

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

### Morning Dawns

THE dawn of an eternal morning  
Now is lighting up the sky;  
Hasten then to thine adorning,  
The soul temple purify,  
And with oil thy lamp replenish  
Ere it be too late to buy.

Day the prophets all have promised,  
Long, eternal day of rest,  
When our foes shall all be vanquished,  
We no more to be oppressed!  
Eye hath never seen the glory  
Of the mansions of the blest.

There our Saviour waits to welcome,  
Watches o'er and helps us here  
All our stubborn sins to conquer,  
Bids us in his strength and cheer  
To look up and watch and labor,  
For his coming draweth near.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

### The Sermon that John Knox Preached

A MIGHTY man was old John Knox — a man so great that his powerful nature seemed to have absorbed and taken into itself the strength and rugged grandeur of the towering crags amid whose glens and deep ravines much of his turbulent life was passed.

Grave, austere, and unrelenting, we can easily imagine we see the intrepid old reformer denouncing his young queen right in her own royal palace, or bending his broad, stubborn back beneath the lash as he labored day after day in the galleys rather than renounce his belief in the Protestant cause.

All these things are quite in keeping with our knowledge of the man's whole life; but to imagine the grim old man indulging in a joke is quite another thing, for somehow laughter and gaiety do not appear to belong to one who lived for years with a price on his head, and who never slept that the assassin's knife did not gleam before his eyes. And yet deep down in the stout-hearted old Scotchman's nature there lay a grain of humor, dry and solemn from little use, but humor all the same; and that it was strictly Scotch humor, and Knox humor, the following incident will show: —

For many long, bitter years the Protestants and the papists indulged in a very tragic game of tag throughout Scotland, first one being the persecutor and then the other, the reformers fleeing to the mountains one day, the Catholics in full retreat the next — a papist queen in Holyrood for a while, persecuting her Protestant subjects; then a stern Calvinistic regent taking her place, who in turn hunted down the Catholics. Fighting and fire and blood, then more fighting, more fire, and more blood, made up the history of the little kingdom for many years, during which her glens echoed one day with the solemn psalms of the Protestants and the next with the Latin chants of the priests.

During those turbulent years old John Knox

was the central figure in the kingdom. Loved to idolatry by his own people, hated with a deadly hate by the Catholics, the intrepid old man led his little band through all that stormy period, instilling into them the stern religious views of Calvin in times of peace, and then encouraging them to fight to the death when the hour of battle came.

It was during one of the periods of Catholic supremacy, when the reformer and his followers were safely hidden away in the mountains, that a plump abbot let his hatred for the reformers and their bold leader reach the boiling-over point. Broad of body was his majesty, with many wide acres under his care, and the coffers of his church were filled to overflowing with rich, yellow gold. And as full as his chests were of coin, equally full was his heart with hatred for old John Knox, whom he denounced far and near as an arch heretic and a stirrer up of sedition in the church,



which should expiate his terrible crimes at the stake.

Pride and hatred grew apace in the broad breast of this plump father, and at last he sent forth an announcement that on a certain Sunday he would preach against the heretic, John Knox, and denounce him and his crimes against the church from the cathedral altar. He would also expose the many frauds of the Protestants, and would in conclusion tell the people such terrible things about the reformer and his cause as would silence him and make him hide his head in shame forever.

Far and near went the news of the wonderful sermon he was to preach, and on the Sunday in question from early dawn the roads were filled with people flocking to the cathedral. The Catholics were in power in Scotland at that time, and most of those who went into the church were papists.

The great building was filled with an eager crowd, when suddenly in the doorway there loomed up a tall, gaunt figure that paused a brief second, and then marched straight down the broad aisle with martial carriage, although a slightly halting step. The people gazed in horror as the tall figure stalked serenely to a front seat, and then very quietly sat down. The faithful crossed themselves hurriedly and fell on their

knees, while the air was filled with mumbled prayers for protection, for they knew the stranger. Only one man in all Scotland possessed such shoulders as those. They had received their wonderful breadth, as well as their weary stoop, in the galleys. Only one man in all Scotland walked with the martial tread of a trained soldier, marred by a peculiar halt in the right foot every now and then. That limp had been made when the iron shackles in the galleys ate the flesh away and left the bare bone exposed for many months. And no other man in all the land had a face tanned to the color of leather by the wind and the heat and the sun and the cold; for only one man in all the kingdom lived his life amid the wild fury of the mountain storms and slept month after month on the bare ground because he was an outlaw, with a price set on his head, for the sake of the cause he loved. And here he was, sitting right in the enemy's church, evidently with the intention of hearing what the abbot had to say about him. The audacity of the man horrified the people.

Back in the vestry the abbot was busy getting into his priestly garments. He had worked hard over his sermon, and he meant to achieve the greatest triumph of his life. A brother priest finally rushed into the vestry, and excitedly announced Knox's arrival thus: "He's in there, that arch heretic, John Knox, sitting on a front seat. He's come to hear you preach against him!" gasped the good brother. And then down in a flimsy pile on the floor went his reverence. He was not frightened, dear me, no! He was simply overcome with horror at the daring of the wicked old reformer; and while his knees shook, and his face became almost livid, he suggested that the other priest go in and put the intruder out.

But not a bit of it. That good brother promptly took out his beads, and became so deeply absorbed in mumbling prayers over them that he was utterly deaf to all his friend's hints. Marvelous tales had gone through the length and the breadth of the land about the prodigious strength of that gray old man with the long arms and gnarled hands — such tales that no man cared to invite him out when he chose to stay in.

His reverence continued to crouch on the floor, vowing it would contaminate him to enter the church while the reformer remained; and as Knox had evidently come to stay, it began to look very much as if there would be no service that day.

In the meanwhile, as he sat patiently waiting for the abbot to appear, a queer gleam came into the deep eyes of the old reformer. They were grave eyes, and sad eyes too, as are those who have been given a great work to do. But to-day unwonted wrinkles ran crisscross over the worn face, driving away the weary lines of pain and care, and a faint twinkle of fun looked out of the somber eyes.

A long hour dragged slowly by, and still the people waited, afraid to turn their backs on the terrible heretic sitting so quietly on the front seat, and then, writes the old reformer in that inimitable book of his, "The Historie of the Reformation:" "The said Johnne did arise and go straight up into the abbot's own pulpit, and



while he stood there, he did preach right powerfully to the assembled people of the sins of the mass and the evils of popery, thinking it not seemly that they should go away empty of the word, having come to be filled. He preached long, did the said Johnne, and then he came down from the abbot's own pulpit and went his way again into the mountains, feeling that he had done that duty laid down before him to do."

He indeed went his way, a long, weary way, filled with heavy duties bravely done, of sorrow and suffering and privation patiently borne, that at last led to the establishment of the great Protestant cause in Scotland forever.—*Harriet H. Dougherty.*

### Other People

THERE are other people. We are not the only ones. Some of the others live close to us, and some farther away. We stand in certain relations to these other people. They have claims upon us. We owe them duties, services, love. We can not cut ourselves off from them, from any of them, saying that they are nothing to us. We can not rid ourselves of obligations to them, and say that we owe them nothing. So inexorable is this relation to others, that in all the broad earth there is not an individual who has no right to come to us with his needs, claiming at our hands the ministry of love. The other people are our brothers, and there is not one of them that we have a right to despise, or neglect, or hurt, or thrust away from our door.

We ought to train ourselves to think of the other people. We may not leave them out of any of our plans that we make. We must think of their interests and good when we are thinking of our own. No man may set his fence a hair's breadth over the line on his neighbor's land. No man may gather even a head of his neighbor's wheat, or a cluster of grapes from his neighbor's vine. No man may enter his neighbor's door unbidden. No man may do anything that will injure his neighbor. Other people have inalienable rights which we may not invade.

We owe other people more than their rights; we owe them love. To some of them it is not hard to pay this debt. They are lovable and winsome. They are thoroughly respectable. They are congenial spirits, giving us in return quite as much as we can give them. It is natural to love these and be very kind to them. But we have no liberty of selection in this broad duty of loving other people. We may not choose whom we shall love if we claim to be Christians. The Master's teaching is inexorable: "If ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? for even sinners love those that love them. And if ye do good to them that do good to you, what thank have ye? for even sinners do the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? even sinners lend to sinners, to receive again as much. But love your enemies, and do them good, and lend, never despairing; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be sons of the Most High: for he is kind toward the unthankful and evil."

The good Samaritan is our Lord's answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" and the good Samaritan's neighbor was a bitter enemy, who in other circumstances would have spurned him from his presence. Other people may not be beautiful in their character, nor congenial in their habits, manners, modes of life, or disposition; they may even be unkind to us, unjust, unreasonable, in strict justice altogether undeserving of our confidence; yet if we persist in being called Christians ourselves, we owe them the love that thinketh no evil, that seeketh not its own, that beareth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth.

No doubt it is hard to love the other people who hate us. It is not so hard just to let them alone, just to pass them by without harming

them, or even to pray for them in a way; but to love them—that is a sore test.

But there comes no answer of Christly indulgence to such questions. Other people, though they be our enemies, are not thus taken out of the circle of those to whom we owe love. Our part is always pictured for us in the example of the good Samaritan.

That is, we owe other people service. Service goes with loving. We can not love truly and not serve. Loving without serving is an empty mockery. God so loved the world that he gave. Love always gives. If it will not give, it is not love. It is measured always by what it will give. The needs of other people are therefore divine commands to us, which we dare not disregard or disobey. To refuse to bless a brother who stands before us in any kind of want is as great a sin as to break one of the positive commandments of the decalogue. Indeed, in a sense, it is the breaking of the whole second table of the commandments—the sense of which is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

We like to think that there is no sin in mere not doing. But Jesus in his wonderful picture of the last judgment, makes men's condemnation turn on not doing the things that they ought to have done. They have simply not fed the hungry, not clothed the naked, not visited the sick, not blessed the prisoner. To make these sins of neglect appear still more grievous, our Lord makes a personal matter of each case, puts himself in the place of each sufferer who needs it and is not cared for, and tells us that all neglects to give needed kindness to any are shown to him. This divine word gives a tremendous interest to other people, who are brought providentially into the sphere of our lives, so that their wants of whatever kind may make an appeal to our sympathy and kindness. To neglect them is to neglect Christ. He sends them to us. They represent him. To turn them away is to turn him away.

This matter of serving has multitudinous forms. Sometimes it is poverty that stands at our gate, and money help is needed. A thousand times more frequently, however, it is not money, but something else more precious that we must give. It may be loving sympathy. Sorrow is before us. Another's heart is breaking. Money would be of no use; it would be only bitter mockery to offer it. But we can hold to a neighbor's lips a cup of the wine of love, filled out of our own heart, which will give new strength to the sufferer. Or it is the anguish of a life struggle, a human Gethsemane, beside which we are called to watch. We can give no actual aid, the soul must fight its battles alone; but we can be as the angel that ministered to our Lord's Gethsemane, imparting strength, and helping the weary struggler to win a victory.

The world is very full of sorrow and trial, and we can not live among our fellow men and be true without sharing their loads. If we are happy, we must hold the lamp of our happiness so that its beams will fall upon the shadowed heart. If we have no burden, it is our duty to put our shoulder under the load of others. Selfishness must die, or else our heart's life must be frozen within us. We soon learn that we can not live for ourselves and be Christians; that the blessings that are given to us are really for other people, and that we are only God's ministers, to carry them in Christ's name to them for whom they were intended.

We begin to felicitate ourselves upon some special prosperity, and the next moment some human need knocks at our door, and we must share our things with a suffering brother. We may build up our fine theories of taking care of ourselves, of living for the future, of laying up in the summer of prosperity for the winter of adversity, but oftentimes these frugal and economic plans have to yield to the exigencies of human need. The love that seeketh not its own plays

havoc with life's hard logic, and with the plans of mere self-interest. We can not say that anything is our own when our brother is suffering for what we can give.

Not a day passes in the commonest experiences of life, in which other people do not stand before us with their needs, appealing to us for some service which we may render to them. It may be only ordinary courtesy, the gentle kindness of the home circle, the patient treatment of neighbors or customers in business relations, the thoughtful showing of interest in aged people or in children. On all sides the lives of others touch ours, and we can not do just as we please, thinking only of ourselves, of our own comfort and good, unless we choose to be false to all instincts of humanity, and all the requirements of the law of Christian love. We must think continually of other people.

We may not seek our own pleasure in any way without asking ourselves whether it will harm or mar the pleasure of some other one. For example, we must think of other people's convenience in the exercise of our own rights and in the indulgence of our own tastes and desires. It may be pleasant for us to lie late in bed in the morning, and we may be inclined to regard the habit as only a little amiable self-indulgence. But there is a more serious side to the practise. It breaks the harmonious flow of the household life. It causes confusion in the family plans for the day. It makes extra work for faithful housekeeper or servants. It sorely tries the patience of love.

The other day an important committee of fifteen was kept waiting for ten minutes for one tardy member, whose presence was necessary before anything could be done. At last he came sauntering in without even an apology for having caused fourteen busy men a loss of time that to them was very valuable, besides putting a sore strain on their patience and good nature. We have no right to forget or disregard the convenience of others. A conscientious application of the golden rule would cure us of all such carelessness.

These are but illustrations of the way other people impinge upon our life. They are so close to us that we can not move without touching them. We can not speak but that our words affect them. We can not act in the simplest things without first thinking whether what we are about to do will help or hurt them. We are but one of a great family, and we dare not live for ourselves. We must never forget that there are other people.—*J. R. Miller, in "Making the Most of Life."*

### Inebriation, Physical

INEBRIATION is not limited to that form of stimulation caused by the taking of alcohol in some form, but there is also mental and spiritual drunkenness.

Let us first consider that caused by strong drink. When alcohol is taken, no matter in what form it is drunk, there is felt a warm glow in the mouth and in the stomach. If the liquor is not too strong and irritating, it gives a delightfully pleasurable feeling. This glow, or warmth and pleasurable feeling, soon is diffused all through the body, and every nerve tingles with delight. There is felt at once a desire for more activity, both of body and of mind. The person wishes to talk, to play, or to work.

It is hard to believe that all this activity is fictitious. One feels as if suddenly filled with some great power. However, if he should now try his new-found strength upon a lifting or striking machine, he will be surprised to find that he can not lift so much as before, nor strike so hard.

How about the thought of the man with the drink in him? On close analysis it will be found



that this wonderful flow of thought is just as fictitious as is the strength. His reasoning is lacking in proper co-ordination. When he sobers up, he seldom carries out the great ideas he has conceived when in drink, or if he does, it is only to see his hopes destroyed in some wild venture which he can not make successful.

In the study of the physiology of the brain, the instructors in many medical schools are wont to make an experiment with live pigeons. Without discussing the right or wrong of such experiments, we might study the effects of them with some profit. Two pigeons are taken, and from one the anterior, thinking portion of the brain, is removed. From the other the posterior portion, the cerebellum, is removed. These removals do not at once cause the death of the pigeon, as might be supposed.

If a threatening motion is made toward the pigeon whose cerebrum, or anterior brain, is gone, the pigeon manifests no alarm, for his thinking part is gone. He has no sense. If, however, a like motion is made at the pigeon who retains the cerebrum, but whose cerebellum has been removed, he will manifest the greatest alarm, but seems, and is, incapable of putting himself out of danger. He flutters and struggles to get away, but can not. If you toss him into the air, he falls a helpless thing to the ground. If, however, you toss the other pigeon, the one who has a cerebellum, but no cerebrum, into the air, he flies off as well as he ever did. These experiments show that the sensible, thinking part of the brain resides in the cerebrum, while the power of co-ordination, or the power to use the muscles harmoniously, resides in the cerebellum.

Now alcohol acts upon these two parts of the brain in a striking manner. It first stimulates the cerebellum, which rouses the body to great activity, and then the cerebrum, causing the flow of ideas, the wit and sparkle due to the wine cup. Later one gets the benumbing, paralyzing effects upon the cerebellum, causing the staggering gait and incoherent speech from lack of working harmony in the muscles, and the same benumbing effect upon the cerebrum, causing the muddled, foolish, maudlin talk of the drunkard. If drunkenness becomes habitual, degenerative changes that are incurable begin in the brain and spinal cord, and show the sad, lasting effects of the deceptive drug upon them.

When a person has had a full dose of alcohol, if you should say to him, "Are you happy, John?" his reply doubtless would be, "I am the happiest man on earth." Moreover, he is generous. He does not want to keep all the happiness for himself. He says, "Come in and have a drink, and banish dull care." This, if he is of a happy disposition; but if he is of a sullen, or morose disposition, these traits are intensified. If he is of a quarrelsome nature, and he does not like you, beware of him. If murderous, he will commit murder. As the popular saying goes, "What is in a man will come out when he is drunk." Hence, as a rule, the courts have judged that drunkenness is no excuse for a crime. If anything, it intensifies the guilt, for a bad disposition which might be controlled by the will of the sober person, is set free, and gets beyond the control of the drunken man.

As a rule the happy, jolly fellow at the beginning of inebriety will, as the habit grows, become sullen and morose, or irritable and quarrelsome, or even murderous in the end.

It is a sad event in a boy's life when he says to himself, "I will do as the other boys do, no matter what father or mother says. I will learn to smoke. I will take a drink now and then, when out with the boys." What he really says is, I will step down one more step in the flight whose beginning is self-indulgence, but whose end is the precipice of destruction. The beginning of this series may be steps, but the end is a slide, with no holding-on places.

Happy the event, when a boy, or a man, who, having taken any of these steps, sees the mistake he has made, is convinced of the sin of following a course of self-indulgence, repents, takes hold of the hand of the Helper of all such persons, and mounts up the steps of self-denial. He is taking a course whose last step ends at the throne of God.

E. L. PAULDING.



### Our Field—The World

#### Sweden Program

#### OPENING EXERCISES.

Map Study.

Sweden.

The Thirty Years' War.

Sons of a Blacksmith.

Experiences in 1843.

Child-Preachers.

The Sabbath Truth.

#### Program Helps

MAP STUDY: Let this study now include Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

SONS OF A BLACKSMITH: Material for this topic may be found in "Great Controversy," pages 242-244.

#### Sweden

Contrasted with Norway, Sweden is level, the coast line sandy, regular, and low. It is said that one tenth of the entire surface is covered with lakes. The larger of these have been connected by canals, so that small ships can cross the country from Stockholm on the east coast to Gottenburg on the west. In area it is nearly fifty thousand square miles larger, and the population is more than twice that of Norway, in round numbers aggregating 5,198,000. Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, is picturesquely situated on a number of islands, and has been called the "Venice of the North." It presents a very imposing appearance to travelers entering it from the Baltic approach. Seagoing vessels reach the very heart of the city. The islands on which the city is built are connected by massive stone bridges. A missionary writes of that city, "Modern Stockholm reminds me of San Francisco."

The same writer also says: "In the country and small towns the houses are nearly all built of logs, or of timbers about six inches square. They are ceiled on the inside, covered with cloth, and papered. After the logs have had a year or two to settle, the houses are boarded on the outside, and painted red. Many are thatched, and some are roofed with turf; a layer of birch bark is first used, and this is covered with sods; the grass grows on the turf, keeping it fresh and green, and flowers are sometimes planted in it." These houses are said to be warm and dry; they present a quaint and picturesque appearance.

Sweden, in proportion to the population, is very large. The universities of Sweden are famous for their devotion to science, particularly botany. In this study the nation has taken the highest rank. "The system of Linnaeus, notwithstanding its superseding by modern classification, laid the foundation of true botanical knowledge, its nomenclature being scarcely changed since his day."

In a report of her visit to that country in 1885 Mrs. E. G. White gives the following brief but very interesting incident in the history of Sweden:—

#### Sweden and the Thirty Years' War

"Sweden is a weak and apparently unimportant country, in comparison with some of its powerful neighbors; but its history is not without events of thrilling interest. It was from Sweden that deliverance came to Germany in her terrible struggle against the papal armies during the thirty years' war. The imperial forces had swept over the Protestant States of Germany, to the shores of the Baltic Sea, and were looking across its waters to a conquest which should extend the papal dominion over the countries of the north. The religion and the liberty of Christendom were on the point of being trodden out. For years the work of ruin had been going forward. Other nations looked on, but lifted no hand to interpose. Even England stood apart. And in Germany itself, some of the Protestant princes had so far lost the spirit of the Reformation that they contented themselves with appeals and protests, and lent no aid to their brethren struggling against such fearful odds.

"Then it was that Gustavus II, the king of little Sweden, came to the deliverance of the oppressed nations. It was a herculean task which he had undertaken. With slender means and a small army he must encounter an enemy that possessed exhaustless resources and unnumbered forces. But faith that God, whose cause he was undertaking, would sustain him, urged him forward to become the defender of Protestantism.

"Like a dying man he set his house in order, and bade a solemn farewell to the States, which he was never to see again. With his little force he landed on the shores of Germany on the twenty-fourth of June, 1630, exactly one hundred years from the day when the Augsburg Confession had been presented to Charles V. The Emperor Ferdinand heard with contemptuous indifference of the coming of Gustavus. The proud courtiers of Vienna looked in the State Almanac to see where the country of the little Gothic king was situated. Even the Protestant princes failed to discern their deliverer in a guise so humble. They had hoped for assistance from some powerful nation, but what help could a petty kingdom like Sweden bring them? But the Lord delivereth neither by few nor by many. The armies of Ferdinand could not stand against the attacks of Gustavus. Victory after victory attended the Protestant arms. In the full tide of success, Gustavus fell; but his people, true to the purpose for which his blood was shed, continued the struggle, until a peace was won which delivered all northern Europe from the papal yoke.

"In the old Riddarholms church at Stockholm the body of Gustavus is entombed. The following inscription is placed near his resting-place: 'He undertook difficult things; he loved piety; he conquered his enemies, extended his kingdom, exalted the Swedes, and delivered the oppressed; and he triumphed in death.'

#### Experiences in 1843

In the province of Orebro the first angel's message was preached in 1843 by several laymen. With great earnestness and power they proclaimed that the hour of God's judgment had come. Two young men were particularly active in this work, and the people assembled in great numbers to listen to the message. Meetings continued day and night, sometimes in private houses, sometimes in the woods. Great opposition was aroused, and finally a spirit of fierce persecution raged. The police were ordered to arrest the two young men, and they were imprisoned in Orebro. An account of this is given by one of the young men as follows:—

"When we were brought before the governor for examination, he demanded by what authority we were sent to preach. We referred him to Joel 2 and Rev. 14:6-8, and told him further that the Spirit of God came upon us with such



power that we could not resist it. After a number of questions he angrily said, 'I will cure you of your foolishness.' He then lashed us till his strength failed, when he threw the scourge to his private secretary, and ordered him to continue the lashing. After being severely punished in this way, we were returned to our cell. The same treatment was repeated the next day. The governor ended by saying, 'If you do not cease your preaching, I will shut you up where neither sun nor moon can ever shine upon you.'

"The following day we were taken to the hospital to be examined by the doctors. Two physicians, two ministers, and a chamberlain were present. We were requested to testify concerning our faith, and we complied with this request. While we were speaking, the chamberlain left the room, with tears streaming from his eyes. The ministers and one of the doctors soon after withdrew without saying a word. The remaining doctor then called in his servant, and directed him to shave our heads, but to leave some hair in the form of a cross. This was done, and the next day we were taken to the insane asylum.

"Here we were put in a room which had been left by its previous occupant in so filthy a condition as to be not only unhealthful but indecent. In the morning we were conducted to an antechamber, and exposed to a powerful stream of cold water. We tried to protect our heads by covering them with our hands; but as soon as we lifted our hands for this purpose, our attendant gave us a blow on the head. Finally my comrade fell to the floor in a swoon, and as he fell, his crutch [he was lame] struck me in the side with such force that I also fell, completely exhausted. We lay in the water until we regained our strength, when the same treatment was repeated. This done, we were again taken before the doctor, who noticed that we trembled from cold and exhaustion, and said, 'I will soon warm you up.' He produced a large bundle of sticks, and beat us with them until he could do so no longer.

"On the second day after this, we were again brought out for trial, and were told that we would be scourged until we should be compelled to swear. After consultation with each other we repeated the curses mentioned in Deut. 28:15-20, which God uttered against those who would not obey his voice. Through the sympathy of the watchman, it was represented to the governor that we had fulfilled the injunction, and we were then set at liberty."

After this terrible experience they continued their work unmolested, and with even greater power than before their imprisonment, and the neighborhood for many miles around became stirred. Hardened sinners sought God, humbly confessing their sins.

"About the middle of the year 1844, however, the power which they had before possessed left them. The truths they had presented appeared as clear and forcible as ever; but the warning having been given, the special manifestation of God's Spirit which had been bestowed to aid its proclamation ceased."

#### Child-Preachers

The following account of children in Sweden proclaiming the first angel's message is taken from a published report by Mrs. E. G. White:—

"In many places where the power of the clergy was exercised to prevent the preaching of the advent truth, the Lord was pleased to send the message through little children. As they were under age, the law of the state could not restrain them, and they were permitted to speak freely and unmolested. Thus the warning of the soon-coming judgment was given to the people. This continued about nine months. After that, the influence upon the children was declared by the authorities to be a disease, and some of them were taken to the hospitals; but their mouths were not stopped; for they preached as long as

God chose to use them as witnesses for truth.

"The movement began in the fall of 1842, and continued through the winter of 1843. An eyewitness, speaking of the work accomplished through these children, says: 'The weather was providentially very favorable that winter. There was little snow, but the marshes, lakes, and rivers were frozen over so that they could be used as a highroad, and the people went in masses to the places where these child-preachers were, who were mostly poor cottagers. A little girl began preaching but a few miles from the place where I lived, and as the news of the wonderful movement was noised about, I went with my wife to see and hear for myself. When we arrived at the cottage, it was filled with people. The child, who was six or eight years old, moved around among them, and they asked her questions, which she answered as a child usually does. The people flocked together, till the house was surrounded by a great number. When the last had arrived, her manner changed entirely, both in boldness and in movements, clearly indicating that she was moved by an invisible power, and not by her own natural gifts. When she began speaking, her voice also changed. She said, "Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come." She reproved sins, such as drinking, theft, adultery, swearing, and backbiting, and also reproved churchgoers for attending church with worldly business in view, instead of listening to God's word and conforming their lives to it. Her voice and words were impressive. Many were weeping and sighing. They were told that time was given them to repent, but they must do it immediately, and not put it off.

"We went home with stricken and trembling hearts. I felt that I must take my Bible, which I thought I had carefully studied, and search it yet deeper. I could hardly work the following week. My thoughts were constantly running on God's word, and the sharp reproofs and expositions I had heard from that little child, who probably had not even learned to read.

"A great awakening began among the people. Many drunkards became sober men; thieves returned stolen property, and confessed their sins; forgiveness was asked for wrongs done. A work was accomplished such as no preacher with learning and great talent could have effected."

"A girl who resided in Ljung Parish continued also to preach as long as the first angel's message was proclaimed. When that ceased, she was imbued with a spirit of prayer, and often went out into the woods and other solitary places, and there earnestly besought the Lord to have mercy on the fallen race of humanity. She was very quiet and reserved, and showed by her Christian walk and conversation that she loved the Saviour, and was trying to live in obedience to God's holy requirements.

"Years ago the work of the first message in these countries was presented before me, and I was shown circumstances similar to those related above. It was God's will that the tidings of the Saviour's coming should be given in Sweden, and when the voices of his servants were silenced, he put his Spirit upon the children, that the work might be accomplished. When Jesus drew near to Jerusalem, attended by the rejoicing multitudes who with shouts of triumph and the waving of palm branches heralded him as the Son of David, the jealous Pharisees called upon him to silence them; but Jesus answered that all this was the fulfilment of prophecy, and if these should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out. The people, intimidated by the threats of the priests and rulers, ceased their joyful proclamation as they entered the gates of Jerusalem; but the children in the temple courts afterward took up the refrain, and waving their branches of palm, they cried, 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' When the Pharisees, sorely dis-

pleased, said unto him, 'Hearest thou what these say?' Jesus answered, 'Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?' As God wrought through children in Christ's day, so he wrought through them in giving the first message. God's word must be fulfilled, that the proclamation of Christ's advent near should be given to all peoples, tongues, and nations."

When Elder J. N. Loughborough was telling of some of these Swedish child-preachers, at a meeting held in Decatur, Neb., in 1890, a man said to him: "My mother, who now resides in South Dakota, but who lived in Sweden in 1843, heard those children preach the advent doctrine. I have just been canvassing for books among the Swedes in Oakland, Burt County, where I met a number of that nationality who testified that they heard these little children preach the advent doctrine in their own country in 1843. They further stated that hardly a Swede could be found over sixty years of age who would not testify that children thus preached in 1843."

#### The Sabbath Truth

As in many other places in Europe, the Sabbath truth was first introduced by means of papers and tracts sent by people in America. In 1880 Brother J. P. Rosqvist began to preach present truth in Grythytted, and in a few weeks forty-seven persons were keeping the Sabbath, and a church was organized. A little later he was formally forbidden to preach any more in Grythytted. As the interest was good, Brother Rosqvist continued his labors. He was first fined fifty kroner (\$13.50), which he refused to pay, and was afterward sent to prison at Orebro. Of his experience in the prison, Brother Rosqvist has written:—

"I was sentenced for eight days, but was kept twenty-two hours longer. I requested the warden to let me keep my Bible, some writing paper, and a lead-pencil, but this was denied me. But I was allowed to have a New Testament to read, a privilege which many before me had not had.

"I was not permitted to keep my own clothes, but had to exchange them for a regular prison suit, consisting of a coarse shirt made from hurds, coarse pants, vest, and jacket, some ragged, patched-up stockings, and a pair of very large shoes. It was very cold in the cell at times, and the bed was shut up in the daytime, so there was no opportunity to rest. In the morning they gave me bread and water for breakfast, and in the evening only water. Prisoners were forbidden to sing, or read aloud. I was much encouraged during my confinement, by letters from the dear brethren at Grythytted, who met every evening for prayer during the time I was in prison. . . . When I stepped out of prison, I was met by a merchant who had inquired for me, and who invited me to his house. Here I took breakfast, and spent a few hours pleasantly with his family. I left Orebro rejoicing in my heart, and praising God for his goodness to me, and returning to Grythytted, at once resumed my labors."

In this, as in other similar instances, men could do nothing against the truth. The interest to hear the man who had been imprisoned for preaching Bible truth only gave additional and better opportunities for proclaiming the message. Other laborers entered Sweden, and at the council meeting in 1885 Elder Matteson spoke of Sweden as one of the best fields of labor in northern Europe. There were then seven organized churches, and almost three hundred believers.

The colporteurs had good success. In one year they had sold 426,400 pages of reading-matter, and had taken in five hundred eighty dollars on sales and subscriptions.

There are now twenty-nine churches in Sweden, with almost eight hundred Sabbath-keepers.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Changed His Mind

You'd hardly think that Harry Dean  
Would run away and hide  
To learn to do a thing he felt  
Would make him dignified.  
Yet this is what he told himself,  
As out of sight he ran:  
"I'm going to learn to smoke a pipe,  
And then I'll be a man.

"I wonder, if my mother knew,  
What she would think of me!  
But then she'll never know. I'm glad  
That she's not here to see.  
I've heard her say it makes her ill  
The horrid smoke to smell.  
I'd hate to see her sick, you know,—  
She's jolly when she's well.

"Oh, say! If she could see me now,  
I know 'twould make her sad  
To think, when I was out of sight,  
That I could be so bad.  
So I'll just smash this nasty pipe,  
And let tobacco be.  
I never saw my father smoke;  
He's man enough for me."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## McGinnis, the Disreputable Lamb True Stories from the South

ONCE, down on a Southern plantation, there was a ewe which had two lambs, both of which she abandoned. One died, and the other was brought up by hand. In the planter's family was a baby boy, and Susie, the little sister, would take the old nipples from the bottle of the nursing child, and fasten into a beer or other large bottle, and feed the lamb. It was not long before the animal came to recognize a bottle with a nipple attached as a nursing-bottle, and to make efforts to appropriate the same as his own, so that it soon became dangerous to leave baby Thomas alone, for the lamb would certainly spy him out, upset the cab, spill baby out, take the bottle away from him, and drink the milk, chew up the nipple, and then break the bottle.

It happened that about the time the lamb was born, there came also a fine litter of seven puppies to live on the plantation, and lamb and puppies became inseparable companions, for wherever the puppies went, the "lamb was sure to go." If a wagon passed the house, or a pedestrian appeared at the gate, away scurried the puppies barking, and the lamb after them, bleating as hard as he could, and dashing himself against the fence in imitation of the way he saw the puppies do, seeming to say, "I'm a puppy too, Bah! Bah!"

In those days it was customary to sift out the ashes from the wood fires, and store them up in the big fireplace in the kitchen until soap-making time. Whenever it was possible for the lamb to get into the house, McGinnis, for that was the name the planter gave him because of his drollery and mischievous ways, would creep into the fireplace and bury himself completely in the ashes, leaving only his eyes protruding. From this hiding-place he would watch for an opportunity to play a prank upon some member of the household. Woe be to any individual who should enter the room and stoop over or turn his back to the fireplace. Quick as a flash McGinnis would dart out, pause a moment to shake the ashes from his wool, leaving them in a pile on the floor, and then, with a spring, butt the person, sending him sprawling on the floor, then scurry away with a "Bah! Bah!" of evident enjoyment.

On the place was a colored man, Coleman, with his family, among whom were two little girls,

with great staring white eyes, and skin as black as ebony. McGinnis took great delight in frightening these two, and they stood in terror of his appearance whenever they approached the house. From his place of concealment in the ashes of the kitchen fireplace the lamb would watch for their coming, and as soon as they appeared in the doorway, would spring out upon them, butting first one and then the other, sending both sprawling into the yard. Then he would stand over them, and as either made an effort to rise, McGinnis would butt the child over, until she would lie exhausted for want of breath. Often the father would be obliged to come to their rescue, holding the lamb until the children got out of his reach.

Poor Coleman had a hard time dodging this lamb while performing the chores about the house. Often he had to go to the spring for



water, and as the custom was, would carry three pails, one on his head, and one in each hand. McGinnis would follow, very demurely, behind him, and wait until Coleman, having filled the pails and placed one on his head, would stoop down to lift the others with his hands, when—Bang! the lamb would butt him, sending the poor old darkey into the spring head first, where he would fall sprawling, the pail on his head overflowing and the water running down his back, followed by the other two, which the lamb would butt into the spring after him. Dripping with water from head to feet, and with his old black face distorted with passion, and shaking his fist at the lamb skipping off out of reach, Coleman would appear at the kitchen door and say to the mistress, "Now Miss Nannie, I good mine'er kill dat lamb—'deed I am, Missus. You know no man can't stand dis sort of fing, 'deed he can't, Miss Nannie." But the "Missus" would laugh and laugh, the scene would be so ludicrous, until finally Coleman, with the light-heartedness of his race, would relax, begin to smile, and at last join in the laughter against himself, and the lamb would be reprieved for another time, and allowed to go in peace to meditate upon more mischief.

The homestead being on a main road leading into the city, the hostess was often called upon to entertain country people traveling to and from

the city, for that was the old Southern hospitality. At such times McGinnis was indeed a terror. If possible, he was locked up until the guests had taken their departure, but it was not always feasible to catch and confine him. Sometimes he would break loose and reach the dining-room. If he put in an appearance while the guests were being seated at the table, a catastrophe was almost sure to follow. If McGinnis caught a guest in the act of sitting down in his chair, a charge would be made, and guest, chair, plates, and dinner would go flying in the air, as the guest would make a desperate dive at the tablecloth to save himself from falling (not realizing what had happened to him), to land at last in a confused heap on the floor.

Whether McGinnis reformed as he grew older I do not know, but certainly while he was young and foolish, he committed many a misdeed, yet all the family loved him, even the black piccaninies whom he abused so shamefully, and Coleman their father. All had a good cry when the butcher finally carried him away. The children cried still harder, when, after the wagon had disappeared around the hill, bearing McGinnis out of their sight forever, there came back two faint "Bah, Bah's," as a mournful farewell to all.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

## Sugar Making in Porto Rico

I AM sure, my dear little friends, if you were here in this sunny land, where balmy breezes blow continuously, and where the air is soft as angels' wings, you would like to stroll over the hills a little way, and watch the farmers making sugar. I could explain it all so much better if I could only send you the model of a mill, or even a good picture of one, but as I can not, I will try to make the description as vivid as possible.

First of all, the men on the farm devote many days to cutting the beautiful, tall, graceful sugarcane which has adorned the fields for so long; and after numberless cart-loads have been hauled to the mill, the work begins. Here is a great round place which resembles in shape the merry-go-round houses in the United States. In the middle of this shed is a machine composed of two cylinders, between which the cane is squeezed, and which are turned by twelve or more yoke of oxen hitched to a long wooden tongue. Behind each team of oxen a small boy travels with a long stick in hand, with which he incessantly punches the sleepily traveling oxen. But we wish to know where the sugar is coming from, so we will watch the juice, or *guarapo*, as it flows freely from the great cylinders through a trough into immense vats. Later on, a great fire is built under the vats, and there the juice boils for hours and hours, and a man skims it continuously with great wooden ladles. Suddenly a joyous cry rings out in the stillness, and then we know that the "guarapo" is boiled enough, and can be run off into another apparatus, which contains a large wooden cylinder somewhat on the order of a large egg beater. Here the sugar is clarified until it has changed from a sort of bronze to a rich golden brown.

Now it is that the fun begins; it can't be just as jolly as the sugar-making time in Vermont, when the sugar is cooled in the beautiful snow, but I assure you it is very jolly to see the pretty country girls and people from the surrounding neighborhood coming to eat *spuma*, the froth



off the boiled sugar. For a few moments, work is suspended somewhat, while the men do the social honors. They do not hand the ladies spoons or saucers, because the mill is usually some distance from a house, but they make small ladles out of the sugar-cane stalk, which is white and hard inside, and here they stand, chatting and dipping up "spuma," while the yells of the small boys urging on their drowsy oxen, and the shouts of men running the furnace department, ring in their ears. And now there is just one thing to be done before real genuine sugar appears, the beating apparatus is stopped, and the cooked and clarified sugar is run off into large wooden trays, and there it is left to dry for a few days. It will be ready to use in two or three days, but if left longer to dry, it becomes whiter. I wonder which you would like the better, to look upon great verdant fields of glossy sugar-cane in this summer land, or to gather around one of these golden-looking trays and eat lumps of new, pure sugar to your heart's content.

EDITH M. IRVINE.

### Work for Little Fingers—No. 11

WE have a box with six sides for our lesson this time. Do you know the name of a figure having that number of sides? Some of you do, I am sure. It is called a hexagon. And a box with six sides is called a hex-ag-on-al box.

What do you see about the drawing for this box that is different from anything we have had before?



FIG. 1

You do not need to look very closely to notice that we have two circles drawn around one center. See if you can tell why it is necessary to have two.

To make the drawing, find the center of the paper in the usual way. Open your compasses two inches, place the point at the center of the paper, and draw a circle. Divide it into six equal parts according to previous directions.

Next open your compasses three and one-half inches, place the point at the center of the paper,

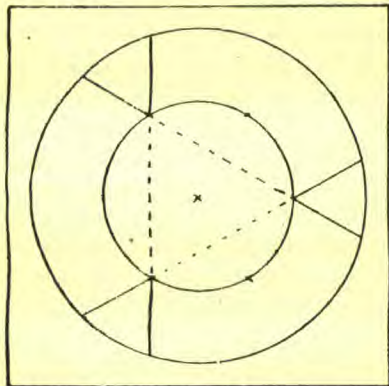


FIG. 2

and draw another circle. Fig. 2. The large circle need not be divided.

To form the sides of the box place the ruler across two points of the small circle, passing by one point just as in drawing the wall-pocket. Draw lines from the points in the small circle to where the ruler crosses the large circle. Fig. 2. The dotted lines need not be drawn. They simply indicate where the ruler is to be placed. Repeat until you have used each point twice, and have a V resting on each one. Fig. 3. Look carefully and see if the V's are exactly alike. They will be if the ruler was correctly placed each time a line was drawn.

Connect the points in the

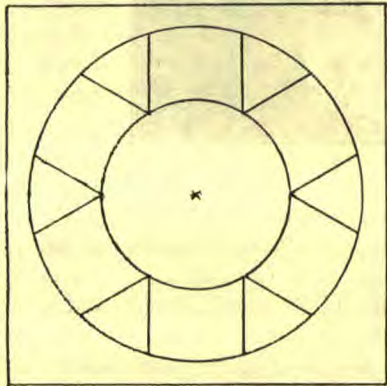


FIG. 3

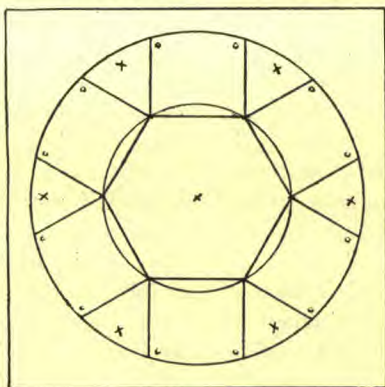


FIG. 4

small circle with straight lines. Fig. 4. Mark the places for tying. Cut the large circle, then cut out the parts marked X. Stop exactly at the points in cutting. Fold the straight lines which connect the points. Do the edges fit together closely? and are the corners exactly even at the top?

How many remember what we took for our motto at the beginning of this course of lessons?  
Mrs. E. M. F. LONG.

## Science Stories

### Capturing Turtles on Moonlight Nights

TURTLES are always captured at night, and usually on moonlight ones. This is the time they go on the shore to lay their eggs. They select a smooth, sandy beach, dig holes in the sand, deposit their eggs there, and leave them to be hatched by the heat of the sand. When the turtles are on shore for this purpose, the hunters come upon them, and they are easily overtaken, for turtles are slow movers. The hunters have not a very strenuous undertaking. All that is necessary to be done is to turn the turtles on their backs, and leave them until the next day, when they are removed.

Another more curious way of catching turtles is by fishing with the remora, a fish found in tropical waters. The popular name of this fish, and the one by which the children of those countries call them, is the sucking fish. This name is given to them on account of a disk on their heads by which they can attach themselves to any smooth surface, like the side of a shark, a ship, or the shell of a turtle. This disk is like the soft leather "suckers" that are popular with schoolboys. When this fish has once attached himself to anything, you can pull him to pieces rather than force him to release his hold.

Turtle hunters go in boats and carry several of these remoras in tubs. When they see a turtle and get near him, the sucker is sent after him.



He is held by the ring on his tail, which in turn is attached by a stout cord. Soon the fish is securely fastened to the shell of the turtle, and turtle and fish are hauled into the boat together. Once in the air, the remora loosens his hold, and is dropped back into the tub to rest until another turtle is sighted, and he is again needed.

—Search-Light.

### Syndicating Music by Electricity

THE telharmonium has arrived. It is an invention for producing music by electricity without strings, reeds, or pipes—nothing but an ordinary telephone wire. The idea is that you can turn on music hereafter in your house just as you turn on an incandescent electric light. The music is transmitted over a wire in electric waves from a central station. It is produced, not reproduced, at each telephone. You don't have to put the receiver to your ear to hear it. You let the waves into a paper cone, and the sound will fill a great auditorium very satisfactorily.

The inventor is Dr. Cahill, whose workshop is in Holyoke, Massachusetts, where he has assembled a machine weighing two hundred tons and costing two hundred thousand dollars after many years of work. His plan is to set up a central station, and supply each large city with music waves built up into harmonics and the imitation of the most delicate of all musical instruments in any kind of musical composition to amusement halls, stores, auditoriums, or private houses for all those who can pay for it. It is not like the phonograph in any way.

A generating apparatus of alternators of different frequencies is provided. The performer presses a key and produces what is called the ground tone. Other harmonics are added to the ground tone, and thus by a building-up process of tones the human voice, brass instruments, the violin, the cello, the flute, clarinet, and other tones are produced so accurately that they seem to have been made by the real instruments.

The system of mixing with the ground tone one or many harmonics, with any strength desired, opens up a new field of timber control. The wood, wind, brass, and string tones of the orchestra are easily produced by mixing harmonics in the required proportions. A musician in Dr. Cahill's laboratory showed a staff correspondent that a mere ground tone produces a clear, pure flute note; a ground tone with the third or fourth harmonics, of suitable strength, produces the sound of a clarinet, while to imitate the violin all the harmonics up to the eighth were necessary. Another combination of harmonics, in which the seventh and eighth are strong, gives the blare of brass.

It is declared that the intonation is remarkably fine, and that the most delicate diminuendos and powerful crescendos are produced. The central plant in Holyoke has one hundred forty-five directly coupled inductor alternators in use. These are arranged in eight sections, each inductor mounted on an eleven-inch steel shaft. The bed plate of the machine is built up on eighteen-inch steel girders, on brick piers, and is more than sixty feet long. The switchboards are in ten sections, and contain nearly two thousand switches, controlled by electro-magnetic action from a keyboard. One of these machines is declared to be in active operation in Holyoke, and another is building. One will be put in operation in New York in the coming summer.

—Search-Light.



THE literary taste of the Japanese is shown in the report of the librarian of the Imperial Library of Tokyo. For fiction there is no demand.

DENMARK is somewhat alarmed by the fear that Iceland is contemplating independency. The king is taking steps to allay the discontent of the islanders, and has invited all the members of the Iceland legislature to be guests of Denmark for two weeks during the coming summer.

"For centuries the diamond has been known as the hardest of nature's substances, but now a new metal, called tantalum, has been discovered. It is so hard that a diamond drill, working at the rate of five thousand revolutions a minute for three days, failed to make more than a scratch. If tantalum can be found in sufficient quantities, it will be a useful metal. It will furnish a better boring tool than the diamond drill, and cheaper electric lights than those in which carbon is used. Scientists, in various parts of the world, are trying to find large deposits of this metal."



**Two Surprises**

A WORKMAN plied his clumsy spade  
As the sun was going down;  
The German king, with a cavalcade,  
On his way to Berlin Town,

Reined up his steed at the old man's side.

"My toiling friend," said he,  
"Why not cease work at eventide  
When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;  
"And I am always free;  
Though I work from the time I leave my bed  
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the king, "is thy gain in a day?"

"Eight groschen," the man replied.  
"And thou canst live on this meager pay?"  
"Like a king," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,  
And two for a debt I owe;  
Two groschen to lend, and two to spend  
For those who can't labor, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the king; said the toiler, "Yea,  
To my mother with age oppressed,  
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,  
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy daily store?"  
"To my boys—for their schooling; you see,  
When I am too feeble to toil any more,  
They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said.  
"My sisters are old and lame;  
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,  
All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up to the good king's eyes.

"Thou knowest me not," said he;  
"As thou hast given me one surprise,  
Here is another for thee."

"I am thy king; give me thy hand,"—  
And he heaped it high with gold,—  
"When more thou needst, I now command  
That I at once be told."

"For I would bless with rich reward  
The man who can proudly say  
That eight souls doth he keep and guard  
On eight poor groschen a day."

—R. W. McAlpine, in *St. Nicholas*.

**THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON****VIII—Philip and the Eunuch**

(May 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 8: 3-40.

MEMORY VERSE: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Acts 8: 37, last clause.

"And Saul was consenting unto his death. And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judæa and Samaria, except the apostles. . . . As for Saul, he made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women committed them to prison. Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.

"Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them. And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did. For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them: and many taken with palsies, and that were lame, were healed. And there was great joy in that city. . . .

"And they, when they had testified and preached the word of the Lord, returned to Jerusalem, and preached the gospel in many villages of the Samaritans.

"And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip,

saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert. And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the prophet.

"Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou redest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. The place of the scripture which he read was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth: in his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth.

"And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man? Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus.

"And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.

"And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing. But Philip was found at Azotus: and passing through he preached in all the cities, till he came to Cæsarea."

**Questions**

1. Where were the believers now scattered as a result of the persecution which arose against the church at Jerusalem? Who alone remained in the city? What man was especially active in these persecutions?

2. What good result followed this scattering abroad of the church? Verse 4. To what city did Philip go? What did he do there?

3. How did the people receive Philip's message? What miracles were wrought? Can you tell why there was "great joy in that city"? What always follows when Christ is received into the heart?

4. How was Philip now told of the next work that the Lord had for him to do? Did he delay or hesitate? Verse 27, first part. How did he learn why he was sent?

5. Whom did Philip meet in the way? What position of honor did this man hold? Where had he been? For what purpose? What was he now doing?

6. What did the Spirit tell Philip to do? How did he obey? What did he ask the man? How did the Ethiopian answer? What did he invite Philip to do?

7. What scripture was the Ethiopian reading? Where are these words found? To whom did they refer? What did this man wish to know concerning them?

8. What did Philip immediately do? How did the eunuch receive this preaching?

9. What did they come to as they were traveling along? What did the eunuch ask? How did Philip answer him?

10. How did the eunuch declare his faith in Jesus? Memory verse. What does Jesus himself say of those who believe in him? John 6: 47.

11. Describe the baptism of the eunuch. What is said of the eunuch as he continued his journey?

Where was Philip next seen? What work did he continue to do?

**THE YOUTH'S LESSON****VIII—Test of False Teachers**

(May 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I John 4: 1-6.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Gal. 2: 20.

**Questions**

1. How are the believers addressed in this chapter? I John 4: 1.

2. What are they urged not to do? How are they to know which spirits to believe? Verse 1; note 1.

3. Why is this admonition necessary? Verse 1, last clause.

4. How is the Spirit of God to be recognized? Verse 2.

5. How is this experience described by Paul? Gal. 2: 20; note 2.

6. What is said of the spirit that does not confess that Jesus is come in the flesh? I John 4: 3.

7. What in reality is this spirit? Had the spirit of antichrist already begun to work? John 4: 3, last part; note 2.

8. Notwithstanding this, what was true of the believers? Verse 4; note 3.

9. What had enabled them to do this? Verse 4.

10. What do those who are of the world do? Verse 5.

11. How is what they say received? Verse 5.

12. Who hears the words of the children of God? What class does not hear them? I John 4: 6.

13. What is revealed by these facts? I John 4: 6, last part.

**Notes**

1. "The connection of the visible with the invisible world, the ministration of angels of God, and the agency of evil spirits, are plainly revealed in the Scriptures, and inseparably interwoven with human history." "Evil spirits, in the beginning created sinless, were equal in nature, power, and glory with the holy beings that are now God's messengers. But fallen through sin, they are leagued together for the dishonor of God and the destruction of men." These evil spirits work "in the children of disobedience" (Eph. 2: 2), who yield themselves as servants (Rom. 6: 16), in marvelous ways (Matt. 24: 24), and more and more as time advances (2 Tim. 3: 13), until fire is brought down from heaven (Rev. 13: 13), "and as the crowning act in the great drama of deception Satan himself will personate Christ."

2. Christ was born of the Spirit (Luke 1: 35), and dwelt in the flesh (John 1: 14), and so he must dwell in our flesh (Eph. 3: 17), living in us (Gal. 2: 20), to give us victory (2 Cor. 2: 14) in the conflict with unseen powers. Eph. 6: 12. Any one who presents any other hope of salvation is a deceiver and an antichrist. 2 John 7.

3. "The hand of the Infinite is stretched over the battlements of heaven to grasp your hand in its embrace. The mighty Helper is nigh to help the most erring, the most sinful and despairing." "The people of God are directed to the Scriptures as the safeguard against the influence of false teachers and the delusive power of spirits of darkness." Isa. 8: 20. "So closely will the counterfeit resemble the true, that it will be impossible to distinguish between them except by the Holy Scriptures."





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EDITOR

## Subscription Rates

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Do we feel Christ's tender longing for those outside the fold?

THE Young People's Society at College View, Nebraska, under the direction of Prof. M. E. Kern, recently prepared and rendered a program on the "YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR." Mr. Kern said: "We push *The Signs of the Times* and *Review*, and make strenuous efforts to extend the circulation of our other periodicals, but rarely is any special effort made for the INSTRUCTOR. I feel myself that our young people's leaders in the different conferences and fields should give more attention to the extension and circulation of this paper and to helping the young people to appreciate it more." One interesting feature of the program was the testimonies the young people gave in regard to the personal help the INSTRUCTOR had been to them. Such programs might be multiplied with profit to the young people themselves, and doubtless would result in extending to others the benefits of the paper.

AMONG the subjects that have been recently presented by the Young Men's Literary Society of Takoma Park, D. C., are the following: The Papacy, The Christian's Reward, Our Life for Each Day, Striking Fulfillments of Prophecy, "He Must Increase, But I Must Decrease," Biography of Joseph Bates, Binding Claims of the Law of God, History of the Message, Greatest Union in the World, Modern Union of Church and State. These are subjects to which our young people throughout the country should give careful attention. Intellectual strength and spiritual power will come to those who thoughtfully attend to these great themes. The society publishes bi-monthly *The Bulletin*, a neat little journal that keeps one informed in regard to the work of the society. *The Bulletin* can be obtained for five cents a copy, or twenty-five cents a year.

It is true that we are saved only through belief in the cleansing blood of the Saviour. But in the earthly tabernacle service the day of atonement, or cleansing of the sanctuary by the confession and removal of the sins of the people, was a day when the people were to afflict their souls, acknowledge and repent of their sins. Those who did not do this were cut off from the congregation of God. Had the people not done their part, there could have been no cleansing of the sanctuary. So in this great antitypical day of atonement, while one is still justified only through faith in Christ, yet the people must see the Mediator in the most holy place, and must confess their sins, or else the work of cleansing the heavenly sanctuary can not be prosecuted. Our message is to call the attention of the people to the work that is now going on in the heavenly sanctuary, and urge them to immediate confession and forsaking of sin.

## He Knoweth Our Frame

"JOHNNY, don't you think you are getting as much as you can carry?" said Frank to his brother, who was standing with open arms receiving the bundles his father placed upon them. "You have more than you can carry now." "Never mind," said Johnny, in a sweet, happy voice; "father knows how much I can carry."

Our Heavenly Father never lays a burden upon us that we can not bear.—*Altha F. Bunnell.*

## To Make the Japanese Taller

THE Japanese of the future are to be of the normal stature of Caucasians, according to Baron Takaki, surgeon general of Japan. He says that his countrymen, for centuries, have been eating food which makes bone, muscle, and sinew, instead of contributing to stature. Now, food suited to producing height is to be eaten extensively, and the people advised to grow tall. The baron bases his belief that this can be accomplished on tests that have been going on for several years in the army and navy. He claims that the right kind of food is increasing the stature of the soldiers and sailors. Considering the determination and system with which the Japanese go about things, it is not beyond the bounds of possibilities that Baron Takaki's predictions may be fulfilled.—*Young People's Weekly.*

"In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Heb. 4:15.

I SAID, "Let me walk in the fields;"  
He said, "No, walk in the town."  
I said, "There are no flowers there;"  
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black;  
There is nothing but noise and din."  
And he wept as he sent me back;  
"There is more," he said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,  
And fogs are veiling the sun;"  
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,  
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,  
And friends will miss me, they say;"  
He answered, "Choose to-night,  
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.  
He said, "Is it hard to decide?  
It will not seem hard in heaven  
To have followed the steps of your Guide."  
—*George Macdonald.*

## When the Thorns Are Cleared Away

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH, in a story of her work among the convicts, tells of one who was the worst and most treacherous man in the prison. He had attempted to stab officers and burn buildings, and his confinement in the dark cells and severe punishments only made him more desperate. In chapel he was chained to a pillar. A magistrate, in sentencing him, said, "Take him away, and lock him up like a brute beast, for that is all he is." But the unexpected kindness of a good woman touched the prisoner's heart, and with indescribable pathos he asked if she thought there was any hope for him. She told him that if he was tired of evil doing, and sincerely determined to do right, there was a love that could forgive him, and a power that could help and keep him in the future. And then she prayed with him and for him till, with tears in his eyes, he said, "I will try, Little Mother." And he did try, against desperate odds, and conquered. The thought of a friend who was watching and waiting anxiously for good reports was an incentive, and it was not long before he found Christ and became an earnest Christian. O, if our hands were more willing to help clear away the thorns while we

prayerfully sowed the good seed, there would be abundant fruitage!—*Lillian Townsend Taylor.*

## Harbingers of Summer

ROBIN in the maple tree,  
Swallow 'neath the eaves,  
Bob-o-link in meadow grass,  
Sparrow 'mid the leaves,  
Sing your fullest,  
Skim your swiftest;  
Trill and chatter,  
Chirp and play,  
Tell the glad news summer's coming,  
Though so long time on the way.

Brooklet flowing through the woodlands,  
River running to the sea,  
Stream where spotted trout are glancing,  
Waterfall so full of glee,  
Flow and ripple,  
Gleam and glitter,  
Roll and tumble  
Bright and gay,  
Harbingers of summer's coming  
Though so long upon the way.

—*Isabelle Buker Chase.*

FRUITLAND, WASH., Feb. 20, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: The INSTRUCTOR has been a visitor in our home for many years. Seeing a call for donations to send the INSTRUCTOR to foreign lands, I enclose twenty-five cents for that purpose.

I want to join your Reading Circle. I will read five books: the Bible, "Coming King," "Great Controversy Between Christ and Satan," "Christ's Object Lessons," and "Our Paradise Home."

We have been having some of the "One Hundred Bible Questions" in Sabbath-school. All take quite an interest in hunting the answers.

I was out canvassing this last summer, for the "Story of Joseph." I was out about a day and a half, and sold only two books and a *Signs of the Times* and gave away about fifty tracts.

I would like to correspond with some of the INSTRUCTOR readers.  
IRENE MAGARY.

BILLINGS, MONT., April 19, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I never have written to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, I shall try now. I have read the paper for the past four or five years, and like it very much. I am fifteen years old. I have five sisters and three brothers. I want to live a Christian life that I may meet my Saviour when he comes to gather his people home.

About a month ago I attended a few Baptist revival meetings, and one night I found the dear Saviour, who was crucified on the cross for me. Before I found the Lord Jesus Christ, I always thought there was plenty of time for me to turn and obey the Master, and I need not be in haste; but I am happier now than ever before.

I wish all the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR to pray for me that I may follow the Saviour's narrow path that he trod to guide his followers to their eternal home.

ALICE PALMER.

WHY shouldn't every one of us who reads the INSTRUCTOR give ourselves fully to the Lord? It is the happier way, it is the wiser way, and the Lord himself says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Fearful things are coming upon the earth. The great disaster that has almost blotted San Francisco from the map is only a beginning of calamities that the last days will see. It is well to be anchored to the eternal Rock in such times of upheaval and distress. But of course we do not want to serve the Lord just to escape trouble, disaster, and judgments, but because it is the right thing to do; because we owe it to the Lord, who gave his only begotten Son to die for us, to be loyal to right and truth. Let us make haste to ask Jesus to forgive all our sins, and to write our names in the book of life that we may live with him forever. He wants to give us an eternal home of beauty and peace. Don't delay; give your heart to God at once.