

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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### The Judgment

Is it true that an angel in glory  
Is recording my acts 'neath the sun?  
That he writes all the pitiful story  
Of the sins and the wrongs I have done?  
Is it true that each thought is recorded,  
Of folly, or anger, or sin?  
And will justice for each be awarded  
In the judgment so soon to begin?

Ah, yes; and the record is growing,  
As the days melt away into years;  
Alas, what will be the sad showing  
When the Lord in his judgment appears?  
In the day when the saints shall adore him,  
And worship the Lamb that was slain,  
Shall I stand unforgiven before him,  
In the day when repentance is vain?

In the day when the world is divided,  
And the Judge in his grandeur is seen,  
When a refuge for all is provided  
Whose record is spotless and clean;  
In the day when the world is on trial,  
With the dead raised from land and from sea  
By the call that will take no denial,  
O, what will the book say of me?

Thank God, there is hope for the fallen —  
A cleansing for sin's scarlet stain,  
For all the sad record appalling,  
In the blood of the Lamb that was slain!  
With our sins all confessed and forgiven,  
Our record made "whiter than snow,"  
We may enter the glories of heaven,  
Where life's water's eternally flow.

— Selected.

### Faith Cometh

Of the people who will be ready to meet the returning Saviour in peace it is said, "Here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." All recognize the faith of Jesus as the only true standard, but many realize that they come far short of this high attainment. That it is set forth in the Scriptures as the possible possession of all through Christ is very plain. To walk as he walked, to enjoy his sweet companionship, and to devote their lives to others as he did, is their chief purpose in life, yet they find themselves troubled with doubt. They fail through unbelief. They long for the time when faith shall be swallowed up in victory. To such I would commend the following text of Scripture: "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

This is not a mere theory, it is a wonderful truth. Hearing in the sense of this scripture is not merely hearing the sound of the reading of the Word. It is hearing it thoughtfully. No man can hear the Word of God thoughtfully without increased faith in that Word. It is not enough to pray, "Lord, increase our faith." The rule by which faith cometh must be observed. More hearing and personal application of the Word is the rule of faith. The rule is simple, but infallible, for it is God's Word. Sublimely beauti-

ful on account of its simplicity is the heaven-appointed road over which faith cometh.

A ranchman and his wife lived in a small, cheaply constructed hut on the prairies of North Dakota. They had both backslidden from God, and were thoughtful only of the present world and the acquisition of earthly possessions; yet they talked together one morning of reading the Bible through. The question arose which Bible they should read. He had just finished reading the first chapter of Genesis in his wife's Catholic Bible. The description of creation had so charmed him that he said, "Let us read your Bible." This unexpected suggestion so pleased the wife that she was ready at once to enter upon the undertaking.

They kept a note of all texts bearing upon creation, the marriage relation, the nature of man, the Sabbath, conversion, the coming of Christ, and other subjects. When they had finished reading the Bible through, although they had read the Douay version, they had become firm in their faith in God, and in Jesus Christ as a Saviour who can save unto the uttermost without the intervention of priest or the need of penance; they believed in immersion as baptism, and that the dead do not go to purgatory or heaven at death, but to the grave to await the resurrection. They believed that the dead in Christ will be raised at his second coming, and that the seventh day is the only Bible Sabbath. One Sabbath morning they bowed together in their little home and gave their hearts to God. They said they knew that angels of God were in their room that morning, and that God accepted them.

When they related their experience, the neighbors said, "You are Seventh-day Adventists." They replied, "We have never heard a Seventh-day Adventist minister nor read any of their literature. All the faith we hold was obtained by reading the Catholic Bible." Afterward an acquaintance with Seventh-day Adventists convinced them that the views obtained from reading the Bible through were the same as those held by that people, and so they cast their lot with them.

This incident remarkably confirms the Scripture, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." R. C. PORTER.

THE heavens are a point from the pen of his perfection;  
The world is a rosebud from the bower of his beauty;  
The sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom;  
And the sky a bubble on the sea of his power.  
— Sir W. Jones.

### When We Give Up Trying

Do not say that you have failed because you have made a blunder. Do not let yourself think that you have failed because you have fallen below your standard. The wisest make mistakes. The most successful are never wholly satisfied with what they have done.

The only real failure is to give up trying. No matter how clumsily you work, no matter how slowly you grasp what you need to know, you

are not beaten as long as you keep trying. But the moment you stop trying, no matter what reserves of ability and power you may have, you have ignominiously failed.

The hero of one of the best stories we have ever read, gathered an inspiration from a bulldog whose master proudly declared that when he once "took a holt," nothing could make him let go. Unless something of the same quality is in each of us, failure is a foregone conclusion. When we hold fast to that which we have undertaken, working at it patiently even though slowly and painfully, we are on the straight road to success. We may find it a longer road than we expected, with a great deal of hard climbing, but we shall reach the goal if we keep plodding on. The only chance of failure is to give up trying.— R. O. Everest.

### Father's Kneeling Place

SOME children were playing "hide the handkerchief." We sat and watched them a long while, and heard no unkind word, and saw scarcely a rough movement. After a while little Jack, whose turn it was to hide the handkerchief, went to the opposite end of the room, and tried to hide it under a cushion of a big chair. Freddie immediately walked over to him, and said in a low, gentle voice, "Please, Jack, don't hide the handkerchief there; that is father's kneeling place."

Father's kneeling place!" It seemed like sacred ground to me, as it did to little Freddie; and by and by, when the years roll on, and this place shall see the dear father no more forever, will not the memory of this hallowed spot leave an impression upon these young hearts, that time and change can never efface, and remain as one of the most precious memories of the dear old home? — Selected.

### An Incident of Unheeded Warning

THROUGH a certain Western city there runs a small river that is seldom known to overflow its banks. However, as a result of considerable rain falling recently, the people in the lowlands, or the "bottoms," as they are called, were told one day that the river was rising rapidly further up the stream, and that they would better move out at once. It was such an uncommon thing for that small river to get high enough to do damage, that the people failed to heed the warning. That night about twelve o'clock, the angry, surging waters swooped down upon them, and it was only with great difficulty that the company who were sent to their rescue were able to save them. All the danger and the hardships endured, both by the victims and by their rescuers, might have been avoided if the people had heeded the warning.

This incident made a deep impression upon the writer, as it brought to mind in a forcible way the millions who have not yet heard the warning of Jesus' soon coming, or having heard it, have rejected it, and are heedlessly going along, failing to prepare for that greatest of all events. Dear young reader, are you one of those upon whom that day will come "as a thief in the night"? If



you are not now preparing to meet the King of kings when he comes with power and great glory, accompanied by all the holy angels, you have no time to lose; for the closing sun of this world's history already gilds the Western horizon, and soon it will forever disappear. If, on the other hand, you are looking, according to his promise, "for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," may you surrender yourself to God day by day so that he can use you to sound the warning cry to those with whom you associate, thus hastening that glad day of his appearing.

BUNNIE LYTTON LEIGH.



"THE city of Nuremberg, in conjunction with the Society of German Clockmakers, has erected a monument by way of commemorating Peter Henlein, who, four hundred years ago, substituted springs for weights in clocks, and thus made watches a possibility. The statue, by the Berlin sculptor Meissner, represents Henlein at work in his shop, in shirt sleeves and apron."

LAST year \$21,240 worth of gold dust was scraped from the nineteen chimneys of the United States mint during the annual cleaning. During the year \$50,000 of gold and silver dust were swept from the floors of the mint, while thousands of dollars were recovered by burning the work clothes of employees. The mint cleaning for this year is now in progress, every precaution being taken against loss of any of the dust.—*Selected.*

"SOME of the thirty-three thousand rural free delivery carriers are using automobiles instead of horses. They find that they can cover a twenty-five-mile route, having the usual one hundred and fifty boxes, in about two hours. To do the same work with a mail wagon drawn by horses takes about eight hours. The patrons along the route naturally like the more rapid service, as it brings them the daily market reports just that much earlier."

PREVIOUS to 1850 few tin cans were made in the United States, but the Civil War created a great demand for canned goods. When the war ceased, emigration to the West furnished another large market for canned goods, and now there are few families in all this land that do not use from one to a dozen cans each week. There are more than 2,000 canning factories in this country, including meats, fish, and vegetables, requiring 1,200,000,000 cans a year.—*Popular Mechanics.*

FLOORS made of paper are now being used in Germany. The new idea has many advantages over wooden floors. A rough board surface is first laid. Over this is spread a preparation of pulp which dries almost as hard as stone, with an absolutely even surface. It is then painted to resemble wood. The result is a floor capable of being kept clean easily, and the absence of cracks prevents warping. Best of all, it does not cost nearly so much as wood. For tenement houses especially, the new idea is a boon.—*Selected.*

"THE New Zealand government has provided for castaway crews by establishing depots where food and clothing may be obtained on several islands off the coast. Not long ago a French crew, shipwrecked and cast upon the Auckland

Islands, were sustained for a considerable period by this thoughtful provision. At most of the islands a boat is left, also, white finger-posts point out the way to the depots. The government steamer visits most of the islands twice a year, and no island is visited less than once a year."

### The United States Warns China

OVER ten thousand of the leading merchants in Hongkong, Shanghai, Canton, Foo-Chow, Amoy, Tientsin, and other principal cities in China are said to have signed the Chinese boycott of America and all things American, and the boycott resolution carries with it a fine of five thousand dollars for its violation.

This boycott is directed against the Chinese Exclusion act, and is intended to influence the signatories to the treaty now in preparation, and which is based upon the enactment of the last Congress. The main provisions of the boycott resolution are:—

- (1) Chinese will not buy nor use any article of American production.
- (2) Chinese merchants, their agents and shippers, will not ship goods in vessels owned by Americans.
- (3) Chinese will not send children to schools established and conducted by Americans.
- (4) Chinese will not join any American firm as salesman, agent, or interpreter.
- (5) Chinese employed in performing menial services for Americans are requested to resign such positions.

The boycott, which was instituted on May 15, and became effective in the leading Chinese cities on July 19, has brought on a reaction in China, and the instigators of the movement are now deploring it.

In fact, advices from Shanghai under date of August 11, indicate that China is greatly alarmed over the sharp prospect of a financial crisis in consequence of the boycott. To add to the prevailing alarm, the authorities of that city had a report that President Roosevelt has instructed Minister Rockhill to warn the Chinese government that the United States will insist on the full observance of Article 15 of the Tientsin Treaty of 1858.

This article provides as follows:—

At each of the ports open to commerce, citizens of the United States shall be permitted to import from abroad and sell, purchase, and export all merchandise of which the importation or exportation is not prohibited by the laws of the empire.

It is known in Washington that the State Department some days ago directed the attention of Minister Rockhill to this particular article in view of the published reports that it was the intention of those managing the boycott to interfere with the landing of American goods, and to prevent stevedores from removing American goods from vessels in Chinese ports.—*Search-Light.*

### Time-Recording Camera for Trapping Motorists

A TIME-RECORDING camera has been patented in England with which it is proposed to trap motorists who exceed the speed limit. The camera will take a photograph of any rapidly passing object, and at the same instant it will photograph a watch also. The watch is in a special case which has an opening for inserting a card bearing the date.

To trap motorists, the over-speedy car is photographed by an officer with a time-camera at each end of a pre-determined stretch of boulevard, and on the difference in the recorded time and the distance traversed the speed is determined, while the occupants of the car may be identified by photograph, also.

Each watch has a registered number, and is sealed in its case, making a trustworthy record for court use.—*Popular Mechanics.*

### Fire-Alarm Box That Handcuffs Tricksters

WHEN the new fire-alarm box recently patented is installed, fire companies will no longer be called out by false alarms; or, if they are, the miscreant will receive his due. The box has a small door in front, and immediately when this is opened, a large gong in the box begins sounding, attracting attention to that place. On the inside are two small doors, having a slot through which the hand must be thrust to send in an alarm. As the alarm is sounded, a rubber-lined aluminum handcuff snaps around the wrist of the person operating it, the slotted doors fly open, releasing the handcuff and three feet of chain, and the person is a prisoner until the fire company arrives to find out where the fire is and release him. He can, however, close the large doors of the box, and cause the large gong to cease ringing.—*Popular Mechanics.*

### Launching a War-Ship

It is generally understood that ships are built on an incline, so that their own weight will cause them to slide into the water when they are released; but how are they set free? A cradle of timber is built around the ship, and this and the ship in it are lifted off the keel-blocks by driving wedges between the cradle and the blocks. Then the blocks are cut away. In launching the "Connecticut," bags of sand have been substituted for certain of the blocks, and when the bags were slit, the sand ran out, thus freeing the keel.

The "ways" have been greased with tallow, and the great creature dashes down the incline into the water like a race-horse. If the space is narrow, she may shoot across it and into the mud-banks, unless stopped by tugs or other means.

It is a great thing to get a ship or a boy started right, and a great thing to keep them from going too fast and too far.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

### Simple Tests of Drinking Water

THE presence of organic impurity in water can be detected by dissolving some loaf sugar in it, and then, after putting in a tight stopper, allowing it to stand in a warm, well-lighted room for a few days. If it becomes turbid, there are certainly organic impurities in it; if it remains clear, it is pure and safe to drink. To test the presence of earthy matters, take litmus paper dipped in vinegar, and if, on immersion, the paper returns to its true shade, the water does not contain earthy matter or alkali.

To ascertain if the water contains iron, boil a little nutgall and add to the water. If it turns gray or slate, black iron is present. Or, dissolve a little prussiate of potash, and if iron is present, it will turn blue. The presence of carbonic acid may be ascertained, even in very small quantities, thus: Take equal parts of water and clear lime-water. If combined or free carbonic acid is present, a precipitate is formed, to which, if a few drops of muriatic acid be added, an effervescence begins.

To detect magnesia, boil the water to a twentieth part of its weight, and then drop a few grains of neutral carbonate of ammonia into a glass of it, and a few drops of phosphate of soda. If magnesia is present, it will fall to the bottom. We can ascertain the presence of even a very small quantity of lime if into a glass of water we put two drops of oxalic acid, and blow upon it. If it gets milky, lime is present.

The presence of any acid can be shown by dipping into the water a piece of litmus paper. If it turns red, there must be acid. If it precipitates on adding lime-water, it is carbonic acid. A solution of good soap and alcohol will turn hard water milky; but will not destroy the clearness of soft water.—*Search-Light.*





## THE HOME CIRCLE

### A Look at Both Sides

I HAD not thought to write again so soon concerning the friendships of young men and young women; or, as most of my correspondents name them, "the boys and girls." But circumstances seem to make it wise to do so; no topic which we have considered in this department has called out so general and wide-spread comment. Mothers and teachers, in some instances fathers and pastors, to say nothing of the young people themselves, have written to me with regard to the little talk I gave you some weeks ago about "Some Mistaken Ideas."

I have decided to share the letters with you. Here is one from a mother of several daughters. She is convinced, she says, that I live in a choicer environment than many have, or I should not write of the exchange of familiarities between girls and boys, such as holding each other's hands, etc., as if they were comparatively rare experiences. She assures me that her young daughter, not yet seventeen, is spoken of by some of her schoolmates as a "prude" because she will not submit to such customs. The mother, who has recently moved to the neighborhood, affirms that, so far as she can judge, there is much more laxity in these matters than was to be found in the back-country district where she spent her girlhood. She admits that many of the old-fashioned kissing games have become obsolete, but considers the modern dances which have taken their place, together with the modern custom of singling out one favorite for *special* attentions, instead of bestowing them generally, distinct steps backward.

She thanks me for my written words, but thinks that I dealt much too mildly with the subject, and believes that the time has come for very plain speaking.

The next letter is also from a mother, a slightly indignant one. She wonders what my peculiar environment can be; she can not think it possible that there is in these days any self-respecting young woman who allows other boys than her own brothers any liberties whatever. She is *very* familiar with young women; is a teacher, indeed, of many; has chaperoned many more; and is "perfectly certain" that in the circle in which she moves—"which is one that any young woman of ordinary refinement can join"—there is not a girl who would not be shocked to the point of indignation if one of her young men acquaintances should attempt to retain her hand, or indulge in anything of the nature of a caress. And as for "kissing," that is really "too offensive to be talked about!"

Now I will give you a bit from a dear girl's letter, a motherless girl. She wants to know whether I really mean that a certain friend of hers, of whom she thinks a great deal, mustn't rest his head on her shoulder when he is tired. She wouldn't do anything improper for the world, and she has always lived in cities, where of course girls have to be *very* careful; but out there in the country it seems different. "Real nice girls do not think it wrong to let a boy kiss them if they like him, although they have no idea of being engaged."

She has talked quite seriously with one "nice boy" about such things; and he thinks she is wrong, and that she must not expect boys to act like saints.

Poor little motherless, ill-treated girl, with her sweet nature and innocent heart! My heart goes

out to her, and I should like to strike out from her list of acquaintances every rude, untrained, untamed, selfish "boy," and have her associate only with—not saints, but—*gentlemen*. I like that old-fashioned word, in its place.

But let me tell you of another letter, also from a girl, and a country girl at that, one born and bred there. She is dignified even in her indignation. She "can not imagine" where I have found the girls about whom I wrote. Receiving calls in their sleeping-rooms! the idea! Why, every one knows that college girls *could* not do such things if they would; it is against the rules. It doesn't have to be talked about, either; nor do any of those offensive things that I mention in my paper; they are simply not "good form," and every respectable girl knows it. She thinks it is "too bad" that such things are written. People who do not know anything about the girls and boys of this day will get the idea that such ways are common.

Do not she and my little motherless city girl in the country need in some way to be made acquainted with each other? Bless her! I am not in the least offended with her letter, nor even "hurt." I wish the world was the safe, refined, "cultured" place that she thinks it is.

But it was left to a "boy correspondent" to give me the fiercest rating. He would like to know what authority I have for calling little exchanges of friendliness between girls and boys "coarse." There are plenty of refined girls of his acquaintance who allow such things; he knows them "by the thousand" (!), and no "breath of suspicion has ever blown their way." He thinks there are quite enough "old maids" in the world now, but there will be "plenty more" if my "kind of girl ever gets to be plenty." He wants to know how he is expected to visit his girl friends, if they have no place but their rooms to see folks in. Shall he stand on the street corners with them? He closes his outburst of wrath with a fierce hint that I am a sour old woman, and ought to pray to be taken out of the way, since the "milk of human kindness" has evidently dried up within me.

I owe him a debt of gratitude; I haven't had so much amusement in a good while as his letter afforded. Albeit there was an undertone of sadness about it, in the realization that here is at least one evidently honest, good-intentioned, ignorant boy, who is too wise in his own conceit to be helped.

I could give you more quotations on both sides of this question, but these will suffice to show you that there are two sides, and that there are young people, and older ones, who have yet much to learn.—*Pansy, in Christian Endeavor World.*

### The Priceless Word

THE following is an excerpt from "The Lost Word" by Henry van Dyke:—

John turned to Hermas, and his tone softened as he said: "My son, you have sinned deeper than you know. The word with which you parted so lightly is the keyword of all life and joy and peace. Without it the world has no meaning, and existence no rest, and death no refuge. It is the word that purifies love and comforts grief, and keeps hope alive forever. It is the most precious thing that ear has ever heard, or mind has known, or heart has conceived. It is the name of him who has given us life and breath and all things richly to enjoy,—the name of him

who, though we may forget him, never forgets us,—the name of him who pities us as you pity your suffering child,—the name of him who, though we wander far from him, seeks us in the wilderness,—the name of him who sent his Son even as his Son has sent me this night, to breathe again that forgotten name in the heart that is perishing without it. Listen, my son, listen with all your soul to the blessed name of God our Father."

### God Is Keeping Watch

A LITTLE story, which beautifully illustrates the childlike faith that may be every Christian's is told of a four-year-old who inquired of her widowed mother one moonlight night:—

"Mama, is the moon God's light?" The lamp had just been put out, and the timid little girl, as well as her mother, was afraid of the dark; but presently she saw the bright moon out of her window, and it suggested the question, "Is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, Ethel," the mother replied; "the moon and stars are all God's lights."

Then came the next question from the little girl: "Will God blow out his light and go to sleep, too?"

"No, my child," replied the mother, "his lights are always burning."

Then the timid little girl gave utterance to a sentiment that thrilled the mother's heart and led her to a more complete trust in her God: "Well, mama, while God's awake, I am not afraid."—*Selected.*

### How Rover Gave the Alarm

OLD Rover seldom barked. Only when there was great excitement and he wished to rouse the whole family did his heavy voice sound, and then every one came to see what was the matter. He lived in a little house all by himself out on the lawn, and at night he wore a great chain about his neck, for if Rover found it necessary to bark, he might also think it necessary to take the situation into his own hands.

One night it was storming furiously, and the wind howled about the house. It was midnight when Rover's warning bark was heard. The children got up at once and came into mother's room. Papa said that the wind must have startled Rover, and they would wait awhile. But the dog barked louder and louder, and so papa dressed and went to the kitchen and looked out. Nothing unusual was in sight. He lighted a lantern and opened the side door. What do you think he found? Only a little stray kitten huddled up against the door and mewling plaintively. Papa took up the kitten and called, "It is all right, old fellow!" and Rover went back into his kennel.

Mother came down and gave the kitten some milk, and made a little bed behind the kitchen stove, and that was the way that "Pink-Nose" came to the house to live. They never knew how she came there, and if Rover knew, he never told. He had done his part for the little wanderer.—*H. C. Hill.*

### Grumbling Comes Cheap

No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, is required to set up in the grumbling business, but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.—*The Myrtle.*



# BIBLE READERS COURSE

## The Law of God

### 1. What is said of the law of the Lord?

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." Ps. 19: 7.

### 2. What did Christ think of the law?

"Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." Ps. 40: 7, 8.

### 3. What does the psalmist say of his love for the law?

"O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day." "I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord; and thy law is my delight." Ps. 119: 97, 174.

### 4. What is the law?

"Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is the truth." Ps. 119: 142.

### 5. Who only will be saved?

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified." Rom. 2: 13.

### 6. What will the keeping of the law give to one?

"Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them." Ps. 119: 165.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### Paul's Fellow Laborers

#### OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR PERSONAL STUDY: Matt. 11: 28-30.

TOPICS FOR STUDY — Paul's Companions.

- Barnabus, Acts 12: 25.
- Silas, Acts 15: 40.
- Luke, Acts 20: 13; Col. 4: 14.
- Apollos, 1 Cor. 4: 6; 16: 12.
- Titus, 2 Cor. 2: 12, 13.
- Tychicus, Col. 4: 7.
- Aquila and Priscilla, Acts 18: 1, 2.
- Nymphas, Col. 4: 15.
- Euodias and Syntyche, Phil. 4: 2.
- Phebe, a deaconess, Rom. 16: 1, 2.
- Rufus, Rom. 16: 13.
- Andronicus, Junia, Lucius, Jason, Sosipater, Mary, Tryphena, Tryphosa, and others, Rom. 16: 5-21.
- Aristarchus Acts 19: 29.
- Mark, Col. 4: 10; 2 Tim. 4: 11.
- Epaphras, Col. 1: 7.
- Epaphroditus, Phil. 2: 25; 4: 18.
- Onesimus, Col. 4: 9.
- Onesiphorus, 2 Tim. 1: 16-18.
- Trophimus, Acts 20: 4.
- Alexander, Hymenæus, Philetus, Demas, Phygellus, and Hermogenes, all of whom apostatized. 2 Tim. 4: 14; 2: 17; 4: 10; 1: 15.

#### Note

There were others who were also associated with this illustrious apostle in his arduous labors to extend the gospel. That he was able to gather around him so many strong laborers testifies much to his strong personality, and is a testimony to his personal friendship. Such a force of consecrated workers led by such a devoted genius as the great

apostle, could do a marvelous work in a short time. In a few brief years the gospel was carried to all the world.

G. B. T.

## The Coming of Christ

THE sun is sinking in the west,  
The birds and beasts are returning to rest.  
Man, tired with toil and care,  
Kneels by his bed for evening prayer.  
Soon we hear the hasty decree,  
"The people of God to the mountains must flee."  
Then we see a small black cloud appear,  
And know our coming Saviour is near.  
We hear a cry of awful alarm,  
Men crying for rocks to shield them from harm.  
Around Christ there is a glorious light,  
Angels on the left and angels on the right.  
The people of God look up and say,  
"Who shall stand in that great day?"  
Christ answers, "Those who in heart are pure;  
My grace is sufficient, you shall endure."  
Then with a mighty voice he cries,  
"Those who sleep in their graves, arise;"  
Then there is an awful earthquake,  
And those who sleep in the dust awake.  
Seven days' journey to the sea of glass,  
And in waving fields of witherless grass  
Christ swings the pearly gates open wide,  
And says to his people, "Pass inside."  
Will you be ready for that great day?  
Will all your sins be washed away?

MAUD BIRD.

Aged thirteen.

## Correct Posture in Prayer

It is doubtless true that no certain attitude is essential to acceptable prayer, but two postures are mentioned in the Scriptures, and it would seem that under ordinary circumstances one or the other of these attitudes should be assumed by the worshiper.

It was customary among the Jews to stand while offering prayer. It has, we think, always been customary for subjects to stand in the presence of their king, unless invited to be seated; thus the standing posture in prayer indicates reverence.

But our Saviour was frequently found on his knees in prayer, and in many respects this seems to be the more fitting posture. The very act of kneeling before God deepens in the mind of the worshiper those feelings that should accompany prayer.

Again, while formality is to be avoided, propriety should be observed in the worship of God. Every public service ought to have in it that which would impress with a feeling of solemnity the casual visitor. What is better calculated to do this than to see a whole congregation reverently kneel before God in prayer? Certainly at such a time as this no Christian should remain seated, unless the conditions are such as to forbid kneeling. . . . Ordinarily, due reverence for God and for his public worship would seem to require that all the worshipers assume the same reverent attitude during prayer.—*Watchman.*

## Our Reading

LOVE stories and frivolous, exciting tales constitute another class of books that is a curse to every reader. The author may attach a good moral, and all through his work may weave religious sentiments; yet in most cases Satan is but clothed in angel robes, the more effectually to deceive and allure. The mind is affected in a great degree by that upon which it feeds. The readers of frivolous, exciting tales become unfitted for the duties lying before them. They live an unreal life, and have no desire to search the Scriptures, to feed upon the heavenly manna.

I have been instructed that the youth are exposed to the greatest peril from improper reading. Satan is constantly leading both the young and those of mature age to be charmed with worthless stories. Could a large share of the books published be consumed, a plague would be

stayed that is doing a fearful work in weakening the mind and corrupting the heart. *None are so confirmed in right principles as to be secure from temptation.* All this trashy reading should be resolutely discarded.—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

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• CHILDREN'S PAGE •



**Little Bob Stood the Test**

THE "Blue Line" stopped at the corner, and an anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Bob," said his mother, "don't lose that note I gave you, don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed the brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bob?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deeme," he answered.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise on the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor, but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen Deeme.

"See here, if you don't, I'll scare the horses and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bob, I'll give you this peach if you'll pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you will just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter. The child turned away, as if he did not want to hear any more, but the young man opened the bag and held it just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Bob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat at the other end to get off the car, the little boy slid quickly down, left the temptation behind, and crept quickly into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Bob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said, with a sweet glow on her face: "Tell your mama that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long message ever reached Bob's mother, but no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.—*Young Pilgrim.*

**The Boy in Grandpa**

GRANDPA LANGLEY had had his hair cut. From their own pew the Sutherlands could see the close-cropped silver head and the bent shoulders of the old man as he sat in the very front seat, almost under the pulpit, listening, with his ear-trumpet, to the minister's sermon.

A tender smile played around the corners of Mama Sutherland's mouth each time she looked at him. There was something so boyish in his appearance. She lost some parts of the sermon, for her memory kept bringing pictures to her

mind of their old home and her father, Grandpa Langley, in years gone by.

Grandpa liked Everett Sutherland, and delighted to have him wait on him; and though Everett was a growing, lively boy, and full of his own interests, he was generally very patient with the old man. There were times, however, when Everett had to wait a long time for grandpa, and do the same errand many times over because he was so particular, and he had complained a little to Mama Sutherland. But on this Sunday morning there was something so like a little boy in grandpa's cropped head that it gave Everett a queer feeling inside, and he was sorry that he had ever been impatient.

He usually waited at the door to help Grandpa Langley down the steps, but this time, when the service was over, he slipped along up the thronged aisle to the front seat, and helped him

"Well, he is a boy yet. Has he ever forgotten how to flip marbles? It is all in him; he didn't change into a young man and lose the boy; the boy was all there, and more, too. Then when he was a strong young man, and worked and earned the bread and butter for grandma and the babies at home on the little farm, he was still a boy, but a man, too. Then by and by, when he was middle-aged, and we children were all big, he still worked hard to send us away to school, one after the other. His hair began to get gray, but still he was a boy, and a young man, too, and, most of all, the older man. He hadn't lost any of it; he had had all the experience and all the knowledge, and he kept growing and adding; but the boy is still there, and the young man, and the middle-aged man."

Everett's eyes were big and wondering. "How much there is to him!" he said, softly, turning his own brown head to look at the silver one. "Didn't he keep adding, though?"

"How much of reverence we owe to him, and how loving and patient we should be," said mama, dreamily. "I hope you will keep adding, dearie, so that when you grow to be old, there will be in you such a splendid boy and such a splendid young man as there is in grandpa."

Everett hoped so, too, and made up his mind that, with the dear Lord to help him, he would do it.

Grandpa woke suddenly, and looked up at the two. "Hey?" he said. He always thought some one had spoken to him.

Everett slid his hassock over to the Morris chair, and laid his hand on the wrinkled one. Grandpa's face was all wrinkled, too,—wrinkled with smiles as he turned toward Everett. "Sonnie," he began, "when I was a boy,"

Everett looked swiftly toward mama, as she looked at him, in loving appreciation of the boy in grandpa.—*Sunday School Times.*



LANDSEER'S FAMOUS PAINTING, "LAYING DOWN THE LAW"

get his muffler and overcoat on, and slid his hand into the old man's as they walked up the aisle together.

Grandpa did not talk much to people because he could not hear if they answered, but his kindly old face beamed as he shook hands and nodded at folks. There was something so "cute" about him this morning that Everett laughed outright with pleasure.

"Hey?" said the old man, turning to Everett. He had heard a sound, and thought the boy spoke. But Everett only smiled back into the twinkling eyes and shook his head.

That afternoon he was reading in the library. Grandpa Langley had fallen asleep in the Morris chair, and Mama Sutherland sat near by. Kathie had gone to the hospital with the flowers and papers. Everett looked over at the peaceful face and closed eyes, then at mama, and their eyes met.

"Isn't he just like a boy to-day, mama!" he exclaimed.

"It's the boy in him that you see, Everett," said mama, laying down her book.

Everett looked puzzled.

"Don't you know what stories he tells of the jolly times he had when he was a boy?" she asked. "He was a boy once, just like you."

"Of course," said Everett.

**What Would You Like to Do?**

IRMA STONE's aunt, Elsie Milton, had just returned from abroad; and Irma was delighted with the souvenirs she had brought home, and the accounts she gave of what she had seen during her travels, and at knowing that her aunt had received high honors abroad.

Irma's mama had much work to do; and Miss Milton, too, was busy in her own room. But Irma, instead of helping either of them, hindered her aunt by asking her questions.

"Aunt Elsie, don't you wish you could go back to those places again?" Irma asked; but her aunt replied, "Oh, no, I am glad to stay at home now."

Soon the little girl inquired, "Aunt Elsie, wouldn't you like to go somewhere else now, where you have not been?" and Miss Milton answered, "No, my dear, I'm tired of strange places and strange people and everything strange, and am happy to be in this old familiar place again."

After a time Irma questioned, "Auntie, didn't you feel proud when you received such high honors?"

Miss Milton surprised her little niece by re-



plying, "Not so proud as sometimes, when I was a child, when I had a new dress or hat, or even a new hair ribbon."

Irma was silent a few minutes. Then she asked, "Aunt Elsie, which did you enjoy most, the beautiful things you saw, or the fine music you heard, or the nice presents you received, or the praise that was given you, or the grand gatherings you attended, or what?"

Miss Milton declared it would be difficult to decide what had given her most happiness; for some things that she had much enjoyed for a time had been a sorrow to her afterward, and other things, which she had not at first regarded as a source of pleasure, afterward gave her much satisfaction.

Still Irma urged, "Which would you rather have occur again?"

When Aunt Elsie replied, very gravely: "My dear, there is one thing that I wish I had done oftener. If I had done so, I would be happier now. But I used often to think it a task rather than a privilege."

"What was it, auntie?" Irma inquired.

Her aunt replied: "Helping my mother. Many of the things I used to do instead are not worth remembering, and such as were worth doing I may yet have opportunity for. But I can never again help my mother."

Irma stood thinking for a few moments, then she went quietly from the room, and soon, in another part of the house, she was saying, "Mama, I want to do something to help you." — Mrs. A. D. Wellman.



### Insects and Their Habits, and What Harold Learned About Them

"O! just let me see these specimens that I have fixed, will you please, uncle? I'm so anxious to see how they look through the glass."

Uncle Frank turned his head, and there stood his young nephew, with two or three small pieces of glass in his hands, upon each of which was some substance almost too small to be seen by the unaided eye.

"I found a mosquito down by the river; I haven't seen one before this summer; the rascal bit me, and I killed him for his pains,—see uncle, it is quite swollen. But I want to see how his head looks, and his bill, and —"

"I hope you saved the wing," said Uncle Frank; "if you have, you will be surprised at its beauty."

"I think I did, uncle, I meant to; but I want to see his bill,—the thing he bit me with."

Uncle Frank put the tiny head under the glass at once, and smiled. "You have a fine specimen here, only your mosquito is a gnat, very much like the mosquito, however; in fact, we may call them cousins. You may see the proboscis which stung you; now you don't wonder the wound has swollen a little, do you?"

"Why! can it be that this is the head of that little chap? Well, his bite hurt, but not so much as the sting of those bees. But what is that great thing beside the head? O, I see! that's the wing. I stuck that down on the glass because I wanted to know all about it. The head is as pretty as a plant, and looks a little bit like one, too; and the wing—O my! that looks like anything in the world but a gnat's wing, doesn't it, uncle?"

"It looks much like a mosquito's wing, only the embroidery, or trimming, as we might call it, around the edge, is not quite so elaborate. A

great many years ago, when the country was newer than it now is, mosquitoes were not quite so much of a curiosity as they are now in this section of the country. I can remember sleeping in the barn many a summer to get rid of them."

"Didn't they creep through the cracks, uncle?"

"O, no! the smell of the clover and hay drove them away. O how I used to enjoy those nights in the old barn, sleeping on the fragrant hay! When we would shut up the house for the night, ready to go to our sleeping quarters, the hm-m, hm-m of the disappointed insects left behind was loud and fierce,—for there were myriads of them,—and right glad we were to escape them."

"But how did you manage in the daytime? You couldn't stay in the barn all the time."

"They were not so troublesome days; though I can remember standing by my mother's side, when a child, and fanning the blood-thirsty insects away from her while she sewed."

All this time, Uncle Frank was busy adjusting another lens to his instrument. "I have an idea there is something else here worth looking at, but it is too small to see plainly through the first lens. Ah, here we are,—I thought so: you noticed maybe that the proboscis looked rough and strange through the first lens. The fact is that it is completely covered with tiny feathers, which this stronger lens reveal."

"Feathers! O uncle, there's something strange and new all the time. Think of feathers on the bill of a little gnat! I wonder what they are for. How strange they look!"

"I can not tell you their use, but you may be sure they act some part in the physical make-up of the little creature. We can not understand all the ways of the great Creator; they are past finding out," said Uncle Frank, reverently. "But," continued he, "this little instrument called a sting, or proboscis, is really composed of six tiny lancets, covered over by the feathery sheath. The wings of the gnat are also most wonderful pieces of mechanism. They are estimated to vibrate three thousand times a minute when the insect is flying. Think of a joint so delicate as that which must connect this wing to the body, and yet so elastic and smooth that it will allow of such tremendous speed and motion as this!"

"I should think the joints would need oiling pretty often," said Harold.

"And yet the little insect is almost constantly using his wings. So delicate, and yet such perfect mechanism! It is wonderful, and the more we study these things, the more astonished we feel. The earth and the sea are filled with tiny creatures, some of them too small to be seen by the unaided eye, and yet when we place just one of them under the magnifying-glass, we find enough to keep the wisest philosopher studying almost for a life-time; and then he will not find out all there is to know."

"It makes a little boy like me feel pretty small and ignorant, Uncle Frank," sighed Harold.

"That is the way the wisest feel,—small and ignorant. But here is something else I would like you to examine. I was at considerable trouble to mount and prepare the specimen, for I am not very skilful in the business. Now what do you suppose this is?"

"I haven't the least idea, uncle; it is very pretty; it looks almost like a piece of lace."

"You would never guess it to be the eye of a common fly, would you?"

"A fly's eye! O uncle! what are those little six-sided blocks?"

"They are single, separate eyes, and it has been computed by adepts that there are at least seven thousand such little eyes in one single large eye of the fly."

"Well, I don't wonder that I never can surprise a fly. They always see me, no matter on which side of them I come."

"Yes; you may surprise a person if you approach him from behind, for he can not see you; but a tiny insect can not be caught off its guard for a moment. And here," continued Uncle Frank, "is the mouth and tongue, or proboscis, of the fly. Isn't it wonderful? You see it is particularly adapted for sucking juices. Flies, as you know, are great eaters."

"That's what mama thinks, I am sure; she is always hiding things from them; they are filthy fellows, aren't they, uncle?"

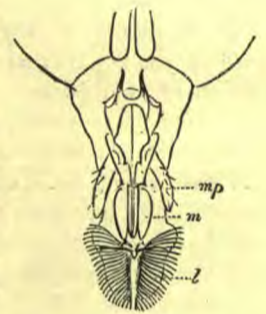
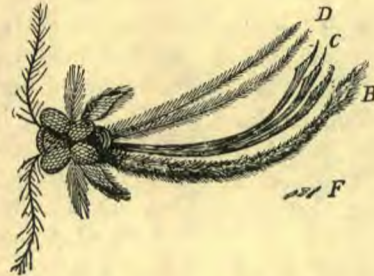
"Yes, they are not at all particular about their food; indeed, they seem to be a trifle fonder of carrion than anything else. One great naturalist declared that three flies would consume the dead body of a horse as quickly as a lion could do the same; that is, the flies and their offspring. They begin to eat at once, and never cease. And when we remember that one single blow fly can become the parent of twenty thousand others, the statement of the naturalist does not seem unreasonable. And so we find that even these ugly creatures that are shunned and detested by mankind are really useful scavengers, ridding the world of an enormous quantity of deadly, poisonous matter. But now, my dear Harold, we must close our studies for the present, because, you know, I must start on my homeward voyage to-morrow. But I am sure you have become sufficiently interested in the things you have seen and heard about insects, to continue your studies, which you can do even without a teacher; and, my dear boy, if you and I are so happy as to be numbered among the blessed company of the saved, we shall have an eternity in which to learn more and more of the wonderful works of the God whose name is Love."

The next week when Harold's birthday came, he received a beautiful microscope, a present from his Uncle Frank.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.  
(Concluded)

### A Word About the Illustrations

THE illustration at the top of the page shows the mosquito's bill instead of that of a gnat. The figure marked F shows the actual size, while B, C, and D show the parts much enlarged. The second figure, as you recognize, represents the parts of a fly's eye, while the third shows the proboscis of the fly. When a fly settles upon a lump of sugar or other sweet object, or even upon the back of our hand when covered with perspiration, it unbends its proboscis, extends it, and the broad knob-like end divides into two flat, muscular leaves (marked l), which thus form a broad sucker-like surface, with which the fly laps up liquid sweets, or any matter which seems good to its mind. The two flaps at the end are supported upon a framework of strong but delicate rods which act as a set of springs to open and shut the broad flaps. The inside of this broad, fleshy expansion is rough, like a rasp.







INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIV—The Good Samaritan

(September 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 10:25-42.

MEMORY VERSE: "But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God." Lev. 19:34.

"And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

"But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor? And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

"Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Questions

1. Who came to Jesus one day? What question did he ask the Master? How did Jesus avoid being drawn into a controversy with this man?
2. What question did Jesus ask the lawyer? Repeat his reply. How much does God require of men, in order that they may inherit eternal life? Thus in answering the question of Jesus, what other question was the lawyer really answering?
3. What did Jesus say to the lawyer about his answer? What question did the man now ask? Why?
4. How did Jesus answer this question? What had happened to a certain man who went from Jerusalem to Jericho? In what condition was he left by the roadside?

5. Who passed that way a little later? Why would one have expected this man to go to the aid of the traveler? What special command had the Lord given the Jews concerning strangers? Memory verse. Instead of helping the wounded stranger, what did the priest do? A little later, what other man passed by? What did he also do?

6. After this who passed that way? How were the Samaritans regarded by the Jews? Read John 4:9, last clause. How did the Samaritan feel when he saw the wounded man? What did he do? When he had dressed his wounds, what did he do?

7. When the Samaritan had carried the wounded man to an inn, how did he further provide for him? When Jesus had told this story to the lawyer, and the people gathered about, what question did he ask? How did the lawyer answer? Then what did Jesus bid the lawyer do?

8. From the story of the good Samaritan, what do we learn about our duty to minister to others? Who are our neighbors? How much should we be willing to do for them?

9. After this, to what little village did Jesus go?—Bethany. Whose home did he visit in Bethany? As Jesus was resting, what did Martha do? Where was Mary at this time? What did Martha ask Jesus to have Mary do?

10. Tell how Jesus answered Martha. Upon whom has he taught us to cast all care? 1 Peter 5:7. For what has he told us to take no anxious thought? Matt. 6:31. What promise is made to all who seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness? Verse 33.



XIV—Review

(September 30)

MEMORY VERSE: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Mal. 3:10.

Questions

1. What indictment is brought against the church by the prophet Malachi? Mal. 3:8, 9.
2. What great blessing is promised if they repent? Mal. 3:10.
3. How much did Christ give up to redeem man? How complete was his sacrifice? 2 Cor. 8:9.
4. How much must we give up to secure the pearl of eternal life? Matt. 19:29.
5. How extensively has the Lord said that the gospel shall be preached? Matt. 24:14.
6. What plan has the Lord laid for the support of those who preach the gospel? 1 Cor. 9:13, 14.
7. With what ancient priesthood was the tithing system connected? Heb. 7:1, 2.
8. In what besides the tithe have God's people robbed him? Mal. 3:8.
9. According to what measure are they to give? 2 Cor. 8:12.
10. How is the offering to be estimated? 1 Cor. 16:1, 2.
11. How willing is the Lord to bestow his Holy Spirit? Luke 11:13.
12. What promise for the last days is made through the prophet Joel concerning the Holy Spirit? Joel 2:28.
13. For what should we especially pray at this time? Zech. 10:1.
14. Tell one way in which we may bring the showers of the latter rain. Mal. 3:10.

Is the Key in Your Pocket?

DID you ever hear a man remind the Lord of his promise in Mal. 3:10? I have many a time. I have heard men really demand the Lord to open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing. It would seem as if they would actually force them open; but the windows did not open, the blessing did not come, and they felt a little hard toward the Lord for the failure. But all the time they had the key in their pockets, and did not use it.

How does the promise read? Look sharp: "Bring ye all the tithes [tenth of your income] into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith [that is, with the tenth] saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." The tenth is the key to the windows. Apply the key. Bring that tenth into the storehouse. Take it out of your pocket, and give it to the Lord. Then what will happen? Why, he says he will open the windows and pour out a blessing. You can't keep the key in your pocket and get the blessing. How much noise is wasted over this text, and it is called prayer. Fulfil the condition, and God will fulfil the promise.—Selected.

A Valuable Experience

A FEW weeks ago while studying the Sabbath-school lesson, I was impressed by the Spirit of the Lord that I should pay a tithe on my board and room, for which I worked while attending school last winter.

I prayed earnestly over the matter, and promised the Lord that on condition he would give me success in my work, I would be honest with him, and would pay up all tithes due while working for my board. But in this promise there was no exercise of faith, and it did not please God, "for without faith it is impossible to please him." I started to work earnestly on a promise based on the old covenant, with little or no success.

The impression to pay my back tithe deepened day by day. On the 16th inst., after paying twenty dollars on my book account, I found I had nine dollars and some cents left in my pocket-book. But I purposed in my heart to pay up my tithe as far as I could. As near as I could reckon, I owed ten dollars tithes in arrears, and two dollars which was then due. I sent the nine dollars to Brother Wilcox and twenty dollars to Brother Tucker. After registering my letter, I had remaining in my pocket eighteen cents, and an expense of more than seven dollars to meet by Wednesday morning.

Monday morning I started out with full assurance that the Lord would bless me according to his word. I had a blessed experience. The angel of the Lord was with me all the week, and as a result the footing up of my report this week reached the grand total of fifty-eight dollars. I received cash enough to settle up every penny of my liabilities, and pay my board bill.

Surely this experience verifies the promise of the Lord in Mal. 3:10: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse [treasury], that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

May the study of this quarter's lessons work out similar results for those who are robbing God and emptying the treasury of that which should fill it to overflowing, and are thus withholding the blessing from themselves, and the light of the precious gospel of Jesus Christ from those who are daily dying in heathen darkness.—A. G. Peart, in *Atlantic Union Gleaner*.





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THE editor of *St. Nicholas*, Mary Mapes Dodge, died August twenty-first.

PEACE between Russian and Japan was concluded the twenty-ninth of August. President Roosevelt has received many congratulations from officials of various countries for his effort to end the war.

ONE day's cable charges at the Wentworth Hotel, where the Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries were entertained, amounted to \$10,000; but this was a trivial amount compared to the cost of the war, and a much more humane expenditure of the money.

THE first Sabbath of October is the time for the annual collection for the colored work of the South. We are glad the eyes of our people are being turned toward this field, and we hope our Young People's Societies throughout the country will plan to secure generous offerings for this work on the seventh of October.

SIR PATRICK MANSON says: "Next to whisky the mosquito is the greatest enemy of the human race." His advice in regard to our homes and offices is: "Keep out the mosquito, the *stegomyia*, the yellow fever carrier, the *anopheles*, the malaria breeder, and do not despise the health-destroying powers of the *culex*, the common fellow that is so plentiful and persistent. He can transmit disease rapidly, and no doubt this common misquito is the first cause of many serious and sometimes fatal illnesses. Take no chances, but keep them all out of your homes and business offices. The slogan, or battle-cry, should be, 'No mosquito.'"

#### Japanese Teaching Russian to Russians

ONE of the most unexpected things that has ever occurred in connection with any war is now being successfully done at Himeji, Japan. At this town are confined the seventy thousand Russian prisoners of war, mostly from Port Arthur, nine tenths of whom are illiterate. With a desire to improve their minds, the Japanese government has established in the prison a school to teach the illiterate Russians *their own language*. The *Japan Daily Times* says: "Thanks to the teaching, those soldiers who were totally illiterate are now able to write letters to their homes. It is stated that the authorities of the quarters are receiving inquiries from Russia asking if the letters were really written by the senders."

This certainly is one of the most unusual events ever produced by any war, and is as creditable to the Japanese as it is valuable to the Russians. The *Kobe Daily News* now issues an illustrated weekly called *Japan and Russia* for

the prisoners. "The magazine is to keep the seventy thousand Russian prisoners now in this country informed about the general situation at the front, and the attitude of the various powers in connection with the war, as well as to acquaint the prisoners with the characteristics of our people, thus preparing the way for mutual friendship and confidence between the two nations after the restoration of peace. The first number contains nearly twenty beautiful illustrations in half-tone."

No wonder the Russians are not overanxious about being released.—*Selected.*

#### Onward

ONWARD!  
 No time for looking to the past,  
 The hours fly.  
 Life's sinking sands are falling fast;  
 No time to sigh,  
 No time to cry,  
 The day is short, the work is vast,  
 No time for standing idly by;  
 Onward!

ONWARD!  
 Life's little day is almost gone,  
 Soon comes the night.  
 While yet the rays of setting sun  
 With lingering light,  
 Are still in sight,  
 While yet so much is still undone,  
 Arouse and work with all your might;  
 Onward!

ONWARD!  
 No time for listlessness and ease,  
 Nights' shadows fall.  
 Let each the gospel banner seize;  
 Let one and all  
 Proclaim the call  
 Of "freedom from the soul's disease,"  
 Redemption from this hellish pall;  
 Onward!

J. M. C. JOHNSON.

#### The War in a Nutshell

Began Feb. 1904. Peace agreed to on Aug. 29, 1905. Duration, 570 days.

#### Cost in Life and Money

Russian casualties in battle . . . . . 420,000  
 Japanese casualties . . . . . 200,000  
 Prisoners—Russians in Japan, 72,000; Japanese in Russia, 7,000.  
 Cost in money—Russia (treasury funds), \$615,000,000; Japan, \$5,000,000 a week, or \$410,000,000.

#### Cost in Ships and Territory

Russia lost 73 ships, worth \$150,000,000; Japan lost 12, worth \$15,000,000.

Russia's loss of material at Port Arthur, Dalny, and of the Manchurian railway is to be added, making at least \$100,000,000.

#### Territory Gained and Lost

Territory gained by Japan in Korea, Sakhalin, and Liao-Tung Peninsula, 196,000 square miles, with a population of 20,000,000.

Territory lost by Russia, half island of Sakhalin.

#### Treaty Provisions

The treaty will provide that:—  
 Russia recognizes Japanese preponderating influence in Korea.

Russia agrees to respect the administrative entity of Manchuria.

Both nations agree to evacuate Manchuria.  
 Japan ratifies Russia's lease of the trunk line railway across Manchuria to Vladivostok.

Russia surrenders the Chinese Eastern railway from Kwan-cheng-tse pass to Port Arthur to Japan.

Russia acknowledges Japan's title to Port Arthur and Dalny.

Russia acknowledges Japan's title to that portion of Sakhalin south of the fiftieth parallel of latitude.

Each belligerent shall reimburse the other for

the care of her imprisoned soldiers, sailors, and citizens.—*Washington Evening Star.*



ST. JAMES, ILL., July 31, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter to the INSTRUCTOR as I have seen so many kind letters from the INSTRUCTOR readers. I am ten years old, and am secretary of our little Sabbath-school. We used to have our Sabbath-school in a schoolhouse, but the directors have shut us out, and we now have it at the Adventists' homes. My papa, mama, one brother, and I go to Sabbath-school, but I have two other brothers, young men, who do not go. I hope in the near future, in answer to earnest prayer, that they will go with us. I hope that this will not be a castaway, as this is my first letter.

LIZZIE PONTIOUS.

FRUITLAND, WASH., June 19, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read the INSTRUCTOR ever since I was old enough to read. We get it in a club at Sabbath-school, and think it is the best paper for the youth. I am a boy twelve years old. I have spinal trouble, so I am not able to attend school regularly. My mama taught my brothers and me at home last spring, and we are very fond of reading, so we are always learning.

I can not work on the farm as my brothers do, but I can take care of the turkeys and chickens for my mama. I set all the hens, and have some of my own to care for. The money I get from mine is for Sabbath-school and offerings. My brothers and I have a garden, too. Many pretty wild flowers are in bloom now. Love to the editor.

HORACE MAGARY.

SWEDESBORO, N. J., July 7, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read the INSTRUCTOR ever since I was old enough to appreciate it. Before that I had the *Little Friend*. I am now fourteen years old.

I have joined the Reading Circle, and have finished six new books this year, and reread five old ones. The six read for the first time are, "Rights of the People," by A. T. Jones; "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," by Sister White; "China Inland Mission," the first volume, by Geraldine Guinness; a little book called "One Hundred Girls of India;" "Papal Rome as It Is;" and "Dickens' History of England." I have reread "The Schonberg Cotta Family" and "Martyrs of Spain and Liberators of Holland," both by Mrs. Charles; "The Adventures of a Young Naturalist," by Lucien Biart; "Beautiful Joe," by Marshall Saunders; and the "Strike at Shane's." The three last named were read aloud to a little boy, so he had them, too. I am reading "Great Controversy" now.

This is our second summer on a farm. It is only a small one, but we find it means a great deal of work. We like it, and never want to live in the city again.

We have many kinds of birds in the trees about the house. They are quite tame, and fly about and sing all day. We have seen or heard twenty-two different kinds which we could name, besides some others which we could not name.

There are so many interesting things here to write about, I would like to write a much longer letter, but I am afraid this will be too long to go in the Letter Box.

With love to the readers of our much-loved INSTRUCTOR.

MARY RAMBO.

WE are glad to give space to Miss Mary's letter, even though it is longer than many. Special favors are readily accorded to all enthusiastic members of the Reading Circle. We should have been glad had the author of the letter told us the principal thought or lesson in the books she read; but that would have made the letter seem to her, doubtless, entirely too long. She is right in making friends with the birds, for they will help her in her work. I believe it.