

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

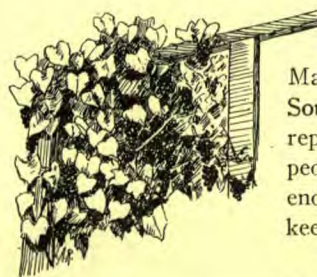
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No. 28



The Third Angel's Message in England



THE third angel's message was first carried to England by the living preacher when, on May 23, 1878, Brother William Ings arrived in Southampton from Basle, Switzerland. His first report contains the statement that he found the people "hungering for the truth;" and at the end of his first sixteen weeks of labor, ten were keeping the Sabbath.

Why the opening up of our work in England was delayed until twenty-five years ago, and why so little effort has been put forth since that time, can hardly be explained, in view of the fact that England for the past two centuries has been the headquarters, or fountain, of the world's missionary zeal and enterprise. That country has done more to spread a knowledge of the word of God than all other nations of the earth combined; and from among the sturdy, noble men of England and Scotland have gone forth the greatest missionaries of the past century.

To refresh the minds of our readers with the facts in this respect, it is only necessary to call attention to such missionary heroes as William Carey, the "father of modern missions," who went to India in 1793; Alexander Duff, who reached India five years before the death of William Carey; Robert Morrison, who, early in the nineteenth century, opened up China to the light of the gospel; Robert Moffatt, David Livingstone, and James Hannington, whose names are well known among the brightest missionary lights in the "dark continent;" Bishop Patteson, missionary to the South Sea Islands; John Mackenzie, missionary to China; James Chalmers, the recently martyred missionary to New Guinea; and last, but not least, our beloved J. Hudson Taylor, superintendent of the Chinese inland missions, whose name is known and spoken in tenderest terms at nearly every Christian fireside. These are a few among the scores of noble Christian patriots who have gone from England and Scotland to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the dark nations of the earth.

The First Angel's Message

England has been the birthplace of many of the world's great religious movements. Every great reformation has found fruitful soil in the zeal, courage, and devotion of the people of the British Isles.

Although we hear but scant reference made to the fact, yet we are informed on good authority that at the time when Mr. Miller and his associates were giving the first angel's message in America, seven hundred clergymen of the Church of England were raising the cry, "The Lord is at hand." Many non-conformists also preached the same doctrine, among whom were Drs. Cummings and Bonar. In England, also, Dr. Joseph Wolff received the truth that the coming of the Lord was near, and proclaimed it throughout all the East, as well as before many, both high and low, in England. There are still many in England who advocate the near coming of Christ.

The Sabbath Truth

Observers of the seventh day were known as a distinct sect in England as early as the sixteenth century; and John Evans, who in 1801 wrote "A Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World," referred to these Sabbath-keepers as deserving of distinct mention "on account of their integrity and respectability." In the reign of "Good Queen Bess" there was much agitation over the subject; and that agitation developed men and women who counted the truth of God dearer than honor, wealth, and life.

A Natural Center

England is a natural center for a world-wide work. Her shipping lines radiate to every land. Her steamers, the best manned and most comfortable among all that sail the seas, visit every nation on the globe. Her political and religious influence, the energy, intelligence, and strength of her colonies, and her vital touch with the nations of the world, make her the center of the world's work and power. Surely the present awakening in behalf of the third angel's message in the British Isles is a most important, though tardy, movement.

The population of Great Britain is about forty-two millions, and is distributed approximately as follows: England, thirty millions; Scotland, five millions; Ireland, five millions; Wales, two millions. It will be observed that the population of these little islands is more than one half that of the United States; and from the standpoint of the third angel's message, we must count a nation important in proportion to its population, rather than the square miles in its territory.

Organization

Before the Conference held on the camp-ground in Leeds, England, early in August, 1902, our work in Great Britain was organized as a single Conference; and at that time the membership was about one thousand. During this meeting the British field was divided and reorganized. England was divided into two parts, known as the North and South England Conferences. Take your map of Great Britain, and draw a line across the island from the Bristol Channel on the west to The Wash on the east, and you will have approximately the dividing line between these two Conferences. Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were organized as mission fields. Thus, Great Britain was divided into five parts,—two Conferences and three mission fields; and all were organized under a general management known as the British Union Conference.

A New Impetus

This reorganization of the British field marked the beginning of a strong, new impetus in the work. This has been particularly noticeable in sections of Great Britain lying most remote from London. Previously to the reorganization, the work centered in London; and those who directed the work were naturally situated in and about the metropolis.

As is nearly always the case, the needs nearest at hand seemed of greatest importance; therefore only secondary attention was given to such interesting portions of the country as Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the north of England; but when these outlying sections were organized upon a responsible, self-directing basis, and supplied with a corps of workers, and the means with which to support them, good results began immediately to appear.

The spirit of our work in Great Britain is evangelical rather than institutional; and the people have adopted with all their hearts the glorious principle that it is better to go out and touch the needs of the world with their own hands rather than create a machine to do the work.

The International Tract Society, which occupies a rented building at 451 Holloway Road, London N., is the headquarters of our publishing and tract and missionary work. This is a purely Seventh-day Adventist missionary publishing house, and the spirit of the message pervades every corner. No commercial work is done; in fact, the facilities are so few that our brethren there have been unable to do all the denominational work. They print *The Present Truth*, the *British Good Health*, and their tracts and pamphlets; but nearly all the large, bound books are let out to printers and binders in London, who do the work quite acceptably. Thus, with a small investment, the International Tract Society is able to turn over a large business, and keep free from financial embarrassments.

Every morning the manager meets with his employees for a season of worship. These seasons are a source of strength and enjoyment. The easy family feeling, and the mutual confidence and desire to help one another, which are evident between the employees and managers, are a source of spiritual strength to the little publishing house, and help to make it a proper representative of the sacred work of God.

Subscription Books and Periodicals

Great Britain is proving a fruitful field for the sale of our large books. Although at times the apprehension has prevailed that large books could not be sold successfully, yet the Lord has called faithful men to this depart-

ment of service, and they have always been able to demonstrate that Great Britain is a good field for the sale of these books. A strong impetus was given to that department in the spring of 1902, when a company of nine experienced canvassers was sent to Great Britain. These men without exception have been doing faithful, successful work; and they were so greatly appreciated that the British Union Conference passed a vote of thanks to the Mission Board for sending them, and endeavored to emphasize their appreciation by making a call for ten more. These also have been sent, and reports of their work have appeared in *The Review* from time to time.

The circulation of periodicals in Great Britain has been a marked success. With a constituency of only one thousand Sabbath-keepers, twenty thousand copies of *Present Truth* are circulated every week, and fifty thousand copies of the *British Good Health* each month. This means an average circulation of over thirty-two papers a week for each member. If the sixty thousand Sabbath-keepers in the United States would do as well, we should give our American papers a circulation of about two million copies a week.

In fact, our brethren and sisters in the British Isles are earnest workers for God. When they hear the truth, they immediately lay plans to carry it to others; and it is interesting to see the self-sacrifice and patient labor of our brethren who esteem it a privilege to work long hours on a small income, in order that they may give their lives wholly to spreading the truth.

There are fully two hundred Sabbath-keepers in the British Union Conference, or an average of twenty per cent of the membership, giving their time wholly, or nearly so, to the circulation of our literature.

The London Bible School

The London Bible School is a unique institution. It is a school at work. If we were to present to our readers a picture of the school, it would consist of the teachers and students only, unless we were to include a copy of "Webster's Dictionary" and a table, which, we are informed, is the entire apparatus.

During the school year ending about the first of May, 1902, the school was held in a little, dingy hall, about one mile from the publishing house. Many of the students were unable to advance money for their expenses; therefore, they divided their time between study and work. They attended school in the morning, and sold books and papers in the afternoon; and when the school closed, the managers reported that every student had paid his accounts in full, at both the school and the publishing house. This is a record to be proud of; and will, we trust, be an inspiration as well as a guide in forming the school's future policy.

The school year which has recently closed has been equally successful. The attendance of several young people from the United States has

been a help and encouragement. The school was held in Holloway Hall, only a few doors from the publishing house. The accommodations were better than during the previous year, and yet the same simple form was maintained.

A good school depends upon the teachers and students more than upon the facilities. A magnificent school, with a good, broad course of study, and with the spirit and power of the message as its foundation and life, may be conducted in the most humble quarters, and with few facilities; while a very poor school, with the power and strength of the message sadly lacking, may be conducted in fine buildings, supplied with the most approved apparatus.

But our brethren in Great Britain have looked forward to the time when their little school could enjoy better facilities, and they have not been idle during the past three years. It is an old proverb that "All things come to those who wait." It is a recent and somewhat pointed rendering of that proverb that "All things come to those who *hustle* while they wait." Brother Salisbury and his associates, who have been earnestly working to secure funds with which to establish a better equipped school, now have in hand fully five thousand dollars to be devoted to this purpose, and it is the intention of the Mission Board to supply about double that amount, so as to enable them to establish a comfortable little school, that shall be free from debt.

and equip a sanitarium, free from debt; and a few days ago it was formally opened for its work. Elder G. A. Irwin, president of the Australasian Union Conference, and Dr. David Paulson, were present to assist in the opening exercises.

Thus the good work is growing in our fatherland, and we rejoice as we see the rapid developments. The long-neglected work in Great Britain is being revived. That country will certainly soon take a strong position in carrying the third angel's message to the world.

E. R. PALMER.

Living Lessons

ONE Sabbath afternoon in early spring, a girl friend and myself started out for a short walk. It had been raining hard, and even yet gusts of wind at intervals swept down with heavier drops between; but we had been separated for several weeks, and now longed for a quiet, restful hour, apart from the hurry and bustle of the world. So, caring not for dubious clouds, we donned rubbers and wraps, and taking each an umbrella, started.

The air was bracing, fresh, and sweet,—not only sweet in its purity, but laden with the perfume of countless orange blossoms; for we were in Southern California. Could we amid such loveliness speak of it in any other way than as an expression of our Father's thoughts to us?

As we talked of the parables drawn from wayside scenes, one of them suggested the thought of ourselves, trying to draw life-lessons from the beauty about us as we passed along; then, ere we reached home, relating what we had found.

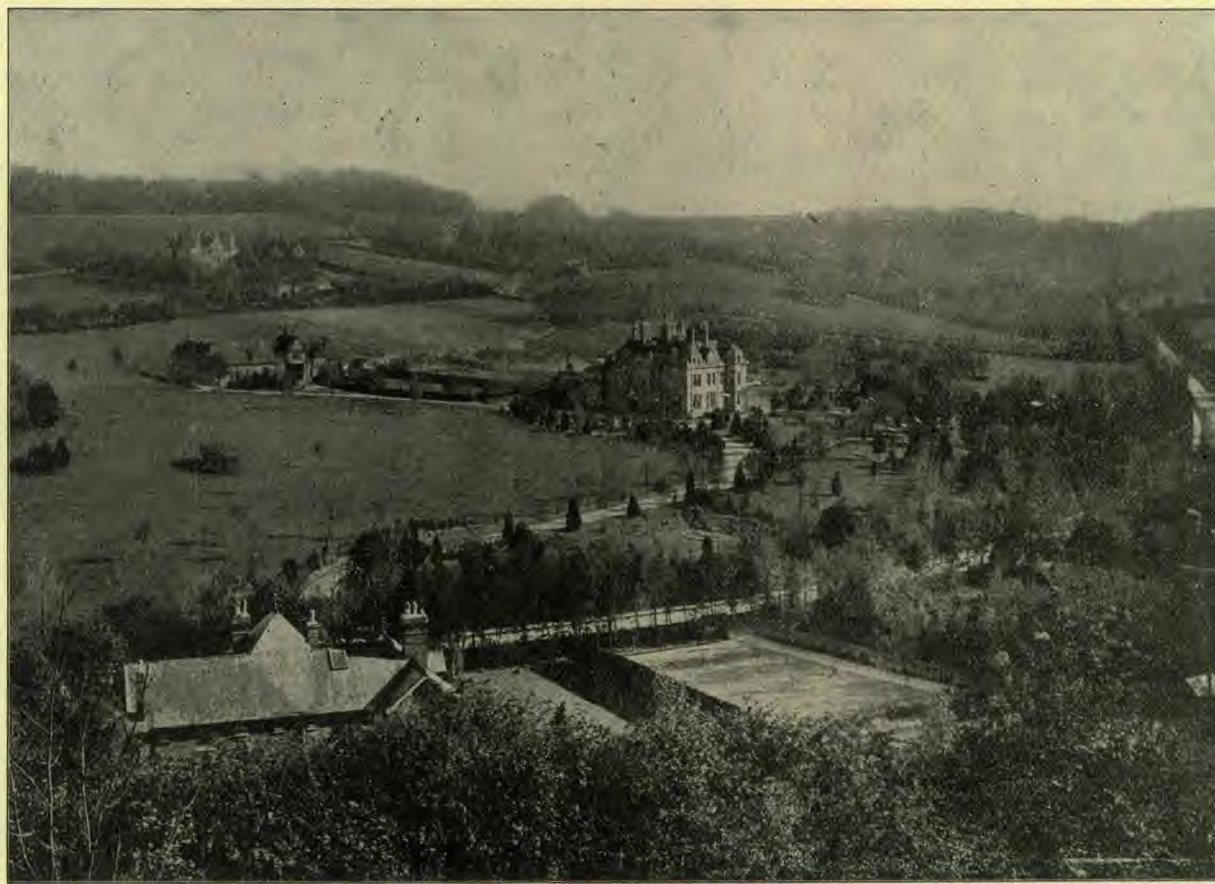
I remember a few of the lessons thus gathered, one being the revelation of the attribute of gentleness in our Father's character by the manner of the raindrops' fall,—never harshly, but always gently. Another was drawn from the height and rankness of the grass which grew beneath the

sheltering branches, discarded by all animals if it is possible for them to get the short, sweet grass that grows more slowly, unprotected from wind and weather. Shelter from life's conflicts does not always produce or encourage sweetness of character.

Lifting our eyes, we beheld a rift in the storm-curtain, revealing great, glory-tinted billows of cloud, reflecting the last bright beams of the lowering sun. Thus came our lesson in hopefulness. "There is hope beyond the shadows; there is light beyond the veil." And even though darkness seems above, beneath, and about us, the sunshine of His glory shines over all, and soon the clouds will lift, revealing how slight was the veil that obscured its shining.

Now we were almost home; but the hour had been thoroughly enjoyed, and we had learned to read some lessons of God's love in the things about us.

BERTHA E. SPEAR.



A VIEW IN THE CATERHAM VALLEY, SURREY, ENGLAND

Let us unite in praying that this earnest effort may be rewarded with success. The readers of the *INSTRUCTOR* will certainly enjoy the privilege of rendering some assistance when opportunity is offered.

The Caterham Sanitarium

For many months the brethren in Great Britain have been looking for a proper site for a sanitarium, for which the needs of the work had been loudly calling for a long time; and finally their search was rewarded by finding a suitable place in the Caterham Valley, about seventeen miles from London; and they have opened a comfortable little institution there.

The British Union Conference promptly raised five thousand dollars for this enterprise, or an average of five dollars for each member; and the brethren in America came to their assistance by supplying two dollars for each dollar raised in Great Britain; thus they were able to purchase

**Learn to Think**

TIME's great chain is made of links;
Just the present one is ours.
Make it strong. The one who thinks
Most and best, will use his powers.

Be not indolent, I pray,
Drifting like a wave at sea.
Master self while yet you may;
Daily ask, What shall I be?

Now's the time for sober thought—
Truth and error make the fight—
Shall I drift along or not?
All is well that endeth right.

Think who paints for us the rose,
Yields to us its perfume sweet;
Trees and hills His power disclose,
Clouds and stars bow at his feet.

Leave thy mental sloth, and think
Thoughts of God. The end is nigh.
If the indolent must sink,
We'll prepare for by and by.

PAULINE ALDERMAN.

Loren Blair's Certificate

THE mowing machine drawn by two big horses clicked its way through the tall grass of the south meadow, leaving a heavy swath of clover and timothy in its wake. The sun-burned young fellow who manipulated the mower and guided the horses was too intent upon his work to see another youth, as brown as himself, who leaned upon the fence next the road, until hailed with: "Hello there, Rod! Great summer for hay, isn't it?"

"Great's no name for it," answered the young mower. "We'll cut fifty tons, easy. How's yours turning out?"

"Oh, all right, I guess," was the careless answer. "I'd be cutting this morning if I hadn't more important business."

Rodney Jennings glanced up at the cloudless blue skies.

"Must be a big thing if you can afford to use this kind of weather for it," he remarked, gathering up the reins, and looking a little curiously at the young man on the other side of the fence. He wore his best clothes, a thing rare in the country during the season when all hands "make hay when the sun shines."

"'Tis, rather." Loren Blair settled his tie complacently, and flicked a dust mark from his coat sleeve. "About as big as old Judge Roswell's farm. That's something to risk a load or two of hay for, I take it."

"What do you mean?" asked Rod, interested at once. He dropped the reins, and stopped the "k'lk" to the horses before it was fairly begun. The Roswell farm was the best in the country, and the apple of the old judge's eye.

"He wants a man to run it," said Loren. "Moore, who's there now, has bought a place up north of Ventnor. The judge pays top-notch wages,—more than I can make working on shares for father,—and I'm going into town to persuade his honor that I'm just the man he's looking for."

"What'll your father do?" asked Rodney, after a little. Mr. Blair had been ailing all the spring, and it was an open secret in the neighborhood that he was straining every nerve to rid his farm of a "cut-throat" mortgage. He would be seriously handicapped if Loren left him; for help is hard to get through haying and harvest.

"Do the best he can, I suppose," was the short answer. "I'm not tied to him. I was twenty-one last week. He'll be rather cut up, but he can get a man somewhere, I guess. A chance like this doesn't come every day in the week, and I propose to

make the most of it. A fellow owes something to himself."

"It's a good chance." Rodney Jennings spoke slowly as he gathered up the reins again. "A first-rate chance—only—well, what a fellow owes himself isn't always the first debt he should square up. But talk won't cut this hay. K'lk! Get up, boys! Good luck to you, Lo. Let me know how you come out."

"Sure," answered young Blair, jauntily, as he started off.

Seated on his "chariot of industry," Rodney drove the big horses across the field to the west woods, thinking rather enviously of Loren's chance at the Roswell farm. If only he had heard of it first! In another month he must give place to Farmer Kenton's nephew, who had written that he must work out-of-doors or lose his health entirely.

"I hate to have you go, Rod," Mr. Kenton had said only that morning when he had given him his "month's notice," "but you see how it is. I've got to help 'Liza's boy if I can. You're a good hand, though, and you won't have any trouble in getting another place. I'll speak a good word for you to anybody that comes along, but you don't need it. Your best recommend is your work."

"If I'd only known this morning!" thought Rod. Then, as a thought came to him, he laughed a little grimly, and pushed the lever hard down to lift the cutter-bar over a rock. "I'm a good one to be lecturing Lo!" he said aloud. "It doesn't matter. I shouldn't have left this hay if I had known. A fellow's got to be fair all around, and take the consequences, I guess. Maybe, if Lo gets the Roswell farm, I can get a job with Mr. Blair."

Still, the thought was not entirely satisfactory. What young man of spirit likes to take second-best when there is a possibility of having first?

Meanwhile Loren, untroubled by any scruples about fairness or neglected hay, whistled his way into town and up the stairs to the Judge's office, where he made application for the place, and underwent a searching examination on sub-soil plowing, rotation of crops, care of stock, pruning fruit-trees, trimming grape-vines and a dozen other branches of the science of agriculture.

"Oh, he put me through my paces," Loren told Rodney that afternoon, on his way home, "but I answered him glib as you please, thanks to father's being full of the same notions, and bound to talk them morning, noon, and night. I get sick and tired of it, but I guess it's served me a good turn. I could see the old Judge was impressed with the store of useful information I carry under my hat."

"Did you get the place?" asked Rod, rather disgusted at his friend's conceit, and thinking to get away from it by driving off. Only a narrow strip of the meadow remained uncut, and he was anxious to finish it before sunset.

"Well, I've as good as nailed it down," was the answer, "though we didn't close the bargain. He told me to come in Friday. Well, good-by, Rod. Guess I'll jog along home. It's too late to cut any grass to-day, but there's another day coming."

"It may not be as good as this," Rodney could not help saying as he drove off. But Loren only laughed.

"Don't croak," he called after him. "Anyway, I've done a good day's work for Loren Blair."

"And left your father's hay to spoil in the field, or I'm no weather prophet," growled Rod, with a glance at the southern sky, where the clouds were piling up one upon another in great, fleecy masses.

The rest of the week was "catchy weather," bad for hay and the temper of those who make it. Sunny mornings, clouds by noon, sharp showers and gusts of wind, made haying slow work. On Friday the Blair meadow was in no condition to leave, but Loren hurried up to town to meet his appointment with the judge. He entered the office with a brisk step and a confident air, which, for some reason, seemed to anger the gruff old gentleman who sat at a big desk littered with papers.

"No, sir, no, sir! I've no bargain to make with you," he exclaimed, with a wave of his hand before Loren had time to say a word. "I've read your certificate, and it won't answer. You're not the man for me."

Loren gazed at the irate old judge, fairly dumfounded. "Read my certificate!" he exclaimed. What could he mean? Had some one been playing an underhanded trick? Surprised and angry, he stood his ground in spite of the wave of dismissal.

"I—I don't understand," he said, trying hard to keep his voice steady, "I haven't any certificate. I didn't know it was necessary. If you've seen one, it's a forgery, and I can prove it if you'll give me the chance."

The judge looked up from the brief on which he was working, and something he saw in Loren's face made him decide to spend a little more time upon his case. He leaned back in his chair, and rested his elbows on the arms, bringing the tips of his fingers together in a way the lawyers of his circuit had learned to dread.

"You have a certificate, young man," he answered grimly, "and it's no forgery. You wrote it yourself, and I read it yesterday afternoon. It's written all over your father's farm, and it's no credit to you, sir. Now do you understand?"

"No," said Loren Blair, dully, "I don't." Just then the only fact that he understood clearly was that he had lost the Roswell farm and the judge's top-notch wages.

"I think," said Judge Roswell, consulting a large gold watch, "that I can spare you just five minutes for further explanation. Yesterday afternoon I drove out your way in the rain and looked around. Your meadow was in bad shape. The mowing-machine stood there uncovered. The sulky rake was in the barn-yard, its teeth red with rust. Your hoe was leaning against the fence in the potato field. 'Careless with tools' you had written with your own hand, sir."

"On your east fence there are a dozen boards missing. A hammer and a handful of nails would have made them fast when they first came loose. Two lengths of fence are down next the woods. You neglected to put them up when you hauled the wood last winter. Your gates all sag on the hinges because you drag them shut rather than lift them a little. That spells 'Slack,' sir, or I'm no judge of a farmer's handwriting."

"There are other items—worms' nests in the apple-trees, yellowed trees in the peach orchard, and your windmill squealing for grease—but the word written largest in your certificate is 'Selfish.' Your father has been sick for six months and needs you sadly; yet you plan to leave him right in the thick of his work because you've turned twenty-one, and feel that you can better yourself. Have you no idea of common justice, sir? Is the perpendicular pronoun the only word in the English language? My advice to you, young man, is to go home. Erase what you have written as soon as ever you can, and write a better certificate for yourself before you dare

hope to get a better place." He glanced at his watch. "Five minutes, exactly. I hope I've made the matter plain?"

Loren Blair's face was pale. But from the wreck of his careless conceit a manlier spirit rose dauntlessly, and he answered with a steady voice:—

"Quite plain, Judge Roswell. And I thank you for it."

"H'm!" muttered the judge as he turned to his work again. "H'm! He's got good grit, anyway. Shouldn't wonder if that five minutes was well spent."

"Careless—Slack—Selfish!" Down the village street, and far along his homeward way, the fatal words of his certificate rang in Loren Blair's ears; but he met them with a firm resolution that they should be speedily erased, as the judge had suggested. He would get the tools under cover, and mend the fence before he slept. Yes, and the windmill shouldn't "squeal for grease" another day. As for his father, he'd see the farm clear of the mortgage before he struck out for himself, come what might.

"Hello, Loren!" It was Rod calling from the top of a big load of hay. "What luck?"

Loren hesitated for a moment. Across his mind there flashed two visions of the future—the future as it might have been but for the judge's warning, and the future as he now meant it to be.

"First-rate!" he called back, cheerfully. "But I didn't get the place." Then, by way of giving the "largest word" of his certificate a vigorous wipe, he added, "You try for it, Rod. I've an idea your certificate will read better than mine. That's the last load from the south meadow, isn't it?"—*Young People's Weekly.*



One Way to Help

Not long ago it was my privilege to talk personally with a number of our young people in College View, Nebraska, about the Young People's work. Many of them were going soon to their home churches, and all were interested in the work for which the Young People's Society stands. The company at Lincoln have been busy during the winter, and are happy and enthusiastic in their efforts to carry out the aim of the organization.

As I spoke with these young people, gathered from all parts of the West, I could not but wish that we might come into closer touch with them—might know more of what they are doing month by month. Of course statistical reports are sent out regularly to the various State Secretaries, but these reports are not such as can be printed in the INSTRUCTOR, even if they came to it. Now is there not, in nearly every Society, some one who would be willing to write, once a quarter if no oftener, a *descriptive* report of the work that that Society is doing? Not so much what has been done to benefit yourselves, as a Society, but what you have done to help others, and the results, if any, that are seen from your work. Let the writing of such reports be made one of the regular departments of the Society, and some one be appointed to the duty of either preparing them himself or seeing that they are written by some one else.

In this way our young people who belong to these Societies, though scattered all over this country, and even in other lands, may "speak often to each other," and the speaking will be a source of profit and encouragement to all.

Thoughts That Help

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

ONE way to cultivate a contented spirit is to keep in mind those less fortunate than ourselves.

WE are all in danger of becoming carelessly, listlessly indifferent in the Lord's service, or else half discouraged because we are not able to do the great things of which we have dreamed. All honor to the boy or girl who desires to do grand and noble things; but be it remembered that a truly noble spirit gives not up its nobility in lowly service.

STEPHEN was "full of faith and power," and Jacob had "power with God and with men." We all recognize that this power, which is of God, is necessary if we would lead others to Christ. Sometimes we pray for this power, without appreciating the fact that it is only given as it is really needed. If we attempt nothing, no power is needed. God gives power to those who use what they already possess.

A VERY old legend tells of a monk sitting in his cell in a spirit of deep devotion. Suddenly he became conscious of a wonderful brightness in his cell. An angel appeared, and sitting beside him on his wooden bench, began to converse with him. The monk was thrilled with the inspiration of such contact with a heavenly being. At the moment when his spiritual enjoyment was most intense, the monastery bell began to ring. It was the signal for him to go to the door, and pass out bread to the hungry poor. He hesitated, wavering between his almost overwhelming desire further to enjoy the great blessing of the presence of the angel, and his call to an immediate duty. Duty won, and he passed from the brightness of his cell and attended to his work. Returning afterward, depressed with disappointment, he was surprised to find the angel still there. "If you had not left me," said the heavenly visitor, "I should have left you. But because you obeyed the call of duty, I am still here."

Is it not true that we may lose rather than gain by leaving an important work undone, that we may enjoy some rare privilege by which we hope to secure great personal blessing?

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

A Talk with the Young People

THE following from Brother B. E. Huffman is found in a recent number of *The Kansas Worker*:—

The Young People's Society is not an organization independent or separate from the church, but a department of it; therefore the church should have a general oversight of its work. It is not necessary to have more than one class of members. Let all be *active members*. The benefits you receive do not come from membership, but from activity. You should come together to study the Bible, and plan to carry on missionary work. Conduct your work so that every one may have opportunity to develop his talents. It is proper for the older members of the church to attend, and we should be glad to have them do so; but we should not expect them to do all the work. The object of your meetings is to develop workers, not listeners. We need "old men for counsel and young men for strength," in this missionary work.

Allow me to suggest that the Weekly Study in the INSTRUCTOR form the basis for your regular lessons, also that you try this thought for missionary work. While reading the INSTRUCTOR, *The Signs of the Times*, or some good book, such as, "Steps to Christ," "Christ's Object Lessons,"

"Power for Witnessing," etc., undoubtedly you will find some thought which is of particular interest to you. Having received comfort and blessing yourself, think of some acquaintance with whom you have influence, and carry the paper or book to him, requesting that he read this particular article or chapter. You should be the leader of the conversation, and in this way introduce your work. Either sell or loan the book or paper; and when you call again in a few days, ask what the person thinks of it, if he has read it. On this second visit carry with you something which you have found in the meantime, and which you think will be of interest.

In this way, you will be doing something definite, and you should persevere faithfully, too. At first you should not endeavor to interest people only in the Sabbath and other doctrinal points, which would close the way for the very work which you wish to accomplish, but manifest a real personal interest in them, carry them as a burden upon your heart, and study and pray much that you may be a blessing to them.

In this work you will indeed feel the need of coming together as young people to pray with and for one another, and to talk over the work you are doing. Mention the good thoughts you received from the article which you handed out, and also how it was received, etc. Further, plan for definite work, the following week. Then your meetings will be full of interest and life, and you will help and comfort one another and be a blessing to the world.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Tithing System

(July 19-25)

THE efforts to systematize and organize the work brought light on the matter of supporting the ministry of the work. We will take the tithing system as the topic for this study. Although we all have heard continually about the tithe, none can fail to profit by studying the subject afresh.

Note paragraphs on pages 213-215 of "Rise and Progress," as to the support of the work, and the record of the general adoption of the plan on pages 223, 224.

Follow the simple statement of the introduction of the plan among us by a Bible reading on it. Of the various helps available in preparing the reading, none will be found more concise yet complete than the chapter on "Tithes and Offerings," in "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 525.

The tithe is not a way God has of taking something from us. It is his way of giving us his full partnership in all our concerns. Some of the young people may not have employment that brings in regular income. But begin setting aside the tenth on whatever does come in, no matter how small or how irregularly it comes, and you will find a joy and blessing in it. With the young people all alive as to tithes and offerings, it is bound to encourage the older folks to greater faithfulness.

Do not forget the prayer season for the fields, and for our fellow workers on the frontiers and at home. Let us get accustomed to naming the burdens on our hearts in public and private prayer. Drop conventional phrases, and speak to God in prayer of the very needs that lie upon your hearts.

W. A. S.

BE reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light. Rather be sweet-tempered than familiar; familiar, rather than intimate; and intimate with very few, and with those few upon good grounds.—*Penn.*



• • CHILDREN'S • • PAGE • •



Bible Cruses

THE hosts of Israel
Lay sleeping all around;
I stood beside the king; his spear
Stood upright in the ground.
Then softly came a man,—
The one my master sought,—
He stole the spear, he stole the cruse:
The king he injured not.

Though scant the store I held,
And lessening day by day,
My owner heard the hungry cry,
Nor bade him turn away.
Then, being blest of God,
Replenished was my store;
The widow and her house of me
Did eat a year or more.

I stood beneath a tree
Beside a sleeper's head;
And with me, baken on the coals,
There lay a cake of bread.
"Arise and eat!" Above
The man an angel bent!
He ate and drank, and in that strength
For forty days he went.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Feeding the Calves

FIVE, six, seven little calves! spotted, and red, and white-faced, and all to be taught to drink from a pail! No, Beauty may have *her* baby,—

and the heifer's saucy Dinah; and the twins—White Face and Saddle-Back,—all to be taught to drink.

Dinah, first. She had been used to eating whenever she felt hungry, and at first she did not like the change. Put one's fingers on her nose, and her nose into the milk, and *up* would go her head. Then her teacher would allow her to suck one or all of her fingers for a few moments, and push her head down again, keeping the fingers in her mouth until she had drawn in several swallows of the sweet, creamy fluid; then she would carefully withdraw them, holding them on Dinah's nose, until the little creature had learned that she could drink without them.

Then Ruby and Bob and Duchess were taught one by one in the same way. Bob was a little stubborn. He was sure that milk came from somewhere above him, and not from a pail on the ground, and was determined to have his head up in the air. He would not drink much the first time; but patience, perseverance, and kindness conquered at last, and now he is always ready for his meals.

Two lessons were enough for Ruby and Duchess, while little White-Face learned to drink before she was taken away from her mother. I think her brother, Saddle-Back, had cheated her out of her part of the supper by taking it all him-

something else must be substituted. Hay-tea was made from nice, early cut timothy; and with this were mixed gruel made from oatmeal, and what milk there was.

All the calves except Dinah were pleased with this change in their diet. Drink *hay-tea*?—No, indeed! She took a few swallows, looked up questioningly, and then, with firm, decided step, as if that settled the matter, marched back to her hay.

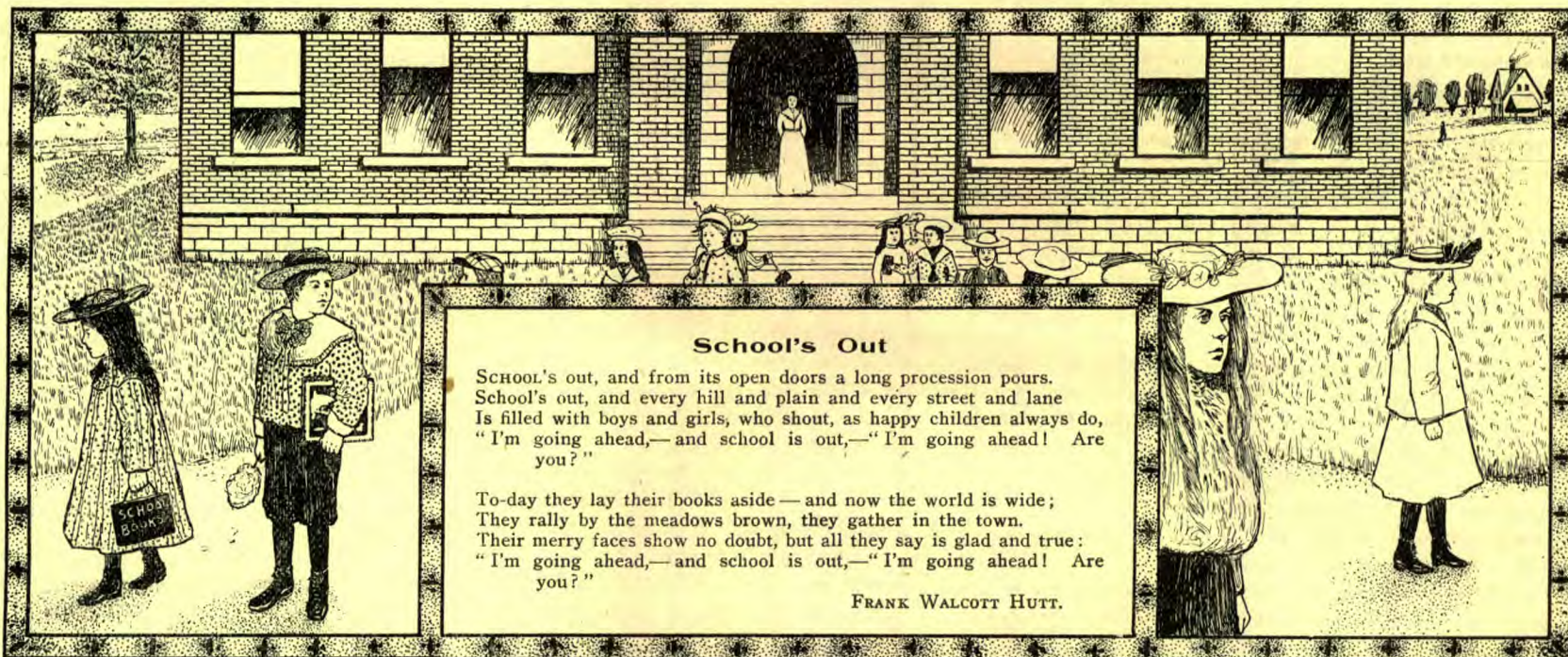
Her teacher re-warmed her breakfast, and took it back to her again and again; but each time it was refused, and so she was left until night. Then the hay-tea tasted better, and now she is glad to get it, and drinks as greedily as any of the others.

But weren't the mothers sorry when their children were taken away?—Not very. We let them see their little ones fed, and afterward, when they mooed for them, we said, "Yes, your babies shall be fed," and that was all that was needed.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

A Bit of Indoor Play

ARE you the boy or girl who sometimes longs for a new amusement to while away the hours on some dreary day when you have to stay indoors? Then let me tell you of a play that I know of, and after you try it, tell it to your friends, that



School's Out

SCHOOL'S out, and from its open doors a long procession pours.
SCHOOL'S out, and every hill and plain and every street and lane
Is filled with boys and girls, who shout, as happy children always do,
"I'm going ahead,—and school is out,—I'm going ahead! Are you?"

To-day they lay their books aside—and now the world is wide;
They rally by the meadows brown, they gather in the town.
Their merry faces show no doubt, but all they say is glad and true:
"I'm going ahead,—and school is out,—I'm going ahead! Are you?"

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

and what a pretty baby it is, and how much she thinks of it! Even the maltese cat must keep out of the way. One quick lunge, and if kitty wasn't spry, all would be over. We name this calf Dora, and talk to it and to its mother in soft, loving tones, till both are soon as tame as shepherd's dogs, and Beauty would allow us to milk her if we chose to.

But Blossom, beautiful Blossom, the fine Jersey cow, that would, with a low "moo," "moo," ask us to come to her first with the milking-pail when milking-time came, and who almost talked with her deep, liquid eyes, was found dead not far from the stable-door; and her little Ruby, only a few days old, was left without a mother. No one knew what ailed poor Blossom. She was apparently well in the morning, and ate her fodder with the rest of the cattle at noon, and just after dark was laid away near the thick-boughed basswood on the hillside.

Then there was Bob, Minnie's baby; and Daisy's Duchess, who froze her ears and tail, and had to be brought into the house and rubbed:

self. At any rate she was hungry, and drank eagerly when the pail was offered her. Once only she stopped, ran to her mother, and came rushing back with a bright, knowing look in her eyes, to finish her meal.

But what a time we had with Saddle-Back! We worked with him until nearly bedtime, and then had to let him go supperless to bed. He couldn't understand—poor little creature! He wouldn't even suck the fingers that were put into his mouth. It was not much better in the morning; but when night came again, he was so hungry that he was glad to get something to eat.

The little learners had all gained one lesson, and Dinah was eating hay with all the relish of a grown-up cow. But she was lonely and cried, calf-fashion, until she was so hoarse she could hardly make a sound. Then Duchess was put with her, Bob and Ruby together, and the twins in a pen by themselves; and all were satisfied.

And now another lesson must be learned. With poor Blossom dead and Cozzie sick, there was not milk enough for so many calves, and

they also may know about it. Telling it to them will help you to remember it, too.

First make two flat pads out of flannel, about two inches wide and three inches long. Next borrow a plump stick of sealing-wax at least three inches long. Next take a small piece of window-glass, say five or six inches square, and the cover of a small tin pail. Then ask mama for a piece of old silk ribbon about an inch wide and a foot long, and a yard of silk thread. Now perhaps mama will burn a match for you until nothing remains but the charred stick. You will now need a wee handful of sawdust, four or five downy feathers, some tiny pieces of tissue-paper, a large piece of newspaper, and an empty egg-shell. To obtain the egg-shell, make a small hole in each end of a hen's egg, then blow hard in one end, and the contents will run out of the hole in the other. Place everything on the table, and we are ready for our play.

Squeeze the ribbon between the two pads, and draw it back and forth between them a number of times just as fast as you can; then place the

ribbon against the wall, let go of it, and you will notice that it refuses to fall for some moments. Next take a piece of the newspaper as large as your hand, lay it flat on the table, and stroke it with your open hand about ten times. Hold this paper against the wall and then let go of it. What does it do? Now warm the paper and one of the flannel pads, and stroke the paper with the pad a number of times. Again hold the paper against the wall, and see how much more closely it clings. Try it against your cheek. Again warm the paper and pad, and rub the paper very briskly; then take hold of one corner of the paper, and gently peel it from the table. What a funny crackling noise it makes!—just as sometimes happens when you stroke pussy while she is near the hot stove.

Another very amusing play with the piece of newspaper and pad is to group your wee bits of tissue-paper on the table, again heat the paper and pad, and, after rubbing the newspaper briskly, hold it over the bits of paper. How they jump up and down! One would think they were having as much fun as you are. While we are playing with the bits of paper, let us put them in the tin cover and place the piece of glass over them. Briskly rub the glass with one of the pads or a piece of silk. How the paper dances about, as if each bit were alive! Now carefully break the burnt match into small pieces, put these pieces in the tin cover, and rub the glass as before. Do they not hop about in a wonderful way?

Now cut the piece of newspaper as if making a paper comb, with the teeth one quarter of an inch wide and four inches long. Warm this make-believe comb, and with your hand stroke it from top to bottom very carefully, lest you tear it; then hold it against the wall, or try to make it stand on its teeth on the table. Is it not amusing to see how it acts.

Next take a bit of the burnt match, which we will call a carbon, and the piece of silk thread. Tie one end of the thread very carefully to the carbon and the other to the gas fixture. Now very briskly rub the wax with the pads, bring it near the carbon, and watch the carbon jump toward it; then gradually draw the wax away from the carbon in a straight line or a circle. Is it not amusing to see how the carbon follows the stick of wax? Again rub the wax with the pad, and gradually move it toward the carbon until it touches it, and see how comically the carbon acts. As the carbon jumps away, let the wax chase it. There, did you ever see such a wonderful race? Now touch the carbon with your finger—one would almost think that it was alive!

Next take the sawdust, the feathers, and the scraps of paper. First make separate piles of each, and then mix them all together. Once more rub the wax very briskly, and point it at the sawdust, the feathers, or the scraps. Is it not a magical wand that you possess? Such fun if you keep the wax well rubbed! Separate the feathers and scraps, and try picking them up one by one.

Next place the egg-shell in front of you, again rub the wax with the pad, and bring it so near the shell that the shell is attracted toward it, then slowly draw it away, and the shell will roll after it for quite a distance. Choose a smooth, hard surface like a table-top to obtain the best results. As long as you keep the wax well rubbed, the egg-shell will follow it in any direction that you please.

A last experiment, and one that offers quite as much amusement, if not more, than the egg-shell, is to make a paper hoop about as large around as a silver dollar and one half an inch wide. Rub the wax well, and you will find that the hoop will roll after the wax more rapidly and more readily than does the egg-shell. This is quite an exciting as well as laughable diversion, and will no doubt be a favorite with you.

Remember, success depends upon how well you keep the wax rubbed; if you are careless in this respect, failure will be the result. Remember this also when you are telling your little friends what I have just told you.

I have purposely described these experiments as having been performed with simple, home-made apparatus. Girls and boys who care for something more elaborate will find, in many of the better toy-shops, complete sets of apparatus for doing these and many other interesting tricks with frictional electricity.—*Ormsby A. Court, in St. Nicholas.*



The Judgment

THE wind from the southland is drifting,
Its warm breath is fragrant and sweet,
And God in his dealing is sifting,
Yes, sifting the chaff from the wheat.
To me it is awful and solemn,
But I know from the scripture 'tis true,
That all of earth's far-reaching column
Will pass in review.

All the prayers and praise ever worded,
All the service of love ever given,
Have been by the angel recorded,
In the "book of remembrance" in heaven.
And the faith that would take no denial,
The duty that feared not earth's frown,
The steadfastness under each trial,
Are all written down.

Yes, the record contains all the story
Of the motives, the deeds I have done.
And my actions of shame, or of glory,
Will all be reviewed—every one.
If my life has been worldly and careless,
If I've caused a weak brother to fall,
If my soul has been sinful and prayerless,
The record tells all.

L. D. SANTEE.

Lessons from the Life of Daniel—VII *A Warfare against Intemperance*

No young man or young woman could be more sorely tempted than were Daniel and his companions. To these four Hebrew youth were apportioned wine and meat from the king's table. But they chose to be temperate. They saw that perils were on every side, and that if they resisted temptation, they must make most decided efforts on their part, and trust the results with God. The youth who desire to stand as Daniel stood must exert their spiritual powers to the very utmost, co-operating with God, and trusting wholly in the strength that he has promised to all who come to him in humble obedience.

There is a constant warfare to be maintained between virtue and vice. The discordant elements of the one, and the pure principles of the other, are at work striving for the mastery. Satan is approaching every soul with some form of temptation on the point of indulgence of appetite. Intemperance is fearfully prevalent. Look where we will, we behold this evil fondly cherished. In spite of the efforts made to control it, intemperance is on the increase. We can not be too earnest in seeking to hinder its progress, to raise the fallen, and to shield the weak from temptation. With our feeble human hands we can do but little, but we have an unfailing Helper. We must not forget that the arm of Christ can reach to the very depths of human woe and degradation. He can give us help to conquer even the terrible demon of intemperance.

There is no class of persons capable of accomplishing more in the warfare against intemperance than are God-fearing youth. In this age the young men in our cities should unite as an army, firmly and decidedly to set themselves against every form of selfish, health-destroying indulgence. What a power they might be for good! How many they might save from becoming de-

moralized in the halls and gardens fitted up with music and other attractions to allure the youth! Intemperance and profanity and licentiousness are sisters. Let every God-fearing youth gird on the armor and press to the front. Put your names on every temperance pledge presented. Thus you lend your influence in favor of signing the pledge, and induce others to sign it. Let no weak excuse deter you from taking this step. Work for the good of your own souls and for good of others.

The young men and young women who claim to believe the truth for this time can please Jesus only by uniting in an effort to meet the evils that have, with seductive influence, crept in upon society. They should do all they can to stay the tide of intemperance now spreading with demoralizing power over the land. Realizing that intemperance has open, avowed supporters, those who honor God take their position firmly against this tide of evil by which both men and women are being swiftly carried to perdition.

The followers of Jesus will never be ashamed to practise temperance in all things. Then why should any young man blush with shame to refuse the wine-cup or the foaming mug of beer? A refusal to indulge perverted appetite is an honorable act. To sin is unmanly; to indulge in injurious habits of eating and drinking is weak, cowardly, debased; but to deny perverted appetite is strong, brave, noble. In the Babylonian court, Daniel was surrounded by allurements to sin, but by the help of Christ he maintained his integrity. He who can not resist temptation, when every facility for overcoming has been placed within his reach, is not registered in the books of heaven as a man.

Dare to be a Daniel. Dare to stand alone. Have courage to do the right. A cowardly and silent reserve before evil associates, while you listen to their devices, makes you one with them. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters."

At all times and on all occasions it requires moral courage to adhere to the principles of strict temperance. We may expect that by following such a course we shall surprise those who do not totally abstain from all stimulants; but how are we to carry forward the work of reform if we conform to the injurious habits and practises of those with whom we associate?

The holy intelligences of heaven watch the conflict going on between the tempter and the tempted. If the tempted turn from temptation, and in the strength of Jesus conquer, angels rejoice; for Satan has lost in the conflict. In our behalf, Christ, when weakened and suffering on account of hunger, fought the battle against appetite, and conquered Satan. In the name and strength of Jesus every youth may conquer the enemy to-day on the point of perverted appetite. My dear young friends, advance step by step, until all your habits shall be in harmony with the laws of life and health. He who overcame in the wilderness of temptation declares: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

In our anxious care for the morrow we fail to enjoy the blessings of to-day; we spend our lives anticipating, but not realizing; for, as soon as we have reached a desired point, we see beyond us something to reach after which we believe to be necessary to our happiness. If we have not the spirit of contentment to-day, we are never likely to have it. If we pass by unused the resources of to-day, we are likely to do the same to-morrow, thus making all our days barren of the joy and satisfaction which come from having made the most of the day's gifts.—*Louise Heywood.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV—The Division of Canaan, and Cities of Refuge

(July 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 14; 17:13-18; 20.

MEMORY VERSE: "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." Prov. 18:10.

After the great victory at Gibeon, Joshua went through the land of Canaan, and all Israel with him; and wherever they went, God gave them the victory. Thirty-one kings were conquered, and their cities taken, but there was still much land to be won.

The Lord told Joshua to divide the land among the tribes, so that each tribe might cast the heathen out of its own inheritance. In your Bible maps you will find one that shows just how the land was divided.

Reuben, Gad, and half the tribe of Manasseh had chosen their inheritance on the other side of Jordan, before they reached the promised land. Moses told them that they might have their land there if they wished; but that they must go with their brethren to the land of Canaan, and help them to conquer it. So they left their wives and little ones in the place they had chosen, and went with their brethren to war. But when Joshua had divided the land, he sent these two and one-half tribes back to the land they had chosen.

Joshua told the people to be of good courage and take the land, because God had given it to them, and promised to cast out their enemies. But they did not do as the Lord commanded. They allowed many of their enemies to live in the land, making servants of them. God had given them the land, and given them rest, but they did not really enter in, because of unbelief.

Caleb, who had gone with Joshua to spy the land forty-five years before, was still living. He had seen the giants in Canaan, and yet had told the people that they were well able to go up and take the land, because God had given it to them. Now he showed his faith by his works. He chose the land where they had seen the Anakim (the giants of whom the ten spies were so much afraid) and the great fenced cities. This was the place where the greatest difficulties and dangers seemed to be; yet he asked Joshua to give him this for his inheritance, although he was then an old man. God was with him, and gave him the victory.

You will notice that in your map no mention is made of the tribe of Levi, nor was any inheritance appointed for them. The Lord was their inheritance, and so they received the tithes and offerings of all the tribes for their portion. Besides this, each of the tribes set apart certain cities for their use, that they might have places to live in, and pasture lands for their flocks.

Forty-eight cities were thus given to the Levites. Of these, six were appointed for "cities of refuge." Here the Levites took in and sheltered any who were in danger. If any one had killed a man by accident, and some friend of the dead man should seek the life of the slayer in return, he could flee to the nearest city of refuge, and be safe.

In this way the people were taught, by an object-lesson, of salvation from death through the power of the high priest. Jesus is the true Priest, of whom the earthly priest was but a shadow. All who, having sinned, flee to him for refuge, are safe as long as he lives. And he is made priest "by the power of an endless life." So he is able to save evermore those who come to God by him.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." We have not to go a long way to find this place of refuge, for "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." At any moment we may flee unto him for refuge from Satan.

Questions

1. How many of the Canaanite kings did Joshua and the Israelites conquer? Joshua 12:1, 24. Had they then taken all the land? Joshua 13:1.
2. What did God tell Joshua to do with the land? Verse 7. Tell what tribes had already received their inheritance. Why had they not rested in their own land? What did Joshua now tell them? Joshua 22:4-6.
3. Did the Israelites take the land and drive out the heathen, as God told them? What did they do instead? Joshua 15:63; 16:10; 17:13.
4. What good example did Caleb set the people? What had he said about the land when he first spied it? Did he not see the dangers? What was it that gave him courage?
5. What complaint was made by the children of Joseph? What did Joshua tell them to do if they wanted more room? Why did they hesitate? Joshua 17:16.
6. Did all the twelve tribes have an inheritance? Which one was left out? What was the portion of this tribe? How were they provided with places to live in? How many cities were given to them?
7. What cities were specially set apart from among those given to the Levites? Describe what these cities were for. Of what were they an object-lesson?
8. When any one fled to the city of refuge, how long was he safe there? Of whom was the high priest a shadow? How long can we find refuge in Jesus? Are we ever safe outside of him?
9. How far do we have to go to find our refuge? Ps. 46:1. Are you safe hidden in Jesus? If not, why do you delay?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV—The Household of Faith

(July 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 2:11-22.

MEMORY VERSE: "For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." Verse 14.

Wherefore remember, that once ye, the Gentiles in the flesh, who are called Uncircumcision by that which is called Circumcision, in the flesh, made by hands; that ye were at that time separate from Christ, alienated from the Commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of the promise, having no hope and without God in the world. But now in Christ Jesus ye that once were far off are made nigh in the blood of Christ. For he is our peace, who made both one, and brake down the middle wall of partition, having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; that he might create in himself of the two one new man, so making peace; and might reconcile them both in one body unto God through the cross, having slain the enmity thereby: and he came and preached peace to you that were far off, and peace to them that were nigh: for through him we both have our access in one Spirit unto the Father. So then ye are no more strangers and sojourners, but ye are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the chief corner stone; in whom each several building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God in the Spirit.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. What were the Ephesians called before their conversion? By whom?

2. What was their condition? What relation did they sustain to the commonwealth of Israel?

3. What did they know of the covenants of promise? How hopeless was their estate?

4. How accurately does this describe the condition of every one before his conversion? Through whom only may we become partakers of all these blessings? Gal. 3:29.

5. In what will the hope of the Christian culminate? Titus 2:13.

6. Through whom alone are we who are afar off brought into this heavenly fellowship? By what means?

7. What is Christ to every Christian?

8. What has he done by which he becomes our peace?

9. How did he bring about this reconciliation?

10. To how many has this peace been preached?

11. To whom do we have access through Christ? How many does this include? Rom. 10:11-13.

12. What relationship does this establish between us and our Father? What relationship does it destroy?

13. Upon what foundation are we built? Who is the chief corner-stone?

14. What is the nature of this building in which all form a part?

15. Who inhabits the building? Then what are we? 1 Cor. 6:19, 20.

Notes

1. The word Gentile comes from a Greek word (*ethnos*) meaning "race," "nation." The meaning in the Old Testament is the same. The Revised Version almost invariably renders it "nation." It is the same word in the Septuagint as in the New Testament Greek. It generally refers to the nations outside of Israel, nations invariably pagan, without hope and without God. It also refers, as in this entire passage, to those who know not Christ; for such, not belonging to God's "holy nation," are classed with the nations without.

In the fullest, deepest meaning, Gentile and Israel denote spiritual conditions. To be a Gentile, ignore or reject Christ; to be an Israelite, accept him. The uncircumcision and the circumcision were terms used by the Jews to denote the two classes; but to them it was a mere outward matter. To the instructed child of faith, circumcision was a seal of the righteousness of God. See Rom 2:28, 29; 4:11; Phil. 3:3. It was not itself a saving ordinance; it was a sign of a saved condition.

2. In the study of the "enmity" do not omit Rom. 8:7. There we are clearly told what it is. "The mind of the flesh is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be: and they that are in the flesh can not please God." See also verse 16 of lesson. On ordinances study Col. 2:14, 15, 20-23.

The enmity is that which separated both Jew and Gentile from God; and the only thing which separates from God is sin. Sin takes away all peace of mind. Sinning is warring with God. Jesus Christ is not alone our peacemaker, but he is our "peace," even as he was our "sin." 2 Cor. 5:21. He abolished sin by becoming sin and dying to sin. Rom. 6:10. He became sin for us. By faith we accept the offering for our sin, accept the abolition in his flesh for our flesh, his crucifixion as ours, his life of righteousness as ours, and so he is our peace. "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Jesus Christ." Rom. 6:11. "Crucified with him," dead with him, "united with him in the likeness of his death," in order that we may be "justified from sin;" that we "no longer be in bondage to sin;" that we may "live with him;" that we may be "united with him" "in the likeness of his resurrection." Rom. 6:1-10. And the one new man is Christ the head, and his people the body.—*Lesson Pamphlet.*



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"My meditation of Him shall be sweet," sang the psalmist. No one can know the meaning of this verse, in its fullness, who does not take time to meditate on God's goodness, to recount his mercies, to consider his loving-kindnesses. Therefore take a little time each day to be alone with God. Shut all other thoughts out of the mind, that he himself may speak to you, and teach you his way.

AN interesting series of articles on Egyptian scenes and customs has been sent to the INSTRUCTOR by Brother Glen Wakeham, of Cairo, the first number of which will appear in an early issue of this paper. We are also glad to announce that the promised series on "The Story of Our Island Missions," dealing with the early history of our various missions in the islands of the Pacific and the Atlantic, and showing how the faithful work of the pioneer missionaries has prepared the way for the giving of the last message, will soon be ready. These articles will be furnished by Miss Houser, who is familiar with the history of these missions from their beginning.

WE have received the commencement program of our church school at Fresno, California, with a photograph showing the nine graduates. As we look at their bright, happy faces, we can not but think of all the other young people who this year have finished the "preparatory work" of their education in our various schools, and are asking "What next?" To some, and we hope to many, the "next thing" will be an intermediate school or academy. Others may not have the privilege of carrying their studies further in school; but in these days of opportunity no one, even of those who can no longer go to school, need miss the culture and wider usefulness that come from a practical education. It is not by what you have studied, but by what you can do, that the world will judge you in the days to come. And it is that same test, too, that will reveal your efficiency in the work and the place which the Lord of the harvest has for each one who will engage in his service. For the greatest possible usefulness in that service, these preparatory days are given: improve them with faithful work and earnest study, and you will find yourself ready for increased responsibilities by and by.

In Season and Out of Season

ONE Sunday afternoon not long ago a company of friends and fellow workers, returning from a convention in the West, chanced to have the tourist car almost to themselves. One other occupant was a slender young girl, who sat very quietly in her place till evening, when she came to one of the ladies of the company, introduced herself, and said, "I see that you are Christian people, and I wondered if your company would not like to gather for a little song service, as long as we have to be traveling on the Sabbath?"

The question came almost as a rebuke to us, who had been busy and contented in each other's company, and had given no thought to the lonely little traveler. But the suggestion was acted on promptly, and the song service was followed by each one repeating a verse of Scripture. Afterward one of the sisters had a long talk with the young girl, informing her that we were Seventh-day Adventists, giving an outline of the main points of our faith, and calling her special attention to the true Sabbath, and what it means to those who observe it. She found a heart open to receive the light, and willing to investigate further.

This incident emphasizes the lesson of guarding against the spirit of exclusiveness that makes us withdraw within ourselves when surrounded by strangers. The probability is—and it is a shame to say it—that if in this instance the lonely one of the company had not, in her longing for the evening worship that she was missing in her journey, put aside her timidity, and asked us to join her in song, no one would have made the opportunity to talk with her about the truths that we love. In this instance she herself opened the way; but that is not usually the case. Far too often we sit silent, when in the company of strangers, not seeking, by some friendly entering wedge of conversation, to gain the opportunity to leave seeds of truth in the hearts of those about us.

The injunction to "sow beside all waters," leaves no place for selfish exclusiveness, disinterestedness in the lives of those we meet even casually along life's journey, or cold indifference to their loneliness and heart hunger.

The Habit of Giving

CONTINUAL repetition makes a habit. Once the habit is formed, the act becomes so nearly involuntary that no conscious effort of the will is required to perform it. We do it "without thinking," as we say. For example, if a child is allowed to form the habit of crying, it cries without effort, and often, apparently, without cause. Telling falsehoods is another habit easily formed in childhood, and often very hard to overcome.

But good habits can be formed as truly as bad. Occasionally we hear it said of some sunny, cheerful person of our acquaintance, "How pleasant he always looks," or, "He has a smile for every one," or, "He is always doing a kind act for some poor soul." Kindness, a smiling face, a pleasant interest in the affairs of those about him,—these have become a habit,—a part of his very nature.

Youth is the habit-forming time; and upon our acts and thoughts and words during these years largely depend our future happiness or unhappiness. Good habits make a life fragrant with the perfume of good deeds, a blessing to every one who comes within the circle of their kindly benediction; but evil habits blast and blight not only the life of their possessor, but the lives of many around him.

Giving is one of the most beautiful traits of character. It widens one's interests, creates thoughtfulness, and lifts the soul above the low plane of selfishness into the clear, bracing air of love for others, and sacrifice for their welfare. The child who hoards its money, and is never willing to share its good things with another, or to part with its playthings to make some other child happy, will surely grow up into a cold, self-centered man or woman. "To give is to live." To take pleasure in giving is to taste the truest happiness that can come to any one.

The example of giving is set by the Lord himself, "who gave himself for our sins." "He beggared himself to enrich us." "He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." His whole life was spent in ministry and service to others. Those who early form the habit of giving are thus surely learning to walk in the steps of our

blessed Master. But giving, to be of the highest order, to be a real strength and uplifting influence in the life, must be *continuous*. It must become a part of one's thought; it must enter into all his plans; it must be a living, vital principle, governing his daily conduct.

What better meets this need than the weekly offering for missions? Here is a great field—the harvest field of the world, wherein we are to send reapers. Every day a hundred thousand persons in heathen lands go down in death without any knowledge of the Saviour's love, or the provision that has been made for their salvation! The knowledge of this great need should inspire our army of young people to do what they can to save these perishing souls.

The ten-cent-a-week plan of raising money for the mission fields was started in order that every child and young person, as well as the older members of the church, might give a weekly offering to mission work. Can anything be more akin to the divine love that was poured out for us than that we should give, regularly and faithfully, some part of our little treasure to tell the good news of that love to those who have never heard it?

This plan of giving is regular; it requires forethought and often sacrifice. There is something definite and certain about it. Perseveringly followed, it forms a habit that uplifts and ennobles the whole character.

We appeal to our young people to take up this work, believing that every one who does so, and follows it honestly and faithfully, will receive not only the personal blessing that is promised to the cheerful giver, but that larger blessing that comes to those who truly taste the "joy of the Lord,"—the joy of seeing souls saved through self-sacrifice.

I. H. EVANS,

Treasurer General Conference.

A New Book for Young People

PROFESSOR FREDERICK GRIGGS, of our South Lancaster Academy, has lately gathered into book form a number of his "chapel talks" to the students of that school. The Table of Contents gives a general idea of the subjects treated in this interesting little volume: Adaptability, Be Enthusiastic, Learn to Wait, The Value of Minutes, Our Conversation, Economy, Promptness, Our Manners, The Association of Young Men and Young Women, "If Thine Eye Be Single," The Love of the Beautiful, Lest We Forget.

We should be glad to see a copy of this book in the hands of every young person who reads the INSTRUCTOR, knowing that all who read it will be benefited thereby. The book is bound in either red or white ribbed cloth, with gilt side-title; price, fifty cents, postpaid. Order of the South Lancaster Printing Company.

"A Friend in the Kitchen"

"WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT." This useful little book on healthful cookery should have a place in every home. It has lately been revised, and brought out in an oilcloth-paper edition, at a price which places it easily within the reach of every housewife. A large number of practical, tested recipes for the every-day menu, as well as for specially prepared health foods, dainty dishes for invalids, Sabbath dinners, etc., etc., is given. Price, oilcloth-paper covers, twenty-five cents; oilcloth cover, fifty cents, postpaid. Order of the publishing houses or of your tract society.

IF God gives me work to do, I will thank him that he has bestowed upon me a strong arm; if he gives me danger to brave, I will bless him that he has not made me without courage; but I will go down on my knees and beseech him to fit me for my task, if he tells me it is only to stand and wait.—Jean Ingelow.