

Hedges.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

"Go around; you can't get through the hedge." The words came from a group of boys, whose ball had escaped into the lawn, which was protected on every side by a hedge.

I passed on, but the words went with me, and to all that I could say or do there would be a soft undertone accompaniment—"You can't get over the hedge." And soon I fell to wondering if the owner of the handsome grounds was as careful to hedge her children's life from sin as she had been to protect her lawn. I think of the many young lives so cruelly exposed to every form of temptation which might so easily be shielded if we would but hedge them on every side with our love, example and our prayers. These united will form an impenetrable hedge, over which they cannot climb to sin.

Some hedges are difficult to destroy. Cut down, they grow again; for the branches have taken deep root, and nothing can wholly destroy them. Sometimes it may seem that the hedge of love has failed; but it cannot die. Sooner or later it will come forth again, growing taller and denser all the time.

To some, it may appear a trifle monotonous to be forever watching and guarding and cultivating this same hedge. Some grow weary, and long for a work whose results can be sooner seen. Pious hedges require a long time to grow. Yet, if we are securely shielding our loved ones, then is never love's labor lost. The child who goes out into life with a whole past of love and prayers wrapped close about him will never wander very far. Something, when the tempter would lure him to ruin, holds him back. He knows not what it is. He only knows that he would like to explore the tempting beyond, yet an incomprehensible something forbids his yielding. The angels understand and smile. They know it was the dear home love which formed the dense, impenetrable hedge, that through it there was not a single gap; and over it their cunning feet could not climb.

Ah, the hedge, the wondrous hedge of example, love and prayer! The branches grow and intertwine each with the other; and the sharpest thrust of the tempter never can destroy them.

As I write, a picture which I wish had never been, forces itself upon me. A young life, which might so easily have been glad and pure, covered today with mire. The child of wealth and luxury, and the son of parents who thought they were doing their God-

appointed work when they attended regularly upon the church services, and contributed liberally to the cause. They forgot that while they were at church the tempter was busy with the boy. They forgot, or else they never knew, how needful it is to cultivate the soil in which a young soul must grow. Beautiful rooms, and handsome clothing, and plenty of money, will not always suffice to so hedge the way that the tempter can find no place of entrance.

Once, after his absence of a year at school, I heard a young friend ask him how often he wrote home while away.

"Well I had no regular rule," he said. "I generally wrote once or twice every month."

"Why, what a boy!" I said. I'll venture to say that your mother wrote much oftener than that to you."

"Mother!" he said, with intense astonishment. "Why, mother never wrote to me at all. Father wrote about every two weeks. He always wrote when he sent me my money."

Poor boy! He fell, and fell very low indeed. But what wonder, when between him and the tempter no shield was placed.

Say what you please about letters; but there is something in the constant, loving home letter that has a wonderful power in warding off temptation. All the little glad or sad home news, the oft repeated assurance of deathless love, a continual reminder of our perfect confidence in their faithfulness, and the constant committing of them to Him who is mighty to save—all this has a potentiality for shielding the absent child which never can be weighed.

God help the boys and girls! Ah, it is easy enough to say that; but God chooses to help them by using us as His instruments. Our children generally become what we decree they shall be. Not always are they what we would like for them to become, but what we work for them to be.

As I write, I realize that, whether we will or no, we are hedging our dear one's path. We read of the poisonous hedges that kill all the soil with which they comes in contact. God pity us! Our very neglect, our unspoken love, our voiceless prayers, our unworthy example—all these are mighty factors in wrecking young lives. When, at last, we do awake to their need, and try to find an entrance to their spiritual being, we mourn because they will not heed us. Alas! alas! they could not if they would. While we have slept, the foe has been alert, nourishing well the poisonous hedges which our indifference has planted. Every avenue is closed. They cannot press through nor climb over the dense high hedge.

Oh, mother, father, teacher, about the

children's path a tall impenetrable hedge is growing. It is a hedge of our planting; and this hedge will either shut them in from sin, or shut them out from heaven.

School of the Evangelists.

I have no doubt that many are curious and some anxious to know what we are doing. I am glad to say that we have been making some progress in spite of hard times. During the year, closing July 8th, 1895, we enrolled in the neighborhood of ninety young men, candidates for the ministry, representing twenty five States and Provinces, about fifty of whom paid their expenses by work in the cannery, dairy, or on the farm. There has been an element of self-forgetfulness in all this, I grant you, for it would not have been possible had we not put ourselves into the work without salary, and had not the boys been willing to live on such fare as the Son of Man had when he walked through Palestine, having no place to lay His head.

If you will take the pains to figure it out, you will see that to keep fifty young men in school on the principle of helping them to help themselves, and thus keep out of debt, is no small achievement, and yet we propose to increase the number to sixty. Estimating the expenses of a student in any other school at \$125 a year, which is very low, the effort is equivalent to a monetary endowment, bringing 6% interest, of \$125,000. I do not wonder that many wise and conservative brethren thought success impossible, and therefore stood aloof and predicted failure. Had I not felt an over-powering sense of duty, I should never have embarked in the enterprise, when, as a matter of fact, I had only one friend, and he was only willing to back it to the extent of \$100.

What have we done? Before proceeding to answer I wish to call attention to the fact that it is only about two years and six months since we put the first load of lumber on the ground, and no man alive remembers harder times, financially, than the months through which we passed. In the first place we have greatly improved our farm, and we have growing fully six acres of strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, and our crops are surprisingly good, and we have not spent \$10 for labor outside of the boys.

Our cannery, with a capacity of 3000 3-lb. cans per day, is running now, and it is paid for. We have recently put in a steam pump for school, barn and irrigating purposes. Last year we built a barn 48 x 78 ft., two stories high. We have also a silo

of about 120 tons capacity. We have about thirty-six head of milk cattle, including Jerseys and a nice herd of the Agey-Netherland breed of thoroughbred Holsteins. We hope to put in a cream separator this fall, and thus have fresh milk for the boys every day. We have room in the main building for every purpose for eighty men. We may have to put into it a hundred this fall. We shall put in a steam cookery and a Hubbard steel oven by the opening, October 1st. Industrial Hall will accommodate about sixty more. It is ready for the inside work. If some brother, looking for a place for investment, would put \$500 into it, he could see results beyond estimate.

What of our financial condition? All things considered, good. We are in debt only about \$1,500, but have been compelled to go in heavily for new editions of our books, for it is by these books that the work goes on. The work will carry itself nicely. If the obligations above named were cancelled, I could finish Industrial Hall and furnish labor and support for one hundred young men, but I find it difficult to do both. I want to raise that amount, but the cause is too sacred to beg for it. I cannot do that. We started with a single \$100, and the School of the Evangelists to-day is worth, counting the income from my six books which belong to it, at the most conservative estimate, \$60,000. This is the Lord's work; I cannot see how you can doubt it longer. I want you to invest something in it, and if you will be one of a thousand to help lift the above debt, I will, on receipt of \$1, mail you three copies of the Great Controversy (or a dozen for \$4) 36,000 printed; new edition, 299 pages, just from the press. Jno. A. Stevens, of Miss., says he finds it easy to get up a successful meeting where the book has been circulated in advance.

The school is open to young men wishing to preach, but to no one else, from our whole brotherhood. We are educating young men to go out into the unevangelized districts, on the promises of God, and preach the Gospel to the poor. Surely this is a work in which every true disciple can engage without sacrifice, "with charity toward all; with malice toward none."

Faithfully yours in the promise,

ASHLEY S. JOHNSON.

Kimberlin Heights, Tenn.,

Aug. 10, 1895.

P. S.—I have in press an edition of 20,000 of my tract, "Reply to a Young Infidel" (16 pp.); free to any one, in any quantity, who will pay for mailing at the rate of 1c. for each three copies.—J.