

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW TRY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Eventide

ACROSS the land the night's oncoming shadows
In length'ning outlines fall;
The setting sun's last rays of golden glory
Fade on the mountain wall.
The curfew bell afar its note is pealing,
Telling the close of day;
Up from the sea a cooling breeze comes stealing,
Whispering its soothing lay:—

Sleep, for the night draws 'round thee;
Sleep, for it brings thee rest;
Sleep; leave care to the morrow;
Sleep, for these hours are blest;
Sleep, for each bright star above thee,
Twinkling in heaven's blue,
Tells of a Father loving,
Who watcheth and careth for you.

EDITH STARBUCK.

The White Birch of New England

MANY an absent boy or girl, whose earliest recollections are associated with a home "far away on the hills of Old New Hampshire" or some other New England State, has longed for just one glimpse of a clump of white birches, with their dainty, sensitive leaves shimmering and fluttering in the slightest breeze, which was so peculiarly one of the features of the old home.

In New England, under the favorable climatic conditions, these trees attain to their greatest height and beauty, it being a not uncommon thing to see them fifty or sixty feet in height, and with a diameter of a foot to a foot and a half. The white birch prefers a cool climate, seeming to love the realm of the Frost King, although diminishing in size as we proceed into the regions of the "farthest north." It even dares to brave the rigors of an arctic winter, and is found in far-away Greenland.

One of the most attractive features of this most attractive tree is the bark, which is smooth and silvery-white, its outermost layers being thrown off as the tree advances in age. The uses of this bark are legion. In the days before the white man came to these shores, the primitive forest-dwellers fashioned from it their graceful canoes; baskets were made from it, its fibers were twisted into a kind of coarse rope, and in time of famine it has even been steeped and served as food. At the present time it is used for many decorative purposes, that of writing-paper being one of the most familiar. Some affirm that it possesses medicinal properties of value in cases of fevers and eruptions.

The wood is white, firm, and tough, and has a variety of uses. It is much in demand for spools, barrels, and in wheel-making; in fine, it is one of man's most useful forest friends. No doubt some of the older New England boys and girls will recall another use to which the "birch" has often been applied.

There are many species of birch, but the white birch is most picturesque. The bark is so strong

and firm that the wood of the fallen tree will not rot entirely away as long as the case of bark remains sound and solid. The Indians appreciated this fact, and many a child of the forest lies sleeping in a shroud of birch bark, this being their primitive method of embalming the dead.

The birches are clannish trees, seeming to prefer growing in little clusters of their own kind, although individual trees scatter occasionally, being sometimes found among the evergreens, their silvery bark making a beautiful contrast against the dark background. Their favorite haunts are rocky old fields and abandoned farms, often some barren, sandy spot where no other trees grow; perhaps this explains why the birch clings so lovingly to New England. The saying "shaking like an aspen

The Young Man Who Resigned

A MERCHANT pointed out to a new stenographer the other day several serious and wholly inexcusable mistakes which he had made. The stenographer colored at the first word of the lecture, and waited impatiently—and without listening—until it was ended. Then he resigned.

"Why do you resign?" asked the merchant.

"Because I won't let any man take advantage of his power as an employer, and speak harshly to me."

"What did I say?" asked the merchant.

"I don't know just what it was. I only know you were jumping on me about my work."

"Why did you leave the position you had before you came to us?" asked the merchant.

"For the same reason that I'm leaving here. The man thought he could jump on me just



AN ARTISTIC GROUP OF WHITE BIRCHES

leaf" could be varied by saying "like a birch leaf;" for the leaves of this tree are so hung on the branches that they respond to the slightest flutter of the air.

The beauties of the birch tree furnish a fitting theme for the brush of the artist or the pen of the poet. A lover of nature has paid a fitting tribute to our theme under the caption, "My Lady Birch:—"

"You are indeed a lady,
My tall and slender birch,
And none will find a fairer one
Wherever he may search.

"My lady birch, I wonder
What does my presence give
To one so very delicate,
So finely sensitive.

"I only know there never
Seem darker stains on me,
Than when I come and look on you,
And all your whiteness see."

F. A. FROST.

because I was an employee," was the reply.

"But didn't you make any mistakes? Was your work perfect?"

"Of course I made mistakes. Nobody is perfect."

"Then you don't permit any one to speak to you of your mistakes?"

"I don't think harshness is the way to help a man to get along."

"And you regard any form of reproof as harshness?"

The stenographer was silent.

"The only talk about your work that you will listen to is praise?"

The stenographer was silent.

"You can't see that praise is not of the slightest value to you, that criticism is invaluable?"

The stenographer was silent.

"You can't see that by speaking to you of your mistakes, I was showing myself to be your friend; that if I had passed over your mistakes, I should have been doing you an injury?"

The stenographer was silent.

"Don't you think you'd better give me another trial?" asked the merchant.

"Yes," said the stenographer. But he resigned again within a week, and was let go.

At first blush every employee who reads this story will scoff at this stenographer as an unusual example of inordinate vanity. But— isn't the story worth thinking about? Is this stenographer so unusual, after all? Is such vanity rare, or is it only his courage of it that is rare?

It was by ambition that the angels fell. It is by self-excuse that men fall.

A very great man once said that no man had ever yet lifted his head so much as an inch above the mass of his fellows who had not the power of self-criticism—the ability to see his own faults either on his own initiative, or when some friend or foe pointed them out. The smaller kinds of superior men close their ears against their enemies, but learn when their friends are venture-some enough to criticise them. The larger kinds of superior men learn much from the frankness of friends, more from the fierce and scorching criticism of their unintentionally friendly foes. And on the day that a man ceases to be capable of self-criticism, ceases to be tolerant and eager for criticism from without, on that day his undoing begins.

Again and again you hear it said of a man, "He has reached his limit." What does that mean? In every case, close study of the man and his career will show that he has reached that stage at which self-exaltation has succeeded in silencing self-criticism.

Study the man who works beside you. Study the man who was promoted the first of the year. Study the man who wasn't—especially if he happens to be yourself. This is not a world of chance, but of causation. There was a "why" for the one man's promotion, another "why" for the other man's dismissal or failure to advance.

What the world most needs is not alms or crutches, but more friendly criticism, more self-criticism.

The place to begin to correct the evils in the social system is with the one member of it who is wholly under your control. Other corrections can wait. That one can't.—George Horace Latimer, in *Saturday Evening Post*.

NEWS NOTES

(From the *Springtime Breeze*)

WE'RE pleased to state that Mr. Wren
And wife are back, and at The Eaves.

The Robins occupy again
Their summer home at Maple Leaves.

The garden restaurant reports
A fresh supply of angleworms.

The Elms—that favorite of resorts—
Has boughs to rent on easy terms.

We learn that Mrs. Early Bee
Is still quite lame with frosted wings.

Ye Editor thanks Cherry Tree
For sundry floral offerings.

Down Cistern-way a waterspout
Has been a source of active floods.

We hear of rumored comings out
Of some of Springville's choicest buds.

In case you run across Green Lawn,
Don't wonder that he looks so queer;

'Tis only that he's undergone
His first short hair cut of the year.

—St. Nicholas.



IX—Words in Overalls and Broadcloth

I HAVE as much respect for the grimy cap and greasy overalls of the locomotive engineer as for the classic cap and gown of the university president. That is making a rather strong assertion, you think, but I will put it stronger still, and then give my reasons for these views. I have more respect for the common workingman who toils faithfully and does his duty conscientiously than for the enthusiastic man of letters, the gifted artist, or the eloquent statesman. It is no credit to a man of this latter class to work long hours, to become utterly wrapped up in what he is doing, to have an insatiable ambition to do his work better than it ever was done before. Every hour of such effort sees something of beauty created, something done that will stand as a monument to his skill. A true painter, poet, preacher, or teacher can not fail to be an enthusiast in his work.

With the humble toiler it is different. What is it that impels the woodchopper to keep up his ceaseless hammering from sunrise to sunset? Not the beauty of anything he has made; for he has taken that stately tree, which was a thing delightful to look upon, and sawn and torn and hammered it into a heap of unsightly splinters. Not the hope of riches allures him; for his long hours of drudgery bring him but a mere pittance. Not the thought that his brain or his hand is being trained and disciplined for some higher vocation; for his fingers are stiffened and blistered, his nerves are made unsteady, and his mind is dwarfed with the dreary routine. Yet he toils, and the great army of drudgery-workers toil, not for the fascination there is in their work, not for the glory they expect to win thereby, but because they are unwilling to acknowledge that the world has no place for them, because they are willing to do their duty, and support themselves and those dependent upon them, by whatever honest calling the world offers.

What is true of men and women is true of words. We have a vast word-population that spend their lives in verbal drudgery. They are ugly in form; they are ungraceful; they go about in the coarse and soiled garb of a day-drudge. There is nothing poetic, nothing artistic, nothing musical that can possibly associate with them. They have ten times as much to do as their dignified, broadcloth-clad superiors. They are the words that plant and harvest the crops, and carry them to the farthest corner of the world. They are the words that build great cities, and supply their inhabitants with the necessities of life. They even build the classic piles of masonry, wherein man is made acquainted with the whole word-aristocracy—words wherein beauty and dignity and sublimity are combined, and where many a youth is trained to despise all that is commonplace and useful.

True, these overalls-clad words are not all and in all. Their angular look, their plebeian appearance, their calloused hands and plowboy gait would, of necessity, unfit them for a place in a poem, for a scholarly oration, or for the sacred utterance of prayer. There is a whole fraternity of sleek words, which keep themselves aloof from the bustle and jostle of every-day life; there are the words venerable with age; there are the polished, mellifluous words of Latin derivation, all of which are indispensable in expressing our choicest thought in the most beautiful way.

One of the most glaring mistakes that young people make in writing or speaking is to drag into the expression of their commonplace ideas these high-sounding words, which are as much out of place in such expression as a silk hat would be on one driving a garbage wagon.

On the other hand, there is a whole cult of

verse-makers, mere mechanical rhymers, who, mistaking rhyme for poetry, fill the newspapers and periodicals with jingles, seldom containing a poetic idea, and constructed mostly of words from the gutter, or at best from the matter-of-fact commercial world.

There is no use saying that one class is more important than the other, any more than in saying that labor is more useful than capital; but the thing that young people should learn—and all others who have not yet learned it—is to keep words where they belong; for each class is indispensable in its proper place.

L. T. CURTIS.

Correct English¹

Is *per* properly used in the following sentence: "He sold his cattle for thirty dollars per head"?

No; the sentence should read, "He sold his cattle for thirty dollars *a* head." Use *a* as a preposition before English words; *per* is Latin, and should be used only with Latin words; as, *per annum*, *per centum*, *per diem*, *per capita*.

Is it correct to say, "What *are* the news?"

News is a singular noun. The sentence should read, "What *is* the news?"

When the pronoun *you* is singular, does it not require the singular form of the verb; as, "You was late"?

"You was" is as much out of harmony with good English as "you is." The pronoun *you*, even when referring to one person, always takes the plural form of the verb. Say, "You *were* late;" never, "You *was* late."

What is the correct use of the word *couple*? Is it correct to speak of "a *couple* of apples," "a *couple* of dollars," "a *couple* of men"?

Couple, as a noun, implies two of the same kind, connected or considered together. The word is not a synonym of *two*. In such cases as those mentioned above, *two* is the proper word to use. A gentleman and lady betrothed or married constitute a couple.

One frequently hears the word *pled* (or *plead*) in such sentences as, "The lawyer *pled* earnestly." Is it a good word?

The past tense of the verb *to plead* is *pleaded*. "Pled" has no place in correct English. In this connection, let me caution you against a few common misuses of the past tense of verbs. Do not say *leant* for *leaned*, *lit* for *lighted*, *spat* for *spit*, *shrank* for *shrunk*, *sank* for *sunk*, *dove* for *dived*, or *het* for *heated*.

Please give the correct pronunciation of *envelope* (as a noun), *either*, *neither*, *depot*, and *advertisement*.

Unaffected pronunciation requires us to say "ēn-vel-ōp," "ē-ther," "nē-ther," "dē-pō," and "ad-ver-tiz-ment."

Is it correct to say, "All Christians should love *one another*"?

Yes; for *each other* always supposes but two; *one another* supposes three or more.

D. D. REES.

THERE is no music like a little river's. It plays the same tune (and that's the favorite) over and over again, and yet does not weary of it like men fiddlers. It takes the mind out-of-doors; and though we should be grateful for good houses, there is, after all, no house like God's out-of-doors.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

¹ PROFESSOR REES will be glad to answer, in the INSTRUCTOR, or by letter, any queries concerning the correct use of words and phrases that may occur to our readers. Address, inclosing two-cent stamp, Prof. D. D. Rees, College View, Nebraska.



A Trip in Spain One Day at the Escorial

LEAVING Madrid at half-past eight in the morning, we reached the Escorial soon after ten. On the train, while our party engaged in conversation in French and German with an educated Spaniard, I noticed a Spanish peasant looking so eagerly at us that a gentleman near by was smiling at his expression. I approached the peasant, and began to talk with him. After questioning him about his village and occupation, he wanted to know where we came from, and what our business was. I told him we were in the book business, and taking my Spanish New Testament out of my pocket, began to read to him from Revelation 21. He listened attentively, and when I paused, took the book from my hand, and continued to read to me from the same chapter, pausing at every sentence to look at me, as if he feared that I might miss the full meaning of every point. When I offered him the book, he accepted it gratefully, and said: "I know a good many of these things. I have six sons, and we talk these things over. Those are the things that are worth talking about." I then offered him *El Faro* and *El Mensajero de la Verdad*, which he immediately began to read with evident delight.

Soon our train reached the Escorial, and we began to ascend the hill, on the top of which stands the mausoleum, or Pantheon, of the Spanish kings. Connected with it is a church, a convent, and a palace. Together, they make an extended, massive stone edifice. It was constructed by Philip II, in memory of his father, Charles V. To give an idea of its enormous proportions, I will mention that the whole fabric has sixteen courts, two thousand six hundred and seventy-three windows, eighty-nine fountains, eighty-six staircases, twelve hundred doors, and that the total length of its corridors is said to be one hundred miles.

We first visited the church, which is devoted to St. Lawrence, a Spanish soldier and martyr. Fitly to describe the awe-inspiring architecture of the interior, the grandeur and beauty of its artistic decorations, the richness of its ornaments in bronze, gold, marble, jasper, and agate, would be a difficult task. The choir, at the opposite side from the main altar, has one hundred and thirty carved hardwood seats. In one corner, the last in the row, is the seat where Philip II used to sit in mass, and from which the officiating priest can be distinctly seen at the altar. It was while sitting here, that the king first learned the news of the battle at Lepanto against the Turks. He said nothing; but when mass was over, he ordered the *Te Deum* sung. Here also, while hearing mass, the same king received the sad news of the destruction of the Invincible Armada. He said, simply: "I sent my fleet to make war against the English, not against the elements."

Next come the Pantheon, or royal tombs, situated in the vaults under the church proper. It is divided into two sections,—the Pantheon of the kings and the Pantheon of the infants. In the former are the kings, from Charles V down, in marble coffins. A new coffin is waiting for the present king, young Alfonso XIII, who is expected to visit the place for the first time in a

few days. A solemn reminder it will be to him of the fleeting character of life. The latter section, containing the members of the royal family, is composed of several rooms. The floors are of marble, the ceilings of granite, the passage vaults from one room to the other of polished white marble.

Nothing richer can be seen than these coffins of the whitest of marble, with here and there a life-sized sculpture representing the dead. These tombs, begun in 1862, were executed by a sculptor who worked at them till his death.

A whole section of the building is devoted to "the palace," a suite of rooms, parlors, and sleeping-rooms occupied by the royal family after the death of Philip II. The walls of all these rooms are covered with tapestry, on which the works of a few great painters were embroidered in the most vivid colors and with remarkable exactness. This in itself is a collection of great artistic and commercial wealth. The total number of these pictures in three hundred and thirty. A large dining-room in the chamber of the ambassadors may be mentioned as a truly royal apartment. Then come more rooms, with cases containing works of embroidery, made by royal hands, and with more paintings decorating the walls. Among these are life-size portraits of Charles V and Philip II. Both kings wear on their faces a striking expression of melancholy and doubt, with the addition of reckless obstinacy on the features of the son.

And now we are led to the private apartments of Philip II, composed of a sleeping-room and a small office. The simplicity of these rooms, with their tile floors and whitewashed, unadorned walls, makes a striking contrast with all we have seen. Philip II is said to have remarked that his intention was to make a palace for God and a cell for himself. A small, dark room connects with the choir of the church. Here Philip II died in his bed while hearing mass. Over the door is the following inscription in Spanish:—

*In this little precinct
Died Philip the Second
When the world was too small
For the son of Charles V.*

It was impossible for Brethren Wilkinson, Robert, and myself to refrain from a deep sense of sadness, mingled with gratitude to God, as we went through these buildings, which reveal some of the past glories of Spain, knowing how it has sunken in the scale of national greatness. Here are a few samples of the power of two men who dreamed and dared everything against the Protestant faith and nations. The gold of the world was theirs; at their bidding, streams of blood ran in the mad attempt to re-establish the supremacy of the pope, and effect the destruction of the gospel. But they failed, died in despair, and left their country exhausted and their people discouraged and reduced. And all this for blindly following the suggestions of the man of sin!



A CORNER OF THE ESCORIAL

While thus musing among ourselves, and eating our lunch in an adjoining park, we were joined by our Spanish friend, who expressed to us some thoughts on the same line, which go to show how at least some Spaniards view the political and moral degeneration of their country. This he said, in substance:—

"In its many royal palaces, museums, and cathedrals, Spain possesses millions upon millions worth of works of art and jewels, which might as well be sold, and the proceeds used for schools and other beneficial institutions. Instead of that, we are all the time increasing our debt to maintain our army and navy. Our politics are rotten, justice is nowhere found. When we see how other countries, like England and the United States, are going ahead, we are heartily ashamed. Now let me tell you my candid opinion about the late war between the United States and Spain. The greatest mistake the United States made when they took Cuba and the Philippines from us, was that they did not take the whole motherland with the rest, and give us a decent form of government."

Of course that would not have helped matters; but can you imagine anything sadder than these remarks, made by an intelligent Spaniard, speaking of his own fatherland?—a country coveted by all the great powers of history,—a country which yields the best grapes, olives, almonds, and pomegranates,—a country with a ravishing variety of climates, and one of the gems of this

old earth? Are not that wistful look from the peasant, the speechless joy with which he pressed that New Testament in his hands, and the sad confession from the merchant, impressive appeals to your heart? Can we underestimate the bitter humiliation and sorrow concealed by these men, when we remember the natural pride of man? and can we longer refuse this country the light and help that we who possess the wonderful gospel of Jesus, can give it? Can we, "to men benighted, the lamp of life deny"?

That these lines may awaken in some heart a true missionary spirit

for Spain, is my fervent prayer.

J. VUILLEUMIER.

The Better Things of Life

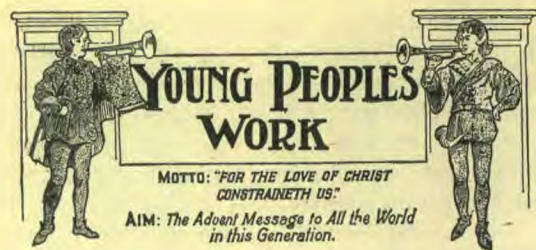
'Tis better to speak kindly words,
'Tis better to do kindly deeds,
'Tis better to know
That the seed you may sow
Will blossom as flowers, not weeds.

'Tis better to do with a will
The duties that come, one by one;
'Tis better to say
At the close of the day:
"I have tried to leave nothing undone."

'Tis better to cultivate love,
Contented with blessings of worth;
'Tis better to fight
For the cause that is right
Than to covet the riches of earth.

'Tis better to smile, though the heart
Be burdened with sorrow and pain;
'Tis better to smile,
For 'tis always worth while,
And we'll never pass this way again.

BENJAMIN B. KEECH.



THE missionaries of the future will be drawn from the young people who are missionaries to-day.

It is not easy to defeat a man who can not be defeated. There is no man so weak as the man who "can't," no man so strong as the man who "can." As a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he."

THE call of the hour is a call to service. It is the privilege of every young man to find his bearings even before he is ready for the service, and, under God, to learn what his future work is to be, then set his stakes, and work and pray to a definite end. Indefiniteness, a lack of earnest purpose, keeps a man turning around and around, and prevents him from accomplishing anything of real value.

EVERY ray of light God has given us in this message was intended for some one else as well as for us. We must be reflectors. The light must strike our lives, and be radiated out to the world. God has so arranged it in the economy of salvation that we never receive the blessings of his gifts until we impart them. When God bestows upon us a gift, we never have that gift until we give it away. This is one of the paradoxes of the gospel: that no man can have anything from God until he has imparted it. You may learn the greatest truth that God has ever given to the world; but you can never have that truth within your own heart until you have imparted it to others who are needy. E. R. P.

A Working Society

A GOOD report has been received from the Society at West Bay City, Michigan, which was organized last November. The membership is twenty-five. The Society holds weekly meetings, following the outlines of study given in the INSTRUCTOR. The following itemized report of work done is not only interesting, but may be suggestive to other Societies:—

"Given away, 123 copies of the INSTRUCTOR, 30 of the *Little Friend*, 21 of the *Review*, and 5 of *Good Health*; 39 copies of the *Life Boat* sold, 9 given away; 27 copies of the *Signs* sold, 21 given away; 1 copy of the *Sentinel of Christian Liberty* sold; 863 pages of tracts sold, 888 pages given away, 96 pages loaned; 18 garments made, 28 garments given away, 5 garments mended; given away, 5 cans of fruit, 4 loaves of bread, 1 sack of provisions, bananas and oranges to the sick; 2 loads of coal advanced to the sick; procured from city for needy, 1 cord of wood, and provisions amounting to \$2.04; made 43 missionary visits, 4 visits to prison, 3 visits to hospital, 5 visits to Old Peoples' Home; assistance given in housework and in caring for children, to rest tired mothers."

This Society certainly shows a very practical spirit, and goes about its work in a sensible, methodical way. The Societies that are slow to take up such definite lines of work are missing valuable experiences and rich blessings.

L. F. P.

St. Louis Young People's Work

THE following cheering report from our young people in St. Louis is found in a recent number of the *Workers' Record*. We are glad to "pass it on" here:—

Knowing how much I should enjoy a report from other young people in the State, I will tell you something we are doing here. We have no organized Society, but every one who comes is a member, the same as all church-members belong to the missionary society of the church. We have a leader and a secretary, and hold our meetings on Sabbath, about fifteen minutes after the close of the church service. We study the lessons given in the INSTRUCTOR, and each week a report is given of papers and tracts distributed, missionary visits made, or any other work that has been done. The "Busy Bees," the sewing circle, meet on Sunday afternoon, and are doing quite a little to raise money for missionary work. A self-denial box, which is to be opened at the end of the month, grows heavier each week. Its contents will go with the funds from the Busy Bees to help Brother Owen in his school work.

Some of the *Life Boat* workers from Chicago were here, and several of our young people have been out selling this paper, averaging from five to thirty copies each in a week.

We are glad to see the missionary spirit growing. The Lord seems to be at work; let us be ready to work with him. MARY L. ZENER.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Praying for Definite Results

(May 31 to June 6)

THE light that came on the United States in prophecy led the early pioneers to take up the warning against the enforcement of Sunday laws and general national apostasy long before they could see a visible movement in the direction of the evil thing. In the study of the subject last week all must have been impressed with the fact that what to our fathers in those days was a prophecy of coming danger, in regard to which they must give the warning message, is, in our day, a prophecy fulfilled, and day by day still fulfilling before our eyes. Another feature associated with the national apostasy in the last days, in the thirteenth of Revelation, is the miracle-working power of Satan in his warfare against the law and truth of God. This we should study.

But let us defer that subject a little, and make the topic of definite prayer the basis of our Bible study and main line of thought this week. Our young people mean sober, serious business in this matter of living the message and teaching it. The lesson that comes to us in all the study of the early days, when God gave to our fathers the great threefold message that is to finish his work in our day, is that God's work can never be done by man's power or effort merely. The work must be one of faith, and of absolute dependence upon the guidance of the Spirit of God. We have seen all along in our study the moving pillar of God's providence. God heard prayer, and sent direct answer, and guided the little flock by the spirit of prophecy.

Notice, in chapters XV and XVI, of "Rise and Progress," how direct answers to prayer led Elders Smith and Loughborough into just the place of service God had for them, how Hiram Edson was directed to help, and how light came on Scripture truth as brethren prayed.

Let the Bible study for the day be upon this subject of direct answer to prayer for specific needs. More cases will readily be suggested than the leader of the study will be able to use—the experiences of Elijah and Elisha, of Daniel and other prophets, of the church praying for Peter in prison, of Paul's assurance from God in the tempest in the Adriatic, and of the help the prayers of the Corinthian believers (2 Cor. 1:8-11) were to him in his labors far distant from them. Note that prayer on earth is a real thing in heaven. Rev. 8:3, 4.

May we not make much more of our prayer seasons by making our prayers more definite? Why not take the mission fields week by week, and pray by name for the fields and for the workers in the fields? Prayer and missionary progress have always gone hand in hand, and I believe we must more definitely pray to God for the workers to be qualified and for the means necessary to send them, as well as for specific interests in our local work. Take, for instance, China this week. Name it before God, with its four hundred millions of souls. Pray him to bless Brother LaRue and Sister Ida Thompson, and Brother E. W. Wilbur and wife in Hong-kong, where Brother LaRue for long years held the fort, waiting for us to send workers. Sister Thompson is teaching a Chinese school, and Brother Wilbur and wife are doing general mission work. Pray that Elder J. N. Anderson and wife, in Canton, may be blessed in the study of the language and in planning the work. Pray that Brother Pilquist and the new converts in far Honan, where our first church has been organized, may be bright and shining lights in Inland China. Pray that God may give us means and workers to do still more in that vast and waiting land. As reports are read, and the needs of the field studied, every member who is familiar with the needs may join in short-sentence prayers, specifically naming the need impressed on the heart, and asking God to supply the need. This is better than one or two long prayers. The burden of praying for the fields in this definite way will aid us in keeping acquainted with their needs and the names of the workers in them, through the study of the reports.

God loves this whole world, and the time has come to tell all the world about it. Let us encircle the world in our prayers to God.

W. A. S.

Prayer

HERE is a Leyden jar charged with electricity. Touch it, and the electricity must pass from the jar into your body.

Here is a reservoir full of water. Tap it at a lower level, and the water must flow out to serve your needs.

Here is a radiator through which steam is coursing. Approach it and stretch out cold hands toward it, and it must give up to you a part of its heat.

Here is a table weighted down with food, and you are healthy and hungry. Eat of the food, and it must yield up to you the strength of the soil and sun which it represents.

Here is a river flowing rapidly to the sea. Embark your skiff upon it, and it must carry you and your skiff down toward the ocean.

All these are only feeble illustrations of the absolute necessity with which the answer to prayer follows upon the prayer.

Is God bound?—Yes, in the same way in which he has bound his natural world which represents himself so accurately. It is his way of working. He chooses it. He exults in it.

When the woman touched Christ with the hand of faith, immediately he realized that virtue had gone forth from him. The touch of faith compelled it forth. It always did. It does so to-day.

Christ bade his followers to be absolutely responsive to the like faith-filled requests. If a man asked a coat, he was to have a cloak also. That is because Christ himself lives according to that law of response.

Prayer, therefore, is actual power with God. It is absolutely certain of a response from God. Speaking with entire reverence, God can not help responding to the prayer of faith.—C. E. World.

PRAYER is the key of the day and the lock of the night. We should every day begin and end, bid ourselves good-morning and good-night, with prayer.—Berkeley.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

*The Carpenter-Bird*

THERE is a cunning carpenter who's busy in our tree;

He's making him a house to hold his tiny family,
And finishing it up for them all tidy and all trim.
Hark! Don't you hear his hammer on the old
dead limb?

He must be much in earnest, for he works with
such a will;

I doubt if any carpenter can show a greater skill,
Or toil with blither cheer until the day grows dim.
With the "tap, tap," of his hammer on the old
dead limb!

Oh, can you not imagine how his heart with pride
will stir

When he gives a building lesson to each little
carpenter?

I know it is this thought that seems to bubble and
to brim

Whene'er I hear his hammer on the old dead
limb!

—Selected.

Glimpses of Child Life in Japan

KUMATARO was the name of a little Japanese boy who lived in the house adjoining mine in Tokyo, the capital of Japan. He was only three years of age, and I met him toddling along the narrow foot-path one morning as I started out for a walk.

"Master Bear," for that is the literal translation of his name, was dressed in a very pretty light-blue kimono, or wrapper, with a bright-red sash, or *obi*. He wore little straw sandals and short white stockings called *tabi*, which reached to the ankles. These stockings were like mittens: they had a division between the great toe and the others, through which the thong was passed that held the sandal to the foot.

The top of his head was shaved, leaving a circle of hair extending around that made him look like one of those odd Japanese dolls we all have seen.

His little legs were hardly strong enough to hold him up; still he toddled along with an air of dignity that was highly amusing. His dignity did not relax at my approach, and I could not help

belief that white men carried away little Japanese children if they caught them out alone after dark. I often noticed, as I walked through the streets of Tokio, that crying children suddenly became as quiet as mice on seeing me, and gazed at me with large, frightened eyes. I wondered at this, until one day I overheard a nurse say to a little child, "Be still; here comes a white man, and he will carry you away if you do not behave yourself!"

I was, therefore, rather surprised when, instead of becoming frightened, Kumataro stopped and gravely returned my salutation, ducking his little shaven head in the most approved Japanese fashion, and then resuming his lordly progress. I was, to say the least, somewhat taken aback at the coolness of this little man, especially when I observed that his mother, who stood in the doorway, had not failed to see the humor of it, and could hardly keep from laughing. After this first meeting I became very friendly with the boy.

Around my house was a pretty Japanese garden, which was separated from that of my neighbors by a bamboo fence. Consequently I saw Kumataro almost daily. Japanese houses are very lightly put together. The *shoji*, or doors, which also serve as windows, consist of light lattice frames three feet wide and six feet high. These are covered with thin but tough paper to admit the light, and they slide in grooves along the sides of the room. A narrow veranda usually extends around the house, and is closed at night by wooden shutters that likewise slide in grooves along the edge of the veranda.

The long, overhanging roof protects these paper windows and doors from the rain. Glass is rarely used for windows; and it was almost unknown in Japan until that country was thrown open to foreign nations about forty years ago. Many of the Japanese, especially the country people, are still so unaccustomed to glass windows that it has been found necessary, in many of the third-class compartments of railway carriages, to paste strips of paper across the windows in order to attract attention to the glass, for it has frequently happened that, in their ignorance, these people have stuck their heads through the win-

dow-panes of the carriages.

There is but little privacy in Japanese houses, for the reason that everything that is said on the other side of the paper doors can be overheard, and as these are usually left open, one can not help seeing much of the domestic life of one's neighbors.

Thus I often observed little Kumataro at his meals, which, according to the custom of his country, he ate with chop-sticks instead of knife, fork, and spoon. It is very difficult for a stranger to handle these two little sticks; but Kumataro, who had been taught how to hold them prop-

erly, managed them so easily that he was able to pick up any little morsel from his plate as easily as an American boy could with a fork.

Everything that is served at a Japanese dinner is cut into small pieces, that may be picked up and eaten with the chop-sticks. A dinner consists of a number of courses, such as soup made of bean-curd, fish, and mushrooms, or seaweed, which are served in lacquer bowls. This is followed by fish boiled with lotus-roots, and raw fish cut into thin slices and eaten with a sauce called *soyu*; also salad and pickled vegetables



FISHMONGER AT THE DOOR OF A JAPANESE HOME

and *soba*, and a sort of buckwheat vermicelli. The Japanese eat very little meat, and rice takes the place of bread. Soup is usually served at the end as well as at the beginning of a dinner.

Tables and chairs are not used in Japanese houses, and our little friend, in accordance with the general custom in Japan, sat on the floor, with his dinner spread out before him on lacquer trays.

Whenever I called at Kumataro's house, I was invited to be seated on the floor. The floor of a Japanese room is covered with fine straw mats, called *tatame*, which are always kept scrupulously clean, for a Japanese never enters a house with his shoes on. These are always left outside of the door, and he walks about on the matting in his stockings. Whenever a Japanese sits on the floor, he doubles his legs up under him, crosses his feet, and squats on his heels; and he can remain in this position for hours.

Kumataro had a brother named Matsujiro (literally "Pine-tree"). He was about five years of age, but passed for seven, for the Japanese have a curious method of computing age. No matter when a child is born, its age is always reckoned from the first of January. If, for instance, a boy is born in February, the first anniversary of his birth falls on the following first of January, and he is then said to be in his second year.

These two little youngsters, like most Japanese children, managed to have a very good time. They had many different ways of amusing themselves, and rarely quarreled with each other. When any disagreement arose, they generally settled it pleasantly, as in the following instance. Master Bear and his brother scrambled, one day, for the possession of a ball that I had thrown over into their garden. The elder boy succeeded in grabbing it, but the younger was by no means disposed to give up his claim to it. Instead of becoming angry and fighting about it, they decided to settle the question of ownership by means of a game known as *ken*. The game is played as follows:—



GATHERING SHELL-FISH — JAPANESE BOY AND GIRL IN THE FOREGROUND

stopping, and making a low bow, in true Japanese style. I remarked most respectfully, "Kekko no tenki de gozaimasu," which is the Japanese way of saying, "What a beautiful day this is!" I feared that my action might scare this little man, for I knew that a meeting with a white man would be regarded by many Japanese children much as suddenly confronting a Turk in a turban would be regarded by a timid American baby.

Japanese children, as a rule, are rather apt to be afraid of foreigners, but this is not to be wondered at, for I found it to be a very general

Two players, facing each other, throw out their right hands at the same time. As the hand is thrown forward, it assumes one of three positions. An open hand represents a sheet of paper. A closed hand represents a stone. The two first fingers extended, with the others closed, represents a pair of scissors.

The following are the points for the player to bear in mind in scoring the game:—

1. Scissors can cut paper.
2. Scissors can not cut stone.
3. Paper can be wrapped around the stone.

If player No. 1 extends his two fingers and No. 2 his open hand, No. 1 wins, for the reason that scissors cut paper. On the other hand, if No. 2 had presented his fist, he would have been the winner, for scissors can not cut stone. Again, if No. 1 extends his open hand, and No. 2 his closed hand, the former wins, as the paper can be wrapped around the stone. In case both players make the same movement, it does not count, and they try over again. This expedient is resorted to not only by children, but by grown persons as well, who often settle trivial disputes in this peaceful manner.

The most popular, as well as the most familiar, of all children's games is known as *hyaku-nin-shu*, or "the poems of a hundred poets." It is a card game, and is played as follows:—

Two hundred cards, each printed with the first or last half of one of these well-known poems, are used.

The cards representing the last half of these short poems are spread out on the floor, while the others are held by the players. Some one who has been appointed reads the beginning of the poem as he draws them from a pack.

The skill lies in quickly uniting the first half that the player holds to the second half on the floor, and the one who first gets rid of all his cards wins the game. It will thus be seen that in order to play this game skilfully, it is necessary to be perfectly familiar with these hundred poems, and it is, therefore, as instructive as it is amusing.—*Theodore Wares, in St. Nicholas.*

(Concluded next week)

Two Ways

BRISK little chickadee
Perched on a hickory,
Right by a solemn old crow,
Chirped, "A fine day to you!
Thought I'd just say to you,
'Jolly fine day,' ere I go!"

Then, as he sighed, the sad
Fellow replied: "Too bad!
Every bright day soon must end.
When it is clear, ah, me!
Then I've a fear 'twill be
Rain that the sky soon will send."

"Why!" chirped the chickadee,
"Bad days go quick with me.
Sunshine will follow the rain.
Two ways to look at things!"
Then out he shook his wings,
Gaily sailed over the plain.

—Selected.

Homeless

Did you ever think how you would feel if you had no home? What would you do if you had no father, no mother, no friends, to provide a house for you to live in, a bed where you can sleep, clothes to wear, food to eat, a school where you can learn, books and papers to read, and many other things to make you comfortable and happy?

Has God given you kind parents, and a pleasant home? Do not forget to thank him for these blessings. Do not complain if you can not have all the good things you would like. Remember the homeless boys and girls who would think themselves rich if they had half the things you possess, and ask God to help these poor children. Besides this you may be able to do something to help some one who is not as well off as yourself.

VESTA J. FARNSWORTH.



The Love of a Friend

Not long ago a young man who had long been the victim of his habits, and had lost, as he thought, every friend on earth, went to the office of a man of high standing, whom he had known somewhat in a business way, and asked for a temporary loan.

The request was granted with so much of kindness, and such apparent lack of distrust, that the young man went out with quite a new feeling in his heart. To use any part of this money for drink or gambling seemed to him a crime. His first thought had been only to get the money; having it, he felt under bonds of honor for its use. He made honorable use of the sum in hand, started anew in his work, and for some time did better; nor did he fail to return the money he had borrowed. The man who had lent it to him received it back with a kind word, and expressed his friendly interest and his willingness to help again if necessary.

Unhappily, the young man fell again, and yet again, and was on the verge of despair and perhaps of suicide. He remembered the kindness of the friend, but he was ashamed to go to him again.

"He helped me because he trusted me," he said to himself. "He could never trust me if he knew, and I will not lie to him."

But at last, obeying an impulse of hope, he went to him again.

"I have come for help," he said. "But I must tell you that I am not what you think me. I drink; I gamble; I am godless and friendless and hopeless."

"Sit down," said the older man. "No man is quite godless who has your sense of honor, and while I live, you shall not be friendless; and with God and one friend, no man need be hopeless. Come, I knew before that you had bad habits, but I trusted you."

"You knew this before?"

"Yes; but I believed in you then, and I believe in you now. I don't mean to preach to you. I will be a friend to you if you will let me. Will you let God befriend you, too?"

It would be a long story if all were told. There were fights with temptation, and times when it seemed as if all the effort had gone for nothing. There were disappointments and failures and relapses. But through it all the friend stood true, and inspired in the poor, tempted man a sense of honor and a hope that never quite gave way.

"I should have gone under long ago but for your friendship," he said, many a time.

"And the friendship of God," his friend added.

"Yes, but I should not have known God's friendship but for yours. Your confidence in me inspired a love for you and a belief in God and a hope for myself that I could not otherwise have known."

Many people know of the warm friendship between these two successful and prominent men, but it is not every one who knows how a few years ago one of them was redeemed to sobriety and virtue by what he calls "the love of God made real by a friend."—*Youth's Companion.*

Seeing the Blood¹

"FATHER, I can not sleep; the prophet's words
Ring in my ears; they fill my heart with fear;
For am I not the first-born, and the one
On whom the destroying angel's shaft would fall
Were not the token on the lintel found?
Thrice have I named the patriarchs, and once

The creatures great and small that Noah drove
Before him in the ark, but all in vain.
I can not sleep. O father! are you sure
The blood is sprinkled, as God gave com-
mand?"

"Peace, peace, my child: just as the evening fell,
The fairest lamb of all the flock was slain,
And roasted then with purifying fire.
With bitter herbs, and bread devoid of leaven,
In haste we ate the Lord's appointed feast.
Nor were the means of saving thee forgot;
Scarce was the yearling slain, ere I gave word
For sprinkling of the blood upon the door.
Sleep, then, my first-born. God's avenging one
Will see the signal and pass over thee."

Thus on that dark night which God had chosen
For passing throughout all fair Egypt's land,
To smite on every side the loved first-born,
Sparing not e'en the firstlings of the flock,
A Hebrew father soothed his restless child;
Restless himself, as now with girded loins,
Sandals upon his feet, and staff in hand,
He waited for that solemn midnight hour,
When God's almighty arm should break the chain
That bound his people to proud Pharaoh's throne.

The bread unbaked was in the kneading-trough,
The scattered flocks were gathered in the fold,
And all betokened plans for hasty flight.
There was a thrilling silence in the air;
And quiet joy burned in the rabbi's breast,
Joy that was not unmingled with regret
At leaving thus his birthplace, though it was
A house of bondage, for the promised land.

The night wore on,
And yet again the pleading voice was heard:
"Father, sleep will not come; before my eyes
I see the angel pass, and at our door
Pause sadly, as though he wept to enter,
Yet dared not hasten unavenging by.
O father! if the blood has been removed,
Or if the herd-boy heeded not thy voice,
Then never shall my weary eyes behold
The land of Canaan with its waving fields."

"Rest, little one; faithful our Jared is.
Not only on the side-posts of the door
Should be the stain, but on the one above;
So if some hungry dog should from its place
One token lick, the others would remain.
Sleep, my sweet child, for thou hast need of
rest;
The journey will be rough for little feet."

The anxious voice was silent; for in that home
Obedience reigned supreme, though not as yet
The law had sounded forth from Sinai's top;
With patience dutiful she sought to woo
Soft slumber to her long unclosed eyes;
Sleep came at last, but with it dreams of fright
Whereat she tossed, and moaned, and oft cried
out.

The midnight hour drew near; unbroken still
The darkness' solemn hush; the child awoke
With a loud cry, "Father! I thought I heard
The cock's shrill crow to meet the approaching
morn."

My heart is beating with a sickening dread
Of danger near. O! take me to the door,
And let me see the red blood sprinkled there."

Lighting the torch, the father gently took
His first-born in his arms and bore her forth—
Started and paled to see no paschal sign,
No warning that their door should be passed
by:

With trembling hand he snatched the hyssop
then,
Himself applied the blood with eager haste.

A long sigh of relief escaped the child;
Almost before he placed her on the couch,
Sweet sleep had fallen on her heavy lids,
Nor when the "great cry" rose, did she awake;
That agonizing wail of man and beast
Reached not her ears with drowsy slumber
sealed,
And at the dawn they bore her sleeping still,
Away from Egypt's darkness and despair.

Christ, our blest Passover, is slain for us;
The "blood of sprinkling" for our sins is shed;
Have we the atoning sacrifice applied?
Made sure our entrance to the promised land?

—Selected.

¹ Published by request.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

X—Balaam Tries to Curse Israel

(June 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Numbers 22-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye can not serve God and Mammon." Luke 16:13.

The fear that came upon the people of Moab when Israel pitched their tents in the borders of that country was a direct fulfilment of God's promise to his people. "The mighty men of Moab, trembling shall take hold upon them," sang Moses, after Israel's deliverance at the Red Sea; and the promise was later repeated in different forms. See Deut. 2:25; 11:25, etc.

"Balaam was once a good man and a prophet of God, but he had apostatized, and had given himself up to covetousness; yet he still professed to be a servant of the Most High. He was not ignorant of God's work concerning Israel; and when the messengers announced their errand, he well knew that it was his duty to refuse the rewards of Barak, and dismiss the ambassadors. But he ventured to dally with temptation, and urged the messengers to tarry with him that night, declaring that he could give no decided answer till he had asked counsel of the Lord."

By his very answers to the messengers of the king, they were led to doubt the sincerity of his refusal. "The Lord refuseth to give me leave to come with you," he said, instead of telling them plainly that the Lord had commanded him not to curse Israel. "Balaam refuseth to come with us," was the report of the ambassadors to the king; and he, thinking Balaam was not suited with the rewards offered, immediately sent other messengers, more in numbers than the first, with still richer gifts. Balaam had not gained the victory over his covetous spirit the first time; so he was tempted again, and this second temptation was stronger than the first. At the same time, his grudging obedience, his feeling of rebellion against God's command, and his longing for the money and jewels and costly garments, made it still harder to overcome. Then, too, the powerful king held out the promise of "very great honor," and promised to give Balaam whatever he should ask, adding the personal entreaty: "Let nothing, I pray thee, hinder thee from coming unto me."

Balaam well knew that he could not curse the children of Israel unless the Lord permitted it; and he knew, too, from the command already given, that the Lord did not wish him to go. But instead of telling the messengers plainly that he could not go, instead of taking a firm stand on the side of right, he said, "Tarry here this night, that I may know what the Lord will say unto me." By asking again to do what he had so emphatically been told not to do, Balaam greatly dishonored God. He showed that he loved his own way more than to please him whom he professed to serve.

When God sees that people are determined to follow their own evil inclinations, he allows them to take their own course, and suffer the consequences. In the night he came to Balaam, and said, "If the men come to call thee, rise up, and go with them; but yet the word which I shall say to thee, that shalt thou do." In the morning the princes did not come to Balaam. "Annoyed at his delay, and expecting another refusal, they set out on their homeward journey without further consultation with him." Now Balaam had no excuse. The men had gone away without even asking him what word he had received from the Lord. But he was so fearful of losing

the reward that he went out hastily, and followed after them.

God was displeased when he saw Balaam so willing to do wrong in order to gain the rich gifts promised by the heathen king. "And the angel of the Lord stood in the way for an adversary against him."

Balaam's treatment of his beast shows plainly what spirit was guiding him. If he had been a true prophet, mercy and kindness would have appeared even in the treatment of the animal he rode. In no way do those who are children of God show their love for him more plainly than in the way they treat those who are weaker than themselves, and the animals God has placed under their care.

When Balaam's eyes were opened, and he saw the angel of the Lord, with his sword drawn in his hand, the guilty feeling in his heart made him afraid, and, trembling, he fell upon his face. Even here the Lord gave Balaam one more chance to turn back. "Behold I went out to withstand thee," he said, "because thy way is perverse before me."

Balaam's confession, "I have sinned," was not made with true repentance of heart. He was not truly sorry; he still wanted to go on the errand that God had shown him so plainly was displeasing in his sight. "If it displease thee," he said, "I will get me back again." But God knew Balaam's real wish; and he told him to go with the men, adding the parting warning that he should speak only as he was permitted.

Three different times Balaam tried to curse Israel; but each time he spoke, he blessed them. He also prophesied of Jesus, the world's Redeemer.

Disappointed and angry, the heathen king sent Balaam away in disgrace. Thus Balaam had not only displeased God by his wicked course, but lost the rewards for which he had sold his soul.

"The fate of Balaam was similar to that of Judas, and their characters bear a marked resemblance to each other. Both these men tried to unite the service of God and Mammon, and met with signal failure. Balaam acknowledged the true God, and professed to serve him; Judas believed in Jesus as the Messiah, and united with his followers. . . . Both Balaam and Judas had received great light, and enjoyed special privileges; but a single cherished sin poisoned the entire character, and caused their destruction."

Questions

1. In what plain did Israel camp? How did the people of Moab feel? Of what was this a fulfilment?
2. Who was Balaam? What message did the king of Moab send to him? By whom? Tell the story of their reception, and why they came away.
3. What did the king think when he heard their message? What did he immediately do? How were these messengers received? Why was Balaam so anxious to curse God's people?
4. What did the Lord say to Balaam that night? How did Balaam show his great desire to go with these men? Tell what happened during the first part of his journey. How did he show what spirit was controlling him?
5. When Balaam saw the angel, what did he do? What did he say? Was he really willing to go back? What did the angel of the Lord tell him plainly?
6. How many times did Balaam try to curse Israel? Read the Lesson Scripture carefully, and give the story in your own words. Of whom did he prophesy? Num. 24:17.
7. How did Balak feel when he heard the words of blessing upon Israel? Num. 24:10. What did he say to Balaam?
8. What other sad record is given in God's word of one who tried to serve both God and Mammon? What lesson can you find in the story of Balaam for people who live at this time?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

X—A Message of Comfort

(June 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Thess. 1:1-12.

MEMORY VERSES: Verses 11, 12.

Paul, and Silvanus, and Timothy, unto the church of the Thessalonians in God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ: Grace to you and peace from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. We are bound to give thanks to God alway for you, brethren, even as it is meet, for that your faith groweth exceedingly, and the love of each one of you all toward one another aboundeth; so that we ourselves glory in you in the churches of God for your patience and faith in all your persecutions and in the afflictions which ye endure; which is a manifest token of the righteous judgment of God; to the end that ye may be counted worthy of the kingdom of God, for which ye also suffer; if so be that it is a righteous thing with God to recompense affliction to them that afflict you, and to you that are afflicted rest with us, at the revelation of the Lord Jesus from heaven with the angels of his power in flaming fire, rendering vengeance to them that know not God; and to them that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus; who shall suffer punishment, even eternal destruction from the face of the Lord and from the glory of his might, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be marveled at in all them that believe (because our testimony unto you was believed) in that day. To which end we also pray always for you, that our God may count you worthy of your calling, and fulfil every desire of goodness and every work of faith, with power; that the name of our Lord Jesus may be glorified in you, and ye in him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. Who are the authors of the second epistle to the Thessalonians? How is the church described in verse 1?
2. What blessing is pronounced upon them?
3. What evidences of growth had been manifested in this church?
4. To whom, and how frequently, were thanks returned for these blessings?
5. What course had this church pursued that gave the apostles reason for glorying in them?
6. Of what was their course a manifest token?
7. Why were these tribulations and persecutions permitted? For what did they suffer?
8. Of what were they assured?
9. To what event are all Christians to look for deliverance? See also Matt. 16:27.
10. What will be the experience of those who know not God, at this time?
11. What will be their punishment?
12. Why will the unbelieving be without excuse? Rom. 1:20, 21, 32.
13. In whom will the Lord be glorified when he comes? By whom will he be admired?
14. What inspired prayer is offered for God's people in verse 11?
15. Then from what source come the worthiness and the power to do good?
16. What will be the result if we allow the Lord to do this work in our hearts?
17. How fully will the Lord be glorified in us and we in him?

Note

The second epistle to the Thessalonians was written a year or more after the first. Its great theme is the coming of Christ. Both epistles were given not alone for those to whom they are immediately addressed, but for all in all time. The second epistle corrects some erroneous ideas the brethren had obtained; namely, that the coming of Christ then impended. The apostle tells them that other events must intervene before Christ comes. He shows them, however, the importance of that coming to God's people in all ages; for at that time all will receive their reward, both good and evil.—*S. S. Quarterly.*



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AN interesting report of our "Young People's Work in Tokyo, Japan," written by Elder F. W. Field, has just been received. Look for it next week in the department devoted to the Young People's Work.

"FATHER!" called a timid little boy, who wakened suddenly in the night, and felt alone and strange in the dark room. "What is it, son?" answered the loved voice, strong and sure; "father's right here, close by you." "Father, is your face turned toward me?" inquired the child; and when he knew that it was, he sighed happily, and fell asleep again. Is not this child's confidence and happy trust in his father's nearness, and his wish that his father's face should be turned toward him, a picture of what our attitude should be toward our Heavenly Father? But it is only a picture. This earthly father was asleep when his child called: our Father never slumbers nor sleeps. The time may come when this earthly father can not be near his child, can not save him from sorrow, nor keep him from danger: but our Father is ever near. Whenever we are in the dark, whenever our hearts fail us, whenever we will, we may speak to him, knowing that he "will not turn away his face," but will be merciful to us, and "cause his face to shine upon us."

How Shall We Read?

It is our privilege to open God's Book with the same eager joy as we open a letter from some dear friend. For the Bible is God's letter to his children. It is his letter to you and to me,—a letter filled with just the help we need this day; just the counsel and admonition and warning that will save us from mistakes and guard us from sin; just the love that will sweeten our work, give satisfaction in our play, and fill our hearts with peace.

But sometimes in reading a letter, even from a dear human friend, we miss his meaning; we fail to comprehend what he is trying to tell us; we may perhaps so misunderstand, that what he meant as encouragement, may puzzle, perplex, or offend, when, if he were near, he could so explain his meaning, so clear away the difficulty, that we would receive just what he was trying to give. Again, we often find that in reading a letter the second time, or perhaps the third, we discover in its pages some little helpful, hidden phrase, some unnoticed, cheery word, some sweet shade of meaning, that we had missed entirely at first.

It is much this way in reading God's letter to us. We need not expect to understand it clearly unless we read it, not simply as *from* him, but *with* him. Without his presence, unless he enlightens our understanding, we shall be like miners at work in the dark,—we shall not even see the priceless jewels that otherwise gleam from its pages. Therefore we should come to God's word in a spirit of reverence, our hearts leaning

toward him, and with the prayer that through it he will reveal himself to us, and make us understand his thoughts toward us. The prayer of the psalmist should be often on our lips: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." If we do come to God's word in this way, really desiring to know his will in it, to become acquainted with him, to become like him, we shall find in it an inexhaustible treasure of counsel and comfort, and a sure defense in the hour of temptation.

Tempted as We Are

JESUS was "in all points tempted like as we are." How familiar are these words! yet do we stop to think of their meaning as often as we should? Do we make this blessed fact a power in our lives? A wonderful sacrifice was made when Jesus laid down his life for men; but the sacrifice did not begin there. He did more than die for us: he lived for us. Every temptation, every trial, that can come to any of his followers he met victoriously.

There is no temptation that can come to children that he does not know; for he was a child. There is no sorrow that fills any child's heart that he can not comfort; for he suffered, and his childish heart ached with the same sorrows that have come to children in every age.

And Jesus was a youth. Well does he know the snares and pitfalls that are spread for the feet of the youth,—the alluring promises and bright prospects that are held out before them. He, too, stood at the parting of the ways, and bravely chose the better part, even though it looked unattractive and hard to his young eyes; and because he chose thus, he is able to help you make the same choice, and abide by it.

Is it too much to suppose that, as Jesus grew older, he was tempted as young men and women are tempted now? that the world looked bright to him? that the way he was to walk looked dark and dreary? that ambition rose up in his heart, and bright visions of success beckoned him to leave his saw and plane, and go out in the world to win recognition and fame?—Certainly not; else he would not be able now to rebuke that ambition in the human heart,—to cleanse it, purify it, and make it a power in his service. The dingy little carpenter's shop in the despised village of Nazareth was not a place that any bright young man would choose to fill, unless he chose it, as Jesus did, because it was his Father's will.

Our Elder Brother's life was never free from temptation. After the forty days and forty nights in the wilderness, the tempter left him, it is true, but only "for a season." Again and again he returned, using every power at his command, every art of which he is master, to shake the will and purpose of Jesus, knowing that if he stood the test, he would be the Saviour of the world. Most happy is he who, in his hour of supreme trial, is able to say, as Jesus said, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me."

Let us not for a moment forget that we have a merciful and faithful High Priest, who, because "he hath suffered being tempted," is able to succor them that are tempted." And that means you, dear young friends, in the temptations that come to you, the perplexities that puzzle you, the sorrows that grieve you. Perhaps you have a dear human friend who pities you, whose heart aches with yours, who would do anything in his power to help you. But no matter how kind he is, how wise, how loving, he can not strengthen your will, he can not cleanse your heart, he can not give you the grace to conquer the least sin that blackens your life. No; but there is One who can. Jesus "is able." By every test that divine love could devise, he has shown that he is *willing*. Can you turn away from him, and all that he offers? Will you not rather accept his help, his succor, from this day forth?



WHAT rosy tints, where might be duldest gray —
What sweets, where might be odors of the tomb!

Let him who doubts walk orchard-ward to-day,
And feel God's love in blush and breath of bloom.
—Emma C. Dowd.

Weak Spots

THERE was but one crack in the lantern, but the wind found it and blew out the candle. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the powder-magazine, and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel, and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body, one sin destroy the soul.

It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected; the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind. And so it little matters how zealous one may be in a thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin. Satan will find the flaw, and destroy all his hopes. We have need of very much watchfulness, and we have great cause to bless our merciful Lord, who prayed for us that our faith fail not.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Her Accomplishments

THE following list of a certain young woman's "accomplishments" is worth passing on for other girls to read:—

- "She knew how to forget disagreeable things.
- "She mastered her art of saying pleasant things.
- "She did not expect too much from her friends.
- "She made whatever work came to her congenial.
- "She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.
- "She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.
- "She did unto others as she would be done by; and now that old age has come to her, and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered."

The Vesper Sparrow

WHEN faintly green is the forest, and freshly green is the hill,
When earth in her glad awakening is doing the sun's sweet will,
What is it, what is it thou knowest, that is fairer, more exquisite still?

When blue are the sky and the mountains, when cloud-ships sail with the breeze,
When all the world is a wonder of buds and blossoming trees,
What is it that thou art singing that is sweeter, is sweeter than these?

Thy song is as simple as simple; thou hast no wonderful art;
Just three little notes and a trill, and behold, what glory apart,
What joy that is pain and longing thou sendest straight to the heart!

The magical beauty of springtime, it shall hasten away too fast
To the pomp of the full-blown summer, no more;
and, when that is past,
The gorgeousness of autumn, and the snow-fields at the last.

But surely thou singest of something that is not of the earth nor year;
We know not nor dream thy meaning, but 'tis marvelous sweet and dear.
It may be thou art prophet of heaven in a world that has need to hear.

—Virginia Cabell Gardener.