

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Not Lighter Burdens but Greater Strength

I WOULD not ask thee, Lord, for lighter burdens:
For greater strength to bear them would I
plead,
E'en for the strength of thy right arm so holy,
That arm which bare thou madest for my
need.

I would not ask thee, Lord, for smoother path-
ways,
Though in rough, thorny ways be cast my lot;
If thou wilt in thy paths hold up my goings
So that my falt'ring foot-
steps shall slip not.

And though the way be
sometimes sad and
dreary,
The "well done" I shall
gladly hear at length;
For still my cry shall be,
though faint and
weary,
Not lighter burdens,
Lord, but added
strength.

VIDA V. YOUNG.

In Sunny Southern Seas

To a missionary the people among whom he labors are not a strange, alien race; they are "our people." And as we become more acquainted with the inhabitants of foreign lands, they cease to be to us objects of curiosity; they seem more really human. It is well therefore for us to study various countries and their people, though not after the manner of novelty seekers, but to gain an insight into their real lives.

If you should cross our country from its north-eastern extremity to its southwestern, and then continue for an equal distance in a somewhat more southerly direction, you would then be in the outskirts of the South Sea Islands; and you might then repeat the distance, without passing beyond the bounds of those mid-ocean habitations.

These islands number many thousands. In size they vary from that of some of our larger States to that of a small farm. Some are closely grouped; others stand solitary, hundreds of miles from the nearest neighbor.

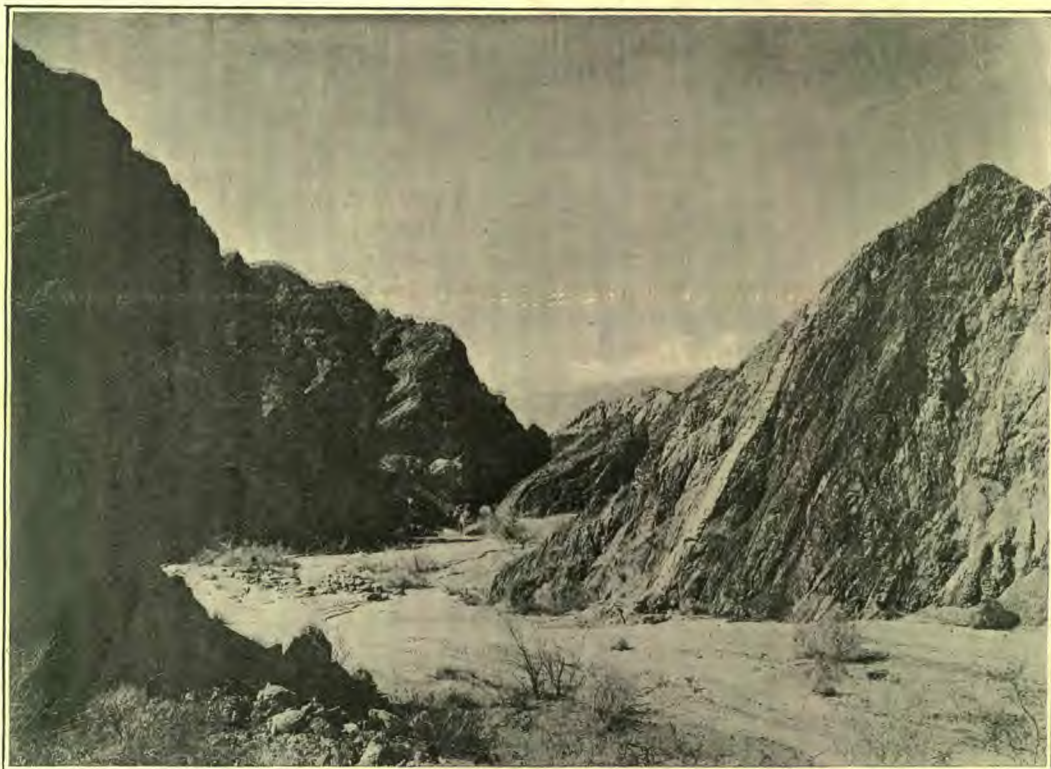
In general appearance also the islands differ greatly. Some are mere rugged mountains projecting abruptly from the sea; while others are low plats of coral sand, which have been reared by their tiny builders upon a foundation of submerged rock.

Islands of the latter class are in some instances almost devoid of vegetation; but many are

covered with a dense growth, which contributes to the fare of the population numerous tropical fruits and vegetables.

I used to think of the South Sea Islands as being almost as foreign to the rest of the world as is the moon. I expected that I should sometime visit Europe, and probably Egypt and Syria, and perhaps also Japan, and other countries less frequented by travelers; but never did I imagine myself in the reef-encompassed islands of the Pacific.

However, I have never yet seen Japan, Syria, Egypt, nor even Europe; but the South Sea Islands are now more familiar to me than are some of the States of our own fair country.



A SCENE IN THE DESERT CANYON

The world apparently is growing smaller. Steam navigation seems to bring remote places closer together; linguists have made incomprehensible jargons intelligible; and civilization has lessened the danger of venturing into frontier regions.

A century ago the existence of islands in mid-Pacific had but recently become known to the world; and many of those islands were yet undiscovered. The inhabitants were all savages. In fact, the natives of some of those islands are still savages, but a large proportion are at least semi-civilized. During my sojourn in the Cook Islands a few years ago, one of my nearest neighbors was the son of a former cannibal chief, and an amiable neighbor he was, too.

In the islands of the Pacific, two races are represented,—the brown skinned of the eastern islands—Polynesiā proper—and the darker race of the more westerly islands. Generally, each group of islands, and in some cases a single island, or even a portion of one, has a distinct dialect.

Many of these dialects have been put into

printed form by enterprising missionaries; and the islanders to a great extent have now been taught to read the Bible in their own language. Little else has been printed therein.

The translation of the Scriptures into these languages is a stupendous undertaking. The vocabularies are very meager, and pertain chiefly to the most common matters. Some contain no terms of thanks or apology, and no words signifying gratitude, virtue, or many other of the graces of civilized life.

The aboriginal inhabitants of those regions doubtless have not much conception of such things; but under the influence of Christianity, characters have been developed there which bear

little trace of the hole of the pit whence they were digged.

The natives of the South Sea Islands in general are of good physique; and they are also of higher intelligence than are most uncivilized peoples. But morally they are very debased. The religion of the aborigines, like that of all pagans, is a religion of fear. Their deities are largely malevolent spirits, who must be pacified by heinous offerings and superstitious rites. There still remain many of the old-times pagan altars—mere rude walls of stone—even on islands where heathen forms of worship have been abandoned. I brought from one such gruesome pile

a bone of a human sacrifice.

MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

On the Desert

ONE Sunday last April, a party of friends, numbering nine, drove out to a beautiful California canyon. It was an enjoyable day, spent in studying from God's own book of nature. We also enjoyed a little mountain climb, from two hundred feet below sea-level to three hundred feet above the beach line. The picture shows the party just after our climb. We are by a pala verde tree. Words can not picture the grandeur of the view from the summit, as we looked out over the valley with its fresh spring robe, and silvery lake nestling in the midst of the green, with a few small boats gently rocking on the waves of the lake. As the sunlight on the water gave the appearance of fire, it reminded me of the "sea of glass mingled with fire" that the apostle John saw. May we all stand some day on that sea.

The beautiful, large fan-leaf palm is a native of this desert; the cottonwood and desert willow

are found near all springs; the pipe-stem reeds and tulips also grow in moist places. The pala verde (meaning green tree) is a beautiful tree with the bark of its trunk and limbs as green as the leaves. The foliage is so fine that it gives a feathery appearance to the tree, which causes it to be admired by all nature lovers. To add to its beauty, it comes out in March with a bright new golden dress on; the flowers are so thickly clustered that the entire tree has the appearance at a distance of a great heap of gold. After a few weeks it spreads its bright yellow robe around the foot of the tree for a carpet of soft golden yellow, which is inviting to the passer-by. It then puts forth a full crop of pretty pods of beans which are protected from beasts by the needle-like thorns all through the foliage. The mesquit, which also grows here, is more of a bushy tree, with heavier and darker colored leaves, through which are many sharp thorns. The mesquit puts forth a soft cream-colored tassel that turns into an odd-shaped cluster of screw-looking

beans, which are highly relished by the Indians.

The desert cedar is next in beauty to the pala verde. It has a more graceful shape and feathery appearance than the common cedar; it has a silvery color, with just a delicate shade of green, which seems to show through the thin silvery-white robe. The arrow-weed sends up a number of straight stalks from one root, and all of its foliage points upward, making it an easy weed to handle. As it does not shed its leaves when cut, it is valuable for making structures for shade. It has a pretty purple bloom, shaped like a thistle flower.

The smaller blooming plants seen were the California golden poppies, the white and golden daisies, sweet perfumed verbenas, the lilies, bluebells, yellow and white primroses, baby-breath, with now and then a cactus in bloom. The flowers all seemed to whisper, "God is love," and it seemed a pity to drive over them; but the ground was so completely carpeted that their destruction could not be avoided, and the air was made sweet from their perfume. On our return we all enjoyed filling our flower baskets. Many tokens of God's love are seen all around us; these should ever draw our minds to our Saviour.

I have been here in the desert since the first of February, and have not seen one of like faith; and the nearest white neighbor lives six miles away; but I am thankful for the opportunity of holding up the banner of truth in this out-of-the-way place where the seeds of truth have never been sown. Let us strive continually to see the good, pure, and lovely things around us, and especially look for the good and pure in our fellow beings. There is no place in God's world without tokens of his power and love.

MRS. JOCIE WALLACE.

Science Stories

Aluminum Paper Supplants Tin-foil

ALUMINUM paper is now manufactured in Germany, and recommended as a substitute for tin-foil. It is not the so-called leaf aluminum,

but real paper coated with powdered aluminum, and is said to possess very favorable qualities for preserving articles of food, for which it is used as a covering.

The paper used is a sort of artificial parchment, obtained through the action of sulphuric acid upon ordinary paper. The sheets are spread out and covered upon one side with a thin coating of a solution of resin in alcohol or ether. Evaporation is precipitated through a current of air, and the paper is then warmed until the resin has again become soft. Then powdered aluminum is sprinkled upon it, and the paper subjected to strong pressure to fasten the powder thereon. The metallic covering so obtained is affected neither by the air nor by



THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

fatty substances. Aluminum paper is much cheaper than tin-foil.—*Search-Light*.

A Convincing Illustration

THE magic lantern has been used ingeniously in the campaign against the yellow-fever mosquito carried on during the epidemic in New Orleans. In order to convince the skeptical that pouring oil on standing water would kill the larvæ in it, Dr. Kohnke, head of the board of health, prepared an illustrated lecture, which he delivered to crowded houses all over the city. A vessel of water filled with the "wiggletails" was projected upon the screen after the larva had been studied in detail. The wiggletails were seen rising to the top to breathe. A film of oil was then poured over the water, and the wiggletails could be seen struggling vainly to thrust their breathing apparatus through it. Balked there, they darted frantically about in all directions, to sink at last to the bottom and die of suffocation. It was a convincing illustration.—*Youth's Companion*.

Indian Summer

SOFT breezes from the summer time
Come back my heart to cheer;
They whisper of a kindlier clime
Where beauty fills the year.

In hazy garb the hills are dressed,
Of purple, gold, and green,
Not like our earth, nor yet like heaven,
But something fair between.

I gaze with wonder on the scene,
And ask what will earth be
When cleansed from all impurity,
As, Lord, it came from thee?

Stay, lovely Indian summer, stay!
Make not thy visit brief;
For thou dost cheer midst earth's decay,
And paint each falling leaf.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

Why Does the Bird Molt?

"We get a new suit—some of us—because our old one wears out. That is the most apparent cause for the new annual suit of the birds, says a writer in *The Country Calendar*. Yet with them, as with some of the favored of

us humans, the feathers go out of fashion. But the annual molt is, first of all, nature's wise provision for the safety and life of the bird. Feathers are not only covering, but also means of locomotion, and hence the bird's only means of life. A year of use leaves many of them worn and broken, some, through accident, entirely lost.

"Here in my woods is a crow with three of the large quills in his right wing gone. I can see the gap as he flies over. He has been shot at, and nature must replace those feathers if that crow is destined to survive. The feathers of this crow and of all birds might last for two years or longer, but to keep the race at its best, nature provides a new plumage once a year.

"But there are other reasons, at least there are advantages taken of the molt for other ends; such as the adaptation of the feathers to the varying temperatures of the seasons,—heavier in winter and lighter in summer,—also the adaptation of the color of the plumage to the changing colors of the environment, as the change from the dark summer color of the ptarmigan to its snow-white winter plumage to match the snows of its far northern home; then the adorning of the bird for the mating season."—*Search-Light*.

Sakhalin

Do you know where and what Sakhalin is? If not, find out before reading what the *Youth's Companion* says about this unique place:—

When, after the Russian fleet had been swept from the sea, Japan turned her attention to the island of Sakhalin and took possession of it, the mikado was only taking back what had once belonged to him.

Sakhalin is a rocky island of about twenty-nine thousand square miles in area, lying north of Japan in the same chain of islands, and commanding the mouth of the Amur River. It is one of the bleakest, least attractive spots in the world, yet it is the enforced home of thousands of Russians who have broken the laws or offended their rulers.

For a long time the island was thought to be part of the mainland of Asia. When the Straits of Tartary had been discovered, it was the Japanese who sailed round the island, and gave the world some knowledge of its littoral. The Japanese, too, were the first to exploit it, although they found it inhabited by Ainos and other primitive people; and they found also kitchen-middens and other mounds which indicated that it had been the home of man since the stone age. They discovered it to be an island heavily timbered with fir and larch, with maple, oak, and other trees in the southern portion. There were rich deposits of mineral, most of which remained unknown to them then.

The weather was abominable. It was generally cloudy or rainy. At Utsuri the mean annual temperature was but one degree above freezing—three above zero in January, and sixty in July.

They found two principal rivers leading into the interior, the Tym and the Poronia. The Tym, which is the larger, is navigable for rafts and light boats for fifty miles from the sea, but the rest of the way is too shallow and swift. Falls and rapids, with excellent power, are abundant.

What interested the Japanese most was the abundant fishery round the coast, and the great quantities of edible seaweeds to be obtained there. A large trade in these has been established in recent years, and as the Japanese live mostly on sea-food, these supplies are important to the mikado's people.

Russia first went to Sakhalin with a permanent colony about 1857, and in 1875 persuaded Japan to relinquish claim to the island. Since then it has been made a convict settlement. In 1902 there were living there more than five thousand hard-labor convicts, nearly ten thousand released convicts and exiles, and enough exiled peasants, wives, husbands, and children of convicts or exiles, to make a total of more than thirty-seven thousand, exclusive of the natives, who number about five thousand. Less than eight thousand acres were under crops. Almost the whole Russian population was engaged in lumbering or in the coal-mines.

"HEROIC hearts come from hard places."



THE HOME CIRCLE

True Beauty in Service

'Twas a summer morn, and a small bird sat
In a tree that grew in a garden fair,
And, having o'erheard, repeated to me
The talk of two roses 'twere growing there.

A beautiful bud from a rare young plant
Showed a streak of crimson adown its side,
And anon a leaf unrolled to the sun,
As with look of hater and tone of pride,

She said, "Why that bush with its thousand buds
Ready to burst in such common bloom
Should be placed near me I never can tell,
While for myself there is only room.

"Who will want to wear such a scentless rose?
Not even the humblest servant, I ween;
But my rare perfume and delicate tint
Are fitting indeed for even a queen.

"Perchance the young girl by the window there
Will wear me to the party where she will go;
I, seen to be fairest of all the fair,
Shall enjoy my triumph in the gaslight's glow."

"Ah, well," said the rose with a thousand buds,
"If I can not be fine enough for the queen,
That I am content with what God bestows,
Some one may be happier for having seen.

"I'll make the most of his gifts to me,
For how kind he is to allow me room."
Next morn when the young girl passed that way,
The bush was covered with half-opened bloom.

So she filled her hands with the common things,
To take to the children's hospital ward,
Nor thought of the party, or queenly rose,
Enrapt with spirit and work of her Lord.

The little wan faces brightened up
As the slender fingers closed o'er the flowers,
And the childish hearts reached out for God.
From those beds of pain through the long June
hours.

A worm at the root of the rare rose plant,
Had silently sapped its young life away,
And the gard'ner saw by the light of the moon,
That its shapeless buds in the pathway lay.

And the birth-night guests in their youthful glee,
Did not see the one who had hopes so high;
While the children dreamed of heaven-to-be,
Where they and the flowers would not fade or
die.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

Muriel's Bright Idea

My friend Muriel is the youngest daughter in a large family of busy people. They are in moderate circumstances, and the original breadwinner has been long gone; so in order to enjoy many of the comforts and a few of the luxuries of life the young people have to be wage-earners. I am not sure that they would enjoy life any better than they do now if such were not the case, though there are doubtless times when they would like to be less busy. Still, even this condition has its compensations.

"Other people don't know how lovely vacations are," was the way Esther expressed it as she sat one day on the side porch, hands folded lightly in her lap, and an air of delicious idleness about her entire person. It was her week of absolute leisure, which she had earned by a season of hard work. She is a public-school teacher, belonging to a section and grade where they work their teachers fourteen hours of the twenty-four.

Alice is a music teacher, and goes all day from house to house in town, and from school to school, with her music-roll in hand. Ben, a young brother, is studying medicine in a doctor's

office, also in town, and serving the doctor between times to pay for his opportunities. There are two others, an older brother just started in business for himself, and a sister in a training-school for nurses.

So it was that this large family scattered each morning to their duties in the city ten miles away, and gathered at night, like chickens, to the home nest, which was mothered by the dearest little woman, who gave much of her time and strength to the preparation of favorite dishes with which to greet the wage-earners as they gathered at night around the home table. It is a very happy family, but it was not about any of them that I set out to tell you. In truth, it was Muriel's apron that I wanted to talk about; but it seemed necessary to describe the family in order to the full appreciation of the apron.

Muriel, I should tell you, is still a high-school girl, hoping to graduate next year, though at times a little anxious lest she may not "pass," and with ambitions to enter college as soon as possible.

The entire family have ambitions for Muriel, and I believe that she will get to college in another year. But about her apron. I saw it first one morning when I crossed the street to my neighbor's side door that opens directly into the large living-room, and met Muriel in the doorway, as pretty a picture as a fair-haired, bright-eyed girl of seventeen can make. She was in what she called her "uniform," a short dress made of dark print, cut lower in the neck than a street dress, because Muriel felt "choked" when she tried to work in a high-necked dress. It had elbow sleeves, and a bit of white braid stitched on their bands and around the square neck set off the little costume charmingly.

Her apron was of strong dark-green denim, wide enough to cover her dress completely; it had a bib waist held in place by shoulder straps; and the garment fastened behind with a single button, making it adjustable in a second. But its distinctive feature was a row of pockets—or rather several rows of them—extending across the front breadth; they were of varying sizes, and all bulged out as if well filled.

"What in the world!" I began, and stared at the pockets. Muriel's merry laugh rang out.

"Haven't you seen my pockets before?" she asked. "They astonish you, of course; everybody laughs at them; but I am proud of them; they are my own invention. You see, we are such a busy family all day long, and so tired when we get home at night, that we have a bad habit of dropping things just where they happen to land, and leaving them. By the last of the week this big living-room is a sight to behold. It used to take half my morning to pick up the thousand and one things that didn't belong here, and carry them to their places. You don't know how many journeys I had to make, because I was always overlooking something. So I invented this apron with a pocket in it for every member of the family, and it works like a charm.

"Look at this big one with a 'B' on it; that is for Ben, of course, and it is always full; Ben is a great boy to leave his pencils, and his handkerchiefs, and everything else about; last night he even discarded this necktie because it felt 'choky'!

"This pocket is Esther's. She leaves her letters and her discarded handkerchiefs, as well

as her gloves; and Kate sheds hair ribbons and hat pins wherever she goes. Just think how lovely it is to have a pocket for each, and drop things in as fast as I find them; when I am all through dusting, I have simply to travel once around the house and unpack my load. I can't tell you how much time and trouble and temper my invention has saved me."

"It is a bright idea," I said, "and I mean to pass it on. There are other living-rooms and busy girls. Whose is that largest pocket marked 'M'?"

"Why, I made it for mother; but do you know I have found out just in this very way that mothers don't leave things lying round? It is queer, isn't it, when they have so many cares? It seems to be natural for mothers to think about other people. So I made the 'M' stand for 'miscellaneous,' and I put into that pocket articles which won't classify, and that belong to all of us. There are hosts of things for which no particular one seems to be responsible. Isn't it a pity that I didn't think of pockets last winter, when we all had special cares and were so dreadfully busy? It is such a simple idea you would have supposed that any person would have thought of it, but it took me two years! I just had to do it this spring, because there simply wasn't time to run up and down stairs so much."

"You have proved once more the truth of the old proverb, 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' I said. 'And, besides, you have given me a new idea; I am going home to work it out; when it is finished, I'll show it to you.' Then I went home, and made rows and rows of strong pockets to sew on a folding screen I was making for my workroom."—Pansy, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

A Lesson

My task not long ago was to pick the peas. A short distance lay between me and the garden, so I started for the spot, wondering what lesson I might learn from my work. I found the two rows nearly hidden among the tall weeds, which prevented me from seeing their length.

Soon I was busily engaged, for the vines hung full. Some were young and tender and easily severed; but it was difficult to pull the ripe pods without injuring the vines. I resolved to pick them every one, so that if the owner of the garden inspected my work, he would find it thoroughly done. As I worked on, the number of peas seemed to increase. One pod perhaps hung barely visible behind the large green leaves, and on endeavoring to secure it, many more would be uncovered. I thought, "These peas are like my faults." Then my determination to find them all, grew strong indeed.

The day was hot, the rows were long and tedious; but at last the end was reached. As everything in nature gradually attains a state of perfection, and as, by steadily keeping at it, I had at last gathered all the peas, so by gradual growth and constant care our characters may finally stand the test of the Great Owner, with whom "all things are possible," and who gave us the command, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." The possibility of meeting this command seemed more real after my experience with the peas. I know the promises are sure: "My grace is sufficient;" and "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

NINA M. REYNOLDS.



THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul Before Nero

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: 2 Tim. 4: 1-18.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 310-318.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- Charge.
- Ready to be offered.
- A crown for the faithful.
- Exhorted Timothy to come to him.
- Apostasy of Demas.
- Mark profitable.
- Cloak and parchments.
- Alexander the coppersmith.
- Forsaken by all.
- Delivered by the Lord.

Notes

"Paul before Nero—how striking the contrast! The very height of earthly power, authority, and wealth, as well as the lowest depths of crime and iniquity, had been reached by the haughty monarch before whom the man of God answered for his faith. In his power and greatness, Nero stood unrivaled, unapproached. There were none to question his authority, none to resist his will. The kings of earth laid their crowns at his feet. The most powerful armies marched at his command. The ensigns of his navies upon the seas betokened victory. His statue was set up in the halls of justice, and the decrees of senators and the decisions of judges were but the echo of his will. Millions of subjects bowed in obedience to his mandates. The name of Nero made the world tremble. To incur his displeasure was to lose property, liberty, and life. His frown was more to be dreaded than the pestilence. Yet while surrounded by all the outward semblance of earthly pomp and greatness, adored and revered as a god in human form, he possessed the heart of a demon."

"The vast hall which was the place of trial was thronged by an eager, restless crowd that surged and pressed to the front to see and hear all that should take place. Among those gathered there were the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the proud and the humble. Yet all alike were destitute of the true knowledge of the way of life and salvation."

"Again the Jews urge against the prisoner the old charges of sedition and heresy, while both Jews and Romans accuse him of instigating the burning of the city. While his enemies were vehemently urging their accusations, Paul preserved a quiet dignity; no shade of fear or anger disturbed the peaceful serenity that rested upon his countenance. The people, and even the judges, beheld him with surprise."

"As Paul gazed upon the throng before him,—Jews, Greeks, Romans, with strangers from many lands,—his soul was stirred with an intense desire for their salvation. He lost sight of the occasion, of the perils which surrounded him, of the terrible fate which seemed so near. He looked above all this, to Jesus, the divine Intercessor, the Advocate pleading before the throne of God in behalf of sinful men. Earnestly he pointed his hearers to the great sacrifice made in behalf of the fallen race, and presented before them man in his true dignity and value."

"His countenance glows with the light of heaven, as though reflecting the rays of the sun."

Many who looked upon him in that hall of judgment 'saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.' Tears dimmed many eyes that had never before been seen to weep. The gospel message found its way to the minds and hearts of many who would never have listened to it but for the imprisonment of Paul."

G. B. T.

A Report from Ohio

SEVERAL years ago there lived with the servant of God a humble servant girl. Hers were the menial tasks which so many despise, yet she loved the Lord, and while her hands were busily engaged, her soul held communion with its Maker. She prayed that as she passed through this sin-cursed earth, she might be the means of lightening some burden, of cheering some disheartened one, of directing some alien to a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother. Presently it was her privilege to enjoy the happiness anticipated.

She visited a sick woman who was the mother of several children, and after she had nursed her back to health, she organized the family into a Sabbath-school; others joined until their school numbered twenty-five. Then a minister was called and organized them into a Seventh-day Adventist church. It was this experience that caused the statement to be written, "Let the youth be organized and trained as a well-disciplined army, for service. Young men and young women, can you not organize upon some plan and order of action? Can you not form companies that you may work for the salvation of your fellow youth?" Also "let those who really love Jesus organize for service."

Acting upon this testimony, we have moved out. A mighty work has been begun. Even the dark and heathen Korea is awakening to the results of our efforts. Two hundred fifty souls witness for the truth. The Young People's Society is supporting one worker in Korea for one year. Two workers are being supported in Africa. A church was bought for the believers in Chenampo, Korea. India has received her share of assistance, while the great needy South has not been overlooked.

Financial help has been given the following countries with the amounts as follows:—

| | |
|-----------------|----------|
| The South | \$ 85 00 |
| Africa | 86 99 |
| Korea | 131 59 |
| India | 171 46 |

Total\$475 04

Besides this much has been done in the home field. One Society equipped one bed for the ministers' tent, another Society equipped part of another. Thousands of pages of literature have been scattered, and Bible readings have been held.

We have fifteen Societies at the present time, the highest number of any conference in the Lake Union, yet be it far from us to boast. Our work is simply begun; but we are organizing for service. Why?—Because our youth are leaving us at an alarming rate. Statistics show that in the East Michigan Conference only five per cent of their membership is below the age of thirty-five years. *More youth are leaving us than converts are being brought in by the united efforts of our ministry.* Does not this great need plead most eloquently in behalf of this work. God's prospering hand has been upon it. All the laborers have been paid up to date, yet we must still broaden. We must annex new territory. While Japan and Russia are warring over territorial lines in Korea, we have entered the country, and have begun to conquer it for Prince Immanuel.

A shout of victory is heard throughout our borders as we see new recruits come marching on the field. Ah! watch that enthusiastic throng

advance. They have been trained and disciplined as a well-organized army, and nothing can resist their advance as Prince Immanuel is at their head. As we listen, we hear them say, "There shall be delay no longer."

"Yes, on they come, that mighty throng,
And evil hosts, despairing, wail.
On every lip the victor's song,
Through Christ our leader we prevail."

"Yes, on they come, and shall we join,
And with them wage the battle fierce?
O men arise! Gird up thy loins,
That light each darkened land may pierce."

"Till victory crowns Jehovah's arm,
And we at rest with him shall see
The souls we saved by the alarm
That sounded loud o'er land and sea."
—J. E. Shultz, in *The Welcome Visitor*.

Young People at Work

(Concluded)

AN excellent report of the Young People's work is sent from the Upper Columbia Conference. There are only five organized Societies, with a total membership of one hundred forty-seven. It is a difficult matter to form Societies there, as the brethren and sisters are so scattered. The most encouraging feature is the fact that the secretary has been working for these isolated young people, and now has a list of over two hundred names of youth with whom she has been in correspondence, and one hundred fifty-eight of these are enrolled as Home Department members of the Young People's Society.

The work for the quarter is summarized as follows:—

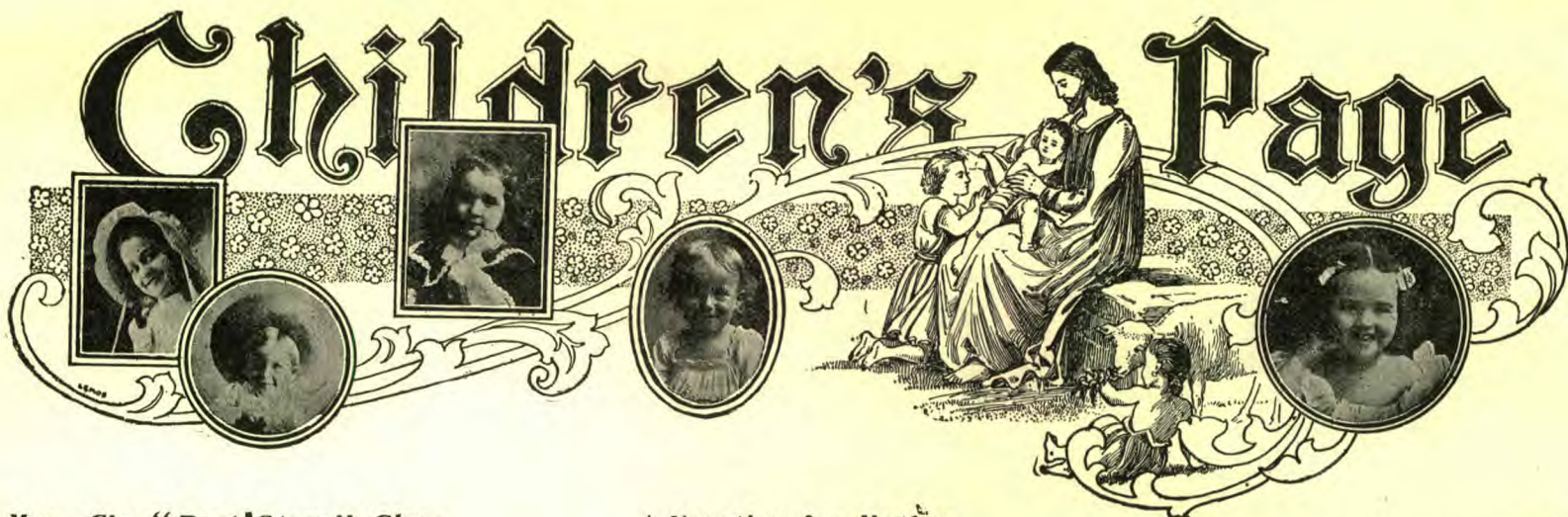
| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Missionary letters written | 38 |
| Missionary letters received | 22 |
| Missionary visits | 61 |
| Bible readings held | 47 |
| Subscriptions for papers | 27 |
| Papers sold | 80 |
| Papers given away | 569 |
| Books sold | 9 |
| Books loaned | 8 |
| Pages of tracts distributed | 9,660 |
| Contributions | \$9.42 |

The first Society organized in North Carolina is at Archdale, and is composed of sixteen members. They meet each Sabbath afternoon for Bible study. The missionary work done by the members is summarized as follows: One hundred forty-five papers sold, six books sold, twenty-five missionary visits made, two Bible readings held. The report closes with the sentence, "General interest quite good."

Word comes from Mississippi of a little band of six colored children who are responding to the call to our youth as best they can. In that State there is also an isolated white young man who desires to be enrolled as a Home Department member. These seven report six missionary letters written and four received; fourteen missionary visits, and seven Bible readings; three subscriptions for papers, fifteen papers sold, and thirty-two given away; three books loaned; thirty-five cents given to foreign missions.

The quarterly summary of the Societies in the Western Pennsylvania Conference is encouraging. There are seven Societies with an aggregate membership of seventy-eight, and ten isolated members. The children in some places are carrying flowers to the hospitals; in others, they are supplying railway station reading-racks. In one Society the members are rejoicing over the conversion of two youth for whom they have been praying. Considerable paper work has been done—six thousand four hundred papers having been sold in three months. Thirty-seven books have also been sold, and over thirteen thousand pages of tracts distributed. The offerings for home missionary work amount to \$44.48.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.



Mrs. G's "Best Story" Class

CARL and Oliver were two little boys living in Central America. Carl was of an even temper, and easily influenced in the right direction, while Oliver had a determined will, and loved his own way. These little boys were cousins, of about the same age, and nearly always together. In their class at school were Sissy Walters and Sammy Gains, who were both dark, with woolly hair, while Carl and Oliver were white. The teacher had just promoted Sissy Walters to this class in the "Best Story," and she had not yet purchased a book. Poor Sissy was not so favored as the rest, with a father and mother to buy books for her; in fact, her own mother had thrown her away when a tiny babe, and her grandma had taken her in her arms and kindly cared for her, but the grandmother hardly thought it worth while to send the child to school, because she did not think Sissy could learn anything. But Sissy, to her grandma's surprise, made such rapid advancement that she was now entering the "Best Story" class.

On this particular day, as the teacher tapped the bell for the class to rise, Sissy rose with them at the teacher's request, and slowly made her way to the recitation seat, and as it happened sat between Carl and Oliver, while Sammy Gains sat on the other side of Oliver. As the teacher looked up, she was surprised to see four clouded little faces before her, and began to inquire of each one to learn the cause; finally Carl said he thought Sissy Walters might look over with Sammy Gains, for he was black, and she was black; and himself and Oliver did not want her to look over with them, and she would not sit over beside Sammy. The teacher thoughtfully looked at them for a moment, then told them how sorry she was that they had let Satan come into the schoolroom and cloud their faces, and put such a wrong feeling in their hearts toward one another.

Then they examined Sissy's and Sammy's hands, and learned that the color was between the outer and true skin, so it was not even skin deep; then they learned from the Word of God that our Heavenly Father is no respecter of persons, that he loves all with the same great love, and that Sammy and Sissy were just as anxious to be saved in the kingdom of heaven as Carl and Oliver were, and that God had sent their teacher away across the sea to teach Sissy and Sammy as well as Carl and Oliver.

Their teacher then asked if they were now all willing to drive Satan out, and put on bright, happy faces, and love one another as God wants them to do. Carl was the first to say that he would do so, and Oliver was the last to respond, but we know that they all felt more kindly, for each little face wore a smile, and there was no happier class that day in school than the "Best Story" class.

MRS. H. C. GOODRICH.

A Vacation for Mother

(Concluded)

"I THINK you would better go right on and get Jane," said her mother. "I left quite a lot of unfinished work in the kitchen."

"Hopie," said Mr. Abbott, "can you take care

"Now, mother," said Hope, gently, "I have been taught that a change of occupation is the best rest; you must let me try it. I really want to," she concluded, earnestly.

She had her way at last, and as she left the room to take up that unfinished work in the kitchen, her mother's eyes followed her dubiously, but Mr. Abbott's face fairly beamed, as he said in a low voice: "I tell you, mother, I don't believe that Hopie is spoiled after all."

"So you have risen to the occasion, have you?" Dr. Mallory stood in the kitchen door, looking on as the busy little figure moved briskly about.

"I had to rise to something after those knock-down hints of yours," Hope retorted, merrily, turning bright eyes to him, in which lurked no spoiling shadow of discontent.

"Did I say anything? Did I tell you to cook?"

"No, but you looked unutterable things."

"You would not have understood if your own conscience had not already prompted you!"

"Well, maybe not; but now sit down," she said, "and let me give you some commissions to do for me. You know mother is supposed to be away on a vacation. Well, while she is away, I am going to refit the kitchen for her, and then you may load up your buggy with all these old things." She waved her hand toward the row of ugly, heavy pots and griddles, and held up some bent and worn kitchen forks and spoons.

"I am going to let father into the secret to-morrow, but this must be my part, and he might object if he knew beforehand." She gave her uncle a written list and a crisp greenback.

"Now get the prettiest white enamel ware you can find, Uncle Rob, and show your sense in the selection of the forks and spoons. Don't you be beguiled into taking any other kind of egg-beater than the one I have on the list. Think of it, mother has never owned an egg-beater!"

Dr. Mallory looked over the list and fingered the bill. "See here, little lady, I do not like to be inquisitive, but these

things don't grow on trees, and I hope you will excuse me if, out of the depths of my interest, I delicately inquire"—he paused and lifted his eyes in grave assumption of solicitude.

"Why, certainly you may inquire. That bill has lain in the tray of my trunk since last Christmas—you probably remember who sent it to me—and I had intended to spend it for a beautiful silk waist to enhance the splendor of my personal appearance at the Chautauqua; but," and here Hope grew suddenly very much interested in looking after something in the oven, "I scarcely think I shall need another waist."

"And what part am I to have in all this celebration?" Dr. Mallory had stowed bill and list away serenely in his vest pocket.

The Laddie in Brown

WHEN I see him go by each day to his school,
This dear little Laddie in Brown,
I ask as I look at the sweet little face,
Can there be such another in town?

O, tell me, dear Laddie, where, where, did you get
Those soft and appealing brown eyes?
That dear little mouth and bright, ruddy cheeks,
Did they come to you straight from the skies?



Don't grow up too quickly, O wee little man!
It makes mother lonely and sad
To see the dear baby slip out from her arms,
And grow to the strong, sturdy lad.

God bless you, dear baby! and keep your heart
pure;
I'm sure that the angels look down
And smile, as they tenderly guide the wee feet
Of this dear little Laddie in Brown.

—Lou Boyce Hayden, in *American Motherhood*.

of mother while I am gone, or would you rather I should call Robert back to stay with you?"

The little doubting of her resourcefulness turned the scale, which had been trembling between a real desire to be helpful and a disinclination to take upon herself the responsibility it would involve.

"Father," she said, quietly, "do not go for Jane at all. Surely I can do for a little while what mother does all the time, and if you will let me, I will show you what my lessons in domestic science have been worth to me."

"Will you, Hopie?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, but, John, the dear child's vacation!" demurred the mother, and her white face was very anxious; but vacation's not everything.

"You? Oh!" said Hope, with a mischievous twinkle, "you can forbid her trying that foot until all my plans are finished."

He caught her by the shoulders and turned the flushed, laughing face up to his. "Now, miss, your looks, more than your words, insinuate something!"

"Yes? Well, you and I have learned to read glances nicely, haven't we? But, really, mother does not half believe that her foot is as serious as you pretend, and you will have to be pretty firm with her, or you can not keep her disabled long enough to finish your experiment with me."

Mrs. Abbott, after a few days, began to threaten to walk, for she said her ankle looked and felt all right; but her brother was so positive, and her daughter and husband were so solicitous, she had to yield as gracefully as she could, and agree to make the most of her enforced vacation. She was a little set in her ways, but to please Hope she allowed herself to be dressed up in her daughter's prettiest dressing sacques, and although the extra effort did seem a little superfluous to her at first, she soon came to thoroughly enjoy the exquisite daintiness of the trays brought to her at meal-times. It made her very happy to see Hope's unfeigned enthusiasm over her work, and she watched with great interest numerous small changes which the girl made in the arrangement of the simple rooms: a flowering plant in bloom in a corner or by a window, a picture hung in a different light, a cushion for a chair, and all the vases in the house filled in a graceful fashion, one kind of flower at a time.

"Why, daughter," she said one morning, when Hope had rolled her lounge into the sitting-room to await the arrival of some neighbors who were to come in and chat with her awhile, "I feel as if I were away at the springs!" She looked with appreciation at the little table close to her hand, with a few books on it, and her work-basket convenient. Hope had just brought in a tray, and showed her some nice little refreshments she had prepared to hand to the neighbors before they should go away. "To think of the old friends coming in to chat, and me sitting here with never a care on my mind, all the time! Why, it is wonderful!"

"You are taking the rest-cure," said Hope; "but it does seem a pity that you could never get a chance to rest until you had hurt yourself so badly."

All the restlessness was gone now, and Hope found her little troubles vanish like magic, as she threw herself thoroughly into her undertaking; for work, that sovereign sweetener, left her little time for bitterness. The new ways she had learned at school enabled her to turn off her work very expeditiously, and it scarcely wearied her at all; but something almost choked her as she came to realize the deadly monotony of her mother's life, in the long years in that dingy little kitchen, day in and day out. In that spontaneous outburst of love and sympathy, her father had met her more than half-way, and was so eager in helping to further her plans that Hope forgot to notice the little things in him which had so irritated her; and even "Hopie" came to sound to her, as he had always meant it, a sweet and loving name. After her work was done, she would play *The Battle of Manassas* and *The Maiden's Prayer* with such spirit that her father leaned back with eyes half closed in gratified delight, and graciously asked for some of her new pieces. Then she would fight shy of ultra-classics, but the same slender fingers which had cooked the dinner and made the house dainty would weave out the exquisite melody of the spring and flower songs, or trip through bright little staccato movements so charmingly that husband and wife would seek each other's eyes and tell in a smile their pride and satisfaction in this dear daughter.

The two weeks slipped by happily and rapidly,

and at the end of the time, Dr. Mallory gravely pronounced the injured ankle fit to be used.

"But very cautiously at first, my dear Mary. You must still let Hope spare you the most of the running about. By the way, Hope," he continued, turning to his niece, "the work has done you as much good as the rest has your mother. You people did not know that Hope was not quite herself when she came home, did you? Only the day before Mary sprained her ankle, the child had told me, and asked me to prescribe for her."

"Why, dearie," exclaimed the mother, "why did you not tell me?"

After a bit, Hope, sweetly flushed and smiling, led her mother to the metamorphosed kitchen, and seated her in a new rocker near a window, where a shelf full of plants had been added. Then she proudly showed her all the new vessels and utensils which were to make the work a pleasure to her, and remind her every day of the loving thought of her daughter and husband; the newly painted walls, and the splendid blue-flame stove which was Uncle Rob's gift.

"Now, mother," she said, "I have wished so much that I could keep you from having to work at all, but I can't do that just yet, so we have tried to make this room, where you spend so much of your time, as nice for you as possible, and not even the model kitchen at the seminary is much more convenient than this is now."

"It is lovely," Mrs. Abbott said, "and Hope, darling, it is so good to have some one planning for me. If it had been the sitting-room or the hall, it might have seemed as if it was as much for you as for me, but this—where no one will ever see but me—the thought was so sweet in you and father."

"And now, mother, there is one more thing to tell you. Uncle Rob and I have talked the matter over, and we think it would be better for me to stay right here with you and father until school-time than to go to the Chautauqua, and be under a strain trying to stuff my mind all the while. May I stay? Will you let me, and feel all right about it?"

"Let you, my dear? Let you?" and Mrs. Abbott broke into a happy little sob, and Hope's soft arms were about her neck.—*Susie Bouchelle Wight, in The Wellspring.*



A JAPANESE girl said to a missionary (Christian church) at Tokyo: "My brother-in-law used to scold me if I overslept in the morning; now he is patient, and teaches me how to be careful and prompt." Why is he patient?—Because he is a Christian now. And the girl added, "Our home is so much nicer now we are all Christians."

A MISSIONARY in the Transvaal describes the program of one of his days. First came the Young People's League, containing Germans, Dutch, Australians, English, Irish, Scotch; then, at eleven o'clock, the English service. Following this was lunch, and then a drive of eight miles to an out-station, where was held a service for natives. Here the singing was by those who could see over each other's shoulders, for there was only one hymn-book, but there was a good congregation, and all sang lustily. After the sermon there were four adults and three children to be baptized; and there were testimonies to be borne, and the sacrament to be administered. Then there came a sharp drive home, where we

arrived just ten minutes before the evening English service. The steward came to say that "one of the lamps in the church won't burn;" but there was no time to wrestle with a lamp before service, so we went on without it. The very variety of occupations among blacks and whites shows how far times have changed since Zulu heathen used to decide to tolerate missionaries or not, as the whim might take them.

A LITTLE thirteen-year-old girl who was baptized at the time of the council meeting last year in Raiatea, Society Islands, writes as follows to Brother Cady, who is in charge of the work there:—

We are all well. Peter has come to school. He says he wants to be a good boy forever, and wants to be baptized and trust in Jesus. I have made a missionary garden, and I am going to plant some beans, and tomatoes, and pineapples, and when they have some fruit on them, I will pick it, and sell it to Miss Nelson or to Eliza, and will give the money to the Lord. I try very hard to trust in Jesus, but Satan is trying to tempt me. Sometimes he tries Jacintha and Johnny and Nio, but we all try very hard to trust in Jesus. Jacintha and Johnny and Nio have made a missionary garden, too. Jacintha planted some beans, and sold them to Miss Nelson, for which she got \$1.40.

WE have only thirteen Sabbath-keepers in Tonga, but their annual offering (week of prayer) amounted to thirty-eight pounds—almost three pounds a member. Isn't that good? Even the children had the spirit of sacrifice, and sold some of their most cherished playthings.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

SPECIAL

Help for the Millions of India

THERE are more than eighty million of the Hindustani-speaking people in India; and not one laborer among them to tell them the Lord is soon coming. You could better appreciate the situation if you should think of the eighty million people in the United States without one laborer to proclaim the message. It makes one long to help them; but we could not give them the message if we could be suddenly carried into India; for they speak a strange language.

A way has been devised by which *every one* can help to carry the light to these eighty million persons who sit in darkness. Brother and Sister Burgess, who have labored many years in India, have learned the Hindustani language, and are anxious to labor among these people; but the foreign mission funds are low, and there is no money to open a new mission. We have printed a special number of the *Bible Training School*, called "Help for India" Special; and Brother and Sister Burgess have taken twenty thousand of these to sell to secure money to open a mission among the Hindustani-speaking people of India. They are working as hard as they can, but twenty thousand papers are a great many to sell one by one, and it will take them a long time to do it alone. Many are helping them by taking from ten to one hundred papers, and selling them, and returning the full price to Brother and Sister Burgess.

How many of the young people would like to have a part in this good work? The price of the "Help for India" Special is ten cents a copy.

Many of the young people are helping, and we believe many more will be glad to help when they know of it. Send all orders to the Bible Training School, South Lancaster, Massachusetts, and they will be promptly filled.

What is done must be done quickly, as Brother and Sister Burgess hope to start for India in October. Who will help?

MRS. S. N. HASKELL.

Vegetable Cure for Consumption

IN a circular sent last week to all the prominent physicians of New York, under seal of professional secrecy, the announcement is made by the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, Manhattan, of the discovery of a vegetable fluid which has been accepted as a positive cure for consumption.

Results covering many months of exhaustive and costly experiment show complete cures in every instance. Eleven patients who on beginning the treatment were sufferers from the disease have been discharged as fit subjects for a life insurance risk, and fifty others, still under observation in the hospital, are on the high road to recovery.

The discovery is this: that a compound of raw vegetable juices is the long-sought-for element of diet needed to cure obstinate cases, where the lesions in the lungs persisted after the ravages of the disease had been apparently checked and the general health of the body restored, as testified by an increase in weight. The use of the new compound has overcome this difficulty to the complete satisfaction of a disinterested board of doctors, who investigated the claims made.—*Search-Light*.

Sentence Sermons

He who shields little sins will soon be the slave of large ones.

Some men never make a mistake because they never make a move.

No man ever lost any time in the heavenly race by stopping to help another.

Sometimes the church that is praying for showers of blessing only needs a thaw.

He is dead already whose only thought in life is how to make a living.

It takes more than credit with the grocer to keep the heart from starving.

Opportunity's doors are only holes that we must knock in the walls of difficulties.—*Henry F. Cope*.

Four Japanese Who Read a Gospel

ON one occasion in Peking the son of the Japanese minister and three secretaries of the Japanese legation came to my house, and asked me if I could spare them an hour every day to teach them English. I said I was too much occupied with other work, and I could not spare it. Then they asked if my wife could spare the time. She said that she would be glad to do so, and they studied English for a few weeks.

Then Sheoda, the son of the Japanese minister, said: "We find frequent references to Christianity in the English books that we read, and we are at a loss to understand them. What is the best way to understand Christianity?" My wife said: "Read the New Testament, and you are at the fountainhead at once."

They were glad of the suggestion, and they began with the Gospel of St. John.

You who have been in the habit of reading the New Testament from childhood have no idea of the effect of those truths on thinking men when they hear them for the first time. What happened to these Japanese? Within a fortnight those four men were as if leaven had gone into their blood. A great fever was working through them. They could not read anything else. They wanted to know more about this religion, and then they came to me, and asked me if I would explain some of the passages. I did so, and within a month they were anxious to join the Christian church. I visited the father of Sheoda, and told him that his son desired to enter the Christian church. I said, "Have you any objection to this?" He replied, "I was sent by my government to Europe to study Western civilization. For eight years I studied

various matters, and among other things I studied religion, and I came to the conclusion that the best people I saw in Europe were the Christian people. I myself am a Buddhist, and my family for generations have been Buddhists; but if my son desires to be a true and good Christian, I have no objection." The four men were baptized in Peking.—*Dr. Timothy Richards*.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III—Teaching the People

(October 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." Verse 24.

"There were present at that season some that told him of the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices. And Jesus answering said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. . . .

"He spake also this parable; A certain man had a fig-tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down.

"And he was teaching in one of the synagogues on the Sabbath. And, behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself. And when Jesus saw her, he called her to him, and said unto her, Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And he laid his hands on her: and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God. And the ruler of the synagogue answered with indignation, because that Jesus had healed on the Sabbath day, and said unto the people, There are six days in which men ought to work: in them therefore come and be healed, and not on the Sabbath day. The Lord then answered him, and said, Thou hypocrite, doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering? and ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?

"And when he had said these things, all his adversaries were ashamed: and all the people rejoiced for all the glorious things that were done by him. . . .

"And he went through the cities and villages, teaching, and journeying toward Jerusalem. Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And he said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

Questions

1. Of what had Jesus been teaching the people? Luke 12:40. What warning had he given them? Verses 45-47.

2. What was now told Jesus by some of those present? Luke 13:1. What does this show?—That the Jews who heard Jesus' words did not take his warnings and reproofs to themselves, but looked upon these unfortunate Galileans as great sinners.

3. In answering their unspoken thoughts, what question did Jesus ask his hearers? Luke 13:2. What solemn warning did he give them?

4. Repeat the parable that Jesus now spoke to

the people. Where was this fig-tree planted? What is the Lord's vineyard? Read Isa. 5:7.

5. What had the One who had planted the tree a right to expect? How often did he come seeking fruit? What command did he finally give to the dresser of the vineyard?

6. What favor did the gardener ask? What did he offer to do? How long did he plead that the tree might stand? If it should still fail to bear fruit, what would be done with it? What lesson may we learn from this parable?

7. Who was present one Sabbath when Jesus was teaching in a synagogue? What was her condition? What did Jesus do when he saw her? Whom did she glorify?

8. What did the ruler of the synagogue say? How did Jesus rebuke this wicked man? What was the result of the Saviour's words?

9. As Jesus journeyed toward Jerusalem, what question was asked him? Repeat his answer. Memory verse. What does it mean to "strive"?—"To make earnest effort." What, then, will be done by all who hope some day to have a home in heaven? What will be seen in their daily lives? Read carefully Gal. 5:22, 23.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III—The History of Haman's Family

(October 21)

MEMORY VERSE: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov. 16:25.

Questions

1. What man did King Ahasuerus promote in his kingdom? To what family did Haman belong? Esther 3:1.

2. Who was Agag? 1 Sam. 15:8.

3. What was the character of the Amalekites, as shown in their treatment of Israel? Deut. 25:17, 18.

4. What punishment did the Lord pronounce against Amalek? Ex. 17:14.

5. When were they to receive this punishment? Deut. 25:19.

6. Who was commissioned to carry out the words of the Lord? 1 Sam. 15:2. How long was this after the sentence had been pronounced? Note.

7. How complete was to be their destruction? 1 Sam. 15:3.

8. After Saul had come up to the city, what message did he send to the Kenites? Why? Verse 6.

9. Describe the battle. How faithfully did Saul obey the word of the Lord? Whom did he take alive? Verses 7, 8.

10. What besides the king did they save? Verse 9. How did the Lord regard the course of Saul? Verse 11.

11. How was Saul punished for this disobedience? Verse 23.

12. How strong were the Amalekites twenty-three years after this time? 1 Sam. 30:1.

13. Had Saul carried out the Lord's instructions, would the Jews ever have been troubled by Haman?

14. How does the experience of Saul verify the words of our memory verse?

Note

The Lord was long-suffering, and gave the Amalekites over four hundred years to reform, before he commanded Saul to destroy them; but they clung to the same nature. They were ever ready to raise their hand against the poor and weak. Haman inherited all the evil tendencies of his race, and developed the most diabolical scheme of which we have any record. If God himself had not interfered in behalf of his people, every child of God would have been destroyed in one fatal day. Esther 3:13.



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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THE rivers of some parts of Spain have been gradually filling with sand, preventing navigation and hindering commerce. The population of the country through which these rivers flow are dependent on their crops for a living, and now through the failure of the crops, the country is famine stricken.

THE people of India, in the region of the great earthquake of April 4, are living in buildings constructed of a low brick wall about three feet high, surmounted by a mud wall four feet high, with a wooden roof covered with corrugated iron sheets. These huts are thought to be earthquake proof, though they make an alarming noise when a shock occurs.

IN the list giving the names of the Reading Circle members, the name of Mrs. Della M. Wiltse was omitted by mistake. Instead of the name David Austin, there should have been the names of David L. Wiltse and Austin T. Wiltse. If there were other omissions or errors, the editor would be glad to be so informed. The list is still below the two-hundred mark, so we hope for additions, even though the year is nearly past.

THE Mohammedan pilgrim to Mecca feels that when he has gazed on the tomb of his prophet, he has exhausted the delights of vision; so he buys a white hot brick, and with his face still turned to the tomb, brings his eyes near the terrible heat. He holds them there, though his agony is intense, until the sight is destroyed. He leaves Mecca a blind man.

Thus misguided men voluntarily bring upon themselves a great calamity, while we who have the blessed gospel light are often unwilling to forego the smallest comfort for the sake of our prophet, priest, and king, Jesus Christ.

THERE is but one thing worth while now, and that is to rescue the perishing. It is time for every Christian to be *actively* in earnest. The *Life Boat* workers are seeking to rescue persons almost buried in the mire of sin. Angels of God rejoice over every such soul reclaimed. How beautiful are the feet of those who carry the gospel to lost souls,—of those who through the grace of Christ open the prison doors that bind both body and soul, and lead one from the darkness of sin into the full light and love of the last gospel message to the world. May the time soon come when all who have any love for this message will be united heart and hand in the work of soul-saving.

MRS. G. A. BURGESS, who for nine years labored in India as a missionary, spoke to the Young People's Societies of Washington and

Takoma Park recently. Mrs. Burgess and her husband expect to sail for India in October. It is easy to see that the heart of this faithful missionary is given to India's helpless, suffering, unappreciated women and children. As one listens to the story of suffering and abuse of the millions of our India sisters, and of their entire ignorance of the story of the gospel, and of the readiness with which their hearts respond to the good news, and of their pathetic pleading for missionary help, it does seem a wonder that all Christendom does not arise as one man and send them thousands of workers; so that the good news of salvation through Christ might quickly spread throughout every part of darkened India, and all the fetters that bind helpless women and children be broken in a day.

One hundred fifty million women in India, and not one Seventh-day Adventist lady missionary among them!

If India's sons and daughters should pass by us in procession at the rate of one each second, ten years would be required for the review. Fifty thousand of these each week are sinking into Christless graves from the Bubonic plague alone, and yet we eat, drink, and make merry as though all was well with the whole world.

Our work for India has been confined almost wholly to the northeastern province of Bengal. Brother and Sister Burgess expect to open a mission station in the northwestern part, where there are eighty millions of Hindustani-speaking people, with not one of our workers among them. They are depending upon the sale of the special number of the *Bible Training School* for means to assist them in this work. Will not our young people lend a helping hand?

The long "closed" doors of India are now wide open. Soon they will swing to, nevermore to open.

The Opening of Union College

THE enrolment was two hundred twelve before the close of the first week, and students will be coming for several weeks. The total enrolment is only a little larger than last year; but there is a marked increase in the number of students in the Home. Last year at this time we had only ten or eleven tables. Now we have sixteen. Our enrolment at the Home is one hundred eleven.

A more earnest class of students I think I have never seen together. One marked feature of the opening is the small number of seventh-grade pupils. Last year the grammar and arithmetic classes in this grade were large, and had to be divided at the beginning of the second term. This year we have seventh-grade classes only in grammar and arithmetic, and there are only five or six pupils in these. I believe by another year we can, in our announcement, eliminate the seventh grade entirely. The organization of the school was effected easily and quickly, a day's time being gained over last year.

One hundred twenty-six persons have enrolled in the different Bible classes. Most of the remainder of the students have either completed the Bible work, or else have some excellent reason for not taking that study this year. No special effort was made to induce them to choose Bible studies, but nearly all seemed glad to do so. The enrolment in industrial studies and trades is also encouraging. Sixty-six is the number at present. The industrial studies come at three o'clock in the afternoon, and many of our students desire to work in the afternoon to help meet their expenses. If it were not for this fact, there would be many more in the industrial classes, but we feel gratified that the number is so large.

An excellent spirit pervades the school. This is especially noticeable in the Home. Although circumstances beyond our control had made it impossible to have the Home in perfect readiness

for the students, yet there has been heard no murmuring or complaining. At the social meeting in the Home parlor at the beginning of the Sabbath, it was evident that the Spirit of the Lord was present in a marked degree. A large number of cheerful testimonies were borne in quick succession, and it seemed as if the work was beginning where it left off last year. The same was true in the social meeting in the chapel Sabbath afternoon. We are encouraged to believe that the blessing of the Lord will rest upon the work at the college in a larger measure even than it did last year, and the teachers and students enter upon the work with hearts full of courage and good cheer. C. C. LEWIS.

How to Know the Birds

MANY of our young people are interested in nature study, and would be glad, doubtless, of some help in learning the names of the various birds they see. Of course certain birds are familiar, but as they pursue their study in field and forest, they are sure to come across some whose names they do not know.

Dr. L. A. Reed has just written a most interesting book of true stories about various birds and animals, which for the most part inhabited the author's garden. Its title is "My Garden Neighbors," and its stories of nature's children are very interesting, and while giving an insight into nature, impress, at the same time, useful lessons. In the latter part of the book is an introduction to the birds, showing how to learn their names, and some excellent suggestions for those who desire to take up this delightful study.

"My Garden Neighbors" is now ready for delivery. It contains two hundred fifty-six pages, and is well illustrated with colored plates, full-page half-tones, and pen sketches in the text. Price, \$1.

Every young person, yes, and the older ones, too, will enjoy reading this charming book. Orders may be sent to any of our agencies, or to Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D. C.



COOPERSVILLE, MICH., R. F. D. No. 2.

DEAR EDITOR: The INSTRUCTOR is a visitor at our house every week, and I enjoy reading it very much. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I live on a farm. I am fourteen years old, and have one brother older than myself. I hope to meet the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth. GRACIE DEVORE.

HEALDSBURG, CAL., July 23, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR very much. My mother took it when she was a little girl.

Church-school closed here last May. I finished the sixth grade, and was promoted to the seventh.

I have one brother and three sisters. I was baptized the twenty-seventh of last May. I want to meet all the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR in the earth made new. ZELLA V. PINE.

ELKWOOD, ALA., July 17, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy the letters in our paper so much that I thought I would write one. We came from Wisconsin to Alabama three years ago, and we like it here very well. I go to public school because there is no church-school. My teacher's name is Miss Lida Spence. We have a small church and Sabbath-school here.

I have one brother twenty-two years old, and one sister four years old. I am thirteen. I want to do all that I can to help the cause of God, for the time is short.

I hope my letter will be printed, but not take up any one else's space. AMY MAY.