

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### Let Me Help You

"LET me help you," is a saying  
That is not too widely known  
In a world so busy paying  
Heed to little but its own.  
When some comrade falters blindly,  
Let us say it, sweetly, kindly.

"Let me help you," opens many  
Doors and windows to the sun;  
Bars and bolts, when there are any,  
Give way surely, one by one.  
Walls and towers of fear are broken  
When these gentle words are spoken.  
—Frank Walcott Hutt.

### The Land of Warm Winters and Cool Summers

Most places that have the advantage of mild winters have also the disadvantage of excessive heat in summer; but nature seems especially to favor San Diego, California, in this matter. During the last ten years there have been, on an average, only three days in each year that were entirely without sunshine. According to United States Signal Service reports, this region possesses the mildest and most equable climate in this country, and perhaps in the world, the average difference between the temperature of summer and winter being only about ten degrees. On the tenth of February I noticed ripe strawberries in one of the gardens. This shows how little winter means in this section.

San Diego is situated in the extreme southwestern corner of the United States, the hills within the Mexican line being in plain view only a few miles away. It was here that the Spanish missionaries settled in 1769, and established the first of that remarkable series of old missions, the ruins of which are scattered all up and down the California coast. Two of its ancient bells, which were cast in Spain over a century ago, now hang in front of a more modern church, built on a former mission site in the Old Town portion of San Diego.

As the rainfall is very limited here, it is necessary to depend almost entirely upon irrigation; but when this Western country is well irrigated, magnificent crops are produced. In some cities on the Coast, permanent exhibits of the various farm products are maintained in a public place, that visitors may see in a few moments the possibilities afforded by that section in this direction.

In the tent colony on Coronado Beach just across the bay from San Diego, a thousand persons are sometimes in camp at the same time. The grounds are lighted with electric lights, and otherwise supplied with all that is necessary to

make a tent colony pleasant, healthful, and desirable. In the distance is a view of Hotel Del Coronado, said to be the largest resort hotel in the world. It is built in a rectangle, with an open court in the middle, thus covering and inclosing several acres. The beach in front is magnificent, and furnishes an admirable bathing place. One meets in this hotel renowned men and women from all parts of the world. Here, too, come the rich and the idle, who seem to vie with one another as to who shall display the largest number of costly jewels and the most elaborate and fashionable garments.

A sharp contrast with this scene of vanity and gayety is found only a few miles away, in the surf scene at La Jolla. This is grand beyond description, and to one who gazes upon it re-

in the sunbeam, in the flash of lightning, the roar of the thunder, and the gentle breeze, as well as in what we are accustomed to regard as his more wonderful works; and wherever he is, there is beauty.  
DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

### The Lesson of the Wilderness

It would be hard to find anywhere in history a young man who started out with better prospects of success than Moses. He was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds. Contrary to all the customs of that time, which held that an Egyptian must rule in Egypt, King Pharaoh loved Moses so much that he was determined to make him heir to the throne; and we can readily believe, from what we know of him, that as a king he would have been second to no ruler in any time or in any land. But God had chosen Moses for a higher service than Pharaoh could bestow. He had adopted him into the great family of the King of kings, and the lesser glories of Egypt did not attract him.

As we see how grandly Moses was equipped for his life-work, it seems strange to read that his whole mission to the world came near being a failure. But such is the case.

God sent word to Israel that Moses should deliver them from bondage. Moses, too, knew this was to be his life-work, and as he saw himself growing up in strength and wisdom, he had confidence in himself that he could deliver God's people. I have no doubt he often wondered when he should begin. No doubt as forty years went slowly by, he thought, not realizing that God was waiting for him to learn the lesson of humility and meekness, that he was wasting lots of time. It seemed to him that he was ready to undertake the work of delivering Israel. So he became impatient, and started out with his own plan. He killed an Egyptian first, thinking to show the Israelites that he was ready to lead them against the oppressor. But they did not understand; and Moses was compelled to flee for his life, thinking, no doubt, that his mission to the world was a complete failure. We can imagine

something of the bitterness and loneliness he must have felt away off there in the wilderness of Midian,—he, who had been reared in a king's palace, and honored by a whole nation.

But as the years passed, and Moses thought about his mistake, and what caused it, he learned the lesson that God was trying to teach him, and became so little in his own eyes, of a humility so genuine, that he has since been known as the meekest man who ever lived. All thought of greatness was forgotten: he was willing to serve God as a poor shepherd. Then God, seeing that



SURF SCENE AT LA JOLLA

erently, it must always give new views of the power of God.

A few rods farther up the beach, the ceaseless washing of the ocean waves has worn away portions of the softer rock, thus creating caves, natural bridges, and other striking effects, which leave a picture on the mind that time does not efface.

While all may never have an opportunity to look upon these enchanting scenes, we may all learn to see the beauties in the place where we are. God is revealed in the glistening dewdrop,

Moses was ready for the work, told him to go and deliver Israel. Did Moses say, "Yes, Lord, I am all ready now. I've been thinking it all over, and I'm sure I have a plan that will work this time?"—No, indeed! He said, "Who am I, that I should go?" It was only after God had promised time after time to be with him every step of the way that he finally consented to go. He had learned the great lesson at last.

Let us notice the lesson for a moment. After his first failure, not a single step would Moses take till God said, distinctly, "I will send thee unto Pharaoh," and, "certainly I will be with thee." God wrote that lesson for our learning. The Lord will teach us just as clearly as he did Moses. He showed himself to Moses in the burning bush, and talked to him face to face. To us he says: "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." Think of it! God wants to manifest himself to us no less than he did to Moses. Let us not be satisfied till he fulfills his promise.

There are many other lessons that might be learned from the forty years in the wilderness, but this is the great lesson. It is the one that the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, was written to teach,—that "the just shall live by faith,"—by Christ's faith. That was what Moses learned during his stay in the land of Midian. He is called the type of Christ because he learned the lesson of humility, and it brought Christ into his life.

EDISON DRIVER.



From Correspondence to the Mission Board  
**Facing the Orient**

OUR first sight of the "Celestial Empire" was at Wusung, a small city at the mouth of the Yangtse. But for the current outward, the river here might be taken for an arm of the sea, so broad is the stream. At the time of our arrival, the waters of the ocean were discolored for two hundred miles out into the deep by the discharge of its yellowish, clayey flood.

Shanghai lies twelve miles inland, on the Hwangpu, the southern estuary of the Yangtse. Twenty-five years ago the Hwangpu opposite the site of Shanghai was eighteen hundred feet wide. At the present time it has narrowed to twelve hundred feet. On account of a bar at the entrance to the channel, ocean steamers are unable to enter the river. This is a source of heavy loss to merchants and shipowners, as all freight and passengers must be transported by smaller boats. Occasionally a heavy tide enables large vessels to float over the bar, and reach the docks or shipyards; but, once there, they must wait for a similar tide to carry them out to sea.

Wusung, being on the sea, and of somewhat more sanitary surroundings than Shanghai, is coming to be used as a place of summer residence for Europeans. During our stay at this place we were advised that a sanitarium at Wusung could be made to do good service for missionaries.

The course of the river from Wusung to Shanghai is through a low, level plain occupied by rice fields and vegetable gardens. All along the low banks may be seen the small thatched or plam-leaf lodges of fishermen, with bamboo poles set for game. The river itself is fairly alive with curious old junks propelled by sail and oars, so antique in appearance as to give one

the impression that somehow the dial of the ages has suddenly and mysteriously been set back at least fifteen hundred years.

The city of Shanghai, with its population of certainly more than four hundred thousand souls, lies in the heart of a vast plain so fertile as to be called "the garden of China." The population in this section is very dense, eight hundred inhabitants to the square mile not being thought too high an estimate. The soil produces rice, cotton, grains, and all common vegetables, including potatoes and yams. Of the fruits, peaches, plums, strawberries, medlars, and persimmons are common. Apples, pears, and grapes are brought down from the northern provinces, and tropical fruits are imported from the south.

#### Shanghai the Trade Center of the Empire

Manufactories have been crippled by the opposition of native authorities to foreign companies, and especially to the importation of machinery; but at the close of the war in 1895 the Japanese secured the insertion in the treaty of a clause specially authorizing the importation of machinery. As a consequence, large cotton factories, operating from forty thousand to sixty thousand spindles each, have been established under the auspices of foreigners. To supply the demand for the raw product, the rice fields are being pushed farther away from Shanghai, and cotton plantations are taking their place. The vessel



THE EMPEROR OF CHINA

in which we sailed carried a large cargo of baled cotton, part of which was delivered in Japan and part in China. The best China-made silks come from Shanghai looms, and this industry is on the increase. Immense quantities of raw silk are exported. In manufactories Shanghai is the rival of Bombay. Besides, it is the emporium for the trade of Yangtse, northern, and Korean ports, and to some extent for Japan. I may say on good authority that more than half the whole trade of China in foreign vessels belongs to Shanghai, which is known as "the commercial metropolis of China."

MRS. J. N. ANDERSON.

#### The Need of the Hour

THE needs of the hour are great; and far above all other things we need an army of workers qualified by the Holy Spirit, as Jesus was, to serve their fellow men. Some one has said, "If one half the time we spend in praying for the Spirit were spent in fulfilling the conditions upon which it is promised, we should have much more of it." When all the people are ready to be used by the Spirit in any place where duty calls them, the latter rain will fall, the gospel will quickly go to all nations, and the great day of our deliverance will be ushered in.

E. R. PALMER.

### IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

#### A Christlike Name

HE who would contented be  
Little slights must never see.  
Putting self in second place  
Yields a wealth of gentle grace  
Nothing else can ever give.  
He who would contented live  
Will be patient, though forgot,  
Claim no homage for his lot,  
Find in crowns which others win  
Joy reflected. To have been  
Self-forgetting and content,—  
When the fires of time are spent,  
This will leave, spelled out in flame,  
The record of a Christlike name.

—George Klinge.

#### An Unselfish Boy

THIS little story is told of a spelling-class in China:—

The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next him. The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying, "No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart solly."

That little act implied great self-denial, yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the quick remark, "He do all same as Jesus' golden rule."

#### The Danger of Self-Confidence

EVERY day the youth are exposed to the perils of self-confidence. The enemy knows how to work most effectually to cripple their usefulness. He tries to fill their minds with thoughts of themselves, of their knowledge, of what they are able to accomplish. And with many he succeeds. Filled with self-sufficiency, they make no effort to correct the objectionable traits of character that have been handed down to them as a birth-right. They feel that they need no cautions. They are constantly making mistakes, but when corrected, they show impatience. "Pride compasseth them about." They think that by their course they are raising themselves in the estimation of others, but how greatly they mistake! The self-conceited youth gains little respect. It is reticence and modesty that win respect.

It is the superficial thinker who deems himself wise. Men of solid worth and high attainments are generally most ready to admit the weakness of their own understanding. Humility is the constant attendant of true wisdom.

I entreat our youth to guard against boastfulness and conceit. When placed in positions of responsibility, how many persons of great natural ability have fallen, while in the same position men of less ability and less education have succeeded. The reason is that the former trusted in themselves, while the latter trusted in Him who is wonderful in counsel and mighty in power.

Before honor is humility. To fill a high place before men, Heaven chooses the worker, who, like John the Baptist, takes a lowly place before God. Simplicity, self-forgetfulness, self-distrust, are attributes that Heaven values. These are the characteristics of real greatness.

The youth have many difficult lessons to learn before they are prepared for usefulness. In order to be fitted to fill positions of trust, they must submit to the stern teaching of rebuff and disappointment. Days of suffering are necessary to teach wisdom.

For the self-confident there is a lesson in the

history of the apostle Peter. In his early discipleship, Peter thought himself strong. When on the eve of betrayal, Christ forewarned his disciples, "All ye shall be offended because of me this night," Peter confidently declared, "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended." Peter did not know his own danger. Self-confidence misled him. He thought himself able to withstand temptation; but in a few short hours the test came, and with cursing and swearing he denied his Lord.

When the crowing of the cock reminded him of the words of Christ, surprised and shocked at what he had just done, he turned and looked at his Master. At this moment, Christ looked upon Peter; and beneath that grieved look, in which compassion and love were blended, Peter understood himself. He went out, and wept bitterly.

The evil that led to Peter's fall is proving the ruin of thousands to-day. There is nothing so offensive to God, or so dangerous to the soul, as pride and self-sufficiency.

The nearer we come to Jesus, and the more clearly we discern the purity of his character, the more clearly shall we see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the less shall we feel like exalting ourselves. Those whom Heaven recognizes as holy ones are the last to parade their own goodness. Men who have lived near to God, men who would sacrifice life itself rather than knowingly commit a wrong act, men whom God has honored with divine light and power, have confessed the sinfulness of their own nature. They have put no confidence in the flesh, have claimed no righteousness of their own, but have trusted wholly in the righteousness of Christ. So will it be with all who behold the Saviour.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### She Could Not Forget

"THE case certainly looks very black for me, Miss Blanchard. I don't see how you can help believing that I stole that essay, but *I didn't!*"

The speaker was a sophomore in a woman's college, and was as pretty and frank-looking a girl as one would wish to see. The teacher paused a full minute before she spoke. Finally she said: "That settles the matter, Charlotte. Your word is the ultimate appeal in the case. I shall never mention the matter to any one else, nor to you again. Destroy the essay, and forget it—if you can."

So the long and painful interview came to an end. Miss Blanchard registered in her thought another failure. The "deadly parallel column" had proved to her beyond a doubt that the theme had been stolen, and the girl had added to the theft a persistent lie.

Miss Blanchard was tempted to doubt for the moment the wisdom of her theory,—that, for a girl, conviction without confession is of no effect in the creation of character.

Two years and a half went by. Commencement and Charlotte Hubbard's graduation were but a week away. Her course had been creditably finished. She had won honors. She was respected and admired by her classmates. Her future seemed assured.

Yet unclouded as her present and future seemed to be, she knocked one afternoon at Miss Blanchard's door, and her face told her story before she could command her voice.

"I have been trying to tell you the truth every day for more than two years, Miss Blanchard. That essay was not mine. What shall I do?"

So conscience conquered. Time and the one inexorable judge had wrought their saving work. At last the tortured girl was ready to brave any penalty, face any shame, to escape the one intolerable pain, the accusing inner voice—which yet had saved her, and made her from a reckless girl into a truth-loving woman.—*Selected.*



#### A Little Plant

A LITTLE plant  
Trembling with green and gold,  
That grew aslant  
A mound of quickened mold,  
Was deemed a weed, and so  
It fell before the hoe.

Yet all man's art,  
Fine wit, and fertile brain  
Could not impart  
Life to that plant again.  
'Twas in his way; and so  
It fell before the hoe.

How many things  
All tremulous with joy,  
Plants and blossomings,  
We recklessly destroy.  
They feed no mouths, and so  
They fall before the hoe.  
—*Springfield Republican.*

#### Anemone Patens

##### Wild Pasqueflower

DESCRIPTION.—Corolla absent; sepals five to seven; flowers purplish or whitish, one inch or more across, and borne singly on erect, silky-hairy stems from three to six inches high, which spring from a woody rootstock. Involucre sessile and cup-shaped, its upper part consisting of many narrow divisions. Leaves radical, twice or thrice ternately divided, and not developed until after the plant has blossomed.

In this description we have one new botanical expression,—"twice or thrice ternately divided." A leaf that consists of more than one lobe, with the incisions extending either to the base of the leaf or to the midrib, is said to be divided. If the lobes are three in number, it is trisected, or ternately divided. Each of these lobes may consist of three divisions, in which case it is twice ternately divided. In some cases this branching process is carried further, and each secondary lobe is again separated in three parts, constituting a thrice ternately divided leaf.

Divided leaves bear a close resemblance to compound leaves, and, in fact, there is no absolute distinction between compound leaves and



Leaf of  
*Anemone Patens*

divided simple leaves. If the separate pieces of which the leaf is composed have distinct petioles of their own, and are attached by means of joints to the main petiole, just as the latter is to the stem, the leaf is always regarded as compound. Otherwise it may be classed either as a divided simple leaf or as a compound leaf.

This species of anemone is known as the American Pasqueflower, because it is peculiar to America. A very similar one, however, grows wild in Europe and Siberia.

The pasqueflower does not grow in the eastern United States, but is found from Illinois north and west. It is one of the earliest spring flowers, blossoming during the last of March or early in April. On the rocky hillsides of Colorado it grows in great abundance.

The fruit cluster consists of a head of acheniums with long, silky tails. The thick underground stem, with its buds and scale-like leaves, affords an excellent example of the rootstock, or rhizome.

The plant is easily recognized by its peculiar involucre and its thick covering of silky hairs.

B. E. CRAWFORD.

#### The Two Faucets

##### A Study of Water Pressure

AT our hillside home are two faucets connected with the town waterworks pipes. One is down in the garden, and to this the hose is attached for watering the plants. The other is up at the house, and is the main supply for domestic uses, watering the horse and cow, etc.

The faucet at the house gives off its water at a level several feet higher than the one in the garden. When the water is allowed to run from the open hose, as we sometimes use it in watering the larger beds and clumps of shrubbery, the water in the upper faucet will not run. The reason for this is that the tank that supplies the water is at an altitude so slightly above our place that the water-pressure does not carry the stream strongly enough to fill both faucets. When the sprinkler is put on the lower

hose, however, it shuts off the free flow of water somewhat, and then the upper one gives a stream, though with greatly diminished power.

We have been studying in the Sabbath-school and elsewhere about God's being the source of all power, and that every act of our lives is performed by power that comes from him; for in him "we live, and move, and have our being." His life, like the water in the pipes, is the motive power and life in us. Only our wills are left free to determine whether the acts we perform shall be good or evil; whether he shall be the Christ found within, "the hope of glory," or whether he shall be made to "serve with our sins."

In order to receive the power of God in most abundant measure, all the lower faucets of our nature must be closed. "Ye can not serve God and mammon." All secret as well as open sins must be put away, and the faucet turned hard upon them, that there be no leaks. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice." We must put away pride, idolatry, worldliness, vanity, and folly, as well as the grosser sins. The seed that fell among thorns may have fallen into good ground; but as it



grew, it became entangled. So with one who becomes engrossed with the things of this world. "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life." Why not?—"That he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."

The lower faucets of our nature are love of self and of the world. Some are content to keep most of the pressure upon these lower faucets, and get but a dribble of spiritual life and power; others keep everything wide open below, and get no spiritual good. Let us who are enrolled under the blood-stained banner of Him who has chosen us to be his soldiers, close up the lower faucets, that the pressure of spiritual power may be great. Then let us keep wide open the channels that connect us with God, and allow his power and love to work out through us to our fellow men.

E. L. PAULDING.



#### The Standard

WHEN I can say at set of sun:  
"Each deed in love was wrought,  
Nor harshness nor uncharity  
Hath marred one inward thought,"  
Then may I on the judgment seat  
With cold, impartial mind,  
All deeds unloving swift condemn,—  
When I am always kind!

When I am faithful to my friends,  
Always and everywhere,  
And when my feet are never lured  
Into Deception's snare;  
When from the Right I never swerve,  
Nor need my faith renew,  
Disloyal ones let me condemn,—  
When I am always true!

Ah, soul of mine! be on thy guard,  
Lest, casting the first stone  
Against thy erring brother's fault,  
Thou shalt condemn thine own;  
When thou art perfect, be the judge  
Of his imperfectness;  
Till then, shall not thy prating tongue  
Be silent save to bless?

—Well Spring.

#### Our Present Privilege

WE are accustomed, when we read or hear the accounts of wars and rumors of wars, of increasing famines, plagues, and earthquakes, to regard all these things as signs of the soon coming of our Lord. And such indeed they are. In a recent talk on the signs of the times to the Young People's Society of Battle Creek, Elder Spicer, speaking of the recent disaster in the West Indies, and our neglected opportunity in St. Pierre, directed the attention of his hearers to the solemn fact that these things are signs of that event to the people among whom they occur as well as to us, and that we are held responsible before God to let them know what these things mean. He continued:—

When the plague came to Calcutta, and the authorities announced a house-to-house visitation, thousands of people fled in terror, some carrying little personal belongings; the servants, with a few household goods packed on their heads, running with their masters; women who, perhaps, had never appeared in the streets before, hastening afoot through crowded ways to get to the railway station. And after every available space in the trains was crowded, multitudes were fleeing through the country roads—anywhere to get away.

The authorities sent out proclamations by criers and drummers. The drummer would stand

on a street corner and drum until a crowd gathered, and then the crier announced to the people that they need not be afraid of either plague or sanitary inspection, and might settle down.

The calamities of which we read mean to us that the Lord is coming. Is it not about time that we get in among the people who are looking at these things every day, who themselves are living in dread, looking for that which is coming upon the earth? Is it not time that we go to them, and tell them that these things are a sign that Jesus is coming,—that they need not be afraid, for they can put their trust in him?

Miss Burrus one day visited an Indian zenana, where the woman went out and called all her neighbors, saying: "Come in and hear what the *mem* says. Their Jesus is coming, and the famine and plague and earthquake and war are signs that he is coming soon. You come in and hear what the *mem* says." They did so, and talked it in their families and in the community.

#### Unrest in the East

There is a feeling abroad among the people of the East that something tremendous is about to happen. They themselves say it must be the end of the age. The Mohammedans expect the Messiah, the Hindus another reincarnation of Krishna, or some other great event.

The Lord is by his grace preparing the way before us—and yet the world's great fields beyond are largely unoccupied. The one thing is to arouse the people at home, and to go ourselves into the field. We may quickly fill the whole earth. We young people need not lay plans to settle down and have a home,—a house and lot in Battle Creek,—and think this thing must go on another twenty-five years. I am glad that those of us who are young and strong may rise up and say, "We are going to the world with this message." Let us do it. The Lord will help us to find a way out. He rolls this burden upon our young people.

The people are stirred. The Lord is working upon hearts, and he is getting people ready to go. I recently visited Union College, where there were about three hundred young people, getting ready to go into the work—and they *are* going. After our union conference meeting in Des Moines, and we had gone on to Topeka, I received an invitation to stop in Iowa again, on my return journey, to talk with some who were seriously considering going to the fields at their own charge. We may count upon one well-qualified worker, at least, among these, who proposes to go to India soon. I got a letter yesterday from a sister saying she had long felt impressed that she ought to go to India, and the Lord had just "marvelously and miraculously," as she put it, opened the way so that she could go, paying her own way.

#### The Work before Us

This world is bound to be warned. The Lord is going to help us do it. He is the strength and the resource. Let us remember in Battle Creek that we are getting ready to go, and let us take on the burden of prayer for the work in the regions beyond.

Fifteen years ago I went away from this town, and first got acquainted with Europe. There was Portugal, and not a soul of us in it at that time; Spain, and nothing done in it at all by us; Italy—nothing at all doing there; Greece, with not a representative of the message in all its borders,—millions of people easy of access, nothing to hinder our entering in.

I am home again, and associated with the Mission Board. As I have passed some of these countries on the boat, I have seen their green hillsides, beautiful seaboard towns, splendid countries to work in. How is it now, in this year 1902?—We have not a soul in Portugal, not a soul in Spain, not a soul in all southern Italy, not a soul in Greece! And yet God has given us a message

to take to the world quickly! He has told us to hurry, because the people are perishing. O, we must get up and *do* this work, and we *can* do it.

I expect God will show many of the young people how to go into these fields themselves. The Mission Board is not some supernatural agency that knows just how to do the work, and is going to see that it is done. We know such a little bit about this world, and how to get into it. We are just as you are, God's servants, pledged to this thing, and we are praying the Lord to help us to find the means and the workers to go. Let us as a people unite to seek God to help us to enter in through the doors that are opened on every hand.

You can do a great deal by talking these things right here in Battle Creek. Perhaps many of you came from country churches; just write them that the time has come for a new thing in this world—that now we are to rise up, and actually take upon ourselves the burden of warning the world. Stir up everybody you know about it. You do not know what little effort in faith may accomplish some great end.

Here is the place to begin, for here is where we are. God calls us to service. Let us throw ourselves into this blessed work without reserve.

#### June Study of the Field

(June 14)

1. OPENING EXERCISES.—Singing. Prayer. Responsive Scripture Reading. Isaiah 54.

2. Field Study:—

(a) The Neglected Continent, touching area; population; countries entered by the third angel's message; those unentered; number of missionaries; work for the Indians.

(b) Religious Conditions of the South American Continent, showing particularly why this field should have immediate attention.

(c) Facing the Orient. Mention also the present condition of China, and why the call to enter this field now is so imperative.

(d) India; her great need; the Parsees, and the work that appeals to them; reports of progress.

(e) Monthly Survey of the Field, noting new fields entered; new Sabbathkeepers reported; churches organized, and other encouraging facts, also special needs and appeals for help.

3. Closing Exercises:—

(a) Reading or address by the leader. "Face to Face with Solemn Obligations." *Review and Herald*, May 20, page 4.

(b) Consecration Service.

NOTE.—The study this month is based upon articles which have appeared in the *Review and Herald* and the *INSTRUCTOR* during the months of April and May. From this time forward the basis of the study each month will be found in the monthly issues of these two periodicals.

E. H.

#### From Joplin, Missouri

WE have a Young People's Society of fourteen members, with a regular attendance of twenty-five. We hope to have more members soon. The workers are divided into three classes:—

1. Visiting Committee,—those who visit the poor, aged, and sick.

2. Distributing Literature,—those who sell, loan, and give away papers, and also leave papers at the jail.

3. The Reserves,—those who are ready for any kind of work.

SUE BELLER.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## A Grown-up Sister

A GROWN-UP sister's good to have.  
When I come home from school,  
We take our books out on the porch,  
To learn the last new rule;  
And when our lessons all are learned,  
We to the garden hie,  
To watch the ant, the bee, the bird,  
And painted butterfly.

A grown-up sister's good to have.  
On dark and stormy days  
She sings me songs, she tells me tales,  
And teaches me new plays.  
She shows me how to knit and sew,—  
Such arts she understands,—  
And willingly lays down her work  
To guide my clumsy hands.

A grown-up sister's good to have.  
I am so glad for mine;  
Her voice is low, and soft, and sweet,  
Her eyes with love-light shine;  
So all her gentle ways I watch,  
And like her try to do;  
Because some day I'm going to be  
A grown-up sister, too.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## Kept for the Master's Use

WHAT are your hands for—  
little hands?  
"To do each day the Lord's  
commands."

What are your feet for—  
busy feet?  
"To run on errands true and  
fleet."

What are your lips for—  
rosy, sweet?  
"To speak kind words to all I  
meet."

What are your eyes for—  
starry bright?  
"To be the mirrors of God's  
light."

—Selected.

## Willing Hands

"PRUDY, don't you suppose  
you could iron some of those  
dresses well enough?"

"I don't know," answered  
Prudy, in an uncertain tone.  
"I'm afraid not, grandma."  
The voice grew more hesitating  
as the little girl looked at the  
pile of dampened clothes, and  
then at sister May, with doll  
Rosy dressed in her best gown  
and hat. "You know I don't  
iron very well, and — and —"

Grandma looked up, and  
Prudy's wistful look and quiver-  
ing lip finished the sentence.

"Well, run on and play. It  
isn't right to keep you working  
all the time." Grandma's voice  
was kind, but it sounded tired, and there was a  
sigh she could not help, as Prudy snatched up  
her bonnet, and bounded off to join May and  
Rosy on their walk.

It was a holiday. The little girls had worked  
all the forenoon, and had done a great deal for  
eight- and ten-year-olds. They had ironed a  
large pile of towels, napkins, and handkerchiefs,  
besides washing dishes, helping get dinner, and  
taking the many steps which fall to the lot of  
little folks. After dinner they had cleared the  
table, washed, and put away the dishes,—not

even a skillet was left uncared for,—brushed the  
stove, and swept the floor. It really did seem as  
if they had earned their play-spell.

How they did long to run, jump, and climb  
trees! And now the time had come. Grandma  
had said, "Run on and play," and away they  
flew to the big apple-tree where there was a  
swing, wide enough for two, and a "play" ham-  
mock for Rosy. They picked blossoms, and  
trimmed Rosy's hammock and dress, and swung  
her to sleep; then they climbed the tree to peep  
into a half-finished nest, over which Mistress  
Robin scolded and chirped. Then they put blos-  
soms in their hair and on their dresses, and  
settled down for a swing, as happy as the birds  
themselves.

Happy as the birds?

Did any little bird in that orchard have some-  
thing whispering in its ear about a tired grand-  
ma and a pile of unironed clothes? There was  
such a voice whispering somewhere, and after  
a while the swing stopped with a jerk, and little  
May was startled by the sudden exclamation: "I

and baby's, and we've got it to do. Suppose,"  
and the earnest voice fell lower, "suppose she  
couldn't take care of us—then what? Don't  
you remember when mama died, and we cried  
and were so lonely till grandma came? Then  
papa said, 'Mother, do you feel that you can  
take the burden of my family on your shoulders?'  
and she said, 'I'll try, Rob, but I can't do it all.'  
Papa told her we were able and willing to work,  
and I promised I'd do every bit I possibly could  
— and I didn't do it to-day. You and Rosy may  
stay and play, and I'll go and iron."

"No, I'll go too," said May. "I can help some  
way."

The two girls slipped quietly into the house.  
There was no one to be seen, not a sound was  
heard, and, half-frightened, May whispered to  
Prudy, "S'posin' we hadn't any grandma?"

But grandma was all right. She had lain down  
with baby Nell a minute till the little one would  
fall asleep—just a minute! But poor grandma  
was so tired and worn out that she fell asleep  
herself, and both were resting sweetly.

Prudy shut the door, filled  
the stove with cobs, put the  
irons on, and soon two little  
girls were busily and quietly  
at work. May forgot all about  
the forsaken swing, and no  
more whisperings troubled  
Prudy.

"I almost thought to-day I  
should have to give it up,"  
said grandma to papa that  
night. "Nell had been rest-  
less, and I was so tired!—I  
actually went to sleep and  
slept for almost two hours. I  
was frightened when I woke  
up, and thought of the work  
undone. But what do you  
think? The ironing was all  
finished, supper ready, and the  
house as neat as a pin. Pretty  
soon I won't have anything to  
do but be taken care of."—  
*Happy Hours.*

## Country Spectacles

TOM and Harry had been  
in the country less than a  
week, when one day they came  
into the sitting-room, and  
threw themselves discontent-  
edly upon the carpet.

"What's the matter, boys?"  
asked grandma. "You look  
almost as much out of sorts  
as your father did one time  
when he was a little boy, and  
was chased around the yard by  
a turkey gobbler."

They brightened up a little  
at this, and made her tell the  
story. But when she finished, they fell back into  
their former attitudes of listless dejection.

"It's so awful poky in the country," com-  
plained Tom. "I don't see what makes father  
like it. There's no boys to play with, no people  
flying 'round—no nothing. It's just stagnation."

Harry mumbled a dolorous assent.

"You didn't bring your country spectacles  
along," said grandma. "Of course you can't ex-  
pect to see without them."

They stared at her questioningly.

"You are wearing city ones now," she went



SHE SHOWS ME HOW TO KNIT AND SEW

just can't stand it! I'm going to the house."

"Stand what, Prudy? Am I crowding?" asked  
puzzled May, edging over to her side of the  
swing.

"No; it's grandma. I've got to iron those  
clothes."

"But we did iron a whole lot, and grandma  
said it wasn't right for us to work all the time."

"I know—and maybe it isn't. But it isn't  
any righter for her to work all the time. She's  
tired, and I know it. And I can iron those  
dresses—I just didn't want to. They're ours,

on, placidly, "and can see nothing but the bustle and confusion of streets. When people change their residence, they should always change their spectacles."

Harry looked blank, but Tom's eyes began to gleam with an inkling of her meaning.

"Don't believe we could see much with country ones here," he muttered.

Grandma affected not to notice.

Suddenly Harry rose to a sitting posture, and began to sniff the air suspiciously.

"Ain't Hannah making cookies?" he asked, eagerly.

"I shouldn't wonder." Grandma sewed on composedly, and Harry's eyes grew bigger and bigger. Why didn't she tell him to run and get some? he thought, impatiently.

At last her thread ran out, and she reached across to a spool on the window-sill, and broke off a new piece.

"If you boys are willing to enter my service for, say, half an hour," she said, "you may then take some cookies and go down to the brook for the rest of the forenoon."

They were on their feet in an instant. Evidently they were energetic enough if they knew what to do.

"What is it, grandma? Of course we will!" they cried.

"Very well. Now I like to know what is happening outside, but I am so busy to-day that I will depend on you for the news. Harry, you go and sit under the big apple-tree, and watch everything going on. See what the birds are doing, and how many varieties there are, and how many houses they are building in the tree. Watch the ants going up and down the trunk, and see what sort of work they are up to. And if there are any butterflies or grasshoppers or anybody else around, just watch and tell me all about them.

"And, Tom, you go to the arbor in the corner of the garden, and do the same thing. I will ring the bell at the end of half an hour, and then you may come and tell me what you have seen."

The boys raced out of the house to see which could get to his station first,—Tom, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, as if he understood the little game, but was willing to humor it; and Harry, taking the matter more literally, and evidently determined to get all the news he could for poor grandma.

When the bell rang at the end of half an hour, they came racing back with glowing faces and sparkling eyes.

"O grandma!" they both cried. Then Tom stopped, and let Harry tell his news first.

"There were ten birds," the little fellow went on, excitedly; "and I counted four different kinds and three nests. And such funny ants! Two of 'em were carrying a regular mountain of a load up the tree; and when they got tired, two more came and took their places; and when they got tired, some more came. And there was a little chap running back and forth and speaking to every one he met."

Tom looked at grandma, and colored a little, self-consciously.

"I guess it isn't such a bad place," he acknowledged, manfully. "You are right about the spectacles, and I'm going to wear my country ones after this. I saw no end of funny things—butterflies, and bugs, and all sorts of queer stuff. And there was a chipmunk sitting on the wall, and scolding for all he was worth. I am going out there again, and make friends with him if I can. Come along now, Harry, if you don't want me to eat all the cookies."

Grandma listened to them as they went noisily through the kitchen, and then picked up her work.

"It isn't hard to get along with boys if you meet them half-way," she thought, and smiled happily.—*Selected.*



(From an unpublished book manuscript by Mrs. M. N. Coon)

### How a Sod House Is Made

PERHAPS all do not understand how a sod house is constructed, and a brief description of one will be interesting. The first thing to do is to set heavy posts in the ground, to mark the outline of the dwelling. Usually there are three or four on each side of the building, and a corresponding number through the middle, these latter being higher, to make the slant of the roof. On the top of these posts are timbers for the roof to rest on, and also for fastening the boards, or slabs, which make the inner part of the walls. Many, however, do not have anything but the bare sod for the walls. The roof is composed of, first, boards, slabs, or rails, as the builder can afford, nailed fast to the ridge-pole, and resting on the lower timbers of the outside posts. On top of this frame is put a covering of the coarse, tall marsh-hay called "bluejoint." Then the house is ready for the outside covering, which is prepared in the following manner:—

Furrows are plowed on low land, where there are heavy grass roots. A sod eight inches deep is cut with a spade into any lengths desired; and these pieces are laid up in the same form as brick or hewn stone, the blocks of sod being made to break joints in the same way. But of course there is no mortar nor similar substance used between the courses of sods.

Snow or wind can not penetrate a wall made in this way, and it will last three or four years. The Russians in Dakota cover their sod walls with a lime preparation that makes them white and hard, and those so treated last much longer. Our house had a wall of slabs placed with the smooth side in, was papered with clean newspapers, and had a floor above and below. Except for the posts, it looked much like any other house inside. This proved to be the most comfortable house for winter I ever lived in. But little fire was required to keep us warm. The fiercest winds could not reach us; indeed, it was so close that we had to ventilate it to be comfortable. I have lived in fine houses, with beautiful architecture, plate-glass windows, stained-glass transoms, and expensively finished even to the door-bell, but they were not so warm as our sod-house.

### Launching a Ship

IN all times the launching of a ship has been a momentous event, the various forms and ceremonies of which have changed very little since the era of shipbuilding began, except that anciently, when of much more infrequent occurrence than now, in addition to the formalities connected with the launching, it was made the occasion for a general holiday. The ship was garlanded with flowers, and all the sailors, also many who came to witness the launching, wore their best clothes, and head-dresses of flowers.

On the prow of all ancient vessels was placed an image called the "figurehead," usually representing some god or saint worshiped by the people, over which, at the moment the ship glided into the water, a libation, or offering, of wine, committing the vessel and crew to the protecting care of the chosen divinity, was poured by a priest. Out of this practice originated the custom now in vogue of christening a vessel at the time of launching.

In those early times the ceremonies connected with the launch were not concluded until the ship was fairly afloat, when the captain and crew partook of their first meal aboard. This meal

invariably consisted of eggs and sulphur. The origin and significance of this strange custom are both obscure. The sulphur was probably symbolical of purification; while the egg—which has been used since the days of the Druids in the rites and ceremonies of different nations as a symbol of the universe, and the power possessed by a supreme being—must have had some such meaning in this case. From this ancient custom comes the one now universally observed on similar occasions of treating the crew to cake and wine.

Even to-day sailors, as a class, are the most superstitious people in the world, believing in all sorts of signs which a landsman would laugh to scorn; but perhaps of all omens and superstitious notions connected by Jack Tar with his seagoing life, to none does he attach more significance and weight than those associated in his mind with the launching of the ship on which he is to sail; and for this reason it is very essential that everything connected with the ceremony should be gone through without break or halt. If there is not sufficient tallow on the "ways" and "cradle" to permit the ship to glide smoothly and gracefully into the water; or if there is a hitch in the "dog shores;" or if the bottle of wine fails to break at the proper moment; or if any of the many things which are likely to happen do happen, the omen is considered a bad one.

Unlucky indeed is that ship which sticks, and does not get afloat before sundown, as was the case with the "Great Eastern," the mightiest ship in the world (made famous by the service she rendered in laying the Atlantic cable), which always had the greatest difficulty in obtaining a crew, owing to the fact that her launch was attended by a serious hitch. Because of her immense length, she was built with her keel parallel to the water. Either because the ship was too heavy or the slope too gradual, it took three months, even with the help of powerful hydraulic rams, to push the mass of one hundred and twenty thousand tons into the water. Strange to say, her career, at least the earlier years of it, was marked with disaster.

While it is now common to have the ceremony of christening a ship performed by a young woman, in former times it would have been regarded by the sailors as the forerunner of evil. For centuries it was thought—and, for that matter, all our veteran "salts" still retain the belief—that especial good luck attended the ship christened by a beautiful child. In Europe, as a rule, the oldest sailor aboard christens the ship.

While to the mere spectator one day answers as well as another for the launch, not so with the crew, who on no account could be induced to set sail in a ship so unfortunate as to have been launched on a Friday.—*Katherine E. Magee, in Youth and Age.*

### Which Way?

"O BENNIE, you keep slipping so!" said the older sister, half-impatiently, to the seven-year-old trudging beside her along the snowy walk.

"Yes, it's slippery, but I'm getting ahead," answered the little fellow, bravely, "'cause 'most always I slip forward."

It makes a great deal of difference which way our slips take us. Life is full of slippery places, and no one is wise or strong enough to walk always steadily; but even mistakes and falls may carry us forward if only we are determined that it shall be so. Trials, obstacles, disappointments, may embitter the spirit and sap its strength, or they may teach valuable lessons, and arouse to more earnest purpose and stronger effort. Many a slip there needs must be; but there are those who struggle up from each one of them a little farther forward. Nothing can really hold back the soul which has chosen the best, and is pushing toward it.—*Well Spring.*



## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### XI—The Fall

(June 14)

"AND the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Gen. 2:16, 17.

"And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat." Gen. 3:4-6.

"And unto Adam God said, Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Gen. 3:19.

"Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." James 1:15.

(The Scripture texts are the lesson to be studied. Go over these carefully every day, until you know just what each one teaches. Then the following notes will help to a fuller understanding of the lesson. Read them carefully several times. Lastly go over all the questions, and be sure you can answer each one in the words of Scripture.)

There is only one way of life for all things. It is the law of God. Obedience to God brings happiness and life; disobedience brings sorrow and death. Every command of God is given in love, for our good, because he knows what is best for us, and what will do us harm.

To do what God tells us not to do, or not to do what he tells us to do, is to go in the way of death. This is not because God punishes with death those who do not obey him, but because sin itself brings forth death. Sin is the evil seed of which death is the bitter fruit.

When God told Adam and Eve not to eat of a certain tree, he told them the reason—"lest ye die." He knew it would bring death to them.

But that old serpent called the devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world, came to Eve with lying words that contradicted the word of God. Satan had fallen from heaven because he tried to put himself in God's place. He said, "I will be like the Most High." And now he came with this same temptation to man. He told Eve that the fruit of the forbidden tree would make them like God—so wise that they could do without him, and rule the earth by themselves. He made her think that this was why God had kept it from them, and that he was keeping back something that would be good for them.

Satan tempted Eve not to believe God's word, until she really thought that the fruit which God had said would kill them was "good for food," and "a tree to be desired to make one wise." So, forgetting all the goodness of God, and all the tokens of his love that he had given them, she took the fruit and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.

Up to this time they had been able to look upon the face of God without fear, and he had walked and talked with them in the beautiful garden that was their home. But now they were terrified at the thought of meeting him.

They had been clothed with righteousness as a garment of light, and crowned with glory and honor. But sin had robbed them of their crown and their royal robe. Naked and dishonored, they hid themselves from God, who, knowing all about their fall into sin, was seeking them to comfort them and lift them up again. If only they had known him better, they would have fled to him instead of trying to flee from him.

God reminded man of the meaning of his name—"Dust thou art." Man by himself without God is nothing but dust, and those who will not have him to dwell in them and rule over them must go back into the ground whence they came.

And not upon man only, but upon the whole earth and everything in it, the curse of death was brought by his fall. For God had given man dominion over the earth. So when Satan got into man's heart, he got power over the earth and became the god of this world. But all the power that he has is the power of death—the power to destroy.

Everything was lost—man's innocence, his kingdom, and his life. But God did not leave him in this sad state to perish without hope. Next week we shall learn of the promise of a Saviour, who will restore all that man has lost by sin.

#### Questions

1. Where did God put Adam and Eve?
2. What did he say about the trees of the garden?
3. What tree did he tell them not to eat of?
4. Why were they forbidden to eat of this tree?
5. What may we know about every command of God?
6. What does disobedience always bring?
7. Who tempted the woman to disobey God?
8. Who was it that took the serpent's form?
9. How did Satan contradict God's word?
10. What did he say that the forbidden fruit would do?
11. Whom did he say that it would make them like?
12. What did Eve "see," and what did this lead her to do?
13. Whom did she tempt to disobey also?
14. What did God say to Adam after he sinned?
15. In what does sin always end?
16. What did man lose by sin?
17. What did Satan become when he overcame man?
18. What is all that he can do to everything over which he has power?
19. What has he brought upon the whole earth?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### XI—David's Response to God's Promises

(June 14)

MEMORY VERSE: "FOR THOU, O my God, hast told thy servant that thou wilt build him an house: therefore thy servant hath found it in his heart to pray before thee." 1 Chron. 17:25.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Sam. 7:17-39.

#### Questions

1. As David sat in his house, what did he plan to do for the Lord? See v. 1.
2. What message did the Lord send David concerning his purpose? Vs. 4-16.
3. What did David then do?
4. To whom did he speak? Notice that he prayed. See v. 27.
5. In what question did David express his unworthiness of the Lord's blessings?
6. How did he compare the house which he already had with the one promised by the Lord?
7. What did David evidently mean by his question in verse 19? See 1 Chron. 17:17.
8. Why did he think it unnecessary to say more concerning himself?
9. What did David say concerning the Lord's purpose in making these promises?
10. In what words did he exalt his name?
11. How great did David say that he is?
12. What had the greatness of God done for Israel? Compare 1 Chron. 17:21.
13. Why had God redeemed them from Egyptian bondage?
14. From what else had he taken his people?
15. What confirmation did David acknowledge concerning Israel?
16. With what words did he accept the Lord's message?
17. Whose name did he wish to be magnified? In what statement? See note.
18. What petition did he make?
19. Why had David found it in his heart to pray thus to the Lord?
20. What confidence assured David that God's promises would be performed?
21. For what blessing did he ask?
22. For how long did he pray that the blessing might continue?
23. What prompted David to make such a request?

#### Notes

1. Notice that David received the Lord's message with gratitude. It was in David's heart to magnify the name of God; and when he found that his own plan interfered, he willingly gave it up, and accepted the Lord's way. "David knew that it would be an honor to his own name, and would bring glory to his government, to perform the work which he had purposed in his heart to do; but he was ready to submit his

will to the will of God."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 712. In this is a great lesson for us—the lesson of giving up.

2. David showed the spirit of true humility by acknowledging his own unworthiness, and yet accepting with unquestioning faith the complete fulfillment of all that the Lord had promised, just as Mary did. Luke 1:38. Because God was God, his words would come true. His seed would be "set up," his house would be "established forever," his kingdom and his throne would be "established forever."

3. As David sat in his own house, comparing it with the tabernacle, it seemed far superior to the Lord's dwelling-place; but when the Lord gave him a glimpse of the one which he would build for him forever, David's house seemed very small, and he said, "This was yet a small thing in thy sight, O Lord God."

#### Satisfied

In that day we shall ask of him nothing, John 16:23  
For his face we shall see and rejoice;  
And we shall come forth in his likeness,  
When we wake at the sound of his voice. Ps. 17:15  
1 Thess. 4:16

We shall thirst there no more, neither hunger,  
Neither faint in the heat of the day;  
We shall dwell by the fountains of waters,  
And God shall wipe all tears away. Rev. 7:16, 17

And Rachel, who wept for her children,  
Shall see them returning again,  
In that land where there is no more crying,  
Nor sorrow, nor dying, nor pain. Rev. 21:4

There we shall build homes and inhabit,  
Sojourners no longer to be;  
For the righteous in Zion shall flourish,  
All his days as the days of a tree. Isa. 65:21, 22

There the eyes of the blind shall be opened;  
The lame man shall leap as the hart;  
The deaf shall rejoice to find hearing,  
And the bands of the dumb burst apart. Isa. 35:5, 6

When the meek all the earth shall inherit,  
The earth to its beauty restored,  
We shall gather, from Sabbath to Sabbath,  
In Zion to worship the Lord. Isa. 66:23

In that day we shall ask of him nothing,  
We'll offer him praise, and not prayer;  
For we know that we shall be like him,  
And Jesus himself will be there. Rev. 5:13  
1 John 3:2  
Eze. 48:35

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THE Announcement of the Summer Assembly, to be conducted at Berrien Springs, Michigan, under the direction of the Educational Department of the General Conference, is now ready for distribution. It is a beautifully printed little booklet, illustrated with two full-page views of the St. Joseph River, on whose banks the assembly will be held. Parents, teachers, and Sabbath-school workers, as well as those who wish special work in music, a business course, or to prepare for the position of matron or preceptress, are cordially invited to send for a copy of this announcement. Address Prof. E. A. Sutherland, Berrien Springs, Michigan.

### Two Bricks

A NEW church was needed in an Eastern city; and finally it was decided to build one. But the prospects for raising the money were not bright. Meetings were held, the need was set forth again and again; still the people did not respond.

But one morning, very early, the pastor had a caller—a small boy with a big wheelbarrow in which were two bricks, brought, as he said, “to help build the church.”

The little incident revived hope in the pastor's heart; and he went out, saying to one and another whom he met: “The church will be built. The first load of bricks is already on the ground.”

And the church *was* built. The people, hearing of the little boy's effort, took courage, and went forward; and a large and beautiful house of worship was soon completed. It still stands, another monument to the way in which God uses the weak things of this world—the “little things,” as we call them—to his own honor and glory.

### From India

THE “Report of the American Marathi Mission” for 1901 has just been received, by courtesy of Miss Abbott, to whose school in Bombay the INSTRUCTOR readers are sending a club of papers. The report is one of unusual interest in its survey of work done during the last year, and its record of opportunities for further service. One incident will show the anxiety of the people in a certain district to provide Christian education and training for their children:—

“One Sunday afternoon a company of sixteen farmers, headed by the town clerk, came to our house. They were from a village six miles to the south. They showed a carefully written list of the names of over sixty children. This conversation followed:—

“These are the names of children in our village; we have come to ask for a teacher.”

“But our teacher will be a Christian; he will teach from the Bible; he will tell the children and all who hear him about Jesus Christ.”

“We know all that, but we want a teacher, and here are the names of children. We have a place

which you may use as a schoolhouse. The teacher can live there also. You may have your services there, and use it for what you will. It belongs to a Brahman of our town; we will pay for the books. When will the teacher come?”

The report adds: “The calls for new schools are overwhelming. A dozen towns are beseeching us for Christian teachers, and the farmers of higher caste in three villages are uniting with Christians and Mahars and Mangs in these requests. This fact has made it easy to call the attention of the people to their duty to pay fees and buy their own books and slates.”

Other similar requests for schools are mentioned, and their value in bringing the people to Christ is acknowledged.

Those who have contributed so faithfully to the India Mission Fund, which goes to pay for the club of INSTRUCTORS sent to Miss Abbott's school, will be glad to read the following brief report of her work:—

“The boys continue well and bright. In the late examination, I asked the two higher classes to repeat a verse of Scripture in turn. They were so prompt the first time that I asked for a second, and then a third round; and at the end, the stock seemed in no wise exhausted.

“The girls' school continues a delight, with its seventy-five bright faces. On my return from America, I moved the school into larger quarters. One dear girl in the highest class of the school was taken away by the plague while I was at the Hills in May last. She was beloved by all. The mother told me that the verses and prayers she had learned in school were constantly upon her lips, even in her delirium.”

Concerning her widows' home in Bombay, Miss Abbott writes: “The home is now in its fifth year. All but three or four of the women are studying in regular classes. From ten until four are the school hours, including the hours for sewing and embroidery. The rest of the time is taken up in their household work, exercise, and study. Some work at embroidery out of the regular hours, to earn money for themselves. All are earning money in some way or other for their church tithes and benevolences.

“Last January I opened the sewing room with forty women, which number soon increased to eighty. I employed a man born to embroidery for a master, and those women who have been expert and diligent in embroideries, are able now to support themselves. The women are more and more identifying themselves with the Christian women, attending the prayer-meetings, etc. Some are asking to be taught to read; one has bought a Bible. The daily Scripture lesson is always listened to very attentively, and many carry it in memory.”

### The Cigarette Curse

IN the large cities almost nine tenths of the boys use cigarettes. Three billion cigarettes were smoked in this country last year. Does this matter give you any concern? The June number of the *Life Boat* is a special Anti-Cigarette and Tobacco number. In it Lucy Page Gaston, who has perhaps done more than any other living woman to fight this terrible evil, recounts the steps that led to her becoming superintendent of the Anti-Cigarette League. Professor Ogg tells how cigarettes were swept from their city schools; and Professor Blanchard, of Wheaton College, has a stirring article upon the cigarette curse. The issue contains other valuable articles, and a number of striking illustrations.

We ask the readers of the INSTRUCTOR not only to subscribe for the *Life Boat*, but to order a few extra copies to distribute among their friends. The subscription price is twenty-five cents a year. Copies of the June number may be had for a cent and a half each. Address *The Life Boat*, 28 Thirty-Third Place, Chicago.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



### WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.—May 20 marked the fulfillment of the hopes of Cuban patriots, when the long-dreamed-of republic of Cuba became a fact. After President Palma had taken the oath of office, and signed the necessary documents, the American flag was lowered by General Wood, and forty-five salutes were given from Cabanas Fortress across the bay—one for every State in the Union. Following this ceremony the Cuban flag was raised, the whole city of Havana greeting it with cheers. In the festivities attending the occasion, the Spanish inhabitants were as enthusiastic as the Cubans themselves.

A WEEK OF DISASTERS.—The papers call attention to the fact that the week during which occurred the catastrophe on Martinique was the occasion for a number of serious disasters in this country. Excessive rains in the Red River territory turned large areas of low-lying wheat lands into marsh and lakes, rendering them unfit for use this season, and thereby shortening the yield of this great wheat region 18,000,000 bushels. A cyclone in Texas destroyed one town, and killed about one hundred persons, injuring many others. An explosion in a Tennessee coal mine resulted in the death of two hundred and twenty-five men, and thus left one thousand widows and children without support.

THE NEW KING OF SPAIN.—On May 17, the occasion being his sixteenth birthday, Alphonso XIII ascended the throne of Spain, and took the oath to maintain its constitution and laws. The ceremonies attending his accession to the throne were comparatively simple; he was proclaimed king at his birth, and therefore a coronation was thought unnecessary. The king is a slender, frail-looking boy; and although with the care that has been exercised to fit him for the duties of ruling his country wisely and well, equal attention has been given to the development of his body, it is feared that he will not be long-lived. Certainly this lad, king from his birth though he has been, need be no object of envy to any sturdy, clear-headed, healthy boy, no matter how humble his position in life.

CHANGING THE SABBATH.—At the conference of American rabbis, held at New Orleans a few weeks ago, the proposition that Jewish congregations in the United States should transfer their rites of worship from the seventh to the first day of the week was seriously discussed; and as a result a commission was appointed to ascertain the views of the congregations, and report at the next meeting. Some of the comments on this proposed change are significant. The *Chicago Tribune* says: “In 1878 the Parliament of the United Kingdom provided that when Jewish manufacturers closed on Saturday, the laws governing the employment of women and young persons on Sunday should be in certain specified ways modified for their benefit. In 1900 bills were prepared in Massachusetts and New York for the purpose of allowing Jews who practiced Saturday-closing to indulge in Sunday-opening. These bills, however, were not passed. *Perhaps it is well they were not*, although it would seem to be only just to recognize the scruples and wishes of a class of American citizens who now number more than a million. *It is well that there should be one day of rest for the whole population.* Unanimity in this matter will have great value.” These things are signs of the times. Do we, as Seventh-day Adventist young people, read their meaning?