

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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### "The Passing of Finland"

HEAVEN is but earth with one word lost from its vocabulary,—selfishness. Were all the misery, wretchedness, sorrow, falsity, and sin of all hearts in all the world and of all the ages crowded into one living picture, it should be labeled selfishness. Just that bit which has sometimes been found in one isolated human heart, has made thousands of other hearts bleed for long years. A strong, greedy, conquering nation is but the combined, multiplied selfishness of the millions; and earth's history is but a record of the woe and devastation wrought upon sensitive souls by such fearful combinations.

Fresh in the minds and hearts of a people of superior culture, and with a distinct literature and art of its own,—a law-abiding, industrious, prosperous people,—is the record of a recent event caused by a nation's selfishness. Russia in 1899 laid her iron hand upon the little country of Finland, and it resulted in a tragedy that has touched the heart of the world. To-day, Finland is dying.

Since 1362 this country has enjoyed home rule; it had been in possession of its political rights, having had representative right in the Swedish Parliament, for Finland was long subject to Sweden. A prosperous, progressive country, enjoying all the blessings of liberty, no better form of government was desired by the Finns.

In 1808, however, Russia concluded that a change in affairs would be well for "The Bear" if not for Finland; whereupon, like a bolt from the blue, the Russians crossed the eastern frontier, and forcibly wrested, on Feb. 12, 1808, the little country from Sweden. Whether from policy or from the kindness of the reigning czar, Alexander II, the Finns were allowed to keep their own independent government. In fact, the czar

promised not to disturb their peace or prosperity in any way,—all things were to continue as they were, save that he would be commander-in-chief of the army, and would direct in the management of foreign affairs. The change was to be regarded more as annexation than conquest. The Finns accepted gratefully this promise of Alexander II.

Not until 1899 did the people come to realize

tion of the race; therefore the people thought it wise to appeal. Delegates and petitions were hastened to St. Petersburg; but the "humane czar" received neither. In silence, however, his iron hand continued to execute his determinations. The leading men of Finland were arrested, imprisoned, or exiled; statesmen, writers, educators, men of wealth,—all alike. Then began the exodus of the people, the Russian persecution forcing many



Courtesy of "Everybody's Magazine"

GUESTS OF THE SECRET DINNER AT DR. SALZMA'S HOUSE

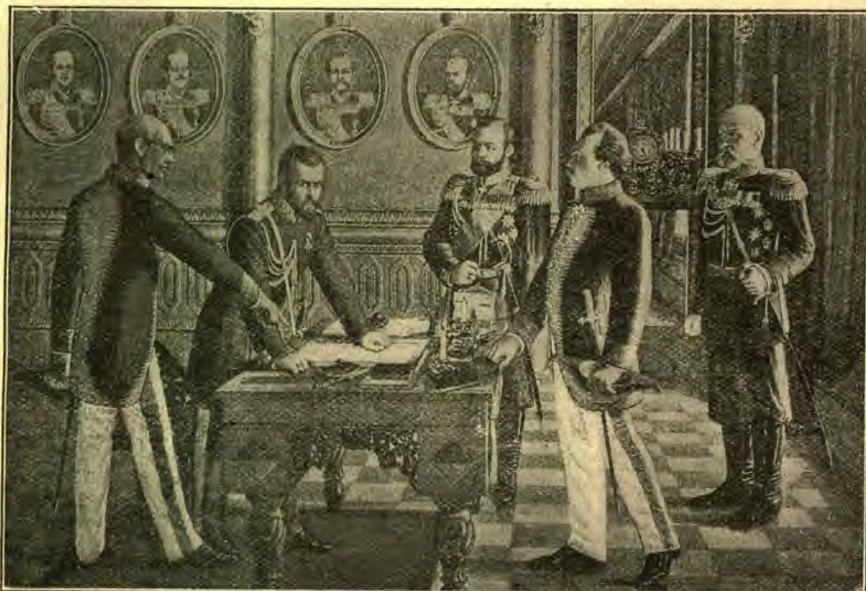
the full meaning of the invasion of 1808. But on that fatal day in 1899 Nicholas II, with one stroke of his pen, broke the heart of the justly proud and sensitive Finland. That stroke said that "it was necessary that Finland be united by closer bonds to the empire of Russia," and the humane czar proceeded to effect the closer union by abolishing the Diet of Finland, promising in future himself to legislate for the country without her assistance. He furthermore demanded that the Finland army be disbanded, and the soldiers scattered throughout Russia's wide domains.

By all this Finland was not angered so much as crushed. The reception of the czar's edict put the whole country in mourning; every man, woman, and child wore black, and the public buildings were draped in crape. A force resistance meant simply the utter extinc-

to leave their country. Incredible as it may seem, Nicholas II was the originator of The Hague peace document that called The Hague Peace Council a few years ago. The Finnish tragedy succeeded very quickly that temporary pacific outburst of the czar.

"In 1898 the number of Finn immigrants to America was less than three thousand. In 1899, when the czar issued the fatal decree, the number increased to twelve thousand; in 1900 to twenty-five thousand; and in 1903 to half a hundred thousand. Since 1898 more than one hundred fifty thousand Finns have come to the United States, and there are now over two hundred thousand under the American flag." Italy sends annually more immigrants than any other country; but only one sixty-fourth of her population is now here, while one tenth of all Finland's inhabitants has come to this country since 1898. What this great exodus stands for in sorrowing hearts, broken homes, lost property, maltreatment, and wretchedness in general, only the Finns themselves can tell.

So loyal are the leading men, that they will not leave until their goods are confiscated, and they are forced to leave by order of the czar. They remain even at the risk of being banished to Siberia, regarding it the duty of the educated and influential men to "stick to their country to the last, the same as a captain to a ship," thus helping to hold the peasants, and prevent a panic that would utterly depopulate the country.



Courtesy of "Everybody's Magazine"

NICHOLAS II SIGNING AWAY THE LIBERTIES OF FINLAND

Russia for some time had held quite a strong censorship over the press of Finland. No paper was allowed to go from the press without examination, and whole issues were oftentimes withheld until revised. Papers coming into the country were also noted, and anything that the authorities preferred not to have the receiver read, was marked out with black ink. After the trouble, no public meetings were allowed, it having been decreed that not more than three persons of different families were to assemble without first supplicating permission from the Russian dictator; and Russian spies were ever on the alert to prevent any evasion of His Majesty's commands.

Secret councils were held by the leading men, but at a very great risk to all in attendance. One of the illustrations shows a company secretly gathered at the home of Dr. Salzman, the leader of the Finnish National Party, and a man of wide reputation. At this dinner were present senators, the mayor of the chief city, professors from the university at Helsingfors, editors, a minister, and the chief architect of the capital city. One American then visiting in the country was invited, and to him we doubtless are indebted for the picture of the illustrious gentlemen in attendance. In less than forty days after this meeting, ten of the men were bidden to leave the country. Three are now in the United States, forced to begin life anew on a foreign shore.

Such is one picture in the long, dark history of selfishness. May the Saviour soon come to establish his rule of justice and peace upon the whole earth.

### Wonders of Photography

Two novel applications of photography have been recently made which are interesting and worthy of special attention. One is testing butter by photography, the other is tailoring by photography.

J. A. Hummel, State chemist of Minnesota, by a combination of Nicol prisms, microscopes, a lensless camera, and a sensitive plate, has hit upon a plan to detect good butter from the spurious article at a glance. It appears that pure butter contains only amorphous fat, and any heating process will generate crystals. Consequently, if the butter is free from crystals, and therefore pure, when it is photographed, there are no polarized rays, and only a dull translucent light will pass through to the plate. But if there are crystals, as in oleomargarine, butterine, etc., the bright and dark spots will come together and form a peculiarly shaded picture on the negative that is unmistakable. The proof is said to be absolute and convincing.

From Paris comes a new patented process, entitled "Tailoring by Photography." The person to be measured is placed before the camera, and between them is introduced a network that is photographed at the same time, and serves as a standard. Certain artifices are necessary to obtain a complete result: thus, certain hidden parts, like the armpits, etc., must be indicated by objects visible from without, and, finally, several views must be taken from various standpoints. These parts may, however, be marked directly on the person instead. The relative positions of the camera, the network, and the subject are carefully adjusted so that the subject appears always on the same scale, and then the photograph is taken from the various necessary standpoints. And now photography, like Alexander of old, is seeking for new worlds to conquer.—*Photo-Era*.



### Who Should Study Stenography?

QUITE likely one reason why first-class stenographers are not more frequently met, is that shorthand is not generally regarded as the important art it really is. Young people are often heard to make such remarks as, "I am going to take a few lessons in shorthand, and be a stenographer." The writer has heard this very remark. What a mistake, to suppose that "a few lessons" can impart a knowledge of this highly important and very valuable accomplishment. As well might one expect to become a proficient pianist in a few weeks. No; shorthand, to be really acquired, so that it can be satisfactorily and successfully used, means a great deal more than a few weeks' or even a few months' study. It involves many months of hard and diligent work before any one can use it with a degree of confidence and reliability. Any one who speaks with a knowledge of the subject will testify that this is so. If one would become an artist in this work, it is a mistake to look upon shorthand merely as a stepping-stone. The wide-spread use



Courtesy of "Everybody's Magazine"

ERRO ERKKO

COUNT CARL MANNERHEIM

of this art has raised it almost to the dignity of a profession, and surely the young man or woman who takes up the study of shorthand should aim to become a thoroughly capable user of it. Then, let shorthand be looked upon as a calling worthy of one's highest endeavor and noblest achievement. Besides, even though one does not intend or expect to always be a writer of shorthand to earn a living by it, yet the art can not fail to be of permanent and ever-increasing value as long as one lives. Possibly the position of stenographer may lead to a post of great trust and responsibility; even so, is it not evident that the more competent and efficient the person is as a stenographer, the more likely will it be that the same qualities will be maintained in the higher position? And it would seem probable that a young person who regarded shorthand as something to be merely used as a stepping-stone to something higher, and who therefore paid little attention to the cultivation of efficiency in that art, would be scarcely liable to foster the qualifications which would be essential in the higher post.

A story is told of a certain reply received in answer to an advertisement for a stenographer. It ran something like this: "Dear Sir, I beg to apply for the position of stenographer. I have had a few weeks' experience with the typewriter, though I do not know anything of shorthand; however, I believe I could do it if I was shown once." While this may be a somewhat exaggerated instance, it affords some idea of the popular opinion regarding this valuable art.

Another thing may be mentioned, regarding the persons who should take up the study of

stenography. Not every one is naturally adapted to this calling. Sound intelligence, and readiness to grasp principles and rules, must be possessed by the student who would make a success of it. A natural aptitude for language work also is very valuable. Some degree of dexterity in handling a pen or pencil is requisite. In short, a person who is naturally slow, is hardly the one to succeed as a shorthand writer, whether as amanuensis or otherwise. And it may be stated that a course in shorthand and typewriting at a business college is no guarantee of a person's success. It may be a good thing for the pocket-books of those who maintain the college, to have all who feel they would like to take up shorthand attend the school for six months, regardless of any natural adaptability in this direction: but experience has shown that many persons go to such schools and spend month after month in a disappointing attempt to become shorthand writers, when as a matter of fact they should be spending their time in acquiring the rudiments of an ordinary education. A knowledge of shorthand can never take the place of a substantial knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

A word in passing may be said about the delusive advertisements issued by many schools and colleges professing to prepare persons for stenographic positions. To the uninitiated, an advertisement appearing in the paper in April or March, and reading, "Prepare for positions in the autumn," may seem very alluring, but such announcements are deceptive and absurd; for it is next to impossible for any one to acquire in a few months that which can be obtained only by experience and much hard study, extending over a considerable period of time. Unless the student has a thorough knowledge of English, and a good all-round elementary education, he can not qualify for a stenographer's post by simply taking a course in shorthand and typewriting, for much more than that is required if he would keep a position.

R. E. PORTER.

### Persons Who Helped Themselves

DAVID LIVINGSTONE said, on graduating at Glasgow, "I never had a dollar that I did not earn." He used to carry his Latin book to his loom, and study. Yet he was buried in Westminster Abbey, and on the site of his hut in the heart of Africa's jungles is now a large town with electric lights and a railway.

Frances Willard and her brother Oliver started a paper at fourteen. They used to talk to each other about what they would do when they were grown up. Frances often went hungry and walked long distances, because she had no money to buy bread or pay car-fare; but she came to occupy a foremost place among women.

Lucy Stone, the great champion of higher education for women, made up her mind, when a tiny bit of a girl, that she would go to college. She picked berries and nuts and sold them to buy books; she lived on fifty cents a week, and at last she was graduated from Oberlin College.

Mary A. Livermore taught school for a little money to fit herself for life's work.

Lincoln studied by the light of pine knots.

Emerson sawed wood to help himself through Harvard College.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon worked as a waiter in a summer hotel to get money to complete his education.—*Junior Endeavor World*.

### Faithfulness to a Fellow Boarder

(Concluded)

FINALLY the day for my departure was at hand. After my last dinner at this house, I went to my room, regretting that I had never said a word for Christ to one in whose welfare

"HEAVEN'S golden gate opens not to the self-exalted. It is not lifted up to the proud in spirit. But the everlasting portals will open wide to the trembling touch of a little child."

I was interested, although I sat at the same table with him, day after day, for weeks. I remembered my life-resolve, and felt that I was not living up to it in this case. It did not satisfy me when I proffered to my heart the excuse that I had never been alone with him, nor had had a fitting occasion for conference. Was it not worth while seeking and securing an occasion, when the interests of a soul were involved?

I spoke of the matter to my room-mate and companion, for whose health I was in the South. I suggested that perhaps it was my duty to go to the room of my fellow boarder that very afternoon, and say a word to him for Christ. He might, indeed, take offense at it, but, again, he might not. Was it not worth while taking such a risk for a soul's sake, and for Christ's? The decision was made. We knelt together in our room, and asked God's blessing on my undertaking. Then I arose and started out. The room of my fellow boarder and his wife was across the hall from ours; yet it was not an easy task to venture on knocking at that room door, in the fulfilment of my purpose and my duty.

At my knock, the young gentleman whom I sought opened the door, and invited me in. His wife sat on a sofa. They welcomed me cordially, and when I told them that I purposed leaving the place the next morning early, they expressed regret, saying that our intercourse of the past few weeks had been very pleasant. I replied that I had enjoyed knowing them, and that it was because of my growing personal interest in them that I had now called at their room. Then I explained that my joy in Christ's service was the greatest possession of my life, and that because I longed for my fellow boarders to have that joy, I had come to say so. The gentleman said that it was kind of me to say this, and that he had been thinking that he would like to know more about the religious belief I had, so that he might share it. Would I tell him what books he should read, in order to learn about this?

I replied that I could mention good books for him, but that I should much prefer to talk on the subject with him personally in detail.

"It would be very pleasant," he said, "to put myself under your guidance, if you would instruct me."

"But I leave town early to-morrow morning," I said, "and I am cut off by this from helping you."

On his asking where I was going, and learning that I was to visit another part of the South, he responded that he would be glad to accompany me. On his asking his wife if that would be agreeable to her, she expressed her willingness to make the move, and it was arranged accordingly. Early the next morning the boarder who had wanted to leave that house when he found that a clergyman was coming there, with whom he could have no sympathy, finally left the house with that clergyman in order that he might be personally instructed in the religion which he had come to desire as his own possession. Surely God was leading. And God ever leads those who are willing to be led, even though they often follow reluctantly.

There was no opportunity for a quiet conversation during the first day, while we were constantly within hearing of others who were about us in the crowded public conveyance on which we journeyed; but I embraced the first opportunity. We had a precious season together. The Lord came very near, and from that hour he was an earnest, devoted follower of Christ. He became a close student of the Bible. He and his wife together made an open confession of their new faith, and connected themselves with a prominent church in New York City. They became active in mission-school work, and in that field

he devoted his trained business mind to perfecting methods and systems of work, so that he was known widely throughout the country as a leader and guide in that field. He became, after a time, prominent as one of the most influential workers, and director of other workers, in the entire country. Then I was, indeed, glad that God would not let me leave that winter-resort boarding-house without going to the room of that fellow boarder and telling him of my desire for his spiritual welfare.

What a Saviour we have, both to trust and to tell others of; and how good it is to work for him!—*H. Clay Trumbull.*

### An Incident

IN the issue of the INSTRUCTOR for Sept. 29, 1903, was published a "personal" letter of Mr. Guy Dail's, in which he described his visit to William Carey's chapel, in Leicester, England. I read the letter with interest, and thought that there might be some among the INSTRUCTOR readers who would enjoy a bit of one experience in my life that brought me in close contact with something that was William Carey's.

It was in Oakland, California. Great preparations had been made in San Francisco for the sixteenth convention of the Christian Endeavor Society. Oakland was enthusiastic over the matter, too, even though she was not so much decorated for the occasion as San Francisco; still, the colors, purple and gold, were everywhere displayed.

The First Presbyterian church was crowded to its utmost capacity for the opening meeting of the series. The vast audience waited for the speakers that had been announced for this service. The hour passed, and still they waited. There seemed a spirit of restlessness, and of mild excitement as to what might be the cause of the delay, when a few gentlemen were ushered in, and Dr. Coyle, the pastor, addressing the assembly, said, "We are sorry to announce to you that owing to circumstances, the speakers we have been looking for will not be able to be present to-night, but I trust that you will be reconciled when I announce, in their stead, the name of Dr. Francis E. Clark, the founder of the Society of Christian Endeavor."

The immediate response to the unlooked-for welcome words was a waving of a forest of white handkerchiefs, as the enthusiastic audience with difficulty restrained their applause.

A moment later, Dr. Clark took the stand, and received the hearty welcome that was accorded him. He then gave a rapid account of his tour around the world, telling of the most stirring incidents that happened, and dwelling with peculiar pleasure on his visit to Andrew Murray, in South Africa. He told of Mr. Murray's work there, of his family, and how the various members of that family were engaged in work in the Master's service. But what stirred my spirit most was his intensely interesting description of his visit to the scene of William Carey's labors in India, and his warm reception by, and pleasant intercourse with, "William Carey the Third," as he styled him. The speaker's face lighted up with pleasure as he described his visit, and his enjoyment at being privileged to hear so much of the life and labors of William Carey the First, from the lips of his grandson. The latter gave to Dr. Clark the hammer that was used by his devoted grandfather in his shoemaking business, "and," said the speaker, "if my trunk turns up, . . . the gavel that shall be used to call the meetings to order will be William Carey's cobbler's hammer." How my heart was moved within me! From the very earliest days of my recollection, I was wont to listen to my beloved father, speaking of the missionary who cobbled shoes and taught the gospel of Christ,

and now to listen to one who had only lately visited the scenes of the long-gone past, seemed too strange to be true. But a nearer acquaintance with the almost sacred old hammer was to be made.

Two days later I passed in with the surging crowd that filled the Calvary Presbyterian church in San Francisco. A lady, Mrs. George Coleman, of Boston, presided over that meeting. A number of good speakers addressed the church that day. One interesting feature of the meeting was Mrs. Coleman's invitation to all who wished to do so to come to the rostrum and take a closer look at William Carey's hammer. I gladly availed myself of the invitation, and, with many others, waited my turn to take it up and hold the relic that connected the present with the long-gone past, and which recalled so many hallowed memories of the loved ones gone before.

In addition to the hammer, there was a well-preserved letter written by William Carey in 1803 to a missionary in America. The letter was neatly written, and although the ink was faded, the words were quite distinct. How I did enjoy it all, and how my thoughts reverted to my own revered father, who taught me, with the rest of his many children, to love and imitate the example of those whose lives were devoted to the Master's service, as the noblest lives that could be lived on earth.

In looking back to the pleasant scenes I visited in California seven years ago, and the many dear friends who helped to render my visit an enjoyable one, I number, among all, as one of the very pleasantest incidents, my personal acquaintance and contact with the cobbler's hammer that once belonged to William Carey, India's devoted missionary. ROSALIND A. YOUNG.

*Pitcairn Island.*

### Honor the Farmer

"WHICH is king—iron or agriculture?" asks the *Wall Street Journal* of New York, and then proceeds to answer its own question thus:—

"At the present time the business interests of the country have their eyes on the iron and steel trade, trying to read in that barometer the measure of business depression. But do not the agricultural conditions of the country constitute a more perfect barometer? Would it not be better now to look at what the crops are doing for this country, instead of descending into depths of depression on account of the reaction in the iron and steel trade?"

"The annual report of the secretary of agriculture makes this question very pertinent. The secretary points out that in the last fourteen years the balance of trade in favor of American farm products was \$4,806,000,000, while in products other than those of the farm the balance of trade was adverse to this country to the extent of \$865,000,000. Thus the farms of our country have paid all our foreign indebtedness, and placed a large balance to the credit of the United States. In a general way this fact has been known, but the secretary has certainly put it in a very telling shape. Moreover, the situation to-day depends so largely upon the crops that they, and not the iron trade, constitute the most significant feature of the situation. It is the exports of our farm products, especially those of cotton, at high prices, that are now increasing the trade balance in favor of this country, and keeping rates of foreign exchange at the import point, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of foreign bankers to maintain their gold reserve intact. Meanwhile the foreign demand for cotton keeps up, and the strength of the Liverpool market is responsible for another big advance in the market price of the cotton, so that in spite of high prices, it appears that Europe must continue to draw her supplies from this country.

"We owe to agriculture the fact that there has

not been a panic in this country. We owe to it that in spite of depression in iron and steel we are to work out of our condition of business congestion. We owe to it that the promoters and speculators have not completely prostrated the business of the country. And it is significant in this connection that our farms have not been subject to the same concentration of control that has taken place in the iron and other trades, and that in agriculture there has been no substantial abridgment of competition."—*Week's Progress*.



## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### The Early History of Saul of Tarsus

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Acts 7:58; 21:39; 9:10; Phil. 3:4, 5; 2 Cor. 11:22; Acts 23:16; Rom. 16:7, 11, 21; Acts 22:27, 28; 18:3; 1 Tim. 1:13; Acts 8:3; 9:1, 2.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," by Mrs. E. G. White, Chapter One; "Conybeare and Howson;" and any good work on the life of Paul.

#### OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

- Name.
- Birthplace.
- Lineage.
- Family and kinsfolk.
- Citizenship.
- Trade.
- Religious training.
- A persecutor.
- Zealousness.
- His part in the stoning of Stephen.

#### Notes

Have as many as possible take part in the exercise.

Locate Tarsus on the map, and have some one give a brief history of the city and province of Cilicia.

Devote a few minutes to a sketch of Paul's lineage and the origin of the tribe of Benjamin.

So far as possible we hope all will give that most excellent book, "Sketches from the Life of Paul," by Mrs. E. G. White, a careful study. If all do not have a copy of the book, secure a copy from some source, and read selections from it at each meeting. Conybeare and Howson, Schaffs-Herzog Encyclopedia, and other standard works of reference should be consulted. Study the lesson scriptures till you can give the Bible history of this great missionary.

"Saul of Tarsus was a Jew, not only by descent, but by the strongest ties of lifelong training, patriotic devotion, and religious faith. Though a Roman citizen, born in a Gentile city, he was educated in Jerusalem, by the most eminent of the rabbis, and diligently instructed in all the laws and traditions of the Fathers. Thus he shared, to the fullest extent, the hopes and aspirations, the lofty pride and unyielding prejudice of his nation."—*Sketches from the Life of Paul*.

"We should be glad to know something of the mother of St. Paul. But though he alludes to his father, he does not mention her. He speaks of himself as set apart by God 'from his mother's womb,' that the Son of God should in due time be revealed in him, and by him preached to the

heathen. But this is not all. We find notices of his sister and his sister's son, and of some more distant relatives: but we know nothing of her who was nearer to him than all of them. He tells of his instructor Gamaliel; but of her, who, if she lived, was his earliest teacher, he tells us nothing."—*Conybeare and Howson*.

"It was a custom among the Jews that all boys should learn a trade."—*Id*.

"The accounts of Paul's youth are meager. The date of his birth is unknown. . . . But his character was formed under the strict Jewish discipline of his home and his training at Jerusalem. The time of his going to Jerusalem is not stated; but the statement that he was brought up there (Acts 22:3), and that he was a 'young man' (Acts 7:58) at the death of Stephen, lead us to suppose that he left Tarsus at an early age."—*Schaff*.

"Paul inherited the dignity of Roman citizenship. How his ancestors or father had secured the title is unknown."—*Id*.

"From among the most bitter and relentless persecutors of the church of Christ, arose the ablest defender and most successful herald of the gospel."—*Sketches from the Life of Paul*.

"'He made havoc.' This word is commonly

honored of God at the very period when he was dishonored of men."—*Id*.

"After the death of Stephen, he was elected a member of the Sanhedrim council, in consideration of the part he had acted on that occasion. This learned and zealous rabbi was a mighty instrument in the hand of Satan to carry on his rebellion against the Son of God; but he was soon to be employed to build up the church he was now tearing down. A mightier than Satan had selected Saul to take the place of the martyred Stephen, to preach and suffer for his name, and to spread far and wide the glad tidings of salvation through his blood."—*Id*.

It seemed like a great loss to the early church in its apparent weakness to lose so valuable a laborer as Stephen. But while the Lord's workmen may be buried, he carries on his work just the same. Out of this dark experience came perhaps a more able laborer than Stephen. Stephen willingly laid down his life, though little realizing the mighty influence of his death.

G. B. T.

### Report from Bethel, Wisconsin

WE have organized a Society of eighteen members. Our work consists largely in helping our



applied to wild beasts, to lions, wolves, etc., and denotes the devastations which they commit. Saul raged against the church like a wild beast—a strong expression, denoting the zeal and fury with which he engaged in persecution."—*Barnes*.

"The priests and rulers who witnessed the wonderful manifestation of the power that attended the ministration of Stephen, were filled with bitter hatred. Instead of yielding to the weight of evidence he presented, they determined to silence his voice by putting him to death."—*Sketches from the Life of Paul*.

"As Stephen stood face to face with his judges, to answer to the crime of blasphemy, a holy radiance shone upon his countenance. . . . Many who beheld the lighted countenance of Stephen trembled and veiled their faces; but stubborn unbelief and prejudice never faltered."—*Id*.

"The martyrdom of Stephen made a deep impression upon all who witnessed it. It was a sore trial to the church, but resulted in the conversion of Saul. . . . Saul seemed to be imbued with a frenzied zeal at the scene of Stephen's trial and death. He seemed to be angered at his own secret convictions that Stephen was

fellow students to get a Christian experience, and to do all we can for the prosperity of the school. We have taken thirty-seven copies of the *Family Bible Teacher*, and the members are distributing these lessons weekly. Our meetings are held on Friday evening of each week. We are of good courage, and willing to do anything the Lord may want us to do.

FRANK PORT.

"As lies the babe with close-shut eyes,  
Nor feels the mother o'er him bending,  
His lightest breath her thought attending,  
Yet sleeps, watched o'er by care unending;  
So we, soul-dulled, but worldly wise,  
Heed not the Father o'er us bending,  
Our constant needs his care attending,  
Yet live watched o'er by love unending."

It having been suggested that the members of the Young People's Societies would find it interesting and profitable personally to trace from week to week the missionary journeys of Paul, an outline map for this purpose has been put in this number of the INSTRUCTOR. This can be preserved, and the new tours and stations indicated in ink as the study progresses.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

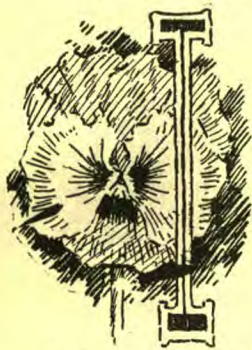


**Pansy**

OPEN your eyes, my Pansy sweet,  
Open to me, open to me.  
Where did you get that purple hue?  
Did a cloud smile as you came through?

Open your eyes, my Pansy sweet,  
Open to me, open to me.  
Did a little sunbeam bold  
Kiss on your cheeks that tint of gold?  
—Selected.

**Some Plants I Have Known**



HAVE known a great many plants, and have been fond of them all. Some have been beautiful and interesting for one reason, and some for another. And all of them, from the seeds and slips that refused to grow, to my most cherished palms and geraniums, have been among my choicest friends. One of my first acquaintances was the pansy, a charming flower. It has a bright little face, which will smile back into your own if you look at it with the right eyes. If you hardly believe this, examine the first pansy that you find, unless it happens to be one of solid color. Another of my early acquaintances was a geranium which bore striped scarlet and white florets, and pure scarlet florets in the same cluster. The blossoms were single.

I know of a lady who says that she once planted a packet of choice carnation seeds, but when they came up, they were tomatoes! The florist, you see, had made a mistake. I never had quite so exciting an adventure as that, but I have known a number of freak plants of which I will tell you. In my garden there is a rose-bush which bears, at the same time, solid, deep-pink flowers, together with nearly white flowers having bright pink centers. This came to me as a striped rose, and as the colors grow less pronounced every year, the bush may, in time, blossom as originally expected.

I once came across a fine specimen of "Bouncing Bet," which was bearing handsomely variegated foliage of white, cream, and green. Regardless of the fact that the plant might spread and cause me trouble, I took it home, and gave it a place of honor in my flower garden. But it did not take kindly to the roses and phlox, and it soon died. Since then I have seen the foliage of clover, corn, and potatoes marked in the same way as the *saponaria officinalis* that refused to live in my garden. I once had a Marguerite carnation that bore both double and single flowers. It was quite a curiosity, and many people would hardly believe their eyes when they were looking directly at it.

Each plant, you will find, has interesting habits and "ways of its own." While sitting near a vine-shaded window one day, I spied a morning-glory trying to bloom by thrusting its little head up through a hole in a leaf that grew directly above it. I got my paints and made a picture of the flower, which is reproduced on this page. Morning-glories, by the way, are very satisfactory vines to cultivate; any one can grow them. It is a pleasure to drop the little black

or white seeds in the earth; for you are almost sure they will "come up" and do well. It is also fun to provide the little vines with strings upon which to clamber. One can almost see them grow.

The wild cucumber is another interesting and satisfactory vine. It is a rapid grower, and with assistance will soon reach the roof. It can be made to shade a porch or window; and, if desired, will run over the ground or climb a fence in an equally obliging manner. It bears fragrant, white, spray-like blossoms, which in time "turn into" small, fat, prickly "cucumbers." Last summer, in a distant city, I became acquainted with a collection of orchids, and so admired them that it was really difficult for me to leave them. Orchids are certainly beautiful; their coloring is exquisite, and their manner of growth interesting. But I wonder if there are not a great many plants better known than the orchid which are really as beautiful. It is their commonness that makes them seem less interesting.

For instance, there is the gladiolus, which pos-



HOW A MORNING-GLORY TRIED TO BLOSSOM

sesses colors that any orchid might covet. Then, again, there is the iris, the texture and coloring of which are all that could be desired. I have known many beautiful roses, a number of which have become to me particular favorites. I wonder if most of my readers can not invest in a little rose called *Clothilde Soupert*. This plant is very free-flowering, and has small, compact, white blossoms with peach-pink centers. It is not difficult to grow with success. A good companion for *Clothilde* is *Champion of the World*, which has bright pink blossoms freely produced. *Meteor* is another fine and easily cultivated rose. It has rich scarlet blossoms. See if you can not have these plants, sometime.

I have known many ferns in their native woods, and have liked them so well that I have adopted them, and given them a permanent home on the north side of the house. They always interest me, and I can not resist them. I have there likewise hepaticas, violets, and other wild flowers. Almost any one can start a similar

garden. I renew my acquaintance with hyacinths, crocuses, and other bulbs every winter, and like them more the longer I grow them. Did you plant a few, as advised in this paper last autumn? If so, you have also begun to know a very satisfactory and beautiful class of plants. Continue to cultivate them. I hope you are also familiar with Chinese primroses; for these excellent little flowers are among one's choicest acquaintances.

Sometimes a person will learn to like a plant so well that he will call it endearing names. I have a nice big palm that I call "'Rastus." I don't know why it should be 'Rastus more than John or Harry, but 'Rastus appealed to me, and 'Rastus he is. His real name is *Kentia belmoreana*, and perhaps that's the reason I changed it. It is much easier to say, "I think I'll give 'Rastus a bath this morning," "'Rastus must have some nice new plant-food to-day," than to announce that *Kentia belmoreana* would like a drink. 'Rastus and I like each other very much. I have several palms that have no names except their Latin ones; perhaps some day I'll find better names for them. But don't fail to make friends with the plants; they can teach you many things even of eternal worth, and give you a wealth of pleasure every day.

BENJAMIN KEECH.

**Mother's Last Stitches**

I HAD been finding fault with some sewing which my mother had done for me, when Aunt Ruth called me aside, and told me a story which I now pass on to other girls.

"When I was much younger than at present," said Aunt Ruth, "I was one day finding fault with a garment which my mother was making for me. It was not just as I wanted it, and I told her so in no very gracious mood. Poor, patient mother had tried hard to please me, and she sighed heavily as she took the garment from me, and turned it over and over in perplexity. At length she said, 'Ruth, I am afraid that I shall not be able to suit you. I have done my best, and really I do not see how you can think the garment ill-made.'

"It is beautifully done, so far as the sewing goes, but can you not see that it lacks style?' I replied.

"I can not see that, my child,' she answered, without showing any displeasure; but I could see that she was very weary. She appeared to be thinking intently, and after a few moments said, 'If you could wait a few days, I could get Hester Ann to come and help me.'

"Hester Ann was Hester Ann Brown, the village dressmaker. We seldom employed her in our family on account of our limited means, and generally I liked my mother's work as well as hers.

"I did not myself like to sew, and thought that I had no time, with my school work and my music lessons to prepare. I did not stop to think where mother's time came from, she was always so willing to help me, and I accepted her great kindness as a matter of course. So it was not strange that I replied, 'I don't want Hester Ann to do it; besides, I can not wait. You could have

given my waist a little more style, mama, you know you could.'

"It was seldom that I spoke so unkindly to her, but I had set my heart on having the waist exactly as I had planned. Mother turned her head, and her eyes filled with tears. I then said, 'Don't cry, mama; but you can not know how disappointed I am.'

"That night before I retired, I looked into the sewing-room to say good-night to mother. I saw that she was very pale, and that her hands trembled; but I saw, too, that the work which she had ripped out and done over was better suited to my liking, and I said, 'You will get it right, after all, mama.'

"She smiled a slow, sweet smile, but her face again took on the same weary, anxious look, and I had the grace to ask, 'Can you not put away this work for to-night, and finish it to-morrow?'

"'No, dear. To-morrow will be full of other duties. Some things have been put off too long already.'

"So I kissed her and retired. In the morning my mother was unable to leave her bed. She called me to her and said, 'Ruth, I almost finished the work. When I feel a little better, I will take the few last stitches. My strength gave out entirely last night.'

"Those last stitches were never taken. The waist was a bright-colored one, and I never wore it. Some one laid it away just as it dropped from mother's hand, and Hester Ann had to come to make a black dress for me. Mother never left her bed.

"I was very remorseful, and my friends tried to comfort me, saying that mother had long been a frail woman. But a frail woman overworked, and a frail woman helped over hard places, are conditions widely apart."

Here Aunt Ruth could not speak for the choke in her voice. When she did speak, it was to say, "Anna, come with me."

I followed her to the garret, and, opening an old trunk, she took up a bright-colored waist, belonging to the fashion of other days, and showed me a needle rusted in a fold upon the sleeve. I began to pull it out, but she said, "Leave it where I have left it. It is only a rusty needle, but it has done much to cure me of selfishness; and it is just possible that you may need a lesson from it also."

I could not be angry with dear Aunt Ruth, she is so gentle, and I knew it was more than possible that I needed a lesson. I hurried downstairs, and putting my arms around my mother's neck, I said, "Mama, I was unreasonably particular. Please forgive me." — *Girls' Companion*.

### How Nyangandi Swam to Church

NYANGANDI lived in West Africa, near the Ogowe River. She was going away from the missionary's house one afternoon, where she had been to sell bunches of plantains to the missionary, when his wife said: "Now, you must not forget that you have promised to come to-morrow to church."

"Yes," the girl replied, "I will surely come if I am alive."

But the next morning she found somebody had stolen her canoe, and no one would lend her one to go to church in. But she had promised to go, and she felt that she must. She swam all the way! The current was swift, the water deep, and the river fully a third of a mile wide, but by swimming diagonally she succeeded in crossing the river.

Remember this little heathen girl in West Africa when you feel tempted to stay away from the house of God for some trivial reason.—*Selected*.



### Walking with Christ Alone

LIFE'S rude path is rugged and thorny,  
Strewn with sorrow, tears, and pain;  
Sometimes sunny, sometimes clouded,  
All its pleasures are but vain.  
'Tis a path we all must travel,—  
Travel till we reach the throne,—  
But 'tis easy if we only  
Walk with Christ, and him alone.

Every earthly friend may fail us,  
Many seek our faith to bend.  
We may leave the world behind us  
With so faithful, true a friend.  
He will tread the path beside us,  
Guide us to his Father's throne.  
It will make the path grow brighter  
If we walk with Christ alone.

Leave your worldly cares behind you,  
All your pride and vanity.  
Seek the path that leads to heaven,  
"Upward" let your motto be.  
Ever climbing, ever striving,  
Aim to reach the Father's throne,  
And your friend will be beside you,  
Walk with him, and him alone.

FRANCES AYERS.

Age, fifteen years.

### Praise to Our Redeemer

O, JESUS has come to redeem us!  
He is ready and willing to-day  
To cleanse us from every corruption,  
And wash every dark sin away.

#### CHORUS

O praise him with hearts overflowing!  
O praise him, ye children of men!  
For Jesus has come to redeem us,  
And soon he is coming again,  
And soon he is coming again,  
And soon he is coming again.  
O praise him, the blessed Redeemer,  
For soon he is coming again!

O Jesus, my blessed Redeemer!  
In mercy, O save me, I pray!  
For though I often have grieved thee,  
I turn to thee humbly to-day.

Thy love is as high as the heavens,  
O glorious Saviour divine!  
Thy mercy a deep, healing fountain;  
O Saviour, come near and be mine!

O let me partake of thy mercy,  
And wash me from my every stain,  
And make me thine own humble agent  
To carry thy truth to all men.

OSCAR G. BARTLE.

Age, thirteen years.

### The Newfoundland Dog

THE Newfoundland dog is found chiefly in Newfoundland and England. It is a large dog about thirty inches high. Its hair is long and curly. Its tail curls up at the end, and is bushy. Its color is black, with gray or brown.

In Labrador and Newfoundland they are used as beasts of burden to carry wood and provisions. They are used by bird hunters when there are brush, vines, or water in the hunter's path.

DAVID L. WILTSE.

### Roger Williams

ROGER WILLIAMS lived in the seventeenth century. He believed in religious liberty. He was exiled from Boston because of his belief. He left his home in midwinter, and wandered fourteen weeks in the forest, and finally reached some Indians who let him live with them. In the spring of 1626 he founded the province of Rhode Island. He planted two fields, and kept them for himself, and gave all the rest to the people.

Many persons came from Boston to his colony;

so that Rhode Island became a home for persecuted religious people. Acts 5:29 says, "We ought to obey God rather than men;" and this should be done whatever the cost.

ROY T. WILTSE.

### The Robin

[THE description of the robin that follows came in response to the editor's request that some one write of his favorite bird. Zora is the first to respond.]

I think all kinds of birds are very pretty, and I dearly love to hear them sing their sweet little songs. The robin and wren are my favorites, but this time I will tell about the former. Robins are usually from four to six inches in length, and have a beautiful red breast. They are often seen in flocks on the hillsides. I suppose most of you have seen the robin's egg. I think it is about one seventh or eighth as large as a hen's egg.

The robins can sing very sweetly. I love to hear them sing their praises to the great Creator who made them.

ZORA CUMMINGS.



### How Landseer Worked

THE man who can accomplish work at a dash is probably the one who has spent patient years in preparation for it. An enthusiastic English sportsman, Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, Peshurst, had engaged Landseer to paint the portrait of his favorite dog. But the artist was one of those who put off their duties, and one day Wells, who had been growing more and more impatient, showed his feelings by some sharp expression.

"I know I have behaved shamefully," said Landseer, "but I will come down next Thursday and stay till Monday, and the picture shall be done before I leave."

On Thursday he arrived, just in time to dress for dinner, and his first remark was, "Oh, your man tells me you are going to drag the great pond to-morrow! Hurrah! I am just in time. That is a subject I have often meant to paint, and I shall get any number of sketches done."

This was an unpleasing announcement; but the host bore it. Landseer did a capital day's work for himself, and the next morning, when he came down to breakfast, he said:—

"Mr. Wells, I hear you are going to shoot to-day. I've been looking forward to that for a year or two." So it went on until Sunday, and then Wells, who was particular about seeing his guests at the early service, said to Landseer: "I suppose you are going to church?"

"I don't feel like going," said Landseer. "I think you must excuse me."

"Oh," said Wells, in a blaze, "do just as you think best! You know well enough that this is liberty hall—for you, at all events."

"Thank you," said Landseer. "And I am going to ask you to let me keep Charles Mathews with me, to amuse me."

Wells vouchsafed no answer, and away the people went, leaving these two to their own devices. The minute the house was clear, they hurried to another room, which Landseer had specially arranged for the purpose. The head gamekeeper was there, holding the dog, and Mathews assisted when there was need, at the same time amusing Landseer. When the party returned from church, the picture was painted, finished, and framed on the wall. Written on the trunk of a tree in the background were the words: "Painted at Redleaf in two hours and a half." — *Selected*.

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### X—The Defeat of Sennacherib

(September 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Chronicles 32; Isaiah 36 and 37.

MEMORY VERSE: "Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world." 1 John 4: 4.

After these things, Sennacherib, king of Assyria, came against the fenced cities of Judah, and took them. When Hezekiah heard what he was doing, he built up all the wall that was broken down around Jerusalem, and made everything ready to defend the city. Thousands of men and women and children from all Judah gathered together in Jerusalem; and Hezekiah spoke comfortably to them, saying: "Be strong and courageous, be not afraid nor dismayed for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him: for there be more with us than with him: with him is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us."

Finally the host of the Assyrians encamped against Jerusalem. Three men from the city went out to talk with the captain of the host, but he spoke scornfully of Israel, and of the God in whom they trusted. He also cried with a loud voice to the Jews who stood on the wall, offering them reward if they would make an agreement with his master. "Let not Hezekiah deceive you," he said; "for he shall not be able to deliver you. Neither let Hezekiah make you trust in the Lord, saying, The Lord will surely deliver us: this city shall not be delivered into the hand of the king of Assyria. . . . Beware lest Hezekiah persuade you, saying, The Lord will deliver us. Hath any of the gods of the nations delivered his land out of the hand of the king of Assyria?"

The king also wrote letters "to rail on the Lord God of Israel, and to speak against him, saying, As the gods of the nations of other lands have not delivered their people out of mine hand, so shall not the God of Hezekiah deliver his people out of mine hand."

One of these letters, telling of his great victories in other countries, Sennacherib sent to Hezekiah. "And Hezekiah received the letter from the hand of the messengers, and read it: and Hezekiah went up unto the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord. And Hezekiah prayed unto the Lord, saying: Incline thine ear, O Lord, and hear; open thine eyes, O Lord, and see: and hear all the words of Sennacherib, which hath sent to reproach the living God. Of a truth, Lord, the kings of Assyria have laid waste all the nations, and their countries, and have cast their gods into the fire: for they were no gods, but the work of men's hands, wood and stone. . . . Now therefore, O Lord our God, save us from his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord, even thou only."

Then the Lord sent Isaiah the prophet to Hezekiah with this message: "Thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria, He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shields, nor cast a bank against it. By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord. For I will defend this city to save it for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake."

That night the angel of the Lord went forth in the camp of the Assyrians, and smote a hundred eighty-five thousand of their soldiers,—"all the mighty men of valor, and the leaders and captains." So Sennacherib "returned with shame of face to his own land." "Thus the Lord saved Hezekiah and the inhabitants of Je-

rusalem from the hand of Sennacherib the king of Assyria, and from the hand of all others, and guided them on every side."

We are serving the same God that Hezekiah and Isaiah served; and he is just as able and just as willing to give us the victory in the battle that each one of us must fight against sin, as he was to save Jerusalem from the hand of the blasphemous Assyrian king. Hezekiah not only spoke comfortably to the people, but he humbled himself before the Lord, and prayed earnestly. So must we go forward with trust and confidence, not forgetting to seek the Lord with earnest prayer for the victory.

#### Questions

1. In the days of Hezekiah, what king took the fenced cities of Judah? When Hezekiah heard of it, what did he do? Who came to Jerusalem?
2. How did Hezekiah speak to the people? Who was with Israel, to help them?
3. When the Assyrians were encamped around Jerusalem, who went out to talk with the chief captain? How did he speak to the men?
4. What did the captain offer to the Jews who stood on the wall? How did he try to make them afraid?
5. What kind of letters did Sennacherib write? Of what did he boast? What did he threaten?
6. To whom did he send one of these letters? When Hezekiah had read it, where did he take it? What did he do with it there? Repeat all you can of his prayer. For what special purpose did he ask the Lord to save them from the hand of Sennacherib? Isa. 37: 20.
7. By what prophet did the Lord send a message to Hezekiah? What did he say about the king of Assyria? Why would the Lord spare Jerusalem?
8. Tell what happened that night. How did Sennacherib return to his own country?
9. What good lesson may we learn from this trying experience of King Hezekiah? What reason have we to be encouraged when we meet the enemy who would like to destroy our souls? See Memory Verse. What should we not forget to do?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### X—The Return of the King

(September 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rev. 19: 11-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Rev. 22: 12.

#### Questions

1. What is the promise of the coming of the Lord to the Christian? Titus 2: 13.
2. Why will Jesus return? John 14: 3.
3. In what manner will he come the second time? Acts 1: 9-14.
4. What glory will attend this event? Luke 9: 26.
5. How many will witness it? Rev. 1: 7; Matt. 24: 27; note 1.
6. What effect will his coming have upon the wicked? 2 Thess. 1: 9; 2: 8.
7. What view of the coming of the Lord was presented to the prophet on the isle of Patmos? What is said of the reward and punishment he brings? Rev. 19: 11.
8. Describe the One who sat on the white horse. Verse 12. What is he called? Verse 11. What did he have on his head?
9. How was he clothed? What is his name? Verse 13. See also John 1: 14. What name is on his vesture? Rev. 19: 16.
10. Who accompanies the King? How are they clothed? Verse 14; note 2.

11. What proceeds out of his mouth? Verse 15. What is this sword? Heb. 4: 12; Eph. 6: 17. What does he do with it? Verse 15.

12. What terrible scene is described in Rev. 19: 17, 18?

13. What will be the attitude of the beast and the kings of the earth toward the coming King? Verse 19.

14. What is done with the beast and the false prophet? Verse 19.

15. What becomes of the rest of these wicked men? Verse 21; note 3.

16. What other class is mentioned in connection with the coming of the King? Isa. 25: 9.

#### Notes

1. By means of a partial resurrection, some of the righteous and some of the wicked who are dead will be raised to witness the Saviour's return. Some of the principal actors in his crucifixion will be brought forth to witness his triumphant return. The Saviour in the hour of his humiliation told the wicked Caiaphas that he would be one of this number. Matt. 26: 64.

"All who have died in faith under the third angel's message come forth from the tomb glorified, to hear God's covenant of peace with those who have kept his law."—"Great Controversy."

2. Picture in your mind, if you are able, the glory of that hour when a hundred million, and thousands of thousands more of shining angels, cherubim and seraphim, attend the Saviour as he comes enshrouded in his own glory and all the glory of his Father. It is indeed a "glorious appearing."

3. Another "remnant" is here spoken of, not of the righteous, but of the wicked. Note the contrast between the "remnant" of Israel and the "remnant" of sin. One stands as victors on the sea of glass; the other is slain with the sword which proceeds out of the mouth of the Lord. Two vines (John 15: 1, 2; Rev. 14: 18), two suppers (Rev. 19: 9, 17, 18), two resurrections (Rev. 20: 4-6), and two remnants (Rev. 12: 17; 19: 21) are brought to view in these studies. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

#### Destruction of Sennacherib's Army

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

—Lord Byron.



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ARE you planning to study the lessons on the life of Paul? Begin with the first of the series.

By our faithful interest for the home circle, we are fitting ourselves to work for the members of the Lord's family, with whom, if loyal to Christ, we shall live through eternal ages.

THE editor has several letters on hand for the Letter Box corner, but allowed these to give place this week to contributions from some of the youngest readers. Look for the heading, "From Our Sharp-eyed Boys and Girls."

#### Age of the Earth

ONLY a few weeks ago Professor Rutherford, of Montreal, created a sensation while lecturing before a scientific audience in London by suggesting that the earth is much younger than astronomers and physicists have believed. That possibility occurred to him in consequence of the rapid rate at which radium decays. Supposing this to be uniform, he estimates that all which is at present in existence will have disintegrated in a thousand years, and that all which existed a thousand years ago must now have become transformed into something else — helium, perhaps.

Professor Joly, of Dublin, reaches an astonishingly different conclusion concerning the earth's age, by confining his attention to the behavior of another metal, uranium. Adopting the standard of decay of this metal, Professor Joly says that *ten billion* years may be regarded "a minor limit to the antiquity of matter in our part of the universe." Exacting biologists and geologists of the past have modestly demanded only a hundred million years, while Lord Kelvin's estimate of its age since fitted to maintain life is between *ten* and *twenty* million — a definiteness befitting the lack of dependable data for drawing conclusions. Notwithstanding these awe-inspiring figures, resting on "the baseless fabric of a vision," we are forced to say, as did Sir William Thompson once in a lecture on the age of the sun, "After all, they don't know anything about it;" because the only reliable record — that given by Moses in Genesis — is utterly ignored.

#### Precious Promises

"I will guide thee with mine eye." Ps. 32:8. A tourist who went through the Cave of the Winds at Niagara tells how the spray blinded him, the noise deafened him, and he felt a dreadful sense of loneliness in the midst of that terrifying tumult, relieved only by the touch of his guide's hand. It was a strong, steady hand, and he did not feel afraid. The guide held him and drew him forward, and he had nothing to do but to follow, step by step, until he was safely through. The soul knows such lonely passages;

but there is no reason to fear. The hand of the Guide is strong and tender; it will neither fail nor mistake; and if we yield trustfully to Christ's leading, we shall come safely through.

"Lead me in the way everlasting." Ps. 139:24. Mrs. Sangster tells of being obliged once to leave a blocked railway train to find food and shelter. It was in a strange part of the country, and very dark. A gentleman offered to be her guide to a village. She hesitated, and asked, "Are you sure that you know the road?" He said: "I have been over the road often. I am familiar with every foot of it. It is very rough, but I am going to take my wife over it first, and then, if you can trust me, I shall be glad to guide you." She got through safely; but when she saw the road next morning, she said, "I never could have gone over it by light." So many times we have to take God's hand in the dark, and follow him because he knows the way. He sent his own Son over it first, and it is safer —

"To walk with him in the dark  
Than to go alone in the light."  
— *Christian Endeavor World*.

#### Needed a Half-Holiday

A GENTLEMAN who was traveling in California was dining with a friend who had a fine orchard in the San Jose valley. The topic of conversation had turned upon Chinese as servants — a subject suggested by the presence of a Chinaman, who, with a noiseless step and stolid face, waited on the table.

"I have heard," said the Easterner, "upon very good authority, that these Celestials are not only dishonest, but their chief fault is their absolute unfaithfulness to their employers. They are inclined to sacrifice their employers' interests to their own, and are absolutely unreliable in their actions when their help is most needed."

"You are mistaken," said the Californian. "My experience shows the opposite to be true. A Chinaman is most faithful, never complains, and is willing to do work which he is not bound to do. Now I will call Hip Wo and tell him that he can go if he wishes, and he will probably insist upon staying to wait on us. So sure am I that, if he does not, I will make you a present of a new silk hat."

Thereupon he pressed the bell. The Chinaman appeared, solemn and speechless, and waited for his orders.

"You needn't wait on us any more to-day, Hip," said his master. "We will get everything ourselves."

Hip smiled broadly, "T'anks, I go," he said.

The master looked astounded, "Why, Hip," said he, "why would you leave us?"

The Easterner laughed.

"Me leave because my house been on fire one half-hour!" returned the Celestial, bowing his way out.

"Well, I guess you needn't buy me that hat," said the Easterner. — *Youth's Companion*.

#### "Better Than Ever"

A LETTER was recently received in which two aged pioneers expressed their appreciation of the INSTRUCTOR, and said that it seemed to them it "is better than ever." A number of letters from others have expressed the same idea. The editor and the publishers appreciate these kind words, and they inspire us to do better still. Another series of articles which will be very helpful to all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, under the title of "Good Manners," will begin to appear shortly.

We trust that Sabbath-school officers and teachers will see to it that clubs of the INSTRUCTOR are taken wherever there are young people in attendance. Sometimes the young people do not attend Sabbath-school because it is not made interesting for them. If a club of INSTRUCTORS was provided for their use, and the school made

a place where they would *want to go*, a safe-guard would thus be thrown around them which might, perhaps, keep them from going off into the world. If they have the INSTRUCTOR to read, they will not be so likely to seek after reading which is not so good.

The leaders of Young People's meetings will find the outlines published each week in the INSTRUCTOR of great service as an aid in planning their weekly programs. The following letter was just received: "We have organized a Young People's Society, and would like a club of five YOUTH'S INSTRUCTORS sent to my address for three months." This is a good beginning, and other Societies will do well to follow this example.

The subscription list of the INSTRUCTOR has increased very materially since the removal of the office of publication to Washington. We know there are still thousands of other young people who would be benefited by reading it, and we ask our friends to assist us in bringing it to the attention of such. Sample copies will be sent free to any who wish to use them in introducing the paper to those who do not take it.

Address Circulating Department, Youth's Instructor, 222 North Capitol St., Washington, D. C.



EUREKA, KAN., July 22, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I greatly enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, for there are so many encouraging thoughts contained in it. I began to read your paper about a year ago, when I first received this truth. I had to go through a cyclone before I received the truth, but God protected me by his mighty arm.

I have been doing considerable reading. I have read "Steps to Christ," "Spirit of Prophecy," "Christ Our Saviour," and now I am reading "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation." I have also read as far as Judges in the Bible. Will you inform me where I can get the history of Charles Wolfe, the poet?

It makes me feel as though I hadn't done anything for my Master when I read of the good work that is being carried on by the Young People's meetings of other cities. I am now teaching a class of children each Tuesday afternoon. These children can not do work in distributing our literature; they are not of our faith. I read the articles out of the "Gospel Primer" as my lessons to them. I hope to see more letters in the next issue.

LILLIE L. WOLF.

The author of this letter seems to have successfully solved the problem of improving leisure hours. We hope "Great Controversy," "Desire of Ages," and "Patriarchs and Prophets" will in time be added to the list of good books read; for these volumes are deep wells filled with the sparkling waters of truth direct from the sanctuary of God.

Charles Wolfe, of whom you desire information, was born in Dublin in 1791. He was a minister by profession, but his pen produced a few things destined to live to do him honor. One of these is "The Burial of Sir John Moore." This poem was written during his course at Trinity College, Dublin.

Mr. Wolfe was related to the general of Quebec fame. He was a very gifted man, naturally and educationally, but was not long permitted to serve the world, being cut down by consumption at the age of thirty-two. Mr. John Russell has written a sketch of his life. The Encyclopedia Britannica and Lippincott's Biographical Gazetteer will give a brief account of his life and work.