

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH!

Vol. L.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY 22, 1902.

No. 21.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### Sutro Baths

FOR its standing as an attractive and picturesque city, San Francisco is indebted to no one individual more, perhaps, than to the late Adolph Sutro, whose untiring efforts transformed the barren sand hills on the ocean beach into a garden of loveliness. Not the least of his great enterprises is the Sutro Baths, situated but a few steps from his famous Cliff House, and said to be the grandest bath-house in the world. The water for the bathing tanks is supplied from the ocean itself, and a lavish expenditure of money is visible in the interior surroundings. It would require a volume to describe the articles here to be seen, collected from other parts of the world, including over two thousand medallions, rare works of taxidermy, ancient proclamations and pictures, bottled reptiles, etc., etc.; also mummies from Egypt,—one a lady who "may have walked the streets of Thebes in the time of Moses." Here, is a group of lifelike wax figures, representing Japanese musicians; there, a great polar bear; while tropical plants, rare curios, and beautiful specimens too numerous to mention bring one in touch with every zone.

The roof and sides of the building are covered with about one hundred thousand feet of glass, and it is estimated that two hundred and seventy thousand cubic feet of concrete were used for the tanks and round about the building. There are six tanks, the chief of which varies in depth from four to ten feet. This tank contains the sea-water at its natural temperature. The water in the other five tanks varies in temperature, and is not over six feet in depth. One is exclusively for women and children. There are a number of shower-baths, and also a plunge-bath. Trapezes, pendant rings, toboggan slides, spring-boards, etc., etc., add to the attractions of the place. It is interesting to watch the graceful movements of the expert performer, who is often to be seen on exhibition. There

are over five hundred dressing-rooms. The baths are about five hundred feet long, about one half as wide, and are estimated to hold 1,804,962 gallons of water. The largest tank is in the form of an L, three hundred feet long, and one hundred and seventy-five feet wide at the widest end.

The seating capacity of the amphitheater is said to be thirty-seven hundred, while the promenades will accommodate about as many more. Surely Sutro Baths is one of the points of interest to be visited by the tourist.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

### Adding Our Mite

IF one happens to visit the ocean beach at Cliff House on a stormy day, he will see a sight that he will never forget. The great ocean waves, many feet in height, roll majestically toward the shore, and dash themselves into foam and spray upon the rocks. The declaration that "the wicked are like the troubled sea," has a new significance as one gazes upon this scene.

Perhaps no one has done so much for San Francisco as the late Mr. Sutro, who built the famous Cliff House. He also took the sandy hill overlooking the beach, and expended a fortune in transforming it into one of the loveliest parks in existence. This is entirely free to the public.

Adjoining this he erected one of the most elaborate public baths in the world. The upper floors are used as museums, where there are on exhibition rare specimens collected at great expense from all parts of the globe. A mummified Egyptian prince, who died at the time when the haughty Pharaoh oppressed the chosen people of God, is in the collection. In glass cages may be seen the original copies of writings made when history was in its infancy. Lifelike stuffed animals from the icy north and from tropical jungles greet one's eye at almost every turn.

All these advantages are open to the public for only a small admission fee.

Mr. Sutro is dead, but thousands of his fellow citizens as well as multitudes of the rising generation have had their lives made happier because this man lived. None of us may be able to benefit humanity in such material ways, but all of us can determine that no day shall pass that we do not improve some opportunity to contrib-



SUTRO BATHS, LOOKING SOUTH

ute our mite, by word or deed, to the sum total of human happiness. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

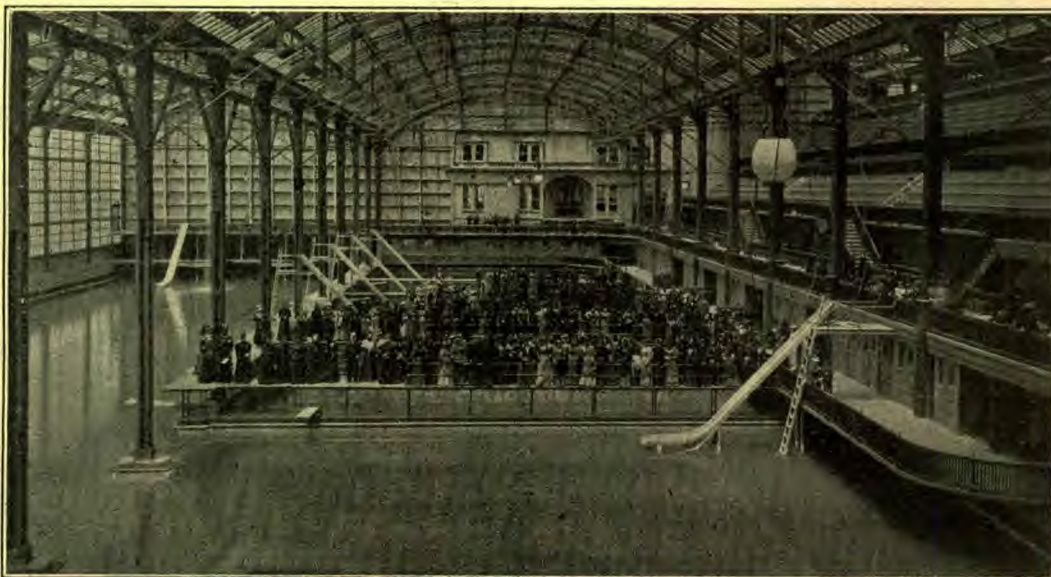
### What We Owe to the Chinese

AMERICANS and Europeans are wont to regard the Chinese as almost destitute of originality and scientific knowledge in any field of discovery and invention; and when one sees in the great cities of China everything pushed and pulled and rolled and carried along by brawn and muscle, the conclusion seems quite justifiable. Where we have railroads, electric cars, telegraphs, telephones, and a thousand and one other mechanical appliances, they have wheelbarrows, jinrikishas, and above all things the bamboo pole, by means of which the commodities of life are carried from place to place. Such facts easily lead to mistaken ideas concerning the Chinese. Having existed for centuries as a distinct nation, it would indeed be strange had they made no discoveries and no progress in the arts and sciences.

It is not attempted in this article to show the Chinese to be great inventors, but rather to indicate briefly the discoveries and inventions for which the world is indebted to China.

Gunpowder, whose ingredients are sulphur, niter, and carbon, is beyond question of Chinese origin, although the honor of the invention is contested by English, German, Arab, and Hindu. Of these the Hindus alone put forth a serious claim; but as their ancient dates are uncertain, the evidence is in favor of China. Authentic history shows that gunpowder was used by the Chinese at least a hundred years before its introduction into Europe.

The mariner's compass is acknowledged to be a Chinese invention. Both the Greeks and the Egyptians possessed a knowledge of the magnet, but its polarity was first recognized and utilized by the Chinese, and that long before the Christian era. The first use of the magnetic needle by the Chinese was in 1100 B. C. They assert



SUTRO BATHS — INTERIOR, LOOKING NORTH

that they gave it to ambassadors from a southern country, to enable them to find their way home. These personages came by land; and since they used it in their vehicles, it came to be called "south-pointing chariot." A trace of this practice still remains, and is seen in the use of a small compass suspended in the sedan, or cart, of a mardarin.

We are in the habit of naming Gutenberg as the inventor of printing; but for seven hundred years previously to his time, this art had been practiced in China as a great popular industry. Its origin is as follows: The books of Confucius were burned by a tyrannical emperor. They were restored, partly from memory, and in part from imperfect copies found in the wall of a house. A succeeding monarch proposed that the sacred writings should never again be thus exposed to destruction, and so caused them to be engraved on stone. It required one hundred and seventy slabs of granite, which are still preserved, to contain the writings. Upon their completion the idea was conceived of making them accessible to scholars in all parts of the country by means of rubbings, which was really printing. Nor has this method greatly changed in China during the lapse of a thousand years.

That the art of making porcelain is purely Chinese is universally admitted, since that article still bears the name chinaware.

The same may be said of silk, although the name is less certain. Our word "silk" is said to be derived from "Seres," the Greek word for Chinese.

In the matter of paper-making, precedence must be given to China; and not only in making paper, but in its production from wood-pulp. The process was invented in China about the beginning of the Christian era, and for many centuries before that these people had books which were engraved on slips of bamboo with the point of a style. J. N. ANDERSON.

### Dress

It is an old saying, and a true one, that "dress does not make the man," but upon each one of us devolves the duty of choosing what we shall wear. With the young especially this is no small responsibility; for the dress is a fairly correct index of the character, and more than once success or failure has been determined by it. We have in mind one young woman who seemed in many ways fitted to do a good work in the Lord's cause, but who was rendered practically useless through her untidy habits of dress. To be slovenly in one's attire is inexcusable at any time and in any place. There is no work in which the Christian may engage, where the clothing may not be neat, if that is selected which is appropriate. To all who find themselves the unhappy possessors of hereditary tendencies to untidiness, both in dress and in work, is offered the grace of Christ, by which may be overcome all hereditary and cultivated tendencies to evil.

To be overdressed is not only an exhibition of poor taste, but it also draws forth the certain contempt of all sensible people. Good taste in dress is expressed by clothes that are neat, appropriate, and that do not attract attention, either by their oddity or otherwise.

Never in the history of our country has extravagance in dress been carried to such excess as at the present day. It is a sign of the evil times. Thousands give their best thought and most earnest attention to matters of dress and fashion, while other thousands expend their time and energies in designing and fashioning unusual and elaborate garments.

Fashion has always held sway, and always will, and while we are bound to pay a certain respect to her, insomuch as not to appear singular or odd, it is still possible to render only the slightest compliance with any prevailing style,

and still be well dressed. The old saying, "One may as well be dead as to be out of fashion," has more force put thus, "One may as well be dead as to try to keep in fashion."

If we have named the name of Christ, and have accepted the adorning of the meek and quiet spirit, which is in his sight of great price, let us see to it that we do not hide this treasure from our companions by the sham and tinsel of fashion. The adorning which Jesus recommended and valued will never go out of fashion with him, and even in this world will be valued more and more, as those who possess it become more rare. LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

### The Parting of the Ways

THERE'S a path of life before us, and it reaches far away,  
And the welfare of our journey all depends upon to-day;  
For the dimly lighted future it is time to wisely choose:  
There is everything to gain, there is everything to lose.  
There are deeds to be accomplished that admit of no delays,  
When we reach Decision Valley at the parting of the ways.

Here the royal road is rugged, and in two is faintly cleft,  
With the roughness on the right hand and the smoothness on the left;  
Here are riches, fame, and knowledge (only folly in disguise);  
Pleasure looks so sweet and winning with her happy, sparkling eyes;  
And the path is strewn with flowers, while enticing music plays,—  
O, Ambition burns intensely at the parting of the ways!

Here upon the right is duty, with its trials bathed in tears,  
With its toils and bitter sorrows, with its faith in spite of fears;  
Here are fires of affliction, but a quiet peace of mind;  
Here may gather clouds of darkness, but with silver sunbeams lined;  
Here are heard His stately stepplings, sung in calm and holy lays,—  
Still Right oft looks unattractive at the parting of the ways.

O for wisdom and discretion! Undecidedly we stand  
With the future all before us, and eternity at hand.  
O for stronger, keener vision! that behind the pleasures fair,  
We might see, through superficials, death, destruction, lurking there,  
And with pointed truth and wisdom pierce beneath the surface glaze,  
And expose the hollow folly at the parting of the ways!

Listen to the Voice that whispers: "This to duty is the way;  
Walk ye in it, for thy Pattern never leads thy feet astray."  
Look, clear-eyed, beyond the present, past all pain and grief of time,  
To the bliss of life eternal in a holier, happier clime;  
Grasp by faith the precious promise, see again its glorious rays  
Shining on the roughest pathway at the parting of the ways!

ROBERT B. THURBER.

WE are seldom shut out from any service that we really desire to perform. No matter how important the service may seem, or how inadequate our power to accomplish it, there is always room for the workman who is eager to take hold. God sends strength and fitness with earnest desire and endeavor. This is no less a law of spiritual than of intellectual achievement. The growth in personal power, coincident with eager striving, is one of the marvels of life. — *Well Spring.*



### Anemone Virginiana

#### Tall Anemone, Thimbleweed

THIS is a giant sister of the delicate wood-anemone. The plant grows erect, and two or three feet high, or even more. At its upper part the stem divides into three or more long peduncles, each bearing a single flower. Just below these peduncles is an involucre of three compound leaves, with petioles from six to ten inches long. The middle peduncle is leafless, but each of the lateral ones has an involucre, or secondary involucre, of two short-petioled leaves. From the axils of these leaves other peduncles arise, each bearing an involucre and a single flower. This may continue until the branching becomes quite complicated.

The illustration shows one of the lateral peduncles with its involucre, and the young flower-stalks rising from the axils of the leaves. The flowers are borne in succession all through the summer.

The corolla is absent, but the calyx is somewhat corolla-like, consisting of five small, greenish-white sepals.

The fruit cluster consists of a large number of woolly acheniums crowded together on an oval or oblong receptacle, the cluster when ripe being about three fourths of an inch long, and having



Anemone Virginiana  
At the right is shown  
the head of woolly  
acheniums.

much the shape and appearance of a thimble. Because of this resemblance, the plant is commonly known as "Thimbleweed."

It is a rather common plant in woods and meadows. Though not especially beautiful, nor of economical importance, it is interesting because of its heads of woolly acheniums.

We have already learned that many of the plants belonging to the Crowfoot family bear flowers of considerable interest because of their size, beauty, or peculiar form. But there are some that do not, and of this class the Thimbleweed will serve as an example.

The season of the year has now come when those interested in botany should begin making their collections. Press two or three specimens of all the different kinds of plants you can find. Of the smaller plants retain at least a portion of the root, and whenever possible keep a specimen

of both flower and fruit. Specimens of trees should include the leaves, flowers, and also the fruits if they are of such a nature that they can be conveniently kept. It is well, also, to add a small piece of the bark.

The staminate and pistillate flowers of trees will, in many cases, not be found on the same tree. This should be remembered in gathering your specimens.

B. E. CRAWFORD.



#### Apple Blossoms

All, is there else a sight so sweet  
In all the world's wide room,  
One with such tender spell replete,  
As apple trees in bloom?

—Rev. Philip B. Strong.

#### A Few Common Errors Corrected

Do not say, "We are pleased to welcome you in our midst." Say, "We are pleased to welcome you among us." "In our midst," though frequently used, is none the less open to criticism. No one owns a "midst." Even the newspapers have stopped saying, "In our midst."

Do not say, "He is afraid that he will miss his train." Say, "He is afraid that he shall miss his train." Do not say, "My brother says that he will live to see this truth triumph." Say, "My brother says that he shall live to see this truth triumph." If the subject of a subordinate clause is a pronoun, third person, whose antecedent is the subject of the principal clause, the same auxiliary should be used that would be required if the clause were principal, and the subject in the first person. "He says that he will persevere," is correct. He said, "I will persevere."

Do not say, "When the dead are resurrected." Say, "When the dead are raised," or "brought to life." At the best, "resurrect" is colloquial, and certainly has no place in written English.

Second-handed, underhanded, and offhanded are barbarisms. Therefore, do not use them. Say, *secondhand*, *underhand*, and *offhand*.

A verse is one line of poetry. Do not say, "Please sing the first verse," unless you mean the first line. A stanza is a group of rhymed verses.

Do not say, "A hard heart is one which truth don't affect." Say, "A hard heart is one which truth doesn't affect." Do not use "don't" with singular subjects. "Don't" is equivalent to "do not;" "doesn't" to "does not."

No one can "extend an invitation." Invitations are sent, not extended. Extend means "to stretch;" "to prolong."

"Like" is a proper relation word for a phrase, but not for a clause. Do not say, "The people look like they had heard a pleasant sermon," but say, "The people look as if they had heard a pleasant sermon."

"Enthuse" is objected to as colloquial. Therefore do not use it. Enthusiasm, however, is a good word.

D. D. REES.

From Correspondence to the Mission Board

#### A Brief Sketch of the Bay Islands

THE Bay Islands comprise Ruatan, Bonacca, and Utilla. Ruatan, being the largest, is the capital. Its inhabitants, according to the yearly census, number about two thousand. One fifth are Spaniards, by whom the country is governed. The creoles are mostly descendants of the people from the island of Grand Cayman, and came here about one hundred years ago. Finding none of like blood but Indians, and being afraid of

those who lived in the interior of the island, they settled along the shore. Another reason for this was that when vessels came from Grand Cayman, as they did every year to bring mangoes, oranges, shaddocks, and such other fruit as would keep during the passage, the people would be near the shores to sing out, "Sail, ahoy!" When a sail was sighted, an argument would begin as to what vessel it was. After this was ended,—and it sometimes resulted in a fight,—they would turn their attention to sharpening their knives to eat mangoes. After they had enjoyed the fruit brought them by the vessel, she would load with cocoanuts, and clear for the United States, bringing the people, on her return, flour, beef, pork, cloth, lumber, etc. This would be continued until December.

As the people multiplied, religion was thought of. Subscriptions were made, churches built, and ministers from England sent for. Several religious sects made converts here. To-day many denominations are represented among the people.

The Indians, once such a terror, have been driven over on the Mainland South, the lower classes of Spaniards occupying their place in the interior.

The chief trade of the islands is in cocoanuts, cattle, and horses. Cattle may be purchased for from thirty to eighty dollars a head, and horses for from twenty-five to one hundred and eighty dollars apiece.

The lower classes build their houses of cheap pine lumber purchased with their cocoanuts. The usual size of these houses is from twelve by ten to twenty by fourteen feet. Naturally they contain little furniture. The homes of the higher classes are somewhat more attractive.

Both classes engage in agriculture. The chief products are yams, cocoanuts, sweet potatoes, plantain, bananas, and sugar-cane. Yams and potatoes are sold in the markets at six cents a pound, and plantain and bananas for a trifle less. During the rainy season, rats are very destructive to sugar-cane and the young fruit of the cocoanut.

Ruatan is the home of many wild animals, including hogs, deer, and rabbits; also birds of various species. Pigeons and parrots are highly esteemed by the natives, the latter being found as pets in many homes. When young,



NATIVES MAKING COCOANUT OIL

they may be purchased for about forty-five cents in American gold. These birds lay their eggs in the hole of any convenient tree, about the middle of February, and in June the young are ready to fly. The natives seek these birds in May; and if a nest is found, the owner is as proud of his prize as a poor man who finds a gold doubloon. In the evening, parrots present a beautiful appearance as they fly overhead, usually in single pairs, but sometimes in groups. While thus assembling to their sleeping-places, the air is filled with their noise, which somewhat resembles that produced by a company of untrained singers. The pigeons, being of a quicker and wilder nature, are not so easily tamed. They resemble the dove.

This mission is in crying need of laborers.

Where are those who will bear the third angel's message to these perishing souls? Shall we save them from the "mystery of iniquity" and from the wrath of God, by faithfully giving them the truth? May the Lord of the harvest raise up laborers for this needy field.

A. W. GREEN.

#### A Joyless Life

MANY fail to realize that joy is distinctly moral. It is a fruit of the spiritual life. We have no more right to pray for joy, if we are not doing the things that Jesus said would bring it, than we would have to ask interest in a savings-bank in which we had never deposited money.

Joy does not happen. It is a flower that springs from roots. It is the inevitable result of certain lines followed and laws obeyed, and so a matter of character. Therefore, we can not say that joy is like a fine complexion, a distinct addition to the charm of the face, which yet would be structurally perfect without this charm.

Joy is a feature; and the face that does not have it is disfigured. The Christian life that is joyless is a discredit to God and a disgrace to itself. "These things have I spoken unto you," said Jesus, "that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Study these words. Believe them. Attempt them. Steadily accomplish them, and the joy of the Lord will enter you before you hear the word, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." —*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

#### A Lesson in Loving

"MISS MAYNARD?"

The teacher of the girls' Bible class turned at the touch upon her arm and the sound of her name. It was Ruth Gordon, who spoke in her usually impulsive way, and stopped Miss Maynard. One never could tell what would come next with Ruth. She thought of so many things,—a dear, bright girl she was; eager, enthusiastic, and quick in speech and manner.

"I want you to help me, Miss Maynard," she said. "It has come to me lately that I'm the most uncharitable creature I ever knew, and I hate it in myself. Have you any books that will help me? What shall I do?"

Miss Maynard smiled at the girl's sudden arrest. "I have no books concealed about me just now," she said, pleasantly, with sympathetic tone and manner, "and I can't stand and deliver advice here and now, you know. Come over to-morrow, after your lesson, and we will talk it all over. I'll have my lecture put down with heads by that time. I'm so glad you want to take lessons in loving, dear girl." And the two stepped out from the corner where they had withdrawn, and went into church.

The next afternoon saw them in cozy conclave.

"Now tell me what I shall do, and what I must think about to make me less critical and more charitable," said Ruth. "I suppose it was the meeting the other night that made me think of it, for that was our subject. Anyhow, I know, as I never did before, that I am an unpleasant sort, and ought to be sweeter."

Miss Maynard wished in her heart that some more guilty were as penitent, but she would not hinder the young seeker after the best by saying aught to make her content with such things as she had, in this way.

"Now, dear," she said, "I've thought of a few helpful words for you. The first is, Consider. Do you remember what it means?"

"Why, yes, Miss Maynard. You told us so lately. It is to 'sit down by,' just as we are sitting now, I suppose."

"To be sure. Well, Ruth, if you will consider people, you will feel more kindly toward them. Put yourself alongside of them. Consider not only the 'poor,' as the Bible says, but the rich, the sorrowful, the glad, the sour, the sullen,

the careless, the thoughtless, and every other sort. Sit down beside their provocations and individualities, their crotchets, their crosses, and worries, and see if every mortal has not a claim on your consideration, your tenderness, sympathy, love.

"Now for the second head under this part of my discourse: 'Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.' Remember this word. Think how it would be with you under the various conditions you find in the lot of others, and think how you would wish people to feel toward you."

"Ah, but that is easy to know! I wish I could remember at the right time!" cried Ruth.

"Then, third and last, dear girl," and Miss Maynard's voice grew softer, "'Consider Him' who endured so much, and who loves so dearly. Get close to him, think of people with their burdens as he does, let his mind be in you, and you will be loving enough. You can't help it."

"Thank you for that word 'consider,'" said Ruth, in a gentle tone.

"Then there is something else," Miss Maynard went on. "Make allowance for people. Make allowance for shortcomings, don't expect too much, and remember what changes they are subject to. You know how they make allowance in machinery for expansion and shrinkage in the weather-changes and the atmospheric effect upon metals. The allowance is made in the first place, and then when the expansion or contraction comes, the change takes place without doing harm. It was in the calculation. If you will only have a reserve of patience, and not look for perfection, you will not be critical and hasty in judgment. This is part of the lesson of loving.

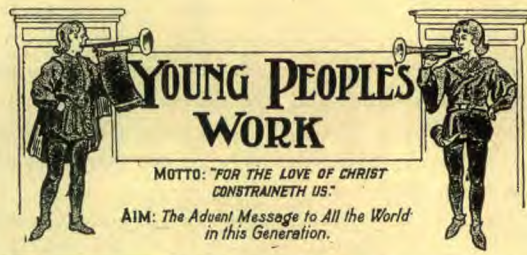
"I'll remember, indeed I will," said Ruth, earnestly. "That is just what I need, Miss Maynard. I think it is horrid when folks fall short, and disappoint me, and I say it right out. I don't stop to think that I need to have allowance made for myself."

"But I am only half through with the lesson, dear. Remember there is a time to keep silence. If you withhold the hasty word of judgment, it will help you to control the critical thought and the unloving attitude. Unless you are positively obliged to admit something not quite pleasant about others, keep still! Smother the thought. Don't let in the air of speech upon it, and it will perish sooner. Let the air in, and it will blaze and burn and burn."

"I understand," said Ruth, humbly. "The lesson of loving is not altogether easy, is it?"

"But it is worth everything, and hard things are not impossible. There is one thing more, to finish. 'There is a time to speak.' Somebody says there may be criminal and cowardly and cruel silence as well as cruel speech. Get in the habit of telling pleasant things, of giving commendation, of putting approval and appreciation into words. This spreads love in a wonderful way. It helps speaker and hearer. The other day I took occasion to say to the secretary of a society I belong to, 'What a good officer you are! What perfect records you keep! I like to hear the minutes read, they are so accurate.' I was astonished when she put out her hand, and said, 'Thank you,' in a way pathetic. She had been criticised, she said, and this encouraged her so much. My own heart warmed to her, you may depend. This is all for you to-day, Ruth; only, remember, He whose name is Love is not only able and willing, but longs to teach you 'the lesson of loving, the very first lesson of all.'" — *Young People's Weekly*.

THE spiritual life is not knowing, not hearing, but doing. We only know so far as we can do. We learn to do by doing. What we do truly, rightly, in the way of duty, that, and only that, we are.—*Frederick W. Robertson*.



#### What We May Give

If we can not give our dollars,  
We can surely give our dimes;  
And a nickel or a penny  
Brings a blessing oftentimes.

If we can not give our dollars,  
We can surely give our love  
To the little homeless children,  
Dear unto our God above.

If we can not give our dollars,  
We can always give our prayers;  
And our loving Heavenly Father  
Bends to listen, loves, and cares.

—*Children's Home Missions*.

#### Notes From the Field

FROM Mary Jacques, London, England: "A few days ago I received a letter from the secretary of the Young People's Society at Bath, and will quote from it for you as follows: 'Father thought it would be well for me to give you a short account of the work of our Young People's Society. We are still holding our meetings on Friday evenings. We have at present twelve members, but we hope that others may soon be added. We are selling *Good Health* and the *Present Truth*. The profits on the sales are given to the poor. We are hoping to do some open-air gospel work as the summer comes on. We are still in the day of small things, but God has told us not to despise them.'

Ruth H. Saxby, Charlotte, Michigan: "Our Young People's Society has been organized about two months. We now have a membership of sixteen. We have been holding our meetings Wednesday afternoons at the different homes of the church-members, especially at the homes of the aged, who are not able to get out very often; but as it is difficult for some to attend at that time, the band will hereafter meet on Sunday afternoon. We use the studies in the *INSTRUCTOR* as the basis for our lessons. As yet we have no definite lines of missionary work, but the members are doing all they can in different ways, such as distributing literature, collecting food and clothing for the poor, etc. We are now especially interested in helping a poor woman who has four little boys all under ten to support by doing washing. Our band finds plenty to do, and the Lord blesses us as we work. The reports in the *INSTRUCTOR* are very encouraging. There is certainly a great work for us as young people to do. Souls are hungering for the truth, and we are the ones who must give it to them. Pray for the work in this place."

Anna Myrberg, Seattle, Wash.: "The membership of our society is eleven, with an average of about fifteen visitors. We have been following the lessons in the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* as nearly as we could, using the *Missionary Magazine*, together with selections from the 'Testimonies.' We are all of good courage and determined to go forward, improving every opportunity we may have to work for the Lord. We know that he has promised to be with us; and as long as he is for us, and working with us, who can be against us? We have had a number of encouraging opportunities to talk on both religious and hygienic subjects. These young people's meetings have been a great blessing to me. Pray for us, and our work here; for truly the harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few. This is a

large field, and few of us are at work. Many are interested, asking questions, and wishing to know more about our religious views and our way of living. I praise God that I have the privilege of being one of his co-workers."

#### Battles between Truth and Falsehood

##### Lesson VIII—Jesus in the Sabbath

(May 25-31)

HOW TO STUDY THESE LESSONS.—(1) Read the lesson story; (2) try to recall or find scriptures in proof of each statement; (3) study the texts; (4) see how many missing links you can supply; (5) give the lesson to some one else. You will keep only what you give away.

The making of the Sabbath was simply the Lord Jesus putting himself into the seventh day. First, his rest; next, his blessing, or happiness; last, his holiness, or sanctification. It is the very same plan by which he gives himself to any person who will accept him. He invites the weary sinner to come and receive the gift of rest. If he accepts this, he then adds his blessing,—the joy of the Lord. And last he sanctifies him,—makes him holy,—and sets him apart for a holy use. In these three great characteristics—rest, blessing, and sanctification—are bound up the whole character of the Lord Jesus. When you receive them fully, then indeed is "Christ in you." By putting these three characteristics into the seventh day, Jesus put himself into that day.

#### Outline

1. Jesus calls us to him for rest. Matt. 11:28.
2. We find rest by learning meekness. V. 29.
3. The joy, or blessing, of the Lord is added to the meek. Isa. 29:19; Ps. 128:1, 2; 119:12.
4. Then he sanctifies you. 1 Thess. 5:23, 24.
5. He sets you apart for himself. Ps. 4:3.
6. Then is "Christ in you." Col. 1:27; Isa. 57:15; 2 Cor. 6:16.
7. In the same way Christ put himself into the seventh day.

#### From Welsh, Louisiana

THE Young People's Society organized at Welsh, Louisiana, one year ago has about thirty members enrolled at present. We are thankful for a part in the great work to which we commit ourselves in accepting the membership cards. The regular attendance of the older members of the church is a source of great encouragement to us. Our study of the field each month is refreshing, and we wish also to express our gratitude for the studies outlined in the *INSTRUCTOR* by Elder Luther Warren.

Although we have a small territory to canvass, the members of the society have distributed many copies of the *Gospel Herald* each week, securing several permanent readers. Other lines of missionary work are also under consideration.

LOUIE PEARBODY.

#### "Killing Time"

IN these busy days that seem to come and go with ever-increasing rapidity, and which we treat as if they were opportunities for the indulgence of carnal appetites merely, you hear men talk about "killing time." O, better kill anything than time; better waste anything than the moments lit as yet with the light of hope; better fritter away any wealth that happens to be in your possession than these days overflowing with the grace and tenderness of God; for every day is an opportunity to choose, and each choice is the building of another stone into the foundation work, on which eternity will erect the structure,—a structure true to the character of the foundation laid.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

BE at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors, and let every new year find you a better man.—*Benjamin Franklin*.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## The Little Lad's Answer

OUR little lad came in one day  
With dusty shoes and tired feet;  
His play-time had been hard and long  
Out in the summer's noontide heat.  
"I'm glad I'm home!" he cried, and hung  
His torn straw hat up in the hall,  
While in a corner by the door  
He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,  
"This little lad comes always here,  
When there are many other homes  
As nice as this, and quite as near."  
He stood a moment deep in thought;  
Then, with the love-light in his eye,  
He pointed where his mother sat,  
And said, "She lives here; that is why!"

With beaming face the mother heard;  
Her mother-heart was very glad.  
A true, sweet answer he had given,  
That thoughtful, loving, little lad;  
And well I know that hosts of  
lads  
Are just as loving, true, and  
dear;  
And they would answer, as did  
he:  
"'Tis home, for mother's liv-  
ing here."  
— Selected.

## The Boy Who Went to Sewing School

THE sewing school met one afternoon each week. There were twenty teachers, and each of them had as many pupils as she could look after. The little girls made patchwork, sewing the tiny squares together into quilts to cover their dolls on cold nights. The other girls made buttonholes and did hemstitching. There was even a class in embroidery.

Of course there were no boys in this sewing school, at least, not until the particular afternoon of which I am going to tell. The school had met, as usual, at three o'clock, and after the girls had sung together, they broke up into classes and went to work. The sound of their voices filled the room with a busy hum.

Presently the door was pushed open, and a boy came in, and sat down on a chair nearest the door. He was a small boy, with a freckled face and honest eyes. His hair was very damp and very smooth on top, but at the back of his head it was rough and dry, as if, being out of sight, it was also out of mind. His feet were bare, and he seemed to be trying to tuck them under his chair. Altogether, he did not look comfortable.

Miss Adkins, who was in charge of the sewing school, went up to him with a pleasant smile. "Is there anything I can do for you, my boy?" she asked.

"Yes'm," said the boy, in a rather muffled voice. "I've come to belong."

Miss Adkins was so surprised that for a moment she could not think of anything to reply. "You know this is a sewing school?" she asked, doubtfully, at last.

"Yes'm. That's why I come," said the boy, speaking more firmly. "I want to learn to sew."

"Very well. Come up front, please. And what is your name?"

"John Baker."

Miss Adkins and John Baker advanced to the front of the room amid a chorus of soft giggles. The little girls held their patchwork up before their faces, so that they could laugh behind the squares. The shoulders of the older ones were shaking till there was danger that the buttonholes would be spoiled.

"Shall I get you some patchwork to begin with?" asked Miss Adkins, placing a chair beside the organ, where John would be partly hidden from sight.

"No'm, please," said John Baker, speaking out in a clear, decided voice. "I guess I hain't no time for patchwork 'n' that kind. I want to learn

much but putting the needle back 'n' forth, is it?" asked John, anxiously. "Seems as if anybody could do that."

When John Baker had reached the end of this long speech, he suddenly grew very red. Everybody in the room was looking straight at him. Everybody was listening. He turned his head this way and that, as if he were looking for some place in which he could hide.

Then a voice spoke—such a sweet, pleasant voice that John forgot all about his uncomfortable feelings and began to listen. "O Miss Adkins!"

"Well, Eva?" said Miss Adkins, smiling.

"I'd like to help about those baby things, too," cried Eva. "I think it would be lots of fun. And my mama has some flannel that would be just right for a little blanket, and I know she'll let us have it."

"I think I could crochet some baby socks," said another of the older girls, in the same pleased, eager way. "My aunt will help me."

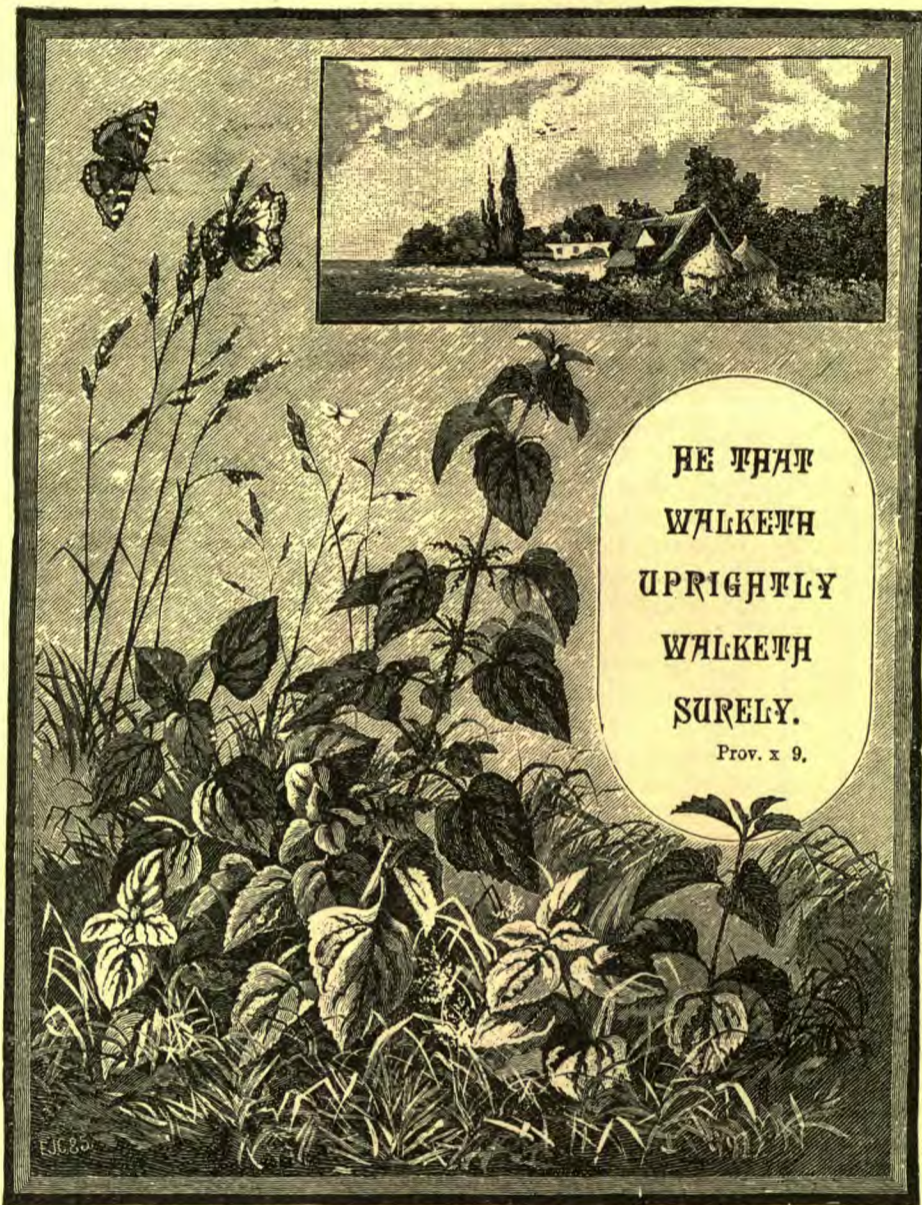
Then all at once everybody in the room was talking and making suggestions. The teachers remembered pieces of cambric and flannel at home that would be just the thing for a baby's wardrobe. The little girls clamored to know if they couldn't sew all their patchwork squares together to make a quilt for the baby. Everybody looked pleased and happy, and was eager to go to work without delay.

They did not quiet down until the messengers Miss Adkins had sent for patterns and materials returned. Then how they worked! What interested faces bent over the long seams! With what care they set the stitches in the hems, so that every one should be just the right size, and all should point in the same direction! There was very little talking; but it was a comfortable, happy sort of stillness that brooded over the big room. John Baker sat in the chair by the organ, and took big, uneven stitches, thinking that sewing was much harder work than he had supposed, and feeling very glad that he had found such willing helpers.

When it had grown so dark they could not see to work

longer, several of the older girls took home little garments, promising to bring them back finished the next week. Busy mothers and kind older sisters found quite a little time for helping, and in that way the baby's outfit was ready in a surprisingly short time. John Baker reported later that the baby was not crying nearly so much as before. And indeed it seems very probable that a baby can realize the difference between a ragged shawl that has been the property of half a dozen people, and soft little garments made for its special use, with kindness and care put into every stitch.

This is the way John Baker began to attend



BE THAT  
WALKETH  
UPRIGHTLY  
WALKETH  
SURELY.

Prov. x 9.

to make things to wear." The giggling stopped. "Something to wear?" repeated Miss Adkins, greatly puzzled.

John Baker drew nearer. "You see," he explained, "there's a woman lives down next to us, 'n' she's got the teentiest baby you ever seed. It cries a good deal, too, 'n' my mother says 'tain't no wonder, the way they just roll it up in an old shawl. She says babies want things of their own, just the same as if they was big. But the baby's mother, she's sick, so she can't sew, 'n' my mother goes out washing every day, so she hain't no time. So I thought I'd come here, 'n' make it some clothes myself. Sewing hain't

the sewing school; and they found him such a valuable member that they would have been distressed at the thought of losing him, while it would have taken a great deal to persuade John to stay away. It was he who told them of old Grandma Dillingham, who had been sick so long with rheumatism, and of the ragged covering on her bed; and then the sewing school set to work, and made a patchwork quilt for Grandma Dillingham out of the brightest pieces of gingham and calico to be found anywhere. That patchwork quilt was about the only bright thing in Grandma Dillingham's life. She never grew tired of gazing at the pretty squares of pink and blue and red set around the white centers. As long as she lived, it kept her weary old heart warm, as well as her body.

It was John, too, who reported the case of the O'Donovan family, whose home had been burned in the middle of the night, and who had barely escaped with their lives. There were seven little O'Donovans, and it took some weeks before the sewing school had supplied their wants. As John's mother went from house to house washing, she heard many cases of need, which John remembered and reported at the next meeting. And the more such work he brought, the larger the sewing school grew, and the more interested the girls became.

"Do you have boys in your sewing school?" said a visitor to Miss Adkins one afternoon, looking with great curiosity at John, who was working away at a pillow-slip for sick Billy Larson.

"Only one boy; but we couldn't spare him. I wish," added Miss Adkins, laughing a little, "that there was a John Baker in every sewing school."

She dropped her voice as she spoke, but there was no danger of John's overhearing her. He was too absorbed in the effort of taking short stitches in his seam. And if he had heard, he would not have understood. John knew very well how much the sewing school had done for a certain boy and the people in whom he was interested, but he had no idea that the boy had also been a blessing to the sewing school.—*Hattie M. Lummis, in Children's Visitor.*

#### Hurry and Speed

WHILE Speed is filling the bottle,  
Hurry is spilling the ink;  
While Speed is solving the problem,  
Hurry's beginning to think;  
While Speed is hitting the bull's-eye,  
Hurry is stringing his bow;  
While Hurry is marching his army,  
Speed is worsting his foe.  
Hurry is quick at beginning,  
Speed is quick at the end;  
Hurry wins many a slave,  
But Speed wins many a friend.

—*Amos R. Wells.*

#### Sweet Echoes Repeat Kind Words

EVERYTHING that one does in life has a reaction, an echo, which either applauds or condemns the deed, and is ever afterward a perpetual reminder of nobility or baseness. Wherever you are, you will hear echoes of the good that you have done. Whether pleasant or disagreeable, they will be continually coming back to you in memory-waves, and will tend to make you happy or miserable.

If you have said a kind word that helped lift a life out of an uncongenial environment; if you have aroused the embers of an ambition that have been slumbering for years, and which would have gone out in darkness but for your fanning them into living flame, then will this sweet echo speak to you. "Scatter your flowers as you go, for you will never pass over the same road again."

If, on the contrary, you kept for the dead the flowers which you should have given to the living, spared the kindly word of praise and ad-

miration, or the expressions of love, until the ears which they would have gladdened were deaf in death, then will obnoxious echoes of condemnation haunt you. Tears and flowers at a funeral do not atone for wasted opportunities to scatter brightness or show love.

Every thought or deed sends back an echo like itself. If we have been helpful and generous, sympathetic and kind, always considerate, we shall hear echoes that will uplift, encourage, and satisfy. If we have been mean and contemptible, vicious, narrow, indolent, we shall hear echoes repeat the voices which gave them birth.—*Success.*

### Braiding and Weaving Horse Hair

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#### Weaving with a Needle

HORSEHAIR may be woven with warp and woof, or with a needle threaded with a single strand, or thread, of hair. The former produces by far the more beautiful results; and where a large amount of the work is to be done, it is less troublesome, and can be carried on much more rapidly, than with a needle. But where only a small piece is to be covered with woven work, as, for example, the places where the braids in our watch-guard are joined, it will not be practical to weave with warp and woof, as there is too much preliminary work on each piece before the actual weaving begins. Weaving with a needle, on the contrary, requires no preliminary work to speak of, and it is in this way that unsightly ends of braids are generally covered.

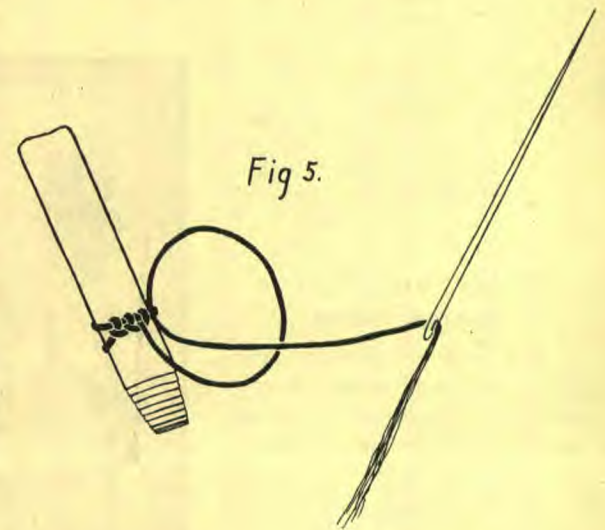
The thread used on such small work as the watch-guard should contain from eight to ten hairs. The larger end of the hair will be found much stronger than the tips; and as there is a good deal of wear at the point where the thread passes through the needle, it is best to thread it at that end. Cut the knot from the end of the thread, and pass it through the eye of a needle large enough to receive it without crowding. Do not draw it through too far, as the end, having no knot to prevent it, will soon untwist. Now with this horsehair-thread take two or three stitches through the braid at one end of the part to be covered. This will keep the thread from pulling through after the other knot is cut off, as it should be as soon as one circle of stitches has been woven around the work. Next wind the thread twice around the work, pass the needle under the ring so formed, and bring it up over the thread so as to form a loop, as shown in Fig. 5. This is similar to a buttonhole stitch, and will not be found at all difficult.

Continue to make these loops all around the

work, always drawing the thread taut, so the loops will lie close together. When you have worked entirely around the braids, so that the circle of loops is complete, pass the needle through the first loop formed, and thus begin a new circle. You will now have an endless chain, and you can continue to work around and around till the work is finished, or the thread exhausted. In the latter case, when you come to the last stitch that the thread will take, do not complete the loop, but leave it as shown in *a* of Fig. 6, except that it should be stitched several times through the braid to prevent it from pulling out. Next place another thread in the needle, and complete the loop, as shown in *b* of Fig. 6. You can then continue the weaving as before.

When the ends and stitching have all been covered, it will only be necessary to sew the thread several times through the woven part, always being careful to conceal the stitches, and then cut off the remaining end. Horsehair is more or less elastic; and if the thread is drawn taut before it is cut, its elasticity will draw the severed ends back into the work, where they will not show.

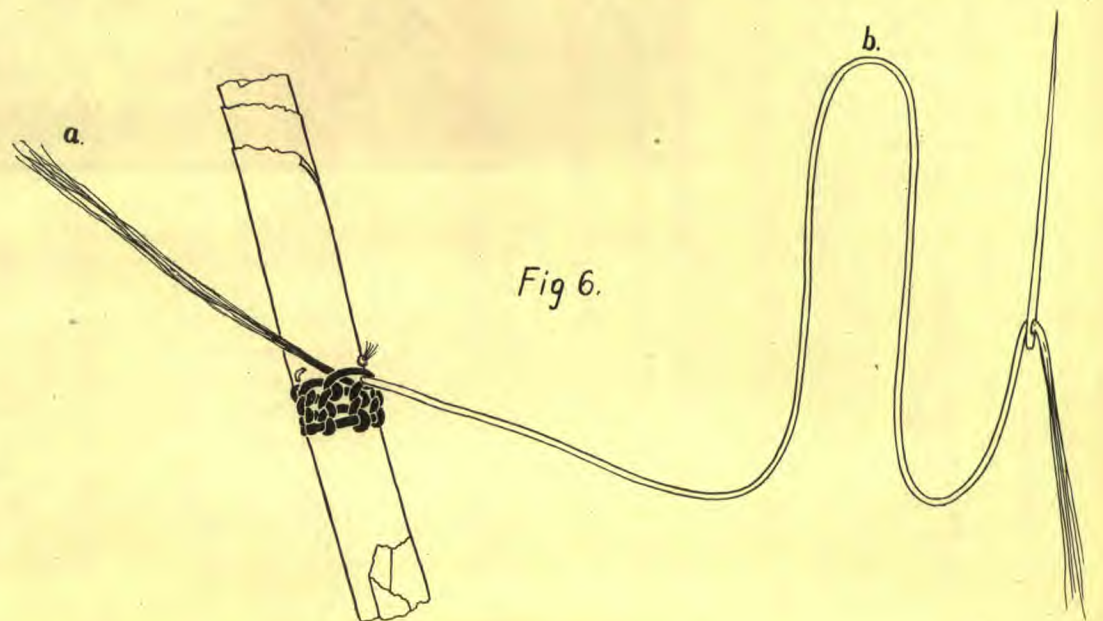
In the illustration of the watch-guard pub-

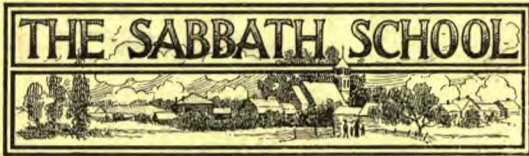


lished last week, you will remember there was a ring of this woven work uniting the two braids in the middle of the guard. This ring is intended to slide up and down; so of course the thread of which it is made must not be permanently fastened to the braids. Instead of this it is simply wrapped twice around the braids for a foundation upon which to begin the weaving; and after the work is finished, the projecting end is cut off.

This guard is intended to be worn around the neck, and it may be attached to the watch with a snap, such as those used on watch-chains, or the ring of the watch may be sprung from its place, slipped into the loop, and then sprung into position again.

J. EDGAR ROSS.





## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### IX—The Creation of Man

(May 31)

"AND God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it. . . . And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat; and it was so." Gen. 1:26-30.

"And [God] blessed them, and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created." Gen. 5:2.

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Gen. 2:7.

"The breath of the Almighty hath given me life." Job 33:4.

"Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust." Ps. 104:29.

Adam was the Son of God, made in the image of God, to be his dwelling-place. God did not make man's body to be a house for the man; but he made the man to be a house for his own Holy Spirit, that through man he himself might rule the earth with the gentle sway of love.

God himself gave a name to the first man. And not to the first man only, for he created him male and female, and called their name Adam. This, then, is the family name that God has given to man. It means "earth," and is to keep ever in our minds that we are only dust, with no more power in ourselves than the dust of the ground under our feet. The only thing that makes us any different from it is the Spirit of God, which knits our bodies together, and keeps us from crumbling into dust.

God breathed into Adam's nostrils his own breath; so we see that the air is "the breath of the Almighty," and his Spirit is in it to give us life. For what God did for the first man, he has done for every child of Adam.

Think of this as you draw in the life-giving breath—that the great God, your Creator and Father, is still breathing into your nostrils the breath of life, and that if he should stop doing this for a moment you would die. Strange and wonderful as it may seem to us that these bodies of ours are really formed from the little particles of the dust of the ground, this is very clearly seen when the breath of life is taken away; for they soon fall back into the dust out of which they were taken. How easily, then, we can see that we have no life of our own; but that in the breath that gives us life we are receiving life from the Fountain of life.

The blessing that God put upon all his other creatures, he put also upon man. He made him in his own image, male and female, and said, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." Every little child that has ever come into the world has been born by the power of this word of God. By it God's wonderful work of creation is still being carried on, and the earth filled with human beings bearing his likeness.

Besides the breath that we receive from God moment by moment, we need also food to nourish and build up our bodies. This, too, reminds us that we are dust; for since God made man from the dust of the ground, it is thence that all our food must come. But God works through the plants and trees, taking up the dust of the ground, changing it into beautiful forms, putting sweet flavors into it, and lovely colors upon it, making it "pleasant to the sight, and good for food;" and he gives it to us in the form of fruits, grains, and nuts.

God told man what was to be his food—everything bearing seed; while animals might eat

every green herb. It was not his plan that any of his creatures should feed upon one another, but all were to get their food from the vegetable kingdom.

You eat the food that God gives you every day, but do you ever think what a wonderful thing it is that this food should be changed into muscle, nerve, bone, brain, skin, and hair? It is the creative power of the word of God that does this work, taking the dust of the ground, and making man in God's image. For he has said of these fruits of the ground, "To you it shall be for meat."

Think of this every day when you eat the food he gives you, and trust in his power to create you in his likeness, not in outward form alone, but in the image of his purity and holiness.

#### Questions

1. What was the last thing that God created?
2. How did God say that man should be made?
3. Whose son was Adam?
4. Of what was he made?
5. How did God give him life?
6. Where did God breathe the breath of life?
7. What was the breath that God breathed into man's nostrils?
8. Then what is the air?
9. By what name did God call man? What is the meaning of his name?
10. What dominion did he give to them?
11. What was given to man for his food?
12. What did God say about the fruits of the ground that man might eat?
13. Why is the food that we eat changed into flesh and blood to make our bodies?
14. What was to be food for the beasts?
15. Was any creature given permission to eat another?
16. How are all things kept alive?
17. What would take place if God should take away his Spirit and breath?
18. Of what are we still being formed? how?
19. What does God do for every child that comes into the world?
20. What was it that made man in God's image? What is the word able to do for us to-day?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### IX—The Law of God in the Ark and in the Heart

(May 31)

MEMORY VERSE: "For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people." Heb. 8:10.

#### Synopsis

The tabernacle was built for the indwelling glory of God. Ex. 29:43. When it was reared up, a cloud of glory filled it (Ex. 40:34); fire descended from heaven upon the altar of sacrifice (Lev. 9:24), another manifestation of God's glory (verse 6); and in fact the whole place was so full of it that at first Moses could not enter in (Ex. 40:35), and God spoke with him from the door of the tabernacle. Lev. 1:1. All this was a visible manifestation of the One who went before Israel in a cloud by day, and a fire by night (Ex. 13:21); but his glory then was not so great as that of his latter house, in which he revealed himself in person. Haggai 2:9. "In the presence of Christ, and in this only, did the second temple exceed the first in glory." Some beheld it, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father. John 1:14.

The services of the first tabernacle were a promise and prophecy of the ministry of Christ. They were only a figure, for the time then present, of that greater service ministered by him in a greater and more perfect tabernacle,—that is to say, one not made with hands. Heb. 9:11. The tabernacle was the home of the ark (2 Sam. 7:2), and the ark was the receptacle for the law of God, the ten commandments. Deut. 10:3-6. It was regarded as the center of God's power and glory (1 Sam. 4:22), and all the services of the tabernacle had to do with the law which it contained; for all the sacrifices and offerings were offered for sin (Heb. 5:1), and "sin is the transgression of the law." 1 John 3:4. These services, then, were a figure of that mediatorial work of Christ through which the law is to be written in the heart of man. Heb. 8:6, 10. This was accomplished by his coming to earth, and taking the body prepared for him (Heb.

10:5), in which he performed the will of God, and in the heart of which was written God's law. Ps. 40:8. In Christ this law became the power of eternal life. Heb. 7:16.

God raised up a nation to live and teach this law to the world (Ps. 105:44, 45), and unto them first was sent his Son Jesus to bless them in turning them away from sin. Acts 3:25. To them were committed in a special manner the truths of the gospel (Rom. 9:4), and their whole experience was a preparation for the coming Messiah and his work as a Mediator. All the prophets taught this truth, and it was wrought out in their history. Acts 3:24.

When the people harkened to God's commandments, they were to be the head of all nations (Deut. 28:13); but upon their refusal to observe the words of his law, came national adversity. Vs. 58, 59. And even in the men whom God raised up to deliver his people when they turned to him, he was testifying to them and to the world of the salvation through the great Deliverer, who was to reveal himself in humanity. Deut. 18:15.

#### Questions

1. For what purpose was the tabernacle declared to be built?
2. How was this glory manifested when it was reared?
3. Whose glory was it?
4. When did he manifest greater glory than this, and in what way?
5. What prophecy shows this?
6. What did man behold in him?
7. Of what were the services of the tabernacle a figure?
8. Of what greater tabernacle was Christ a minister?
9. In what place in the first tabernacle did God put a special manifestation of his glory? Lev. 16:1. How was the ark regarded?
10. To what did all the offerings and sacrifices pertain? What scriptures show this?
11. By what special ministry of Christ's is the law to be inscribed in the heart as it was in the ark?
12. How has he already accomplished this?
13. What, then, does the law become when thus written in the heart?
14. What mission did God give to the nation Israel?
15. For what purpose was Jesus sent to them first? Who prophesied of this?
16. When the people harkened to God's law, what was the result?
17. What was the result of disobedience?
18. What testimony was borne by the men whom God raised up to deliver Israel?

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
 REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY  
 BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

**Subscription Rates:**

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$ .75
SIX MONTHS	.40
THREE MONTHS	.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25
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10 to 100 " " " "	.50
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**Sold Them by Correspondence**

A YOUNG woman employed by the Review and Herald Office took her quota of "Christ's Object Lessons," paid for them, and then began to plan to sell them. Two copies were sent to former friends, each with a letter telling about the book, and asking the receivers to purchase, and to recommend it to their friends. One of the persons so addressed responded by sending not only the amount to pay for her own copy, but the subscriptions of three of her friends who had become interested in the book through her efforts. Not only so, but she declared that she would further recommend the book among her friends and acquaintances. A later letter says that the prospect is good for selling four more copies, also one copy of "Desire of Ages."

All this shows plainly that the Lord has gone out before his people in this matter, and that all who take hold of this work with a determination to do their part will receive his blessing upon their efforts.

**A Letter**

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

I shall write to you this time in the form of a letter, because I wish to feel that I am addressing each youthful reader of the INSTRUCTOR personally. We have had such a treat at Berrien Springs that I wish all of you to know about it.

For a number of years it has been the custom for all the churches in the village to unite once each quarter for a service in the interest of temperance. These meetings are called the quarterly evangelical meetings of the W. C. T. U. On a recent Sunday night this service was conducted by Miss Lucy Page Gaston, and it was she who gave us the treat of which I will speak.

Miss Gaston is the prime mover in what is known as the Anti-Cigarette League, and her life is devoted to work for boys. Her home is in Chicago; and much of her work is carried on with the city newsboys, of whom there are hundreds and thousands. I can not tell you of her work in that city, although I should like to, but I can tell you where you can learn much about it. Miss Gaston is the editor of a monthly magazine called *The Boy*, and I will tell you plainly that I believe every boy and girl in America should read every issue of it.

Miss Gaston talked to the people of the village about the terrible effects of the cigarette habit, and told of the effort that the Chicago schools and

health officers are putting forth to stop it. She related many touching incidents; one I remember vividly. A young man called at her rooms in the Woman's Temple, Chicago, to give her the story of his life. He was the son of Christian parents, and had been well reared. When he entered Harvard, he found that in order to stand well with "the fellows," he must smoke. Thus he formed the cigarette habit. He was a stalwart, manly youth, with a strong constitution, and for some time no evil effects were apparent. He was graduated with some honor, and accepted a position as journalist on one of the leading New York papers. The future was promising. He commanded a good salary, and his services were in demand.

It became his habit each evening before beginning his "story" for the next day's paper, to roll sixty cigarettes, and place them on the table before him. By the time his story was written, the sixty cigarettes were smoked.

One day he was called into the presence of a high official of the nation, and offered a position as private secretary. The offer was a most flattering one, and promised the best of advantages. Before the contract was signed, the man into whose employ he hoped to enter, noticing the telltale stains of the cigarette on his fingers, asked him if he smoked; he replied that he did. "Then," said the official, "I can not sign the contract until you break the habit." The young man looked into Miss Gaston's face with tears in his eyes, and said: "I found that I could not quit. I went back to journalism. I continued to smoke, and to-day,"—and as he spoke the hectic flush burned on his cheek,—"to-day I am on my way to California. The physician tells me a change of climate may add a few weeks to my life. Cigarettes did it."

Monday morning Miss Gaston met the students of Emmanuel Missionary College at the chapel hour. Her talk was soul stirring as she told of the boys with whom she had pleaded on her knees to help them break the terrible habit.

When she asked for the hands of the young men who had never touched tobacco in any form, it was astonishing to see that not more than eight or twelve of our boys, brought up in Seventh-day Adventist homes, could respond. They do not use it now, to be sure, but some time or other they have tampered with the weed. A goodly number of students subscribed for *The Boy*, and the children of the church school volunteered to sell copies of *The Boy* each month, one hundred copies being their first order. This effort by the children was a surprise to Miss Gaston. When she was told more about our church-school work, and after visiting the farm where the summer school will be held, she said that she would surely arrange her program for the summer so as to be able to spend a part of her time at Berrien Springs. This will add to the pleasure and edification of those who attend the summer assembly.

I hope every boy and girl of the INSTRUCTOR family will seek to know more of the Anti-Cigarette League; for through this our children can reach and help a large class of other boys and girls. Do you wish to know more about the League? The editor of the INSTRUCTOR will be glad to have you write her, and then she will put you in touch with Miss Gaston and her work with *The Boy*.  
 M. BESSIE DE GRAW.

**The Instructor Mission Fund**

Is generously remembered this week by the following persons, whose gifts will give a good start toward paying for the club that goes to India next year:—

Mrs. Wm. A. Turner	\$2 00
Dora Brown	80
Neva E. Hart	1 40
Mrs. N. S. Hallock	1 20
Mrs. L. C. Johnson	50
Total	\$5 90



**WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.**

TO RENOVATE THE WHITE HOUSE.—An appropriation of thirty thousand dollars has been made by Congress for the renovation and partial re-furnishing of the White House.

RECENT DEATHS.—Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson died in Washington, May 6, after a protracted illness. At his country home near London, Francis Brete Harte, the noted writer, died on May 5; and Archbishop Corrigan, head of the Roman Catholic diocese of New York, passed away on the same day. On Sunday, May 4, Potter Palmer, the well-known business man of Chicago, died.

NEW POSTAL CARD RULING.—The latest edition of the postal regulations contains a new ruling to the effect that hereafter government postal cards which are bronzed, enameled, or in any other way defaced, lose their character as postal cards, and become subject to ordinary letter postage when containing a written message, or to third-class postage when bearing printed messages. Recent disclosures of a gigantic system of counterfeiting postal cards is supposed to have given rise to the new law.

THE HEART OF THE HAILSTONE.—If it were not for the countless trillions of dust particles that float, separately invisible, in the atmosphere, there could be no rain-drops, snow crystals, nor hailstones. From a perfectly dustless atmosphere the moisture would descend in ceaseless rain without drops. The dust particles serve as nuclei, about which the vapor gathers. The snow crystal is the most beautiful creation of the aerial moisture, and the hailstone is the most extraordinary. The heart of every hailstone, as Mr. Arthur H. Bell shows in *Knowledge*, is a tiny atom of dust. Such an atom, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ from which may grow a hailstone, capable of felling a man or smashing a window. But first it must be caught up by a current of air, and carried to the level of the lofty cirrus clouds, five or six or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing by fresh accessions of moisture, it begins its long plunge to the earth, spinning through the clouds, and flashing in the sun like a diamond bolt shot from a rainbow.

RECENT EARTHQUAKES.—It is reported that the central cone on Mt. Vesuvius collapsed on Friday evening, May 2, "so that a large gap is now seen toward Pompeii," and that "long and deep cracks have made their appearance along the sides of the volcano." It is feared that this collapse will soon be followed by serious volcanic manifestations, and more or less alarm is felt by the people living in the vicinity of the mountain. During the first week in May the volcano on Mount Pelée, on the Island of Martinique, inactive since 1851, suddenly belched forth smoke, ashes, and flame; and St. Pierre, the principal town of the island, was covered with ashes to the depth of a quarter of an inch. A number of persons lost their lives, and cable communication with the island was interrupted. But all former eruptions pale into insignificance before the awful disaster that occurred here a few days later, at which time a rain of fire from the volcano swept down upon the town, completely wiping it out, and with few exceptions destroying the shipping in the harbor. At this writing it is estimated that as many as twenty-five thousand persons perished.