

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR, IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LIII

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 7, 1905

No. 45



Perfect Peace

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." Isa. 26:3.

THE fairest hope is the one that faded,
The brightest leaf went down by the blast;
All of our joys on earth are shaded
By the sad remembrance, they can not last.
In heaven alone is rest eternal.
There shall our gladness never cease;
There shall the roses bloom supernal,
With the snow-white lilies of endless peace.

O, the lives that are crushed and broken,
Prayers that none but the Saviour hears!

Saddest heartache remains unspoken,
Lesser griefs find relief in tears;
Mourners long for a coming morrow,
When from sadness they'll find release,
When hearts that break with their weight of sorrow,
Shall rest in the calm of an endless peace.

Soon shall the endless day be breaking
That lingers yet in the distant dawn,

Soon shall the bosoms with anguish aching,
Joy, while the years of heaven roll on.

We look and long for the life beyond us,
Where sweet flowers blossom, and cares will cease.

Ah, the chords untouched in the heart are fondest.

And they'll thrill to the music of perfect peace.
L. D. SANTEE.

Rock Wonders

HARDLY any natural object is more attractive than one of our handsome crystals. Because of their beauty of form, delicacy of coloring, and durability, some specimens not larger than a thimble cost thousands of dollars.

The word "crystal" comes from a Greek word meaning ice, as it was anciently thought that crystals could be produced only in the extreme cold of lofty mountain passes. One learned man of the early centuries described their formation by saying that "the cold in mountain heights made the ice so dry that it congealed, or hardened, into crystals."

We now know that intense cold is not at all necessary to their production, and that they have no connection whatever with ice, but that nearly all varieties of minerals have their permanent crystalline forms as well as the amorphous. A diamond is a crystalline form of carbon, while coal is an amorphous form.

Those specimens of minerals that have no definite mathematical shape, as a roadside pebble, are said to be amorphous, the word meaning *without form*. The crystalline variety, however,

occurs in definite geometrical figures bounded by flat surfaces. Some crystals are perfect cubes, prisms, pyramids, or hexagons, with surfaces as exquisitely polished when taken from the ground as our handsome plate-glass mirrors. Ten thousand different forms of crystals have been found and classified, but all have been reduced to two orders consisting of six systems.

Crystals are of almost every size, varying from the microscopic to gigantic ones nearly ten feet in circumference. Beryls have been found more than four feet in length and two and one-half feet thick. These weighed nearly six thousand pounds. Equally large crystals of apatite have been discovered in Canada. The highest perfection of form and beauty, however, is found in crystals of moderate or small size.

The same mineral may occur in different

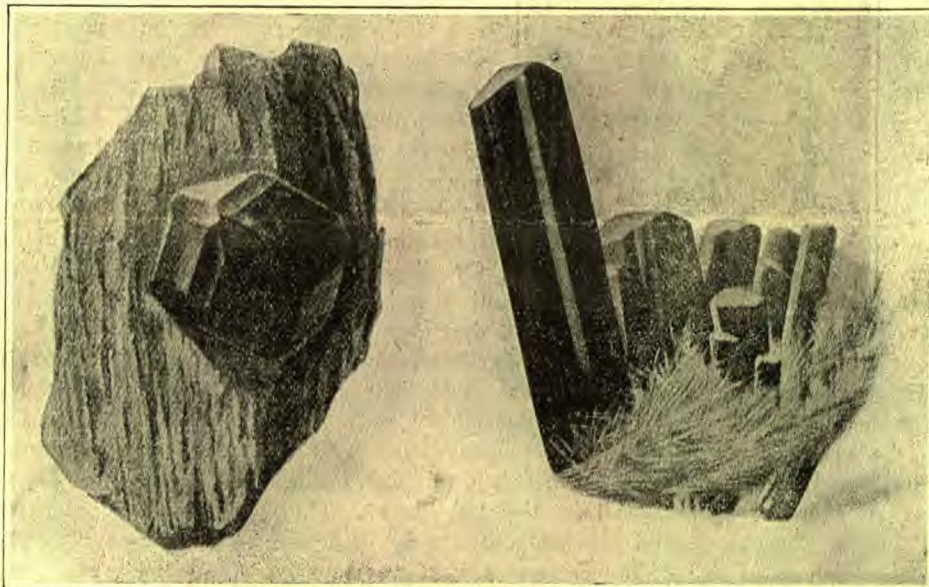
to form into crystals, especially if the cooling be slow. Time and room are required for perfect crystallization.

Water heated to nearly the boiling-point will dissolve about four times as much blue vitriol, or copper sulphate, as at the ordinary temperature of a room. When the solution is cooled, about four fifths of the mineral will separate into crystals. This principle explains the formation of rain and snow.

Air saturated with the water vapor is carried into a higher region, where it is cooled, and being unable to hold so much aqueous vapor as it could at the warmer temperature, precipitates it in the form of rain or snow.

Salt or alum crystals may be easily produced by dissolving in a tumbler of water all the salt or alum the liquid will hold. After a time crys-

tals of the dissolved mineral will collect on a string, if one is suspended in the center of the solution. Crystals may also be formed by evaporating the liquid from a saturated solution, or by melting a crystalline substance, as sugar, and allowing it to cool slowly. Beautiful maple sugar crystals sometimes form in maple sirup which has been allowed to stand for some time undisturbed. The performance of the experiment mentioned will explain the mystery of the string in rock-candy, the candy having been crystallized from a



GARNET AND EPIDOTE CRYSTALS

places, and sometimes in the same place, exhibiting a variety of forms; its crystals may be plates as thin as paper, prisms, pyramids, dodecahedrons, and of a hundred other forms; but however great the numbers, they may all be reduced to a single type. A thousand varieties of snow crystals have been observed, but when not injured by wind or other casualties, they all show their relation to the hexagonal system.

Crystals may be natural or artificial. There is no greater marvel in the whole realm of natural wonders than the orderly arrangement of the molecules in the process of crystallization.

How to Make Crystals

If a solvent, as water or alcohol, holds in solution all of a given substance that it can retain, it is said to be *saturated*. Heating the liquid further makes it able to dissolve more of the substance, while cooling has the opposite effect. If water at ninety degrees is saturated with a given solid, and is then cooled to, say, fifty degrees, the excess of solid is thrown out of solution, or precipitated. It may be possible to cool it slowly, and have it retain the substance in solution. If so, the liquid is said to be *supersaturated*. If the mixture is shaken, or a solid is dropped into the liquid, part of the dissolved matter is thrown out of solution at once, and is quite likely

saturated solution of melted sugar.

Water of Crystallization

Many substances, when precipitating from a solution, take up water. Such water is called water of crystallization. The color of some minerals is due wholly to this water of crystallization. We know that the whiteness of snow is due to the air that is mixed with it, and that the white of an egg, when beaten, becomes white for the same reason. That the presence of a colorless gas should make such a difference in the appearance of a substance is an interesting phenomenon. No less so is the fact that the blue and green tints of minerals may be due to the water they contain. A piece of copper sulphate, or blue vitriol, will turn to a white powder if exposed for a time to dry air. It gives up to the air its water of crystallization, and so loses its color and form. The same thing is true of green copperas. Many of our rocks contain water of crystallization. Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, says there is more of such water in the rocks of the earth than in all the oceans, seas, rivers, and lakes put together.

(To be concluded)

"By knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches."



William Duncan and His Metlakahtla

No record reads more like a romance of fairy fiction than the story of the seven years during which William Duncan was building up his model state among the wild red men of British Columbia,—an achievement pronounced “absolutely without a parallel in the history of missions.”

Nearly fifty years ago Duncan went to Fort Simpson, the center of a settlement of nine Tsimshian tribes, notorious for treachery, cruelty, barbarism, and cannibalism. Such savage surroundings made a fort necessary, with heavy palisades and bastions and mounted cannon, and with sentinels on the watch night and day. Shortly after his arrival Mr. Duncan, from the fort, saw these Indians, howling like a pack of wolves, tearing limb from limb the body of a murdered woman,—an initiation into the mysteries of Shamanism, they kept with dog-eating, devil-dancing, and wildest revelries.

Only one whose simple faith made him fearless toward men because courageous in God would dare to begin work among such fiends incarnate. His first step was to get hold of their language, and he got Clah, a native, to aid him; and after some months he was able to write out in phonetic characters a simple address, explaining his peaceful mission. He first conveyed to them, through Clah, a preparatory message of love, informing them that there was one white man within the fort whose sole aim was not barter, but blessing—to bring them a message from the white man's God. He was seeking not *theirs*, but *them*. As soon as he could make himself understood by them, he ventured unarmed outside the fort, trusting himself to their kindness and to God's protection, and was received cordially.

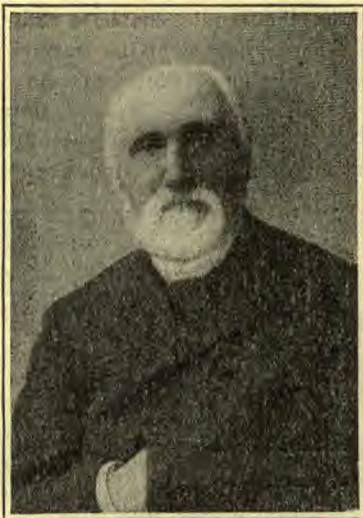
As it was not feasible to gather Indians of so many and various hostile tribes, he gave his prepared address nine times on the same day to their representatives, in the houses of their respective chiefs. He thus got before them the story of Jesus, and showed how the life of a true Christian contrasts with their ways of living.

A school was opened at the house of a chief, and it was soon thronged, both by children and by adults. With the aid of a few Indians he built a log schoolhouse, which was filled with some two hundred pupils, several chiefs being among them. They saw that he was sincere and unselfish, and his frank dealing and kindly visits to their sick rapidly unlocked the doors of their hearts.

The shamans, or medicine men, seeing their craft in danger, sought to thwart his efforts, moving Legiac, the head chief, to order him to stop his school during the month of the medicine feast. He firmly refused to close it so long as pupils came to be taught, and persisted in his refusal, notwithstanding threats upon his life. Legiac, with his fellow shamans, rushed into the school, drove out the pupils, and sought to intimidate the brave teacher; but Mr. Duncan calmly reasoned with the intruders, and held his ground. Legiac then drew his knife, and was about to kill Mr. Duncan, when suddenly his arm fell as if paralyzed, and he slunk away. Clah, himself a murderer before conversion, learning of the

conspiracy against the missionary, had crept in armed, and, as Legiac lifted his knife, Clah raised his revolver, and this had repulsed the assassin. On several occasions Mr. Duncan narrowly escaped assassination, but gradually won a hearing and a following.

He soon saw that it would aid his higher mission to show these savages that godliness is also profitable for the life that now is; and at once he set about promoting their temporal, as well as eternal, well-being. To cleanse their filthy persons and abodes, he secured for them soap at a reduced price, and then taught them how to make it for a tenth of the current cost; and, from this simple beginning, he went on to develop their forms of industry. The Hudson Bay Company opposed him because his industries interfered with their monopoly of traffic. Moreover, the neighborhood of a trading-post was a constant temptation to drunkenness, and to debauchery also. And so a second great thought came into Mr. Duncan's mind: to lead such Indians as would follow, away from these pernicious surroundings, and model a village upon Christian principles. It was a thought from God, and on no project for the uplifting of pagan tribes has the divine blessing more signally rested.



About seventeen miles from Fort Simpson was the site of an abandoned Tsimshian village called Metlakahtla, beautiful for situation, with fertile soil, and good fishing and hunting-grounds.

The basis of this model state was laid in fifteen rules, to which all must subscribe who would join the new community. These rules required the abandonment of Indian deviltry, medicine-men, gambling, and drink; of the painting of their faces, and giving away property for display; and enjoined on them to be cleanly, peaceful, industrious, honest, and liberal;

to build neat dwellings, pay taxes, attend religious instruction, send their children to school, and observe the Sabbath rest.

The first company joining Mr. Duncan numbered but fifty; and this little band, in six canoes, set sail for their new home. They put up huts and a schoolhouse, to be used also as a house of prayer; and a start was thus made. Before a week passed thirty more canoes brought three hundred recruits, including two chiefs.

Care was taken that none should be admitted to the community who did not publicly subscribe to the rules, and were not acceptable to all the others. A village council of twelve and a native constabulary force were formed, the council being meant for a sort of court; but Mr. Duncan had to decide many matters himself, until they learned to make decisions and administer justice on right principles.

With sagacious unselfishness Mr. Duncan trained his little community to combine wholesome work and innocent play with reverent worship, slowly weaning them from pagan customs and vicious practises. With patient love he taught them the inhumanity of slavery, the value of human life, the sacredness of womanly virtue, and the beauty of truth and piety. At the same time he took wise sanitary measures, vaccinating the whole community, so that the smallpox plague, which swept five hundred Tsimshian Indians away, scarcely touched Metlakahtla. To promote commercial pursuits, he bought a schooner, so conducting coast trade as to make the investment a source of revenue, surprising the Indians, who, for the first time, got an idea of the profits of a well-organized industry. Then came a co-operative village store; then a savings-bank, which by payments of interest, again sur-

prised these simple-minded people who felt that they ought rather to pay the bank for guarding their little savings.

Mr. Duncan was anything and everything by turn to the Metlakahtlan infant state—missionary and magistrate, secretary and treasurer, teacher and doctor, carpenter and trader, friend and counselor. As the community grew, it was divided into smaller companies, with monitors or supervisors. Love at times had to resort to severity, and offenses of grave character were punished by public whipping; incorrigible evil-doers were banished, and minor offenses subjected the offender to jail, a black flag being hoisted to announce the wrong-doing and cause inquiry as to the wrong-doer. Soon new and better buildings were built, with a church for one thousand two hundred people, a town hall, dispensary, shops, market, and all the helps to prosperous village life, including even a great sea wall for protection, and a sawmill, where these simple villagers saw a miracle—water made to saw wood! — *Arthur T. Pierson.*

(To be concluded)

Youthful Inquirers in Far Lands

It was a long journey taken by a barefoot Welsh girl to get a Bible, which led to the formation of the British Bible Society a century ago. And still, as the Word gets out into far corners of the earth, children are acting a part in Bible circulation.

Sometimes it is the children, with modern school advantages that their parents did not have, who must read the message from heaven to the older ones.

The *Bible in the World*, organ of the British Bible Society, prints an interview with a Mr. Larson, a colporteur, who lately traveled eighteen hundred miles through Mongolia, Central Asia. This extract shows who were the best customers for his books:—

“How many Gospels did you sell altogether?”

“About two thousand three hundred, and these were bought mainly by schoolboys.”

“Are there schools, then, in Mongolia?”

“Not exactly schools, but in each village or settlement there is usually one man who teaches the boys set apart to be lamas, to read.”

“Do you think the boys read the books they purchase?”

“Without question they do; and they also read them to the other members of the household.”

Again, a colporteur selling Bibles along the Yangtze River, in China, gives the following report of an encounter with a lad at Wuhu, a boy who had been sufficiently at school to acquire a disposition to look into foreign learning:—

“I give you five *cash* for your book, foreign teacher,” he said, with a roguish look.

“Do you know that the cost price of this is more than fifty *cash*, and its real value worth more than all the silver and gold of the whole earth, my friend?” I said in return.

“Yes, teacher, I know,” the little fellow smiled, subdued; “but you are doing good deeds. I am only a poor boy; you could give me that book for a present.” I felt very much tempted to do so, but nevertheless remained firm.

“The Shang-Shu-Kung-Hsi (Holy-Book Society) has fixed a rule that the books must not be given away; if you want to buy it, you can have it for not one *cash* less than seven—and good big ones,” I added, observing that the little rogue was getting some small *cash* from his string. Seeing that he could not move the book-seller to sell the book for six *cash*, he gave in at last, and presented seven good *cash* for the coveted copy.

Wide-awake young people in these favored lands of ours must remember that young people in other countries are to hear the gospel mes-

sage ere the work shall close. And from our experience in Africa and Asia, and all the mission fields, in fact, we know that many loyal youth of strange tongues will join us in scattering the literature and preaching the message of the Lord's soon coming. W. A. SPICER.

Our Nyassaland Mission

THE conditions here are perhaps a little different from those of almost any other heathen land, as these people have no form of government, nor recognized leader, but many factions and numerous chiefs and headsmen. They are not in communication with any other people; in fact, they know only their homes in British Central Africa, and nothing further, save to war among themselves.

Many of the people have a peculiar belief about shutting their eyes during prayer. One Sabbath a good many women came to the mission to morning service. We asked them to kneel during the time of prayer, and a native Christian boy told them to close their eyes. But they placed their fingers over their eyes in a way so they could see, and all through the time of prayer they kept up whispering and laughing. Not knowing why they were so amused, I asked the young man what the trouble was. He said: "Long ago, when the white man first came to this part of Africa, the people were asked to close their eyes and bow their heads in time of prayer. They did so, and when they all said Amen, and opened their eyes and looked up, their lands, their cattle, and their gold, and many of their wives and children were all gone. Now they wish to watch the missionaries."

I am sad at heart to hear of the way in which the people are still being turned in the wrong path. Of course these know nothing of the love of Jesus, nor the power of his blood to cleanse from sin. The people are steadfastly looking at the example of the teachers sent to help them; but, alas! in many cases their condition is worse than before the teachers came.

Our desire is to labor for this people in the power of our Great Leader, realizing that we are of those whom God has made depositaries of his law. Great possibilities are evident, and we remember that it is possible to make the mistake of not executing the command given by Him who said, "Go work in my vineyard," for which it may be said to those carrying this message of mercy to earth's teeming millions, "Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you." Do we not hear the voice of the people of God going up as the voice of one man, for a deeper consecration to the Master and his service, and for those who have gone out in these desolate fields to give this last warning cry?

MRS. T. H. BRANCH.



Andersonville Prison

DURING the war of the Rebellion it was my misfortune to be taken prisoner of war, and with me were three other boys who had enlisted with me and gone from the same neighborhood. We had clung together and bunked and messed together up to this time, and singularly enough we were captured together.

We were taken from Atlanta, Georgia, the place of our capture, to Andersonville Prison, which was located in Sumpter County, in the southern part of the State. We had never heard

of this prison enclosure, and consequently were unprepared to meet the scenes that greeted our eyes. It had been occupied as a prison for nearly eleven months when we were put in, and at that time there were thirty-three thousand men inside of the enclosure who had to live upon about fourteen acres of habitable ground.

The stockade was made of pine logs about twenty feet in length, set upon end one against another in a trench perhaps five feet deep. This would leave the height of the wall from the inside about sixteen feet. On the top of the wall at intervals of about one hundred feet all around this enclosure there were guard boxes, and sentinels stationed in these to guard the prisoners within.

Forty feet inside of the stockade all the way around there was what was known as the dead-line. It consisted of posts driven in the ground, with railings running from one to the other, similar to the railing around a race-track. We were not allowed even to place our hands upon this dead-line. The sentinels had orders to shoot any one who did. At each corner of the stockade, upon a raised platform from the outside, was mounted a large cannon, so that every part of the enclosure could be raked with grape and canister in case of an attempt to escape. In addition to this, there were twelve blood hounds, with a man in charge of them, who went around the stockade with them at midnight and at daylight, so that if any one should have been fortunate enough to make his escape, these blood hounds would immediately take the trail, and inside of twenty-four hours he would be brought back more dead than alive.

The average death-rate was sixty-six a day. The men who died during the day and night were carried to the dead-house, which was located near the main entrance.

At nine o'clock each day a company of negroes, with a six-mule team and a large army wagon, would drive inside along by the side of the dead, begin at one end of the line, and two men, one on either side of a corpse, would pick it up and pitch it into the wagon, and with the head, arms, and feet of these corpses sticking promiscuously from the end and sides of the wagon, they would drive off to the burying-ground. This was kept up until all the dead were hauled away.

Everything that one saw in connection with this prison life was calculated to bring doom and despondency into the heart and soul, and to cause one to give up in despair. There was no minister connected with the prison; so no spiritual instruction was received.

The wood used in the prison was pitch-pine, the smoke of which is worse than that of coal. Having no soap with which to wash, and no scissors or razor to trim their hair and beards, the men looked more like demons than like human beings. Many of them were almost destitute of clothing. They seemed to delight to gather about the newcomers and tell the horrible tales of suffering they endured in the prison. They said, "You will not be here long until your teeth will all come out as a result of the scurvy."

The inscription over the gate, "Leave HOPE behind who enters here," was calculated to bring gloom and depression over the minds of those who were just entering.

We were put into the enclosure about the middle of the afternoon, and wandered around till after midnight in an effort to find a space of vacant ground large enough to lie on. There were no buildings on the ground. The men lived in little holes and dugouts, and in almost any way that they could, trying to protect themselves from the heat of the day and the dews of the night. Those who were put in there when the stockade was first new had made themselves little huts and shanties out of the pine boughs

and the few limbs that were left on the ground, but the ones who were put in later had to lie on the bare ground, or, if fortunate, might get to share one of these little hovels in place of some one who had died.

In our company of four there was a boy by the name of Evans. He was a bright young man of perhaps twenty-two years. He had been an excellent soldier, always ready for any kind of duty, and cheerful and happy in the performance of it. He was much loved and respected by all the boys. As soon as he was put inside the enclosure, and after having read the inscription over the gate, he seemed to lose all hope, and his countenance from that time on till his death was the picture of despair. We tried every way we could to rally him, and to get him out of this condition. We appealed to his patriotism. He was the only support of his widowed mother at home, and we implored him to live for her sake. We even went so far as to swear at him,—we were not Christians at that time,—and to say hateful things to him with the hope that we could do or say something that would make an impression on him, but nothing that we could do made any change. He would sit in the same place day after day, the very picture of despair. The result was that he pined away and died in less than one month, there being nothing the matter with him only that he had given up all hope.

From this experience I can realize more fully what the apostle Paul means in the eighth chapter of Romans when he says, "We are saved by hope," and the meaning of that other expression in the Bible, "prisoners of hope." Hundreds of men perished in that prison just as this boy did, and those who lived to get out and tell the story attribute it largely to the motto they took, "Never say die."

We are living in the enemy's land, and all his efforts are bent in the direction of discouragement. He would like to get us to believe that there is no hope for us, that it is impossible for us to make our escape from his prison-house; but the Bible is full of hope and courage to the believing soul. In the book of Hebrews the apostle says that hope is "an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and . . . entereth into that within the veil; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus."

So whatever discouragements the enemy endeavors to place before us, let us not for an instant lose hope in the plan of salvation, and in the fact that Jesus Christ our High Priest is even now making intercession for us in the heavenly sanctuary. May the hope of deliverance and of seeing Jesus as he is, constantly stimulate us to renewed energy and devotion in the divine life, and cause us to purify ourselves even as he is pure. G. A. IRWIN.

The Feast of Monserate

ONE of the most interesting religious feasts of Porto Rico is the one held annually in honor of Monserate (another name for the Virgin Mary), at Ormigueras, a little hamlet consisting of only a few small cottages and a great church on the summit of a high hill. This church, though so apparently isolated, is one of the richest in the island. It is said that on the top of this hill many years ago a wealthy gentleman was viewing his *haciendo* (large farm) when he was attacked by an angry bull which attempted to gore him. He cried mightily to Monserate to save him, and she appeared in bodily form and delivered him. Later she appeared to him again, and gave directions concerning the erection of a church on the spot as a memorial where her image should be placed, and where the sick might come with offerings, and be healed of their sicknesses. Accordingly, at great expense and labor, the material was carried up the steep hill, and

the great church was built, and there it stands to-day, containing a beautiful image of Monserate, a large painting of the man and the bull, and the many other images and pictures with which Catholic churches are always filled.

Hither flock the sick all through the year, bearing gifts to the virgin, and offering these with prayers for their healing. If a limb is afflicted, they go to the silversmith and get him to make a silver limb, which they present to the virgin; if a child is sick, a little silver image of a child is presented. Silver horses and cattle are also found among the collections of the church. These are sold as mementos, or souvenirs, of the place to strangers and visitors.

The yearly feast is a time for special offerings, and I suppose the virgin is expected more freely to dispense her blessings at that time. During the evenings of the feast there is music, special preaching, and dancing.

It pained our hearts to see the poor afflicted souls pouring out their hopeless prayers before this goddess of wood and stone, knowing, as we did, that the one whom she is supposed to represent, and to whom they claim to pray, is as helpless to aid them as the statue before which they bow.

We earnestly long to know how to turn them from all this, and teach them to look to the living God, who hears and answers the prayers of his earthly children.

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

Mayaguez, Porto Rico.

Not by one word, not by many words, but by every word that God has spoken shall man live. You can not disregard one word, a single injunction that he has given, however trifling it may seem to you, and be safe.—Mrs. E. G. White.



What to Say, and What Not to Say

CORRECT

EITHER you or he is going, or, Either he or you are going.

Neither you nor he is going, or, Neither he nor you are going.

NOTE.—These constructions are awkward, and may be avoided by completing the predicate of the first subject, as, "Either you are to go or I am." —Maxwell.

When both subject nouns (or pronouns) are plural, the plural verb is required, and the plural subject immediately precedes it; thus:—

Either John or his sisters have the book.

Neither John nor his parents have arrived.

DON'T SAY

We had an elegant dinner.

I like this equally as well as that.

I study evenings.

I work mornings.

I have every confidence in him.

Every one must judge of their own feelings.

Everybody has a right to their opinion.

Every one of the ladies are here.

Every one we know are going.

SAY

We had an excellent dinner.

I like this equally well as that, or I like this as well as that.

I study in the evening.

I work in the morning.

I have entire confidence in him, or I have every kind of confidence in him.

Every one must judge of his own feelings.

Everybody has a right to his opinion.

Every one of the ladies is here.

Every one we know is going.

—Correct English.



THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul—A Review

Questions

1. GIVE a brief outline of the council at Jerusalem.
2. Who accompanied Paul in his second missionary tour? Name the places visited. Give a few of their most interesting experiences. Relate the story of the conversion of the jailer. How long did Paul remain at Corinth?
3. Review briefly some of the most interesting experiences in the third missionary tour.
4. From what place did Paul start on this tour? When did it close?
5. Why did he appeal to Cæsar?
6. What did they experience on the way to Rome?
7. How did the Lord marvelously protect them?

Notes

Paul was led in a private manner to the place of execution. His persecutors, alarmed at the extent of his influence, feared that converts might be won to Christianity, even by the scenes of his death. Hence few spectators were allowed to be present. But the hardened soldiers appointed to attend him, listened to his words, and with amazement saw him cheerful and even joyous in prospect of such a death. His spirit of forgiveness toward his murderers, and his unwavering confidence in Christ to the very last, proved a savor of life unto life to some who witnessed his martyrdom. More than one ere long accepted the Saviour whom Paul preached, and fearlessly sealed their faith with their blood.

The apostle was looking into the great beyond, not with uncertainty, nor in dread, but with joyful hope and longing expectation. As he stood at the place of martyrdom, he saw not the gleaming sword of the executioner, or the green earth so soon to receive his blood; he looked up through the calm blue heaven of that summer's day to the throne of the Eternal. His language was, O Lord, thou art my comfort and my portion. When shall I embrace thee? when shall I behold thee for myself without a dimming veil between?

While the apostle lost sight of his own near sufferings, he felt a deep solicitude for the disciples whom he was about to leave to cope with prejudice, hatred, and persecution. He endeavored to strengthen and encourage the few Christians who accompanied him to the place of execution, by repeating the exceeding precious promises given for those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. He assures them that nothing shall fail of all that the Lord hath spoken concerning his tried and faithful ones. They shall arise and shine; for the light of the Lord shall arise upon them. They shall put on their beautiful garments when the glory of the Lord shall be revealed. For a little season they may be in heaviness through manifold temptations, they may be destitute of earthly comfort; but they must encourage their hearts by saying, I know in whom I have believed. He is able to keep that which I have committed to his trust. His rebuke will come to an end, and the glad morning of peace and perfect day will come.

The Captain of our salvation has prepared his servant for the last great conflict. Ransomed by the sacrifice of Christ, washed from sin in his blood, and clothed in his righteousness, Paul has the witness in himself that his soul is precious

in the sight of his Redeemer. His life is hid with Christ in God, and he is persuaded that he who has conquered death is able to keep that which is committed to his trust. His mind grasps the Saviour's promise, "I will raise him up at the last day." His thoughts and hopes are centered in the second advent of his Lord. And as the sword of the executioner descends, and the shadows of death gather about the martyr's soul, his latest thought springs forward, as will his earliest thought in the great awakening, to meet the Life-giver who shall welcome him to the joy of the blest.

Well-nigh a score of centuries have passed since Paul the aged poured out his blood as a witness for the word of God and for the testimony of Christ. No faithful hand recorded for the generations to come, the last scenes in the life of this holy man; but inspiration has preserved for us his dying testimony. Like a trumpet peal has his voice rung out through all the ages, nerving with his own courage thousands of witnesses for Christ, and wakening in thousands of sorrow-stricken hearts the echo of his own triumphant joy: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—*Sketches from the Life of Paul*, pages 329-331, 333, 334.

Young People's Society at Cleveland, Ohio

A NUMBER of the members have been actively engaged in the distribution of *The Signs of the Times* and other literature, delivering the papers weekly, thus keeping in touch with the needs of those interested. This often leads to Bible readings, or to the sale of larger books. The Society's method of distribution has been that of placing wall-pockets in railway and street-car waiting-rooms, as well as in the post-office.

After placing a few of these pockets in the railway offices, the railway officials requested that more waiting-rooms be supplied with such pockets. The committee had some difficulty in obtaining permission to place these pockets in some of the best station rooms until the railway officials had been convinced that they were neatly constructed, and would be regularly cared for by the Society. We feel that this is one good way of reaching those visiting the large cities, as thousands are coming and going continually. The Society has also placed a rack on the wall of the church for the benefit of visitors.

Several hundred of the "Appeal to the Clergy" were distributed at the time the request was made by the General Conference.

Being advised by the district secretary that twenty-four dollars annually would be about our share toward the support of Lin Ki Pan in Korea, we have gladly accepted the responsibility, and have sufficient in the treasury to pay to date any payment that may not have been made.

A special collection was taken for Brother Carey, amounting to about six dollars, accompanied by a barrel of food and clothing. The Society recently voted to do something for a sick brother in Canada, a late member of the Cleveland church.

We usually ask for volunteers to visit the sick of our Society or church. At present we have several of the young people who have volunteered to wait upon the sick members, thus remembering them each day of the week, either by personal call or letter. We are glad to report that the young people are of good courage, and many express a desire to devote their whole time and life to this last message.—*Florence Swan, in Welcome Visitor*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Water Song

SINGS the merry little rain-drop,
"I must hasten to the earth,
To refresh the thirsty meadows,
And relieve the land of dearth.
See! the pansies raise their faces;
See! the lily holds her cup;
And the sweet and winsome clover
Lifts entreating fingers up."

Sings the cheery little brooklet,
"I must hasten to the sea;
Where the valley-way grows wider,
Stately ships are waiting me.
I must make a home for fishes,
Float the raft, and turn the mill;
And the thirsty sheep and cattle
At my brink may drink their fill."

Sings the water in the ocean,
"I must hasten to the sky;
Though the sun glow hot and hotter,
He can never drink me dry,
For the mists he gathers from me
Fall upon the earth in rain,
And, returning through the rivers,
Hasten back to me again."

MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSER.
Salem, Oregon.

The Old Oak Tree

THE rich leaves of the oak tree fluttered down over the dry pavement. The autumn had been an ideal one, with long days of amber sunshine broken only by occasional slight showers, and as the leaves fell, each seemed more perfect than the one before.

Gracie Neal, gathering them in her apron, felt this, and said: "I wanted to get the prettiest for Miss Fleming. But you're all so lovely, I can't choose."

A few minutes later as she danced into the schoolroom with her glowing burden, Miss Fleming, too, exclaimed at their unusual beauty.

"Where did you find such handsome ones, dear? You must have searched a long time for them?"

"I didn't look long, though I meant to. But they were all so pretty there wasn't any need. I found them under the big tree at the corner of Main and Gleen Streets."

"Oh! that old oak tree. I know that well."

"How can people know trees?"

"How can they help it?"

Gracie pondered over the answer.

"They don't look alike," she said. "But I didn't know you could tell. I thought they were all just trees."

"I see what you mean. They are all green in summer, and all grow tall. But there's just as much difference in them as there is in people. You don't think I look like Miss Marshall, do you?"

Gracie laughed. "O, no!"

"Well, oak trees don't look any more like birch trees than I look like Miss Marshall. When you see a leaf like this, you will know it is an oak leaf. These yellow ones are chestnuts, and the crimson ones are maple. Now do you suppose you can tell the children the difference when they come in?"

Gracie nodded, and when her classmates entered, they all enjoyed sorting out the various leaves, while Miss Fleming told them to look for three friends as they were going home.

She would have smiled had she seen them. Gracie and a half-dozen others marched straight to the woods that skirted the little town, and there, shuffling luxuriously among the fallen leaves, shouted gaily.

"Here's an oak!"

"This is a chestnut!"

"And that red tree is a maple!"

Then with linked arms they skipped homeward, repeating Frank D. Sherman's lines that Miss Fleming had taught them:—

"Now one by one the gay leaves fly
Zigzag across the yellow sky,
They rustle here and flutter there
Until the bough hangs chill and bare."

Gracie stopped after that almost every time she passed the oak, feeling a deep friendship for it.

"Didn't you? You brought a great many to school."

"I did?" Gracie's eyes opened wide, and almost all her classmates looked surprised. "They weren't leaves, I know. You don't mean acorns, do you?"

"Yes, they are the seeds of oak trees, and the brown chestnuts you love so well are chestnut seeds."

That was a new idea to the children, but the next morning when Gracie reported, "Grandpa says my tree is older'n he is," the amazement was unbounded.

"Yes, he says it was just as big when he was little like me," she continued in awed tones. "And he says his father told him he used to play under it, too. He says it must be over a hundred years old."

"Very probably," Miss Fleming assented.

The age of the tree seemed to add immeasurably to its value in Gracie's eyes. Day after day through the long cold winter she watched it with fascination. When the snow drifted white and deep around it, when it shook its broad arms in the wind or rattled its hail-covered branches after an ice-storm, it always exerted the same subtle attraction over her.

At last the winter passed, and one morning when the pulse of spring rioted in field and meadow, Gracie stood under the oak, stood there so gravely and silently that any one who knew her would have found it hard to believe she was the restless child of ordinary occasions.

Above her the branches were misty pink with their uncurling rosy leaves. Now and then a bird flying swiftly overhead disappeared among the boughs, entirely fearless of the little watcher. The child touched the rough trunk with caressing fingers.

"You old, old tree," she murmured, and there alone in the silence she sang softly,—

"Oh! little green leaves on the big brown boughs,

That wave in the sweet spring weather,

While gay birds carol their happy songs,

You all are glad together.

Oh! gay little leaves, oh! green little leaves,

Where shade and sun are glancing,

The light wind whistles a merry tune

And sets you all adancing."

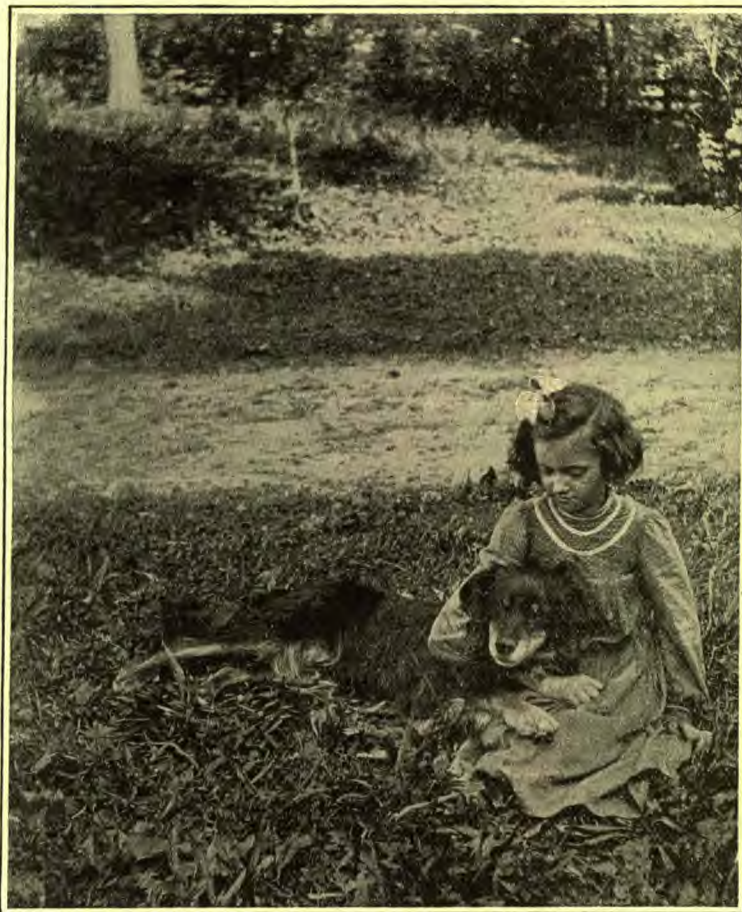
"Well, well, little girl, you seem to be very fond of that old tree," said a hearty voice as she stopped singing. Gracie looked up and met the gaze of Mr. Oliver, the county surveyor.

"I do like it," she said, emphatically. "It's such an old, old tree, you know. My grandpa says it was here when his father was a boy."

"Is it as old as that?" Mr. Oliver looked at it with respect. "Well, its days are numbered now, as I suppose you know. The streets are to be widened here, and the old tree is directly in the way, so it will be cut down next week."

Gracie listened, unable to believe her ears.

"My tree? they're going to cut it down?" she asked. "Oh! Mr. Oliver, what will we children do then? We play here in the shade in summer, and in winter we get behind its trunk to rest a



FRIENDSHIPS WITH NATURE

"My oak," she always called it, and as the last russet and garnet leaves fell, and the boughs did indeed "hang chill and bare," she often put her head close to the gnarled old trunk, wondering if it missed the little leaves that had danced above it all summer.

When the first snow came, she told Miss Fleming the oak was glad. "For the tiny flakes are like wee, wee little bits of leaves," she said, "so it doesn't feel lonesome any longer."

On another day she asked, "Do you know how old my oak is?"

"No, dear, do you?"

"No, but I'll ask Grandpa Denison. He's very old, and perhaps he will know."

"What put the question in your mind?"

"Why, I've always seen it standing there, and I wonder who planted it."

"Perhaps the wind did."

"The wind can't plant trees."

"Oh! yes, it can. At least it scatters the seeds, and some of them grow into trees."

"I never saw any seeds on my oak."

minute out of the wind. Besides, it will leave the street all glaring and sunny." She glanced around as she spoke. The oak in question, spreading out its noble boughs in silent dignity, was the only large tree in the vicinity.

"Miss Fleming says an old tree like this is very valuable," the pleading voice went on. "She says we all ought to be proud of it when we think how it has lived through the hardest storms, and has seen so many, many people that are dead now. She told us once that maybe it might live until we children are old men and women. I wish you wouldn't have it cut down, Mr. Oliver."

"Well, it does seem a shame. I've heard of places where folks are proud of their trees, treasure them as if they were something wonderful, but somehow Graham folks have never wasted much sentiment on trees. But I'll tell you what, Gracie, there's a meeting of the common council to-night, and I'll lay the matter before them. I see a way to broaden the street without destroying the tree. Do you say the other children at school like the old oak, too?"

"Oh, yes, indeed they do!"

"Well, you tell your teacher that Mr. Oliver suggested that you all, all the children I mean, sign a paper asking the common council to leave the oak for your sakes. She will know what I mean, and perhaps we can persuade the city fathers to our way of thinking."

So it happened that that evening the oddest petition which had ever been presented to that august body was brought to their attention, a petition signed by scores of painstaking little fingers, setting forth the beauty and value of the old oak, and praying that it be spared because the future citizens of Graham loved and prized it.

Several days elapsed before the matter was finally settled, but on a sunshiny June morning Gracie's grandpa lifted her in his arms that she might see an inscription fastened to the tree, while he read aloud,—

"This oak, condemned to be cut down May 20, 19—, was spared at the earnest request of the children of the town, who regarded it as a personal friend."

"And it's happier than ever, isn't it, grandpa?" asked Gracie, excitedly. "Hear it rustle all its pretty leaves! I guess it's saying, 'Thank you, children.'"—*Angelina W. Wray, in School and Home Education.*

Science Stories

Solid Milk and Its Manufacture

SOLID, or powdered milk, is an expression that a few years ago might have sounded strangely enough; but since we have become accustomed to such terms as liquid air, liquid hydrogen, solid oxygen, and to all the marvels of radium, the term powdered milk quickens but for a moment our cerebral cells, and then they accept the new term in a matter-of-course way as one of the expected developments of the twentieth century.

Condensed milk, the first step in the direction of powdered milk, is made by merely evaporating a portion of the water contained therein. In the solid form the extraction of the water is carried still further.

Dr. John A. Just, of Syracuse, New York, has succeeded in manufacturing a form of dry milk that is perfectly sterile, soluble, retains all the nutritive properties of fresh milk, and is as easily assimilated.

Analyses made at the Carnegie Laboratory, at the Experiment Station of Massachusetts, at the University of West Virginia, and by the Department of Agriculture of the United States, have shown that no chemical change takes place in the

drying process. It has been used for feeding children from the poorer tenement-house districts during the hottest months of the season, and the results have been without a parallel, not one child dying, and all gaining weight normally. These experiments are thought to have established the fact that dried milk does not clot in the stomach as does ordinary milk, but that it possesses the digestible qualities of human milk.

This milk is absolutely free from the unpleasant, cooked taste of condensed milk, and it needs only the addition of the proper amount of pure water to make it both palatable and wholesome.

A Glass of Whale's Milk

"PROFESSOR MULLER, of Newfoundland, has domesticated fifty sulphur-bottom whales, and has found a way of milking them. The milk of the whale is very rich in fat. These whales are still abundant in Newfoundland waters. The professor keeps his whales in an inlet, across the mouth of which he has put iron bars. He feeds them rockweed. He has tamed them so that they can be milked on the flats at low tide. What a fine summer place that whale farm would be for fresh-air children!"

How the Big Trees Were Named

"WE are used to hearing the big redwoods of California called 'sequoia,' but few persons know that they were so called after a Cherokee Indian, Sequoya. He died in 1843 at the age of eighty-three. He gave the Cherokees a syllabic alphabet of eighty-five characters, by means of which they can write and read. Within a few months after he had introduced it, thousands of Indians had learned to read and write without a teacher. Yet some white boys would think it hard if they had to learn an alphabet of eighty-five characters."

Square Root

AMONG the subjects which are most easily forgotten by the student of arithmetic is that of square root. In most cases this is due to his not thoroughly understanding, while passing over it, the reasons for the operations required.

The rule for square root in many arithmetics reads something like this:—

Separate the given number into periods of two figures each, beginning at the units' place. Find the greatest number whose square is contained in the period on the left; this will be the first figure in the root. Subtract the square of this figure from the period on the left, and to the remainder annex the next period to form a dividend. Divide the dividend, omitting the figure on the right, by double the part of the root already found, and annex the quotient to that part, and also to the divisor; then multiply the divisor thus completed by the figure of the root last obtained, and subtract the product from the dividend. If there are more periods to be brought down, continue the operation in the same manner as before.

This is a very good rule, and by it most students of average ability can extract the square root of any integral number; but as soon as the rule is forgotten, they are at a loss to know how to proceed, for there are no reasons given, and often no further explanation is made, even by the teacher.

Queries like these often rise in the pupil's mind, which, if satisfactorily answered, would make the operations quite simple: Why is it that the number is to be separated into periods of two figures each? and why then proceed, period by period, doubling the part of the root already found, trying and fitting to see whether or not the number will be contained that many times? The following simple figures may help to explain:—

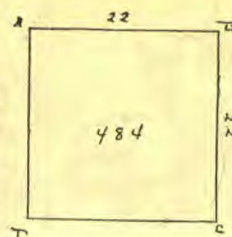


Fig. 1.

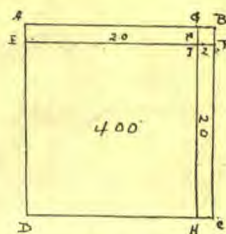


Fig. 2.

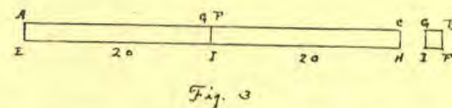


Fig. 3.

The square of a number is that number multiplied by itself; and by practise we find that the square of a number always contains twice as many figures as the number itself, or twice as many less one. Notice these examples:—

5^2 equals 25, twice the number.

9^2 equals 81, twice the number.

22^2 equals 484, twice the number less one.

99^2 equals 9,801, twice the number.

100^2 equals 10,000, twice the number less one.

Whatever number is taken, this remains true. Hence if the number whose root is required is separated into periods of two figures each, we shall have as many periods as there are figures in the root. If there is an odd number of figures in the number, the last period on the left will contain but one figure; as 4·84, 1·00·00.

In the accompanying diagram (Fig. 1) if a b c d is a square 22 feet on a side, it will contain 22×22 , or 484 square feet.

This result may be obtained in another way. Notice the same diagram as divided above. (Fig. 2). The square e i h d is 20 feet on a side, and therefore contains 20×20 or 20^2 , which equals 400 square feet. The rectangle a g i e contains 20×2 , which equals 40 square feet. The rectangle i f c h contains 20×2 , which equals 40 square feet. The square g b f i contains 2×2 or 2^2 , which equals 4 square feet. Area of whole square a b c d equals 484 square feet.

Taken by parts in this way, we get the same result as by multiplying 22×22 , for 20 plus 2 equals 22. In any number this is true. Hence we

have the formula for square root given in many books: t^2 plus 2 times t times u plus u^2 , t standing for tens, and u for units. In the preceding number, 20 is the tens and 2 the units. By applying the formula, we have 20^2 plus 2 multiplied by 20 multiplied by 2 plus 2^2 equals 400 plus 80 plus 4 equals 484.

All this may seem unnecessary in finding the square of a number; but it is indispensable when we wish to work back the other way, and find the root when only the square is given. Let us consider it from this point of view. Take the same number 484. By dividing it into periods, we know that its root will contain two figures, because there are two periods 4·84. The 4, then, or 400 as it really is, must contain the square of the tens, and the 84 the remainder of the root.

CLAUDE CONARD.

(To be concluded)

"Be contented, yet aspire."

"POLITENESS and kindness pay large dividends."

"SELF-LOVE sometimes borrows the face of honest zeal."

The Hem of His Garment

Lo! What a company thronging the highway!
Here are the rich from palaces wide;
The poor, halt, and blind, from hedgerow and byway,
Eagerly press to the Master's side.

See 'mid the throng, a suffering woman
Timidly press through the crowding line.
Vainly and long sought she aid that was human;
Now she appeals to healing divine.

Light was her touch on the robe of the Saviour;
Waves of blessing swept over her soul.
Her Lord turned upon her a look of favor,—
"Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole."

So let me come with a heart believing,
Touching thy garment's hem in faith,
Healing and strength from thee receiving,
Joy for my grief, and life for death.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Salem, Oregon.

The Value of Cheerfulness

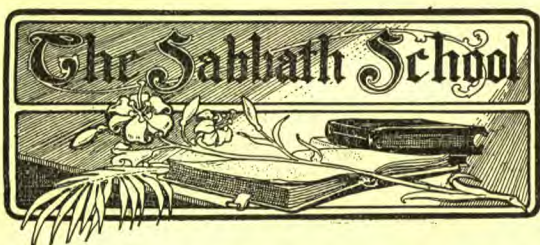
"HAPPY is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help." If God is our help, we shall be happy at all times, and our lives will show his will in us.

This world is already too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness; it needs more sunshine; it needs more cheerful lives; it needs those who will encourage, who will lift up, and not bear down.

The value of sunny souls, those who scatter gladness and good cheer wherever they go, instead of gloom and sadness, can not be estimated. Everybody is attracted to the cheerful face and sunny life, and repelled by gloom and moroseness. Money, houses, and lands are valueless beside the happy disposition. The ability to radiate sunshine is a greater power than beauty or mental accomplishment.

JOSEPH E. HANSEN.

"A TRAVELER, toiling on a weary way,
Found in his path a piece of fragrant clay.
'This seems but common earth,' said he, 'but how
Delightful—it is full of sweetness now!
Whence is thy fragrance?' From the clay there
grows
A voice: 'I have been very near a rose.'"



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VII—The Ten Lepers

(November 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 17.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Verse 19.

"Then said he unto the disciples, . . . Take heed to yourselves: If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him. And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith. . . .

"And it came to pass, as he went to Jerusalem, that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee. And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers,

which stood afar off: and they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. And when he saw them, he said unto them, Go show yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samaritan.

"And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger. And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole.

"And when he was demanded of the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God should come, he answered them and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you. And he said unto his disciples, The days will come, when ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of man,



and ye shall not see it. And they shall say to you, See here; or, see there: go not after them, nor follow them. For as the lightning, that lighteneth out of the one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven; so shall also the Son of man be in his day. But first must he suffer many things, and be rejected of this generation.

"And as it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed."

Questions

1. What is the wish of our natural heart to do to those who injure us? What does Jesus teach that we should do to those who wrong us? What should we grant to all who repent of their evil course?

2. How often should we be willing to forgive? What should we always remember? Gal. 6:1. When the disciples heard this, what did they say? Is it easy to forgive?

3. What disciple was troubled over this question of forgiving? What question did he ask the Master? How did Jesus answer Peter? What standard did he set before him? Matt. 18:21, 22.

4. Through what countries did Jesus pass on his way to Jerusalem? By whom was he met as he entered a certain village? Where did these men stand? Why? What request did they make of Jesus?

5. What did Jesus tell the lepers to do? As

they went, what came to pass? How many of them turned back to glorify God? What do you think of such ingratitude? What lesson may we learn, by contrast, from their course?

6. To whom did the one leper who turned back come? What did he do? What question did Jesus ask? How must he have felt? To what despised nation did the grateful leper belong? What did Jesus say to this man?

7. What question was Jesus asked by the Pharisees? What were they trying to do? How did Jesus answer them? Can men see the change that takes place in the heart when the kingdom of God is set up there? What may they see? Matt. 7:16, 17.

8. What did Jesus now say to his disciples concerning the manner of his second coming? What did he teach them concerning the condition of the world at that time? How was it in the world in the days of Noah? How in the days of Lot? How did Jesus say it would be in the last days? In view of these things, how ought we to live day by day? Luke 12:40.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VII—Esther's First Banquet

(November 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Esther 4:15-17; 5:1-14.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Luke 11:9.

Questions

1. On receiving word from Mordecai that the Lord might use her to bring deliverance, what reply did Esther send? What did she tell Mordecai to do? Esther 4:16.

2. What did she say she would do? Who would fast with her? Esther 4:16. What risk was she willing to run? Last clause.

3. Mention some cases where fasting and prayer brought deliverance? Jonah 3:5-10; Ezra 8:21-23.

4. What did Esther do on the third day? Esther 5:1.

5. What was the first evidence that their prayers were being answered? Verse 2.

6. How did the king treat her in answer to the prayers of her people? Verse 3.

7. What request did Esther make? Verse 4. How urgent was the king's instruction to Haman? Verse 5.

8. At the banquet what did the king say to Esther? Verse 6.

9. Give her reply. Verses 7, 8; note 1.

10. What effect did these invitations have upon Haman? What one circumstance marred his joy? Verse 9.

11. How did Haman regard these invitations? Verses 10, 11.

12. What one event did he consider a mark of special favor? Verse 12; note 2.

13. With all this, what one thing grieved him? Verse 13.

14. What did his wife advise him to do? How did Haman look upon her advice? What did he do? Verse 14.

15. What promise was fulfilled in Esther's case? Luke 11:9.

Notes

1. The Jews had been praying for Esther, and in answer to their prayers, Esther was led to defer her request until the Lord had prepared the way for it to be granted. Esther 6.

2. An invitation to Esther's banquet meant much. In Oriental countries it is very unusual for ladies to dine with any man, except those of their own family. Haman had reason to be proud of receiving an invitation to the queen's banquet.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE M. DICKERSON

EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	.40
THREE MONTHS	.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25

CLUB RATES

5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	.50
100 or more " " " "	.45

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.

"OUR shadowed selves, our influences, may fall where we may never be."

FROM a missionary point of view, the Moravian Church stands forth as the banner church in the world, and it has been calculated that if all the churches of Christendom sent out missionaries in the same proportion to their numerical strength, there would be to-day 400,000 men and women working in the mission fields of the world, instead of a paltry 14,000; and that if only one quarter of the members and adherents of the Protestant churches gave five cents a week, it would amount each year to nearly \$38,000,000, instead of the present \$4,000,000.

TEN years ago Amos, a native evangelist of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, stopped for the night by the well of the out-castes in Medak, Hyderabad, India. Even the out-castes felt outraged by his presence, and while he was eating his supper, they seized him by the ears, and kicked him and his supper out of the place. This year the chief who led this assault, entertained the same evangelist in his house, and was baptized, with all twenty-six of the heads of families under him—a strong, intelligent group of eager men. What force captured this outpost of Medak?

THE business of news-gathering and news-publishing, as we know it, is wholly an American idea, having taken its rise in this country in the early years of the last century. There were coffee-houses in London and New York, where the men had been accustomed to resort to exchange the current gossip; and letters on important topics had occasionally been published; but before this time no systematic effort had been made to keep pace with the world's happenings. Then came the newspaper; but it was an insignificant affair, judged only from its size and general make-up, when compared with the newspaper of to-day.

COMMIT to memory good poems, or choice extracts from prose and poetry. Some one has said that such gems treasured in the mind will come to us in our dull moments to refresh us as with spring flowers; they will turn our thoughts from selfish musings, anxieties, and foolish castle-building; they will be companions to us in the workshop, on the street, in the home; they will come to deepen and sweeten the enjoyment nature gives when we are alone with her; and they will aid us in brightening life for our friends. The promises of God will do for us all these things, and much more. They will give, if laid up in mind and heart, solidity of character, loyalty to right, kindness of spirit, and activity and efficiency of service. Let us make haste to learn the promises of God; for they are the words of life.

A Word from Washington

A MEETING was recently held in the Washington Memorial church for the workers of the District. Ministers, Bible workers, and nurses were present. This meeting was called that oral reports might be given of the work accomplished during the summer, and that instruction might be given along practical lines. From the reports it was seen that there has been awakened a real interest in our truth. One Bible worker said that seven persons within the last two weeks have taken their stand for this truth, and others are deeply interested. Cottage meetings have awakened, in both Takoma Park and Brightwood, a desire in many to study carefully the essential principles of our message.

As a result of Elder Sheafe's effort in the city during the summer about forty have taken their stand for the truth of God, and a number of substantial, intelligent persons have united their interests with this people through the effort of Elder Washburn and Professor Derby. In the southeast section of the city, where these brethren have had the tent, there is now a growing interest in the vital truths of God's Word, even though the tent season has closed.

While the reports from all the workers were interesting and encouraging, the most significant feature of the service was the intense longing expressed on the part of the workers for a larger measure of the Spirit of God. Elders Thompson and Daniells were especially led out to present the necessity of all our ministers and workers receiving a baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Elder Daniells presented some exceedingly helpful thoughts on the office, or work, of the Spirit of God. He said there are two great central truths in the gospel. One is that Jesus died to save man, and the other is that the Holy Spirit empowereth against all sin and for life and service. This thought is expressed by Dr. Gordon as follows: "Jesus died to make freedom from sin possible; the Holy Spirit is given to make freedom from sin actual." Then it is necessary that we accept by faith the possibilities of eternal life through Jesus Christ, and then seek the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit to keep us from sin and to give us wisdom and power to work effectually for the salvation of others.

Elder Daniells also enumerated some of the special things the Spirit would do for those who have its abiding presence. It would give *activity* and *efficiency* in the cause of Christ. It would make them *loyal* to God, and give a *tender conscience* that would stay and brace against sin; it would make *self-denial* a pleasure, and *rectitude, or right-doing, a delight*. Jesus said that the Lord is much more willing to give us his Spirit than earthly parents are to give good things to their children. The Lord has said that he will pour out his Spirit in the last days upon the young men and maidens and children, as well as the older ones. Is it not now time to seek God for the fulfilment of his word?

Two Young Men Who Will Lose Their Positions

SOME young men depend upon the direct personal influence of friends in official position for securing advancement, says the *Electric Journal*. This method seems to them the only method, not only for themselves, but for others, as they are apt to suspect that some particular favoritism underlies each advancement.

Some young men, on the other hand, seem to think that the only way to get on in the world is by vigorous activity on their own part in applying for new jobs or asking for an increase in their pay. They are sure they will be side-tracked unless they are insistent and persistent in urging their claims for something better.

There is a right and proper indorsement of a man's ability and fitness by those who know him,

but it is quite different from pull. A measure of tactful aggressiveness is commendable in an ambitious young man, but it is quite different from discontented, restless, impertinent push.

Did you ever observe how many of the men about you—particularly those having positions of responsibility—are in their places because of their fitness for them? When a man is advanced, is it not usually because he has given promise of his ability by his past work?

There are two men who will probably not hold their jobs very long: one is the man who does not *make good*, the other is the man who does his work so well that he shows his capability for something more. Observe for yourself. Note the men about you, study their characteristics, and see how efficiently they are doing their work. You can predict fairly well whether they will be doing exactly the same thing in a year, or something larger or smaller.—*Selected*.



PORTIS, KAN., June 17, 1905.

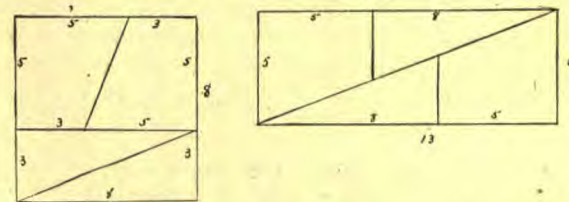
DEAR EDITOR: I am a reader of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, and enjoy it very much. I can find much nice reading in it. I hope you will print this letter in the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*.

GEORGE O. KENNARD.

ELLENBURG, WASH., Aug. 7, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enclose a little puzzle in mathematics. I saw it in the *Strand Magazine*, and have tried it with figures and with a piece of paper. I would like to have this given to the readers of the *INSTRUCTOR* to see whether any one can solve the puzzle.

The directions are as follows: Take a piece of paper eight inches square, and cut it as shown



in the left-hand drawing. Then arrange the parts as in the right-hand figure. The square contains sixty-four square inches, the parallelogram sixty-five. Where does the extra square inch come from?
R. S. DYER.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Aug. 26, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am twelve years old. I go to church-school, and am in the fifth grade. I have two brothers and two sisters. I am the oldest of the family.

My papa runs a hygienic lunch-counter and pop-corn stand. I work there every night. Our home is located just outside the city a few blocks from our great sanitarium.

I hope some day to meet all the *INSTRUCTOR* readers in the earth made new.

MAY B. PHILO.

OCONTO, WIS., Aug. 28, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have seen many good letters in the *INSTRUCTOR*, and I have often thought I would write. My oldest brother gets the paper every week, and I enjoy learning the good lessons. There are six in my class at Sabbath-school; my oldest brother is our teacher. I can say the Lord has been very good to me and blessed me. His angel has kept me from harm and danger, and "his tender mercies" have been over me. To his name be all the glory. I am learning to trust the Lord. Each day I am reminded of the words of an old hymn:—

"There's no friend like Jesus;
I've proved him o'er and o'er.
His love is like no other love;
How could he love me more?
He always does the best for me
Whatever may betide,
And so I trust him fully,—
He will provide."

JOHN WAUTERBROOK.