

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Things Curious and Interesting

THE trip across the country to our station from Sin Iang Cheo usually requires three days; but on account of the size of our party and the delay caused by stopping to hold meetings, four days were consumed. Where the roads are in many places nothing but foot-paths, the problem of transporting our baggage, consisting of boxes too heavy to be carried by coolies, proved a serious one. But the rivers are to China what the railroads are to the United States, so we found that our goods could be carried from here to our station on rafts. There were no rafts to be secured then, and we were told they might come tomorrow or next day, or perhaps not for a week or two. This uncertainty determined us not to wait. Our goods were left in charge of two of our native converts, who were to come as soon as possible with them. The river is one mile from the railroad station, so coolies were secured to take the goods to the rafts. Their method of transferring freight is to tie the burden on a pole, which is carried between two men. Or if it is light, one man carries the load, divided into two parts and suspended from either end of the pole. Produce of every kind is carried in this way. It is not uncommon to see a man passing along the road, having suspended from both ends of his pole a rope, which is tied around the legs of one or two pigs, according to the size of the animals. The Chinese pig has learned to be content with this method of travel, for he seldom makes any noisy remonstrance.

After three weeks of anxious waiting at the mission for our baggage, a messenger, who had cut across the country, arrived and gave the news that our goods were on the road. He explained that the river was much longer now than a few months previous, because the water was very low, and they had to dig channels for their boats in

some places. The Chinaman does not measure distance by the actual length of the road, but by the time required to travel it. The trip being so long made it expensive; for the boatman demanded a great deal of "wine money." The giving of "wine money" is a pernicious custom, to which one must submit in Central China. Even though a laborer is hired to work for you, and the wage stipulated beforehand, yet every day he expects you to give him something extra to pay for his tobacco. He not only expects it, but it must be paid him, or he will not work.

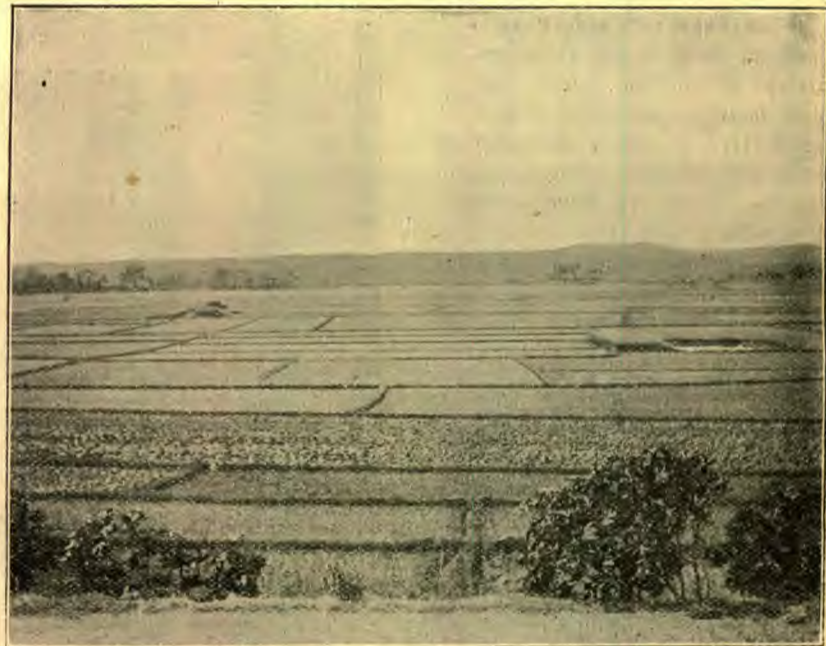
For the first stage of our journey from Sin Iang, the ladies had sedan-chairs, the baggage was hauled on wheelbarrows, and the men of the party walked. The sedan-chairs used here are made like a box, with a straight back and a narrow board for a seat. The chair is suspended between two poles, and carried by coolies. The chairs are neither elegant nor comfortable, and the only safe position the passenger can take in them is to lean forward with arms resting on the knees, bracing himself on either side and in front, to prevent falling headlong when the coolies stumble, step into a hole, or suddenly quicken their pace.

The roads differ in various parts of China, according to the kind of conveyances used. In the district about Sin Iang Cheo, wheelbarrows and sedan-chairs are used, and the roads are little more than foot-paths. The country is rolling. The long and constant travel has cut the roads into the hills to a depth of several feet. For a long period of years the Chinese have taken no pride in public improvements, having made no new roads or bridges, nor do they keep in repair those already in use. If a spot in the road becomes impassable, the road is turned to one side, through some man's field; if the bridge breaks, the stream is forded thereafter. Although Sin Tsai Hsien is sixty miles northeast from Sin Iang Cheo, it required two hundred and ninety *li*, or ninety-six miles of travel to reach it, due to the crooked course of the Chinese roads. While in

the West much time and energy is spent to make the shortest and straightest roads possible, the Chinaman spends much energy in making the course as crooked as possible. The first day's journey of sixty *li* brought up to U-li-tien, a Chinese city where we have an evangelist and a small chapel. The chapel served as our inn for the night.

U-li-tien to Lo-Shan

Starting on our way at one o'clock the next morning, we came to a river which must be ferried. The rivers of China seldom have bridges, and ferries are furnished by the govern-



A CHINESE FARM

ment to supply their places. The water on the farther side of the river being too shallow for the ferry-boat, some of our party were carried ashore on the backs of the coolies. Our road led us through one of the most fertile farming districts of Central China. The farms are small, but they are most thoroughly tilled. Adjoining farms are separated by a strip of unplowed ground, or a ridge of earth, which, while serving for a fence, also makes a basin of the field for irrigating purposes. All the fields are level as a floor, and so arranged that they are easily irrigated.

In some parts of the country, and especially near the cities where the farms are very small, the water for irrigating is drawn from a well and poured into the trenches. It is a tedious task to draw water from a well twenty-five feet deep in sufficient quantity to irrigate a field, but it does not try the patience of the Chinese farmer. The farmers take great pains to keep the soil fertile, and every particle of fertilizing material is carefully collected. The boys and old women can be seen out on the streets and along the public highways, collecting everything that will serve to enrich the soil of their little farm. Two crops a year are raised on most of the ground. The soil is largely a black loam, and in many places resembles the black muck found in the lowlands of the Mississippi River valley. As a class, the farmers are very industrious. During the busy



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season they are out at work as early in the morning as one o'clock; and if the nights are moonlight, they work as late as nine at night. The farming utensils are very crude, and the cultivation is largely done with spade and hoe. Thrashing is done as in the days of Abraham, the thrashing-floor being a level bit of ground, smooth, hard, and clean-swept. In some cases a flail is called into service; in others a stone-roller, drawn by a cow or donkey, is used to thrash out the grain. We called to mind that in such a country, amid similar scenes, our Master worked, traveling on foot from village to village, over a dusty road, wearing such sandals as the people here wear, and stopping at inns such as those which afforded us shelter.

In this district, sheep, hogs, and cattle are also raised, but not to any great extent, for agriculture is the main occupation. The products vary greatly in different localities. Rice and wheat may be said to form the staple product. Six different varieties of beans are grown, and large quantities of vegetables, such as spinach, Chinese cabbage, onions, sweet potatoes, and carrots. Very fine peanuts are produced, and also millet and hemp. Not a single fruit-tree or fruit-bearing shrub is to be seen in the country about our station, but fifty miles north of us a very fine quality of pears is grown.

Lo-Shan to Ching-Yang

About three in the afternoon we arrived at Lo-Shan, which was but sixty *li*, or twenty miles, from U-li-tien. Here we passed under the city wall, and lodged in another of our chapels, where we have a native evangelist. At this place we changed conveyances, substituting for the wheelbarrow, donkey-carts, drawn by two donkeys hitched one directly in front of the other. To the large carts two donkeys are hitched in front, and one in the shafts. The bed of the cart sits directly on the axle, the two wheels are high, so that one gets the full benefit of the rough roads.

Upon reaching the chapel in Lo-Shan, we were met by the Christian family, and given a hearty welcome, not alone in words, but in deed, as they prepared for us the only warm meal we had in the four days' journey. After supper the yard was full of women, who came to learn about us. The ladies went out to visit with them, which consisted of smiling at the Chinese, the native women returning the compliment. The ladies were given seats on the little wooden chairs. The visitors took the liberty of examining the dress of our company, which seemed to be a real curiosity to them. Our ladies in turn examined the clothing of the Chinese ladies. One of the women was kind enough to unwind the bandage around her foot. They laughed and talked among themselves, and made signs to the ladies. Brother Pilquist, acting as interpreter, told them the ladies were very sorry they could not talk with them. The women replied they hoped the missionaries would soon learn the language, so they could tell them of heaven.

After traveling this day a distance of forty miles, we reached Ching-Yang at sunset. As we were all very weary, we retired early. But our friends did not allow us to rest undisturbed, as they were peeping in at every crack, eager to see what kind of people we were. We arose at twelve o'clock, and started on our last day's journey at 12:30 A. M.

Ching-Yang to Sin Tsai Hsien

This day's travel was through a very level country. In crossing the river, the wheels ran off the ferry, which delayed us somewhat, as Chinamen are no good in an emergency. They

have no idea what to do, and do first everything but the right thing. About sundown we saw the walls of an ancient city across the plain. It made us rejoice, as this was the city we had been traveling toward for five weeks and four days. We found native Christians at the gate, waiting to welcome us. We felt thankful for God's protecting care during this long and trying journey. Our health was preserved, even while sleeping on the dirt floors of a mud house. God has led us so far; we will trust him the remainder of life's journey.

H. W. MILLER, M. D.

Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother

THERE is a touching story told of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson which has had influence on many a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor bookseller in Litchfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Ottoxeter, and sell them from a stall in the market-place. One day the bookseller was sick, and asked his son to go and sell the books in his place. Samuel, from a silly pride, refused to obey.

Fifty years afterward Johnson became the cele-

return was almost gone. He could only say to the weeping boy: "Love God, and always speak the truth, for the eye of God is always upon you. Now kiss me once more, and farewell."

Through all his after life, Dr. Todd often had a heartache over that act of falsehood and disobedience to his dying father. It takes more than a shower to wash away the memory of such sins. Dr. Todd repented of that sin a thousand times.

The words "honor thy father and thy mother," mean three things: always do what they bid you, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick and grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents that turned out well. God never blesses a wilful boy.

When Washington was sixteen years old, he determined to leave home and become a midshipman in the Colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk, he went to bid his mother good-by. She wept so bitterly because he was going away that he said to his negro servant: "Bring back my trunk. I am not going to make my mother suffer so, by leaving her."

He remained at home to please his mother.

This decision led to his becoming a surveyor, and afterward a soldier. His whole glorious career in life turned on that simple act of trying to make his mother happy. And happy, too, will be the child who never has occasion to shed bitter tears for any act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said: "Honor thy father and thy mother."—Theodore L. Cuyler, in *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*.

India Rubber

IMPORTS of india rubber into the United States, in the fiscal year about to end, will exceed by far those of any earlier year, and will amount to over forty million dollars in value. The demand for this article of exclusively foreign production for use in manufacturing has increased very rapidly in recent

years, and the imports in the present year, as shown by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its bureau of statistics, will amount to about sixty million pounds, valued as already indicated, at fully forty million dollars. This rapid increase is apparently due, in a large degree, to the increasing use of this material for tires of vehicles of various classes, though in other lines of manufacture the demand is also very great.

In 1880 the quantity of rubber imported into the United States amounted to seventeen million pounds, valued at nine and one-half million dollars, making the average price about fifty-five cents a pound. In 1890 the quantity imported was thirty-four million pounds, valued at fifteen million dollars, or slightly less than fifty cents a pound. In 1900 the quantity imported was forty-nine million pounds, valued at thirty-one million dollars, or about sixty-three cents a pound; while in 1904 the record of the ten months for which figures are now available shows an average value for rubber imported of sixty-eight cents a pound. In addition to this, however, large quantities of material utilized in conjunction with india rubber are now imported.

Brazil is the most important source of this material. More than one half of the india rubber imported into the United States comes direct from Brazil, the total from that country alone being for the ten months thirty million pounds, valued at twenty and one-third million dollars. The United Kingdom supplied in the same period over seven million pounds, valued at five and one-



A CHINESE FARMER

brated author, the compiler of the English Dictionary, and one of the most distinguished scholars in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness to his poor hard-toiling father; so when he visited Ottoxeter he determined to show his sorrow and repentance.

He went into the market-place at the time of business, uncovered his head, and stood there for an hour in the pouring rain, on the very spot where the book-stall used to stand.

"This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Dr. Johnson standing bareheaded in the storm to atone for the wrong done by him fifty years before is a grand and touching one. There is a representation of it in marble on the Doctor's monument.

Many a man in after life has felt something harder and heavier than a storm of rain beating upon his heart when he remembered his acts of unkindness to a good father or mother now in their grave.

Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, the eminent writer, never forgot how, when his old father was very sick, and sent him away for medicine, he, a little lad, had been unwilling to go, and made up a lie, that "the druggist had no such medicine."

The old man was just dying when little Johnny came in, and he said to him: "My boy, your father suffers great pain for want of that medicine."

Johnny started in great distress for the medicine, but it was too late. The father on his

quarter million dollars; Germany, two million pounds, valued at one and one-quarter million dollars; and "Other Europe," nearly ten million pounds, valued at over seven and one-half million dollars. These supplies of india rubber which come from the European countries are in practically all cases the product of their various colonies, Germany drawing her supplies from her colonies in Africa; the United Kingdom, from Africa, India, Ceylon, and the Straits Settlements, while the supply from countries designated as "Other Europe" is chiefly that obtained in Africa by Belgium from the Congo country, which it controls.—*Farm News.*



What Is a Stenographer?

ONE of the most important and indispensable features of modern commercial life is the stenographer. Were this individual to suddenly be removed wholesale, little short of a panic would ensue in the offices of the mercantile world. This state of affairs has grown up in quite recent times, for even yet there are prominent business firms conservative enough to cling to the long-hand letter, and to regard with small favor the use of a writing-machine. However, the number of such cases is daily getting smaller, and will doubtless soon disappear altogether.

Since there is such universal demand for stenographers, the question of supply naturally arises. A large demand is usually met by a correspondingly large supply; and it is generally the case that a large supply embraces varying degrees of efficiency. Any one who is acquainted with the state of the stenographic market will admit that there are very many incompetents attempting to earn a living as stenographers, with more or less success. These inefficient people reflect discredit upon their craft. Surely there is some good reason for the large number of insufficiently qualified stenographers in the world to-day. Perhaps one reason is that it is the prevalent opinion that one who possesses a knowledge of shorthand is a stenographer; but this is not true, except to a certain extent. One might as reasonably say that a man who owns a kit of tools is a blacksmith or a carpenter. Agreed, that a blacksmith can not do his work without his tools, neither can a stenographer work without a knowledge of shorthand; but to attribute the success of a mechanic to the fact that he had tools to work with, would be as unsound as to say that by learning a certain system of shorthand, one becomes a capable stenographer.

Of course a knowledge of shorthand is one of the chief elements for making a stenographer; but merely to be able to write down in shorthand what another says, is simply to act as a shorthand machine. The good stenographer is much more than this. He is an individual who has intelligence which enables him to carry out instructions acceptably. He can grasp an employer's ideas, and express them correctly and creditably. He can enter sympathetically into the interests and aims of another with whom he is working, and prove himself of the utmost value as a right-hand assistant. Herein lies the real value of a capable stenographer. Many qualifications make up the competent stenographer. He will have a good workable knowledge of his native tongue. Shorthand is a vehicle for conveying language. Then how essential it is that in order to correctly and acceptably reproduce spoken language, the stenographer shall be well acquainted with words in everyday use. The pre-eminent qualification of the

stenographer is not necessarily ability to write shorthand readily and accurately; he must also be able to handle the English language with a degree of ease and fluency.

Hence it is evident that a stenographer must know many things besides shorthand and type-writing. These arts are indispensable, but of themselves do not constitute an efficient worker. Every young person aspiring to be a useful stenographer should improve every means to advance his intellectual equipment along the lines of a wide and thorough knowledge of the English tongue. Reading, intelligently and wisely conducted, will be found of great assistance. Space forbids an enumeration of other aids. Shorthand may be compared to a sharp tool. In the hands of a skilled workman, it can do great things; when wielded by an incompetent person, it is only too often the means of exposing a sad amount of inability which otherwise would not have been manifested.

R. E. PORTER.

Charles Warren Fairbanks

THE power of the senior United States Senator from Indiana, and now Republican nominee for vice-president, to keep others from finding out what he is pleased to keep secret, is a characteristic that is quite as irritating to the curious as it is unique.

"Who Senator Fairbanks is, and what he is, may be gathered from an appreciative article by E. I. Lewis in *Leslie's*, from which we learn that in the latter half of 1852, and in the year or two following, a plain countrywoman, the wife of a farmer and wagon maker of little worldly store, rocked a queer-looking cradle in a little log cabin back in the woods of Union County, Ohio. It was one of those modest little cabins, such as those in which were builded the sturdy characters of Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield. The cradle was a queer-looking contrivance—a sugar trough skilfully mounted on home-made rockers.

"The parents were poor, and the boy was put to work early. First it was the chores that he was delegated to do, then he gave assistance in the harvest fields, and was later advanced to work behind the plow, and to serving as an assistant to his father in wagon making. The parents were God-fearing Methodists, who, having endowed their son with massive physical frame and force, sought early to make him mentally and morally sound. The district school and the circuit church were the facilities at hand, and though the term of school was less than five months and the preacher came at irregular intervals, these facilities, supplementing wholesome home training, were effective in laying the foundation of sterling character and a strong, moral backbone.

"Young Fairbanks, by farm work and wagon making, had saved forty-one dollars by the time he reached the age of fifteen years. With it and one suit of clothes he traveled to Delaware, Ohio, where he entered Ohio Wesleyan University. The necessity of closely guarding his forty-one dollars led to a rooming and 'batching' alliance with another ambitious young man. Their culinary education was limited to the preparation of baked potatoes, mush, bread, and batter cakes. On this—mainly batter cakes—they lived. He turned to account his knowledge of carpentry by working on Saturdays for a local contractor for one dollar and twenty-five cents a day. His employer was a colored man, and all his co-workers were colored.

"A few weeks after young Fairbanks arrived at college, he fell and split his only trousers beyond immediate repair. It was necessary for him to borrow a pair from a fellow student, and the loan had to be continued because he was denied credit for a new pair at the stores in the town. He had to send home for his mother to make him another pair.

"Working in college during the college year

and in harvest fields in vacation, he was graduated from the college and its law course at twenty, and went to Pittsburg, where he began reading law while supporting himself by serving the Associated Press. Later he entered a law school at Cleveland, supporting himself in the same manner. At twenty-two he was admitted to the Supreme Court of Ohio, and later he went to Indianapolis. There he rose steadily until he became one of the best railroad lawyers in the country.

"It was Fairbanks who succeeded Daniel W. Voorhees, 'the tall Sycamore of the Wabash,' in the Senate in 1897. Since that time he has been one of the conspicuous members of Congress. He was recognized as one of President McKinley's closest friends and ablest advisers. He has the reputation of being a millionaire. As a matter of fact he does not come in that classification. Among those who do not know him he has the reputation of being cold. His nature is the opposite. To friends he is a true friend. To enemies he is not treacherous.

"The Senator is of massive but well-proportioned stature, standing over six feet. He is a forcible speaker, but can not be said to be a popular one with the masses, his addresses being far too solid. There are few men who can so clearly define issue, and so ably defend or explain them."

My Lesson

THE snow came whirling through the April air,
And over hills and meadows, brown and bare,
A robe of pearly whiteness thickly spread.
Upon the bending branches overhead
Lay heaps of snow, of every shape and form,
Dropped from the wings of the untimely storm.
The clouds hung low; the sky looked dark and cold,
As hoary winter, worn, and gray, and old,
Came back to us that dismal April day,
Ere Spring's bright reign, his last "good-by" to say.

And ah! 'twas winter, too, within my soul;
Thick, angry clouds of sin and strife did roll
Above me, rising winds raged wild without;
My heart was filled with rain, my mind with doubt.

The gath'ring storm-clouds filled my soul with fear
So dreadful that I listened not to hear
That still, small voice that whispers through the storm,
Nor looked to see my Lord's familiar form.

When, near my window, in a tree, I heard
The full, rich music of a singing bird,—
A sparrow, that, with thoughts of sun and spring,
Out in the storm could sit and sweetly sing
With snowflakes thickly falling overhead;
With perfect faith that he would still be fed,
He sang his praises to the Master good,
Who gives the little sparrows daily food.

And I,—poor, doubting mortal! could it be
That I had weaker faith in God than he?
Could I not trust him as this little bird
When clouds arise, and boisterous winds are heard?

"Behold the fowls neither sow nor reap,
Yet He who guides the worlds will ever keep
A watchful eye o'er all the birds around,
And know if even one falls to the ground.

The lesson I will learn that came to me
That morning from the sparrow in the tree,—
Whate'er he bids, I'll answer, "Lord, I will;
And when I can not see, I'll trust thee still."

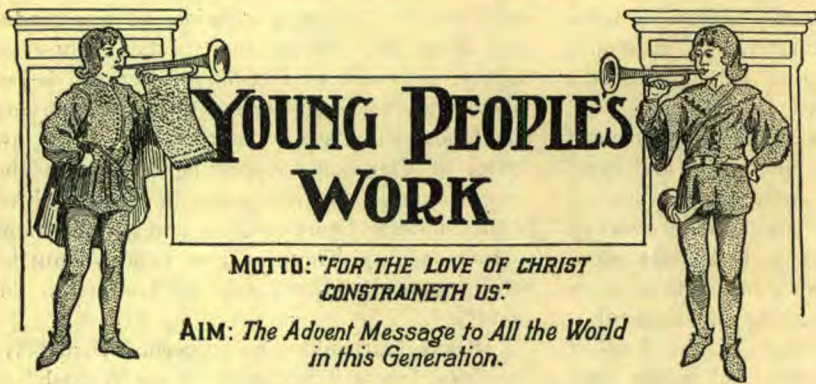
EVA A. JENKS.

"BEGUN is half done."

BE thou the true man thou dost seek.—
Whittier.

"IGNORANCE is a prolonged infancy, only deprived of its charm."

"A MAN's brains can do more work than both his hands."



Not one who is not growing daily in capability and usefulness is fulfilling the purpose of life.—
"Christ's Object Lessons."

AUGUST FIELD STUDY

(August 13)

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading: Matt. 24:14; 9:36-38;
Mark 16:15-20; John 4:35-38; Acts 1:8.

FIELD STUDY:—

A Year of Seed-sowing in the West Indies.
Review and Herald, June 30.

From Honan to Hankow. *Review and Herald*,
July 7.

The Message in Rome. *Review and Herald*,
July 7.

The Need in the Dark Continent. *Review and Herald*,
July 14.

One-minute Reports from Dr. J. M. Keichline
(*Review and Herald*, July 14); Walter G. Bond
(*Review and Herald*, July 14); Z. G. Baharian
(*Review and Herald*, July 7); J. L. Shaw
(*Review and Herald*, July 7); F. W. Field
(*Review and Herald*, July 7); E. H. Wilbur
(*Review and Herald*, July 7); Dr. A. W. George
(*Review and Herald*, June 30); H. F. Ketring
(*Review and Herald*, June 30).

CLOSING EXERCISES:—

A Most Encouraging Token (*Review and Herald*,
June 30), and Its Significance to Us.
By the Leader.

Singing.

Consecration prayer.

Note

It will be interesting this month to present the reports from the workers, rather than from the field. We want to become acquainted with our missionaries, learn their names and the fields in which they are engaged. We can thus give and pray more intelligently. The work of our missionaries, with its needs and its successes, is our work. They are the advance guard. Many of us are to follow them later, and while we tarry here, hold up their hands in the regions beyond. Always make the meeting first spiritual in character, then educational, and, lastly, as entertaining as possible. Encourage all to bear some part in each missionary meeting. Always use the map. An outline map will serve the purpose if no better one is available. E. H.

Louisiana Sends Good News

THERE were so many interesting things last week on the page of the INSTRUCTOR devoted to the Young People's work that we would like to tell you of our work here at Welsh. The work of our Society during the last few months has been very interesting, and we believe profitable. In our program, aside from the studies given in the INSTRUCTOR, we have taken up a systematic study of the countries engaged in the war in the East. The studies on Japan, China, Russia, and Tibet were especially instructive, and the great need of their people was deeply impressed on every member of the Society.

ple can help in many ways, and if they are interested, they will help.

We have found the book of Proverbs also an excellent source of helpful instruction for young people. There is no lack of material for inspiring, interesting programs; and we all feel that if our Society is a means of helping us to have higher ideals for a true Christian life, to be more useful in the world, and to have more energy in everything we undertake, it is a success. If it does not do this for us, it is not what it should be, and we shall seek to improve the opportunity still given us to make it a success. It takes patient, untiring efforts to accomplish this as well as any other thing, but the results are well worth the trouble. Let us ever remember that character is above all things else.

We have about twenty members, and feel much encouraged for the future of the work in this place. May God's blessing be with all Societies of this character.

J. W. PEABODY, President.

A Word of Counsel

LOVE might be termed the mainspring of our lives. A person without love is like a ship without sails. Nothing can make one glide so smoothly over the broad sea of life as a good supply of love for his fellow man. Would that all hearts were so filled with the vital spark that sinful thoughts could find no abiding-place.

Let love be the sentinel to resist the dreaded enemies, anger, deceit, and jealousy, which in an unguarded moment may creep in; for dangers lurk on every side. If evil companions tempt one, he must say, as did our Saviour, "Get thee behind me, Satan;" with thee I have no fellowship. MRS. LOUISE BACHELDOR.

Won to Christ by a Reluctant Letter

My early life was passed in Stonington, Connecticut. One of my most intimate friends there came out and professed Christ during a revival. Quite a number of other friends took the same step. I was interested in what interested them, and the matter was prominent in my thoughts. Had any one of them or any one else spoken a personal word to me on the subject at that time, I would have welcomed it gladly; but no such word came.

I was indeed somewhat surprised that my friend had no word to say on the subject, then or at some time later, intimate as he and I were. Especially was this the case as we corresponded freely during his college course in Yale. When I was about twenty-two years old, I removed to Hartford, and continued to correspond with my Stonington friend.

In the winter of 1851 there was a widespread religious interest in Hartford, in connection with special meetings led by Mr. Charles Finney, of Oberlin. But as I was boarding at a place where the young men at the table had only words of contempt or ridicule for the whole matter, I attended none of the meetings. In a letter from my old friend at Stonington he mentioned incidentally that there was again a season of special religious

interest in our native place; but all this took no special hold of me.

At that time I was engaged in the chief engineer's office of the Hartford, Providence, and Fishkill Railroad Company. One noon as I was returning from my midday meal, I stopped at the post-office for the noon mail. A letter came from my Stonington friend. This surprised me; for I had not answered his letter of a few days previous. As I read the first few lines, I saw that it was a personal appeal to me. At once crumpling the letter in my hand, I thrust it into my pocket, saying to a friend who was with me, "I think there must be a big revival in Stonington, if it has set my old friend preaching to me." Then, brushing the subject from my mind, I started down Asylum Street toward my office and work.

But the subject of that letter, and the letter itself, would not stay brushed away. I asked myself how it was that that letter on that subject had been written. In all our years of intimacy since my friend had come out openly for Christ, he had never before said or written a word on this subject. Had it been an easy thing for him to do it now? Was it a desire for his enjoyment, or a desire for my own good, that had prompted this writing? It was worth while to read that letter, and consider its contents, before throwing it aside permanently. These were the thoughts that naturally ran through my mind as I walked toward my office.

The office of the chief engineer, where my work lay, was on the third floor of one of the stone towers of the railroad station. Instead of stopping on that floor, I passed on up the stairs to the fourth floor, and went into a little map closet. Shutting myself in where I could be entirely alone, I took from my pocket that crumpled letter, smoothed it out, and began with real interest to read it. "I have been too long silent," wrote my friend. "The prevalence of a deep religious feeling has opened my eyes to my former shortcomings, and led me to consider what was my duty in using my influence, small as it may be, to direct the attention of any of my friends to the consideration of eternal things. Often have I felt like speaking to you on this subject, but as often have timidity and fear kept me back." I noted this statement even as I read.

"We have been companions and intimate friends for years. We have enjoyed the society of each other, and together the society of others. Seldom has a harsh word or an unkind feeling marred the harmony of our intercourse, and it seems to me that thus what you might have considered from another an act of intrusion, you will consider from me an evidence of my sincere regard, and my earnest desire for your good."

After this half-apology for speaking on this all-important subject, my friend went on to urge me to seek and find peace in Christ. Then in conclusion, he said, "Do be persuaded by me. If I could be the instrument, however humble, and to however small an extent, of leading you to think seriously of this, I should consider that I had more than repaid your kindness and interest in me. Let me beg you by the remembrance of our friendship, but more than all by the regard for your own good, to think of these things. If any impression is produced upon your mind by this appeal, do not attempt to drive it away, but seek light and help from the only source whence they can be derived." Before I had read the last of this letter, I was on my knees asking forgiveness of God, and committing myself to a long-sighted Saviour. That was a turning-point in my life course; and in a half-century that has passed since then, I have been renewedly more and more grateful for the writing of that letter, and for the loving spirit that prompted it. And I have wished that other friends were as true to their friends.—H. Clay Trumbull.



The Land of "Pretty Soon"

I KNOW of a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve;
It is walled with the money we meant to have
saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.

The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere —
The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame,
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust.

And, oh, this place, while it seems so near,
Is further away than the moon!
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get
there —
The land of "Pretty Soon."

It is further at noon than it is at dawn,
Further at night than at noon;
Oh! let us beware of that land down there —
The land of "Pretty Soon."

— *The King's Own.*

A Hero of To-day

SOME time ago I spent a few months in a Western village. While there, I met a prince and a hero. They were father and son. The father, a prince in disguise, was a tall, spare man, past middle age, with grizzled hair and seamed face. His stooped shoulders and toil-stained hands, his lack of education and culture, were a part of his disguise. But the tones of his quiet voice, his smile, his unfailing patience and kindness, the gentle touch of his rough hand, and even the look of pain that sometimes lay in the depths of his brown eyes,—these all were the insignia of a prince among men.

The son, a hero, was a well-grown boy about seventeen years old, a clear-eyed, brown-haired, manly boy. But he was a helpless, hopeless cripple, having neither use nor control of his body from the waist down.

The first time I saw John,—for his name is John,—he sat in his wheel-chair on the porch of their little home, singing a sweet, old song to a half-score of children gathered around him. At that time I knew nothing of his story; but his calm, cheerful face, and gentle voice won me, and I made his acquaintance then and there. When I came to know him well, and learned the story of his sad condition, I gave him a place in my heart; that shall always hold a memory of him and his brave struggle against fearful odds.

Many years before, the father and mother came from Maine and settled in the central part of Missouri. They were fairly prosperous, owing largely to the discovery of small coal deposits on their land. Three children came to the little, weather-beaten house, but two of them died of scarlet fever. John, the youngest, then a babe in arms, was spared, and they poured out on him the wealth of their loving hearts. When he was ten years old, the mother sickened and died, and the father and son took up their lonely life together. Having only each other, there soon came to be between them a bond of understanding and sympathy that made their busy, quiet life a fruitful, happy time.

John was to be a doctor. They discussed the matter through many a long winter evening, but

at last it was decided — John was to be a doctor. And then every dollar that could be spared from their humble living was put aside—"doctor money," they called it.

The spring that John was sixteen the father contracted to furnish one hundred tons of coal to a dealer in the village twenty miles away. This meant a good addition to the "doctor money," and already they were planning for autumn and the coming of school days. John was to enter the high-school then; and, as they worked, they talked of examinations and boarding-places, and of that farther-off time when it would be John Ward, M. D., with a new diploma and a little office, waiting for his first patient.

The work was going well, and one half the hundred tons of coal lay on the bank ready for hauling. The father and son were working in the pit a few feet beneath the surface, laughing and chatting, as they dislodged and broke in pieces the dull black lumps.

Suddenly, and without an instant's warning, the bank gave way, and buried them beneath a mass of rock and earth. Bruised and bleeding, the father dragged himself from the debris, and looked for his son. Frantic with grief and pain, he tore away the earth and rock with the strength of a madman, and soon he came upon the crushed form of the son whom he loved better than life. Tenderly he lifted him and carried him up the rude ladder into the light and warmth of the spring sunshine. A cry brought a neighbor hurrying across the fields, and together they bore the still form to the little home. A horseman went swiftly up the dusty road for the nearest doctor, while rough but gentle hands sought by every means to rouse the unconscious, or, perhaps, the dying boy. The doctor came, and a hasty examination told his practised eye that life still lingered, but that the body was so crushed that there seemed small hope of recovery.

Late that afternoon John opened his eyes and smiled up at his father, who bent above him. He half raised himself, but sank back again unconscious. For days he lingered between life and death, sometimes conscious for an instant, but suddenly lapsing into unconsciousness again. Then he began slowly to mend, and the light of hope came sometimes into the father's eye. John made little complaint of pain, but told of a strange numbness from his waist down. A great surgeon was sent for. He came and made a careful examination of the white-faced boy, who bore the ordeal so patiently that he won words of praise from this man to whom patient suffering was no new sight.

The father met the grave, kindly man as he came from the room where the injured boy lay, with a question on his face that his lips feared to ask. The firm, white hand was stretched out to meet the calloused brown one, and together they passed out into the spring sunshine. Then the surgeon spoke:—

"I think the Father above will give you your son's life. But he will never walk again. His spine was crushed at the waist line, and below that point there is a complete paralysis. May He who was himself made perfect through suffering, grant your son and you strength for this great trial."

And the gray eyes were wet with tears as

they looked into the anguished face of the father.

The sunshine lay warm upon the earth, the wind brought up from the Bottoms the fragrance of early summer flowers. A bird song trilled down from the tall cottonwood, and the piping of a quail came clear and strong from the stubble back of the barn. But the man who sat with bowed head on the doorstep of the little gray house neither heard nor saw nor felt these glad things. Something seemed shouting in his ears until it was burned into his brain: "Never walk again! Never walk again!"

The strength came slowly back to the crushed body, and the constant question was: "Why do I feel so strange? My legs feel as though they were asleep, and I can't move them. Why do they feel so strange?"

One day the sorrowing father, with a prayer for help, took the thin, white hand in his own, and told him what the great surgeon had said. With a well-nigh breaking heart he saw the light fade out of the boyish face, and the eyes flutter and close, while the great tears slowly forced themselves out upon his cheeks. The weak, clinging hand clutched the big brown one in an agony of despair. Not a word was spoken for many minutes, and then a choking voice cried: "O papa, how can I ever bear it?"

Those were dark days that came now to the little gray house by the road. The anguished father hovered near the bed where lay his only child, with quiet face, but with wild, staring eyes, in which the light of hope had gone out, and with a cry ever upon his lips that he might die. Never to walk again! Never to work or play! The school days were ended almost before they began. Never to be a doctor or to do any great or good thing! Always helpless! Such were the thoughts that thronged his brain every waking hour, and when he slept the fitful sleep of exhaustion, they came in his dreams and mocked him until he woke with bitter cries.

But the Father, who notes even the sparrow's fall, had not forgotten this child, and he gently led the wandering thoughts upward until they found rest.

Strength was coming back, and soon the father each day lifted him into a chair, and moved him about the house. Then a wheel-chair was procured, and John was able to move himself about. How deep and tender was his father's love, and what dear, kind friends he had! They brought books and flowers and fruit, and they taught him to knit and sew, and many other useful things that busied fingers and brain, and helped to bring healing to his sore heart. The light of hope slowly kindled in the brown eyes, and the merry laugh sometimes rang out.

Then they began once more to plan for the future. The farm was sold, and they moved into a pleasant cottage on a quiet street in the village where I found them. And there John is facing life bravely and hopefully. Sometimes the pain comes until his lips grow white, and the beads of sweat stand out upon his forehead. But in the months I knew him, I did not hear him utter one word of complaint. When I last saw him, he was learning wood-carving, and his strong, skilful hands promised well for his success. The children love him, and he is never too busy to give them a kind word and a cheerful smile.—*W. R. Shaw, in Wellspring.*

AROUND THE WORK-TABLE



The Bridge of Bells, and How It Is Made

ARE they real bells?—No, they are just small strips of iron, steel, wood, or even glass. They are laid across the tight cables of a tiny bridge, and the feet that dance over them and touch them here and there with nimble step, are only little wooden mallets! But, nevertheless, every touch of those fairy-like feet awakes a silver bell, clear, sweet, pure, and so delightful that I am going to tell you how to make a set for yourself.

What to Get

Hardware stores get sheet-iron and zinc in

must be stretched very tight. The knots are large ones, tied before the cables are stretched, and they are placed there to keep the bells from jarring together and "jangling" when the instrument is played. The bells are just laid upon the cables. Any attempt to fasten them down will destroy their pure, clear ring.

The Bells

The bells are the hardest part of all to make, but the task of making them is not so difficult as you may think. File the strap-iron a third of the way in two; then it can be easily broken.

a piece of wood about the width of the base-board. This completes the foundation.

The Cables of the Bridge

The cables are strong, soft knotted strings. They

piano keys, you will have no trouble with the music. The bell music is often given in unison with other instruments, and the effect, either alone or in combination, when the bells are skillfully tuned and played, is always pleasing.

EDISON DRIVER.

CRUMBS OF COUNSEL

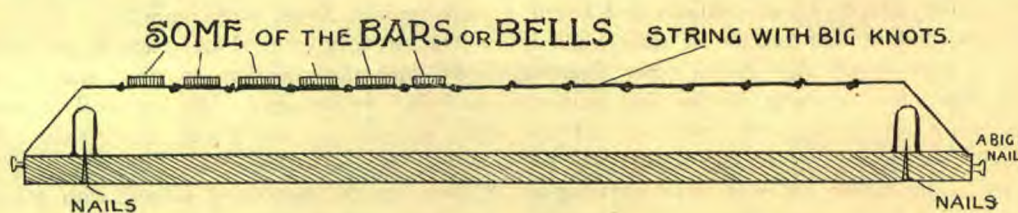
Mottoes

1. Don't wait for your opportunity; make it.
2. There is something better than making a living,—making a life.
3. Happiness is the echo of the pleasant words we speak to others.
4. The art of pleasing is the art of rising in the world.
5. Scatter your flowers as you go, you will never go over the road again.

Honor all Men

TRUE love invests the object of regard with dignity. The love of a child for the mother is a good illustration of this. To the true son or daughter there is reverence combined with affection. The mother may be old-fashioned unconventional, ungrammatical in speech, possessed of a hundred little peculiarities of manner, which would provoke smiles of amusement from the worldly wise, and words of ridicule from the vulgar. But how the blood would mount in protest to the cheek of that mother's child if those words of criticism were repeated in his presence. It is the same with brothers and sisters, husbands and wives,—friends of all classes. It is the ideal of friendship to guard and regard the dignity of the one beloved, as he would wish his own honor to be guarded.

Dissection lowers the sense of honor and



bundles. Around these bundles and holding them together, are bent strips of heavy strap-iron. These strips are an inch or more in width, an eighth of an inch or more in thickness, and of various lengths. The hardware men throw most of this strap-iron away. They pay men to haul it off to the dumping ground; so one can generally get all he wants for the taking. It is just the thing to use in making the bars or bells of the bridge. You will need several feet of it. A hacksaw or a sharp file to cut this iron into shorter lengths, and some strong string for the bridge cables, will also be needed. Make the base-board of a piece of inch board, two feet or more long and about eight inches wide.

Instead of strap-iron, any metal an eighth of an inch or a little more in thickness, and of the right width, may be used. Bars of wood much thicker will do, but the tone is not so clear and bell-like. Slabs of glass have a good tone, provided the glass is thick.

The Foundation of the Bridge

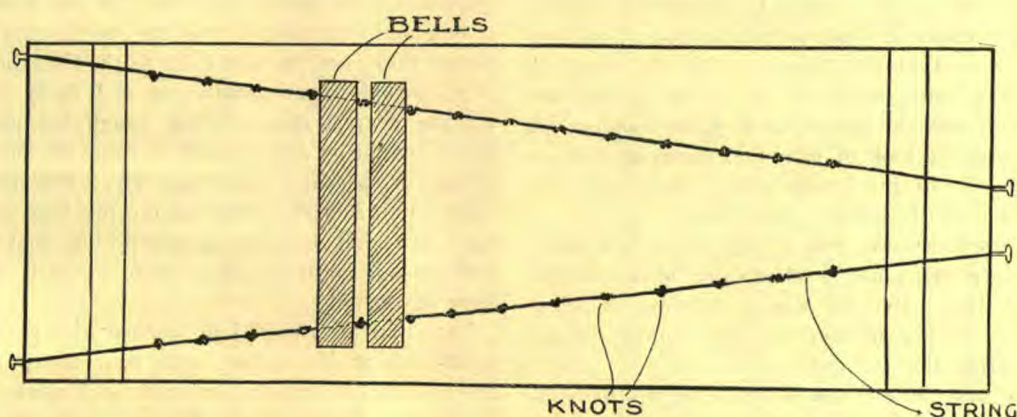
The foundation of the bridge has the single purpose of any other bridge foundation, that of supporting the cables. I have used in this foundation three pieces of wood and some nails. The sizes of the pieces of wood depend on the number of bells you are to have in the bridge, and on the width and length of the bells. If you have fifteen bells, each an inch wide, then your foundation should be at least twenty or twenty-four inches long, its width depending on the length of the bells.

On each end of the base-board I have nailed

The tone of each piece depends on its length.

How to Tune the Bells

You will need the use of a piano for the tuning. Twenty or twenty-five keys on the extreme right of the piano keyboard will be needed. Cut off some short pieces of the strap-iron 4, 4½, and 5 inches long. Place them on the bridge. Strike one of them with the mallet, and at the same time with the other hand strike the piano keys lightly till one is found that exactly or nearly harmonizes with the metal bell. Now



write or scratch on this bell the key letter. Now find which key is represented by another of the bells. Suppose you have found that an inch difference in the length of the bells makes four notes difference on the piano, then you see that it will be an easy matter to cut bars to correspond with the intervening keys. If the pitch of any bar is a bit too low, tune it by filing off a little of the iron till it is just right. If the sound of any bell is too sharp, you will be obliged to use it for the next higher bell on the scale by shortening it still more. With patience you will soon get all the necessary bars made. Fifteen is as few as are desirable in playing ordinary tunes. More are better.

The Mallets

The simplest form of mallet you can make is to force a stiff piece of wire into a soft wood block, and then round the block with a knife. Or you can cut down a stick so as to leave a knob at the end, or you can force a small stick into a spool, and then round the spool with the knife. Two mallets are necessary.

The Music

Having tuned the bells to correspond to the

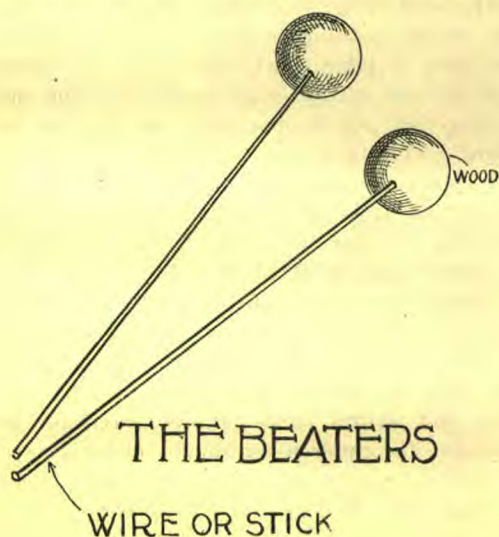
reverence. Tear the flower ruthlessly to pieces, and the mental picture of its loveliness is lost. It is the same in the dissection of the personality of others; our respect for the individual is largely destroyed in the process of analysis.

Among Christians the highest type of true friendship should exist, "Honor all men," says the apostle. "Be pitiful, be courteous."

To hear another needlessly criticize the manner, words, appearance, or habits of our best loved friend would wound our hearts, and cause words of rebuke to spring to the lips. Our brother in Christ is bound to receive our honor and love, equally with all earthly ties. Affection and interest cover the multitude of imperfections in father, mother, and special friends; so should the love of Christ constrain us to treat the most humble child of God, be he stranger or neighbor, educated or ignorant, cultured or uncultured, with the same consideration that we require for our own blood kindred.

This is the secret of winning the confidence of others. Live up to the highest ideal of true friendship, and the sincerity of your love will find a response in the hearts of your associates.

CORNELIA G. SNOW.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VII—The Good Reigns of Asa and Jehoshaphat

(August 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Chronicles 14 to 20.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is with you, while ye be with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you." 2 Chron. 15:2.

Asa was the third king of Judah. He took away the altars of the strange gods, and broke their images, and cut down the groves where they were worshiped. For ten years the land rested from war; but at the end of that time, Zerah the Ethiopian came against Asa, "with an host of a thousand thousand, and three hundred chariots."

"And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God; let not man prevail against thee. So the Lord smote the Ethiopians before Asa, and before Judah; and the Ethiopians fled."

"And the Spirit of God came upon Azariah the son of Oded: and he went out to meet Asa, and said unto him, Hear ye me, Asa, and all Judah and Benjamin; The Lord is with you, while ye be with him; and if ye forsake him, he will forsake you. . . . Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded."

Then Asa "took courage, and put away the abominable idols out of all the land." Many subjects of the kingdom of Israel came and joined themselves to him, and he appointed a great feast to the Lord to be held at Jerusalem. The people offered seven hundred oxen and seven thousand sheep; and they entered into a covenant to seek the Lord with all their heart. "And he was found of them: and the Lord gave them rest round about."

One thing Asa did that was displeasing to the Lord. Baasha king of Israel came up to make war against him, and instead of asking help from the Lord, Asa took some of the treasures out of the house of the Lord, and hired Benhadad king of Syria to help him fight the king of Israel. The Lord sent a prophet to Asa to reprove him for this lack of faith. "Were not the Ethiopians and the Lubims a huge host, with very many chariots and horsemen? yet, because thou didst rely on the Lord, he delivered them into thine hand. For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him."

Asa reigned forty-one years in Jerusalem; and at his death his son Jehoshaphat took the kingdom. Jehoshaphat was another good king. He sent priests with the book of the law throughout all the cities to teach the people the way of the Lord. He also sent judges to settle any disputes that might arise. "And the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands that were around about Judah, so that they made no war against Jehoshaphat." The Philistines brought him tribute silver, and the Arabians brought thousands of sheep and goats.

At one time a large army of the Moabites and the Ammonites came up against Jehoshaphat to battle; and the king knew that his soldiers could never drive them away. So he proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah, and the people kept it, and prayed earnestly that the Lord would help them. The Lord spoke to them, through a prophet, and said: "Be not afraid nor dismayed

by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's." Then all the people praised the Lord with a loud voice; and when the army went out to battle, there went with them singers, singing, "Praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever." As they sang, the Lord smote their enemies, and gave Judah a great victory.

Jehoshaphat reigned twenty-five years in Jerusalem, "doing that which was right in the sight of the Lord."

Questions

1. Who was the third king of Judah? What good works did he do? When Asa had reigned ten years, how large an army did the king of the Ethiopians bring against Jerusalem? Of whom did Asa ask help? What did he say to the Lord? What became of the Ethiopian army?

2. Whom did the Spirit of the Lord send to Asa soon after this? What promise was made to the king? See Memory Verse. What will the Lord do for those who seek him? What did the Lord say he would do for Asa if he would be strong to do the Lord's work?

3. What did Asa do at once? Who came and joined him? What was held at Jerusalem? What did the people make a covenant to do? 2 Chron. 15:8.

4. What one thing did Asa do that was displeasing to the Lord? Who came to talk with the king about this? Of what did he remind him? What did the prophet say that the Lord will do for those whose heart is perfect toward him?

5. How long did Asa reign? Who was the next king of Judah? Whom did he send throughout the cities of Judah to instruct the people? Whom did he send to judge the people?

6. How did the kings who lived around Judea feel? Why? Deut. 11:25. What did some of them bring to the king of Judah? What did this show?

7. At one time who came up to make war with Jehoshaphat? Tell how the king and the people sought for help. What message did the Lord send to them?

8. When the people heard these words, what did they do? As they went out to battle, what was sung? What did the Lord do for them that day?

9. How long was Jehoshaphat king in Jerusalem? What is said about his life?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VII—The Last Plagues

(August 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 16.

MEMORY VERSE: "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Ps. 91:10.

Questions

1. What is contained in the seven last plagues? Rev. 15:1.

2. Upon what class is the wrath of God to be poured out? Rev. 14:9, 10.

3. How long do the plagues continue? Rev. 18:8; note 1.

4. What shows that probation has closed when these plagues begin to fall? Note 2.

5. What does Christ say, before leaving the temple, which shows that all cases have been decided? Rev. 22:11.

6. Where were the angels told to pour out the plagues? Rev. 16:1.

7. Who were especially affected by the first plague? Describe the plague. Verse 2.

8. Describe the second plague. When did it fall? Verse 3.

9. Where was the third plague poured out? Verse 4.

10. Just at this time what testimony is heard concerning these plagues? Verses 5-7.

11. Describe the fourth and fifth plagues. What spirit do the wicked show during this time? Verses 8-11.

12. Where is the sixth plague poured out? Verse 12. What nation does this river symbolize? Note 3.

13. How are the nations assembled at this time? For what purpose are they brought together? Verses 13, 14.

14. What word is spoken from the throne? Verse 15.

15. What solemn message is announced with the pouring out of the last plague? Verse 17. What accompanies this plague? Verses 18-21.

16. What protection is promised God's people during the pouring out of the plagues? Ps. 91:5-10.

Notes

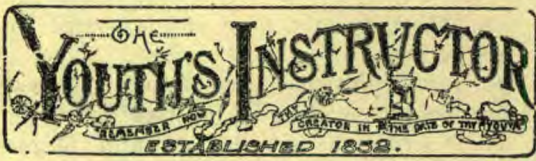
1. We have found in our study of prophetic time that each day symbolizes a year. With this in mind, we gather from Rev. 18:8 that one year will be consumed in the pouring out of the plagues after the close of probation.

2. The plagues are made up of God's unmingled wrath. As long as probation lasts, mercy may be found at the throne of grace. Too, the ministration of Christ has finished at that time, for no one can enter the temple while the plagues are falling. Rev. 15:8. The world will be without an intercessor.

3. The Turkish empire is clearly symbolized by the River Euphrates in Rev. 9:14. There is no reason to believe that the Spirit uses the symbol here with a different meaning. Under this plague apparently the Ottoman power, which for so many years has been crumbling away, will be literally "dried up;" will come to its end with none to help. This fact is stated, though the steps in detail by which this will be brought to pass may not all be clearly given. The Turk, having been driven from the soil of Europe, has established the capital of his kingdom at Jerusalem, and here in the valley of Jehoshaphat the terrible battle of Armageddon will take place. The preliminary steps to bring this to pass are now being seen among the nations. Truly this will be a time of trouble such as never was, a time of "confused noise, and garments rolled in blood." In the midst of the turmoil the long-suffering God intervenes. The seventh vial is unstopped. He opens the armory of heaven, and brings forth the "weapons of his indignation," and pours out the reserved treasures of the hail. All the proud and stately nations of earth will be quickly overthrown.

4. "It was impossible for the plagues to be poured out while Jesus officiated in the sanctuary; but as his work there is finished, and his intercession closes, there is nothing to stay the wrath of God, and it breaks with fury upon the shelterless head of the guilty sinner, who has slighted salvation, and hated reproof. In that fearful time, after the close of Jesus' mediation, the saints were living in the sight of a holy God without an intercessor. . . . The last tear for sinners had been shed, the last agonizing prayer offered, the last burden borne, the last warning given. The sweet voice of mercy was no more to invite them."—"Early Writings," page 141.

"When Christ ceases his intercession in the sanctuary, the unmingled wrath threatened against those who worship the beast and his image and receive his mark, will be poured out. . . . These plagues are not universal, or the inhabitants of the earth would be wholly cut off. Yet they will be the most awful scourges that have ever been known to mortals."—"Great Controversy."



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THAT beloved promise of the Word, "For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him," came to me with new meaning as I observed for the first time its beautiful setting.

Asa, the king of Judah, had been wonderfully blessed of the Lord; he had been given remarkable victories over his enemies. At one time, however, when his brother king of Israel thought to make war against him, Asa looked about for human aid. He sent word to Ben-hadad king of Syria to break his league with the king of Israel, and come to his aid. Ben-hadad granted the request, and sent the captains of his armies against the cities of Israel; so that Baasha relinquished his plan of troubling Judah.

God was grieved with Asa because he sought help from a heathen king; so he sent his prophet to him with the message: "Were not the Ethiopians and the Lubims a huge host, with very many chariots and horsemen? yet, because thou didst rely on the Lord, he delivered them into thine hand. *For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him.*" 2 Chron. 16:8, 9. Marvelous were the victories that the Lord gave his servant over these immense armies, and yet he assures us that he is ever looking about for the opportunity thus to serve his trusting people. Let us trust him more.

A MINISTER had been preaching to large intelligent audiences in New Zealand. For months he had faithfully presented the message, but the people did not seem especially moved to heed the word of God. They were bound by cords that he seemed powerless to break by as faithful a presentation of the truth as he knew how to make. In this crisis the minister sought the Lord earnestly to cut asunder the bands that held the people, to set the captives free.

He prayed that if the Lord could not use him to do this, he might die; for he wanted to live only to be used to bring deliverance to his fellow men. When a man comes to the place that he is ready to give his life for the sake of the people, the Lord can then bless his efforts to the good of many. That night at the service the Spirit of God was rained down upon the people. Fifty-four came forward and signed the covenant to keep the commandments of God.

A young man who had come to the city for a short visit only was present. The Holy Spirit touched his heart, and he stepped out upon the truth of God. He never returned for his tools, but gave up his work, and entered the canvassing field. He kept growing in usefulness and ability until he was given charge of the West Australian field.

Another man was there who had long held an important official position in India. Because of his habits of dissipation he had been sent home to die, the physicians giving him no hope of recovery. He wanted to relinquish his intemperance, but seemed wholly unable to free himself from its power over his life. He heard the minister tell of the willingness and power of God to set every captive completely free. He went home and prayed—prayed for the first time in his life. He told the Lord what the minister had said, and then besought him if it were true to free him from his tobacco habit that was killing him. The Lord graciously heard, and sent complete and immediate deliverance.

He and his wife took fast hold of the truth, and for twelve years have been going from house to house selling our literature, though he had a competency so that he needed not to work.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!" Rom. 10:15.

House of Rock Salt

If you could get upon the back of a great bird and float far away over the southwestern part of our country, you would see many strange and wonderful things. One of the most interesting of these is a vast desert which it would take days to cross if you had to walk. Sandy valleys and low mountain ridges of bare rock extend as far as you can see in every direction.

In this desert a whole year sometimes passes without any rain-drops falling. The sun shines from a sky which is almost always clear, and in summer it beats down so fiercely that it seems as if it would burn up the earth.

Few people live in this desert country, for there are no streams of water, and the springs are so many miles apart that one has always to carry water when a journey is undertaken. Everything needed to eat has to be brought hundreds of miles. Peculiar plants which need very little water grow in the sand, but there are no trees. Animals and birds live there, but most of them seek the shade, and are out of sight during the long, hot days. Some of the animals are very strange creatures, fitted to go for weeks, and even months, without any water other than that within their own bodies.

In the center of one of the most lonesome and dreary portions of this desert there is a cabin standing all alone. From a little distance it seems to be made of blocks of rough stone, but if you will look at these blocks closely, you will find that they are clear and glassy. These are curious rocks with which to build a cabin. What can they be? They are not ice, for there is no water here, and, besides, ice would quickly melt under the hot sun.

Break off a piece and touch it to the tongue, for a taste may tell what you wish to know. You find that there is a taste, and that it is of salt. The cabin is made of pieces of salt—rock salt, we call it, because it is quarried in solid pieces like rock. The walls, the fireplace, and the chimney are of salt. The framework of the roof alone is of wood, and this is hidden upon the outside by a layer of earth. This strange cabin is probably the only one of its kind in the world.

We all know how quickly salt dissolves when it is wet. The cabin has been built many years, but there is so little rain in the region in which it stands that the cabin is in as good condition as when first built. All that the rain has done to the cabin is to dissolve enough of the salt to cement and make one solid mass of the pieces in the walls. This has taken place in much the same way as the freezing together of blocks of ice after being exposed to the warm sun of a winter day.

Years ago some prospectors discovered a bed of salt here, and built the cabin to live in while quarrying the salt. They found at last that it

cost too much to ship the salt out of the desert, and so abandoned their work.

If you could scrape off the sand from the broad valley in which the cabin stands, you would find the bed of salt extending perhaps for miles, and looking for all the world like a frozen lake such as you enjoy skating upon. What a quantity of salt there is! It would supply the whole world for thousands of years.

The valley in which the salt lies is a real basin, for the land is higher all about. If the basin were filled with water, the water could not run away.

In other parts of the world there are beds of rock salt buried hundreds of feet below the surface. They have to be reached by deep shafts, which look much like wells.—Harold W. Fairbanks, in *St. Nicholas*.

HE is the richest who enriches mankind the most.

"Do you know it helps others to be good to hear words of encouragement, and it does good to say them?"

"THE infidel's child would not write: 'God is nowhere,' as he had tried to teach her; but 'God is now here' was the way in which she wrote it."



RENO, NEVADA, June 17, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the Children's Page of the INSTRUCTOR, and anxiously look for it every week. I study my Sabbath-school lesson from the INSTRUCTOR. I live in town, and go to Sabbath-school every week. In my class there are seven pupils. My Sabbath-school teacher is Miss Hattie Cooper.

ECHO SMITH.

DURHAM, O. T., July 5, 1904.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: Your letters on the Young People's Page and in the Letter Corner are very interesting to me. I think the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is the most instructive paper I ever read, and I believe we all agree that it deserves its name.

We have an excellent Sabbath-school here, and all are doing good work. I have had success selling the *Life Boat*, having sold from thirty to fifty an hour on several occasions.

I want to correspond with some of our youth who live on the seacoast or in the mountains. Please write soon, as I am very anxious for information which I am sure you can give.

Praying God's blessing on the INSTRUCTOR and its many readers, I am, sincerely,

CORA ANDERSON.

The writer also says in a personal letter to the editor that she saves the INSTRUCTOR for use in her school work. Surely this paper has a mission in every church-school. She also expressed thanks for the Letter Box, and wished that the readers would keep it full. Doubtless there are a number of young persons living near the seashore or in the mountains who will respond to Miss Anderson's request to write her that she may gain desired information.

One who has sold the *Life Boat* with such ease is just the one to respond to the call made in last week's INSTRUCTOR relative to the new journal *Life and Health*.

Bookkeeping, Penmanship, or Shorthand successfully taught by mail. A number of persons have been qualified for greater usefulness by taking work with us. You can do the same. Write for particulars. **Fireside Accounting Institute, Battle Creek, Mich.**