

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LII

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 13, 1904

No. 37

BELOW THE SURFACE

Luray Caverns—"Eighth Wonder of the World"

IN the beautiful Luray Valley, which forms Page County, Virginia, are found the great limestone caverns that are said to excel all other known caves of the world, surpassing in beauty and variety of ornamentation, though not equalling in size, the world-famed Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

The Luray Valley is hemmed in on every side with a rim of mountains, ranging from two thousand to four thousand feet in height. The Blue Ridge begins on the north, swings completely around the valley to the west, then the Massanutten Mountains complete the circle. Adjoining the Luray Valley is the far-famed, picturesque Shenandoah—a valley "rich in soil, rich in story, rich in heroes." Evidences of thrift and prosperity are on every hand throughout both valleys, though it is said when Sheridan left this country, a crow in flying across it would have to carry with him his rations.

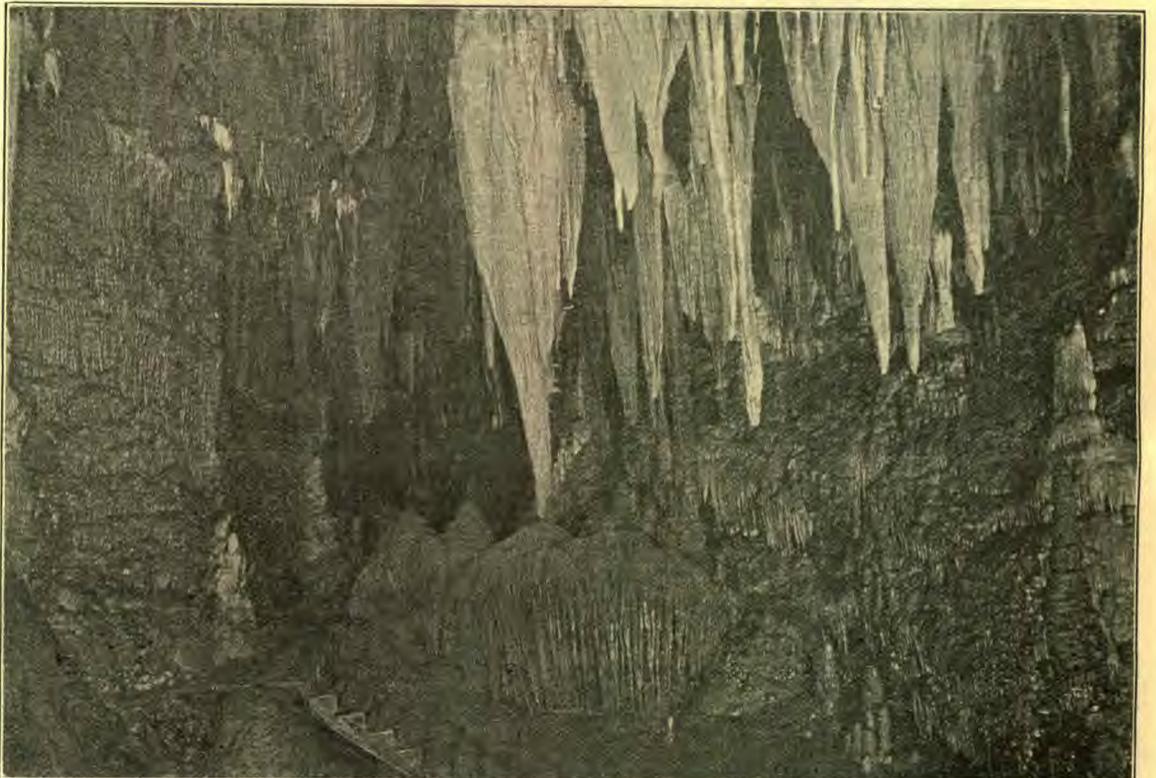
The village of Luray lies in the center of the valley bearing the same name. Here in 1878 was discovered the cave which by scientists is awarded the honor of swelling the list of the earth's great wonders. Mr. B. P. Stebbins, who still resides in the vicinity, became convinced from surface indications that a cave existed in that locality. He persuaded two or three of the villagers to join him in the quest. Notwithstanding the good-natured ridicule which unsuccessful attempts in the search provoked, they continued until the thirteenth day of August brought them their reward—the discovery of the marvelous Luray Caverns. Mr. Stebbins at once bought the land containing the cave; it was being advertised for sale at the time of the discovery. No sooner, however, did the former owners learn

of the existence of the Caverns, than they began litigation to regain the property. They failed in the lower courts, but finally succeeded in getting their claims sustained by a higher court. Mr. Stebbins lost heavily by the transaction; but later on he came into possession of the rich mine of truth embraced in the third angel's message. Had he succeeded in realizing the anticipated profits from his discovery, perhaps he would not have been so ready to accept of the new-found truth.

limestone rocks, weathers them very rapidly.

All, doubtless, are familiar with the fact that there exist many underground streams, rivers, and lakes, and that flowing water exerts a stupendous power in eroding, or wearing away and removing, great masses of rock.

Now a cave is but an underground valley—a system of large ravines. If the cave hill is subject to rain torrents flowing from the surrounding mountains, and if its strata are inclined, water



A VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL AND ITS ORGAN

The popularity of the Luray Caverns is attested by the fact that 14,365 persons have visited them in one year, nearly 1,500 having registered in one day. A fee of one dollar is charged during regular hours, and more for night admission.

Formation of Caves

Large caves are found only in limestone regions, from the fact that such rocks are the most readily dissolved by water acidulated with carbonic acid gas. This is the gas that all living creatures are constantly breathing out into the atmosphere; it is the gas that causes the effervescence, or bubbling, when saleratus is put into a sour liquid; it is the gas that gives the sparkle and biting taste to soda-water. Rain-water usually contains a considerable amount of carbonic acid gas, which has been dissolved from the air. Such water, falling upon marbles, calcites, and other

flows through too rapidly to produce any effect other than that of simple erosion. The description of the formation of the Luray Cavern, as given by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, may be of interest:—

"The history of its formation is, of course, divided into two periods; namely, its excavation and ornamentation. The latter was wholly produced after, and perhaps long after, the chasm was finished. The cavity was wrought by the erosion and the dissolving action of water holding carbonic acid gas in solution, and coursing through *previously* formed fissures in the rocks. These cavities gradually became enlarged into chambers by the falling and removal of loose material to lower levels, and even through open outlets to the general drainage of the country.

"The ornamentation of the cave with thousands of variously colored stalactites and stalagmites is a later work,—a work produced by the depositing of the lime in the form of a stalactite, or hanging rock, as the water that afterward percolated through or dripped freely from the crevices of the rocks which formed the ceiling, evaporated or flowed away."

Some caves have the stalactites, others do not. Such ornamentation demands a condition of comparative dryness and ventilation seldom realized,



EVENING IN THE SHENANDOAH

What the Visitor Sees

The exploring party, accompanied by a guide and a guard who have provided a few candles lest the electric lights should play them false at an inopportune moment, are ready to make their entrance into this wonderland in the heart of the earth. The first descent is down a broad flight of stone steps to a landing fifty feet below the surface. The dropping of the mercury from ninety-six degrees to fifty-six degrees is received



A CORNER OF THE BALLROOM

by all with at least a shrug of the shoulder, and is a signal to one warmed by a generous impulse, to exchange wraps with a friend not so favorably prepared for the sudden transition.

A short walk leads to the Entrance Chamber, an irregularly shaped room thirty-five feet high, and in some places nearly two hundred feet wide. It is believed that one would feel quite satisfied with the expenditure of his money were there no other rooms beyond to explore. Washington's column is perhaps the most attractive feature in the ornamentation of this chamber. It is a mammoth fluted pillar nearly twenty-five feet in diameter. Myriads of stalactites hang from the ceiling, and all about arise from the floor mighty stalagmites. One who has had his imagination stimulated by the observations of exquisite, delicately tinted specimens of stalactites in the National and other noted museums, and also from reading highly colored descriptions of these natural formations, becomes conscious of a feeling of disappointment, as the majority of the formations are opaque, and of a dirty brown color from the clay and oxide of iron. The sensation of disappointment, however, is of short duration; for while the sunset skies have not left their glory everywhere in the great cavern, yet there is so much in other directions beyond what even the keenest imagination could anticipate that the visitor at once confesses himself satisfied and awed by his surroundings. Here and there, moreover, one comes upon an exquisite group of snow-white stalactites of alabaster translucence—meant, it would seem, to dissolve the last bit of dissatisfaction that might have lurked in any heart.

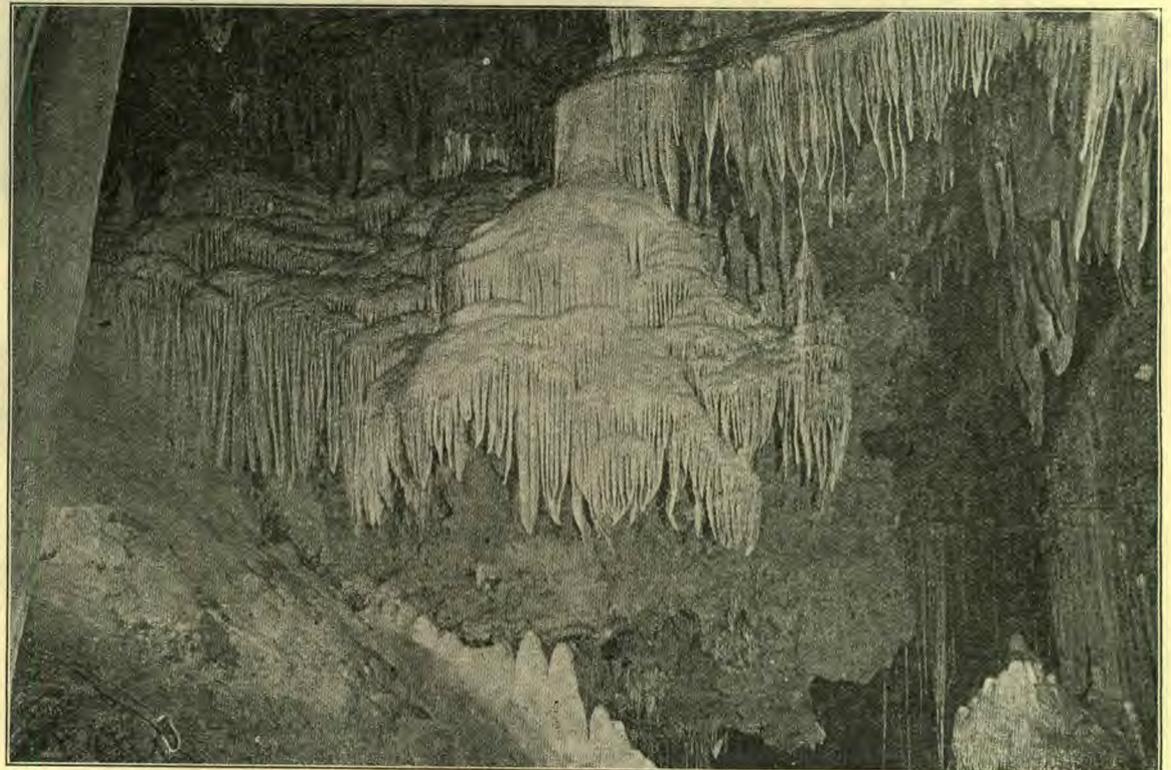
An avenue of one hundred feet leads from the Entrance Chamber. Do not remark about the rapid passing by of the Vegetable Garden for the Fish Market, which lies just beyond. The *Washington Star* says of the latter room: "The Fish Market is one of the most natural and unique sights in the Cavern. The illusion is so absolutely perfect that one almost expects them to flop and wriggle about if touched." In a recent party there was one who pleasantly thought to put the guide's sagacity to test by inquiring, "What kind of fish are they?" He at once received the reply, "Rock fish;" whereupon the

good elder, for so he was, meekly journeyed on, while his friends enjoyed the evident surprise given him by the guide's ready answer.

Elfin Ramble is entered next. This is a low, open room from one to ten feet high by six hundred feet long and three hundred feet in breadth. Crossing the Ramble, one stands on the edge of Pluto's Chasm, a fissure five hundred feet long, seventy feet deep, and from ten to fifty feet wide. This is said to be the awe-inspiring spot in all the cave. Passing down the flight of steps to the bottom of the chasm, the visitor beholds a specter—a tall snow-white column looming up in the darkness. While retracing the steps to the Fish Market, Crystal Spring is passed, a beautiful body of water fully deserving its name. Its unique setting makes it doubly interesting. The basin is lined with calcite crystals, and others are still forming. The roof is studded with small stalactites. After giving each person a sip from the crystal pool, the guide leads the way to Skeleton Gorge, at the bottom of which is ob-

served the gruesome sight of human bones, lying partly imbedded in the clay. Whether some Indian boy in the distant past fell into the cave and wandered about until he unexpectedly plunged into this abyss, or whether the bones were entombed at the time of the flood, is a matter of conjecture. Not far from here is the beautiful and graceful group of stalagmites known as Titania's Veil; its wonderful folds of snowy whiteness are very pleasing.

The guide only admits of a hasty glance at many of the interesting features; so I can hardly be expected in my description to be more generous than he. Therefore I can only call attention to the fact that among other attractions



TITANIA'S VEIL

of the Caverns are: the Lady's Riding Whip,—a stalactite simulating as perfectly the object for which it is named as if chiseled by a skilled artist,—the head of Moses, Giant's Hall, an Angel's Wing, statuettes, a band of monkeys climbing a rope, a camel's head, a crouching lion, an eagle, the Natural Bridge, a cemetery, Tower of Babel, Leaning Tower of Pisa, an Indian Chief, the Madonna, a veiled lady, Blacksmith's

Shop, the Throne Room, the Theater, a base drum, a Saracen's tent, and the wet blanket. This last was especially interesting,—a marvel in stone,—for it seemed that the threads of which it was woven, and the red and blue borders, could be plainly seen.

Recently the writer, with a number of others, had the privilege of visiting the Caverns. When we all entered the Ballroom, the largest hall of the cave, it seemed like a grand cathedral cut out of the solid rock by the living water. Prof. Frederick Griggs was one of the party, and on being asked to sing, he responded with "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Afterward the whole company sang "Nearer My God to Thee." The soloist pronounced the room admirably fitted for a music hall. Here the people of the neighborhood have several times enjoyed the novelty of a ball.

The Cathedral is a chamber not so large as this one, yet having a charm unexcelled by anything else the Cavern offers—a remarkable group of sounding stalactites. As this great natural musical instrument responded sweetly to the touch of the musician, and as the chimes of the cathedral bells sounded forth, the listeners were spellbound, and many involuntarily pronounced it the best feature of the cavern.

The Bridal Chamber has a peculiar interest to some persons; for the guide informed us that nine marriage ceremonies had been here performed.

Easy progress is secured throughout the Cavern by the sidewalks, steps, and electric lights. The lamps are sufficiently numerous, yet the light of day, of course, is not secured. An old lady who visited the cave at night, and declared that next time she should go in the daytime in order to get a better view, hardly appreciated how far removed the cave is from the sunlight. Its roof is said to average from one hundred fifty to two hundred feet in thickness, and to consist of an immense bed of limestone rock through which the water from the surface soaks, each drop add-

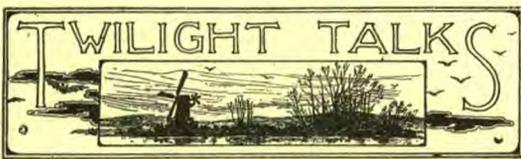
ing its mite to the building of the countless interesting forms found in this wonderland.

Owing to the purity of the air and the evenness of temperature, persons suffering from lung diseases were advised at one time to resort to caves, particularly to Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, for a brief residence. Several died there, and all died soon after leaving the cave. One heroic patient did not see the light of the sun for

five months. These medical advisers must have belonged to the same order as those who attended Washington in his last illness.

Luray has instituted a wiser way of utilizing the sanitary advantages of its cave, by erecting a sanitarium upon a hill overlooking the charming valley, and near enough to the caverns so that the air can be pumped from the cave to the sanitarium. Possibly the chief recuperative value of this provision lies in the inspiration given the patient by the novelty of the affair.

However this may be, if opportunity affords, do not fail to visit the Luray Caverns. The inspiration gained from a few hours' tour through this wonderland will certainly be worth the time and trouble. The dark corridors and chasms here and there, pleasingly contrasting with the brilliantly lighted spaces, add to the weird and peculiar feeling that must be with every visitor as he threads his way from room to room, through winding labyrinths, filled with strange figures,—in all of which "man hath had no part."



The Lesson of the Flower

A BREATH of fragrance came to me
Upon the April air.
I looked around, but could not see
A blossom anywhere.
But, following where the fragrance led,
I found beside a stone,
Hidden by branches overhead,
A violet newly blown.

"Dear little flower," I said, and bent
To smile into its face,
"Tell me if you are quite content
With this, your dwelling-place."
"Aye, quite content," was the reply,
"God wanted me to be
In just this place, I know, and I
Am not so wise as he.

"So why should I not be content,
Since he has planned it so?
He knows — not I — just what is meant.
I do not care to know.
But I am glad to do my part,
And so, on this green sod,
I always keep a happy heart,
And blossom just for God."

Dear little violet, thanks to thee
For lesson all unmeant.
Thy simple faith makes plain to me
The secret of content.
To be what God would have us be,
No matter where we plod —
To trust, wise little flower, like thee,
And do our best for God!

— Eben E. Rexford.

Who Will Do It?

It is said that stockings were a rare luxury in the days of Good Queen Bess. As I look at the darning basket, the wish comes that stockings were a rarity nowadays. But they are not, they are plentiful as blackberries, and holes in them are as thick as the seeds.

And who is going to darn these stockings? It takes such a lot of time and patience, and after it is done, there is nothing new. If there is a grandmother in the household, she will probably work through the pile without much murmuring, because the restless feet that have made the holes are so dear to her, and because she has gathered wisdom with the years.

But if there is no grandmother? Then, you fancy, it is mother's place to do the darning. If you could just once change heads with mother, and know what a busy, anxious whirl hers is in much of the time, you would know how impossible it is for her to take her superior skill for such simple tasks without having some more

important matter suffer for it. Unless some one looks to the darning basket every week, there stands that pile of discouragement. You know you ought to attack it, don't you? Then do it, without any further shirking. Confess to yourself that you have been mean about it, and settle down to repairs of both conduct and stockings. You don't know until you've tried, what a bright rainbow will be shining in your heart, nor what a bright smile on mother's face.— *Selected.*

Fix It to Stay

Two sisters were putting away some of their belongings in a large drawer that his mother had set apart for them.

"Here are so many things," said Lulu, "we can't take time to put them in as we want to. Tumble them in anyhow to-day, and we'll put them in order some other time."

"No, no," said wiser Mary. "Let's fix them to stay now, while they are going in. That'll be better, I'm sure."

It is much better in every way to put away things we want to keep, whether in drawers or in our heads, in such good order that we can keep them and find them. Do a thing right, once for all, and it will not have to be done over again. Isn't that sensible and right? Then do it.— *Girls' Companion.*

We Must Watch Ourselves

THERE are few persons who are not subject to some little, disagreeable, often unconscious habit, which annoys their friends, but which is probably incurable by expostulation. One acquaintance is always biting her finger-nails. Mary beats a "tattoo" on the window-pane or table. Florence is consistently and disagreeably curious about little things that do not concern her. Susan puts the lead pencil in her mouth whenever she uses it. Lizzie can not turn over the leaves of a book without wetting her fingers at her lips. Jane — well, Jane would have a beautiful mouth if she did not keep it open, to the peril of her respiratory passages. These are but instances of petty bad habits, which friends observe in helplessness. The moral is clear — we must watch ourselves. As a rule the only person one can cure of bad habits, great or small, is himself.— *Girls' Companion.*

One Mother's Solution

A RESOURCEFUL mother of my acquaintance has solved the problem of teaching her young daughters to cook and serve meals,—not only to do the work, but to take an interest and a pride in it, which, as a rule, is a more difficult task.

This woman, herself a capable housekeeper, has three half-grown daughters, who, like the average girl, not only did not know anything of the many duties that devolve upon the hostess at table, but evinced little desire to learn. The charm of the vacation season had lost something of its freshness, when the mother unfolded to her daughters a delightful plan by which they were, each in turn, to have the pleasure of entertaining the rest of the family at dinner, and a jolly time they all had of it, and a profitable time, too, it being an interesting way to learn things.

Not only does the young hostess of the occasion prepare and serve all the viands, but she plans the menu, and does all the buying of materials. In case of a special dinner, the mother makes it a point to go away for the day previous, this serving the double purpose of giving herself a needed holiday, and clearing the field for the experiments of the young housekeeper. She orders whatever is called for on the menu already arranged, and prepares everything possible on that day. On Sundays she assumes all responsibility for the cooking and serving of the dinner, exactly as though she were the

hostess, and her parents and sisters the guests at her table. As confidence is gained, friends of the young girls are invited in to partake of their hospitality. A pleasant rivalry is thereby engendered between the sisters as to which shall serve the daintiest and most satisfactory meals, always keeping inside the limit set them by the purse-bearer.

The dinners as served are approached uncritically, or with an occasional appreciative word, with exactly the manner of a guest at the home of an acquaintance. Afterward, however, the mother goes over the details of the dinner with the young cook, praising where praises are due, and calling kindly attention to any defects that existed, with suggestions as to how any dishes might be improved. The matter of expense is also carefully considered, and hints given as to the buying of meats, vegetables, and fruits.

The mother is gaining much from this plan in the even occasional freedom from responsibilities of the table; while enjoying the satisfaction of knowing that she is not neglecting a most important branch of her daughter's education. The girls admit that their vacation is being both pleasantly and profitably spent.— *Maude E. Smith-Hymers.*

What to Teach a Daughter

TEACH her that one hundred cents make one dollar.

Teach her to say "no" and mean it, and to say "yes" and stick to it.

Teach her to wear a calico dress, and wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to dress for health and comfort, as well as for appearance.

Teach her to regard morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her to observe the old rule—a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most practical information.— *Selected.*

Ten Poor Boys

WILLIAM MCKINLEY'S early home was plain and comfortable, and his father was able to keep him at school.

Millard Filmore was a son of a New York farmer, and his home was a humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which his State is famous.

John Adams, second president, was the son of a grocer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and a large family. The boys had to earn their living.

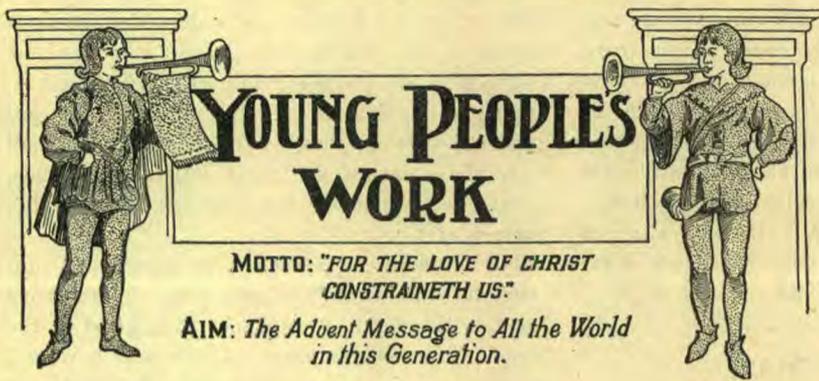
Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy, in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio River, until he was seventeen years of age.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years old.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a farm in North Carolina. He was afterward clerk in a country store.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever had.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on a farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterward worked on a canal.— *Saturday Evening Post.*



AIM: *The Advent Message to All the World in this Generation.*

Paul Begins His Public Ministry

PERSONAL INSTRUCTION:—

The commission. Matt. 28:18-20; Mark 16:15-18.

Who are called. Mark 13:34.

Reward. Ps. 126:5, 6.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 9:10-31; 13:1-3.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 32-44.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

Baptized by Ananias.

Labors in Damascus. Acts 26:19, 20.

Goes to Arabia. Gal. 1:17.

Returns to Damascus.

Plot to assassinate him. Acts 9:23, 24.

Delivered. Verse 25; 2 Cor. 11:32, 33.

Goes to Jerusalem. Acts 9:26; Gal. 1:18.

Remains fifteen days. Gal. 1:18.

Disciples suspicious of him.

Received by Barnabas. Acts 9:27.

Labors in Jerusalem. Acts 22:17-21.

Plot to kill him.

Leaves Jerusalem. Acts 22:17-21.

Returns home. Verse 30.

Goes to Antioch. Acts 11:25, 26.

Ordained.

Notes

The notes, save the last two, are quotations from "Sketches from the Life of Paul," by Mrs. E. G. White.

Paul's life was in peril, and he received a commission from God to leave Damascus for a time. He went into Arabia; and there, in comparative solitude, he had ample opportunity for communion with God, and for contemplation.

While in Arabia he did not communicate with the apostles; he sought God earnestly with all his heart, determined not to rest till he knew for a certainty that his repentance was accepted, and his great sin pardoned. . . . He was ever to carry about with him in the body the marks of Christ's glory, in his eyes, which had been blinded by the heavenly light.

Paul now returned to Damascus, and preached boldly in the name of Jesus. . . . They [the Jews] conceived a plan to assassinate him. The anxiety of the disciples drew them to God in prayer; there was little sleeping among them, as they were busy in devising ways and means for the escape of the chosen apostle. Finally they conceived a plan by which he was let down from a window, and lowered over the wall in a basket at night. In this humiliating manner Paul made his escape from Damascus.

He now proceeded to Jerusalem, wishing to become acquainted with the apostles there, and especially with Peter. He was very anxious to meet the Galilean fisherman who had lived, and prayed, and conversed with Christ upon earth.

Following these events, the conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch under the preaching of Philip, the vision of Peter at Joppa, and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon Cornelius and his household, served to convince the apostles and leading brethren at Jerusalem that God had granted to the Gentiles repentance unto life. Thus was the way prepared for Paul to enter upon his gospel mission.

And the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord. When the believers in Jerusalem heard the good tidings, they rejoiced; and Barnabas, a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, was sent to Antioch, the metropolis of Syria, to help the church there. He labored with great success. As the work increased, he solicited and obtained the help of Paul; and the two disciples labored together in that city for a year, teaching the people, and adding to the numbers of the church.

Both Paul and Barnabas had been laboring as ministers of Christ, and God had abundantly blessed their efforts; but neither of them had previously been formally ordained to the gospel ministry by prayer and the laying on of hands. They were now authorized by the church, not only to teach the truth, but to baptize, and to organize churches, being invested with full ecclesiastical authority.

Paul tells us that he "came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia." Gal. 1:21. Churches were also established in these regions. Acts 15:23, 41. These churches were perhaps established during the time he was at Tarsus. "Within the limits of this region Saul's activities were now exercised in studying and in teaching at Tarsus, or in founding those churches which were afterward greeted in the apostolic letter from Jerusalem, as the brethren in Antioch, and Syria, and Cilicia, and which Paul himself confirmed after his separation from Barnabas, traveling through Syria and Cilicia."—*Conybeare and Howson*.

It is difficult in some instances to trace in chronological order with certainty from the different narratives given the movements of the great apostle. It is not the design of these studies to settle technical controversies. The principal object is to study the *work* of Paul, that, if possible, we may be animated by the same missionary zeal, and be led to go forth in the closing work to save souls. Let this be the central thought in each weekly meeting.

Note how Barnabas assisted Paul to enter the work. It pays to come in contact with men of experience in the work of God, and be molded by their Christian influence. G. B. T.

A Practical Plan—Interesting

THERE are many earnest young persons among Seventh-day Adventists who have consecrated themselves to the Lord's service. They sincerely wish to do something for him, but scarcely know where or how to begin. Some may have thought that they must have a society formed, with president, vice-president, secretary, assistant secretary, treasurer, committees, and departments, and that without these there was small prospect of their being successful in service. It is for the benefit of such, and for any others who desire to serve the Master, that the following true experience is related:—

A young man, whom we will call Allen Brown, was an earnest Christian. He became connected with one of our publishing houses, where he was employed to do clerical work. He knew he was serving the Lord in this, but still he felt an earnest longing to come into contact personally with the people, and bring the light of present truth to them. He had no time except after office hours, and might have said that he was

then too weary, or that he needed the time which was his own for rest or recreation; but he made no such plea, not even in his own mind.

He finally decided upon a plan which he immediately proceeded to execute. Taking about twenty-five copies of *The Signs of the Times*, he walked down a busy business street the evening after the Sabbath, entered stores and other places of business, and offered his papers for sale. His pleasant face and courteous manners won the confidence of the people; a paper was sold at most of the places visited, and before nine o'clock he had disposed of all he had with him.

This experience was repeated with ever-increasing success for two or three weeks, and then Allen invited George Risley to go with him, told him what he had been doing, invited him to join him in the work, and gave him a practical illustration of how it could be done. Thus helped and encouraged, George became an interested and successful worker, and he soon agreed to deliver papers each week to the customers Allen had secured, and kept adding new ones to the list.

Allen then went to another part of the city, taking with him Albert Forbes. The same instruction was given him as George had received, and soon these young men were selling several hundred papers each week. Albert's sister became so interested as he related his experiences in meeting the people, that she went with him one evening, and did not return till she had sold more than a dozen copies of the paper. She invited another young lady to go with her the next week, and these two took two more the week following, and thus the number of workers increased till there were more than twenty of the young people in the church engaged in the sale of papers, and about one thousand copies were circulated weekly. The experiences of these youthful workers became an inspiration to the whole church, and as they told of the blessings they had received, it brought new life and power into the missionary meetings. All this was accomplished without organization of any kind, but one young man "had a mind to work," and the Lord greatly blessed his efforts.

What this young man did, other young men and women can do. Perhaps all may not do just as he did, nor what he did, but if there is "first a willing mind," some avenue of usefulness will open up which will be a blessing to the workers as well as to others. Let any young person who desires to be the Lord's helping hand begin by seeking him earnestly to know what he will have him do. Let the heart melt with tenderness and humility, and then take up the first work that presents itself. It may be nursing the sick, helping the poor, reading to the aged, distributing tracts, selling periodicals, or praying for the unconverted. The Lord is speaking to the youth among Seventh-day Adventists, saying, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" The eleventh hour has come. The shadows of night are already falling. Do something for God, and do it quickly.

Where there is even one in any place who will consecrate his service to the Master, let him begin without delay. First he should seek the Lord in secret for himself. Then another may be invited to join in prayer. Unitedly let them offer their petitions for another who may be unconverted or indifferent, and so let there be an ever-increasing, ever-widening circle of influence. The promise may be claimed in faith that "if any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask, and He shall give him life for them that sin not unto death." 1 John 5:16. Now, just now, is the time when young people may do a great work for God if they will. None should hesitate or delay.

Will you not do something, and do it *now*?

MRS. V. J. FARNSWORTH.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"O, I WONDER if any one knows
On a cloudy day where the sunshine goes!
I have heard that it hides in the strangest
places,—
The hearts of good children, and shines in
their faces."

Frank Darrel's "Color Scheme"

"FIVE yards of brush braid and a spool of silk to match this sample."

The blood rose beatingly to Frank Darrel's temples as he took the small piece of cloth held out to him by a woman who stood at the other side of the counter. A lump that threatened to choke him rose in his throat, and for a moment the shades upon which he looked were blurred before his eyes.

Was this the end? — the end of all his dreams of high school, and, perhaps, college? of the future to which he had looked forward so hopefully, that, at fourteen, he found himself behind the notion counter—that lowest rung of the ladder—in a department store?

For the first three months after his father's death there had been room for nothing but grief in Frank's mind. Then came the conviction that he, as the second eldest and only boy in a family of five, must get to work without further delay. But employment for a lad not too robust in health was not easy to find; and, when the position in Briggs & Barnard's store was offered him, he accepted it gladly.

Yet, only now, as he bunglingly waited on his first customer, did the realization of how hopelessly far, how at the very antipodes, all this was from that upon which he had set his heart, come over him like an engulfing wave. That same boyish heart felt sinking before the barrenness of the prospect opening ahead of it, as his eyes swept the crowded, ill-ventilated store. The whirl of cash boxes overhead confused his brain. He felt stifled and choked as he stood at bay amid the wreck of his broken hopes, battling with the fierce despair which was upon him.

In a veritable daze of despondency he took his cap at noon, and left to get his meager lunch. All the ways of the store were new. He laid hold upon the door leading to the street and tried to pull it inward. Then, as it resisted his efforts, he raised his eyes, and saw printed on a brass plate, just on a level with them, the word "Push."

Frank put his shoulder against the door and was soon in the street, drawing in deep breaths of the fresh air. But, as he passed along, those four letters still seemed suspended before his gaze. Push! What was the use of pushing? If it were anywhere — anything — but a dry-goods store! At best he could only hope to be transferred to another department. And a life spent in that overcrowded atmosphere seemed, just then, too blighting to contemplate.

Nevertheless the word had unconsciously awakened the germ of resoluteness in the boy's character, and, once roused, it clamored for mastery,—to put his shoulder against the difficulties in his path, to work his own way out into the air and sunshine of success. Something began to stir in Frank—a determination to do this thing that was being asked of him, and to do it well. And, as the resolution strengthened, there flashed through his mind, like

a bright shaft of encouragement, some words he had heard the Sunday before: "Faithful in little—faithful also in much."

It was a different boy who returned to Briggs & Barnard's store. His quick eyes selected those in the crowd of customers who seemed to have difficulty in getting served, and upon these he waited with an alacrity and cheerfulness which transformed the weary detail of matching silks and braids into something approaching pleasure.

"As a rule I object to being served by a new clerk," a dressmaker, whose patronage was important, said to the floor-walker near Frank's department as she passed from the store, "but that young fellow over there has won my heart, and made me forget that his fingers are bungling. He'll make a good salesman in the end."

Mr. Maynard, to whom she spoke, turned and looked at Frank, and, had the boy but known it, that look was the first step upward—a step honestly earned by his strict attention to the duties given him to do.

"We need another hand at the men's furnishing counter," the manager said to Mr. Maynard, a few months later. "Isn't there any one over here that could be spared?"

"There's a boy here whom I'd like to see get on," Mr. Maynard answered. "There's isn't a lazy bone in his body. Somehow, when all the others at his counter are idle, he seems to have a customer."

"That's the kind we want. Send him over at once;" and the manager hurried away.

Frank went home that night as if he trod on air, his joyous whistle waking the echoes as he swung along the street. His salary was doubled. He was in a less crowded part of the store, near an entrance, where he got many whiffs of fresh air and occasional glimpses of the street, and his customers were mostly men and boys.

All these were related with a boy's enthusiasm when he got home, to the mother who gazed at him with moist eyes of love, and to the little sisters whose idol he was.

There was one thing about which Frank never spoke—had never spoken—to any one; a broken hope hidden deep in his own heart, upon which even now he dared not look, that one day he might have been an artist or designer. A love of color-blending was the passion of his life. It led him to stop one day on his way to lunch, to watch Mr. Witter, the window-trimmer, at work.

"Well, how do you like it?" the latter asked, pleasantly, noticing Frank's absorbed face.

"It's—it's very pretty."

But the tone held a reservation which the quick ear of the decorator was not slow to catch.

"Speak out, boy! What's wrong with it?" he said, briskly.

"Well, sir, if I were doing it,"—Frank's gray eyes looked up, mirthful with a sense of his own audacity—"I'd take out that blotch of red."

"That blotch of red! that's a thirty-five dollar imported hat!"

"But—but doesn't it spoil the color scheme?"

"What do you know about color scheme?" And Mr. Witter looked at Frank more intently.

"My father was a wall-paper designer, sir."

"Humph!"

Frank passed on his way, but, when he was gone, Mr. Witter stood back and surveyed the window, first with his head held critically on one side and then on the other. Finally he went away, and, after a few minutes, came back, as if to get a totally fresh impression.

"The lad is right," he muttered; and out came the "blotch of red" to which Frank had objected.

He stopped at the men's furnishing counter the next day.

"See here, young man, you've got the making of a good window trimmer in you. Why don't you learn the trade?" he said, briskly.

Frank's eyes gleamed.

"How could I learn it, sir?"

"Come round to my house in the evenings, and I'll teach you all I can."

"I'm at evening high-school now, but that closes next month, and then —"

"All right! Come along after that. You have too artistic an eye to be wasted on collars and neckties;" and Mr. Witter passed on.

A series of evenings began after that which were a delight to Frank. On an improvised frame he was shown, with the aid of small squares of tissue paper, how to arrange handkerchiefs in every conceivable and artistic design. And whenever Mr. Witter had decorated an especially good window in the store, he always called his pupil to come and look at it, not infrequently acting upon a suggestion given by the lad.

So two years passed for Frank Darrel. He was graduated from evening high school. His salary had been raised more than once, and his mother, looking back on the dark prospect of two years before, thanked God for her boy.

Then came many changes at Briggs & Barnard's. A new store had been opened in the next block, in order to compete with which improvements and expenditure were necessary. Among these were four enlarged and beautiful show windows. No pains or expense were spared to make the coming opening a success.

Everything was ready for Mr. Witter to begin work, when the news came that he had been taken suddenly ill. In a fume of worry the manager drove to the window trimmer's house that evening.

"You can telegraph to New York for a man, of course," the latter said, with his hand at his fevered head, "but there's a lad in the store—Frank Darrel—who can do it, and do it well."

Frank was sent for to come to the manager's private office next morning, and went with his heart pounding against his ribs.

"You know that the firm has been at a great deal of expense in order to make this opening the biggest thing we have ever done," his superior began. "Much depends on the window display, and Mr. Witter is too ill to leave his house. He tells me you can do it. Can you?"

The manager drummed impatiently with his fingers on the arms of the chair during the minute that it took Frank to decide. But he stopped when the steady gray eyes were lifted to his. There was a force he liked in the young face.

"I think I can, sir."

"Then get to work at once, Darrel. You can

have what help you want. And remember—you have only two days."

Until midnight that day and the next, Frank worked behind his green baize curtain. All his artistic taste came into play. With flushed face and shining eyes he draped costly fabrics, blending shades and colors until the whole was a work of art. Never had the goods of the establishment been so displayed. Each separate window was decorated after an original design of his own. His heart throbbed with delight in his work, as he skilfully arranged imported rugs and draperies so as to get the very best light and effect. And through all his toil there ran, like a bright thread, the thought that perhaps, after all, the dream of his life was not wholly shattered; that if this gift, this talent which he felt was in him, did not find an outlet in the direction he had once hoped, it might yet do so in a way which would mean congenial occupation to him and substantial help for his mother and sisters.

Frank's limbs fairly trembled under him as he entered the store on the morning of the opening. Would they think his work well done? The manager was too absorbed to speak to him then, but congratulations began to pour in on him from every department in the house. And the crowd which gathered around the windows as the day wore on testified to the young artist's success. With kindling eyes and quickly beating heart, Frank heard the involuntary exclamations of admiration as people passed in and out.

But the great moment of that day came for Frank when, late in the afternoon, he stood in the manager's office and received the thanks of no less a person than the gray-haired senior member of the firm, Mr. Briggs himself.

"You have done well, my boy, and the firm is indebted to you," he said, heartily, with his hand on Frank's shoulder.

"Thank you, sir," said Frank. There was a mist before his eyes, and something in his throat made speech difficult. "I—I'm proud—to have been of use—to the house," he jerked out at last.

"That's the right spirit, my lad. By the way, stop at the cashier's desk on your way down-stairs."

The envelope which Frank carried home to his mother that evening—and he walked the whole three miles from the store to the house, for no street-car could contain his feelings just then; it needed the whole, clear vault of heaven—held a new twenty-dollar gold-piece. And that was apart from his week's salary.

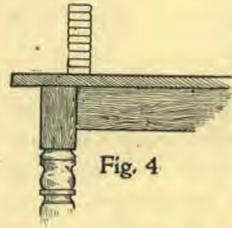
"What do you mean by it?" Mr. Witter held him off at arm's length, gazing over his glasses with mock severity, when Frank, hearing he was convalescent, called a week later. "What's this I hear about your work causing such a *furor* and throwing mine in the shade? Frank, my boy," he took his pupil by the arms, growing suddenly grave, "I'm getting to be an old fellow, and my day of ambition is almost past, but, with your youth and talent, it will be your own fault if you do not become an expert window decorator; and that would mean what I know lies near your heart—an end to hard work for your mother; in fact, comparative ease for her and the little sisters. But, son, if I get you a good position,—and I think I can,—there's one thing I want you to do; keep the color scheme of your life right. Don't let anything come in to mar the clear, fresh tints which prevail there now."

"Mr. Witter,"—Frank raised clear, gray eyes, into which it was a joy to look, to his friend's face—"I have not spent so many evenings with you without learning something besides window trimming. And, anyhow, the color scheme is in safer hands than my own."—*M. L. Cummings, in Young People's Weekly.*



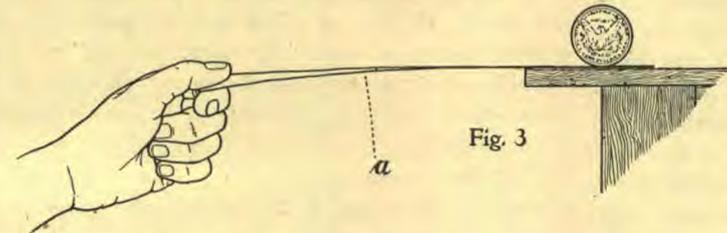
Simple Experiments in Science

SEE, children, here is a nickel on the tip of my finger, with a tiny square of cardboard underneath it. Now can I remove the card without in the slightest degree moving the coin? It seems impossible, doesn't it? And yet just a little snap of the edge of the card, and it disappears, leaving the money there.



The following performance has long been a favorite with magicians and jugglers the world over: A thick broomstick is supported at the ends on two little bands of paper held up by children's fingers. With a heavy stick the juggler strikes the broomstick a quick, strong blow in the middle, and behold! it breaks squarely in two, without tearing the paper bands at all. Instead of children's fingers supporting the rod, the bands are often held up by the keen edge of razor blades, and still they are neither cut nor torn by the shock. Another form of the same experiment is shown in the illustration. A needle or pin is driven into each end of the stick, and rested on the edges of glasses brimming full of water. In this position the stick may be broken without spilling a drop of the liquid.

If we take a strip of paper, half an inch or so wide and a foot long, and on one end of it balance a dollar edgewise, we shall find that by striking a quick blow at the point marked *a*, the

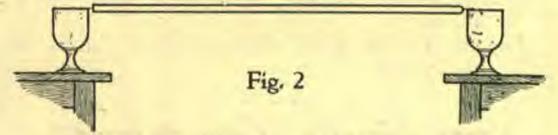


paper will be pulled out, leaving the dollar still balanced on its edge.

These experiments show us something of what is called inertia. It might just as well be called stubbornness, for that is exactly what it is. We snap the card from under the coin, before it will make up its mind to move; we break the stick without any of the shock being communicated to the paper bands or glasses; and we draw the slip from under the dollar, leaving it all oblivious to our action. In the same way we can shoot a clean round hole through a window pane with a swift-shooting rifle, and a man can hurt his foot severely by kicking an old plug hat with a brick under it. The force he puts into his kick would easily send the brick across the street if it were applied more slowly; but being applied thus swiftly, the stubborn substance of the brick will not respond, and the force expends itself in a reaction on his foot.

When we come to look for ex-

amples of inertia, we find multitudes of them. Watch a man standing in the aisle of a car as the train starts. He behaves exactly as the coin did on my finger tip. He tries to stay still and let the train go on, and so tips backward. When the train stops suddenly, he tries to keep on going, and so runs up the aisle a bit. Have you not wondered what kept a stone moving after it left your hand? Well, it is simply that unknowable, not-understood stubbornness. You put the stone in motion, and it will stay in motion forever so far as it is concerned, just as it would stay still



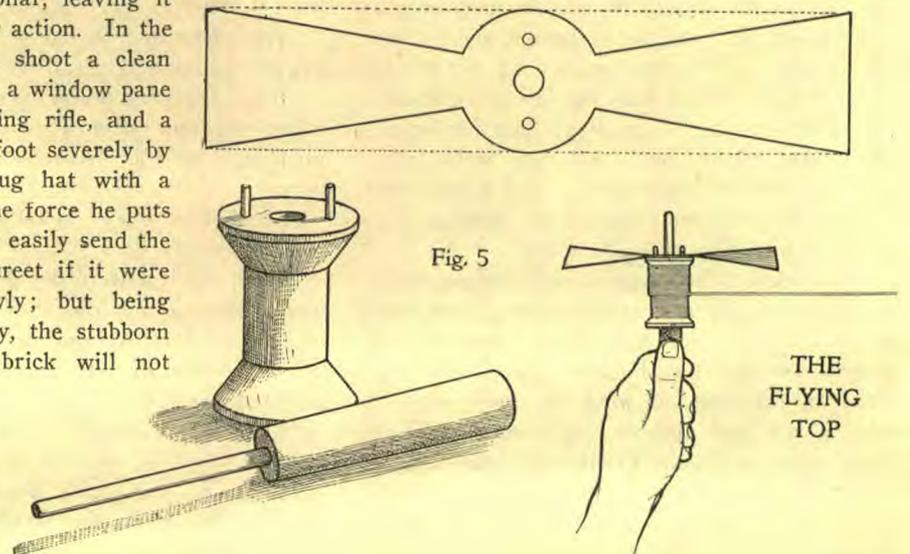
forever if not disturbed. A swiftly moving train can not come to a stop, no matter what air-brakes are used, in less than a hundred yards or more. If anything outside of itself forces it to stop, all the force of the steam stored up in the weight of the train reacts on itself instantly, many thousands of tons, and it is no wonder that iron bends, and timbers splinter.

Continuing our experiments, we pile up a stack of dominoes or blocks on the work-table, and with a heavy ruler strike the stack quickly. One block will be removed without disturbing the rest.

Now air, which seems so light and vapory, is really possessed of many of the same properties as other and heavier substances, and among them is inertia. A bird's wing striking backward quickly and powerfully, beats against the air as against a hard substance, for the air absolutely will not move out of the way so quickly, and thus the force of the stroke reacts on the bird's body to carry it on and up.

Another good example of air inertia is seen in the flying top, illustrated herewith, and which any boy can make. The top itself is cut out of common tin, and the fans bent like those of a windmill. The spool has in its top two small nails with heads cut off. These pins fit into the holes in the top, and set it whirling swiftly when a string is unwound from the spool. The nail on which the spool turns should be about an inch longer than the spool, so as to guide the top fan upward as it leaves the whirlers. With a quick, strong pull on the string this little flyer will rise one or two hundred feet. Its action is just like that of a screw in wood, the air with its immobility affording a substance through which it can screw its way. These experiments illustrate some of the great universal laws of nature.

EDISON DRIVER.



THE FLYING TOP

God and a Friend

LIVE not without a friend; the Alpine rock must own
Its mossy grace, or else be nothing but a stone.
Live not without a God, however low or high.
In every house should be a window toward the sky.

—W. W. Story.

My Wish

I WOULD not be
Set up aloft where all may see,—
Enthroned in solitary state,
While many on my bidding wait;
Around such heights
The lightnings play, and cold air blights
The fragrant flowers that richly blow
In common gardens far below.

I do not plead
To do some grand and glorious deed,
That so my praises may resound
From land to land, the world around;
For he who wears
Fame's wreath, is oft bowed down with cares,
His aching, disappointed heart,
A mark for cruel envy's dart.

But I would pray
That God would let me spend life's day
In helping to make somewhat less
Earth's heavy weight of wretchedness;
'Twere sweet to know,
When from these scenes I'm called to go,
That from some eye I'd wiped the tear,
Made some dark places brighter here.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

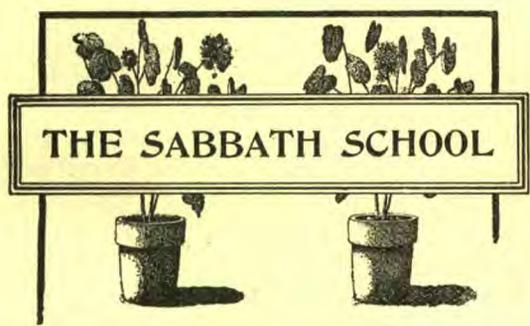
Wait Patiently for Him

God doth not bid thee wait
To disappoint at last;
A golden promise, fair and great,
In precept-mold is cast.
Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon-rim,
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled:
"Wait patiently for him."

The weary, waiting times
Are but the muffled peals
Low preluding celestial chimes,
That hail his chariot wheels.
Trust him to tune thy voice
To blend with seraphim;
His "Wait" shall issue in "Rejoice!"
"Wait patiently for him."

He doth not bid thee wait,
Like driftwood on the wave,
Nor fickle chance or fixed fate
To ruin or to save;
Thine eyes shall surely see,
No distant hope or dim,
The Lord thy God arise for thee:
"Wait patiently for him."

—Frances R. Havergal.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII—Review

(September 24)

Questions

1. Who was Naaman? What little girl lived in his house? Tell how Naaman was healed of the leprosy. 2 Kings 5: 1-17.
2. Of what great sin was Gehazi, Elisha's servant, guilty? Tell the story. What was his punishment? Where did the sons of the prophets invite Elisha to go? What happened to the ax, as the men were felling a beam? Tell how it was rescued. 2 Kings 5: 20-27; 6: 1-7.

3. Who told the king of Israel the plans of the king of Syria? To what city did the king of Syria send to take Elisha? When Elisha and his servant saw the soldiers, how did the servant feel? Tell what Elisha said to him, and how his fear was taken away. To what city did Elisha lead the host? How was he able to do this? When he had them in the city, what did he tell the king of Israel to do to them? 2 Kings 6: 9-23.

4. How great was the famine when Ben-hadad came up and besieged Samaria? What was done by some of the women of the city? What did the king do when he heard of this? To whom did he go? What did Elisha say would be sold in the city the next day? What haughty answer was made to the prophet by a man who was with the king? What did Elisha say to this man? Tell how the Syrians were made to go away, and how the word of the Lord was fulfilled. 2 Kings 7.

5. Tell how Hazael became king of Syria. What did Elisha say that he would do to Israel? Who was Jehu? How was he anointed king? What wicked family did he destroy? What idol worship did he put away from the land? What kind of men were all the kings of Israel? What nation did the Lord finally allow to carry the ten tribes away into captivity? 2 Kings 8 and 9; chapter 15: 29.

6. Name the kings of Israel, from Jeroboam to Jehu, and relate one incident in the life of each. Who was the first king of Judah? When he had fully established his kingdom, what did he and his people do? What king came against Jerusalem in the fifth year of the reign of Rehoboam? What did he carry away from the house of the Lord, and from the palace that Solomon had built? How much was left? How long did Rehoboam reign? Who was the next king of Judah?

7. Name the first four kings of Judah. What did Asa do for Judah? From what king did the Lord deliver him? What encouraging promises were made to Asa? Whom did Jehoshaphat send through the cities of Judah? What fell upon the heathen nations around Judah? What had the Lord said, long before, would happen if his people obeyed him? Read Deut. 11: 25. Whom did Jehoshaphat send with the soldiers on one occasion when the army was going to battle? What did they sing? What was the result? 2 Chronicles 25 to 30.

8. Name the next seven rulers of Judah. (Jehoram, Ahaziah, Athaliah, Joash, Amaziah, Uzziah, Jotham.) Tell something about each one. See 2 Chronicles 21 to 28.

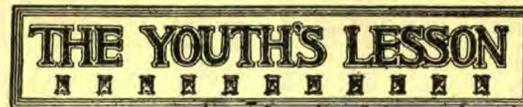
9. What kind of king was Ahaz? What did he worship? How did he desecrate the temple? Tell how Hezekiah cleansed and repaired the temple, and restored the worship of the Lord in Judah and in Israel. 2 Chronicles 28 to 31. What is said about this king? 2 Chron. 31: 21.

10. Describe the siege of Sennacherib, king of Assyria, against Jerusalem. Against whom did he speak? Tell how the Lord saved his city and people out of the hand of this wicked king. 2 Chronicles 32; Isaiah 36 and 37.

11. What did the nations around Judah do when they heard how the Lord had delivered them from the king of Assyria? 2 Chron. 32: 23. Tell about Hezekiah's sickness and recovery. Who heard of it? What did he send to Hezekiah? What did the king show the messengers? Why was this so displeasing to the Lord? What message was sent to Hezekiah by the prophet Isaiah? 2 Kings 20; 2 Chron. 32: 22-31.

12. Who was Manasseh? How many years was he king? Tell about the first part of his reign. Describe the second part. What caused Manasseh to change his evil way? Who was the next king of Judah? How old was Josiah when the people made him king? What work

did he begin while he was still young? 2 Chronicles 33 and 34: 1-7.



XIII—The Eternal City

(September 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 21.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." Rev. 21: 7.

Questions

1. Immediately following the vision of the new earth, what was shown to the prophet? Where did he first see the holy city? Rev. 21: 2.
2. To what place did it descend? Verse 3; Zech. 14: 4, 5.
3. What is to be the experience of God's people in this city? Verses 3, 4.
4. How many old things remain? Verse 5.
5. How did the city appear to John? Verses 10, 11.
6. Describe the wall, and give its dimensions. Verses 12, 17, 18.
7. How many gates are there? What names are written on the gates? Verse 12.
8. How are the gates located? Verse 13. Of what are they composed? Verse 21.
9. Describe the foundations of the wall. Verses 14, 19, 20. What names are written in the foundations?
10. What is the shape of the city? Give the dimensions. Who measured it for the prophet? Verses 15, 16.
11. Why is there no temple in the city? Verse 22; note 1.
12. How is it lighted? Verses 11, 23; chapter 22: 5; note 2.
13. Who are said to walk in this city? Verse 24.
14. When will the gates be closed? What about the nights there? Verse 25.
15. What more did John see in the city? What did the tree bear? What will this fruit do for the nations? Rev. 22: 1, 2; note 3.
16. Will the curse of sin be manifest? Verse 3.
17. Who will be shut out of the city? Rev. 21: 27; 22: 15.
18. Who are to enter the city and have a right to the tree of life? Rev. 22: 14.
19. What precious invitation is extended to all? Verse 17.

Notes

1. It is not stated that there will be no temple in the new earth, but only that there will be none in the city. It appears from Rev. 7: 15 that there will be a temple, located perhaps outside of the city. The 144,000 only will enter this temple. See "Early Writings," pages 14, 15.
2. The city will be so resplendent with the glory of the Lord that it will need no light of sun or moon; for the glory of the Lord is brighter than the sun. Acts 26: 12, 13. The sun and moon will exist to lighten the earth, shining with increased brilliancy. Isa. 30: 26.
3. "Out of the throne came a pure river of water, and on either side of the river was the tree of life. On one side of the river was a trunk of a tree, and a trunk on the other side of the river, both of pure, transparent gold. At first I thought I saw two trees. I looked again, and saw that they were united at the top in one tree."—"Early Writings," pages 12, 13.

"BUT beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors all are fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed—
A sense of gladness unconfined
To mortal date or clime."



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE M. DICKERSON

EDITOR

Subscription Rates

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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THE other day I saw some novices taking lessons in bicycling. They went round and round the same track, but at each circuit they were improving in their knowledge and use of their machines. So in common life we may have to do the same thing with monotonous repetition, but in the meanwhile we may be growing in grace and the knowledge of God. If God opens the door to something else, of course use it; but if not, do not fret or chafe. Even if others pass thee, keep quiet and humble and go on preparing thyself by faithfulness in the work that lies nearest thee, for thy great opportunity; and when it suddenly comes to thee, as it came to Joseph, thou wilt be prepared by thy behavior in the prison to pass to the palace with its larger opportunities.—*F. B. Meyer.*

Assisting Worthy Students

WHEN I meet with a young person who could go to college as well as not, whose parents are anxious to have him go and are ready to meet the expenses, but who is either too indifferent or too greedy for gain or too worldly-minded to even accept the advantages within his reach, I feel almost too indignant to say anything except, "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone." But when I talk with others who are thirsting for an education, and whose eyes fill with tears of mingled desire and disappointment as they acknowledge their lack of money to go to school, my heart goes out to them in sympathy. To some I would cry, Stand firm, brave heart! You can win an education by your own efforts and the blessing of God. God has given you health, strength, ability. Consecrate these to the task of gaining your heart's desire, that you may honor God and bless humanity. Work at any honest employment—the job nearest you. Work hard. Study how to serve the interests of your employers. Be saving. Shun pleasures which scatter your earnings as the sun scatters mist. You will succeed, and will be all the stronger for your exercise of self-reliance.

Others there are, just as earnest, just as deserving, just as able to work out their education; but circumstances bind them to other objects. They have aged parents to sustain, or afflicted friends to care for. Never mind; you will never do anything nobler, even if you should gain the best education the schools can afford. Love and duty are the highest motives. Your duty is not in two places at the same time. Your lot needs a sublimer courage, a more patient faith, than that of the other. But the dear Lord has promised you strength for your day, grace for your need. He will help you to wait for his salvation. Do not give up, circumstances will change, the way will yet open for you to attend one of our training-schools.

To my brethren and sisters, let me say: Are you watching to help these persons? They are in all our churches. We are prone to overlook them because we know them. Merit and need seem great when far removed from us. Let us search out these cases and aid them judiciously. Some one has said that such work is planting seed corn for eternity.

C. C. LEWIS.



Even the Children

YES, the children should have a part in this closing work. They will take great delight in feeling that they are making personal contributions, and really helping to sound the message. They could earn something themselves, and thus form the habit of working and giving. An opportunity of this kind would be of inestimable value even to the children themselves. Plan for a good ingathering service at the soon-coming harvest time, little workers.



KEENE, TEXAS, Aug. 8, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I have long been a reader of the INSTRUCTOR and have often thought of writing, but I never could gather courage enough till to-day. I am of better courage in the Lord than ever before. I am determined to do the Lord's will. I want to help send the third angel's message to all the world.

Our Texas camp-meeting closed last night. Twenty-six were buried with Christ in baptism yesterday evening. The Lord came very near and blessed us in many ways during the meeting. I want to do my duty here, and be ready to meet my Lord when he shall come. I close with best wishes to the INSTRUCTOR and its many readers.

FLETA WOODRUFF.

We are glad to hear from Fleta, and we sincerely hope that her determination to serve the Lord and have a part in bearing the truth to the world may be fully realized.

ASHLAND, ALA., Aug. 15, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: We get the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR every week, and the *Little Friend* nearly all the time. We have a pair of twins, a boy and a girl; they are more than a year old. I am eleven years of age.

I love the Lord and his soon-coming. I have never seen any Adventists excepting my four sisters. Please excuse all mistakes, and I will close for this time. Your friend in Jesus,

ETHEL MAY JOHNSON.

What an opportunity you have, Ethel, of lightening your mother's cares; for two babies, however sweet and good they may be, make many added duties for the mother. I sincerely wish you could visit one of our good Sabbath-schools, for I know it would be a treat to you as you have seen so few Adventists.

STEWARDSON, ILL., July 15, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: We live about four miles from Sabbath-school, but go every Sabbath when the weather will permit. There are ten pupils in

my class. Our teacher is Miss Nettie Eaton. I like her very much. The church had a Sabbath-school picnic at our home, July 3. There was not a large crowd here, but we all enjoyed the day. We had a short program in the afternoon. I read a piece from the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR entitled, "*Handsome is That Handsome Does.*"

I was fourteen years old last June. Well, I close with the hope that this letter will not crowd out others.

MANDA TRUEBLOOD

A Sabbath-school picnic properly conducted is a model way of celebrating the Fourth of July—infinitely better is this than the world's way. Fifty million dollars was the estimated amount burned up this year in "celebrating." What would not this vast sum have accomplished in the hands of a true church!

ASHLAND, ALA., Aug. 14, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: We get the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR every week, and we are always glad to get it. I have been especially interested in the articles by Mr. L. A. Reed.

I have four sisters that keep the Sabbath. We live on a farm one mile from Ashland. We have Sabbath-school at home, as there is no church near here. We distribute literature on the Sabbath. I hope to attend our Southern Training School in the fall. I am sixteen years old. I would like to have some one about my age write to me. I was converted three years ago. I have never had an opportunity to be baptized, but hope to have before long.

BOMMA JOHNSTON.

I am glad Miss Bomma is interested in the study of nature. God delights to have us appreciate the beautiful things about us; for every one of them is especially designed by him to tell us of his loving thought for us. I am glad that you are to have the privilege of attending the Southern Training School, and I trust you have already purposed to fit yourself for some definite part in the work of carrying the third angel's message to the world. If you are thoroughly loyal and true to the school while in attendance, you will be a real strength to the school, and your own life will be enriched by your faithfulness.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Do not the Testimonies and books on etiquette teach that one should enter the church or place of worship quietly and reverently?

"To the humble, believing soul, the house of God on earth is the gate of heaven. When the worshipers enter the place of meeting, they should do so with decorum, passing quietly to their seats. Common talking, whispering, and laughing should not be permitted in the house of worship, either before or after service. If some have to wait a few minutes before the meeting begins, let them maintain a true spirit of devotion by silent meditation and prayer. Sometimes young men and women have so little reverence that they keep up a continual communication with each other during the sermon. Could these see the angels of God looking upon them, they would be filled with shame.

"When the benediction is pronounced, all should still be quiet, as if fearful of losing the peace of God. Let there be no stopping in the aisles to visit or gossip."—"*Testimonies for the Church,*" Vol. V.

Books of etiquette make the same demand for quiet, thoughtful, reverent deportment in the house of God.

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