

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVII

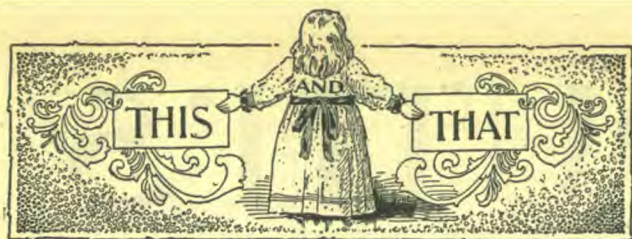
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"SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE"



"THE west coast of Africa, which has for a long time been called the 'white man's grave,' will have to be given another name, as Elder D. C. Babcock, who has been located on the Gold Coast for several years, and who has erected two dwelling-houses and a church building there, states that he has not preached a funeral sermon nor attended a funeral since going to Africa three years ago. There has not been a death among the believers."

A Good Bargain

At a temperance meeting, where several related their experiences, a humorous Irishman was acknowledged to be the chief speaker. He had on a pair of fine new boots. He said: "A week after I signed the pledge, I met an old friend, and he says, 'Them's a fine pair of boots you have on.' 'They are,' I said, 'and, by the same token, 'twas the saloon-keeper who gave them to me.' 'That was generous of him,' he said. 'It was,' says I, 'but I made a bargain with him. He was to keep his drink, and I was to keep my money. My money bought me these fine boots. I got the best of the bargain, and I am going to stick to it.'"

The Most Stupid of Places

"DR. JORDAN, of Leland Stanford Jr. University, once said in an address before a Young Men's Christian Association: 'Vice destroys a man's capital in nerves, which means the power to do things. The injuries wrought by vice are on the nervous system. In vice men and women seek for something which does not exist. The brain—and, of course, the human mind goes with it—is the finest bit of mechanism we have in all the world. The brain is made up of centers of energy called cells; and when you injure

Two New Youth's Papers

SINCE 1852 until within a few years the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has been the only paper published for the youth of our denomination; while the *Little Friend*, the children's paper, has served the children. On account of the uncertain mail service, and of the necessary length of time consumed in transportation, Australia has found it impracticable to depend upon the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR; so it has started a periodical for its young people, of which a cut of the front cover design is given herewith.

It is a paper of a high character, and is ably edited. Each issue is attractively illustrated. We hope it may altogether meet the needs of our young people in that far-away land.

South America also has a paper entitled the *Youth's Friend*. The permanent heading for the first page is shown in the accompanying cut. The young people have their own experience portrayed in this heading. It is to be hoped that every Seventh-day

Adventist young person in South America will cast aside the pleasures and allurements of this world, and gladly answer the call of the heathen to come over and help them. All such will share in the glories of the New Jerusalem.



AUSTRALIA'S PAPER

Moody's Testimony

Two months before his death, Mr. Moody, while at Central Church, Brooklyn, New York, gave the following testimony:—

"I know if I should be asked to be a witness in a court, my testimony would be taken; and I want you to take my testimony as to what it is to be filled with the Spirit. There are two epochs in my life which stand out clear. One is when I, between sixteen and seventeen years of age, was born of the Spirit. There can never come a greater blessing to any man on this earth than to be born again, born from above, to have the God nature planted in him. God has been good to me. He has showered blessing after blessing upon me; but the greatest blessing—next to being born of the Spirit—came sixteen years afterward, when I was filled with the Spirit; and he has never left me to this day. He is for all. When pentecost was fully come, the whole church was qualified for work in God's cause."—R. A. Torrey.



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PAPER FOR SOUTH AMERICA'S YOUNG PEOPLE

the brain, the mind is affected. There is something divine about the brain. No chemist can make a brain cell, and if he could, he couldn't put them together so that they would remember and appreciate the marvels of life. There is no place more stupid than a saloon. It takes a sober brain to appreciate philosophy, music, art, athletic pleasures, and the highest things of life. It is the virtuous men who are in demand. The sober man rarely neglects his duty. Drink and tobacco ruin the nerves."

LIVES that do not express something are of very little service in the world.—Rev. Valentine W. Pearson, B. A.

The Youth's Instructor

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No. 28

YOUTHFUL WITNESSES—No. 5

How Young Baptists Stood the Test

IT must be acknowledged that some of our valued historians of the Reformation make the most of the excesses and fanaticism of the so-called Anabaptists of the peasants' rebellion, and minimize the important testimony which the large body of sober, godly Baptists bore in all those times. They were the first of all the reformed churches to preach genuine religious liberty. They alone taught it, in fact. And they were burned by Catholics, and drowned and imprisoned by the reformed churches for teaching exactly what Baptists teach to-day.

Young Baptists bore their share in it all. In Van Braght's "Martyrology of the Baptist Churches," a

neither of us. I look for better things in heaven."

Upon this a great tumult was beginning among the people, and the executioner hastened to end the confession of the faithful lad. He might have been as careless of God and his soul's salvation as many another boy of fourteen; but somehow the grace of Christ had so won his heart that with all the power of the world against him, he was true to his Saviour and to the teaching of some godly Suabian father and mother.

A little girl named Elizabeth, in Holland, was placed in a convent school. At the age of twelve, she was much impressed by hearing of the burning of a man who rejected indulgences. A few years later she found



From painting by William Geet

"TO BE BURIED ALIVE"

Dutch work, is the following story of a lad of Suabia, a German province, of the year 1529:—

"A servant boy, only fourteen years old, had been there apprehended; this youth was cast into the tower, where he lay for nearly a year, in severe confinement. He suffered many hardships, but always remained unmoved, however frequently they came to him to urge him to renounce his faith. With him were six other brethren. . . .

"A ring was made, as is usual at executions by the sword. As the young servant boy was standing in the ring waiting to be beheaded, a count came riding up to him on horseback, and spoke to him, and said, 'My dear child, if you will give up these errors, I will maintain you, and have you always with me.'

"To which the youth replied: 'Were I to love my life and forsake my God, in order to escape this cross, it would serve me little. Your treasure can profit

a Latin New Testament, which brought to her the conviction of the gospel truth. She escaped from the convent, disguised in the clothing of a milkwoman, with whom she exchanged, and found a home with a young Baptist woman named Hadewyk.

They were active helpers of Meno Symons, the great leader of the Dutch Baptists. At last they were both arrested at Leeuwarden. Hadewyk had a truly providential deliverance from prison, almost as remarkable as Peter's from prison at Jerusalem, and she lived to a good age; but Elizabeth was called to witness by the martyr's death.

"What do you hold concerning infant baptism," they asked, "that you should be baptized again?"

"No, gentleman," Elizabeth answered, "I have not been baptized again; I was baptized once on my confession of faith, for it is written that baptism belongs to believers."

"Are our children then lost because they have been baptized?"

"No, gentlemen, far be it from me that I should condemn the children."

The council demanded of her a confession of her relations with the reformed teachers and of the whereabouts of associates. On the rack, with the screws biting into her thumbs and forefingers, she cried out with pain, "O! I can not bear it!"

"Confess," said the council, "and we will ease your pain."

"Help, O my God, thy poor handmaid," cried Elizabeth, "for thou art a helper in time of need."

They told her they asked her not to call on God, but to confess; while in her distress, she could only call for divine help to bear the torture. The Lord did help; for as she called, he relieved her pain. "Ask me, and I will answer you," she told them, "for I feel no longer any pain in my body." They said: "Will you not yet confess?" "No, gentlemen." And on March 27, 1549, she was drowned by being tied in a sack and cast into the water.

Sometimes the fathers and mothers, with breaking hearts, encouraged a son or a daughter to be faithful, and again it was a child strengthening a parent's faith. Young Baldwin Oguier (a Lutheran), of Lisle, arrested with his father, repeated to the council a prayer used in their meetings, with such earnest simplicity as to draw tears from the judge's eyes. At the stake he sang the sixteenth psalm, and cried to his father, "Be of good cheer, my father, it will soon be over." Later his mother and younger brother Martin were seized. The mother recanted, and the monks sent her to persuade Martin to abjure his faith. Weeping, he cried, "O mother, what have you done?" Won again by her boy's constancy, she confessed her Saviour, and both went to the stake and flame.

It was not will power or physical courage that carried men and women and youth through the trying hour. It was the love and sustaining grace of Jesus in hearts that knew the forgiveness of sins. Without this, many a strong man weakened and avoided a confession of the truth when it involved reproach and danger. With it, the slender maid or the merest youth was made strong to confess the truth of God's Word.

Last of the martyr confessors in the Netherlands, it is said, was a young Baptist girl, Joanna Vanden Hove. She was servant maid to two sisters who lived near Brussels. All were arrested; and the two sisters recanted, "acknowledging ignorance." Joanna declared that "she, being a woman of mean state and condition, could not be suspected of sedition." If she had not true sentiments of religion, she argued, it was her misfortune. And if any one by fear was led to "lie against conscience, such great wickedness was not to be punished by men, but by God."

To strike terror to others, she was condemned to be buried alive. A picture in the Birmingham (England) art gallery represents her being led out to the fearsome death, her sad, resolute face telling of a spirit undismayed, while the cowardly, priest-led multitude follow on. In the grave they laid her down, and poured the earth, first on feet, then on body, up to the neck. At each stage in the cruelly slow process, the Jesuits asked her if she had considered and would ask for mercy. "They that seek to save their lives here," she answered, "shall lose them hereafter," and

continued praying to God for his sustaining grace. Then the executioner covered her face with earth, and packed it down by treading on it.

The persecutors overreached themselves, and the witness borne by this maiden confessor helped to put an end to public martyrdoms in the Netherlands. "The constancy of this poor woman," says Brant's "History of the Reformation in the Low Countries," "was published everywhere with praise and compassion."

It is well to remember at what cost liberty to read God's Word and confess his name was purchased in the days of old. And youth and children helped to pay the price.

W. A. SPICER.

The Word of God

The Bible From a Literary View-Point

THE Bible is a most valuable asset to literature; in fact, to say nothing of its religion, it is the most wonderful and valuable book that the ages have ever produced. It is indeed a foolish person who will venture to contradict this last statement, when the overwhelming proofs of its veracity are so clearly in evidence.

The Scriptures contain a sample of the literature of almost every period and condition from the earliest times to the end of the first century of our Saviour's dispensation. The handiwork of all classes of men — sages, philosophers, poets, prophets, historians — is revealed in this one volume.

The literature and language of the world are filled with Bible quotations; almost all secular books are permeated with its maxims. Many more of the popular quotations come from the Bible than from Shakespeare, Emerson, Marcus Aurelius, and Confucius combined.

Do you want adventure? Then read the story of David's early life or of Gideon's daring campaign. Do you want statesmanship? Then read the lives of David and Solomon after they became kings. Do you want law? The best laws in the world are contained in the first five books of the Bible. Do you want war? Then read of the campaigns of Joshua or of the wars with the Philistines and other nations. Do you want poetry? The writings of David and Solomon are filled with the most exquisite stanzas. Do you want oratory? Then read the sermon on the mount or Paul's speech on Mar's Hill. Do you want proverbs? Then read the book of Proverbs. Do you want a standard for your life? Do you want the whole duty of your life toward God and man? Then take the law of God as revealed in Ex. 20:3-17 into your life and make it a part of your existence. Do you want religion? Then read the whole Bible with an unprejudiced mind.

Is the Bible Inspired?

If, as the skeptics tell us, the Bible is simply the work of Hebrew writers who wrote without divine inspiration, is it not reasonable to suppose that a portion of the false suppositions universally held by scientific scholars of that time would find their way into its pages? But if the Bible has escaped all the errors of the ancients in regard to science, and is the only book harmonizing with recent investigations, does it not follow that, in this matter alone, the Bible gives incontestable evidence of divine authorship?

Ancient scholars held that the earth is shaped like a table. Pindar said the world was supported by pil-

lars. Others maintained that it rests on the back of a tortoise, which in turn is supported by the coils of a large serpent; still other teachers advanced the theory that the earth is upheld by elephants, the motion of whose heads causes earthquakes.

Why is it that, amid all these errors, the Bible declares (Job 26:7) that God hangeth the earth upon nothing? This is exactly where science hangs it.

The loosing of the bands of Orion is spoken of in Job 38:31, but it was only recently discovered that our planetary system is drifting away from the constellation of which Orion is chief. The same Bible author speaks concerning an empty place in the north. Job 26:7. Astronomers tell us that the north is the only place in the stellar heavens where the telescope can discover no stars.

Why is it that while the great powers around this little isolated nation of Israel were steeped in grossest astrology, these Bible writers promulgated such true and wonderful scientific facts?

In view of these and other facts is it strange that Sir John Herschel was led to exclaim, "All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more and more strongly the truths contained in the Holy Scriptures"?

Says Professor Lyell: "In the year 1806, the French Institute enumerated no less than eighty geological theories which were hostile to the Scriptures; but not one of those theories is held to-day."

Perhaps the following historical fact will be of interest. The Roman Emperor Julian developed such an antipathy to the Christian religion that he was called The Apostate. To prove Christ a false prophet in regard to his statement concerning the reconstruction of the temple at Jerusalem, Julian ordered the edifice to be rebuilt. Exasperated by obstacles, he pressed forward with all the energy which a Roman emperor could summon. To his amazement, he failed, and failed utterly. This fact remains undeniable. Julian could not rebuild the temple at Jerusalem.

Later, when this emperor was leading his army across the burning plains of Mesopotamia, the javelin of a Persian cavalryman pierced him with a mortal wound. As he tore the weapon from his side, and sank dying upon the ground, he raised his eyes to heaven and said, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

The Value of the Bible to the Christian

Let us consider what the Bible is worth to every seeker after truth. The Scriptures are the only guide of the Christian. It is here that we obtain a knowledge of the plan of salvation, an acquaintance with which is so necessary to the well-being of every person; it is here and here only that an authentic knowledge can be gained of the life of our Saviour, of the creation, and of many other events in the world's history with which we are greatly concerned.

It is from this book that we can, to use a phrase from Milton, "justify the ways of God to man," thus explaining why certain conditions exist, what their relation is to the human family, and what will be their ultimate outcome.

Therefore, in view of what has been said, I invite you to study the Bible.

J. EWART BRIGHTMAN.

If we are on the alert for faults, peace and satisfaction of soul are impossible.—*Rev. J. A. Clapperton, M. A.*

Young People and Young People's Work in Other Lands — No. 2

England — Elder W. H. Meredith

SEVEN years ago I went to the South England Conference with a great burden on my heart for the young people. I tried to get the brethren to form some kind of society, but they did not seem to see the way clear. I could see that the young people in the church where I was, were just hanging on by the tips of their fingers. One evening they came to me, and asked if they could not have a young people's meeting. The church elder objected, and the members of the church did not approve, but finally we decided to try, and appointed a time for meeting. Just two or three days before the meeting was to be held, I received from the General Conference Office an envelope containing leaflets on this work and a sample membership card. We began our meetings along the line suggested.

The young people were anxious to learn the truth, and we studied hard. At the end of two months I went to the church elder, and asked that we be given the meeting hours on one Sabbath. He did not know whether it would be just the thing, but we finally arranged the matter. At the close of our first meeting a gray-haired man arose and said that he wanted to belong to the young people's society. This was the first organized meeting in Great Britain. There are now ten fully organized societies, and one hundred seventy-five members.

Korea — Elder W. R. Smith

There are millions of young people in Korea; and yet we have no young people. The boys are married when about ten or fifteen years of age, and then they are men, and would feel very much offended if they were called young people. There are no public schools. Sometimes a village hires a teacher for the boys, but the women are slaves. For these reasons we have only children and men and women to work with. We ask for your prayers that God will help us in this work.

Burma — Elder H. H. Votaw

I thought I might mention two or three young people, and ask you to pray for them. One girl came to us about three years ago. She first went to the Methodist mission school, and asked admission. God must have been guiding in the matter, for the teacher brought her to us and asked if we could not take her. She came to our house. She did not know anything that civilized people know, but we found that the child was willing to learn. After keeping her for a while, we gave her to two Burmese sisters who are near us. They could teach her in her own language, and explain things so much better than we could. She has now gone out to work. Her wages are two dollars a month, and she pays her tithe faithfully.

One young man — a Eurasian — had heard the truth, and believed it; but he was an officer in the court, and his one question was, "What would become of my position if I should keep the Sabbath?" But finally he decided to obey, and I said to him, "What are you going to do?" He said, "I do not know, but one thing I do know, and that is that I am going to keep the Sabbath." He holds his work to-day, and in fact has been made head of his department. He is anxious to come to America for further training, that he may do better work.

Another young man had been reared a Christian. He had tried the Catholic, Anglican, and Methodist churches, and finally had gone into infidelity. One

day he came into our meeting. I was explaining something from the Bible, and suddenly he called out, "How do you make that out? I do not believe the Bible." I said to him, "Well, I do not wonder that you do not believe it, for I do not think you know anything about it. You could not find one single place in the study to-night if you wanted to." He went back to his place of work, and they asked him what was the matter. He told them that I had said he did not know anything about the Bible, and he guessed that it was the truth, but that he intended to learn something about it. He studied it awhile. One night he came over to see me. It was raining torrents — and people who have been there know that it can rain in Burma in the monsoon season. The poor fellow had waded up and down by the ditch that ran in front of our house, trying to find the bridge by which to cross. When I heard the rap at the door, I thought it must be very urgent business that would call any one out on such a night as that. I was surprised to see this young man. He seemed very much in earnest, and said that he wanted to see me alone. I lent him some dry clothes, and then invited him into my study. He said, "I want to know if there is power in God to forgive sin. I want to know if God can help me to live a better life." "Certainly," I said, "he can do it." Right there in that room he accepted Christ.

Mrs. Votaw told a very interesting story of one Pondia, a Burmese young man, and asked all to join in prayer for him.

West Africa — Elder D. C. Babcock

I have been very much interested in what we have heard at this meeting, and also in the audience. Just as fast as our young people in West Africa accept this message, they are put into school, that they may be fitted as soon as possible for the work. We hope soon to have an army of young men and women to send into the work.

One day about fifteen young men came to us, anxious to go to school, and anxious to carry the message to the people. They represented eight different languages, and one young man spoke seven or eight.

A young man married and went into the interior to work. While there his wife had a dream that the time had come for the people of God to receive the seal of God. She saw a large number of people passing a rostrum receiving this seal. Soon after this they came to Freetown. There the young man came to me and asked questions in regard to our faith. I talked with him quite plainly. When he was going away, he said he was convinced of the Sabbath, and that he was going to keep it. His wife opposed this very much. It happened that just at this time we pitched our tent and began a series of meetings. This young man tried for a long time to induce his wife to attend, but she refused. At last, however, one night she decided to go, and that very night I preached on the seal of God. When the meeting closed, they both came up to me, and the wife was in tears. She said, "I am so glad to be here at this meeting." It seemed to me that the Lord had prepared her mind by the dream, and when she heard the sermon, she could not resist the Spirit.

Latin Europe — Elder C. T. Everson

In Switzerland our young people need pushing out into the work. Nearly all go into the watchmaking business there. If they start in with the canvassing

work, and it goes a little hard, they can give it up and make watches. They can take their work right to their homes, and have their Sabbaths off. For this reason the work is behind there.

In Spain our young people canvass a great deal. There are many Catholics there, and our workers have some interesting experiences. At one place the priests started a mob after two of our young people. They would have been killed with brickbats and stones had it not been that as they passed out of the village, a gentleman called them down a hill to speak with them a moment, and while they were there, the mob passed by, not noticing them. I believe this is one of the modern miracles.

In Italy we have been able to start a missionary school. It is located in Rome, the Eternal City. Brother H. G. Lucas very kindly started a movement in California for this school, and the young people there have been helping with the work ever since. We have come in contact with some of the best people in Rome. Three children of the minister of finance have attended our school, and also the son of the general of the Italian army. The minister of Italy has taken quite an interest in this school.

I believe in the young people and in young people's work. I would never have been a missionary to any other country if it had not been for some of these experiences, blessed ones too, in the young people's society. We need strong young people to bear the burdens of the work in Italy. I feel confident that some day old Italy will awake because of the work of the young people that go from America.

Scandinavia — Elder L. Muderspach

We have four young people's societies in Denmark. I hope that our work will be better organized from this time, for we understand better how we are to work.

One of our young men is now working in Abyssinia. Many of our canvassers in Denmark have had very interesting experiences. One young woman who came to our meetings and decided to keep the Sabbath, was told by her parents that if she wanted to keep the Sabbath, she had no home with them. She went to Copenhagen and obtained work there. She is one of our best canvassers now. Before she left her home town, she took a friend to attend our meeting. This friend accepted the truth, as did also her father and mother.

Another young woman went to our school in Skodsborg. When her father found it out, he wrote her that she could never come home. This young woman wrote back that she was going to be baptized; then her father went to her on the next train, and talked very hard. He said that if she did not go home, he would come and break up the meetings. But the young woman was firm, and her father and mother are now very much interested. We hope they will accept the truth.

M. E. KERN.

"THE prince of darkness has a power, but, God be praised, it is not an 'all power;' potent, but not omnipotent. He hath set bounds that he may not pass over. 'Satan went out [Chaldee paraphrase, "with a license"] from the presence of the Lord.' He was not allowed even to enter the herd of swine till Christ permitted. Christ stands between the believer and everlasting destruction. Satan's key once fitted the wayward, unbelieving heart; but a stronger than the strong man has barred him out."



THE HOME CIRCLE

"Tis woman's to bind up the broken heart,
And soften the bending spirit's smart;
And to light in this world of sin and pain
The lamp of love, and of joy, again."



A Father's Influence

IT is related of a certain man that he once started alone to climb a steep and perilous hill, purposely choosing a time when his children were at play, and when he thought they would not notice his absence. As he was climbing, making his way over a precipitous path, he was startled by hearing a little voice shout, "Father, take the safest path; for I am following you." Looking around, he saw that his little boy was following him over the dangerous path. "Years have passed since then," says this father, "but the little fellow's cry has never left me; it taught me a lesson, the full force of which I had not known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of our leading those around us to ruin."—G. B. Thompson.

A Japanese Story

I RECENTLY heard a charming story. It is Japanese. In a certain village were two families, one prosperous and rich, the other merely getting along; yet the former was famous in the village for its unhappiness and the friction between its members, while the latter was equally renowned for peaceableness and content.

The man of wealth could stand it no longer. He went to his humbler friend and asked him where he thought the trouble lay.

"I have land enough, and house enough, and money enough, yet we are always quarreling and unhappy. You have nothing like the means for comfort and enjoyment that I have, and yet your people are affectionate and contented."

The poor man replied, thoughtfully, "Perhaps it is because you are all such good people at your house."

The rich man objected that if they were all good people, certainly they ought to be happy together.

But the poor man would not recede. "No, you are all good at your house. Now, at my house it is different. We are a very faulty lot, and we all know it. To illustrate: Suppose I am sitting on a rug by the brazier, and the maid, passing there, kicks over my teacup, spilling the tea over the mats; I immediately break out with, 'Excuse me, excuse me. Very stupid of me! No business to leave a teacup out in the middle of the room for people to stumble over! Serves me right!'

"But the maid will not have it that way. She drops down, wipes up the tea with her handkerchief, and with beaming face cries, 'O master, what a blunder-bus I am! always stumbling and making trouble. It will only serve me right if you turn me off without a word one of these days.'

"You see how it is, we are such a faulty lot all round, and we know it so well, that there is no chance for ill-feeling or quarreling."

And the rich man, after thinking a moment, slowly said, "I see it all. It would be very different at our

house. I would turn to the maid with, 'Stupid! what are you up to now? You've only two feet; can't you look out for that number, or are they so big they are bound to hit every object in the room? I'll have to turn you off some day, and get a maid of more delicate build.' And the maid sullenly mutters, 'A lazy man has no business to spread himself all over a room and get in busy people's way.' I guess you are right; we are all too good—or at least we think we are."—*Presbyterian Record*.

A Cup of Cold Water

"I THINK that girl had better attend to her business," exclaimed a young woman seated at a table in a little restaurant. "What is she here for? Anybody would think, to gaze out of the window at 'life-boat' processions! We've been waiting nearly five minutes to give our orders for dessert. How does she know but we're in a rush? I'm going to report her to the proprietor the very next time I come in, if he's here."

Her companion agreed that this would be the proper thing to do, and that the girl ought to lose her place. As they were talking, a customer entered, and the little waitress started to get down from her chair in front of the window.

"No, don't get down," said the newcomer. "I'm not in a hurry. You needn't serve me till the procession is past."

"O, thank you so much!" returned the girl.

The two young women looked at each other and were silent. Presently the last "float" went by, and the waitress returned to her place behind the counter.

"I want to thank you again," she said as she wrapped up her customer's purchase. "My brother is in the procession, and I wanted to see him so much. It would have been a great disappointment if I hadn't been able to. He said he'd be on the outlook for me when he passed, and he was. We spoke to each other across the crowd. He was one of the life-savers that rescued the crew in the wreck last week. It was just like a cup of cold water on a hot day—having you so kind."

The two young women looked at each other once more. Presently the first speaker broke the silence.

"I do feel rebuked and guilty," she declared. "We are neither of us in the least hurry, and yet we were not considerate enough to be willing to let that poor young thing have a little pleasure in her dull existence. I'm going to try to be kinder to people, whoever they are, in the future."

A splendid resolution! Christ said that in love lay all the law and the prophets. Many, though giving generously of their means and even of their time to the destitute, act toward those with whom they come in casual daily contact as if they had no fellow-feeling at all toward them. For such the name of Christian is certainly a misnomer.—*Young People*.



Stingarees

STINGAREES are a flat and nearly round-shaped fish, in size all the way from three inches to six or more feet in diameter, according to age, kind, and where found. The larger ones are seen most frequently in the waters of warm coast lines, as Florida, Cuba, etc. Stingaree is the common name given to any kind of a ray fish. Other names are sting-ray and whip-ray.

The sting-ray has a somewhat thick tail as compared with other kinds of rays. In a fish from two to four feet in diameter the tail will be from the thickness of one's little finger to that of the thumb, and from two to four feet in length. About six inches from the body a barbed, tough, and horny spine grows, varying in length from three to five inches. In color these fish are any shade of brown from the yellow to the burnt ochers on the back, and a cream white underneath. They move rapidly, and glide or "scoot" along the bottom in shallow water with incredible rapidity.

The whip-ray, or more properly whipperee, is built similarly to other rays, only the color of the back is a greenish black with mottles of white and brown. Its distinctive difference is in the tail, which is very long, supple, and slender as a whip lash, polished and "shiny" as a gentleman's riding whip. The illustration shows a whipperee, the body being held by the gentleman while the lady exhibits the tail.

These fish belong among those classed as "bottom fish," that is, those that live entirely on the bottom of bodies of water. They are very timid, and scurry away at the first sign of danger. Their very timidity is what makes them so dangerous and such a menace to bathers in warm waters. When frightened, they will strike at anything they touch. If anywhere near them there happens to be any cloudy water, they will hurry to it for concealment. It sometimes happens, therefore, that a person walking in the water and stirring up the bottom, so clouding the water as he goes, comes upon a stingaree, which, for protection, runs into the cloudy water, often between the feet of the bather. Instantly upon touching the person the fish will throw its tail around one of the limbs, drawing its body forward, and driving the

hard, barbed spine forcibly into the flesh. All this will be done like a flash, and there is no possible chance of escape.

The stab of this spine is exceedingly poisonous and very painful. It is weeks, and generally months, before the injured person recovers. Sometimes serious results follow, even to the loss of a foot or a limb. So dangerous is the sting considered that fishermen have been known to hold their injured feet or limbs over a fire of red-hot coals to roast the flesh where the spine entered, to "kill the poison." W. S. CHAPMAN.



A WHIPPREE



A STING-RAY

What Is Liquor to Me?

DR. RICHARDSON, of London, the very highest authority on the effects produced on the body by liquor, says: "If I drink a glass of whisky, it passes into my blood, through the heart, along the arteries and veins into the lungs, and finally to the brain. Every part of the body tries to refuse admission to the poison, and so it hurries on, and leaves some behind at every point. When the whisky reaches the heart, it weakens its nerves, and the heart beats faster. The heart beats one hundred thousand strokes a day without liquor, but with it one hundred thirty thousand strokes. This extra work is very wearing upon the heart, and at last the liquor affects the spinal cord. This makes men stagger, and the spinal cord is poisoned for the time, and loses control of the limbs. Finally the same liquor poisons the cerebrum, or brain centers, and dethrones the reason. If I take a few more glasses, the spinal cord is so poisoned that all control is lost, the one nerve so passive that all reason is lost, and they call that 'dead drunk.' Dead drunk, but not dead, for if you put your hand upon my heart, you find the nerves are let loose, and the heart is bounding at a frightful rate. Let us understand it clearly that liquor creates nothing, neither heat, nor life, nor wit, nor strength, nor courage. It paralyzes the nerves that guard the reserve forces, and uses this reserve force when it is not needed. For a time it intensifies the functions; but when the emergency comes, and the extra brain and health are needed, the drinking man fails, when the reserve forces would have carried him through.

"Liquor weakens the heart, injures the lungs, shatters the nerves, and poisons the blood. The liquor appetite is not a natural one; it has to be cultivated, and therefore it is all the more harmful to trifle with the drink habit."

THERE are no really good manners without Christian souls.—*Spanish Proverb.*



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Doing the Best

Busy Mr. Honey Bee,
Working every day,
Never wishes he might spend
All his time in play.

When he has a task to do,
Little Brother Ant
Never frets or has the sulks,
Never says, "I can't."

When Friend Spider breaks his web,
Straight he sets to work,
Mends the rent with patient care,
Never tries to shirk.

And, if Father Robin says,
"Children, you must fly;"
Every little baby bird,
Answers, "I will try."

Now, if birds and insects, all,
Strive the best to do;
Tell me, little girls and boys,
Pray why shouldn't you?

— Selected.

A Dog Carries a Cat to Her Food

THE little black dog and the little gray cat had been brought up together at the stables of the Sunday Creek Coal Company in the little mining town of Jobs, Ohio. They went together for their meals to the home of the stable boss, nearly a quarter of a mile up the road. Finally the little gray cat became so old and ill that she could not take the journey for her daily bread; so the little black dog sometime during each day picked her up, puppy-wise, and carried her up to the house, where they were fed, and then he carried her carefully back to the stables.

The first time I saw them getting ready, I said to Mr. Russel, "That dog is worrying the life out of that poor old cat." He told me to watch a little longer and see what would happen; and when the little black dog had arranged his burden to his own satisfaction and that of the little gray cat, he trotted away.

Mr. Russel told me that he carried her thus back and forth until the day she died.

Animals by instinct carry food to their young and to each other. Is it still instinct when they reverse the natural order of things and carry each other to food? — *Olive Rachel White, in St. Nicholas.*

Tabby's Scheming

ONE of Tabby's feats of ingenuity had a mouse for its leading part. Though she was fonder of bird meat than of mouse, she would hunt mice on inclement days. One summer we were very much annoyed by the little rodents. They would gain entrance to the cupboards and bookcases. We tried every known means to rid the house of these pests, but to no avail. At last I thought of a novel method by which I hoped

soon to exterminate them. The first time Tabby caught a mouse, I gave her a saucer of cream. She did not pay much attention to this, for it was quite a while before she caught another mouse. When she brought her second one, I gave her a saucer of cream, as before. It was not long before she brought another mouse, and seemed to expect the cream. Being very fond of cream, she now appeared to put forth all her energy to the one end of catching mice. Days passed, and the mice continued to be killed in such numbers that we all began to marvel at Tabby's skill in mouse-catching. I was compelled to give her so much cream that the milk bill became a great item in the household expenses. Strange to relate, the depredations of the mice did not decrease; and this clew led me to unearth one of the greatest cases of animal graft that I ever heard of. By observing closely I found out that, instead of catching different mice, Tabby would observe where I put the mouse she last brought me, would get it, take it away, and in the course of half an hour would bring it back and receive her saucer of cream. — *Children's Visitor.*

An Incident From Bird Life

I HAVE long loved the dear little wrens. I never, when a boy, would let a spring pass without putting up a yeast-box bird-house on our clothes-line post as a nesting place for them. And I was always well paid for my effort. Their merry, happy songs were ever a joy to me.

I took special interest in one pair of birds because of the difficulties they encountered in the rearing of a brood. On this particular spring I had just made a new bird-house, being careful to make the door small enough, as I thought, so the English sparrows could not enter; for these birds

are great enemies of our singing birds, and will take for their own, if possible, every bird-house one might put up.

Many days had not elapsed before some wrens were in my box. They were such a happy pair, busying themselves in bringing the straws and twigs for that fine new nest.

The nest was finished, and the eggs were laid. But the happiness of the birds was not to last. Contrary to my calculations, the doorway to the bird-house was too large, and the English sparrows made an invasion. These wily fellows entered the house, drove out the wrens, and proceeded to occupy. As if to show their contempt, they carried out the nest and eggs, and dumped them upon the ground below. The sparrows now carried in a great many twigs, and built a crude nest according to their own fashion.

I was chagrined when I returned home from school at noon and saw what had been done. I immediately set myself to clearing out that nest with as much zeal as the sparrows had used in tearing out the wrens' nest before. To prevent a recurrence of sparrow oc-



St. Nicholas

GOING TO DINNER

cupation, I nailed a small strip of wood across the lower part of the doorway, making the aperture much smaller than before.

The wrens moved back that very afternoon, and began the construction of a new nest. But the sparrows were not to give up at a single attempt at nest-destroying. No sooner had I returned to school, than they were back again with a dozen or more added to their company. What a screeching and fluttering and screaming there was as they found themselves shut out! That stick across the door was causing all the trouble. They had been inside once, and why could they not succeed in getting in again? They tried their best to squeeze through, but all in vain. If only that stick was away! Finally, with almost human sense, they discovered what held the stick in place. With their little bills they pulled and pecked and pulled at the heads of those two carpet tacks, which extended above the wood surface, until the stick came off. Then matters were exciting. The victory made them overjoyous, and again they moved into the bird-house.

I was much surprised when I came home from school and saw what had happened.

Again I nailed up the wood strip, but with headless nails. The sparrows tried to get this one off by catching on the edges and pulling with their bills. They were unsuccessful of course, and finally gave up. Since they could not own the house for themselves, they were determined not to let the wrens enjoy it. A dozen or more would get on the gable of our barn, and as soon as they saw one of the wrens come out, they would swoop down and light on the roof of the bird-house and make the worst racket they could. Then away they would fly again, only to get ready to make another swoop to frighten the wrens. This continued several days. How the little wrens stood up under it all I can not quite understand; but the brave pair did, and managed finally to rear a brood.

From this incident in bird life I learned a lesson in perseverance, and in patience under persecution. Watch the creatures God has made, and you, too, may learn valuable lessons from them. They, as well as we, have their joys and sorrows. Sin's mar is upon them as well as upon man. But only through man's sin did it all come.

E. C. JAEGER.

A True Crow Story

It was a dreary, rainy afternoon. The children could not go out to play. They were tired of all their toys, and four sober little faces were pressed against the window-pane.

They knew that the rain was necessary, and they had been taught to amuse themselves and one another, but to-day everything seemed blue and glum; even

mama, who had experienced the rainy days of thirty-three summers, felt that it was a blue day. She now sat by the window with her basket of mending, wishing that she could think of a story to help the children pass the time more pleasantly.

"Caw! Caw!" cried a black crow as it hopped farther in among the branches of a big tree.

"Listen, children!" said mama, "it may say something to you."

"Why, mama, crows can't talk!"

"Well, I will tell you about one that could."

The rain was forgotten, and four little eager faces were upturned to the dear mother, who, though always busy, and often tired, had not forgotten that she, too, was once a child.

"When I was a little girl about like Vera," said mama, "my papa had to go one day on a business trip into the country. So, after I was safely off to school, he hitched up the horse, and he and my mother, who always went with him on these trips, started at a good, brisk trot on their six-mile drive, expecting to return before I came from school.

"They soon reached their destination. The farmer was cutting wood, and on the wood-pile sat a big black crow. As they approached, they heard the bark of a very large dog (judging from the bark), followed by the quick, sharp yelp of a puppy. The farmer walked up and shook hands with papa, and, as he did so, something in or on the wood-pile said: 'Don't! stop that!' then the big dog barked so loud and long, and the crow on the wood-pile cawed so hard, that the farmer picked up a chip, and,

throwing it at the crow, said: 'Shut up, Dick! get out of there!'

"The crow hopped away to another log, and said, 'Caw!' in a very saucy manner.

"Papa asked if it were a pet crow, and if it would hurt the puppies, saying, 'The mother dog doesn't seem to like the crow. Are her puppies in the wood-pile!'

"There aren't any pups, or dog either; that's the crow,' said the farmer. Then, after he had told of several of his cute tricks, he said, 'Yes, we think lots of him, but we've got to get rid of him. He steals nearly all the eggs the hens lay, and hides everything he can carry or drag from the house and barn.'

"Well, papa bought the crow, and brought him home in a box. When I came from school, mama said, 'Nettie, there's a pet in a box in the back yard for you, but don't get too near it.'

"I was used to surprises of all kinds, and knowing they had been to the country, I was prepared for anything. As I opened the door, I spied the box, and heard the bark of the big dog, then a yelp. The box was too small to hold a dog that could bark like that, to say nothing of the puppy. I peeped in, and saw two blue-black eyes, like beads, and so close together that



THE DAINTY WREN

the owner could not be a dog. Then from that mysterious box came, in angry tones, 'Stop! Get out of here, Dick! Caw! Caw!'

"A parrot!" I said. But mama said no. I guessed until I got quite excited, always ending with the statement, 'It must be a parrot.' I could hardly believe it when mama said it was a common black crow, and that its tongue had been cut in the same manner as a parrot's, to enable it to talk.

"Dick was a great pet. He picked up words very easily. One time he stopped the horse, as we started for a drive, by saying, 'Whoa! Whoa!'

"He soon learned to say, 'Nettie, meat!' as he was very fond of fresh beefsteak. If we gave him an egg, he would flop his wings and scold dreadfully, but if left within his reach, it was sure to disappear.

"Dick was the pet of the neighborhood. We all felt very bad when, one night, he was stolen.

"The next time it rains, I'll tell you another crow story."

The rain had stopped, the children had learned a lesson in natural history, and mama had lived over again, in memory, the dear days of childhood.—*Mrs. H. L. Speer, in Boys and Girls.*

Labels

"You can go right on talking to father, Mr. Jerrold," Madge Roberts said, gaily, "but I want Mrs. Jerrold to see my Viroto hat."

"I am sure, just because I happen to be a mere man, you wouldn't be cruel enough to deprive me of a pleasure," Mr. Jerrold retorted.

Madge dimpled, and made him a courtesy. She could not help being happy that the hat was so becoming.

"And it cost, exclusive of the label that I begged from Cousin Adelaide, exactly six dollars and seven cents," she explained, triumphantly, to Mrs. Jerrold. "Every girl I know, except one that I've let into the secret, really thinks it is a Viroto."

"Why not let them think it a Roberts, and get the credit you deserve?" Mr. Jerrold suggested, with, beneath the light words, a gravity which Madge was too absorbed to notice.

"If that isn't a 'mere man' question!" she responded. "To get looked down upon by lots of people when a simple little label can get me looked up to! I made my suit myself, and it's as big a success as my hat—and everybody thinks it came from Hammond's. It's my good luck to have rich cousins who can furnish the labels of the swell shops. I'm quite willing to keep my talents in the background; it counts a great deal more to be stylish than to be talented. I must run now—and take my Viroto to the recital. Good-by, both of you!"

It was a careless scrap of talk—nothing was farther from the girl's thought than that it would influence her life. Yet only four months later, when her father's sudden death made it necessary for her to become a wage-earner, that winter evening returned to her in a way she was never to forget. She had gone to Mr. Jerrold to ask his influence in obtaining a secretaryship of which she had heard.

Mr. Jerrold was kindness itself, but he shook his head gravely.

"Miss Madge," he said, "I would rather lose a thousand dollars than say what I must say, yet I should not be fair to you if I did not say it. I can not recommend you for the secretaryship because it

is a position of responsibility, and demands a woman of irreproachable honesty and honor. It is the Viroto label that stands in the way. Miss Madge, it is not that I should not trust you as far as you saw, but—I could not be sure that you would see clearly. I will do my best to help you to obtain some other position, but I could not in justice to the trust imposed upon me recommend you for this."

Two minutes later a girl hurried down the street, her cheeks burning, and her eyes full of tears. But she had learned her lesson.—*Youth's Companion.*

One Who Signed and Kept the Pledge

YEARS ago, at a temperance meeting held in the town of Rotherham, in Yorkshire, England, a young man came forward to sign the pledge. There was great surprise as he came up and took the pen to sign, for everybody knew him. He was the most confirmed drunkard in the town. He was only about twenty-four years old then, and yet he had become so addicted to drink that he would take his glass of brandy before breakfast—the sign of a degraded toper.

So the crowd stared and wondered with a great wonder.

"He will not last," some said.

"He'll break out again in a few days," said others.

Even the most hopeful scarcely dared to think it would mean a lasting change.

The days went by, and still he kept his pledge. Many mocked, many laughed. The fight was terrible, but still he kept on. Even his friends feared that he would not stand it, and that he would need strong drink to keep him from breaking down. But he stood firm.

And what was the secret, boys? Was it his strength of will?—Yes; that helped him also. It's a grand thing to be strong in will. Was it his self-respect?—Yes; that had, no doubt, much to do with it, too. He had a good name, and wanted to free it from dishonor. Was it his health and strength—the feeling that he was slowly but surely destroying his very body, to say nothing of his soul?—Yes; that had something, no doubt, to do with it, too. But there was more than this and more than them all together. That young drinker had a praying mother. She was a good Christian woman, and O, how dear to her was the son of her heart! And there can be no doubt it was the force of the Invisible Arm which moved in answer to that pleading mother's voice that not only brought the young man up to the table to sign the pledge, but kept him strong and able to defy the tempter day after day.

From that time he rose steadily in respect among his fellow townsmen. His powers of mind, which had not been quite destroyed by drink, proved to be powers of no mean order. He became wealthy. He prospered so much that he became the owner of an ancient mansion called Moorgate Hall. He rose still higher. He became an author of no mean repute, and no man in all the town was more highly esteemed than Mr. John Guest, of Moorgate Hall. And when, long years after, he died, he died in a good old age, full of years, riches, and honors, leaving behind him a stainless name.

The lesson, boys, is this: Never despair. No matter how you have failed, try again, and by God's grace you will be sure to succeed.—*Selected.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society Christ's Second Coming — No. 6

IN this our last study of this series of lessons we will endeavor to get a glimpse of that beautiful home of which it is said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." But because of his love for us, "God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." 1 Cor. 2:9, 10. What joy and pleasure we have as we anticipate the perfect peace of that home as it is given to us even now through the gift of Christ.

Was not this home given to us in the beginning? Gen. 1:1; 2:8, 15. What was man's position in it? Gen. 1:26. How did God make man? What did man finally do? Eccl. 7:29. Who led him into it? Gen. 3:1-6; Rev. 20:2. Into what did it bring him? 1 Peter 2:19, last clause. What, therefore, came to his seducer, and as what did the Lord recognize him? Luke 4:5, 6; John 14:30. When this change in rulers came, what change took place in both the dominion and the earth? Gen. 1:29, 30, teaches that every animate thing under the first dominion lived on vegetation, showing a dominion of peace; but after sin entered, satanic propensities actuated animate creation; the earth also was cursed, and all the woes of sin, like a mighty flood, swept in; and we know the consequences.

Was this earth created in vain? Isa. 45:18. For what purpose did God make it? Same verse. Is it not vanity in its present condition? Ps. 39:5; Isa. 40:17; Rom. 8:20, 22; Eccl. 12:8. What will restore it to God's ideal? Rev. 21:5. How complete will the first plan be? Micah 4:8. Therefore what kind of possession will we have? Eph. 1:14. When and how did Christ redeem all things? Gal. 3:13; 1 Peter 2:24. He bore the curse of the ground also. Gen. 3:17, 18; Matt. 27:29.

We wonder when this change will be; and from the former lessons in this series we have learned something of its very near approach. But the Lord has been pleased to reveal even this to us. 2 Peter 3:10 tells us what is to happen to this earth, and verse 7 shows us the destiny of the wicked at this time. In view of these facts, we are told in verses 11, 12, what to do; for we are looking for the same things (verse 13) which have been the inspiration of the people of God of all ages. Heb. 11:9-16, 24-26.

Isa. 65:17-25 presents to us a view of our promised inheritance. All the way through, its account reminds us of the home we lost. Think of building houses to inhabit, and planting vineyards to eat the fruit thereof. The thirty-fifth chapter is devoted entirely to this subject. Notice especially the encouragement of verses 3 and 4. Chapter 11:4-9 is another prophecy of the blessings of the new earth. Read chapter 55:12, 13. Then to climax the whole theme, the Lord gave to John, for the last chapters of the Bible, the most wonderful revelation of added glories to the Edenic home, for those who shall finally triumph in the gospel.

Commencing with chapter 21, read the first seven verses with great care. As a crowning blessing, what is seen to come down from God out of heaven? What comparison is used to describe its beauty and glory? What wonderful announcement is made in verse 3? Where, then, will the center of the universe be? According to verse 4, what further inestimably great blessing will be given to us? According to verse 5, how complete will the transformation be? How much will each of us inherit? Verse 7. That we may be fitted to receive these blessings, what has he promised to do? Verse 6.

Then also we know that we are to be real creatures. Sin has dwarfed us till we are much less in stature than we should be. So we have the promise of Mal. 4:2, to show us what will happen as soon as sin, which has stunted our growth, is removed. What change will come to us? 1 Cor. 15:51-54; Phil. 3:21. What knowledge have we of "his glorious body"? Luke 24:36-43. What did he ask them to do to him? What did he do before them? What body did he have? John 20:24-27. From these scriptures we see he had the same body that hung on the cross. It had been changed from mortality to immortality.

Who will not be there? Rev. 21:8; 22:15. Who will be there? Rev. 22:14. O brother! O sister! will not you come? Read the description of the city as given in these last two chapters. Do you not wish to be there? From our studies in the past we know the hopes of the faithful will soon be realized. Let your mind run out, even to its utmost limit, in its endeavor to picture a beautiful home, and then remember that you have scarcely touched the first outlines of the reality of our beautiful heavenly home. Do you feel the invitation of chapter 22:17? Do you hear it so enticingly that you extend the invitation, "Come"? Even now is the harvest ready for the "loud cry" of the reapers. And what more shall I say? My pen falters as I think of the glories of the world to come, and I can add only the invitation of inspiration, "Come."

CHANCY WOOD.

Some Glimpses of the General Conference

DEAR young people who read the INSTRUCTOR, how I wish you might all have attended the great Conference, to hear the inspiring reports of our workers who had come from every part of the globe to tell us of the wonderful works of God. As I listened to one after another,—white brethren, and those of darker hue, some in English, and others in unfamiliar tongues,—my heart overflowed with wonder, love, and praise, and I was led to exclaim, "God has not dealt so with any people since the first century of the Christian era."

I have stolen away to one of the beautiful glens on the Sanitarium grounds, to be alone and to try to tell you a few of the encouraging things I have heard.

Some of our young people have always known these wonderful truths, and perhaps do not fully appreciate the blessings of being an Adventist. While I have been a Methodist the greater part of my life, and have served that great church sixteen years in city missionary work, I have always been an ardent missionary student, and have heard many interesting reports from foreign mission fields, but it seems that God certainly manifests especial favor toward our missionaries.

There were seventy-three mission fields represented, I believe, and the report of every missionary and del-

egate had a note of victory in it that said, "Our God is working for us, and the message is going rapidly." They told of enormous difficulties overcome, of icy, swollen rivers crossed, of prejudice and hatred subdued, of privation, sickness, and death, but always triumph in the end.

I think I will tell you one story to illustrate how God is going ahead of our missionaries, saying, Come, work in my vineyard, for a short work will I do in the earth, that the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdom of my Son *in this generation*.

You have been reading the delightful descriptions of Java in the INSTRUCTOR — of its thirty-two million people on an island six hundred by one hundred miles. Our missionaries have been there only about two years, and supposed, on opening up the work there, that they were the first missionaries to go to these Mohammedans; but not so. For, nearly fifty years ago, a godly man named Jantz went to Java from Holland. He translated the Bible into Javanese. His children also became missionaries. About sixteen years ago the daughter received light on the Sabbath, and also on the second coming of Jesus. The father and the brother did not accept this light, and so it became necessary for Miss Jantz to separate from them. She secured a small grant of land from the government, and for these years has labored on alone, gathering in the poor, helpless heathen people, telling them of Jesus and his love, and teaching them to obey in all things as far as she herself had been taught of God.

Finally she heard of our workers, and sent for them to come and take entire charge of the mission, that she might go back and take care of her aged mother. When one of our ministers went to talk the proposition over with Miss Jantz, he found a most beautiful and prosperous little village, or plantation, with a church of two hundred members, intelligent and devoted. Some of the young people who had been out to preach the gospel to the surrounding heathen, returned while he was there, and he said the report of their work was sweet and refreshing.

Here, then, is a work well developed, with the Bible already translated into the native tongue. And Miss Jantz has been persuaded to take some of our best tracts home with her to translate. My pen is too slow to tell you about it. This is only *one* of the many wonderful stories I have heard.

You would have enjoyed the early morning meetings, when we gathered at six o'clock to pray and testify. Here, also, the missionaries came and told us of God's mighty triumphs as they labored in lands where other good Protestants could not gain a foothold. Especially is this true among the Moslems and the Jews. The mighty truths, the clean lives, the explanation of the fulfilment of prophecies, all appeal to them as nothing else will. They detect insincerity in a Christian who teaches that *one* of the ten commandments has been abrogated, and they think that those who pay so little attention to many of its books of prophecy, do not really believe the Bible.

One morning Elders AcMoody and Ising told us of their work among the Moslems of Turkey and Syria. Another morning Elder Fulton told us about the Fijians. The Seventh-day Adventist Church there is called by the other natives, "The clean church," because of the clean, temperate habits of the members.

Elder H. H. Votaw, in telling of the people of Rangoon, Burma, said that smoking is so common

among them that men, women, and children are seldom seen without a cigarette, and that he had been told by missionaries of other denominations that unless he admitted tobacco users to membership, he would have very little to do. But he held the standard high, and never baptized any who had the filthy habit. The result has been that the church in Rangoon is composed of members as clean and as self-controlled as one will find anywhere.

Mrs. E. G. White's voice was heard as no other speaker's voice was heard throughout the immense congregation in and around that great tent. Simple and unassuming, earnest and uncompromising, loving and tender, her words were with power; and as we listened, our minds were convinced, while our hearts were comforted and assured. Sister White is so deeply anxious for the spiritual growth and happiness of this people, as well as for the progress of the message, that she forgets herself and yearns over the people as a mother over her children. I believe, yes, know that she is the prophet of the Lord, by whom he has led this people step by step since 1844. I could prove it to you by many things I heard at educational meetings and at other special services, where we found that in school matters, in health reform, in the publishing work, in missions, and in other lines, we should have made wonderful progress as a people had we heeded her instructions given years ago in different Testimonies. But now we have lagged behind so long that in some of these things others are taking up these very principles, and are outstripping us.

I am glad that I am a Seventh-day Adventist, glad that three years ago I was obedient to the "heavenly vision;" for, without doubt, this is the remnant church which keeps the commandments of God and has the testimony of Jesus.

And to think that God gave me light on the Sabbath when I was a young girl! But I resisted and dared not obey, although God kept calling me all through the years. Beloved, I am often overcome and touched to tears when I think how nearly I came to being lost, having sinned so long against light. But he has loved me with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness has he drawn me. O, begin now to believe him, trust his word, *love* him, and work for his poor lost ones whom Jesus came to save!

KATHERINE L. PECK.

Thoughts From Spurgeon

A CHILD of God should be a visible beatitude for joy and happiness, and a living doxology for gratitude and adoration.

A good character is the best tombstone. Those who loved you and were helped by you will remember you when forget-me-nots are withered. Carve your name on hearts, and not on marble.

He who climbs above the cares of this world, and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind; but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.

Many books in my library are now behind and beneath me. They were good in their way once, and so were the clothes I wore when I was ten years old; but I have outgrown them. Nobody ever outgrows Scripture; the Book widens and deepens with our years.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV — Sermon on the Mount

(July 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 5:1-16.

PARALLEL TEXT: Luke 6:20-26.

MEMORY VERSE: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5:16.

The Lesson Story

1. After choosing his twelve apostles, Jesus "came down with them, and stood in the plain, and the company of his disciples, and a great multitude of people out of all Judea and Jerusalem, and from the sea-coast of Tyre and Sidon, which came to hear him, and to be healed of their diseases; and they that were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed. And the whole multitude sought to touch him: for there went virtue out of him, and healed them all."

2. "And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven." The first words of Jesus were words of blessing. Rich and poor alike were pronounced blessed or happy, if willing to lay aside their pride and become poor in spirit. God can not save the proud, for he dwells with those who have a contrite and humble heart.

3. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." "Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh." Jesus helps us to bear every trial and sorrow. Our sins should cause us to mourn until they are forgiven. Each sin we commit pierces the Saviour's heart, and we should feel so sorry to grieve him, that we will hate sin and put it away. Those who mourn in this way are blessed.

4. "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth." To be meek is to be gentle and long-suffering. The Christian will, like Jesus, be always humble and kind even when ill-treated. "If, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." When Jesus was reviled, he "reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." The meek may be poor and despised now, but God will finally honor them and give them the whole earth.

5. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." We should be more anxious to do right and to please God than we are to have food and drink when we are hungry and thirsty. The psalmist had this hunger for righteousness when he said, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Those who hunger and thirst for God in this way have the promise that they shall be filled.

6. "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." To be merciful is to be like God, for "the Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy. The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works."

If we would be like God, we will be kind to all his creatures. He notices when even a sparrow falls to the ground.

7. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Every impure thought and act defiles the heart. We should daily pray, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." All sin and selfishness hides God from us. He says, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear." Those only who are made pure and clean through the blood of Jesus will see his face and live.

8. "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." Those who quarrel and live in strife can not be called the children of God. But we must be at peace with the Lord if we would live in peace together. He says, "Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them." If we speak harsh, unkind words, in our work or play, and can not live peaceably at home, we may know that we are not the children of God.

9. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

10. "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill can not be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Questions

1. After choosing his disciples, where did Jesus go? Who were round about him? For what had they come? What did all the people try to do? Why? Luke 6:17, 19.

2. When Jesus saw the multitudes, where did he go? Matt. 5:1. When he sat down, who seated themselves next to him? May we be near Jesus now? Acts 17:27, last part. Repeat the first sentence of this sermon which Jesus preached. In what way did he say all could be happy, or blessed? Matt. 5:1-3. With whom does God promise to dwell? Isa. 57:15.

3. What did Jesus say of those who mourn? Matt. 5:4; Luke 6:21. What does Jesus help us to bear? What should cause us to mourn? How do our sins affect him? How should this cause us to feel?

4. What did Jesus say concerning the meek? Define meekness. Give an example of meekness. What is said to be acceptable to God? What did Jesus do when reviled? To whom did he commit himself when he suffered? Matt. 5:5; 1 Peter 2:20, 23.

5. What others did Jesus say were blessed? Matt. 5:6. How greatly should we long to please God and to do right? To what did the psalmist compare his soul-hunger? Ps. 42:1. How earnestly did he desire God's blessing? Ps. 84:2. What is the promise to those who hunger and thirst for God in this way?

6. What did Jesus say of the merciful? Matt. 5:7. Repeat Ps. 145:8. To how many is the Lord

good? How far does his mercy extend? Verse 9. What kind of mercy does the Lord manifest toward us? If we are like God, how will we treat his creatures?

7. Why are the pure in heart blessed? Matt. 5:8. What defiles our hearts? For what should we daily pray? Ps. 51:10. What hides God from us? Isa. 59:2. Who only can see his face and live?

8. Who did Jesus say shall be called the children of God? Matt. 5:9. Who can not be his children? Who have the peace of God? Ps. 119:165. What may we know if we can not live at peace with others?

9. What did Jesus say of those who suffer persecution? How may we be treated and yet be blessed? How should we feel when falsely accused? Why? Who are mentioned as having already been persecuted? Matt. 5:10-12. How do we naturally feel when treated this way?

10. What did Jesus say of those who are his disciples? What may happen to salt? What use can be made of it then? What lesson should we learn from this illustration? What other comparisons did Jesus make? In what way are lights useful? How may we give light to men? What will the light we give cause others to do? Matt. 5:13-16.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV — The Sermon on the Mount; The Beatitudes

(July 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 5:1-16.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Luke 6:20-26.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 31; "Mount of Blessing," pages 7-76.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 5:16.

Questions

1. As the multitude surrounded Jesus where did he go? Who came to him? Matt. 5:1.
2. What did Jesus then do? Verse 2; note 1.

The Beatitudes

3. Why were the poor in spirit called "blessed"? Verse 3; note 2.
4. What did Jesus say of those who mourn? Verse 4.
5. What does he say of the meek? Verse 5; note 3.
6. Who does he say shall be filled? Verse 6; note 4.
7. What promise is made to the merciful? Verse 7; note 5.
8. What is the blessed promise to the pure in heart? Verse 8; note 6.
9. What is said of the peacemakers? Verse 9; note 7.
10. Who among the persecuted are blessed? What promise is given all such? Verse 10; note 8.
11. What further blessing is pronounced upon the persecuted for his sake? Verse 11; note 9.
12. What should they do when persecuted? What promise and encouragement are given? Verse 12.
13. What does he declare his disciples to be? What is the condition if the savor be lost? Verse 13; note 10.
14. To what else is the church of Christ likened? Verse 14.
15. For what purpose is a light used? Verse 15.

16. What should God's people do? Why? Verse 16.

Notes

1. "The sermon on the mount, though given especially to the disciples, was spoken in the hearing of the multitude."—"Desire of Ages," page 298. Jesus was tempted as all have been to indulge in idle talk, but he ever resisted all such temptations, and when he spoke he *taught* his hearers. The things of God were paramount in every word and act. What a lesson this should be to those who are looking for his second coming.

2. The poor in spirit are the humble, the penitent, the teachable. "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Isa. 66:2. In such hearts Christ sets up his throne, and there he dwells. Isa. 57:15.

3. True meekness comes alone from Christ, "It is the love of self that destroys our peace. While self is all alive, we stand ready continually to guard it from mortification and insult; but when we are dead, and our life is hid with Christ in God, we shall not take neglects or slights to heart. We shall be deaf to reproach, and blind to scorn and insult. . . . The meekness of Christ, manifested in the home, will make the inmates happy; it provokes no quarrel, gives back no angry answer, but soothes the irritated temper, and diffuses a gentleness that is felt by all within its charmed circle."—"Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," pages 30, 31.

4. Hunger means much. Men have become so overpowered by it that they have taken human life to relieve it; but thirst is even more intense. Men go insane from thirst, and it is nearly always the case that it is thirst which renders hunger intolerable. Men can live without food for many days, but they can live only a short time without water. These characteristics of our physical needs should teach us the importance of supplying our spiritual sustenance. Does our body need bread? more than this our souls need the bread of life. Does the physical man call for water? infinitely more do we need God's Spirit, the water of life. But if we hunger and thirst, the Great Provider will abundantly supply our need.

5. We are not to wait to exercise mercy till we are asked; we are ever to hold this disposition toward our greatest enemies. As we deal with them who offend us, so God will deal with us. "For he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy; and mercy rejoiceth against judgment." James 2:13.

6. There is but one thing which hides God's face from us, and that is sin. Read Isa. 59:1, 2.

7. It is easy to stir up strife, to cause hard feelings among brethren; to peddle gossip. But the true Christian will ever work to heal all differences and alienations between brethren.

8. The promise to the persecuted is the same as that to the poor and humble.

9. "A man whose heart is stayed upon God is just the same in the hour of his most afflicting trials and most discouraging surroundings, as when he was in prosperity, when the light and favor of God seemed to be upon him. His words, his motives, his actions, may be misrepresented and falsified, but he does not mind it, because he has greater interests at stake."—"Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," pages 52, 53.

10. Salt is a preservative, and is so used as a symbol here. So God's church instead of bringing calamity upon the world, preserves the world. Ten good persons in Sodom would have kept it from destruction.

The Youth's Instructor

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"White Is the World"—Blessed

"Do you know the significance of the word blessed?" asked an eminent scholar, whose Welsh birth made him familiar with the language and literature of that land. "It has a peculiar meaning, when it is traced through its derivations to its Welsh root. Its ultimate meaning is, 'White is his world.' Think of the beatitudes, 'White is the world of the pure in heart.' 'White is the world of the peacemakers.' Is not that a radiant meaning?"

This bit of suggestion is worth thinking about and passing on. How the white light, which unites the rainbow hues in its ray, shines through the Word of God! "They shall walk with me in white" who have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "Let thy garments be always white" is the explicit command, even for the earthly walk. But this is synonymous with happiness. Evil and stain must be put from the Christian sphere in order to attain its blessedness, and nothing can more truly signify a Christian's gladness in God's smile than "white is his world."—*Selected.*

Blessed

BLESSED is the man who counts another's time as valuable as his own.

Blessed is the man who is generous to his neighbor in all things except the application.

Blessed is the man who has not found out that he is superior to other men.

Blessed is the man who leans forward instead of backward.

Blessed is the man who is guilty of the splendid virtue of promptness.

Blessed is the man who sees nobility in being faithful on a committee.

Blessed is the man who looks while he listens.

Blessed is the man who knows not how to flatter, but knows how to appreciate.

Blessed is the man whose watch closes without a snap.

Blessed is the man who is afraid to leave his work undone.

Blessed is the man who has grace enough to give up the end seat in the pew.

Blessed is the man who knows how to take a dog out of church.—*Edgar W. Work, in Ram's Horn.*

You Are Responsible

THERE are few things more cowardly than for young men and women to try to shift the responsibility for their faults off upon their early bringing up. For as soon as one is able to recognize a mistake in his training, he is able to go to work to rectify it.

"I wasn't brought up to wait on myself," says the young man who drops his hat and coat on the chair nearest the door when he comes in, and leaves them for some one else to put away. That is unfortunate, but not irreparable. Your training did not begin as early as it should, but it can never begin any earlier than the present minute. Take yourself in hand. Whoever is responsible for the existence of the faults you discover in yourself, you, and no one else, are responsible for their continuance.—*Young People's Weekly.*

Rejoice Always

It is a sad and cheerless heart that makes the world dreary to certain people; if only they would let joy enter to dwell within, a new world would be created for them. There is a legend of a wonderful bell which rings in heaven, whose sweet tones only those can hear whose hearts are pure and gentle.

"It is said, somewhere, at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
And a man may listen and harken
To the wondrous music that rings.

"If he puts from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartache, and weary longing
That throb in the pulses of life;

"If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings."

—*Selected*

Father's Always Right

THERE had been a time of trouble
In the little home that day;
For a childish will was stubborn,
And was bound to have its way.
But the father firmly, gently,
With the wilful spirit strove,
Patiently, until it yielded
To the mastery of love.

Came the child to me at twilight
With the story of the day,
Telling of the love that pleaded
All its stubbornness away;
And it smiled through tears, and whispered,
As the little face grew bright
At the thought of wrong forgiven,
"Somehow father's always right."

O, earth's wayward, grown-up children,
Wilful in our word and way,
Think how God's great heart is wounded
By our stubbornness each day,
How we try the tender patience
Of the Father that's above,
Who would make us learn his lessons
Out of ways made wise by love.

O, to have the faith the child had
In the love behind the will!
O, to feel, when we are punished,
That our Father loves us still!
O, to yield beneath the pleading
Of that love till faith is sight!
O, to feel, whatever happens,
That our Father's always right!

—*Eben E. Rexford, in Christian Endeavor World.*

A MAN may be a great student of Scripture without being a great saint.—*Rev. J. H. Hodson.*