross and naughty, they say, every single time they do so, to a tender mother's heart by their actions, if not in the words of Henry, "I don't love you now, mother."—*Selected.*

THE empress dowager of China has declared against the foot-binding of women.

THE viceroy of Nanking, China, has ordered the erection of an immense girls' school in his capital city. Surely China is awakening.

LIFE is as full and perfect as my aim,
Peace can be bought with silence or with lies;
But I would rather censure bear, and blame,
Than play a coward's part in manly guise.
—*Russell D. Chase.*

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON**V — Second Journey to Egypt***(November 2)*

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 43.

MEMORY VERSE: "Peace be to you, fear not." Gen. 43: 23.

Review

Who came to Egypt to buy corn? Before whom did they come? What did Joseph's brethren do? How did he treat them? Why? What did they tell Joseph? What did he do with them? What did he finally tell them he would do? Whom did he keep?

Lesson Story

1. "And the famine was sore in the land." When they had eaten the corn, Jacob asked his sons to go again into Egypt, and buy a little food. But Judah told his father that the governor of Egypt would not see them unless they had Benjamin with them. If he would send Benjamin, they would go and buy food.

2. "And Israel said, Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother? And they said, The man asked

us straitly of our state, and of our kindred, saying, Is your father yet alive? have ye another brother? and we told him according to the tenor of these words: could we certainly know that he would say, Bring your brother down?"

3. Judah said to his father, "Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go." He promised to be surety for him and to bring him back safely. At last Israel said to them, "If it must be so now, do this; take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts, and almonds: and take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight: take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man: and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

4. "And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house, Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon." Joseph's brethren were afraid when they were brought into Joseph's house. They thought it was because of the money that was returned in their sacks.

5. "And they came near to the steward of Joseph's house, . . . and said, O sir, we came indeed down at the first time to buy food: and it came to pass when we came to the inn, that we opened our sacks, and, behold, every man's money was in the mouth of his sack, . . . and we have brought it again in our hand. And other money have we brought down in our hands to buy food: we can not tell who put our money in our sacks.

6. "And he said, Peace be to you, fear not: your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks: I had your money. And he brought Simeon out unto them."

7. "When Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?" When he saw "Benjamin, his mother's son, he said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son."

8. Then Joseph went into his chamber and wept. "And he washed his face, and went out and refrained himself, and said, Set on bread. And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians, which did eat with him by themselves."

9. And Joseph's brethren "sat before him, the first-born according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth: and the men marvelled one at another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs, and they drank, and were merry with him."

Questions

1. How severe was the famine in Canaan? When they had eaten the corn, what did Jacob ask his sons to do? What did Judah tell his father? How only could they go again into Egypt?

2. What reply did Jacob make? Why had the brethren told Joseph that they had another brother? What question did they now ask their father?

3. What did Judah promise if Jacob would let Benjamin go with them? What did Jacob finally say to them? What did he tell them to carry as a present? How much money were they to take? In whom did he trust for mercy before the governor?

4. When Joseph saw Benjamin with his brethren, what did he tell the ruler of his house to do?

Why? What did the brethren think of this? What did they fear?

5. What did they tell the steward of Joseph's house? What had they done to return the money?

6. What comforting reply did he make to them? Who did he say had given them treasures in their sacks? Whom did he now bring out to them?

7. What did they do when Joseph came home? How did they again fulfil the dream he had when he was a boy? What question did he ask them? When he saw Benjamin, what did he say? What relation were these two men? What did Joseph say to Benjamin?

8. After speaking to Benjamin, what did Joseph do? When he came back into the room again, what order did he give? How was the food set on the tables? Why?

9. How were Joseph's brethren seated at the table? What did they think of this? What favor did he show Benjamin above his brothers? What effect did this meal have on them?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON**V — The Papacy or Little Horn***(November 2)*

MEMORY VERSE: "Order my steps in thy word: and let not any iniquity have dominion over me." Ps. 119: 133.

Questions

1. Describe the fourth beast which Daniel saw in vision. Dan. 7: 7, 19.

2. While the prophet was considering this fourth beast, what did he see coming up among the ten horns? Verse 8, first part.

3. Describe the little horn. Verse 8, last part.

4. Against whom did the little horn make war? With what result? Verse 21.

5. How long did it continue to do this? Verse 22; note 1.

6. What was the attitude of this power toward the Most High? Verse 25.

7. How did it treat God's people? Verse 25.

8. What did it attempt to do with the law of God? Verse 25; note 2.

9. How long did its supremacy continue? Verse 25.

10. How does the apostle Paul speak of this power? By what titles does he refer to it? 2 Thess. 2: 1-4.

11. How early had it already begun its work? Verses 6, 7.

12. What will be the final end of this power? When? Verse 8.

13. What is said in this connection of Satan's final deceptions? Verses 9, 10.

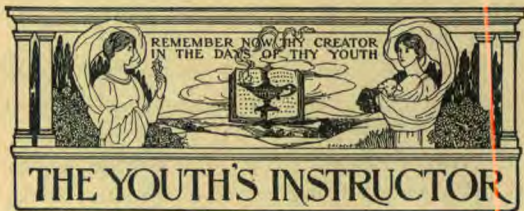
14. What will be the result to those who reject the truth? Verses 11, 12.

15. What should be the daily prayer of each one? Ps. 119: 133, 134.

Notes

1. The prophetic period referred to in verse 25 relates to and covers the time of papal supremacy, which began in 538 A. D., when the three opposing powers, the Vandals, Heruli, and Ostrogoths, were plucked up. The revelator says that this power was to continue for a "time, times, and half a time," or forty-two months. Rev. 12: 14. Prophetic time is calculated on the basis of one day for a year. Num. 14: 34; Eze. 4: 3-6. So the period of papal supremacy, beginning in 538 A. D. and continuing three and a half years prophetic time, would reach to 1798 A. D. Precisely at the termination of this period in 1798 A. D., General Berthier took the pope of Rome prisoner, and carried him to Valance, in France, where he died in exile.

2. The papacy was to think to change, or think itself able to change, God's law. No human power could change the law of God.



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"O FRIENDS, who have the word of life,
Of peace, of comfort, freely give.
Be *springs* that all may share thy store,
And have the blessings of all who live."

So ready are the people now to read our literature, that some of our canvassers say if they hear any one calling behind them, they turn about quickly, expecting it to be some person running after them to buy a book.

There are many things that indicate plainly to us as a people that *now* is the time to scatter our literature. The Lord will see to it that it bears fruit.

It will be a small task to put the INSTRUCTOR special into one hundred thousand homes, if every one of the twenty thousand young people in the denomination distributes five copies. Few, if any, however, will be content to do so little. Why is the Lord arousing our own young people to renewed zeal and activity, if he is not at the same time awakening in the hearts of the young people of the world a spirit of investigation and interest in the truth? In order properly to respond to the present situation, our young people, we believe, will order by hundreds and thousands, and not by fives.

A young man, who is a cripple, having lost a leg by accident, has just finished selling ten thousand copies of the *Bible Training School*, and has ordered ten thousand more. Are there not young men and women who will as enthusiastically espouse the cause of the special INSTRUCTOR—Our Truth Number?

Only a Leaf

ONLY a leaf, floating down to my feet,
Yet with wondrous beauty it is replete.

All the skilled weavers making fabrics rare
Could not weave textures with this to compare.

Let the famed sculptors bring their finest arts,
To construct a leaf with its fragile parts.

Could they fashion such living forms of grace,
With each curve and vein in its proper place?

Then the painters, with many colors bright,
May strive to copy its beauty aright.

Difficult is the task set them to do,
Painting a leaf of so delicate hue.

Such perfect blending of crimson and gold
Was never copied by masters of old.

The wise Father whose word inspires belief
Alone could create this wonderful leaf.

CORNELIA SNOW.

Experience Gained in School

WHEN we entered Walla Walla College, we had no idea of preparing for ministerial work,

but conversion brought a change of plans as well as a change of hearts, with the result that the work of the ministry was decided upon.

After a few years of study in our college, the opportunity came for doing practical church work. Some of the Bible students would drive each Sabbath to different schoolhouses in the more thickly settled country districts, and there hold Sabbath-school and church services.

We found our small church in the city, only three miles distant, in need of assistance, it having no minister and few to take hold of the work in the Sabbath-school. We decided to attend Sabbath-school there instead of at our home church, and offered to help in any way we could. We assisted in the Sabbath-school work, and later held meetings after Sabbath-school. We had had but little experience in speaking in public, so took up some of the familiar lines of prophecy, such as Daniel 2 and 7, the Eastern question, etc.,—subjects which we were constantly studying in school, and consequently were best acquainted with. Thus we began to put into practical use what we were learning in school. We not only gained by this ourselves, but the members of the little church expressed their appreciation at hearing the good old foundation truths reviewed, imperfectly as it may have been done.

Then some not of our faith came in from Sabbath to Sabbath, and the church attendance increased. When school closed, we were sent out in the tent work for the summer, and we found that we had gained strength and experience that helped us decidedly in working for those who knew not the truth. We had learned something about public speaking, so that we could present the truth in a more forcible and intelligent manner. Above all, we had profited spiritually. Work is the secret of spiritual life for every one connected with this glorious message.

We would now say to those who desire a place in the work, and who feel the need of a better preparation, especially to those in our academies and colleges who are preparing for evangelistic work, take hold of anything that presents itself, and if it does not present itself to you, hunt for work. Find some small, weak church, and help them all you can. Be humble and willing to serve in any capacity, and the Lord will add his blessing to you, and cause you to grow. We know it by experience.

EDWIN L. SARGENT,
JOHN C. REITH.

"THE oldest of all art is the divine art in sunrises, sunsets, and long vistas of wood and field; the oldest literature, the thought that lies behind each living thing; the oldest music, the song of birds and the harmony of leaves and running water; the oldest religion, the worship of Him whose throbbing, vital, subtle power is manifest in sunshine and shade everywhere."

To know God, and to make him known, is our business here.—*Thoburn.*

"WHEN parents cease to take care of their children, the devil will take care of them, for he is interested in the youth."

Interesting Personal Incidents

WHEN I first accepted present truth in the city of Washington, D. C., under the labors of Elder J. S. Washburn and Brother C. L. Taylor, I was so impressed by the earnestness with which they worked personally to get people to see these truths, that it created in me a desire to do the same. I was baptized, and went immediately into the canvassing work. I left my family in Washington, D. C., and went to New Jersey to canvass for "Great Controversy." While there

the Lord blessed me in selling the printed page. I did not see any immediate results of my work, but the Lord saw fit to call me to labor in the same State about six years later. While visiting a church which had been raised up at the place where I had sold the books, there was a man and his wife who spoke in the social meeting, saying they remembered me as the brother who first brought them the light of the third angel's message. They both said it was the book "Great Controversy" that caused them to study their Bibles more, and as a result they are both commandment-keepers.

Another incident that comes to mind while writing, is that of a lady living in a country district where I was holding tent-meetings. I was invited to visit a certain family, and in trying to find them, I was impressed to go to a certain farmhouse, and inquire the way to the family. I did so, and found a widow living there with her two sons. For several reasons she had become discouraged in her Christian experience. She invited me into the house, and after a little our conversation turned to the Bible, and after reading a few of God's promises, and having prayer with her, I invited her out to our meetings. She, with tears in her eyes, said she would attend the meetings. She did so, and to-day is a member of one of our churches. She has told my wife since that the Lord surely sent me to her home just at the right time, as she was very much discouraged, and did not have any desire to attend her own church, as she did not get the help she needed.

H. W. HERRELL.

ON taking the train one day at the little town of Villisca, Iowa, I found the seats pretty well filled; but as I passed down the aisle, I noticed a young man about thirty years of age sitting alone, so I asked for the privilege of sitting beside him. After speaking of the things about us, I asked him in a careful way whence he came, where he was going, together with a few other questions. I learned that he had been married and had two children, and that his wife had died. After his wife's death he went to Colorado, leaving his children with their grandmother here in Iowa. He was coming back to see them, and perhaps would take them back with him. Just then the thought came to me that I must say something to the man about his soul; so I sent up a petition to God asking him silently to help me say something that would be of real help to him. I then turned and asked him if he was a Christian. He said that he was not. I said, "Were you ever a Christian?" He replied, "Yes." Then I asked him if his wife was a Christian when she died. He answered, "Yes." Then I said, "Why are you not now a Christian?" He answered, "I do not know." After these direct questions and answers, I began to tell him how much Jesus loved him, and that he says he is "married" to the backslider, and that he loves the sinner with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness he is drawing him. While I was talking in this way, the train stopped at the station where I was to get off. Before leaving, however, I obtained his address, and told him I would write, and asked him to write to me. As I took him by the hand, there were tears in his eyes. I said, "Promise me you will give your heart to the Lord, and return to the Father's house; promise me you will endeavor to live and train your children in such a way that you and they may meet their dear mother in a better country than this." He would not promise me, but said he would think about it. I told him I would pray for him, and then bade him good-by. Shortly after this I wrote him a letter, and sent him a little tract. In reply he said he had been thinking about what I had said to him, and had decided to live a Christian life.

F. J. WILBUR.