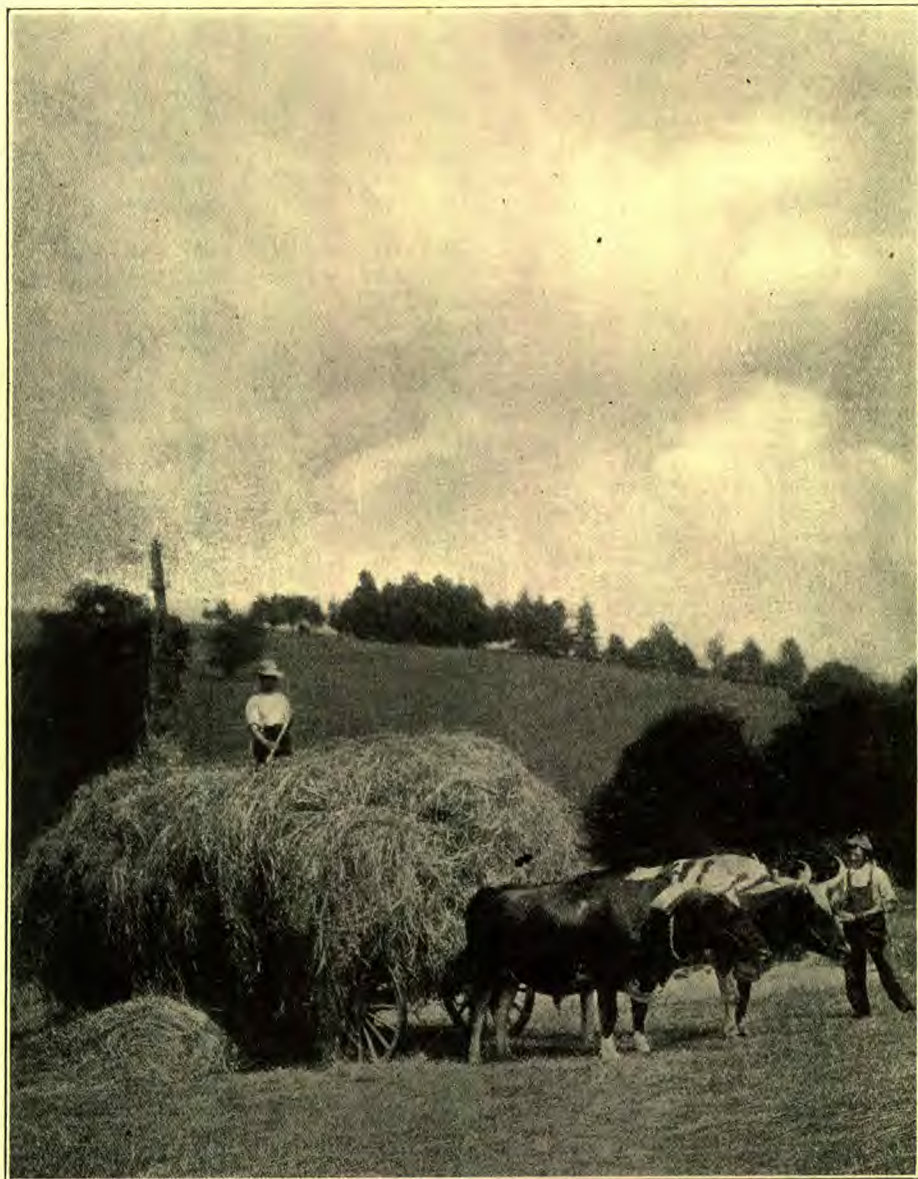


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVI

August 25, 1908

No. 34



From the Independent

“THE HARVEST OF THE NEW-MOWN HAY”

Summary of Missionary Volunteer Work for Quarter Ending March 31, 1908

Table with columns: CONFERENCE, NO. SOCIETIES, MEMBERSHIP, ISOLATED MEMBERS, MISSIONARY LETTERS WRITTEN, MISSIONARY LETTERS RECEIVED, MISSIONARY VISITS, BIBLE READINGS, SUBSCRIPTIONS TAKEN, PAPERS SOLD, PAPERS GIVEN AWAY, BOOKS SOLD, BOOKS LOANED, PAGES OF TRACTS SOLD, PAGES OF TRACTS GIVEN AWAY, HOURS OF CHR. HELP WORK, PERSONS FED CLOTHING GIVEN, HOME MISSIONARY WORK, FOREIGN MISSIONS. Rows include Atlantic Union Conference, Canadian Union Conference, Central Union Conference, Columbia Union Conference, Lake Union Conference, Northern Union Conference, North Pacific Union Conference, Pacific Union Conference, Southeastern Union Conference, Southern Union Conference, Southwestern Union Conference, Western Canadian Union Conference, Australasian Union Conference, and South Africa.

Totals 346 6938 453 5659 2259 16850 4386 2115 40380 79810 2442 2095 43458 443015 7108 1189 \$1,103.07 \$1,992.66

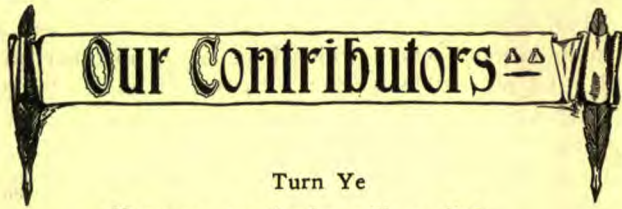
† For quarter ending Dec. 31, 1907. * For more than one quarter.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 25, 1908

No. 34



Turn Ye

TURN ye, turn! why will ye die?
Earth and heaven ask you why?
What has earth to offer to you?
Only charms that will undo you;
Pleasures like a fleeting breath,—
Sin and sorrow, pain and death.

Turn ye, turn! why will ye die?
Earth and heaven ask you why?
What has heaven to allure you?
Countless blessings 'twill secure you;
Tears and toils and sorrows past,—
Jesus, home, and life at last.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Eliminate Light Literature

WERE I to seek out the young people who are bound for success in life, how do you suppose I would discriminate? All have attended or are attending school. That is good. All learn lessons, and daily recite them. All have work to do, tasks to perform, and these are done,—and that is well. By what means, then, can I distinguish those who will make life worth living, a credit to themselves and their friends, from those who will make of life a mere existence, a tale of years bearing nothing but leaves?

There is a key to the situation. Mark a young person during his spare moments. Are they spent playing ball, idling on the front piazza, reading cheap stories? Then count that youth among the latter class. How certain may you be of your judgment?—As certain as that a grain of corn planted will yield a stalk of corn rather than a sturdy oak.

Another you find in his spare moments apart from the crowd. He is studying, or reading a book he is not ashamed to show his teacher; for its contents are gems of thought and solid matter. Mark that lad's name within your diary, and after it write SUCCESS.

When schooldays are over (and they are passing all too fast for most of us), the way you have improved your spare moments will determine your career. It may seem a light thing to spend only an hour or half an hour in reading fiction now and then. Forty years ago a man brought a handful of gipsy-moths to this country for scientific experiment. Some escaped. It was a trifling matter. No one thought seriously of it. But it has already cost the State of Massachusetts seven hundred thousand dollars to exterminate them.

Twenty years ago, not many miles from my home in Canada, a lady planted some rare flower-seeds over the grave of a friend. They sprang up, and the following year every grave in that cemetery was covered with the reddish hue of that rare (?) plant. Three years passed, and scarce a farm in all the country was not cursed with the obnoxious weed. Thousands of dollars have been spent in vain, in the effort to exter-

minate it; and to-day its blight is found in scores of counties, thousands of farms, and on millions of acres—that dreaded weed, the paint-brush.

So it seems a trifling thing to while away an hour or two, reading from your favorite fiction author. But the moments spent this way will surely bear a harvest you will not care to reap in eternity. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." And what you read you think. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," would be equally true if read, "Where your spare moments are spent, there will your mind be also." Use them in something helpful, elevating, of current value, and as the wings of the eagle they will carry you to heights of which you have never dreamed. This they did for William Carey, Abraham Lincoln, and others, and this they will do for you.

The following selection from "Ministry of Healing," on "High-Class Fiction," gives heaven's view of this question:—

"There are works of fiction that were written for the purpose of teaching truth or exposing some great evil. Some of these works have accomplished good. Yet they have also wrought untold harm. They contain statements and highly wrought pen-pictures that excite the imagination, and give rise to a train of thought which is full of danger, especially to the youth. The scenes described are lived over and over again in their thoughts. Such reading unfits the mind for usefulness, and disqualifies it for spiritual exercise. It destroys interest in the Bible. Heavenly things find little place in the thoughts. As the mind dwells upon the scenes of impurity portrayed, passion is aroused, and the end is sin.

"Even fiction which contains no suggestion of impurity, and which may be intended to teach excellent principles, is harmful. It encourages the habit of hasty and superficial reading, merely for the story. Thus it tends to destroy the power of connected and vigorous thought; it unfits the soul to contemplate the great problems of duty and destiny.

"By fostering love for mere amusement, the reading of fiction creates a distaste for life's practical duties. Through its exciting, intoxicating power, it is not infrequently a cause of both mental and physical disease. Many a neglected home, many a lifelong invalid, many an inmate of the insane asylum, has become such through the habit of novel-reading.

"It is often urged that in order to win the youth from sensational or worthless literature, we should supply them with a better class of fiction. This is like trying to cure a drunkard by giving him, in the place of whisky or brandy, the milder intoxicants, such as wine, beer, or cider. The use of these would continually foster the appetite for stronger stimulants. The only safety for the inebriate, and the only safeguard for the temperate man, is total abstinence. For the lover of fiction the same rule holds true. Total abstinence is his only safety."

But the Christian's life is not a negative existence; it is positive. The *taking out* process is only a part,

and the grand balance is a daily *filling in*. The Lord never asks his children to relinquish one cherished joy, but that he has a better one waiting their reception.

It is a fact that we, as Seventh-day Adventists, have the grandest literature in all the world. Yet how many of us appreciate it? How many have ever read entirely through that peerless volume, "Great Controversy"? How many have read the thrilling pages of "Heralds of the Morning"? or the marvelous story of our growth as a denomination in "The Great Second Advent Movement," by J. N. Loughborough? In your homes do you have the regular visits of our denominational periodicals? You should, and you should read them, too.

It is a sad fact that hundreds of our youth know little of the Bible. I have seen them hunt in the New Testament for Ezekiel; in the Old for Hebrews; and, at my request, hunt, and hunt, and hunt, of course in vain, for the book of Hezekiah! And yet, what can not the Bible supply to the lover of literature? The most valuable history in all the world is found in Genesis. The student of rhetoric will find matchless gems in Job and the Psalms. The mightiest king of the world's richest empire wrote the fourth chapter of Daniel. There never was an adventure written so wonderful as that recorded of the prophet Jonah. The lover of biography or military science can satiate himself in the study of the lives of Moses, Joshua, Saul, and Daniel.

But there are other books to read besides our own. History affords a boundless field for study and recreative reading. There are the works of Milton, Bunyan, and selected works of scores of other famous authors that ennoble, instruct, refine the intellect, and leave no stain upon the mind. For fascinating charm of style and value of information gained, I know few peers to "Stoddard's Lectures" on travel.

Then, too, there is an endless list of books for the lover of biography — John G. Paton among the cannibals of the New Hebrides, Allen Gardiner in Terra del Fuego, Livingstone in the Dark Continent, John Eliot among the Indians, Judson in Burma, faithful amid every hardship, George Leslie Mackey in far-away Formosa, Wesley, Washington, Grant, Lincoln, Luther, Knox, together with scores of others.

What we read we gradually become. The deeds of which we read we naturally love to imitate. And the fruit of reading, the use made of spare moments, is seen around us every year. On the one hand we find wrecked manhood, suicides, robberies; on the other hand are developed statesmen, philanthropists, ministers, teachers, missionaries. On which side will you stand? In your spare moments you are daily engraving the answer.

CLIFTON L. TAYLOR.

To Our Young People

WHY is it, when we call for workers in the field, there are so few to answer the call? Why, I ask is this dearth of competent workers? True, it is easier to obtain a worldly education; some have responsibilities at home; it is more comfortable to plan for one's ease and enjoyment than to think of facing responsibilities in the fields; there are not openings for many to obtain, without cost, an education in our schools; it requires effort, self-denial, and determined resolution to prepare for service in a foreign field.

Some young people feel that the effort is too great, or that the education to be obtained in worldly schools

is better or that some of our own teachers are not so good as those in worldly schools; therefore they go out and away from the truth, and are lost to the cause of God. But there are those who, though often judged foolish by their associates, prize the truth and the education which stands for it. All along there have been this kind of people. One such there was who had a comfortable home, and the privileges of a worldly education in his day; but he was invited to attend a denominational school which had as yet no other pupils, and no visible teacher. He was required to go a long way from home and spend his entire life moving about from place to place, but "he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God;" and his devotion to the cause of God made him the heir of the world.

Another man had been given an excellent education in a royal school; all the bills were paid for him, he did not even have to work for his board and clothes, and was provided with spending money besides, but he ran away to a denominational school where he had to watch sheep for forty years to pay his way. He esteemed "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt."

Many others have followed in the footsteps of these men. There were twelve who came together in one class. One of these was afterward crucified, and one was exiled to Patmos "for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." "The world by wisdom knew not God." So there were a large number of this same kind of people who afterward deliberately chose to be, "stoned, sawn asunder, . . . and slain with the sword." They were "destitute, afflicted, tormented," and of them "the world was not worthy."

Will it not be a grand thing if some time some of us are permitted to associate with such people? Do we realize that the golden opportunity is hanging over our heads? It is for us to choose whether we will share the companionship of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Noah, Daniel, Enoch, and Elijah, whether we shall be a peculiar people, or whether we shall be like the nations. Our time is a time of times; "men are lovers of their own selves;" many are saying, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." The love of many has grown cold, but "he that endureth to the end shall be saved." The time of Noah, the time of John the Baptist, the time of Daniel and Elijah, all compete with this, the acme of all time. The end of all things is at hand. Will you be Stephen, filled with the Holy Ghost and with power? or will you be Ananias, keeping back from God a portion of your heart, your life, your service? Every young man or woman who is a Seventh-day Adventist, every young man or woman who ought to be, this is the question for you to answer.

There will be one hundred and forty-four thousand in this last graduating class from the great "denominational school" of God. There may be times now when we are tempted to wince under the cutting glance of worldly wisdom, when we are tempted to regret for an instant that we are Seventh-day Adventists. But if we are permitted to stand with that company who have washed their robes, we shall be bitterly ashamed of our cowardice. "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face." O how small and insignificant will seem our experiences then, in the light of Calvary!

BERTHA SELMON.

Siang Cheng, China.



Suggestions for Ingathering Program *

MUSIC:—

- Congregational Singing.
- Songs by Children.
- Solos, duets, or quartets.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE:—

- Scripture and Song Exercise.

SHORT TALKS:—

- Meaning of the Ingathering Service.
- Reasons for Gratitude—Omens of Progress.

RECITATIONS:—

- Give Thanks to God.
- A Penny a Pound.
- We Thank Thee, Lord!
- Stretch It a Little.
- Few Laborers.
- A Mission Song.
- Little Missionaries.
- A Lady Sold by Auction. (See page 16.)

GROUP EXERCISES:—

- Thanksgiving.
- Missionary Fruit.
- Gods of the Heathen and the Christians' God.
- Missions.
- Life's Lessons from Nature.
- Lessons Everywhere.
- The Stream and the Pool.
- The Trees.

OFFERING:—

- Read article by Elder I. H. Evans before taking up the offering. (See page 6.)

Scripture and Song Exercise

This exercise was intended by the author, Mr. Frank Beard, to be used as an emblematic exercise. If desired, each child can present, when he begins to recite his scriptures, the appropriate emblem, whether it be a cross, crown, yoke, shepherd's crook, tree, or tables of stone. Eight persons are required for this exercise. Sing only the first stanza of each hymn. The congregation should join heartily in the chorus of each song.

I

"THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

"And ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God."

"Give ear, O shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth."

Song: "Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us," "Christ in Song," No. 570.

II

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?"

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

"Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

Song: "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," "Hymns and Tunes," No. 543.

III

"Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

Song: "Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross," "Christ in Song," No. 251.

IV

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord has promised to those that love him."

"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?"

"Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; behold the devil shall cast some of you in prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing."

"And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Song: "In the Glad Time of the Harvest," "Hymns and Tunes," No. 1332.

V

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord."

* There has been no attempt to arrange a program for the service. The various exercises are grouped together for the convenience of those who arrange for the service in the churches.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise."

"A good tree can not bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side; as trees of lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar-trees beside the waters."

"Think, think, O my soul! what a lesson for thee;
The bough may bloom fair, yet quite barren the tree;
While planted I am in this garden below,
Some fruit, if but little, some fruit I must show,
Lest He that hath planted, should say, with a frown,
'The ax to the root; cut the cumberer down.'
My season for bearing, not long can it last,
And I know not how nearly that season hath past."

Song: "Work for the Night Is Coming," "Hymns and Tunes," No. 1056.

VI

"Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my skin."

"Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

"There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness."

"Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water."

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

Song: "Lord, Jesus, I long to be Perfectly Whole," "Christ in Song," No. 27.

VII

"Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes."

"Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with a whole heart."

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"Verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall

break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

Song: "Hear the Words Our Saviour Hath Spoken," "Christ in Song," No. 25.

VIII

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

"My soul thirsteth for God: . . . when shall I come and appear before God?"

"When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys."

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness."

"They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them: for he that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them."

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

"And the spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Song: "We'll Tarry by the Living Waters," "Hymns and Tunes," No. 1214.

Money Needed for the Gathering of the Lord's Harvest

ALL can not go to a foreign field. Many will be compelled to remain in the home land despite their desires for service. Are they separated from the Lord's work because they can not go directly into it? — No, by no means. There must be some to supply the means that the work may be supported. It must fall to the lot of those who do not go to a foreign field to supply the funds, the very sinews of war. Already it takes more than one million five hundred thousand dollars annually to carry on this work outside of our institutions. Within another five years, we shall require not less than two million dollars a year to support this work. This means that there must be an army of noble workers at home, gathering in the funds for this great work.

This harvest ingathering is for the children and youth to bring their offerings for the support of God's work. It means much to the cause to have the loyal support of the great army of young people. Your offerings are greatly needed. They will be passed on to these far-away lands, followed, we trust, by your prayers. Some will go to India, some to China, some to Japan and Korea, other portions to Africa, South America, and the islands of the sea. The hearts of the missionaries in these distant lands will be turned with gratitude to God for this offering from the young.

I. H. EVANS.

"A Penny a Pound"

A PENNY a pound for the baby,—
The baby not two years old,—
Though we know that every baby
Is worth its weight in gold.

A penny a pound for the baby.
Suppose she'd been born in Spain?
She'd be taught her prayers on a rosary,
The hope of heaven to gain.

In that land of priestcraft and error
Her life had been dreary and cold;
But we think our precious baby
Is worth her weight in gold.

A penny a pound for the baby.
In the Land of the Rising Sun
The babies and wee little children
Are said to have plenty of fun.

But the mothers don't tell them of Jesus,
They hear not the sweet story of old;
While we count the soul of our baby
More precious than silver or gold.

A penny a pound for the baby.
In India, far away,
Are many starving babies,
Who cry to us to-day.

Our babies here can help them,
Though not yet two years old;
For love will make their pennies
Worth all their weight in gold.

A penny a pound for the baby,
So dainty and fresh and sweet;
From the crown of her head she's precious
To the toes of her little feet.

But those little feet, in China,
Would be bound and cramped so small
She could not run as we do,
But only stumble and fall.

They think it is right to do it,
Because 'tis their custom old;
So they torture the feet of the children,
And call them "lilies of gold."

Then come and weigh the baby,
And soon may the story be told:
In the love of our Saviour all babies
Are worth their weight in gold!

— Elizabeth V. Winsor, in *Mission Dayspring*.

We Thank Thee, Lord!

The following poem may be given by some young person as a recitation; or it may be given by three girls or three boys, all joining with the third speaker in the last three lines of the poem.

WE thank thee, Lord, for spring's glad hours,
For summer's sunshine, birds, and flowers,
Full harvests, and good cheer;
For autumn's rainbow hues and glow,
And winter's mantle, white, of snow,
For blessings through the year!

For food and raiment, and increase
Of harvest plenty, and for peace;
For pleasures, joy, and grief;
For toil and pain, for care and loss,
For sleep, for strength to bear life's cross,
For kind and glad relief!

For liberty and fatherland,
For a united household band,
For all our needs supplied;
O God, our Father! we to-day
Give thanks for all; and thee we pray
With us still to abide.

— Henry Cole.

Stretch It a Little

TRUDGING along the slippery street,
Two childish figures with aching feet,
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old
Hurrying homeward at close of day,
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed or seemed to care
For the little, ragged, shivering pair;
Nobody saw how close they crept
Into the warmth of each gas-jet
Which flung abroad its mellow light
From gay show-windows in the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell.
As tears ran down her cheeks, and fell
On her worn, thin fingers, stiff with cold.
"Taint very big, but I guess 'twill hold
Both you and me if I only try
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth, and halve the pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little," O girls and boys,
In homes o'erflowing with comforts and joys!
See how far you can make them reach—
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,
Your gifts of service, and gifts of gold,—
Let them stretch to households manifold.

— Selected.

Few Laborers

"THE harvest is plenteous," the Master said,
But his face was sad as he bowed his head:
"Yet they are so few, so few," said he,
"Who labor to garner the sheaves with me."
Aye, the workers are few! O girls and boys,
With your many blessings, your countless joys!
It is Jesus who wants you the most of all;
Will you listen and heed his loving call?
By the Saviour who came from his home in heaven,
The greatest of earthly tasks is given;
He knows the need upon every shore,
He has counted your powers and your talents o'er,
And he calls you forth in your strength and youth,
To bear his message and teach his truth."

— Selected.

A Mission Song

I WANT to send a whisper song
Across the waters blue,
And say to all those little girls,
"Jesus loves you."

— Selected.

Little Missionaries

LITTLE folks, as well as great ones,
May be missionaries true,
If they only will be willing
Even little things to do.

Little feet can run on errands;
Little hands do deeds of love;
Little tongues speak words of kindness,
Pleasing unto God above.

Little folks can tell the story
Of the Saviour's love so sweet,
And to those who never heard them
Blessed gospel songs repeat.

— Selected.

Thanksgiving

An exercise for several children. Let one be appointed to stand apart from the group that give the answers, and ask the questions. All repeat together, very distinctly, the last stanza:—

"HAVE you cut the wheat in the blowing fields,
The barley, the oats, and the rye,
The golden corn and the pearly rice?
For the winter days are nigh."

"We have reaped them all from shore to shore,
And the grain is safe on the threshing-floor."

"Have you gathered the berries from the vine,
And the fruit from the orchard trees?
The dew and the scent from the roses and thyme,
In the hive of the honey-bees?"

"The peach and the plum and the apple are ours
And the honeycomb from the scented flowers."

"The wealth of the snowy cotton-field,
And the gift of the sugar-cane,
The savory herb and the nourishing root—
There has nothing been given in vain."

"We have gathered the harvest from shore to shore,
And the measure is full and brimming o'er."

"Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hand with a gift!
To the gracious Giver of all
The spirit in gratitude lift!
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice and the corn and the wheat,
The cotton and sugar and fruit,
The flowers and the fine honeycomb,
The country, so fair and so free,
The blessings and glory of home."

Missionary Fruit

(For six little girls)

(In concert)

THIS is a funny fruit you see
It did not grow on any tree,
But it has seeds which rattle round;
Just hear the merry, cheery sound!
(All rattle mite-boxes)

I
We can not eat the seeds, you know,
And in our gardens they'll not grow;
But yet they'll grow in other lands
When planted by our faithful hands.

II
Now shall I tell this riddle queer?
Pennies and dimes are found in here.
These are the seeds we try to sow,
And wondrous things from them will grow.

III
Sometimes a school in China starts
From what we sow with willing hearts;
Sometimes a baby's life we save,
And then how glad we are we gave,

IV
Then, out in India, you should see
How little girls as small as we
Are shut within zenana walls,
Where scarce a ray of sunlight falls!

V
But even there these seeds will grow;
The flowers and fruit are sure, if slow;
God cares for that: he sees the need;
We only have to sow the seed.

VI
No soil so hard, so dry, so cold,
But we shall gain a hundredfold
If this good seed we scatter wide
That it may fall on every side.

(In concert)

Then help us fill these boxes small;
Pennies and dimes we ask from all.

— Selected.

The Gods of the Heathen and the Christians' God

Five girls, representing heathen, in semicircle at one side of platform. Five girls, representing Christians, facing them, in semicircle, on opposite side of platform. While the girls are leaving the platform, the congregation might sing, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go."

Five girls representing heathen recite together:—

O children of Christians beyond the blue sea,
Your poor little heathen sisters are we;
Will you not listen a moment or two,
While we tell you a tale that is all of its true?

No. 1, of the heathen girls (representing India, holding in her hand a small idol), says:—

I am a Hindu girl, and I want to tell you about my god. I have a little idol, only about three inches high. It is made out of wood, but my mother taught me to worship it. I sprinkle it a great many times with holy water from the sacred River Ganges, and I offer it little bouquets of flowers and bits of rice and sweetmeats, and I say prayers to it. But my prayers are of

no use if I make a single blunder or omit a single word. And there is another dreadful goddess—Kali—that we worship once a year; she is the goddess of vengeance, and we are afraid of her, for she never loves us; none of our idols can love us. I sometimes wish I knew about a god who could love me. Tell me something about your God—does your God love you?

No. 1, of the Christian girls, answers:—

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." The Lord says, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love." "We love him, because he first loved us."

No. 2, of the heathen girls (representing Burma, holding an idol of Gautama, a rosary, and some prayer streamers), answers:—

I am a Burmese girl. The idol I worship is made out of wood and then gilded over. It is the image of Gautama, who was a very good and holy man. When he was about eighty years old, he died; just before that he called the priests to him and told them to build pagodas and put his image in them, and said: "When you offer gifts, think of me, worship the image as my substitute, and by so doing you will get great reward." We sometimes say our prayers on these beads, and when we get tired of that, we cut out pieces of paper and write prayers on them and stick them up before the idol. This is one of our prayers: "I am subject to old age, sickness, and death." We say this over and over, counting a bead each time. Now tell me, how do you pray to your God?

No. 2, of the Christian girls, answers:—

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do." "Pray without ceasing." "When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any." "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

No. 3, of the heathen girls (representing China, and holding a vase in which are several lighted joss-sticks), answers:—

The Burmese girl has told you how she prays, and now I will tell you what we have to do in China, when we pray. One of our gods is the fire god; and when we worship him, we have a great many lamps and hundreds of paper lanterns lighted everywhere. We burn incense sticks, like these, before our idols, and sometimes we put paper prayers into a big wheel, and turn it round and round before the idol; but when we want to speak our prayers, we go to a joss-house to pray to our god. The priest will first beat a big drum and make as loud a noise as he can, for he says that perhaps the god is asleep or away taking a journey. Then we pray very loud and try to make him hear us, but we never can feel sure that he does. Do you know if your God hears you when you pray?

No. 3, of the Christian girls, answers:—

"If we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us." "It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" "His ears are open unto their cry." "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers."

No. 4, of the heathen girls (representing Japan), answers:—

I have come from far-off Japan, and while I have a happier life than the girls in India and China do, yet I, too, worship idols as they do. In our house there is a shelf in a closet where we keep all our household gods. We also worship our ancestors, as the Chinese do. We have one very large idol that every one prays to, for he is the god of healing. If my arm aches, I rub it and then the arm of the idol; or if my head aches, I rub it and then the idol's head, and *hope* I will get relief from pain. The idol was once in the image of a man, but constant rubbing has worn away its features, so now it looks like a big piece of dirty wood. And yet, though this god is so popular, he never seems to *care* anything at all about us; I wonder if there is a god anywhere who cares for his people and *helps* them. Does your God *care* for you? and does he *help* you?

No. 4, of the Christian girls, answers:—

"Casting all your care upon him; for *he careth for you.*" "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall *sustain thee.*" "Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord *pitieth* them that fear him." "God is our refuge and strength, a *very present help* in trouble." "I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea I will *help thee.*"

No. 5, of the heathen girls (representing Africa), answers:—

I come from darkest Africa. We have really no god, such as these other girls have told you of, but we have charms which are supposed to drive away all evil spirits. These charms are sticks or stones, or goats' horns, or anything which has been blessed by the witch-doctor. We are very much afraid of the evil spirits, and so always have as many of these charms as we can. I think it would be nice to know about a God of whom we wouldn't have to be *afraid*. Are you *afraid* of your God?

No. 5, of the Christian girls, answers:—

"There is no *fear* in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." "God is my salvation; I will *trust*, and *not be afraid.*" "Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; *be not afraid.*" "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Five girls, representing heathen, recite together:—

Now will you not help us, and send us a ray
Of the light of the gospel to brighten our way?

Five girls, representing Christians, respond together:—

We have heard your call from your darkened lands,
And we long to lend you helping hands
To lead you to Jesus, our Saviour and King,
And teach you always his praises to sing.

—Sunday School Co-operating Committee.

Missions

THE word MISSIONS in large letters hangs on the wall. Under each letter stands a boy or a girl dressed to represent different nations, or holding flags of the various countries. They recite in turn a line of the following exercise:—

"M is for Missions throughout every land.
I is a little helper in the Mission Band.
S is for sorrow and S is for sin;
S is for Saviour and souls gathered in.
I is for infants held safe in his arms.
O is for older ones saved from all harms;
N is for nations who shall all hear the Word;
S for salvation, the great gift of God."

Life's Lessons from Nature

A PROFITABLE exercise may be made by selecting some of the older boys and girls to recite in their order the three selections that follow, choosing a person for each of the four parts of the exercise on "The Trees." Some appropriate nature song, such as "God Is Love," might be sung by all the group to conclude this exercise:—

Lessons Everywhere

"There isn't a blossom under our feet,
But has some teaching, short and sweet,
That is richly worth the knowing;
And the roughest hedge, or the sharpest thorn,
Is blessed with the power to guard or warn,
If we will but heed its showing.

"So do not spoil your happy looks
By poring always over your books,
Written by scholars and sages;
For there's many a lesson in brooks or birds,
Told in plainer and prettier words
Than those in your printed pages.

"And yet, I would not have you think
No wisdom comes through pen and ink,
And all books are dull and dreary;
For not all of life can be pleasant play,
Nor every day a holiday,
And tasks must be hard and weary.

"And that is the very reason why
I would have you learn from earth and sky
Their lessons of good, and heed them;
For there our Father, with loving hand,
Writes truths that a child may understand,
So plain that a child can read them."

The Stream and the Pool

One morning a merry stream from the mountains,
with laughter and song, ran by a stagnant pool.

"Good-morning," said the pool; "why are you in
such haste so early in the day?"

"O," said the rill, "I have a little water here I am
going to carry down to the sea."

"But you should be careful and not give your water
away too freely; for we are going to have a very hot
summer, and you might need every drop of it for
yourself."

"Do you think so?" said the stream. "If that is
true, I must hurry along, and do good with the little
I have while it lasts." And with a merry laugh the
brook ran away as fast as it could. But the pool stood
still for fear it might lose a few drops of its precious
water."

The rill ran on, blessing everything it touched. So
sweet was its music that several other streams were
attracted by its song, and ran and joined it. Trees
grew on its banks, and their thirsty little rootlets drank
greedily of its moisture, keeping the leaves of the
trees fresh and green all summer long.

The miller smiled and praised it; for his wheel was
turned and the grist ground by its power. It made
the farmer's pastures green as it flowed through the
meadows, and the birds dipped their bills in its cooling
waters, then soared into the sky and sang their sweet-
est song in its praise. The herds of cattle stood in it,
ankle deep, and the swift-footed, timid deer of the
mountains found in it a friend, as they drank and
cooled their heated blood, giving them fresh strength
to fly from the huntsman and his dogs. Thus it flowed
on through meadow and plain, bringing joy and hap-
piness to all, and one day it was lost in the sea.

But it never ran dry, for water was drawn up from
the ocean by the sun, condensed in the atmosphere,
carried by the clouds to the mountain tops, where it
fell in showers of rain and fed the rill all summer

long. But what became of the pool which was so much afraid of giving a drop of its water away? The hot days came and it became foul and filthy; man, beast, and bird hurried away as soon as they smelled its breath, and refused to drink a drop of the green water; and, before the summer was half over, it slowly dried up and perished, and everybody was glad to get rid of such an unpleasant neighbor. The only way to be of value is to be liberal with what we have.—*H. Harper.*

The Trees

Among the many text-books in God's school of nature, are the trees. These noble lesson-books are always open, full of instruction all the year, whether their branches are heavy with foliage, or their boughs are bare in winter. "Some trees give lots of blossom—promises of fruit—but no fruit. They are not unlike some people: they promise a great deal, but perform very little."

"Where the wind blows strongest, the roots of trees are longest. So with the man who is tried by the winds of temptation and trial, the roots of his faith go deeper into the Eternal."

"The winter season stripped the trees of every sign of life. The branches were bare, and had a withered appearance. But the trees were not dead—only resting; they were getting ready for a larger activity than ever before. Apparently the cold winds and snows had no terror for the trees.

"There should be a quiet period in every life,—a time when we allow the outer world to do as it likes,—a time when we, like the trees, are getting ready to go to work with larger hopes and ideals. We are apt to think the quiet time a waste—idleness; but it is *not a waste*; it is a gathering time for larger things."

"When the snows of winter had passed away, and the sun began to shine with its warm, life-giving rays, the trees began to stir themselves, and evidences of life were seen on every branch. The trees were responsive to the season's touch, because they had life. There should be the awakening period in our lives, when we begin to respond to the wooings of the Sun of Righteousness."

"The trees have been growing fast. Not only are there new leaves, but new branches, too. Not all the strength has been given to foliage. Before the leaves were much in evidence, there was a profusion of blossom, pure white, pink, and pink-tinted, which told of the fruit that would be forthcoming. Then the leaves developed more fully, the fruit keeping pace, until now the branches are beginning to hang downward, because the fruit is growing.

"There should be the growing period in our lives, when we, too, begin to show the evidences of the inner life, with its fruit-bearing possibilities. Our lives are not merely for ornamentation: God has ordained—decreed—that we should bring forth *fruit*."



"To whom shall I give these beauties?"

Going Without a Message

In the eighteenth chapter of Second Samuel there is recorded a circumstance which is worthy of consideration by our young people. The incident referred to took place during Absalom's rebellion against his father. Absalom had been slain, and Joab, the captain of the host, sought for a messenger to bear the news to David. A certain man named Ahimaaz asked permission to go, but for some reason the request was denied; and another, Cushie, was sent in his stead. When Cushie had departed, Ahimaaz renewed his request, and pressed his case so urgently that Joab's permission was at length given. Being fleet of foot, he outran Cushie, and came first into the presence of the king. But when asked what tidings he bore, particularly if the young man Absalom was safe, he replied,

"When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but knew not what it was." Having nothing definite to tell, he was commanded to stand aside while Cushie broke the news to the king.

Some of our young people are in a position similar to that of Ahimaaz. They have a love for the truth, and a zeal to see it carried forward, but their lack of information disqualifies them to become its messengers. It is not enough to have zeal; it must be according to knowledge. I would not discourage the most illiterate from acting some part in the work of God; but I would impress as many as possible with the thought that their usefulness will to a large degree depend upon the definiteness of their knowledge. Without this they will often be put to confusion, and they will fail to produce conviction in the minds of intelligent people. We

do not underestimate the worth of Christian experience; we appreciate the value of consecrated effort. Nevertheless we know that a warm heart, backed by a cultured mind, is a thousandfold more effective than the same warm heart backed by an uncultured mind.—*Selected.*

Give Thanks to God

Let some one who prizes the sentiment of the following poem sufficiently to speak it thoughtfully and effectively, be chosen to render it:—

GIVE thanks to God: he emptied heaven for thee
He gave his Christ, who died to set thee free;
And all the gifts that fall into thy life,
And all the concord sent to still thy strife,
And all the good in which thou hast a part,
Are but the blood-drops from his loving heart.
And all the good that's been, is, or will be,
All that immortal eyes shall ever see,—
All came to thee from him who rules above,
The great, the good, the all-wise God of love.
O thank him, then, with all thy heart and soul,
And praise him while his endless ages roll!
In heart, in word, in deed, show forth his praise,
So shalt thou live God's own eternal days.

—*M. C. Wilcox.*

They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. Isa. 41: 6.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Rob's Battle

It took place in the corn-field.

A strange place for a battle, you say? Yes, but a part of the famous battle of Gettysburg took place in a wheat-field; why not Rob's among the corn?

The curious part of this affair was that it left no traces after it. The corn was not trampled, but stood as green and straight and tall as ever; the earth was not torn up; there were no ghastly dead and wounded soldiers. More curious yet, you could only have seen one living creature among the corn, and that was Rob himself. Strangest of all, that one soldier, Rob, did not even know what side he was on in the fight — till it was all over.

He found as soon as he came into the field, after the doctor had seen his brother Willie, that he could not work. He felt the battle fast coming on, and could only throw down his hoe and turn soldier.

General Strong-desire opened the engagement. "You want to go away to school next fall," said his great guns, slowly. "You have earned money to pay for your schooling at the academy; Willie is big enough to take your place on the farm; you care more for books and study than anything else in the world. Why not go?"

Upon this, the opposing army, under General Duty, went into action. His guns spoke sternly: "Do you really mean that you care more for study than for anything else — your mother's health and your brother's recovery, for instance? After this bad accident, Willie can't take your place unless he gets on foot again sooner than the doctor said he ought. Or your pale, tired, little mother can work herself still paler and more tired to fill both your places. After all this extra care of Will, too!"

General Insist-on-your-rights moved up his corps in support of Strong-desire. "Why should you always give in for the benefit of others? Besides, your mother told you herself not to change your plan. Aunt Susan might withdraw that fine chance to live with her, and work for your board out of school-hours.

General Hope reinforced Duty. "Aunt Susan is always kind-hearted. Tell her all about it, and she will arrange it for you to come later."

"No use!" boomed Despair's cannon. "You can never catch up with the class if you don't begin the term with them. And who knows what may happen another year! How are you ever going to become the learned man you want to be, if you have no chance to study?"

Then General Duty made a terrific charge.

"If you *never* have another chance, you ought to do what is right now."

The enemy's line wavered and broke. General Ambition rushed up, rallied the retreating troops, and sent out a forlorn hope under Colonel Appearance-of-

Virtue. "Isn't it *right* to make the best of one's self? Will you not be doing wrong to let go this, perhaps your only, chance of becoming a useful man?"

It was a well-planned attack, and General Duty hastened to send a new detachment into the field. It was only a little band known as "Bible Words," and their ammunition was just "Jehovah-jireh — the Lord will provide," out of one of the old Bible stories Rob's mother used to tell him. "Do the right thing, and

the Lord will provide. He always does. Not the way we like, perhaps, but the best way, always."

"I can't stand this," quoth General Ambition, and he called in his troops and fled. He was followed by Insist-on-your-rights and Strong-desire, leaving Duty master of the field, and Rob on his side, heart and soul.

No more delay now. Rob seized the hoe and attacked the weedy corn — not happy, perhaps, but at peace, which is far better. "Peace with honor" had been won by this soldier.

He walked up to the house at sunset with the tread of a conqueror. "Mother," said he, gently, taking the pail of water she was carrying; "why didn't you call me? This is too heavy for you."

"I didn't think it worth while, my boy," she replied, with her patient smile. "I must get used to carrying it this fall, you know."

(Concluded on page thirteen)



CHILDREN CAN BE HELPERS, TOO, IN GOD'S GREAT HARVEST-FIELD



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

India, No. 4: Our Work

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

GENERAL EXERCISES: —

A Glimpse at the Field.

Santals.

Tamil Sabbath-keepers.

Mountain Mission Home.

Famine in India (see *Review and Herald* for August 6, page 14).

Appeal for India.

A GLIMPSE AT THE FIELD: In previous studies we have learned something of the work of other denominations in both India and Burma. Our own work in these Gibralters of heathenism is no less interesting, and its remarkable growth challenges the skeptic's unbelief in missions. Much that the advance sentinels beheld dimly through eyes of faith, now stands forth as facts. Sixteen years ago we had no work in India. To-day we have a strong corps of workers there.

It was in 1893 that some canvassers turned the first furrows in India's spiritual wilderness. Other workers soon followed. House-to-house work was done. Within a few years the medical, publishing, and other lines of work were fairly well established. At Karmatar an orphans' home was opened; but when the manager died, it seemed necessary to close it; and since 1904 it has been used as a training-school for native workers. In 1901 the first church was organized, and Prof. J. L. Shaw accepted the superintendency of the field. This position he still holds (1908).

Two years ago, Professor and Mrs. Shaw visited the home land, and upon their return to India, eleven recruits accompanied them. During the years of our missionary operations in India, several workers have fallen; yet other volunteers have pressed into the service until to-day there are about thirty proclaiming the hour of God's judgment to India's unwarned millions. It is interesting to know that one of our native workers is the grandson of Carey's first convert. The headquarters of the work are at Calcutta; treatment-rooms and a health-food factory are also conducted there. Up in the mountains is the sanitarium; and at Karmatar is the publishing plant, where the *Oriental Watchman* and *India: Eastern Tidings* are printed.

India is a heterogeneous mass of humanity — not a nation but a congestion of nations. In many of her tribes our denomination is working. The report of 1907 informs us that beginnings have been made in seven different languages. Among the Bengali people, numbering forty-two millions, we have seven workers. About eighty-seven millions speak Hindi; these have six workers. Two are among the sixteen million Tamils; five among Burma's eighty million souls. Six are devoting their time to the Santals, and two are laboring for the Marathi people. Another writer holds his torch over the unentered communities. Gujerate

is spoken by ten millions of people; the Telugu by over twenty millions; the Punjab, by seventeen millions; the Rajasthani, by eleven millions; and the Kanarese by ten millions. No voice has yet called these to the feast of the Lamb. Think of India's children! It is estimated that if placed shoulder to shoulder they would surround the globe, and out of this great circle only ten children in every mile ever heard of Jesus.

Yet God has put his hand to the work in India. Often good messages come from that distant land. A missionary sends the following words of cheer from the land of the Judsons: "Of those who began the observance of the Sabbath, two are attorneys; and it was recorded in the court journal that because they had become Seventh-day Adventists, they would no longer appear in any cases on the Sabbath.

"One woman had been a Catholic nun for seven years in her earlier life, and when we showed the prophecies concerning Rome, she could testify that we were telling the truth when we showed the fulfilment of the Word."

SANTALS: All of these various tribes can not now be studied; but as the Santals and Tamils have laid special seige to our interest of late, we shall notice them briefly.

Santalia may not appear on a recent map of India; but it lies chiefly in the angle formed by the Ganges and Hugli rivers. There the Santals raise their rice and corn, and conduct other simple industries. When things go well, religion gives them but little concern; but when crops fail, and pestilence enters their homes, they strive to appease the wrath of their demon gods. As late as 1878 human sacrifices were offered upon such occasions. Our workers among these people are persuaded that the Santals can best be reached by Santals, and are putting forth efforts to educate native workers.

TAMIL SABBATH-KEEPERS: Down in a fertile paddy (rice) district in southern India, fringed here and there with cocoanut and palmyra palm, is the home of the Tamil Sabbath-keepers. The name of their chief village means "Sabbath-keepers' Home." The first contact our workers had with this interesting people was about three years ago. A few meetings were held, and tracts upon the Sabbath question were circulated. These have been carefully preserved, as have also the letters sent to them by the foreign mission society as much as fifteen years ago.

Recently some of our workers in India visited the Tamils. They sent us the following interesting items: "When written to, they [the Tamils] immediately replied, and sent a cordial and very urgent request that a visit be made to their village. Tracts were prepared, and sent to them in their own tongue, the first one bearing the title, 'Which Day Do You Keep, and Why?' to which they immediately replied, asking for more, and sending money for the same. Another tract, 'Is the End Near?' was equally well received, and a number of copies were purchased by them for distribution.

"For fifty years they have withstood the most bitter persecution both from heathen and from professed Christians. Only their splendid organization, and their simple devotion to a plain 'Thus saith the Lord,' had brought them through.

"As we come near to the people, we find what seems to us a remarkable purity of doctrine when we consider their surroundings. They have been surrounded

by heathenism on the one hand, and on the other all the Christianity they have known is represented by that branch of the Anglican Church known as the High Church, very similar in some of its beliefs to the Roman Catholic Church. Yet in the midst of these surroundings they hold tenaciously the following points taught in Scripture:—

"1. The inspiration and infallibility of both the Old and the New Testament, which they study diligently.

"2. Strict observance of the seventh-day Sabbath from 6 P. M. on Friday to 6 P. M. Saturday, in this latitude nearly equivalent to from sunset to sunset.

"3. Baptism by immersion.

"4. Systematic giving for the support of gospel work in the form of tithes and offerings.

"5. The use of unleavened bread and unfermented wine in the Lord's Supper.

"6. Reverence for the house of God.

"7. A simple and efficient organization by which the congregation rules.

"8. A church-school system.

"9. Ability to withstand bitterness and persecution.

"They are not Seventh-day Adventists, but they are Sabbath-keepers, and have accepted the light on the second coming of Christ as far as it has been presented. They have some ideas borrowed from Judaism and others of a Hindu nature, as, for example, the wearing of jewels. The ears and necks of the women hang heavily with gold and silver ornaments, and it will be a great cross when they are asked to give them up. Yet who knows that these gold and silver ornaments are more objectionable to God than the flowers, ribbons, and costly dresses, with frills and tucks and laces, which many of our more enlightened sisters in the home land wear? One long strip of cloth wound modestly about them, with their ornaments, forms their attire.

"The Sabbath truth came to them about thirteen years after Elder Joseph Bates wrote his book on the Sabbath question. It would seem that while light and truth were shining upon the ten commandments, making clear the Sabbath to the pioneers of this cause in America, a light was kindling in the hearts of native Christians in South India, which, thank God, is yet burning. We have visited the home of the man who led out in the Sabbath reform. He is now eighty-five years old, and bowed with age. In 1857 he broke away from the Church of England, and in 1860 began to preach the Sabbath openly."

MOUNTAIN MISSION HOME: Away up in northern India, nestled among the famous Himalayas, lies Mussoorie with its twenty or thirty thousand people. Its high altitude makes it a splendid summer resort, and many Europeans and Indians go there to escape the intense heat of the malarial plains. Here are the sanitarium and the mountain mission home. This arrangement serves two purposes,—it provides a place where exhausted workers may recuperate, and establishes an outpost for the work in northern India. About fourteen miles below Mussoorie is Dehra Dun, an important railroad town with twenty-thousand inhabitants. There mission work has been begun. A letter dated June 25, 1908, reads: "Our work in Mussoorie is moving on encouragingly. We are holding public meetings in the station three times a week. The interest is growing. Last Friday evening a church of seventeen members was organized. The sanitarium is having more work than it can do, and six patients

have been turned away this month, as we were unable to care for them."

APPEAL FROM INDIA: The superintendent of the field writes: "And yet with all that has been done, only a beginning has been made. We are contending with a great foe. The battle is fairly on. We have, as it were, skirted the coast, and discovered a few bays and inlets, and have some conception of the magnitude of the work to be accomplished among the unwarned millions of India; but that is all. There is approximately one missionary for every one hundred thousand people, but what is that? Think of a city of a million pagans, with ten workers for Christ among them, and remember they are hurrying on to Christless graves.

"We believe that this gospel of the kingdom is to be preached in all the world for a witness to every nation, and that in this generation. The golden morn is about to dawn. The end is near. Christ is soon coming. A short, quick work is to be done. The warning note of truth must be hurried on among these people, and reinforcements are wanted. An army of consecrated workers is needed to push on the triumphs of the cross of Christ.

"Our own mission has about thirty foreign missionaries in India, and a few local workers, about one for every ten millions. It is as if the people of Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, and Nebraska were all heathen, and had but one representative of present truth among them. We should strengthen our forces. Our work is hardly yet begun. We have but seen the need in part, and can send back to our people in the home land the Macedonian cry. The following appeal from our leper brother in India, is the echo of that cry:—

"Homeless millions here are moving
On toward the great last day;
Poor and naked, blind and wretched,
Worshippers of wood and clay.
They have never heard of Jesus,
Nor of his redeeming love,
How he shed his blood to give them
Life and rest in heaven above.

"They have never heard of heaven,
Or the city over there,
With its golden streets and portals,
And its walls of jasper rare;
Of the glorious kingly mansions
That the saints will soon attain,
When their Saviour, Christ, appeareth,
Once again on earth to reign.

"Brethren, come and tell these millions
Who are dying every day,
Lead them to the cross of Jesus
From their gods of wood and clay.
Come, for time is quickly fleeting;
Come along without delay;
India needs more faithful workers;
Come for Christ's dear sake, we pray."

Rob's Battle

(Concluded from page eleven)

"No, ma'am!" he said; "I'm going to be here to carry your pails of water myself, till Will is able to do it. I've made up my mind."

And he began to be repaid when he saw the look of relief which, much against her will, flitted over his mother's face.

Will he ever get his schooling, and be the great and good man he wants to be? I can not tell you. I can only say that he has taken the very best of ways toward that second object; and—"Jehovah-jireh."—*Wellspring.*



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

X — David and Goliath

(September 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I Samuel 17.

MEMORY VERSE: "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." Ps. 56: 3.

Review

Whom did the Lord choose to be the second king over Israel? How was he chosen and anointed? How did he come to be brought to Saul?

The Lesson Story

1. When David was not needed at the court of Saul, he gladly left its ease and pleasures, and returned to the fields and hills of Bethlehem to care for his father's flocks. His heart was fully set to do the will of God; and in these quiet hours spent with the sheep, David learned lessons of faith and trust in God.

2. "Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle. . . . And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them.

3. "And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him."

4. Every morning and evening for forty days this great giant came out and defied Israel, saying, "I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together." And Saul, and all Israel, when they heard his words, "were dismayed, and greatly afraid."

5. David was now at home caring for the flocks, but his three elder brothers had joined Saul's army. At this time their father asked David to take some provisions to his sons, and see how they fared.

6. "And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle. For Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army.

7. "And David left his carriage [baggage, Revised Version] in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them. And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid."

8. David was ashamed and indignant when he saw the armies of the living God so weak and faint-hearted. "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine," he asked, "that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

9. The army of Israel was greatly depressed and

their courage had failed. When Saul heard of David's words of courage he at once sent for him. "And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine. And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.

10. "And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee.

11. "And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armor, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I can not go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him.

12. "And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine.

13. "And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David: and the man that bare the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

14. "Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand. . . . And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."

15. As the Philistine came toward David, the young man ran to meet him. "And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him."

16. "When the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines," driving them back to their own cities.

Questions

1. Where did David go when he was not needed at the court of Saul? What lessons was he learning in these quiet hours in the fields and hills?

2. What nation again came out to fight against Israel? How were the armies placed?

3. What man of the Philistines defied Israel? What was his appearance? What did he wear?

4. For how many days did this giant come out and defy the armies of Israel? What did he say? How did Saul and his army feel?

5. Where was David at this time? On what errand did his father send him?

6. When did David go? What was taking place when he reached the army?

7. Where did David go? As he talked with his brothers, what did he see and hear? How did the men of Israel act?

8. How did David feel when he saw the men of Israel fleeing and afraid? What question did he ask?

9. Who heard of David's courageous words? What did he do? How did David encourage Saul? What did Saul say about David's going to meet the Philistine?

10. What did David then relate to Saul, to show that he did not lack strength and courage? Whom did he acknowledge as his helper and deliverer? In whom did he put his trust for deliverance out of the hand of the Philistine? What had David learned? Repeat the memory verse. What permission did Saul then give to David?

11. "How did Saul try to prepare David for the battle? When David had started to go in this armor, what did he say? What did he then do?"

12. How did David prepare to go out to meet the Philistine?

13. Who went before the Philistine as he came to meet David? How did the giant feel when he saw David? How did David appear? What contemptuous words did Goliath then speak? What did he boast that he would do?

14. How did David answer the challenge of Goliath? On whom did he rely? What did he say all the assembly would know?

15. How did David conquer Goliath?

16. What did the Philistines do when they saw that Goliath was dead? How far did the men of Israel pursue them?

7. Where were the first-fruits brought? Verses 35-37.

8. After provision was made for defraying the expenses of the sanctuary service, what other fund was spoken of? Verse 37; note 1.

9. For what was the tithe to be used? Num. 18: 21.

10. Were the Levites instructed to pay tithe? Neh. 10: 38.

11. How did the people regard those who willingly left their homes to dwell in Jerusalem? Neh. 11: 1, 2.

12. What was the rank of the men who had charge of the work of the Lord? Verse 16.

13. In arranging the temple service what instruction did Nehemiah follow? Neh. 12: 24; note 2.

14. What course had they pursued that made them familiar with God's instruction regarding the service of the temple? Neh. 8: 3; Neh. 9: 3.

Notes

1. There are many things here worthy of study. A systematic arrangement was made to supply all the expenses connected with the temple service. The tithe was sacredly kept for the use for which God designed it.

2. It is evident that the people had so thoroughly studied the law and the worship of the sanctuary arranged by David and Solomon, that they were familiar with every feature that God had ordained. It was one of the most thorough reforms of which we have any record in the Bible. It fitly illustrates what will be finally accomplished under the third angel's message.

Interesting Items

FIVE million dollars is the estimated cost of the coal used for the "battle-ship fleet" trip.

"THE army signal-corps officers at Washington have been making successful experiments in sending wireless messages to balloons flying one thousand five hundred to two thousand feet high."

THE statistics of the Department of Agriculture say that Texas has 9,533,000 acres planted to cotton this year; that Georgia has 4,775,000 acres; Alabama, 3,509,000; and Mississippi, 3,252,000 acres.

EVERY State in the Union is now represented in the navy, except Oklahoma and Wyoming. The two new battle-ships authorized by the last session of Congress will be named "Utah" and "Florida."

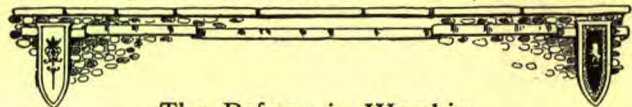
THE gigantic proportions of the junk business in this country can be partially comprehended from the fact that last year in Philadelphia alone over twenty-five million dollars changed hands in dealing in old metal.

DENMARK loses each year, says one of her leading men, twenty-five million dollars' worth of material through the depredations of the rat. The United States loses fifty million dollars' worth through its rodents.

A CHICAGO man has invented a machine by which the farmer can successfully can his farm produce,—fruit, corn, beans, tomatoes, etc.,—in the field or orchard. The machine is mounted on a wheelbarrow arrangement, and can be pushed from field to field as necessity requires.

DENMARK, England, and some cities in this country, are making war upon rats, because of the fact that they spread the dreadful bubonic plague. A bounty is paid for every rat killed. In one city of the West, rats were, in the earlier part of the year, killed at the rate of two thousand five hundred a day.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



The Reform in Worship

(September 5)

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed are they that hear the word of the Lord and keep it." Luke 11: 28.

Questions

1. Whose name headed the list of those who renewed their consecration to the Lord? Neh. 10: 1.

2. In what solemn way did the people pledge themselves to faithfulness to God's law? Neh. 10: 28-30.

3. With what strictness were they to observe the Sabbath? Verse 31.

4. What is meant by the expression, "Leave the seventh year, and the exaction of every debt"? Ex. 23: 10, 11; Deut. 15: 1, 2.

5. What provision was made to defray the expenses of the regular offerings of the sanctuary? Neh. 10: 32, 33.

6. How was the wood to keep the altar fires burning, provided year by year? Verse 34.

The Youth's Instructor

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One of England's Great Preachers

ROWLAND HILL was born in Hawkstone Park, England, in 1744. He was the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, first baronet. He was graduated from St. John's College, Cambridge, with honors in 1769. While at the college, he came under the influence of Whitefield, and became one of his disciples. The Anglican Church several times refused him orders, because of his irregularities in preaching; for he was accustomed "to preach wherever he could find an audience, in churches, chapels, tabernacles, and in the open air, often to immense congregations, and sometimes amid great interruption and violence." In 1783 he erected, at his own expense, Surrey Chapel, London, and it became henceforward the usual scene of his labors. His earnest, eloquent, eccentric preaching attracted audiences such as no other clergyman of London could boast. Attached to the chapel were thirteen Sunday-schools, with over three thousand children enrolled.

The following poem is based upon an incident that occurred at one of his open-air meetings. A lady of high birth was passing in her carriage the place of his service. As her coachman ordered the crowd to step aside that the carriage might pass, Mr. Hill directed a personal invitation to the lady to accept of Christ. His unique and earnest appeal led to her immediate surrender to Christ.

A Lady Sold by Auction

WILL you listen, friends, for a moment,
While a story I unfold,—
A marvelous tale of a wonderful sale
Of a noble lady of old,—
How hand and heart, at an auction mart,
Soul and body, she was sold?

'Twas in the king's broad highway,
Near a century ago,
That a preacher stood, though of noble blood,
Telling the fallen and low
Of a Saviour's love, and a home above,
And a peace that they all might know.

All crowded around to listen;
They wept at the wondrous love
That could cleanse their sin, and receive them in
His spotless mansions above;
While slow through the crowd a lady proud
Her gilded chariot drove.

"Make room!" cried the haughty outrider,
"You are closing the king's highway!
My lady is late, and their Majesties wait;
Give way, good people, I pray!"
The preacher heard, his soul was stirred,
And he cried to the rider, "Nay!"

His eye like the lightning flashes;

His voice like a trumpet rings.

"Your grand fête days, and your fashions and ways!

Are all but perishing things.

'Tis the king's highway, but I hold it to-day
In the name of the King of kings."

Then, bending his gaze on the lady,

And marking her soft eye fall,

"And now in his name, a sale I proclaim,

And bids for this fair lady call.

Who will purchase the whole,—her body and soul,
Coronet, jewels, and all?

"I see already three bidders.

The World steps up as the first,

'I will give her my treasures, and all of the pleasures
For which my votaries thirst;

She shall dance each day more joyous and gay,
With a quiet grave at the worst.'

"But out speaks *the Devil*, boldly:

'The kingdoms of earth are mine.

Fair lady, thy name, with an envied fame,

On their brightest tablets shall shine;

Only give me thy soul, and I give thee the whole,
Their glory and wealth to be thine.'

"And pray what hast thou to offer,

Thou *Man of Sorrows* unknown?

And he gently said, 'My blood I have shed,

To purchase her for mine own.

To conquer the grave, and her soul to save,
I trod the winepress alone.

"I will give her my cross of suffering,

My cup of sorrow, to share;

But with endless love, in my home above,

All shall be righted there:

She shall walk in light, in a robe of white,

And a radiant crown shall she wear.'

"Thou hast heard the terms, fair lady,

That each hath offered for thee.

Which wilt thou choose, and which wilt thou lose,
This life, or the life to be?

The fable was mine, but the choice is yet thine,
Sweet lady, which of the three?"

She took from her hand the jewels,

The coronet from her brow;

"Lord Jesus," she said, as she bowed her head,

"The highest bidder art thou,

Thou gavest for my sake thy life, and I take
Thy offer—and take it now."

"Amen," said the noble preacher;

And the people wept aloud.

Years have rolled on and they all have gone

Who formed that awe-struck crowd,—

Lady and throng have been swept along,
As the wind bears a morning cloud.

But the Saviour has claimed his purchase,

And around his radiant seat,

A mightier throng, in a joyful song,

Will one day the tale repeat,

And a form more fair will praise him there,
Laying her crown at his feet.

— Selected.

The Long and the Short of It

"If I were to give you an orange," said Judge Foote, of Topeka, to D. G. McGray, "I would simply say, 'I give you this orange,' but should the transaction be entrusted to a lawyer to put in writing, he would adopt this form: 'I hereby give, grant, and convey to you all my interest, right, title, and advantage of and in said orange, together with its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pits and all rights and advantage therein, with full power to bite, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp, or pits, anything hereinbefore, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of any nature or kind whatsoever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding.'"—*Christian Advocate*.