

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Work

KEEP busy at work; there is much you can do;
Life's vineyard is wide, and the toilers are few,
And those who work willingly, sometime shall know
The rich recompense that the future may show.

Keep busily working; content yourself not
With deeds half completed. Whatever your lot,
There is much you can do. Will you start it to-day?
Or will you indifferently turn it away?

Oh, be not discouraged! What-
ever your task,
Hard work may be pleasant if
only you ask
To complete, with perfection, the
things you begin.
Resolve to be worthy of winning
— then win.

Away to the field! Though the
hot sun doth beat
Relentlessly down, and your hur-
rying feet
Seek shady repose from the toil of
to-day,—
Remember your duties, remember
the pay.
BENJAMIN B. KEECH.

The Origin of English Names

THE study of names in the English language should interest every student, for the historical facts to be gleaned from some of them. Coming across an old book a few days ago, I passed a pleasant hour looking over its recorded names, and their probable origin. That which follows in this article was called out by that opportunity, and is now presented to INSTRUCTOR readers who are interested in such matters:—

A few miles north of Leicester, and near a small body of water, is situated the village of Loughborough. Wondering why so peculiar a name should attach to a small town, we had only to give the word its natural division to find that *lough* means lake, and *borough* means town, and the full significance is seen in "lake-town;" that is, a town by a lake. This word, however, appears in old English literature under different forms, such as Lettidur and Lactoduro, but having the same significance in all its forms, because of the use of the affix *dur*, which signifies water.

In many old English towns, some of the streets are called *gates*. The retention of this appellation is one evidence of early Roman occupation, since all

Roman roads were called either *strata* (streets) or *porta* (gates). The word *castra*, meaning camps, or garrisons, is still preserved in the names of English towns, in three forms,—Lancaster, Manchester, Leicester, etc. It is thought by some etymologists that the name Leicester is derived from *legionis castra*, from the inscription, "L. VIII" on a tile found near the town, which is supposed to have been left where the Eighth Legion of the Roman army was stationed.

While the Romans left behind them in England no word which signifies home, the Teutons, who followed them, gave the language several words of this import. Prominent among these was *ton*. As an affix it signified a place sur-

rounded by a stockade, or hedge. In Wyclif's time the word took the form of *toun*, as may be seen from his translation of Matt. 22:5, which he renders: "Thei dispiseden, and wenten forthoon to his *toun*, another to hys maurchandise." The word still carries this form in Ireland and in some parts of Scotland. *Bar* was used to indicate a bush, thicket, or different roots; so that the word *Barton*, now the name of a town, originally meant a "hedged enclosure for the bear;" that is, the bearing crops. The words *worth* and *garth* meant smaller, protected enclosures than those called *ton*. From *garth* comes *yard*, which also includes the idea of garden. *Stoke*, or *stock*, was a *stockaded* enclosure, while *fold* meant an enclosure surrounded by *felled* trees.

Leys were open pastures for cattle, while *dens*, or *denes*, were woodland vales, where hogs might find needed food in beech-nuts, acorns, etc. On large estates the "hog-warden," who superintended the hogs, was an important officer of the household. Such names as Hayward and Howard are derived from this early English title.

The particle *ing* was to the Saxon language what *Mac*, *O'*, and *Ap* were to different branches of the Celtic tongue; that is, "son of." In time, however, it came to represent clans, or tribes. It had also a local significance; as, *Kentings*, or "men of Kent." In other cases, as a prefix, it means a meadow.

Wal, or *gwal*, meant a walled town, or estate, belonging to Danish or Norse settlements, by which they guarded themselves from the inroads of their perpetual enemies, the Saxons and Anglians. This foreign sense of the word was more apparent, however, when applied to foreign things, as *walnuts*, *Cornwall*, and *Wales*. The dwellers in the parts of the country thus designated were distinctively aliens from the Teutonic possessors of other parts of the land, hence the word *wall* in their names designated them as foreigners.

The word *well*, now used to denote a water supply, formerly had a far different significance. It often took the form of *will*, much like the German *weiler*, and meant a single house. From this use of the word came *Eastwell*, *Holwell*, etc.

Many English family names are derived from the occupation of some ancestor. For example, the name De Spenser came from *Dispensator*, the distributor of the royal property. *Le Gros Veneu*, master of the hunting, or chase, became Grosvenor.

Considering the orthography and

NOON-TIME TOILERS

By Frank Walcott Hunt.

Just a minute or two ago,
Over hilltop and dusky dell,
Came the sound that the farm-boys know,
Welcome sound of the dinner-bell;
Just in time for the tired arms
In the hayfield since early dawn;
Up the roadway and through the farms
Everybody from work has gone.
Everybody?—Of course, Why not?
Who, pray tell us, would care to be
Toiling here in the sun so hot?
Wait a minute, and you shall see;
Or, at least, you shall hear them, then---
Happy creatures of field and air,
Tiny workers in vale and glen,
Toilers numberless, everywhere.
All the marshes, the wood and brake,
Like the robins, are now in tune;
All the meadows are wide awake,
Wide awake, and at work---at noon,
Twelve o'clock, but there's much to do;
Ring the dinner-bell, if you may;
Farmers tiny and builders, too.
Work from dawn until close of day.
Up the orchard and down the hill,
Everybody from work has gone;
But the grasshoppers labor, still,
And the bees and the birds toil on.

S.M. Harlan

forms of tenses of English words, we find many curious things, and begin to realize some of the difficulties met by those of other nationalities who try to express themselves in correct English. To illustrate: The writer once heard a gentleman tell how strangely he felt upon hearing a will read, which was made by a Frenchman, when he found that in it he himself had been appointed "executioner" for the testator.

Referring to the arbitrary change of form taken on by some English words, a writer in the *Commonwealth* gives the following curious medley:—

"We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes, But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese. Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese. You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice, But the plural of house is houses, not hice. If the plural of man is always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or kine, But a bow if repeated is never called bine, And the plural of vow is vows, never vine. If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet? If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth, Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth? If the singlar's this, and the plural is these, Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese? Then one may be that, and three would be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose, And the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother, and also of brethren, But though we may say mother, we never say methren. Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him, But imagine the feminine she, shis, and shim. So the English, I think, as you all will agree, Is the strangest language you ever did see."

J. O. CORLISS.

Leicester, England.

God's Quiet Strength

A VERY beautiful illustration of how quietly God's most mighty physical and spiritual forces work, is given by James I. Vance. He says:—

In a certain city a bridge was to be built across the river. To secure a solid foundation, piles were driven in the bed of the river. One day they could make no headway, and, on examination, found that they had struck an old, forgotten, unused water-main left in the river-bed. But one thing was to be done. The main must come out. Encircling the main with immense cables, they harnessed them to a locomotive on an improvised track. The engineer opened the throttle, and the engine started forward, only to be thrown back on the track by the cables. More steam was turned on, the mighty locomotive rushed forward with tremendous power, only to rebound again. It was useless, the engineer said; another effort would derail the engine. Tugboats were brought, and the cables were harnessed to them. Then the tugs did their best. They pulled and plunged and churned the river into foam, but the main was unmoved.

"We shall have to give it up," said the workmen.

"The location of the bridge will have to be changed," said the city authorities.

But a quiet man came thither one day, and, after looking on a while, said, "I can lift it out." At once the contract was his. He brought two old mud-scows, and let them rest just above the stubborn main. The cables were tightly lashed to huge beams laid from one scow to the other. "What are you going to do?" they asked him. "I have finished," was the quiet reply.

He then climbed upon the bank, and, folding his arms, waited for the tide to come in. The scows rocked and tossed, they tugged and stormed, while the man cried: "Come up! come on! You must come!"

Then there was a mighty upheaval, that shook the river from bank to bank, and the tide had the victory.

God's strength flows into human life as the tide. There is no noise, it is scarcely perceptible, but it is sovereign.

A Boy's Essay on the Stomach

THE stomach is the most important organ in the body, because it's the place where all our brains are made. Some brains are not very good, and that's because they are not manufactured according to the best methods. It does not require much book learning, not even a course in college, to make good brains. But in order to make the best compound of any kind, one must use the best materials. If the stomach is not provided with proper food, the brain power, as well as the power in every other part of the human machine, will be lacking. For as a man's stomach is, so is he. If his stomach is kept loaded with a conglomeration of obnoxious things, his brain will be filled with a multitude of good-for-nothing thoughts. And as the food in the stomach ferments, the thoughts in the brain effervesce in expressions of discouragement, utterly devoid of health-giving cheer.

There is such a thing as letting the stomach become so sour that it will eat itself up; and there is such a thing as allowing it to become so sluggish that the whole machinery will stop. When this happens, you may be sure the stomach needs a bath.

A stomach bath is a good thing sometimes. It sort of makes a hero of an individual, and gives him new courage to take up the duties of life. The stomach rebels sometimes, just because it needs a hot-water bottle on it. A hot-water bottle is a good thing. It's so much easier to "take" than medicine, and then it really does some good, while medicine is apt to make matters worse. I know a lady who is sick all the time just from taking medicine to get well.

One should cultivate respect for his stomach; it's a great deal like a boy in its disposition: it won't overwork without offering serious objections. Some people want the stomach to do a whole lot more work than it's booked for. I know of a man who went to a big celebration; and when his stomach refused in rather a heroic way to celebrate all he wanted it to, he would not admit that the disagreement was caused by overwork in caring for bread and butter and salads and pickles and meats and jellies and jams and preserves and cakes and pies and cookies, which were allowed to descend in such an avalanche as completely to overwhelm his poor stomach.

Some doctors seem to think the stomach is not necessary, and that a person could get along all right if he didn't have any. But if it were not for the stomach, what would the doctors do in trying to locate the seat of all the diseases? Then, too, what would some people have to talk about, if they hadn't any stomach? It is such an inexhaustible topic, and with some it never seems to grow old. When you see two persons in conversation, one gazing vacantly at the earth, and the other staring off into space, and both looking as if their last hope had taken its flight, there is cause to suspect that they are gossiping about their stomachs.

Now it's a law of nature that nobody likes to be talked about, and it's an established fact that gossip never did anybody any good. It's a shame on Christian people that they should stoop to gossip about their downtrodden stomachs. If the stomach absolutely refuses to attend to business, and you are utterly unable to persuade it to resume, it is all right to confide your troubles to some good physician, and then quietly follow his advice. But if you want your stomach to reform, stop talking about it, and stop craving sympathy for it by telling everybody all about

its little failures in business. There are plenty of other things to talk about without talking about the stomach.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

The Hour of the Morning

I KNEEL in the calm of the morning,
The hour consecrated to prayer;
For I know, ere I touch the day's duties,
That Jesus will meet with me there,
And I ask that the hand of the Master
The heaviest burdens will bear.

The hour of the morning is sacred,
For angels are hovering round,
And, reverent, I lay off my sandals,
For 'tis holy, 'tis God's hallowed ground,—
The calm, precious hour of the morning,
Where Christ, my Redeemer, is found.

And I ask him that strength may be given
For each task that shall come through the day;
And that every sin and temptation
May be banished and put far away;
That life may be filled with such blessings
As the Spirit of Christ shall convey.

O, that calm, holy hour of the morning,
Ere the duties of day are begun,
My heart with my voice is uplifted,
To commune with the Infinite One;
And with rapture I think, "I shall see him
When the toils of the journey are done."

L. D. SANTÉE.

Present Training and Future Conduct

CHARACTER is a growth, not a creation. Every thought has its effect toward beautifying character, and strengthening it in the right, or toward making it the opposite of all that is lovely and good. Therefore take jealous care of your thoughts, guard carefully the intents of your heart, consider candidly the motives of your life. Resist the wrong for the sake of the strength—the self-control—you will gain thereby. When a temptation comes to do some little act of dishonesty, or even of carelessness, resist it. Gain the victory in the minutest details of your life; you will thus be stronger for its other and larger duties.

Take care of your personal appearance, of your manners, of your actions, as carefully when no one is present to see as when you are surrounded by those whose respect you wish to gain. Carelessness in little things, at times when nobody sees, begets the same fault in larger matters, and when people do see.

Many an old man owes his childishness, his carelessness about his personal appearance, his uncouth conduct, to years of training in the moments when he thought it didn't matter. Many another owes a sudden downfall from respectability to the secret thoughts of his heart, cherished through a long course of years.

Therefore weigh every thought, word, and action of your life, and make each conform to principle. The Bible says that the sinner "shall be holden with the cords of his sins." 'Tis so; the little cords of our daily life, easily broken one by one, are woven together in our later years, and make a rope that binds us fast.

E. B. MELENDY.

It is only the few who are called to fill the positions of great honor. Most of us are forced by circumstances to take lowly places. In every house there are vessels of honor and vessels of dishonor, and it is probable that the house could get along more conveniently without the former than without the latter. There is comfort in that thought for those who have to do the drudgery of life. There is a satisfaction also in remembering that we are not responsible for the size of our field, but only for our faithfulness in caring for our charge. He that is faithful in that which is least will be dealt with just as generously as if he had had the whole world for his field, and had been faithful in discharging his obligations toward it.—*United Presbyterian*.



A Visit to a Chemical Analyst

"GOOD MORNING, young people; come right in," said Professor Leiter, kindly, opening the laboratory door.

Heartily thankful for such a cordial welcome, we entered a splendidly fitted room, and looked around in some surprise at the array of apparatus and gleaming instruments, while one of our number explained to the professor that we were very anxious to see him at his work.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "that is well; and I am really fortunate this morning in having something simple to do."

"Here," he continued, leading the way to his work-table, and opening a drawer therein, "I have an old Mexican coin to analyze. The man who left it wants to know just how much silver, copper, and lead have entered into its composition. Do you suppose we can find out?"

What a question? Did we suppose he could find out! No; we didn't suppose—we *knew* he could do whatever he undertook.

"Well, young people, the very first thing the analyst has to do is to dissolve the substance he wants to analyze. Sometimes it is rock, sometimes glass, sometimes rubber; but whatever it is, it has to be dissolved. See, I drop this coin into this hot nitric acid,—"

Whew! We saw, indeed, and *smelled* the sharp, pungent vapors that rose, cloud-like, from the acid. We rushed to the open window.

"O children! children! it's all right now," said the chemist, presently. "You will at least remember about the 'dissolving of the substance,' won't you?"

"Isn't it lovely!" exclaimed a girl, as the pro-

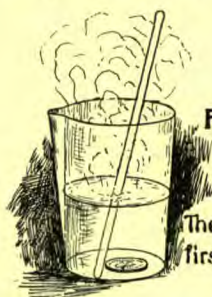


Fig. 1.

The coin is first dissolved.



Fig. 2.

He held up to our view a glass tube of clear blue fluid.

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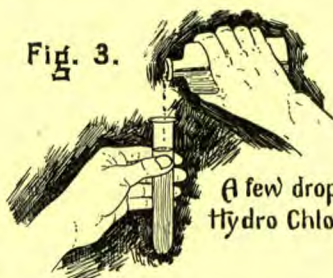


Fig. 3.

A few drops of Hydro Chloric Acid

fessor poured the bright-blue liquid into a clean test-tube.

"No, Alice, it's copper," said the professor. "That blue color fairly shouts 'copper' at the chemist. He can't mistake it. When that appears in the solution, he *knows* that that money had copper in it."

"But look—I am pouring some hydrochloric acid into the solution. Be-



Fig. 4.

A snow-storm of silver has fallen to the bottom.

teacher, pouring in the hydrochloric acid. "Now watch the silver snow-storm!"

The blue liquid lost its color in an instant, and became white as milk, or as air filled with snow, and these white particles slowly ("Don't jar the table, young people") floated downward till they rested in a white drift on the bottom, leaving the liquid as blue as the blue sky again.

"Listen, boys, girls! Hydrochloric acid makes *chlorides* out of nitrates. It made chloride of silver that would not dissolve or float in water out of the nitrate of silver that would dissolve and would float."

"But why didn't the copper sink, too?" I asked.

"A fair question deserves a fair answer," he responded. "This last acid *did* make copper chloride and lead chloride, but both of them *will* dissolve and float in hot water. So of course they remained in the solution after the snow-storm."

Professor Leiter now quickly poured off the copper and lead solution from the silver, dried the latter, and weighed it on the most delicate scales we had ever seen. "You have heard," he said, "of balances so delicate that a name written in lead-pencil can be exactly weighed. These scales are of that kind; the bearings are of agate and ruby, like the jewels of a watch. An analyst, especially a *quantitative* analyst, must have such an instrument, and it will cost him hundreds of dollars."

Having ascertained the weight of the silver, and written it on the analysis blank, our instructor turned his attention to the blue liquid again. "These two little sheets of platinum," he said, "that I put in here [the liquid] are connected with a strong electric battery. O, don't be afraid to look close: this kind of battery doesn't shoot!"

Pretty soon one of the platinum electrodes—for that is what he called them—began to get yellow and bright, the other dull and scaly. "The electricity is depositing copper on one terminal," he explained, "and lead on the other. By and by, when all the metal has been deposited, I will weigh them, subtract the weight of the platinum, and, of course, know exactly how much copper there is, and how much lead."

"Now, you see," he exclaimed, laughing, "the

fore I do this, however, I want some bright boy or girl to tell me what the nitric acid made of the silver, copper, and so on—quick!"

"Nitrate of silver, copper, and so on!" said one of the boys, with a grin.

"Right!" assented the teacher, pouring in the hydrochloric acid. "Now watch the silver snow-storm!"

The blue liquid lost its color in an instant, and became white as milk, or as air filled with snow, and these white particles slowly ("Don't jar the table, young people") floated downward till they rested in a white drift on the bottom, leaving the liquid as blue as the blue sky again.

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"Now, you see," he exclaimed, laughing, "the

wonders of chemical analysis are not so difficult to understand, after all. Of course you haven't seen it all. The delicate tests for arsenic and strychnine, the wonderful detection of really scarce substances, the analysis of organic products,—all these things you do not understand yet; but you have the working principle just the same, for them all. Has any one of you a question he would like to ask?"

"Yes, I have one," said a girl; "can chemists tell what people and animals and plants are made of?"

"Certainly they can," responded the professor. "They can take the plants and animals apart just as readily as we took the coin apart. You ask them how much carbon there is in an eye, and they can tell you; or how much oxygen in a brain, how much phosphorus,—how much iron in the blood. Ah, but should you ask how much *life* is there in the eye, the brain, the heart, the blood, he could not answer. No, he says, I can't tell you that. That *life* is God, and we can't find out God, no matter how deep we search. We only know he *is*. The chemist sees him at every turn; but the mystery of his life in the world is just as much a mystery to me as it is to you."

EDISON DRIVER.

Healing Light-Rays

ABOUT forty years ago there was born in the cold, dark island of Iceland a boy who was named Niels Finsen. For twenty-one years his home

was in that dreary land where he longed for light, and, whenever the sun shone through, hailed it with joy.

When he had attained his majority, he went to Denmark, and for eight years studied medicine at Copenhagen. But when in 1890 he was graduated, his health was so poor, his heart, liver, and digestive organs all being seriously affected, that he knew he could never practise his profession. Fortunately the position of professor of anatomy in the

university was offered him. For the next three years he taught in the Danish city.

But in the meantime he was conducting some experiments on his own account. As he had always loved and longed for light, he started with that, wondering about its special effects upon the human body. The first answer to his question came to him from earthworms, which we have not credited with much intelligence. Dr. Finsen placed some of these crawling creatures in an oblong box, one half of which was covered with red glass, the other half with blue glass. As a result, the worms always crawled away from the blue glass, where they seemed restless, and sought shelter under the red glass, where they would lie quite content.

In the case of the chameleon, too, the half of his body under the blue glass would turn almost black, while the half under the red light was almost white. All of which, Dr. Finsen thinks, goes to prove that it is only the blue or chemical rays of sunshine which can affect animal life, and that it is they that produce sunburn, which really is not a burn, since travelers have suffered from it in countries where the thermometer was below zero.



THE CHEMIST AT WORK

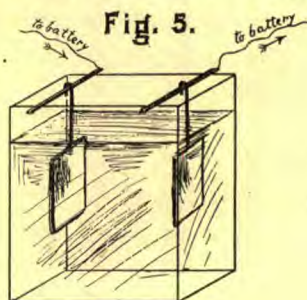


Fig. 5.

Getting the copper and lead

When he had gone thus far in his studies, he one day found a pamphlet published in 1832 by a physician of New Orleans. In this the fact was mentioned that during a smallpox epidemic in that city, some soldiers confined in a dark dungeon had been ill with the disease, but recovered without scarring. The author of the pamphlet made no attempt to explain this fact; but Dr. Finsen immediately believed that the reason why these men escaped scars was because the darkness protected them from the irritating effects of the blue rays of the sun, which, being able to irritate a healthy skin, could do far more harm on one inflamed by smallpox.

Then he further reasoned, Why would not smallpox patients always escape scarring if confined in a dark room,—or, which would be more comfortable, in a room lighted only by red light, which would have the same effect as darkness? Finsen had then never seen a case of smallpox; but he was so confident of the truth of his theory that he soon gave it to the world, declaring with assurance that patients afflicted with this dreadful disease would recover without scar or pock-mark if cared for in rooms into which only red light was admitted.

It happened that summer that there was much smallpox in Bergen, Norway. So it was determined to make a trial of the red-light treatment.

Eight severe cases, four of them children who had never been vaccinated, were chosen for the experiment. The result proved that Dr. Finsen had made no mistake. In Sweden also this preventive was successfully tried.

So the experimenter had accomplished something, and in 1894 gave up his classes that he might go still further. He wondered, again, why, since the blue or chemical rays are injurious to the body, they might not also be made beneficial.

So with powerful lenses he experimented by throwing blue light on certain kinds of bacteria. The rays proved so effectual that the germs were almost instantly killed. And Finsen was then ready to make attempts to cure some skin diseases.

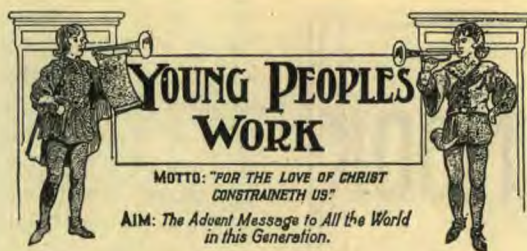
There is a form of tuberculosis which affects, instead of the lungs, the surface of the body, particularly the face. This disease, called lupus, is not very common in our country; but in Europe there are many cases of it, fifteen hundred in Denmark alone. It has always been thought incurable. But Finsen's first patient was cured within six months, by means of powerful lenses whose light passed through blue water.

The new remedy was gratefully received, and within a month after this cure the Finsen Light Institute was opened in Copenhagen. As the good news that healing had been found spread abroad, patients came from many lands.

Even royalty became interested. Queen Alexandra of England, and the former empress of Russia, while in Copenhagen visiting their father, King Christian, heard what light could do, and visited the new institute. As a result St. Petersburg now has a Finsen Institute. Queen Alexandra gave one of Finsen's lamps to the London Hospital, and soon a light department was established there. As lupus sufferers heard of it, they flocked to London in large numbers, only to be told, alas! that so many patients were already entered that they could not be treated under two years.

The light cure has also been adopted in Paris. There a lamp is used which the physicians claim is a great improvement upon Finsen's. In our own country, doctors have been slow to take up this new cure, though there are a few medical men who use it, and claim that in connection with X-rays the Finsen lamp will cure malignant cancer.

The discoverer of all this, who is indeed a public benefactor, has not profited financially by his knowledge, but lives on a modest salary of twelve hundred dollars a year; and it is sad to think that, though he has done so much to help others, he can do nothing to ease his own suffering or to make his health better.—*Christian Endeavor World*.



From Juniata, Alabama

THINKING that a report from this place might be of interest, I inclose a short account of our Young People's Society.

In accordance with the instruction given by the Lord that the young people should organize themselves into companies to work for him, we met together to lay plans for work the last Sunday in February. As we had not seen the membership cards, we drew up a pledge that we thought might be a help to our young people in keeping before their minds their duties as Christians. The pledge is as follows:—

"We, the young people of the Juniata church of Seventh-day Adventists, do hereby associate ourselves together as a band of Christian workers, that, laboring in a specified manner in harmony with, and under the direction of, the church, we may better advance the cause of God. To this end we agree, by the help of the Lord, to read one or more chapters of the Bible daily; to seek the Lord in secret prayer three times each day; and to attend all regularly appointed meetings of the church and Society unless hindered from so doing by some justifiable cause. That we further agree to form no social or business alliances with the world, and to endeavor to bring at least one soul to Christ during the year."

The membership is not restricted as to age, and several of the older members of the church have joined the Society. Eight signed the pledge at first, and five more have since joined. These are all members of the church.

For the benefit of the youth and children who wished to join, a juvenile society was formed with the following pledge:—

"We, the children of the Great King, desire to enter his service. We agree to follow his directions, to pray three times each day, and to learn at least one verse from the Bible each week. By the help of the Lord we will speak the truth, and use no liquor or tobacco."

In regard to these pledges, all who join say that they find them a great help. The Society has had a marked influence upon the children. They are learning to pray, and to take part in the meetings of the church. Two of the older children were converted, and united with the church.

The meetings of both Societies were held Sunday afternoon at four o'clock until the last week or two, when we changed to Sabbath afternoon just before the close of the Sabbath, so as to leave Sunday open all day for missionary work.

One result of the work of the Society is the planting of a missionary acre on the school farm, which is being worked by the church.

The following is a partial report of the work done since the Society was organized:—

Missionary letters written.....	6
Missionary letters received.....	4
Bible readings held.....	21
Families visited.....	30
Periodicals used.....	125
Pages books and tracts distributed.....	325

Quite a number of hours have been spent in Christian Help work, visiting and caring for the sick, sending flowers and food, etc. The Lord has greatly blessed us in this work, and we believe he will make us a blessing.

We have been making use of the lessons given in the INSTRUCTOR, and find them very interesting and instructive, especially as we study them every day at our noonday worship.

MRS. NELLIE A. HONEYWELL.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Growth and Extension

(July 26 to August 1)

OUR study of the development of this work has brought us to the time when a general organization of the forces had been effected, and the little body of believers began to plan a definite campaign into all the world. Let us divide the study for this week into three parts.

1. Let some one be appointed to give, in very brief outline, the facts presented in "Rise and Progress," chapter XXI, showing the light shed upon the great struggle of the Civil War by the spirit of prophecy. A few scriptures may also be cited to show that a little way in the future we shall have to meet times of strife and war that will try men's souls. Note also that angels are restraining the elements of strife now. For what purpose alone?

2. Let a member go through Chapters XXV, XXVI, XXVII, and XXVIII, and be prepared to note the growth of the work in the home field, as indicated by the establishment of institutions,—publishing, educational, and medical. This can be done in a ten-minute survey. Do not try to give particulars, which could not be remembered, but simply note in what order, and possibly under what circumstances, the institutions began to multiply among us.

3. Taking the same chapters, let another by the aid of the map, trace the march of the truth into foreign lands, beginning with the vote to open a mission in Central Europe in 1874. Again, do not try to give details, but only to follow the line of advance into the regions beyond. Some details of special interest may, of course, be given to illustrate the circumstances and conditions of the advance; but the survey must necessarily be brief if made interesting.

The study this week deals rather largely with facts; but we should know something of the process of growth during the period sketched. This brings us to a comparatively recent time, and with one more study we may close this series.

W. A. S.

The Cedar Lake Young People's Society

OUR Young People's Society now consists of nineteen resident members and twenty-two non-resident members; these latter are mostly academy students who do not remain through the long summer vacation. Several who held membership with us have transferred their membership to the Society where they now reside.

Sabbath afternoon has been the time of holding the meetings. The program has been varied. The chief subject of study during the winter has been the book of Daniel.

Some of the young people have been doing active missionary work in the surrounding country, giving Bible readings, and distributing tracts and papers. The young men have been holding meetings on Sunday evenings at several of the schoolhouses. A real interest has been aroused by these efforts, and we have had the pleasure of seeing a number accept the truth as a result of them. We read from the word that "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." This is the work our Society is trying to do,—preach the gospel by scattering printed pages; by going to the homes of the people, and talking with them; and above all, trying to perfect in our lives such characters as will stand in the great and final examination which the righteous Judge shall give.

IRVING R. HALL.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Two Old Brooms



So I passed two worn-out brooms lying in the alley, I thought I heard one of them talking. Wondering, I stood still to listen, and this is what I heard:—

"Well, well, old friend! So we've met again! I remember we stood side by side in the grocery on the corner."

"So we did. But I would not have recognized you, your appearance is so changed. Where have you been, anyway?"

"O, just over in that little white house on the east side of the alley, with a little girl named Dolly."

"Well, I lived in that little white house on the west side of the alley, with a little girl named Polly."

"I don't see why we should look so different now, when we looked as much alike as two peas to begin with, and lived in houses so much alike, with little girls whose names are so much alike."

"Maybe they are only alike in name. How did Dolly use you?"

"Why, she used me to sweep with, of course."



"O, I know that, but—well, I'll tell you how I was used. I belonged just in Polly's room —"

"And I in Dolly's."

"Don't interrupt, please. After Polly had made up her bed in the morning, she rolled it out from the wall, and she and I went behind it, and swept the place where it had stood. Then it was pushed back in place, and the rest of the floor was gently and carefully swept, especially the corners."

"Corners! Dear me, I never bothered the corners! And as for under the bed,—well, I guess we wouldn't meddle with that, either, if Dolly's mama didn't look after us. But we had a lively time in the middle of the floor every day, and made the dust fly. But that didn't matter; for Dolly brushed around with a feather duster —"

"Feather duster! Oh, dear! Polly never used such a thing; she always wiped the dust carefully from the bedstead, table, and chairs with a soft cloth, which she shook out-of-doors every minute or two. But that isn't about me. When she had finished sweeping, she hung me in her closet by this string you see in the end of my handle."

"Well, I wondered what that string was for. That must be the reason you are worn so square off. Look at me! My brush leans all to one side. When Dolly was done with me, she just stood me against the wall, with my brush well out, and the top of my handle leaned up in the corner. But what is the reason you are so bright and yellow, and I am so dirty-looking?"

"Once every week Polly dipped me in hot water, and hung me on the south side of the shed in the sun to dry; this kept me soft as well as bright and clean."

"Dear me! What a difference there is in brooms,—and the little girls who use them!"

AUNT BETTY.

Three Sticks of Would

If some little playmates
Came to play with me,
I would ask, politely,
What each game should be.

I would not be selfish,
Wishing every time
To have them play only
Favorites of mine.

I would be so careful
That every single one
Should go home declaring
He'd had lots of fun!

—Selected.

Different Points of View

"THE Fourth of July is a glorious day,"
Says Robbie, the boy, as he runs out to play.
"Crackers and cannon before it is morn,
Fireworks and music and blowing of horn."

But Fido, the dog, crouches under the stair,
The wretchedest tangle of howls and hair.
"The Fourth of July is a horrible day,"
In dread and in torment the dog would say.

And grandmother smiles as she naps in her
chair;
She does not look up for the cannon's blare.
"The Fourth of July is my thanksgiving day,
When I'm glad that I'm deaf—that's what I
say."

—Selected.

Little Wanderers in Armenia

In the mountains south of the Black Sea coast, and within sight of that sea, lived two little children, Nishan and Aroosiak. Their home was on a lonely hillside, far from any other house. It was a poor shanty of one room, without a single window, and with only a hole in the roof to let out the smoke of the fire; with a mud floor, and for furniture a mattress,—spread on the floor at night and rolled up to make room in the daytime,—and a small, round table about a foot high, around which they sat to eat, and on which

was placed the one dish, out of which they all ate with wooden spoons.

Their food consisted chiefly of corn meal in various forms. When asked once whether they had any other food, they said, "Why, yes; we have salt."

The father of these children was a Christian man, though very ignorant, and when he heard that orphanages for children had been opened in Marsovan, he asked, "Won't they take our children, that they may have a good Christian training?" When told that as their parents were living, they could not be accepted, he said, "Oh, that one of us might die, that our children might have the advantage!"

By and by the father did die. Later the mother married again; and when the stepfather refused to care for the children, Aroosiak was sent to the Girls' Orphanage at Marsovan, while Nishan, with an older brother, was left alone in the mountain cabin. Sometimes the Turks would come and rob them of cattle and crops. Often the little boy of eight would be left all day alone on the mountain, sometimes crying the whole day long because of fear and loneliness.

Although there seemed to be little room in our Boys' Orphanage here, we could not resist the plea for this lonely boy, and he has lately been brought to us.

What a change now in the lives of these children! They have clean, warm clothing, good food, and, better than all else, loving care and Christian teaching.

Nishan will not only learn to read, but to make shoes or weave gingham, to do tailoring or carpentering, while Aroosiak will learn to weave and knit, sew and mend, cook and clean.

She also will have lessons part of the day. You should see how happy these children are with their companions! It is a delight to see their bright faces at the service in the college chapel Sunday morning, or in their own meetings, or at play in their garden just under our windows.

As Aroosiak has been here two years, we can

judge of her development better than in the case of the boy, who has just come. When the little girl first came, she seemed to have little idea of right or wrong; but she seems very eager to learn, and to do the right thing when she understands.

Not long ago, led by a mischievous little girl somewhat older than herself, she got into the bundles of the older girls when the teachers were away, and took out some of their things to play with. When she was told that those things were not hers, and that it was wrong to take them, it seemed an entirely new idea to her, and when again the same companion tried to tempt her to do mischief, she said: "No, I will not do so. I am going to be a little Christian girl now, one that God will love."

Another time, when she was angry, she was seen to be writing around the edges of one of her school-books. When Mrs. C. told her it was not right to do so, and looked to see what she was writing, there were the words: "What would Jesus do? What would Jesus do?"

I write these things to show you how quickly even the little ones learn what is right, and know that first of all we want them to follow Jesus.

Many of these children were taken out of the streets. They were dirty, ragged, starving, but now are as attractive and well-behaved children as you would see anywhere.

Besides these little ones we have nearly four hundred young people in college and girls' school who are preparing to be useful men and women in this country.—*Mission Dayspring.*

A Dreadful Fifteen Minutes

MAIDIE sat on the steps, her little chin in her chubby hands, and a frown between her brown eyes. At the next house Bluebell sat on the steps, with her little chin in her chubby hands, and a frown between her blue eyes. And neither of them would speak first! Never! They had

both declared that. And they had sat there for as much as five minutes, looking straight ahead without the least glance at each other.

But, O dear! Maidie had just remembered that they were both going out to grandma's with Uncle Frank, for the afternoon, and have supper, and the good times they had planned would all be spoiled; for where was the fun of little chickens, and pigs with curly tails, and calves, and frisky lambs, if you could not talk about them and laugh over them with your little cousin and playmate?

But neither of them could speak first, that was settled, and no use thinking about it! She sighed dolefully, and cast a wee glance from the corner of her eyes at the other small figure, and caught her glancing across uneasily. Bluebell had remembered, too, Maidie suspected, but that did not help the matter any; it only made two sorry little girls instead of one; but to speak first was out of the question.

If they only could! Then Maidie thought of something, and giving Bluebell a bright and unexpected smile, she ran into the house. Bluebell came to the middle line between the lawns, and waited hopefully. She had confidence in Maidie's ingenuity, and was sure she had some plan to break the dreadful silence without breaking the word of either.

By and by Maidie skipped out of the house and over the grass to Bluebell, and held up her big slate, which had a straggly line of printing running down into one corner. It said, "Les Both sPeAk To Onct WHen I StomP."

Bluebell read it and nodded. Maidie laid down the slate. The brown eyes looked into the blue ones an instant, then Maidie "stomped," and they cried in one breath:—

"Maidie!"

"Bluebell!"

And they fell upon each other and kissed as if they had been away and had not met for weeks.

They talked and talked all the way to grandma's, and all the time there, and at the supper-table Uncle Frank laughingly asked them if they were ever silent two seconds.

Then they looked at each other soberly, and thought of that dreadful fifteen minutes when they could not talk.—*Selected.*



Youth

YOUTH is the morn when life is in bloom,
The days that are happy and free;
Youth is the day when all must decide
What use in the world they will be.
As a tree falleth, thus shall it lie;
The path that we start, we pursue,
Highlands of progress or lowlands of ease—
Friend, what is the choice made by you?

CLIFTON L. TAYLOR.

How the Music Was Heard

THEY were a little group, sitting around the study table, where lay some smooth sea-shells. Ned was holding first one and then another to his ear, and listening to the sweet, far-away murmur that came from it.

"What makes it, Alice?" he asked, at last.

"It's the echo of the ocean's roar, that it heard when it was the home of a live little animal, ever so long ago when it lived in the deep sea," Alice answered, pleasantly.

"And the sound lasted all this long, long time!" Ned said, slowly, with a little drawn breath of wonder.

Uncle Ray looked up from his book, across the table, and smiled a little at Ned's tone.

"There are some things that last longer than that, my boy," he said. "Many a little word spoken for good or evil, has lasted more years

than we could count. There are a great many things in this every-day life of ours that are eternal. But that pretty fancy of Alice's is hardly believed now. Those that know, say it is not the sad song of the great sea, but the sound of our own throbbing heart-blood in the tips of our fingers, that we hear. If you lay the shell on the table, and put your ear to it, there is no music. It only sings its song when you hold it close to you."

"Like baby does when mama holds her close to her," Ned said, sagely. "She always sings a little song—mama calls it cooing, but I believe she is trying to sing."

"Holding close is a great help to hearing music of many kinds," Uncle Ray said, quietly. "There's many a lonely, desolate heart would sing, if only some one held it close. So many lives—uninteresting, 'empty shells,' they often seem—that only need to be held a little closer to some kindly soul, and they, too, will give out sweet heart-music."

"Well, that's just what she always seems to me"—Alice spoke quickly—"an empty shell." And then the pretty color came in her cheeks as Uncle Ray looked at her.

"That especially unpleasant girl I told you about who is my desk-mate for the month," she explained, with a half-laugh. "You know the rule of our class is that you shall be comrades with your desk-mate for the month. Miss Kate says that it breaks up the 'sets' that girls form among themselves, and prevents there being any outsiders and lonely girls. And while you are in school at least, you walk and talk and generally 'chum' with your desk-mate. The girl that sits with me can't talk about anything, and is dull and uninteresting as can be,—an empty shell,—and I don't know what to do with her."

"Try Ned's plan, puss," Uncle Ray said, brightly, "and hold her a little closer, with a kinder, more sympathetic manner, for a while. And let me hear of the result, won't you, please? Somehow I can never forget my own childhood. I was one of your 'outsiders.' I don't know why it was. I was bright enough in my studies, but I didn't know how to be a boy among boys. No one ill-treated me, and I don't think any one meant to be unkind to me, only I was never chosen when sides were taken for a game, never asked to join in any of the boy-sport. I was simply let alone—a lonely little lad."

A far-away look came into his pleasant eyes, and Alice looked her real astonishment. Her bright, genial Uncle Ray as a boy "outsider"—it seemed impossible!

"I had passed several years of this sort of life at school, when there came a new scholar one term. Handsome, bright, lovable, he soon took his rightful place as leader in all our boyish games and plans. I worshiped him from the safe distance of my great timidity, never dreaming he would ever care to speak to me, and I shall never forget the day he walked over to where I was watching an exciting game of ball, that I would have given anything to be in, and said, 'Ray, why don't you play too? I believe those legs of yours can run. Come join our side.' I don't think I made any answer. I felt my face burning with confusion, but I followed him, and from that day on was his devoted slave, and he, noble-hearted fellow that he was, repaid this worship by a championship of my rights, a comradeship with myself that made another boy of me. He held me close enough to his heart," Uncle Ray said, with a smile, "to hear the music that even I was capable of making. There is many a child that has had the same bitter experience of being odd, uninteresting, misunderstood, with no pleasant ending, as I had, of a friend to hold him close enough to find out the hidden song."

He turned to his open book and went on with his reading. It was Uncle Ray's way to let his sermons make their own application. He rarely

troubled to do it himself. And Alice knew where it suited her, without his telling her.

"I'll try it," she said slowly, as she picked up one of Ned's shells, and held it to her ear. "I know she is not pretty nor very bright, and she is poor and has no pleasant home like this, and maybe she does feel far off from us all. I'll try it for a month, and see what I'll hear."

"Music," Uncle Ray answered with a twinkle in his eyes. "I know it's there, and you will hear it if you really get close enough to listen."—*Selected.*

In Green Pastures

So many ask thy help in anguished prayer,
Through pain and trial clinging close to thee;
I need thee also; come and help me bear
The test of gladness thou hast laid on me.

Lest I be tempted so, and turn aside,
Come with thy gift, to keep it pure and sweet.
Cover mine eyes from vanity and pride,
And let me lay this crown before thy feet.

Be thou beside me, Lord, when dawn shall lift
My heart to hail the gladness of this grace,
And ere my eyes look up to greet thy gift,
Let them behold the blessing of thy face.

Put forth thy hand and hold me all the day,
While task and care the golden hours employ.
Men wander oft in grief from out thy way;
Good Shepherd, let me wander not in joy!

But let me, when the evening shadows fold,
Lay down my heart to rest upon thy will.
Fearless to face the morrow's page untold,
Of joy or grief, since thou art with me still.

—Mabel Earle.

Joseph's Keeper

IN his youthful days Joseph listened to his father's instructions, and it was a pleasure to him to obey the Lord. When he was a captive, and felt the loss of his father's tender care, he was thus led to turn to his father's God. At this time, when he needed help, angels of God would lead, guide, instruct, and protect him; and he then and there gave himself fully to the Master's use. Thus the God of Israel was Joseph's keeper while in the land of exile.

When he was sold to Potiphar, and during the years of service, when exposed to temptation in the midst of royalty and idol-worship, Joseph stood firm to principle; and we know how the Lord was with him, and prospered him in all that he did. Because Joseph was loyal, truthful, and honest wherever he was placed, the Lord favored and blessed him; he had trials, grievous ones, too; but his confidence was unshaken in the God in whom he trusted.

The Lord gives us opportunities, and success depends upon the use we make of them. It pays to be upright, firm, and true to principle. Such a character is worth far more than any worldly fame or honor that might be conferred upon us.

H. E. SAWYER HOPKINS.

Gently Speak

GENTLY speak! there are spirits a'weary,
Needing the accents of love from you;
Let not the quick, sharp word be spoken,
Always be gentle and loyal and true.

Gently speak, for the world is o'erburdened
With the fierce, faultfinding word, and its sting.
Be to the meek like the zephyrs of heaven,
Like the wee birds that so cheerily sing.

Let the glad accents of love and affection
Fall like the fragrance exhaled by the flowers:
Brighten by gentle words, soothing and tender;
Freshen, like joy of the glad summer show-ers.

Over the world there are spirits a'weary;
Maybe there's one who is living with you:
Dear one, speak gently; love whispers, "Speak gently,"
So to your mission be loyal and true.

B. F. M. SOURS.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

V—The Last Words and Death of Joshua

(August 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 24.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." Luke 10:27.

Before Joshua died, he gathered the tribes together at Shechem, the city given to him for an inheritance. The chief men of all the tribes were especially called for—the elders, heads, judges, and officers.

Very plainly Joshua set before them the two ways, one of which they must choose. He showed them the way of prosperity and life—to "cleave unto the Lord," and serve him only; to cast out utterly the heathen nations, and have nothing to do with their false gods.

Then Joshua showed them the other way, and what would come upon them if they took it. If they should "cleave unto the remnant of these nations," and mingle with them and serve their gods, then these should become as "snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, until ye perish from off this good land which the Lord your God hath given you."

And so it is with us in our warfare against sin and Satan. There is no middle ground; we must either have the victory over all sin, or it will have the victory over us and destroy us. Satan tries hard to get us to cherish some sin, some little sin, and to cleave to it. But the smallest sin that is not put away will be enough to cause our death.

Let us ask Jesus to cast out of his kingdom within us "all things that offend," so that he may lead us on to complete victory over all the hosts of Satan. Then God will fight for us, and no enemy will be able to overcome us.

Read carefully this little review lesson in Joshua 24:2-13. Beginning with the call of Abraham, Joshua brings Israel down to their own time, when the Lord had brought them in, and given them "a land for which they had not labored; cities which they built not," and vineyards and olive-yards which others had planted.

After reminding them of all this, Joshua urged them to make their choice, saying: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve"—whether the true God, the gods that Abraham left when God called him, or the gods of the Amorites into whose land they had come. Joshua did not hesitate a moment for himself. He said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

This is the choice set before us to-day: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Shall it be God or self, Christ or Satan? To-day, every day, we must make our choice—Christ or Satan. May we all have the grace to answer, in the words of Joshua, "We will serve the Lord."

But when the Israelites said this, Joshua told them they could not do it, because he is a holy and jealous God. How was this? The words of Joshua in verse 23 show us. It was because they had strange gods among them, and were not wholly given to the Lord. God must have the whole heart of those who serve him. He is a holy God, and those who serve him must be holy. The word "holy" means "whole." So this means that if we would be the servants of God, we must give him the whole heart.

When the people still declared that they meant to serve the true God, Joshua set up a great stone to be a witness—a reminder to them of their

promise. This was to keep them from denying God and turning to idols.

Joshua lived to the age of one hundred and ten years. He was forty-five years old when Moses sent him to spy out the land. Because of the unbelief of the Israelites, he was obliged to stay forty years in the wilderness when he was ready to go into Canaan. He was eighty-five years old when Moses died, and the children of Israel crossed the Jordan, and at last entered the land of promise. For twenty-five years after this he ruled and led and encouraged them, "and Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua."

Questions

1. What did Joshua do just before his death? Who were especially called to the meeting at Shechem? Why did Joshua send for them?
2. What choice did Joshua set before the people? What two ways did he show them? Is there any other way? Then if we are not serving God in the way of life, where are we, and whom are we serving?
3. What story did Joshua tell to Israel? Why did he remind them of all this? What does God want us always to keep in mind? Ps. 105:5; 78:7.
4. How had the Israelites got into the land of Canaan? How had the heathen been cast out before them? Had they themselves done anything toward it? What about the cities and vineyards which they now had?
5. What other gods did Joshua speak to the people about? Had these been able to deliver those who trusted in them?
6. What did Joshua tell the people to choose? In what words did he tell them his own choice? Have you yet made your choice? Can you answer in the words of Joshua? How often must our choice be made?
7. Whom did the Israelites say that they had chosen to be their God? Why could they not serve the Lord as they then were? What did Joshua tell them to do, and why? What does God want from all his servants? Memory Verse.
8. What age was Joshua when he died? How old was he when he first saw the land of Canaan? How long did he lead Israel? What is said about Israel in the days of Joshua?



V—The Mystery of God

(August 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 3:1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Verse 8.

For this cause I Paul, the prisoner of Christ Jesus in behalf of you Gentiles,—if so be that ye have heard of the dispensation of that grace of God which was given me to you-ward; how that by revelation was made known unto me the mystery, as I wrote before in few words, whereby, when ye read, ye can perceive my understanding in the mystery of Christ; which in other generations was not made known unto the sons of men, as it hath now been revealed unto his holy apostles and prophets in the Spirit; to wit, that the Gentiles are fellow-heirs, and fellow-members of the body, and fellow-partakers of the promise in Christ Jesus through the gospel, whereof I was made a minister, according to the gift of that grace of God which was given me according to the working of his power. Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, was this grace given, to preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to make all men see what is the dispensation of the mystery which for ages hath been hid in God who created all things; to the intent that now unto the principalities and the powers in the heavenly places might be made known through the church the manifold wisdom of God, accord-

ing to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord: in whom we have boldness and access in confidence through our faith in him. Wherefore I ask that ye may not faint at my tribulations for you, which are your glory.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. Even though Paul was a prisoner, to whom did he belong?
2. For whose sakes had he been made a prisoner?
3. Of what had these Gentiles probably heard? Why had Paul been intrusted with this stewardship? (Revised Version.)
4. How had the mystery of Christ been made known to Paul? Had they learned of this before? See also Eph. 1:9, 10.
5. How had this mystery been revealed in past generations, as compared with the light that is revealed to the Gentiles and to all Christians since Christ's time?
6. Through whom has this mystery been revealed? See also John 16:7, 13.
7. What is this mystery which has now been revealed more fully? Verse 6.
8. How was it described in our last lesson? Eph. 2:11-18.
9. What relation did Paul sustain to this greater revelation?
10. By what gift had Paul been made a minister of this mystery?
11. How does Paul describe his own condition?
12. Why had this wonderful grace been bestowed upon him?
13. To how many did he feel under obligation to make the gospel known?
14. Are any Christians obligated to do less? Think of the number of ways in which each of us can share in making all men know the gospel which is revealed in Christ.
15. What is one object in all this plan of salvation? Verse 10.
16. In whom is all this wrought?
17. What do we have through Jesus Christ? See also Rom. 5:2.
18. In view of this, what did he ask of them? What were his tribulations to them?

Notes

1. The scripture in this lesson may seem a little dark, unless care is taken in reading to note the parenthetical verses, which are thrown in, and which really open up beautifully the lessons that are only begun in verse 1, and then resumed again in verse 14. Read the scriptures over carefully several times before studying with the questions. Read until you know what Paul is writing about, and then the questions will aid you in fixing the truths taught.

2. Dispensation means stewardship. (See Revised Version.) The store of which Paul had been made steward, and which he was to dispense to all men, was the gospel of the grace of God, as revealed in Jesus. We are stewards of this same grace, and under obligations to give all men an opportunity to hear the gospel.

3. Note Paul's description of himself. He who was to magnify Christ, and make all men see the fellowship of the mystery, did not intend that the eyes of the people should be turned from Christ to himself. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me," fittingly describes his life, and the life of every one who will engage in this work of making Christ known to the world.

It is Christ who will come in the clouds of heaven. We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ. This, to the believer, is the most delightful consideration—my Redeemer is my Judge!—*Hervey.*



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"I AM not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," wrote Paul, the Christian gentleman, at a time when that name was counted a disgrace to all who bore it. Not only so, but they were persecuted, hunted, tormented, thrown to wild beasts, and killed in every way that the cruelty of man could devise. Yet Paul was neither ashamed nor afraid. What a rebuke are his words to such a spirit as that which found expression not long ago, in my hearing, "I wish we weren't called Adventists!"

Not called "Adventists"! when the very word is the expression of our dearest hope—the hope that has been the joy of all the faithful from the time of Enoch to our own day,—the second, personal, visible appearing of our Lord and Saviour in the clouds of heaven, to gather his children to their everlasting inheritance! To have the knowledge that that coming is near, to be among the company who look for that coming in this generation, is a blessing to fill our hearts with gratitude and thanksgiving—never with any less noble feeling.

The giving of the gospel of Christ to the world to-day includes the teaching that his coming is near. Those who have this hope in their hearts will tell it to others,—tell it by their deportment, their dress, their conduct in life, by the very name that they bear, till the good news has gone to every nation and kindred and tongue and people. And then, he will come!

And oh may there be none who have borne the name *Adventist* of whom Jesus will have cause to be ashamed in that day!

Special Services

SABBATH, July 4, being a national holiday, when all over the country, people are given to pleasure-seeking, if not to noisy demonstrations, it was decided by the officers of the Battle Creek church to devote the day entirely to services for the young people and children. Accordingly, committees were chosen to have the matter in charge. The platform was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers.

The morning service was in charge of the Young People's Society, the speaker for the occasion being chosen from among their number. The young people were seated in front of the pulpit, and rendered appropriate selections of music from "Christ in Song." The speaker dwelt upon the story of the nation's obtaining its freedom from oppression. Contrasted strongly with this was the story of Christ's coming to earth to free men and women from the thralldom of sin,—a greater independence day,—when the sons of men are made free indeed. We were all exhorted to accept of this freedom in Christ Jesus, and the inheritance to which he is soon coming to take his people.

The afternoon was devoted especially to the children. A little before three o'clock the divisions of the Sabbath-school gathered in their various rooms, and as the hour struck, marched into

the body of the church, and were seated in the front sections, which were reserved for them.

The exercises were very simple, consisting chiefly of songs by the children. One division gave a responsive reading, using the twenty-fourth psalm; and a chalk talk was given on the Shepherd Psalm. Though the day was very warm, and for many of the children this was their third service, the interest and attention were good from first to last.

The exercises closed by all the children joining in the following song, written by Brother F. E. Belden especially for this occasion:—

My Saviour, 'tis of thee
Who died mankind to free;
Of thee I sing,—
Leaving thy home of light,
Stooping to earthly night,
Showing the path of right,—
Praise to our King!

Who of the lords of earth,
Like him of lowly birth
And royal name?
Jesus, sweet word for all
Who on the Father call;
Salvation spans the fall;
For this he came.

Mortals by mortals crowned,
The noblest men have bound
In pride of power.
Christ sets the meanest free,
He gives true liberty
From every tyranny;
Crown him this hour!

Honor be theirs who gave,
A nation's life to save,
Oppressed by wrong.
One song for them we sing,
Ten thousand songs we bring
To earth's Redeemer-King;
Countless his throng!

Announcement

A NEW series of lessons for the weekly study will begin in our issue of August 13. For several months we have studied the Rise and Progress of Seventh-day Adventists, and some of the vital truths which form the pillars of our faith and hope. We will now turn our attention to the Great Controversy between Christ and Satan, from the destruction of Jerusalem to the end of time.

Scripture lessons will form the basis of these studies, and "The Great Controversy," by Mrs. E. G. White, will be the chief reference book.

We earnestly invite our young people to a thorough, prayerful study of these great themes. The Lord has given us precious rays of light to enable us to find our way through this, "the darkest hour of earth's long night." We are rapidly nearing the crisis of the ages—that great day when our work for the lost will close, and our personal probation will end. Let us give earnest heed to these things.

The duties and privileges of the present may be studied in the light of the past. The destruction of Jerusalem, the early persecutions, the great apostasy, the heroic battle for truth by the Waldenses and the Reformers,—all these stirring experiences and struggles have been recorded for our learning; and by faithful study we may be made strong for the last great conflict.

Every student should have a copy of "Great Controversy" for his own use—a copy which he can mark, and become familiar with, and preserve for future study and reference. The prices are as follows:—

Cloth, marbled edges.....	\$2.25
Cloth, gilt edges.....	2.75
Library, leather.....	3.00
Half morocco, gilt edges.....	3.50
Full morocco, gilt edges.....	4.50

Liberal discounts will be made by State tract societies and publishing houses to all who desire books for this study. A more definite announcement relative to prices will be made next week.



QUARTZ GLASS.—A new "unbreakable" glass is now made of Brazilian quartz pebbles. It is said to resist great heat as well as sudden changes of temperature, a white-hot coal being dropped into a vessel made from it without breaking it.

A GLOSSY, silky down, or "vegetable silk," is obtained from a tree that abounds in Paraguay. At present this down is chiefly used for stuffing quilts and pillows, but it is the opinion of those who have given attention to the matter that the substance possesses a sufficient fiber to enable it to be woven into threads.

THE increased use of the automobile has revived the interest in a "transcontinental boulevard," which the manufacturers and riders of bicycles advocated so energetically a few years ago. It is proposed to macadamize a broad highway that shall reach from New York to San Francisco, and to maintain it in good condition by a system of tolls. It is to be hoped that, should this ideal roadway ever be built, there will be a wide, safe place left for foot-passengers.

A SUBMARINE WORKER.—A new submarine boat has been devised for searching the ocean bottom for lost treasure. "It is provided with magnifying-glasses, like great eyes, permitting clear vision to those inside a distance of thousands of yards below the surface. It has a large wheel on which it can traverse the bottom like an automobile. The motive force is electricity, received by wire from a ship above. There are two immense arms of steel capable of moving in any direction. They can be elongated so as to reach far out." The practical merits of the device will soon be tested in an attempt to recover a treasure lost on a ship bound for Athens.

How Many Stars

THE first flag of the United States, as most of the INSTRUCTOR readers know, consisting of thirteen stripes, with thirteen white stars arranged in a circle on a blue field, was adopted by Congress in 1777. In 1795, after the admission of Vermont and Kentucky to the Union, the flag by order of Congress had fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. It was this form of the flag which was used at Fort McHenry, and which inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-Spangled Banner," our national anthem.

It was soon seen, however, that if a new stripe was to be added for each new State, the flag would soon be unwieldy; so in 1818, when five more States had been admitted, Congress passed a resolution to the effect that thereafter the flag should have only thirteen stripes, representing the thirteen original States, and twenty stars, for the Union as it then was; and, further, that one new star should be added for each new State admitted. At the present time there are forty-five stars in the flag; and if the wishes of Oklahoma, Arizona, and New Mexico are granted, and those Territories receive the privileges of statehood, there will soon be three more.

