

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Election of a New Pope

DURING the last sickness of Pope Leo XIII, and especially since his death, the entire world has been told again and again, through the newspapers and magazines, of the interesting ceremony of electing a new pope; but it may be quite as interesting to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR to read the story as it was told to us a few months ago by one of the leading official guides of the Vatican, as we stood in the magnificent assembly-room of St. Peter's, facing the beautiful marble sarcophagus which will be the temporary resting-place of the pope, while the permanent tomb and the ornamental decorations and statuary are being prepared.

We were fortunate in obtaining the services of an intelligent guide, who had long been in the service of the Vatican; and while we can not vouch for the accuracy of his statements, we were impressed with the apparent sincerity of his effort to give a faithful narration of the interesting proceeding.

When the attending physicians have made their final examination, and have declared life to be extinct, they retire from the death chamber, and the doors are securely locked; then the Cardinal Chamberlain, who has stood next to the pope as the highest and most trusted official of the Vatican, approaches the door, and knocks three times. On receiving no answer he enters, and with a silver hammer taps lightly three times upon the forehead of the dead man, and calls him by name. There still being no answer, the Chamberlain retires from the room, and announces officially that the pope is dead.

The Cardinal Chamberlain immediately assumes the high office, and takes charge of affairs until the election of a new pope has taken place; but as a precaution against an abuse of this temporary power, three other trusted cardinals are appointed to guard the interests of the church.

According to the laws of the church, the balloting for the election must begin in ten days, or in twelve days at the latest, after the pope's death.

Through the ambassadors of the countries where they reside, the death of the pope is immediately announced to the seventy cardinals of the church, known as the Sacred College, who alone are eligible to office; and they are summoned to hasten to Rome in order to participate in the election. In the meantime the embalmers are summoned; the body is removed from the death chamber to the throne-room adjoining, and is there prepared for the tomb. Then the body is removed to the auditorium of St. Peter's, and placed

necessary attendants; but all are closely guarded, and are actually held as prisoners, so that they may have no communication with the outside world until the solemn conclave is over. The election is held in the beautiful Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, a little private assembly-room, beautifully decorated with paintings by Michelangelo and other celebrated masters.

On the day fixed for the sitting of the conclave, the cardinals assemble to hear the mass of the Holy Spirit, and take the oath of allegiance, faithfulness, and secrecy.

Then they march in double file to the Sistine Chapel, which has already been made secure from all outside worldly influences by every window and every door except the main entrance being walled up solid with bricks and mortar; and every aperture of the room, by which communication with the world might be had, being securely closed. When the cardinals with their attendants and the six scrutineers have assembled, the entrance door is also walled with masonry, with the exception of a small square opening, through which food and other refreshments may be passed in. "So you see, my friends," said the guide, "the cardinals must elect a new pope, or they will never get out." The cardinals are thus confined to insure the election being purely ecclesiastical, and free from political influences or intrigues; for there have been times when the election of a pope has been made the occasion for an uprising or revolution, with the hope of influencing the election for political purposes.

Before the balloting begins, each cardinal is required to make a declaration in writing, indicating whether he is willing to accept the sacred office as head of the church, and be bound through life by the many oaths to which a pope must subscribe; one of the most important of which, and the

one most likely to be embarrassing to the cardinals, being the oath of self-imprisonment until death within the walls of the Vatican; for it is well known that after his election the pope can never again set foot outside his temporary dominion, which consists of St. Peter's, the Vatican, and their adjacent gardens. Only those who are willing to be thus bound are eligible to the high office; and the number is usually quite limited.



POPE LEO XIII

in the marble sarcophagus previously mentioned.

The funeral lasts nine days, during which time thousands assemble to pay their last respects to this great sovereign of the Catholic Church. As the cardinals arrive, they are assigned to their apartments, each being allowed two rooms and a kitchen. Each cardinal may have with him two attendants, one an officer of the church and the other a layman, besides a cook and any other

A two-thirds vote is required for the election of a pope; and any one of three methods may be employed,—acclamation, compromise, or ballot. Pope Leo XIII was elected by acclamation, or by "inspiration," as the church is pleased to term it, "when all the cardinals, as if by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, proclaim one candidate pontiff by voice and unanimously." Election by ballot is far more common. In that case balloting papers are distributed, as in a political meeting, and each cardinal writes his preference in the following words: "I, Cardinal —, elect my Lord Cardinal — to be supreme pontiff." Then the cardinals, one by one, step forward to the altar, hold the ballot aloft in the right hand, and with the left hand upon the Bible, say, "I call to witness Christ the Lord, who is to be my judge, that I elect him whom I judged according to God ought to be elected, and that I do the same at the succession." The ballot is then placed in the chalice.

When the full number of votes has been cast, the six scrutineers come forward and examine the ballots. If less than a two-thirds vote for any one cardinal has been secured, the ballots are placed upon a quantity of wet straw in a little fireplace used only for that purpose, and are burned. Thousands of people assembled outside watch for the smoke from the chimney, which by its appearance will announce to them the result. When the heavy black smoke from the damp straw is seen, they know that the ballot has not been successful. Sometimes the balloting continues for several days. If at the close of the first day no successful ballot has been taken, an announcement is made of the name which has received the largest number of votes; and when the cardinals renew their balloting on the following morning, chief consideration is given to the most favored cardinal, and an attempt made to secure a two-thirds vote for him. On the ballot being successful, the Cardinal Chamberlain comes forward, and announces the result. The favored cardinal receives the congratulations of his fellows, and announces to them the ecclesiastical name by which he chooses to be known. Then he retires to the dressing-room, and is arrayed in the pontifical garments.

In the meantime the successful ballot papers are sprinkled with holy water, and burned; and the cloud of vapor ascending from the chimney announces to the crowd without that the ballot has been successful. The masons come with their hammers and remove the bricks and mortar; and the cardinals are set free. The new pope is ushered out to the great balcony in front of St. Peter's, and there introduced by his new name to the people. The First Cardinal Deacon presents the pope to the people in these words: "I bring you tidings of great joy. We have a pope, the most high and reverend [giving the name of the new pope]. He has taken upon himself the name of [Pius X or Leo XIV or whatever the name may be]." Then the people hasten to the great auditorium of St. Peter's, there to receive the blessings of their Sovereign Pontiff, and witness the grand parade, as the successor of St. Peter passes before the assembled thousands, wearing the triple tiara, arrayed in the richest gold-wrought vestments, and followed by all the great cardinals and highest princes of the church. Then, attended by the Noble Guard, the fine body of Swiss Highlanders who are the bodyguard of the pope and the protectors of the Vatican, the newly elected head of the church is escorted to his royal apartments.

E. R. PALMER.

"THE world is wide
In time and tide,
And — God is guide;
Then, do not hurry.
That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest;
Then, do not worry."



Lesson from the Swaying Bird. Matt. 10:29-31

On a bough so lowly bending,
Mirrored in the water blue,
Sits a trustful singer, swaying,
Trilling songs for me and you.

Clouds above are lowly hanging,
Often comes the lightning's flash;
Fiercely now the winds are blowing,
With anon a thunder crash.

All its heart is melting, pouring;
Falls the tempest, still it clings;
I can see its slight form quiver,
As it bravely sits and sings.

Spirit of the upper heavens,
Pray translate the singer's song;
Help me read the God-sent message,
As its billows roll along.

"What have I to fear? my Father
Holds the storm-king in his hand;
I could surely not be safer,
In my nest upon the land.

"O thou earth-born child of promise!
Why so often all affright,
When thy Father's hand upholds thee,
Brightest day or darkest night?

"When he speaks, the raging tempest,
All its angry tossing stills.
His alone the gold and silver,
Cattle on a thousand hills.

"I can trust him in the sunshine,
Drenching rain, and dreary storm;
Even in the ice-bound winter,
He it is that keeps me warm.

"I that only gather insects,
Singing songs 'neath heaven's blue,
He remembers; and he careth
Much more, child, for such as you.

"He that keeps thee can not slumber,
His hand holds thee, plant of dust;
All thy head's hairs he can number,
Cling to him, and rest, and trust."

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

Two Ways

ONCE while riding on the train an aged couple boarded the cars at a quiet country station. They seemed somewhat timid, and apparently had traveled but little. After the first excitement of getting a seat and putting their belongings in place was over, the old man settled back in the seat with a very dignified air, while his companion gazed through the window with a contented, happy smile. From their conversation with the conductor I learned that they were on their way to visit their son, who for fifteen years had not missed making them an annual visit at that season, but owing to an accident was not able to come that year.

The train boy passed to and fro with his usual supply of gum and oranges; but none of his wares attracted the old farmer's attention until he appeared with the daily newspaper.

"How much are your papers?" he asked.

"Three cents," replied the newsboy.

"Three cents," said the farmer, in surprise.

"Why, I can get the *Bloomfield Gazette* right in our town a hull year for one dollar."

"You can't get a *Daily News* for that," answered the boy, sharply.

"The *Gazette* has news from over the hull earth," persisted the old man.

"Well, you don't need to take the paper, hayseed, if you don't want it,—but here, I'll donate you one if you can't afford it," insultingly said the boy, holding the paper toward the old man, who waved him off, saying, "No, sir, I pay for what I get. I would not have your paper."

The newsboy moved on, muttering surlily.

The farmer looked disturbed. His wife hastily brushed a tear from her eye; had she not told him that very morning how well he looked in his best suit, bought fifteen years before in honor of their Charlie's wedding?

A gentleman seated just behind the two comprehended the situation, and laying aside his newly bought paper, he leaned forward, and soon engaged the old man in an animated conversation. Even grandma forgot her grief when they touched upon the subject of butter making, and in her quiet way offered her opinion. Later, after perusing the paper, he said, politely, "Would you like to look over my paper? I do not care for it any longer."

"Thank you, I believe I will," the old man said, appreciatively.

And soon the old couple were both reading from the same page, happily commenting upon the different topics. VINA M. SHERWOOD.

Our Three-Story House

It has been said that man lives in a three-story house, the lower story being the part inhabited by his animal nature, the second by his intellectual nature, and the third by his spiritual nature. The comparison is an excellent one. In the basement, or lower story, are the kitchen and dining-room; in the second is the library, and in the third is the oratory where one holds communion with God. The majority of people spend most of their time in the basement. Their thoughts are centered upon having good times in this world. They are almost wholly concerned with what they shall eat and drink and wear. Necessity may cause them to work, but, in so far as they can, they eat, drink, and are merry. They do not care for books and for learning enough to make them more than passably intelligent. In tastes and in knowledge they are above the brutes, it is true, but it is the animal nature that rules over them.

It is a lesser number of people who spend a large part of their time in the library in the second story. There are some who go up and down so often, from the first to the second floor and back again, that it is hard to tell in which story they spend most of their time. When one comes to value learning; when he is consumed with a desire to know the great secrets that nature hides where they are sure to be discovered by the wise and persistent seeker; when he likes to commune with great minds who have opened the storehouses of their wisdom to all who will enter, his animal nature has ceased to dominate him, and his living room is in the second story.

Still fewer find their way into the third story. That is the sanctuary of the soul—its holy of holies. Here man's higher nature is stimulated by great draughts of truth. Here he is inspired by communion with the Holy Spirit to feel a great love and to do great deeds for his fellow men. Here he finds himself uplifted by fellowship with the good of all ages. The Scriptures are an open book in that upper story. The world-fever is calmed there, and the atmosphere of the place is peace. It is far above the contentions, scramblings, and clashings of the first story. It has deeper and more lasting joys than are to be found in the second. The outlook of the third story is upon the life beyond.

As has been said, not so many mount up to this last story. There are some who go up to it once in a while,—say once a week,—and then hurry down, locking the door behind them. Others have no regular time for visiting it, and in many cases do not return to it for months or years. But there are some who dwell in it all the while. You can be sure of the fact by their serene and radiant faces. They have found the secret of joy forevermore. That upper story is a Beth-el, a house of God, the very gate of heaven.

There are three stories, remember.—*Selected.*



Not Worth While

THERE'S nothing worthy a broken heart
Excepting its own sad state,
When bitter, and cold, and hard like steel,
Which neither will bend nor break;
There's nothing worthy a tearful eye,
Excepting its vision be
Dim to the sweetness of joy and truth
And beauty on land and sea.

There's nothing worthy a troubled mind
Except that its currents flow
Out of a spring that's clear and pure
Into mire and marsh below;
There's nothing worthy a restless soul,
Except when its own hands tear
Love's hopes apart like a red, red rose
Flung loose on the desert air.

There's nothing on earth that is worth distress
Of spirit or heart or mind,
Except the mistakes that each one makes
And that each must bear in kind;
But rose-leaves blow to their native soil,
And steel may be fused and run,
While turbid streams may trickle with tears
To the ocean and shining sun.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

A Rare Book

EVERY week one reads of the sale of rare books for great sums of money. A small fortune is not infrequently paid for a volume originally published for a few shillings.

But in the fair island of Porto Rico, miles from any library and from the zeal of any collector, is a book that might be more precious to the student of life than the most costly treasure of the British Museum. It is a copy of the Spanish Bible, worn by the daily use of many years. Here is the story of its recent discovery:—

A missionary went one day to hold a service at Adjuntas, a pretty mountain town seventeen miles from Ponce. He made the service into a sort of Bible reading, and an explanation of the most elementary facts of Christianity; for he supposed his hearers to be ignorant mountaineers, scarcely knowing the name of Christ.

After the service a middle-aged woman lingered to speak with him. She was more neatly dressed than most of her neighbors, and her face was happier. She greeted the missionary modestly but warmly, and said, "I was glad to hear you read out of the book and talk about it. My husband reads it to me every day."

The minister was surprised to find a Bible-loving household among the mountains, and asked the woman to tell him how she had heard of the Bible. It seemed that years before a traveler had stopped at their hut for food and rest. They gave him both; and as he left them, he tossed them a little book. He had spoken no word of explanation as to its character. They did not even know whether he had been a Christian. Certainly he had said nothing to lead them to value the book.

The man could read a little, and one day, out of idle curiosity, he opened the volume. He soon became deeply interested in it. He read it to his wife, and at last they began, half unconsciously, to adopt the principles of Christ's teaching. They worked more steadily. They kept their house and their persons more carefully. They were more compassionate. Their progress soon attracted the attention of their neighbors, and they, too,

listened to the wonderful story of the New Testament. When the missionary reached the mountain settlement, miles away from the little village of Adjuntas, he found a community ready and hungry for his teaching. The single Spanish Bible had been their only guide to Christianity, but out of the small, shabby volume they had learned that which makes life best worth living.

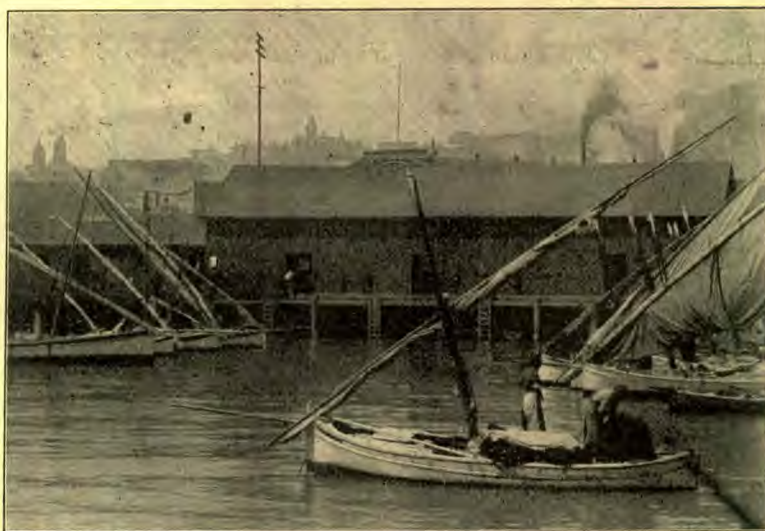
So, since the day when Philip climbed into the chariot of the man of Ethiopia and expounded to him the Scriptures, which, unaided, he read but blindly, the Book of books has been working its miracles and enriching and sweetening life.—*Youth's Companion*.

In and About San Francisco—II

Fisherman's Wharf

THERE is a subtle charm about the "water-front" of all seaport cities that seems to draw all mankind to it, and hold their interest when they are there. If one is a seaman out of work, he goes to the water-front to find employment, to meet old friends, or to see familiar sights. If he be a landsman at leisure, he goes to see that which is new, or at least strange,—to watch the stevedores at their work, landing or embarking cargo; to have a part in the excitement that attends the incoming or the outgoing ship; to inspect and admire the stanch and trim vessels that lie at anchor, or are tied to the wharves; to see the yachts and launches scud hither and thither; or perhaps, if he be a dreamer, to sit down in some quiet corner, and, as he watches the restless waves, muse on what might have been, or dream of what yet may be.

The water-front of San Francisco is cosmopolitan in character and varied in attractions. But the quaintest, most romantic spot among the miles of docks is Fisherman's Wharf. Here all



FISHERMAN'S WHARF

the small fishing-craft of the city land their catch and tie up between trips.

The picture will give you an idea of what Fisherman's Wharf looks like at first glance. But this picture was taken in the morning, before the boats were all in; and in order to get life in it, I photographed only a part of the dock, so that some of the fishermen could be seen at work. Later in the day the boats line both sides of the dock, lying as close together as they can without bumping against one another. They are all built on the same lines, and rigged in the same manner. Most of them are of the same size, and painted identically alike. When the boats are all in, each occupies its own "berth," with the bow made fast to a pile of the dock and the stern held by its anchor. Then the boats look as if they had all been cast in the same mold and distributed by machinery.

The best time to visit the wharf is very early in the morning. If you find it as interesting as the writer always has, you will be likely to stay there till hunger or darkness drives you away.

When a boat comes in, and is made fast in its place, one of the two or three men that man it will scramble up on the dock bearing one end of a rope, at the other end of which swings a basket or bucket. Into this the fish are shoveled, and the man on the dock hauls them up, and dumps them into boxes to be carted away to market. The day's catch landed, some of the fishermen hurry away to their homes, while others may be seen frying fish and making coffee on braziers filled with burning charcoal.

Many of the fishermen live in their boats, and even those who have homes are compelled to spend most of their time upon them. There are nets to overhaul and mend, and get ready for the next day's work. There are torn sails to sew, broken ropes to splice, and a dozen and one other things to be attended to,—things that only a fisherman can see the necessity for. All the time there is a constant hum of conversation carried on in some foreign tongue. It may be Italian or Portuguese, Russian or Greek, but it is never English; for the fishermen, one and all, are foreigners.

The vocation of a fisherman is among the last that a man who was given a choice would select. It is one continual round of toil, hardship, exposure, and danger. But to an outsider the life and the ways of the fisherfolk are always surrounded with a halo of romance, and in this lies the chief charm of Fisherman's Wharf.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

The Lick Lens

SOME years ago the writer paid a visit to Alvan Clark, at Cambridgeport, to witness the testing of the huge lens for the famous Lick telescope. At the end of a long, dark room the largest flint glass then in the world was set up on edge.

From a distance of about fifty feet a pencil of light was flashed into the heart of the disk, and reflected into the observer's eye. The slightest imperfections, if any, in the glass, would then be revealed by the curves of light and the lines of polarization.

"Now," said Mr. Clark, "I will show you the wonderful sensitiveness of the lens to outside influences. Every human body gives out heat, and when brought near to extremely sensitive substances, affects them to a greater or less extent. Now watch."

He walked down to the lens, and held his hand under it about two feet away. Instantaneously a marvelous spectacle burst into view. It seemed as if the great glass disk had become a living volcano, spurting forth jets of flame.

The display was dazzling. Waving, leaping, dancing, the countless tongues of light gleamed and vibrated. Then, fitfully, reluctantly, they died away, leaving only an untroubled light.

"What is it? How do you account for the wonder?" were the eager questions.

"It is only the radiation of heat alternately expanding and contracting the glass. If I had put my hand upon the lens itself, the phenomenon would have been even more violent."

To a person ignorant of lenses the almost supernatural sensitiveness of a mass of glass weighing several hundreds of pounds was astonishing. But to the scientist it is an every-day matter, for he has instruments that will register with unfailing nicety the approach of a person fifty or a hundred feet away.

The human heart is not unlike the great lens. It is similarly sensitive, and so can not afford to surround itself with evil. The radiations of influence are infinitely fine. Inevitably we vibrate to "the company we keep." Before we know it, we have taken the color and tone of our neighborhood.—*Companion*.



The Dead Sea

I LOOKED upon a sea,
And lo! 'twas dead,
Although by Hermon's snows
And Jordan fed.

How came a fate so dire?
The tale's soon told:
All that it got it kept,
And fast did hold.

All tributary streams
Found here their grave,
Because this sea received
But never gave.

O sea that's dead! teach me
To know and feel
That selfish grasp and greed
My doom will seal.

And, Lord, help me my best,
Myself, to give,
That I may others bless,
And, like thee, live.

—Wm. P. Finney.

Progress of the Work

FIVE Societies report from Indiana. These are connected with the churches at Indianapolis, Wolf Lake, Mt. Vernon (near Winamac), Anderson, and South Bend. The total reported membership is ninety. Each of these Societies seems to have been holding successful meetings. The subjects considered in addition to the INSTRUCTOR lessons are all excellent. These youthful workers seem to cherish the missionary spirit, and realize that there is no better way to give the advent message to the world than to distribute literature. The reports give a good record of papers and tracts sold and given away. A little word of testimony from each will be read with pleasure.

The secretary of the Anderson Society writes: "Our interest is good, and the children have a mind to work."

Miss Alta Custer, reporting for South Bend, says: "All our members are taking part in the work. Not long ago two were baptized. We want to do all that we can to give the message to the world in this generation."

The report from Mt. Vernon gives this testimony: "Good interest is manifested. There is a spirit of willingness upon the part of all. The members are of good courage, knowing that this work fits them for more active labor in His cause."

And what could be better than this from Indianapolis? "Every member is engaged in some line of work. Thus we are trying to lead a life of real service."

An excellent spirit is shown by the young people at Wolf Lake: "The interest is good. The members seem willing to do most anything they are asked to do."

We wish that each Society might do as these seem to have done,—study the different kinds of missionary work within their reach, and plan so that each member shall have some definite work to do each week. Begin with small things, even though they may seem commonplace. All need not work in the same way, but all should work. There is a definite call to our young people to organize themselves for a definite work. It is not a sensational waving of flags or banners, or wearing of badges, that is wanted. It is a call to service. Sensible, straightforward missionary work is what is needed. L. F. P.

Oakland Junior Missionary Society

We have just received a statistical report in detail of the Junior Missionary Society of the church at Oakland, California. The time covered by the report is the months of April and May. The quarter was cut short by the coming of vacation time, when a good many members, as well as the leader, are away from home. It was thought best for this reason to suspend organized work until the proper persons were on hand to attend to their duties. Accordingly, officers were chosen and topics selected for the autumn months, so that the work may be resumed without confusion.

The topics were assigned in order that the members might have time to prepare on the various subjects. We note the following: Christ and His Work; Capital and labor; Signs That Foretell His Coming; Tithing; Work of the Angels; The Papacy; Last-day Combinations; The Resurrection; Religious Liberty; Origin and Destiny of Satan; Sin and Righteousness; Coming of the Lord.

The statistical report suggests that there has been much concentrated, well-organized effort on the part of these young people. We wish there might be scores of just such reports coming from all over the land. We trust that ere long results will be seen from their faithful efforts. It is not for us to be impatient for results; "patience," we remember, is one of the virtues of those who are seeking to spread the everlasting gospel. God will take care that his word does not return to him void. We have but to sow the seed, and water it well.

The following is the statistical report:—

Missionary visits.....	37
Persons supplied with food.....	2
Sick persons assisted.....	2
Readings from books, etc.....	1
Tracts given away or loaned.....	52
Papers mailed or given away.....	1,178
Letters written.....	21
Letters received.....	7
Papers sold.....	588
Bible readings held.....	2
Copies of the <i>Life Boat</i> sold.....	400
Literature placed in various reading-rooms.....	2,121

Over thirty-five dollars was raised during the quarter, of which twenty dollars was given to the Southern Sanitarium, and fifteen dollars was devoted to the new church building in Trinidad. The surplus in the treasury will be devoted to the Washington (D. C.) church. The Society has dispensed over one hundred dollars in two years.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Result of Rejecting God

The Destruction of Jerusalem

(August 16-22)

SCRIPTURE STUDY: Matthew 24; Luke 19: 41-44; Matt. 23: 34, 39; Rev. 22: 17.

PARALLEL READING: "Great Controversy," Chapter One.

In your reading and study of this lesson, endeavor to draw distinct parallels between the experiences of Israel which led up to the destruction of their glorious city, and the experiences through which the people of God must pass during the last days of human history. Instead of studying the *past* for its own sake, let us study the *vital present* in the light of this inspired history.

Jerusalem was destroyed because she refused salvation. "God had sent to them by his messengers, rising up betimes, and sending; because he had compassion on his people, and on his dwelling-place. When remonstrance, entreaty, and rebuke had failed, he sent to them the best gift of heaven; nay, he poured out all heaven in that one gift. The Son of God himself was sent to plead with the impenitent city." "To all classes alike was addressed the gracious call, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' But they would not."

Study the fourth paragraph in our parallel reading lesson, and observe that God's special favor and guardian care for more than one thousand years did not save Jerusalem from destruction when Israel turned

away from her Lord. The site of the glorious city had been hallowed by Jehovah's presence. The Lord had "chosen Zion," he had "desired it for his habitation." But when its real glory departed, when the Most High could no longer find a dwelling-place in the hearts of his people, he had no abiding-place among them; and their temple, in whose glory they had trusted, and "Mount Zion," "the city of the great King," behind whose walls they had felt secure, became the plunder and by-word of the heathen.

There is no security in places, institutions, or forms; neither can we rely upon them for power, influence, or standing in this world. The power of God and the strength of his people is a life,—that presence formed within where man accepts his Saviour as his all in all, his substitute. To receive him is life; to reject him is death. Israel "would not" accept the proffered life, and her house was left unto her desolate. And when the world's probation shall finally close, none will be lost except those who have refused to be saved.

But nations, and cities, and churches do not, as such, in a body, depart from the Lord and become corrupt. Backsliding begins in the heart of the individual. The apostasy of a nation or a city is the sum total of the heart wanderings of the people. The responsibility is individual, and every sin in the whole dark record can be traced to a personal experience in wandering from God. In the mad race for gain, the fathers and mothers have joined, little by little, in the world's methods and work; sons have faced the parting of the ways—the choice between wealth and honor, and the self-sacrificing way of love—and have chosen the former; daughters have turned away from their high privilege as comforters and nurses of the world's sorrow and sickness, and have followed after pride and pleasure; and thus homes have become dark, churches are spiritless, cities are corrupt, nations—yes, the whole world—are rejecting God.

There is death in rejecting God; for he is life and light. That which is light and life and power, if accepted, becomes the swift agent of destruction if rejected. The blessed sunlight, which gives health and life to all nature, increases the corruption of the stagnant pool, and hastens the decay of everything which is separated from the channels of life. Even "heaven's blest beam makes vinegar more sour." Thus God hardened Pharaoh's heart by giving him the light; for light becomes darkness and hardness of heart to all who reject it.

But the Saviour, who has given his life freely for us, is patient and long-suffering. He lingers all the day, and life's gathering twilight finds him still knocking for admission.

"His locks with dew of night are wet,
But at thy heart he lingereth yet."

How full of sorrow and tender love are his words of lament over the rebellious city, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" He calls you to-day. The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

A Word to the Leader

"To the Saviour's tender pleading
Close thy heart no more;
Now the call of mercy heeding,
Open wide the door.
While the lamp of life is burning,
And the heart of God is yearning,
To his loving arms returning,
Give thy wanderings o'er."

THIS study covers a wide range; yet the presentation need not be long or tiresome. Hold directly to the subject, "The Result of Rejecting God," and make that lesson strong.

The study might well be divided between three persons, each occupying from ten to fifteen minutes.

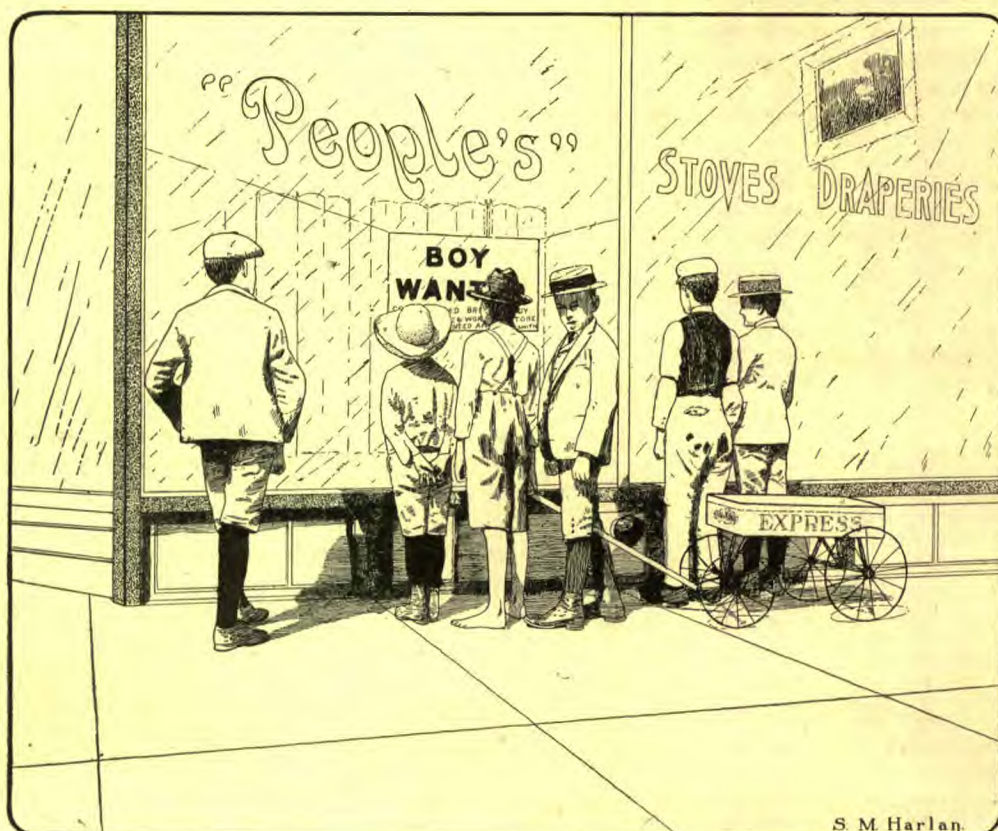
First: A study of the subject from the scriptures given.

Second: A study based on history, as presented in the parallel reading.

Third: Practical lessons, and parallels between the past and the present.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you can not see, and could not understand if you saw them. God gives nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We can not see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.—*Christian Work*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Boy Wanted

by Frank Walcott Hutt

A sign in the world's big window
Is readable and clear,
A simple and quiet legend—
A boy is wanted here.

A boy who'll never falter,
Whatever he's toiling at;
Who will not stop to grumble
"I was not hired for that".

A boy who finds no labor
To him inferior,
And will not halt at duty
He "was not hired for".

A boy of sturdy purpose—
A boy of brain and brawn—
A boy who's always ready
Whene'er he's called upon.

Lost in the Woods

"We're lost!" exclaimed Ethel. "We're lost! I never saw this little creek before."

"We're lost, we're lost!" echoed Ruth. "Oh, I want to go back, I want to go back!" and she set up a very dismal cry.

Billy said nothing, but it came over him suddenly that he was the only boy, and the oldest of the three besides, and that if his little cousins reached camp before dark, he must find the way for them. If they were not in before dark, then the men would take Watch and some lanterns, and Watch would put his nose close to the ground, just as if he were smelling for a rabbit, and he would follow their trails and find them. Watch could do that, he knew. But it was not pleasant to think of spending even a part of the long night all alone by themselves in the big, dark woods, and so Billy thought hard.

"All holler!" he said. "One, two, three, now!"

And they shouted—even little Ruth, whose voice was choked with a sob.

"Now listen," he directed.

They listened, but there was no answer, only the chatter of a squirrel on a branch above, and the "Caw! caw!" of the crows, as if they were making fun of them.

"Try again," he said.

And again they shouted and listened, and no answer came.

Ruth began to cry once more; Ethel's chin was quivering, and her eyes were full of tears. Billy saw clearly that if he showed a moment's weakening, there would be a panic.

"Papa told me," he began, his voice very even and unconcerned, "that if I ever got lost in the woods, I must holler first, and then, if nobody answered, I must make a 'base' by tying my handkerchief to a bush, and then keep trying different directions until I found the right path. But he said I mustn't go far, and keep turning back to the base, and to holler every time I came back."

The others began to look more hopeful.

"Now this," he went on, tying the handkerchief to a bush, "is our base, and whatever you do, you mustn't lose it. We'll go off, one one way and one another, and every step or two you

must break over a bush, so you can find your way back to the handkerchief. You see, the under side of the leaves are a different color, so you can see them right away. Just go a little way, and then, if you don't find a path or anything, you must follow back and start over. It'll be lots easier for three than for one, because we can holler to each other. Now —"

"But we can't do that!" exclaimed Ethel.

"Why not?"

"Why, Ruth is too little, and she is too tired. We've walked a long way, and—and if we leave her alone, she'll cry."

That was all very true, and Billy thought again.

"She'll have to stay at the base," he said. "But—now—I'll tell you," as there came a brilliant idea, "she must sing, good and loud; then we can't lose the place. See here, Ruth!" and he explained.

Ruth nodded a grave approval of the suggestion, and then complacently sat down upon a moss-grown log.

"I've sing 'Ve Friend of Little Chil'ren,'" she said. "I've learned it in ve Sun'ay-school; all ve verses. Good-by!"

She waved her hand, and as Billy and Ethel disappeared into the undergrowth, breaking bushes and calling now and then, they heard behind them the voice of little Ruth, singing in the lonely woods:—

"Vere's a Friend of little chil'ren,
Above ve bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love vill never die."

A couple of rods away Billy climbed upon a stump to get a wider view, but all about looked unfamiliar. There were the trees and flowers that were the same in all parts of the woods; there was the calling of the crows, who must have known where the camp was, and who would not tell. But nowhere was there sign of beaten path, or any "blazed" tree or a glimpse of the white canvas of the tents.

He was nearing the top of a little hillock, and Ruth, hidden among the dense brush, had finished her song and begun again, when suddenly he stopped and listened. Was the voice growing fainter? Or—no. It was moving away. What could it mean?

It was dangerous hurrying—one might miss the trail; but he went back, from broken bush to broken bush, twice as fast as he had come, and stopped, panting, at the base.

There hung the waving handkerchief, there was the moss-grown log, but no sign of Ruth or of Ethel. He shouted, listened, and the next moment Ethel burst through the undergrowth.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "She's gone."

Ethel was crying now and very badly frightened.

"Ruth," shouted Billy, at the top of his voice, "Ruth, come back! Come back here!"

It seemed a long, long time, and then a wee, small voice answered, in the woods far ahead:—

"I ca-a-a-an't come back! He von't let me!"

Ethel's tears burst out afresh, for this sounded very bear-like, and Billy shouted with all his might. Could it be some animal dragging the child away? They dared not think what they would do; they could only press on.

"What's the matter?" he called. "Tell us who is with you?"

"He've got me by ve dwess—let go, you naughty, bad—let go or I'll stwike you—I'll —" And the rest was lost in a sound of scuffling and sobs.

The rescuers were hurrying as fast as they could, but there was danger in having no sound to guide them. They looked this way and that, and Billy called once more.

"Ruth! Ruth!" he commanded. "Sing, sing loud as you can! We'll be there in a minute!"

And, in obedience, came through the matted undergrowth, in broken and interrupted snatches, tears in the child's voice but bravery as well:—

"Vere's a Friend—of little chil'—ren—
Above—ve bright—blue sky—
A Friend—"

And then, as they burst through a tangle of sumac and hazel, they saw it all—faithful Watch, with his teeth firmly set in Ruth's little skirt, and dragging her relentlessly along, in spite of her cuffs and kicks and holdings back.

That night, when Billy lay snug in bed, and the rain he so loved to hear had begun to fall softly upon the canvas roof, he called:—

"How did Watch happen to come looking for us, mama?"

"Aunt Lida sent him. She said, 'Watch, I haven't seen the children for a long time. You go find them,' and he started right off, as if he knew just what she meant."

"But I think," said Billy, "that 'the Friend of little children' helped a good deal."—*Frederick Hall, in Youth's Companion.*

A Smart Handkerchief

ONE fine day in May, Ted went into the woods with grandpa, where he was going to mend a long strip of slash fence.

They had just got fairly into the woods when there was a loud whir-r-r! and a mother partridge flew up almost into Ted's face, then fluttered off among the bushes and dry leaves, "quit-quit"-ing, and making a great fuss.

"She has some little chicks right about here, I dare say," said grandpa. "Oh, look quick!" he whispered, checking Ted. "By that log, there! And there! See what little balls they are!"

"The darlings!" whispered Ted, under his breath; but he only saw them for an instant, for the shy little gray things seemed almost to melt into the dead leaves about them, so quickly they disappeared. Mother partridge well knew how to call her brood together safely.

The very next minute they found her nest, full of empty egg-shells and one egg that had not hatched.

"Don't you s'pose it would hatch, grandpa?" asked Ted.

"I don't know. It might if she had stayed on long enough. I believe I'll carry it home and put it under old Speckle. She's almost ready to hatch."

So grandpa wrapped the egg carefully in his red silk handkerchief, carried it out on the edge of the woods, and laid it on a rock, where the sun would shine all the forenoon, and keep it warm.

Then they went back into the woods, and while grandpa cut down bushes, and mended the fence, Ted followed along, watching the birds and squirrels, and picking flowers.

The noon whistle sounded far in the distance.

"Come, Teddy," said grandpa, shouldering his ax, "we must go to dinner. Aren't you hungry?"

"I believe I am," said Ted. "It make us hungry to work in the woods, doesn't it? O grandpa, we mustn't forget the egg!"

"We'll go right to it now," said grandpa, and they did. But what do you think?

The handkerchief was there, all unrolled, and the empty egg-shell was there, but the little partridge had hatched out and gone!

"I wonder if his mother came and found him?" said Ted, after they had looked for him in vain.

"We shall never know," said grandpa.—*Selected.*

A Word

A CHEERY word by a sad heart heard
Rent the wild, wild tempest cloud.
A laughing word brought the sunshine home,
Where the wind was roaring loud.

'Twas but a sunny word of love,
But the blue sky beamed again,
And over the fields of a weeping heart,
The cloverheads sparkled then.

A word may curse, a word may bless,
And the bosom deep is stirred
In an instant, as by a cannon shot,
By a sharp, unkindly word.

O guard your lips! for the seed once sown
Can not be brought back again,
But over the fields will the harvests grow—
The fields of the hearts of men.

B. F. M. SOURS.



The Horse, Dog, and Man

THE horse and the dog had tamed a man, and fastened him to a fence!

Said the horse to the dog: "For the life of me, I don't see a bit of sense

In letting him have the thumbs that grow at the sides of his hands; do you?"

And the dog looked solemn, and shook his head, and said, "I'm a goat if I do."

The poor man grumbled, and tried to get loose, and sadly he begged them: "Stay!

You will rob me of things for which I have use, by cutting my thumbs away;

You will spoil my looks, you will cause me pain. And why should you treat me so?

As I am, God made me; and he knows best. O masters! pray let me go."

The dog laughed out, and the horse replied: "Oh, the cutting won't hurt. You see,

We'll have a hot iron to clap right on, as you did in your docking of me.

God gave you your thumbs and all, but still the Creator, you know, may fail

In giving a human being thumbs, as in furnishing me with a tail."

So they bound the man, and cut off his thumbs, and were deaf to his pitiful cries,

And they seared the stumps, and they viewed their work with happy and dazzled eyes;

"How trim he appears," the horse exclaimed, "since his awkward thumbs are gone;

For the life of me I can not see why ever they were put on."

"Still, it seems to me," the dog replied, "that there's something else to do;

His ears look rather too long to me; now how do they look to you?"

The man cried out: "Oh, spare my ears; God fashioned them as you see,

And if you apply your knife to them, you'll surely disfigure me."

"But you didn't disfigure me, you know," the dog decisively said,

"When you bound me fast, and trimmed my ears down close to the top of my head:"

So they let him moan, and they let him groan, while they cropped his ears away,

And they praised his looks when they let him up, and proud indeed were they.

But that was years and years ago, in an unenlightened age;

Such things are ended now, you know; we have reached a higher stage;

The ears and thumbs God gave to man are his to keep and wear,

And the cruel horse and the dog look on, and never seem to care.

—S. E. Kiser.

The Church-School Idea

THE church-school idea is by no means of modern origin. Abraham stands as a leader in this work. He was called of God, and before he reached the promised land, he had gathered a school of a hundred or more pupils. Moses conducted a school of this nature for forty years in the wilderness.

In God's plan the parents are the first teachers. In the place of strangers, the loving lips of father and mother were to give instruction to their children. Thoughts of God were to be associated with all the events of the daily life. The mighty works of God in the deliverance of his people, and the promises of the Redeemer to come, were to be often recounted in the homes of Israel; and the use of figures and symbols caused the lessons given to be fixed more firmly in the memory. The great truths of God's providence and of the future life were impressed on the young mind, which was trained to see God alike in the things of nature and in the words of revelation. The stars of heaven, the trees and flowers of the field, the lofty mountains, the rippling brooks—all spoke of the Creator. The

solemn service and worship at the sanctuary, and the utterances of the prophets, were a revelation of God. Such was the training of Moses in the lowly cabin home in Goshen, of Samuel by the faithful Hannah, of David in the hill-dwelling at Bethlehem, of Daniel before the scenes of the captivity separated him from the home of his fathers. Such, too, was the early training of Christ.

When parents failed to do this work, it became necessary to organize schools. Moses became principal of a school numbering about three million men, women, and children. He often had met complaining and murmuring. His teachers did not always agree with his plans and methods. At one time his brother and sister brought serious charges against him, and would not see their mistake until Miriam was smitten with leprosy. At another time one hundred of his leading teachers raised a rebellion, and were destroyed of God. A large number of the patrons of the school sympathized with these rebels, and were visited with a discipline under which a multitude of them died. But despite all these difficulties, Moses remained true to God, and succeeded in planting in the hearts of his pupils principles of truth that enabled them and their posterity to stand for truth and righteousness for generations to come.

When Israel was established in the promised land, the work of Moses was supplanted by the schools of the prophets. The instructors were not only well versed in divine truth, but men who had themselves enjoyed communion with God, and had received the special endowment of his Spirit.

We certainly have great reason to rejoice that these schools are being re-established, and that the children and young people of to-day will have the privilege of God's system of instruction.

In the year 1896 much was being said and written on the subject of church schools, and after a time it was decided to start one in Fresno. The next question was where to find a teacher; but an instructor was found, and the school opened with an enrolment of ten. The work has gone steadily forward, until this year we had an enrolment of seventy-four. Knowing what a work was done by those educated in the schools of the prophets, may we not look for even greater things to be accomplished by the pupils of our schools? Surely we who have these privileges must do a greater work than has ever been done; for we are living in the time when the Lord will gather out a people who will be taken to heaven without tasting death.

ESTHER CARLSEN.

Queries About Common Things

Most of our young people would say that Indian corn and tobacco are indigenous to America; but this is not the case, if a recent traveler who has visited the interior of China is to be credited. He says that both white and yellow corn have been cultivated along the Yangtse-Kiang "from time immemorial," and that the same thing is true of tobacco, and also of our Irish potato. Bonafous, a French writer, thinks that maize had a European or Asiatic origin. The word "maize" comes from the *mahiz* the Haytian name for Indian corn; with the Livonians, in the north of Europe, *mayse* signifies bread; in Irish, *maise* is "food;" and in the old High German, *mas* is "meat."

Have the potato, Indian corn, and tobacco been carried to China since the discovery of America by Columbus? or were they indigenous to China, and carried across to America by some adventurous mariner of whom we know nothing?

The Chinese, so it is claimed, invented the cotton-gin four thousand years ago. Nor were the Gauls behind the Chinese in invention; for they "invented a machine on wheels to cut their grain, thus anticipating our reapers and mowers by two thousand years." S. ROXANA WINCE.



VIII—Samson and His Victories

(August 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Judges 13-15.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" Ps. 27:1.

The children of Israel continued to do evil in the sight of the Lord, and "he delivered them into the hand of the Philistines forty years." Among the few still faithful to God were Manoah and his wife, of the tribe of Dan. God sent an angel to tell this faithful couple that he would give them a son who should "begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines." They were very anxious to know how to train the child so that God could use him. The angel said he was to be a Nazarite from his birth to the day of his death. In the sixth chapter of Numbers, verses 2-7, we are told that a Nazarite was one who made a vow to separate himself to God for a certain time. During that time he was not to drink any wine or strong drink. He was also to let his hair grow.

Manoah's wife was specially warned against eating "any unclean thing." God taught Israel what might be used for food, and what were unclean animals. (See Leviticus 11.) The Jews are still very particular about their food. Because of this, they are a strong, healthy people, free from many of the diseases that come upon others.

As a sign of Samson's separation to God from the day of his birth, his hair was never to be cut. His strength was in the purity of life and consecration of heart to God, of which his uncut hair was the sign. "The child grew, and the Lord blessed him. And the Spirit of God began to move him at times."

But in his early manhood Samson disobeyed God by mixing with the heathen. He went among the Philistines, to choose a wife. His father and mother were sorry, and tried to persuade him to take one of the daughters of Israel instead of this heathen woman, but he would not heed their counsel.

When he was on his way to Timnath, where the Philistine maiden lived, Samson slew a lion which met him in the way. Soon after this he passed the place on the way to his wedding feast, and he turned aside to see the dead body of the lion he had slain. Inside the carcass a swarm of bees had built their comb and stored up honey.

At the feast there were thirty young men of the Philistines, and Samson asked them the following riddle: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Since you know all about the lion and the honey, you can soon guess the meaning of this riddle. Each of the thirty young men was to give Samson a sheet and a suit of clothes if they could not guess it. But if they should guess it, then Samson would give each of them the same.

The Philistines were angry when they found they could not guess the riddle, and they told Samson's wife that she had only invited them to get a chance to take away their goods. They threatened to burn her and her father's house if she did not tell them the riddle. So she gave Samson no peace until, on the last day of the feast, he told it to her. Of course she told her people at once, and they came to him before the sun went down, and said, "What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?"

Then Samson went to Askelon, a Philistine city, and slew thirty men, giving their garments to the Philistines who had guessed his riddle. This was the first blow that Samson struck at the Philistines.

From this time the Philistines suffered much at the hands of Samson. At one time he was in Gaza, a Philistine city, and the men of that city shut the gate, thinking to keep him safely all night and kill him in the morning. But Samson "arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of a hill that is before Hebron."

The Scriptures tell us where Samson's great physical strength came from. He was strong because God was with him, and "the Spirit of the Lord came upon him" and "moved him." This shows us that the Spirit of God is the source of our bodily strength; for "in him we live, and move, and have our being." Without him, we should not have strength even to move, but with him we can do whatever he bids us. If Samson had allowed the Spirit of God, that gave him such strength, always to lead him in the way that he should go, he would have done a much greater work, and been saved from great trouble.

Questions

1. To whom was the angel of God sent? What promise did he make? What did he say that the promised child should do?
2. What did the angel say that Samson was to be? What was meant by a Nazarite? Num. 6:2-7. What were the Nazarites forbidden to do?
3. Of what else did the angel tell Manoah's wife to beware? Where do we find God's instructions to the Israelites about their food? Do they still keep these laws? What is the result?
4. As Samson grew, what distinguished him from others? Where was this great strength that he had? What was it that "moved him"?
5. What did Samson do that God had forbidden? What did this lead to?
6. How did Samson show his great strength on the way to Timnath? What did he afterward find in the lion's carcass?
7. Can you tell the riddle that Samson asked the Philistines? What did he promise them if they guessed it?
8. What were they to do if they could not guess it? How did they find it out? What answer did they give? How did Samson get the things he had promised the Philistines?
9. What did the Philistines plan to do with Samson when he was in Gaza? Tell how he escaped.
10. Where did Samson get such great strength? Where does all our strength come from? Acts 17:28. Since even our power to move comes from God, what should we always let him do?



VIII—The Gifts and Their Purpose

(August 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 4:11-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ." Verse 15.

And he gave some to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ: till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a fullgrown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ: that we may be no longer children, tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, in craftiness, after the wiles of error; but speaking truth in love, may grow up in all things unto him, who is the head, even Christ; from whom all the body fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplieth, according to the working in due measure

of each several part, maketh the increase of the body unto the building up of itself in love. This I say therefore, and testify in the Lord, that ye no longer walk as the Gentiles also walk, in the vanity of their mind, being darkened in their understanding, alienated from the life of God, because of the ignorance that is in them, because of the hardening of their heart; who being past feeling gave themselves up to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness. But ye did not so learn Christ; if so be that ye heard him, and were taught in him, even as truth is in Jesus: that ye put away, as concerning your former manner of life, the old man, that waxeth corrupt after the lusts of deceit; and that ye be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man, that after God hath been created in righteousness and holiness of truth.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. What did Jesus give to men when he ascended to his Father?
2. Name some of these gifts.
3. What other gifts are mentioned in 1 Cor. 12:4-10.
4. For what purpose were these gifts placed in the church?
5. What is to be accomplished by them?
6. How sure may we be that we will all come to the unity of the faith before the coming of the Lord? Isa. 52:8.
7. What does the unity of the faith mean? Second clause of verse 13.
8. What is the measure of the perfection to which God's children may attain in him?
9. Without these gifts, how is the condition described?
10. What do these gifts further enable the Christian to do?
11. What vital connection is there between Christ, the head, and the church, his body?
12. Because of the great promise made for us by Christ, against what are we warned?
13. What is the spiritual condition of these Gentiles?
14. What has brought about this alienation from the life of God?
15. How do they show that they are past feeling?
16. How may we show that we have learned Christ in a different way from these?
17. Having put off our old manner of life, what new life do we receive? See also 2 Cor. 5:17.

Notes

"He gave some." Not all of the gifts of the Spirit are mentioned in any one passage of scripture. It is only by studying all the scriptures relating to them that we obtain an understanding of their exceeding fulness. The gifts here mentioned,—apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers,—are especially necessary in building up the church, and are also representative of other gifts. (See 1 Corinthians 12; Rom. 12:3-5; Matt. 25:14, 15; Luke 19:12, 13.) "The talents and pounds are identical with the gifts. They are given by the same one to the same persons, for the same time, and for the same purpose."

In many respects the little child represents the characteristics of Christians. It is simple, earnest, full of faith, forgiving, gentle, loving. But the fickleness, changeableness, and unstableness of children is what we are warned against. In our Christian faith, we are to set our faces like a flint, with one object, to glorify our Master in living for him, and hastening the good news of his coming to the ends of the earth.

Because of a Cheerful Word

HAVE you ever had your sad path suddenly turn sunshiny because of a cheerful word? Have you ever wondered if this could be the same world, because some one had been unexpectedly kind to you? You can make to-day the same for somebody. It is only a question of a little imagination, a little time and trouble. Think now: What can I do to-day to make some one happy? —*Maltbie D. Babcock.*



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A Young People's Convention

As the result of correspondence carried on with our young people in California during the last two years, it was decided to hold two Young People's conventions this summer, one at Healdsburg and one at Hanford. A letter was sent out urging the young people to attend the convention nearest them, if at all possible. The date fixed for the first convention, to be held at Healdsburg, was July 9-13. Arrangements were made for the entertainment of visitors, and the church-members at Healdsburg generously offered to care for visiting young people. The college bus conveyed the visitors to and from the station, and the reception committee attended to everything pertaining to their convenience and location.

In addition to the young people living at Healdsburg, about one hundred and fifty more attended the convention, making a total of something like three or four hundred young people who enjoyed the meetings. Those in charge of the services were Elders A. T. Jones, B. F. Richards, A. S. Kellogg, W. S. Sadler, and Professor M. E. Cady. Four meetings each day were held,—at eight-thirty and ten-thirty in the morning, three o'clock in the afternoon, and seven-forty-five in the evening. Between these there were counsel meetings, when the officers of Young People's Societies met with the church elders, and talked over the work to be done, the best way to avoid friction, etc. These meetings were of great value.

The convention opened on the evening of Thursday, July 9. The audience was large and deeply interested, and a spirit of earnestness was manifest from the first. This atmosphere was maintained throughout the convention. The young people responded to the key-note struck in the opening meeting, and during the four days of the convention, every one tried to make it a success.

The first day was spent in addresses outlining the willingness of God to do great things for his followers, as is abundantly shown in the history of his people, and the promises in his word of what he will do. On Sabbath morning Professor Cady spoke about the ministry, and made an earnest appeal to young men to prepare themselves for that branch of work, and to answer to the call of God for more laborers to enter the whitened harvest-fields.

Elder A. T. Jones spoke in the afternoon on "Young People in the Bible," and drew interesting lessons from their careers. He emphasized the fact that God calls people where they are, and if they fill with faithfulness and diligence the places they hold to-day, the Lord will give them a greater work later on. The evening meeting was addressed by Dr. T. J. Evans, superintendent of the St. Helena Sanitarium, who called attention to the fact that as each member of the human body has its own work, and will suffer if it fails to do it, so each young

person will lose in blessing if he does not do the work God has called him to do. He referred to the value of personal experience as being of more utility in helping others than anything else can possibly be.

On Sunday morning, Elder W. S. Sadler gave an account of his personal experiences, tracing the hand of Providence in every place he occupied, from the washing of pots and pans, sweeping down cobwebs, running calls, and selling health foods, up to his ordination as a minister. He mentioned one particular event which proved a crisis to him, and taught him the lesson of distinguishing between the voice of the tempter and a call from God.

In the afternoon the subject of Education was taken up by Elder A. T. Jones. He read some details of investigations recently made by the government as to the efficiency of the public-school system in the city of Washington, and gave examples of amusing and appalling ignorance on the part of students attending high schools in that city. He earnestly urged the necessity for a really thorough study of reading, writing, and arithmetic. He also placed prominently before the young people the difference between schools which recognize God in their instruction and those that entirely ignore him.

Definite Work to Be Done

The day on which the convention closed was a memorable one. The spirit of earnestness which had been noticeable on each of the preceding days since it began, seemed concentrated, and eager faces showed how much the convention meant to those attending it. In the devotional meeting at the beginning of the day, many testimonies of victory and praise were heard, and prayers were offered to the Lord for strength to fight the good fight of faith till the end. At the regular morning session, time was given to the consideration of some definite lines of effort that young people might engage in. Foremost among these is the work of selling books and papers. Elder A. S. Kellogg spoke first along the line of a call being given by God to every one. That call, he said, consists of the opportunity to do something for God, whatever it be, and whenever and wherever it may come. Every opportunity is a call from heaven. There was much danger of relying for guidance upon some man or set of men. He begged them to cease doing this, but to go direct to God for counsel and direction.

Several speakers related interesting experiences of work they had done during the summer with the book "Education" and others. Elder Sadler spoke of the work with periodicals lately started in San Francisco, and gave inspiring particulars of success achieved by experienced and inexperienced workers in that city. During the afternoon, addresses touching on medical missionary work were given. Elder Sadler dwelt upon the marvelous manner in which God works in the human body, and urged his hearers to qualify themselves to be nurses or doctors, and thus be able to minister to the physical needs of the race to-day. He was followed by Elder Richards, who spoke on the importance of letting our light shine in health reform.

Afterward the audience was requested to write on slips of paper the amount they were willing to pledge to the fund for providing a home for the American Medical Missionary College. A very hearty response was made, and it was announced later that no less than about two hundred dollars had been given in this way.

The Closing Meeting

At eight o'clock the last meeting of the convention was held. The church was practically full, and contained the largest audience of the convention. The first speaker was Professor Sharpe. His text was Esther 4:14, and he spoke of the importance of rising to the occasion of a great possibility. The great need of the world to-day is for Daniels and Esthers, and he ap-

pealed to the young men and women present to be equal to the demands made by the world upon them.

He was followed by Elder Kellogg, whose subject was the importance of being so familiar with Bible prophecies that we could introduce them aptly into any conversation. He urged a closer acquaintance with the Bible, so as to be able to associate current events with what the Scriptures have foretold.

Elder Richards emphasized the need of surrender to God, and the abandonment of worldly ambitions, speaking from the words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." He asked his hearers to bear in mind that whenever God promises a thing on certain conditions, he never fails to keep his promise when the conditions are complied with.

Elder M. H. Brown briefly touched upon the necessity of being constant and stable. If ever the world needed men and women of unwavering principle, it surely needs them at "such a time as this."

Then Elder Sadler, the superintendent of Young People's Work in California, said: "This convention has been the best meeting of all my life. I shall say but a word or two, for I want you to finish my testimony for me. I believe the angels in heaven would be glad to put it on record that every one of us here to-night gave a shout of triumph, so I shall not say any more, but leave it to you. I urge you all to see to it that you take God's salvation and all that goes with it." The meeting then took on the form of a social service, and a large number of young people rose, and thanked God publicly for the benefits derived from the convention, and expressed a determination to work for the Lord, to do all they could to spread the everlasting gospel, and to be faithful unto the end.

At the close of this part of the meeting, Elder Jones said: "Now how many of you want to have another Young People's convention next year?" Almost every hand in the building went up. "Good. Then we will have one." A rising vote of thanks was then taken to express gratitude to the Healdsburg church and all concerned for their part in making the first Young People's convention the success it was.

Exactly at ten o'clock Professor Cady pronounced the benediction, and as the young people and others slowly passed out of the sacred place, on every side could be heard expressions of gratitude to God for the glorious time that had been spent, and the rich blessings that had been received.

R.

Now Ready

Proceedings of the Convention of the Department of Education of the General Conference

THE report of the proceedings of the convention of the Department of Education of the General Conference, held at College View, Nebraska, June 12-21, is now ready for mailing. The price of this report is twenty-five cents, post-paid.

The report contains a description of the convention and all of its work, the talks which were given, the reports of the committees adopted, etc. Those who attended the convention felt that it would mark a new era of progress in our educational work. In view of this we feel that all of our people should read the report, even if they are not directly interested in our schools. Certainly the Lord has pointed out the importance of the school work as a part of the message for this time, and all should keep pace with this important branch of the work of the Lord.

This report may be had by addressing the secretary at South Lancaster, Massachusetts, inclosing the price of the same.

FREDERICK GRIGGS,
 Secretary Department of Education.