

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LIII

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No. 46

## CHARACTER BUILDING

### To-Day

We shall do so much in the years to come,  
But what have we done to-day?  
We shall give out gold in a princely sum,  
But what did we give to-day?  
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,  
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,  
We shall speak with words of love and cheer,  
But what have we done to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after while,  
But what have we been to-day?  
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,  
But what have we brought to-day?  
We shall give to truth a grander birth,  
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,  
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,  
But whom have we fed to-day?

—Nixon Waterman.

### The Influence of Association



HAT "a man is known by the company he keeps" in the business world, is recognized by laboring men seeking positions of trust. The story of the farmer's parrot wounded by a shot fired at crows that were pulling up his corn, in which company the parrot was unfortunately associated, illustrates

how keeping bad company brings a "wound and dishonor."

There is a reason why the disciple whom Jesus loved, and who was his most intimate associate, said, "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him Godspeed." These words sound almost discourteous and harsh. Why were they uttered? "For he that biddeth him Godspeed is partaker of his evil deeds."

In choosing companions the influence of intimate associates upon us can not be too gravely considered. The poet has well described in the following lines the insidious cunning with which evil steals into our hearts: "Sin is a monster of such hideous mean that to be shunned needs only to be seen; but seen too oft, familiar with its face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace." Is not this a sufficient reason for the plain Scriptural instruction, "Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go: lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul." But, it is asked, Did not Christ associate with sinners? — Yes, that he might save the lost.

Another phase of this question of association is that of selecting the company we keep in literature. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The books we read as surely give us our food for thought as our daily food provides our physical nourishment. With great care, then, we should select the books upon which we feed mentally; for, As a man "thinketh in his

heart, so is he." Is it safe to read cheap stories and novels? "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?" It is said that Napoleon was a constant reader of the life of Cæsar, and he became a great general whose highest ambition was to lead large armies, to destroy his fellow men, that he might stand at the head of a great empire.

Recently some boys in the State of New York banded together and studied the lives of the James brothers, a band of robbers. Shortly after this study they wrecked an express-train in an unsuccessful attempt at robbery. They were tried and sentenced to the State prison.

A noted skeptic, while laughing at the credulity of Christians for believing the Bible to be a divine revelation, was asked, "Have you ever read the Bible through?" "No, I have not," he replied. "Would you venture to criticize any other work, or even its literary merit, without first having carefully read it?" Being a scholar, he accepted the rebuke, and decided that he would never criticize the Bible again until he had carefully read it. After reading it but a little more than half through, he fell upon his knees alone before God, and surrendered his heart to him in service. That man was William Miller. You are acquainted with the great reform movement, announcing the second coming of Christ, in which God used him so effectively in winning souls. What changed his purpose of life? The book he had read was the instrument in the hands of God to make this marvelous change in that man's character.

Would you grow Christlike, let your associates, and the books you read, be companions that present the pure, beautiful life of Christ. By such association you will be brought into the place where you will constantly behold the Saviour, and by beholding become "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

R. C. PORTER.

### Be Friendly

It is not sufficient to be friendly to one's intimate friends only, and not even to speak to acquaintances on the street except when you happen to catch their eye. A cheerful "Good morning" is almost universally appreciated; so do not fail to speak through any false modesty or natural timidity. Your friendly word may do much good.

Let me give you an instance: It was a cold, cloudy day in October. The wind rustled through the dry leaves, bringing them in showers to the ground. Altogether it was a day to make one feel gloomy and disconsolate. I was returning from the post-office, where I had failed to find an expected letter; and I will frankly confess things did not seem quite bright. As I was hurrying to my rooms, I overtook and passed, without a glance, two young men; but I heard a pleasant voice say, "How do you do, Caviness?" On turning around to return the greeting, I looked into the smiling face of a friend of mine. I say friend, yet we were only on what has been called "speaking acquaintance." I doubt whether my friend realized how much good he had done; yet

that little act of his made things seem much better, and put a new spring in my walk. I could not thank him for such a little thing, but I can show my appreciation by passing it on to others.

Just another word: if you can possibly remember the person's name, add that to your pleasant salutation, and it will mean much more to him.

LEON L. CAVINESS.

### They Were Partners

A STURDY little figure it was trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day?"

"Yes'm."

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes'm, it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"O, we have it in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And is there nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water-carrier did not consider it one at all; for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes and an almost indignant tone in her voice as she answered: "Why, of course I help her. I always help her do things all the time. She hasn't anybody else. Mother 'n' me's partners."

Girls, large and little, are you and mother partners? Do you help her all you can? — *Kind Words.*

### Eavesdropping



HAT difference does it make?" she said to herself. "They wouldn't care if they knew I was hearing it."

The difference was right there. *She* would have cared if they had known that she was overhearing. She had tiptoed to the stair and held her breath so as not to be heard herself. She made terms with her own sense of honor when she stood there and listened.

Now if she had gone boldly to the stairs and called down, "Do tell me what you are talking about. I can catch only a word now and then, and I'm exceedingly curious," all would have been well.

The dishonesty of eavesdropping is a dishonesty far back in one's own soul. It is a wrong against one's self just as much as a wrong against others. The overcurious person is false with himself from the very start. He is a busybody, and he will not own it to himself. To keep other people from knowing it, he obtains information by tricky methods. He becomes a mean person, daily growing meaner, showing year by year in the very lines of his face the marks of inquisitiveness and craftiness.

Comparatively little harm is done to others by eavesdropping. Few things are overheard that are worth hearing. But the eavesdropper unfits himself for honest life among other people.

Said a woman, trusted and venerated, whose old age was marked by a delicate regard for the right of others, and an almost religious nicety in her way of attending to her own affairs, "There was a time when an unsealed envelope was a temptation to me, for I was naturally very curious. I should have been a slave to my own curiosity and a terror to my friends to this day if I had not said to myself sternly, 'Hands off! ears off! eyes off!' a dozen times a day."—*The Wellspring*.

### William Duncan and His Metlakahtla

(Concluded)

IN 1870 Mr. Duncan made a short visit to England, procuring machinery, and preparing himself to teach his Indians weaving, rope making, and other trades. He also introduced musical instruments and organized a brass band. He had so won his followers that he who was their servant was also, by their own consent, their sovereign, and was welcomed back as with royal honors. But best of all, he found his Indians had learned to pray. Thirteen years before, he had found the Tsimshian Indians afraid of him, suspicious of every act, and irresponsive to his prayers and appeals. Now hundreds were intelligently and devoutly praying with him and for him.

Metlakahtla, of course, could not be hid; it began to be a power, impressing the tribes far in the interior by its marvelous prosperity. Converts were multiplying, including five chiefs, one of whom had been the leader in the cannibal orgies which had shocked Mr. Duncan on his first arrival.

Every Christian community becomes also a missionary community. The converted Indians felt that they must send and carry the light God had kindled to others still in darkness; and at their own cost, they sent forth native evangelists; more than this, as Christian traders, they themselves told outsiders of their new light and life, and bore that best witness—a changed life. Visitors were drawn to Metlakahtla as Gentiles shall come to the Light that shall yet shine on Zion's hill. The fierce Chilkats sent their chief and head men from the Alaskan coast, five hundred miles away to the north, as Sheba's queen came to Solomon, to see for themselves. They came in barbaric state, and were struck dumb with amazement. The half had not been told them; Metlakahtla exceeded the fame that they had heard. And when they saw the Solomon of this new state—a modest, plainly clad little white man—they could no longer restrain their astonishment, but broke out in exclamations of surprise, declaring that they could hardly believe that he could tame such wild warriors, and subdue them into a quiet community. They asked to see the "God's Book," to which he attributed such wonders, and touched it reverently with their finger-tips as if it were some charm, saying, "Ahm! ahm!" (It is good! it is good!) Then these Chilkats went back to recommend to their tribe the white man's Book and the white man's ways. As was subsequently said by another head chief who visited Metlakahtla and asked for a teacher, "A rope has been thrown out from Metlakahtla which is encircling and drawing together all the Indian tribes into one common brotherhood."

Mr. Duncan's influence so increased that none would be married without his consent. The whole

community attended worship, and the empty houses were left unlocked, for there was no one to enter them. The Bible was studied, and the people learned intelligently to use it and to answer questions upon it.

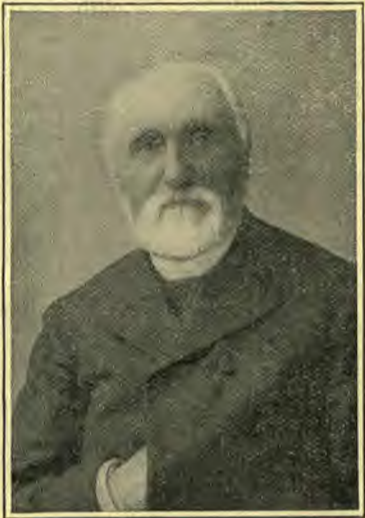
Progress was rapid in every department. As early as 1866, every time their schooner sailed, the Metlakahtlans posted two hundred letters. Before the first six years of this little community had passed, they had a lumber mill and a soap factory, and were at work dressing skins, blacksmithing, weaving, rope making, shoemaking, etc. The settlement bore every mark and trace of that cleanliness which is so close akin to godliness. Instead of huts in which men, women, and children were huddled together, making impossible either physical or moral decency, each dwelling was divided into separate rooms, and neatness and order prevailed. At Fort Simpson all was still ignorance, superstition, barbarism, with filth, degradation, and depravity; but here was an enlightened Christian community, with every mark of a well-ordered state.

Several facts should never be forgotten, for they are the keys to the whole situation. First of all, Mr. Duncan laid the basis of Metlakahtla in the *spiritual*; the material, being secondary and subordinate, was never allowed to displace or supplant it. Industry and external prosperity were means to a higher end, and civilization the handmaid and helper to Christianization.

The power of the gospel was never better tested than in Metlakahtla. When the Bishop of Columbia, in his first visit, in 1863, baptized fifty-six converts, what was his surprise to find, seated by Mr. Duncan's side, a murderer, who had slain an Englishman, and then with his tribe had defied an English man-of-war, but who surrendered himself to Mr. Duncan, and at his decision gave him-

self up to be handed over to the English and tried for his life! So a missionary had by love prevailed where threats and guns had failed. All the changes which the bishop witnessed were the fruit of the first *four and a half years*, and he said in his report: "*Beyond the expectation of all persons acquainted with the Indians, success and blessing have attended Mr. Duncan's labors.*" The bishop further said, "*All former work, varied and interesting and impressive as ministerial life is, seems insignificant before this manifest power of the Spirit of God, touching the heart and enlightening the understanding of so many recently buried in the darkness and misery of ignorant and cruel superstition. To a worthy, zealous, and gifted lay brother is this reward of his loving and patient labors. Few would believe what Mr. Duncan has gone through during the past four years and a half, laboring among the heathen. Truly is the result an encouragement to all.*"

Of the many strong testimonies that have been given by visitors to this Indian mission, perhaps the most significant witness is that of Admiral Prevost, whose graphic picture of the terrible condition of these savage Tsimshians first moved Mr. Duncan to give his life to their uplifting. The admiral visited Fort Simpson in 1878, and on the very spot where, twenty-five years before, he had been so impressed and oppressed by the shadow of death, was met by Mr. Duncan and sixteen Indians, nearly all elders. Of the crew before him, nine out of the sixteen had to his knowledge been shamans or cannibals; and wild, ungovernable revelers in bloodshed and devilry were sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. He spent a month among the Metlakahtlans. Peter Simpson, who as church warden opened the church door for him, had been



chief of a cannibal tribe. Canoes were all drawn up on the beach on Sunday, and not a sound was heard, save the hurrying of the whole population to the house of prayer. The admiral watched the incoming throngs—here a notorious gambler, there a reclaimed drunkard, a lecherous leper, a defiant chief, a widow snatched from the jaws of infamy, a murderer who had first slain and then burned his own wife—all converts to Christ and children of God.

All this was not wrought without the use of God's own weapons, the Word of the gospel and the importunate prayer. When this simple-minded lay missionary undertook to grapple with paganism with its terrors, and shamanism with its errors, he relied first of all upon the gospel message, and then upon the power of the Spirit of God, and whole nights were spent in the secret place with God, as he was travelling in birth with souls. Nothing is too hard for God, when nothing is too hard for faith. To those who would not come to him, Mr. Duncan went, to declare God's counsel whether they would hear or forbear, and he went calmly considering that it was at risk of his own life.

The Indians, owing to sundry disturbances which arose in connection with their former position in British Columbia, partly connected with church and partly with state, in 1887 petitioned the United States government for a home in Alaska, and have removed to a new site at Portchester, on Annette Island, and are now under the protection of the great republic. Their present site seems better in every way than the old one, and the new Metlakahtla bids fair to prove ultimately more prosperous than the original state. The village is situated on a beautiful plateau of nearly level land, extending to one thousand acres, with shady beaches on three sides, affording fine facilities for shipping and fishing. The soil is excellent, and the food supply so abundant that the Indians have no desire to return to their former haunts. The United States government grants annual aid to the schools. The sawmills and canneries and furniture shops form the dominant industries.

In Mr. Duncan's address, on Jan. 6, 1887, before the Board of Indian Commissioners at Washington, D. C., he said:—

One of the most embarrassing questions ever put to me by an Indian was put when I first went among the Indians at Fort Simpson. He said:—

"What do you mean by 1858?"

"It represents the number of years that we had the gospel of God in the world."

"Why did not you tell us of this before? Why were not our forefathers told this?" I could not answer him.

"Have you got the Word of God?"—equivalent to saying, "Have you a letter from God?"

"Yes, I have God's letter."

"I want to see it."

I then got my Bible. Remember, this was my first introduction. I wanted them to understand that I had not brought a message from the white men in England or anywhere else, but from the King of kings, the God of heaven. They wanted to see that. It was rumored all over the camp that I had a message from God.

The man came into the house, and I showed him the Bible. He put his finger very cautiously upon it, and said, "Is that the Word?"—"Yes, it is." "The Word from God?"—"Yes, it is." "Has he sent it to us?"—"He has, just as much as he has to me." "Are you going to tell the Indians that?"—"I am." He said, "Good; that is very good."

Soon after, Mr. Duncan was summoned to the chief's house, and found himself a guest at a dance. Out dashed the chief in full costume, rifle in hand. But to Mr. Duncan's astonishment, instead of a pagan dance, he found himself witnessing a *chief's prayer*. He looked up through the hole in the roof and began to pray:—

Great Father of heaven! thou hast sent thy Word. Thy letter has reached this place. We, thy children here, are wanting it. Thy servant has come here with it. Help him to teach us,

and we will listen. Thanks to thee, Great Father, for sending thy Word to us!

This is the outline of that prayer, reverent, pathetic, eloquent, childlike. A chant followed, and it was to the same effect as the prayer, and it was sung with joy and clapping of hands.

How can Christians resist such appeals from heathen hearts?—*Arthur T. Pierson.*

**Rules for the Practical Person**

TRY to do only that which you may reasonably expect to do well. A botched job is a poor recommendation, while good, faithful work is the best kind of a recommendation.

Do not say one thing and do another. Practise what you preach and say, and preach and say what you practise. Many people condemn others for doing the things which they do themselves.

A child that can not count up to ten can not work a problem in square root; neither can an apprentice do the work of the skilled workman.

Practical means something feasible or that which may be done; so the practical person does not talk about doing impossibilities. That which would be an impossibility for one person, however, would be entirely feasible for another because of the difference in education or ability.

In talking or speaking always use the words that exactly convey the meaning you wish to express. Say what you believe, and speak so that your hearers will understand you.

Grave mistakes are frequently made because some one has been misunderstood. Some one did not pay proper attention to what was said, or perhaps some one did not speak plainly.

Do not speak in so low a tone of voice that many fail to hear you, neither raise your voice so high that it jars and irritates the nerves of your hearers. Use pleasant tones. Adapt yourself to the one with whom you are conversing. Do not talk over people's heads. In times of war, ammunition that is fired over the heads of the enemy is entirely wasted. So make good use of your words.

Some persons who have good ideas along other lines do not think it is practical to be a Christian. They argue that they must conform to the usages and customs of the world in order to succeed in their worldly business. They think it is necessary to lie and cheat now and then, provided they can do so without being found out.

To all such the words of the psalmist are a sufficient answer: "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked." "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." "For what is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

The sparrows do not fall to the ground without our Father's notice. He cares for them, and he will care for you. It pays to be honest, it pays to be practical, and it pays to be a Christian.

A practical person will do what he says, because he must be an honest man. Nothing will cause a person to lose confidence in another more quickly than to learn that he is not what he claims to be, or will not do what he says he will do.

A practical person is not afraid to ask advice of another better informed than himself. To the Christian, James says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, . . . in faith, nothing wavering."

Many persons who have undertaken and accomplished much for God have realized their own insufficiency, but by trusting in God and relying upon his promises, they have won souls to Christ.

JUDSON A. BAKER.

"Nor need we power nor splendor,  
Wide halls or lordly dome;  
The good, the true, the tender,  
These form the wealth of home."

**Science Stories**

**Rock Wonders**

**The Miracle**

(Concluded)

To get from a solution a perfectly formed and handsomely polished cube or prism implies a definite arrangement of each particle with reference to every other particle and to the whole, else the exact geometrical figure could not result. Of course each molecule does not intelligently choose its place, but the particles of a given substance never fail to arrange themselves in the way peculiar to that substance. The perfect cubes of iron pyrites, or fool's gold, if dissolved and allowed to crystallize again, would never take the form of the quartz crystal, but would assume their own natural form. The confused arrangement or general mix-up observed in a group of school children at recess, and their orderly arrangement in the schoolroom at the ringing of the bell, illustrates fairly well the process of crystallization, or the change in the particles from the solution to the perfect crystal. Mr. Ruskin says that if from a pile of bricks to be used in building a tower, the various bricks should suddenly of themselves get up from the pile and walk over to the place where the tower was to be located, and each place itself in just the position necessary for the formation of the perfect tower, this action would illustrate what takes place in the process of crystallization.

This mysterious mathematical arrangement of molecules is still an unsolved problem, though various theories have been proposed. Scientists can no more tell why all that army of particles in solution move steadily to the string, or nucleus of crystallization, and why each arranges itself about the string in just the place that is necessary in order that a perfect, polished cube or prism may result, than they can explain how a pretty pansy face is made by absorption and arrangement of mineral particles from the earth; or how the apple, pear, and plum trees growing side by side always produce each its own kind of fruit.

No matter how much of a hurry the salt molecules, or particles, may be in, they never forget that they must have six square faces, twelve edges and eight angles. So a peach never forgets the peculiar characteristics that make it a peach, and it is all because the "Lord putteth forth his hand upon the rock" and because he said, "Let the fruit-tree yield fruit after his kind."

**The Classification**

The classification of crystal forms is dependent upon their axes, which are straight lines drawn from certain points on one side of the crystal to similar points on the other. These intersect at the center. For example, if the center of each face of a cube be connected with the center of the opposite face, there will be three lines or axes intersecting at the center. These lines will be of equal length, and will intersect at right angles. But if one should take a crystal in the form of an ordinary book, and connect the centers of the faces, the axes, while intersecting at right angles, would be of unequal length. These two examples represent the monometric and trimetric forms of crystals. There are also the dimetric, monoclinic, triclinic, and hexagonal. The first three systems all have the axes intersecting at right angles, while the remaining three have one or more of the axes inclined.

The Monometric (one measure) system has three equal axes intersecting at right angles (Fig. 25). Common salt, alum, galenite, or lead ore, are examples of this system.

The Dimetric (two measures) system has three axes intersecting at right angles, but with one

axis longer or shorter than the other two, which are equal (Fig. 26).

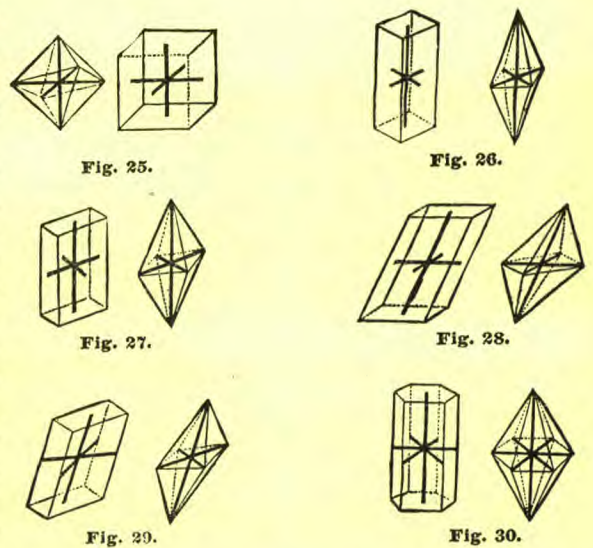
The Trimetric (three measures) system has three unequal axes, intersecting at right angles (Fig. 27). Books and bricks are examples of the trimetric form.

The Monoclinic system has three axes of unequal length; two cut each other obliquely, and one is at right angles to the plane of the other two (Fig. 28). Borax, cane-sugar, and selenite belong to the monoclinic type. Selenite is the crystalline form of gypsum, the mineral which, after being heated, forms the white powder known as plaster of Paris.

The Triclinic system has three unequal axes intersecting at oblique angles (Fig. 29). Blue vitriol is an illustration of this type.

The Hexagonal system has four axes, three lateral lying in one plane, of equal length, and intersecting each other at angles of sixty degrees; and a fourth, or vertical axis, either longer or shorter than the other three, and crossing them at right angles (Fig. 30). Quartz crystal, ice, amethyst, tourmaline, and graphite belong to the hexagonal system.

A lifetime may be spent in the study of crystals, analyzing and classifying thousands of exquisite specimens, yet one can never hope to successfully solve all the intricate problems such study would



reveal. Our Father alone knows the how and why of all these rock mysteries.

**Atmospheric Pressure**

THE temperature of boiling water, the reading of the barometer, the lung capacity of animals, the rising of balloons, the quality and behavior of light, and the character of vegetation, all depend upon the weight of the air that surrounds them.

On very high mountains, water may be made to boil by simply putting one's hand in it. The reason for this is that the higher up we go, the lighter the air becomes; consequently, the water boils at a lower temperature. Water will continue to boil in a vacuum until the bubbles freeze solid, showing that it does not always boil at the same temperature.

Balloons go up in the air because the top portion is filled with a gas called hydrogen, which is sixteen times lighter than the air. After reaching a certain height the balloon will rise no higher because the pressure of the air is only equal to the weight of the gas in the balloon.

A complicated barometer, shaped like a watch, is now made. To lift it from the floor to the table, is enough to show a difference in the atmospheric pressure.

No fog or clouds are above the highest mountains because the air is so light. This is one reason that astronomical observatories are built on high mountains. Another reason is that the

air which is very high above the earth is clearer. The men who place these instruments recognize that if they want to secure the best results, they must place them above the clouds and fogs. If we would recognize this principle in our Christian life, we would live above the fogs and clouds of discouragement and despair. We would keep our faces turned to Christ, for in his face is revealed the light of the knowledge of the glory of God. ESTHER CARLSEN.



## THE WEEKLY STUDY

THE series of lessons on the Life of the Apostle Paul closed with the one in the INSTRUCTOR dated Nov. 7, 1905. Each Society is left to make its own program until the new year, when the next series begins. There will appear, however, the monthly missionary studies by Miss Houser.

### Young People's Work in New Orleans

UNTIL quite recently the New Orleans church had but few young people or children in its company. But we are glad to report that among the recent accessions to our ranks through the tent effort this summer, two young persons were baptized by our pastor, one of whom had been raised a Catholic, having made her "first communion" only four years ago. This is the answer to the prayers of the two or three of us whose hopes have turned into glad fruition, and we praise God most earnestly.

A Young People's Society was organized in August, and we have banded ourselves together to do work for our Elder Brother and Friend. We are planning to do Christian Help work this winter, as there are many poor persons who need aid in many ways.

The Society has determined to engage actively in the missionary campaign, having ordered a supply of our papers and leaflets to be used for the purpose of carrying out the plan of the General Conference resolution.

A brief sketch of what our Society does at its meetings might interest those in other localities who are interested in Young People's work. We begin our meetings, as do all others I presume, by singing, reading from the Bible, prayer, and reading of the minutes. Then we have our memory gems. In this exercise all are expected to participate by reciting a Scriptural text or good proverb. Our Society being small,—only six in number,—we all have a part in the program. One Sabbath, the day we hold our meetings, one of our company gave an interesting talk on science, dwelling largely on astronomy. Another gave a Bible reading on the punishment of the wicked, from which we all received new thoughts. A third recited very commendably a poem by Wm. Cullen Bryant. From another we learned many things about Paul; the subject of this paper was "The Life of Paul." Another prepared and read an essay on music. We take up a collection at each meeting, the funds received to be used as the Society sees best. With the funds we have on hand, we are purchasing the literature to be used in the missionary campaign. We are going to send to every organization of young people in the city, such as the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, and other societies, our litera-

ture, for we believe it is the best in all the world, and thus bring to them the light of the message we all love dearly. Young people of other Societies, pray for our work here in New Orleans.

ANNIE M. HORTON, *Secretary.*

### Clinging Hands

"THE most awful experience of my life," said a gray-haired man not long ago, "was something that happened in my childhood. I was one of an excursion party on a wrecked steamer, and a number of us escaped to the shore in small boats. Our boat held all that it could carry, but as we made our way through the water filled with human beings struggling for their lives, hands grasped our boat, almost sinking it, and had to be beaten off before they would release their hold. It was necessary for our own safety, no doubt, but, boy though I was, the horror of knocking off those pleading, clinging hands has haunted me ever since."

Yet we are often guilty of deeds like that where there is no question of our own safety. Beaten and wounded by life's rough waves, fellow mortals are continually turning to us for help, or sympathy, or strength, and too often we impatiently push back the outstretched hands. We are too busy to give thoughtful consideration, too selfishly engrossed to learn the meaning of the sad eyes that look pleadingly into our own. We can not see the struggle of the lonely, sinking soul, and so we carelessly push aside many a mute plea for pity, many a trembling hand that might gain strength if we but steadied it even a little.

As we are now making a general missionary effort, scattering the printed page as nearly everywhere as we can, I pray that God may move mightily all hearts to join in the good work. You will find clinging hands where you least expect. Do not push them away; instead, give them the Word of life.—L. F. STARR.

**Not new plans are needed for the work of God so much as power to vitalize the plans already made.**

### Notes from the Field

BROTHER A. S. HIGGINS, writing from Australia, says: "During the last few months I have organized six Societies near Sydney, and conduct monthly meetings. We are studying our Island Mission fields, and every child shows a marked interest. They devote part of their time to circulating our periodicals and tracts. They are also saving and earning all the money they can toward buying a printing-press for the Rarotongan Mission. They now have nearly thirty dollars, so we expect to purchase it before long. They earn this money by having missionary gardens, selling papers, running errands, making kettle-holders, pin wheels, balls, peg bags, dusters, towels, pen-wipers, soiled linen bags, babies' clothes, and various other things. Sometimes their pennies fill the collection plate, and as they sing, 'Hear the pennies dropping,' their little faces beam with happiness."

Brother Frank Page writes of the work of the Society at Hartland, Vermont. He says: "We are not within reach of a city, or even a village of any size, so we have been making quilts, sheets, and clothing to send to the Orphans' Home, and drying apples, and packing barrels of old clothing for the poor in the South."

There are four Societies reporting from southern Illinois. The aggregate membership is thirty-four. In the meetings the Societies have studied the Life of Paul and the field studies published in the INSTRUCTOR. The members have been active in supplying reading-racks and distributing reading-matter in other ways. The

offerings for home mission work amounted to \$11.11; to the foreign work, \$1.02.

The two Societies in the Maritime Conference report forty-five members. The INSTRUCTOR lessons are used in the meetings. Members have visited the hospital and poorhouse and supplied reading-racks. They report five thousand five hundred pages of tracts given away, and one thousand fifty-eight papers sold and given away.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

### One Can Not Tell Which Will Prosper

OFTEN the hearts of our canvassers are cheered in their work by experiences which show that the Lord is working with them, opening the way for them to sell books in the most unexpected places, and they are sometimes permitted to see some of the fruits of their labors in persons who have accepted the truth.

One day a canvasser who was selling books among the hills in Pennsylvania came to a little hut which for squalor and dirt and the general appearance of poverty equaled the proverbial "Irishman's shanty." He thought it would be an utter waste of time to stop there, and was passing on when the conviction suddenly came to him that he ought to go in. The words of the hymn came to him, "Go out in the highways and pass none by." He went in, and found a more intelligent woman than he had expected, and secured her order for a full morocco "Bible Readings."

In spite of all this, he felt sure he would not be able to deliver it; but when he called with the book a few weeks later, to his amazement she brought out a twenty-dollar bill and took her book, and said she had been looking forward with great interest to the time when she would get her book; and that as soon as she had seen it when he was there before, she felt impressed that it was the book she wanted.

The opposite extreme so far as wealth and social standing are concerned, but with similar results, was met with in the experience of a brother who was selling "Daniel and the Revelation" in one of the fashionable suburbs of the city of Reading, Pennsylvania.

As he began his work one morning, the first house at which he was to stop was a mansion so large and grand in appearance that his heart failed him, and he did not have courage to go in. He stood on the street corner, debating the question with himself for some time, and finally, with the mental conclusion,—as he expressed it in telling me of it afterward,—"They can't do more than kill me anyhow, and I might as well die here as anywhere else," he went to the door, and was very kindly received by the lady of the house, who, with another member of the household, also a lady, became deeply interested in the book, each ordering a copy. They were so anxious to know what the Bible taught that they kept him there for more than two hours, answering their questions. They seemed perfectly willing to receive the Word, and were fairly hungry for it. This experience was repeated when he delivered the book, and he felt confident that good results would follow.

These may not seem to be striking chapters from the canvassers' experience, but they show that the Lord is working for them, and it is the little things like these that bring courage and confidence and joy to the ones who are doing the work.

F. E. PAINTER.

"You are going to do great things, you say:

You have splendid plans;  
Your dreams are of heights that are far away,  
They're a hopeful man's!  
But the world, when it judges the case for you  
At the end, my son,  
Will think not of what you were going to do,  
But of what you've done."



"LITTLE builders, day by day,  
Building with the words we say;  
Building from our hearts within,  
Thoughts of good, or thoughts of sin.  
Building with the deeds we do,  
Actions ill, or pure and true.  
O, how careful we must be  
Building for eternity!  
Building, building every day,  
Help us, Lord, to watch and pray."

### Marian's Queer Visitor

"MAMA, Miss Hewitt says we must have a composition on those horrid cicadas in the morning. She says we are to look at them and watch their development, and report our observations in the composition class. We are to make an outline, and write from the outline. I just detest bugs, and almost said so right out in class to-day."

"I think the reason you hate bugs so, Marian," said her mother, gently, "is because you have never taken the trouble to become acquainted with them. Bugs are no mean creatures, and their habits of life are most interesting. Have you read any on the cicada?"

"Yes, mama, I read quite a while this afternoon, but it was so dry and uninteresting I put the book away."

"Take your Nature Study Encyclopedia into the yard, and watch the little creatures as you study."

"But I can't bear to touch them, mama."

"Then don't, only watch them."

Marian took her book and settled herself in the hammock and began reading: "'Half-winged Insects, or Bugs and Frog-Hoppers.' That must be the order that they belong to," she said. "I'll read on, 'Frog-hoppers differ from the bugs in the forewings being uniform in texture throughout, and not membranous, with the tips transparent.' I'll just step over to one of the little fellows and see." She didn't have to hunt long, for there was one already, coming to meet her. "I'll just have to pick him up," she said, "if I want to see his wings. Sure enough, they are quite transparent, and very beautiful." All at once as she was examining another insect, he began to sing in a very peculiar manner. "I



THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR CICADA

wonder what makes you sing," said Marian. "O, I know, it's only when I hold you tight, but I hear a great many of your brothers and sisters singing in the trees. It is really musical, after all."

"It is only my brothers that sing"—the funniest little piping voice was speaking to Marian, who was lying back now in the hammock, listening to the music in the trees, the locust perched upon a pillow close beside her.

"I suppose it is because we are so happy that we are singing," the voice went on, "for we have been in prison for so long, you know, that

it is a real joy to be free. Perhaps you would like to know something of our history?"

Marian nodded.

"I have heard many persons calling us by the name of Seventeen-Year-Locusts, but that is not our family name at all. We do come only once in seventeen years, that is true, but we are not true locusts. We belong to the ancient family of Cicadæ. We have some relatives, I believe, in England, but they are small and black, with streaks of red underneath their bodies. Then we have some cousins in India who grow to be extremely large, the wings measuring eight inches sometimes. I have never met any of these cousins, but I heard some of our colony talking about them, and I even heard them say that some of our family relatives live in far-away China and Australia.

"You see these foreign cicadas are mostly common folk, but our colony here, and a great number of others in the United States, are a very distinguished class, much talked of and widely known. Some of us belong to the seventeen-year species, and some to the thirteen-year. That means we leave our underground residences only once in seventeen years or thirteen years, as the case may be, to visit our friends above ground. Our thirteen-year friends live in the South, while we, the seventeen-years, live in the North.

"The earliest recollection that I have of my life is that I had not at all the form or dress that I have now. I was a little worm, or larva, and such a tiny baby that I wonder I ever escaped being killed. As nearly as I can remember, we were living at that time in a hole in one of the twigs of a tree,—it may have been this tree above us now.

"All around me there were other baby cicadas as tiny as I; and the first thing I knew, I felt myself dropping down to the ground with all my baby brothers and sisters. Something told us to dig, so down, down, down we went,—oh, so far down I thought we would be lost forever. But you see we wanted to be away from the frost and cold, and then we wanted to find a good feeding ground.

"I suppose you think that sounds funny, to talk of a feeding ground twenty feet beneath the earth, but that is what we found. There were delicious roots of trees and plants, and we fed on the sap from these. My, how we children did grow! We had to shed our coats many, many times, but each time we got a larger and better one, it seems to me. Ever since you were a little girl, Miss Marian, we have been under the ground, growing, eating, and developing. We each had a tiny proboscis, and by means of this we obtained part of our food from the moist ground.

"One time when we had shed our old coats and had each a bright new one, we all began to tunnel upward toward the light. Just why we did this, or what told us to do it, I can not tell; but almost before we were aware, we broke the

last clod in the crust of earth, and came forth into the world. What a meeting that was! All our family had come out on the same night, and there were hundreds of us, swarming over the ground and climbing up the trees.

"You see I couldn't fly at first, but as I got half-way up the tree, I felt a terrible breach in my back. It felt exactly as it did when I shed my coat before, so I acted as I always had done; I worked my way slowly out of my shell. What was my joy, then, on discovering that I had wings! That meant that I would soon be able to fly.



MARIAN'S PICTURE OF THE CICADA

"Liberty! What a word that was to me! No more need of my living a creeping, crawling existence, for I had perfect freedom to go about the trees and do as I pleased on the strength of my two wings. I found I had to be a bit careful at first, my wings were so soft and white and delicate, but a few hours' exposure to the air caused them to harden and grow strong. Since then I have made good use of them, flying about from tree to tree, singing, and making the acquaintance of my friends. We have genuine banquets here among these delicious leaves.

"I am very sorry indeed to have to tell you that many of our family have been killed by dogs, children, chickens, and birds. I prize my life very highly, and try to be careful and keep out of the way of those dangerous creatures. I think they should love us more, for they will not have another visit from us for another seventeen years. Don't you think so, Miss—"

"Marian!"

How suddenly the voice had changed!

"Marian, dear, where are you?"

"Why, mama, is that you? Where am I?"

"You've been asleep, dear, and I'm afraid you'll take cold out here."

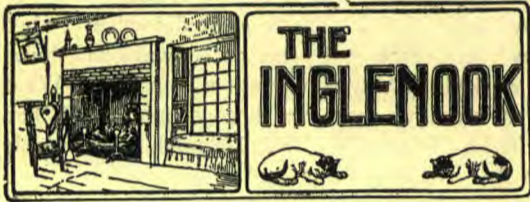
"O, mama, I must tell you what a delightful time I've been having. Where is that dear little locust—no, cicada? Gone to roost, I suppose.

Well, I didn't know he could be so entertaining. If a cicada could talk, I'd say I had never been asleep, but I guess I have."

Marian then told her mother all about the cicada's visit, and she said, "I'm going to write it all down now before I go to sleep. It's just what I studied all the afternoon, but I was too stupid to see the beauty in it."

Next morning Marian arranged several locusts on a twig and took their pictures. They were in three different stages of development, the lowest being the pupa stage, just as it came from the ground, the one above it the insect after emerging from the shell, and the topmost one the full developed cicada. Miss Hewitt was much delighted with Marian's interest and effort, and gave her the highest grade in composition for the day.

"Don't credit me, Miss Hewitt," said Marian, "credit the little locust in our oak tree."—*The Young Disciple*.



### The Country Boy

THAT country life is much more conducive to the development of those sterling qualities so essential in the successful struggle with the stern realities of life is quite generally acknowledged. Governor Warfield, of Maryland, in a recent address before a Sunday-school union paid a high tribute to the country lad. The *Baltimore Sun* says:—

"The governor closed his address with an eloquent tribute to the country boy, and in support of his argument that country breeding develops strength of character and the virile qualities that are so necessary to produce the leaders among men, he asserted that of all the presidents this nation has had, but two were born and reared in the city; that for one State governor who reports himself as having been born in a city, eight claim the country as their birthplace; that three fourths of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States were sons of farmers; and that eighty per cent of our United States senators and representatives in Congress were raised in country homes. He claimed, further, that the great majority of our railroad managers, factory superintendents, bankers, lawyers, merchants, scientists, civil engineers, clergymen, and editors, 'the men who control the present and modify the future,' come from the country; and he said that most of our cities are to-day ruled by men who once carried water to the field and sheaves to shock. On this showing, the governor said, 'It will be easily seen that the country-bred boy has achieved brilliant triumphs, notwithstanding the boasted advantages of the city boy.'"

Somebody has aptly said that man made the cities, but God made the country. There is much truth in this. In the city we are constantly in touch with the things which man by his inventive genius has constructed, and more or less surrounded with social influences that tend to take the mind away from meditation upon the things of God. But in the country we can look upon the hills and mountains which his might has reared. We can see the flowers, the trees, the grass, and the waving fields of grain which remind us of his power. We can listen to the babbling brook, and the birds as they warble forth their songs of praise.

The boy whose lot may be cast in the beautiful surroundings of the country has much for which to be thankful. And I say with Longfellow:—

"Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan."

G. B. THOMPSON.

### I Will Sing

I WILL sing at the dawn of morning;  
I will sing when the day is fair;  
I will sing when the noontide hovers,  
And the sun shines everywhere.  
I will sing when the birds of evening  
Are caroling to the west;  
I will sing when the gleaming moonlight  
Lulls the weary head to rest.

I will sing when the day is brightest;  
I will sing when the storm-clouds frown;  
I will sing when the rain is falling,  
I will sing when the snow comes down.  
I will sing when my heart is weary;  
I will sing when my heart is sad;  
I will sing when the birds are singing;  
I will sing when my heart is glad.

I will sing and will keep on singing  
Till the day of life is o'er;  
I will sing where the harps are ringing  
On the glad, eternal shore.  
Ah! there where no heart is weary  
In the happy home above,  
I will sing of the love of Jesus,  
For he thrills our lives with love.

So here, if the head be weary,  
I will sing till the dark be gone.  
To-day, if the winds are dreary,  
I will sing of to-morrow's dawn.  
I will sing,—I will sing of triumph,  
Of the rainbows in the sky,  
Of the everlasting promise,  
Of the heaven by and by.

B. F. M. SOURS.

### A Song from the Heart

THERE are few American girls who do not know the beautiful hymn beginning, "My faith looks up to Thee." The author, Dr. Ray Palmer, who says that it was "born of his own soul," was teaching a girls' school in New York at the time it was composed. He wrote four verses in a rude memorandum book, put it into his pocket, and for years carried it there.

Dr. Lowell Mason, the celebrated composer of Boston, asked him to furnish a new hymn for his next volume of "Spiritual Songs" for social

#### Olivet

My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O, let me from this day  
Be wholly thine!

May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O, may my love to thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—  
A living fire!

—Ray Palmer.

worship, and young Palmer drew the four verses from his pocket. Dr. Mason composed for them the noble tune, "Olivet," and to that air they were wedded forevermore. He met Dr. Palmer afterward, and said to him, "Sir, you may live many years and do many things, but you will be best known as the author of 'My faith looks up to Thee.'" All the world knows that prediction proved true.—*Selected*.

### Our Fathers

GOD dwells in every abode; he hears every word that is spoken, listens to every prayer that is offered, tastes the sorrows and disappointments of every soul, regards the treatment that is given to father, mother, sister, friend, and neighbor. He cares for our necessities, and his love and mercy and grace are continually flowing to satisfy our need.—*Mrs. E. G. White*.



WHITE spots on polished furniture, caused by hot dishes or alcohol, may be removed by the use of spirits of camphor.

A HOTEL of forty-two stories is now being seriously contemplated for New York. It will have accommodation for twenty-two hundred guests.

A SMOKE-BLACKENED ceiling may be cleaned by coating with a mixture of starch and water, allowing this to dry, and then brushing off lightly with a soft brush.—*Popular Mechanics*.

To find how many bushels of grain any bin will hold, multiply the length, breadth, and height in feet together, and then multiply by .8. The result will be the number of bushels the bin will hold. This rule is shorter than the old rule, says the "Grain Man's Guide," and is accurate.

Two enthusiastic automobilists who are crossing the continent ran into a mass of rattlesnakes sleeping in the sun, several of which were thrown into the air. One fell on the canvas covering of the tonneau, but slid off without doing harm; another large fellow fanged the tire, which in a short time collapsed.

A TELEPHONE message rushed ahead of a cyclone, and saved an entire family. This occurred at the farm of Mr. Sanders in Clyde, Minnesota. The family were at the supper table when a neighbor telephoned that a cyclone had formed in the south, and was then driving directly for the Sanders' home. The family instantly rushed out and took refuge under a clump of willows. Hardly had they reached the place when the cyclone struck the house, and in a minute the large brick structure was in ruins. Though they were nearly blown away, and slightly injured by flying debris, no one was seriously hurt.

THE consensus of opinion of the recent Taft expedition to the Philippine Islands is that the United States has a very serious problem on hand as far as the Filipinos are concerned. They are a turbulent, discontented people, and determined to have an independent government; yet are considered wholly unfit for self-government. They have already cost our country much more than the twenty million dollars paid Spain for them, and the returns are practically nothing at the present time. It is said by some of the visiting party that the settlement of all the questions the possession of these islands presents to the American people is the work of a century.

"WOOD pulp or paper floors are the latest fad in Germany, and the new idea has many points of advantage over the wooden floorings. A rough board floor is first laid, any sort of soft pine being used, since this is to serve merely as a foundation for the flooring proper. Over this is spread a special preparation of pulp, which dries almost as hard as stone, and with an absolutely even surface. When thoroughly dried, it can be painted or stained to imitate any wood, and, as it is absolutely impervious to water, oil, or dirt, it can be kept much cleaner than the best hardwood floor, and the absence of cracks prevents the gathering of insects under the baseboard. It costs but two thirds of what a hardwood floor would, and it is being adopted in the best houses, as well as in the cheaper apartments, where cost is considered."



## INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### VIII—Jesus Blesses Little Children

(November 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 18: 1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Verse 16.

"And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint; saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: and there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me.

"And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

"And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

"And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them: but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them. But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein."

#### Questions

1. To whom did Jesus speak the parable of the unjust judge? See Luke 17: 22, 37. What lesson was it given to impress? Of what time in the future had Jesus just been teaching his disciples? To what special time, therefore, does the lesson of this parable refer?
2. How is the judge of this parable described? Where did he live? Who came to him for help? What did she ask him to do?
3. How did the judge treat this poor woman's request at first? What did she continue to do? For what selfish reason did he finally grant her petition?
4. In what way does Jesus speak of the character of this judge? To what part of the parable does he call special attention? From his work and position whom does the judge represent? Who are represented by the widow?
5. How is the character of God contrasted with that of this unjust judge? What promise is made to those who call upon him? With what question does the parable conclude? What does

this show as to the number of those who will be seeking God in the last days?

6. To whom was the parable of the Pharisee and the publican spoken? To whom may it still apply? To what place did these two men go? Repeat the prayer of the Pharisee. In what attitude was he while these words were spoken?

7. Where was the publican? In what way was his humble spirit shown? What was his cry to God? What promise is made to all who come thus to the Father? 1 John 1:9. What did Jesus say of the two men? What lesson did he draw from the parable?

8. Who were brought to Jesus at this time? For what purpose? What did the disciples do when they saw the children and their mothers?

9. How did Jesus feel when he saw it? Mark 10: 14. What did he say? Repeat the memory verse. What do these words show? What lesson did Jesus draw from the love and trust with which these little children came to him and received his words?



## VIII—God's Providence

(November 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Esther 6: 1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Rom. 8: 28.

#### Questions

1. How did Ahasuerus spend the night after the banquet? Esther 6: 1.
2. What did he discover from the reading of the chronicles? Verse 2.
3. What inquiry did he make concerning Mordecai? What did he learn? Verse 3.
4. Who came in just at this time? For what purpose? Verse 4.
5. When the king learned that Haman was there, what did he say? Verse 5.
6. What question did the king put before Haman? Whom did Haman think the king had in mind? Verse 6.
7. What did Haman suggest to be done for this one whom the king would honor? Verses 7-9.
8. Whose spirit did he manifest in showing a desire to occupy the position of the one ruling over him? Isa. 14: 12-14.
9. What did the king then tell Haman to do? Esther 6: 10. What followed? Verse 11.
10. How could this event be interpreted by the two men? Note 2.
11. What effect did this occurrence have upon Haman? How did Mordecai take it? Verse 12; note 3.
12. To whom did Haman confide his trouble? What did his wife and the wise men say to him when they learned the circumstances? Verse 13.
13. What did she evidently have in mind? Ex. 17: 14-16; note 4.

#### Notes

1. Haman was like the wicked in the last days. "In some places, before the time for the decree to be executed, the wicked rushed upon the saints to slay them; but angels, in the form of men of war, fought for them."—*Early Writings*, page 143.
2. Haman, filled with shame and hatred, could but see in it the beginning of his downfall. Mordecai, meekly and humbly trusting God, must have taken it as an evidence that God had answered prayer for the deliverance of the Jews.
3. Mordecai was not filled with pride. He humbly returned to his post of duty at the king's gate; but Haman, unfitted for business, returned to his home.
4. We can not expect that Zeresh knew the

prophecy; yet no doubt both she and the wise men had heard the prophecy, and knew that if the God of the Jews should bless Mordecai, Haman could not carry out his plan to destroy them.

## God's Name His Character

It should be remembered in studying the book of Esther that it does not contain the name of God. This has been used by some as an argument against its inspiration. This might seem to carry weight with those who recognize the name of God only when they hear the word "God" spoken or read; but when we come to comprehend what the name "God" really embraces, we shall see that this name is found there as truly as in any other book of the Bible. A name in the Bible signifies character. We read in Prov. 22: 1, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." The word "character" might be inserted in the place of "name" in this text and not do violence to the language. Even at the present time, people speak of a person as bearing a good or a bad name as his character may be. One most marked illustration in the Scriptures which shows that a name signifies character is the case of Jacob, in Gen. 27: 36, the word "Jacob" meaning supplanter or deceiver. When Jacob prevailed with God after that night's wrestling with the angel, his name was changed from Jacob to Israel, which signifies prevailer or overcomer.

That a name denotes character is especially marked concerning the name of God, as will be seen in Ex. 34: 5, 6: "And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth."

From this, it will be plainly understood that wherever the character of God is manifested, there is where God's name will be found in its truest sense. In the book of Esther, we find in the lives of Mordecai and Esther the name, or character, of God most signally manifested in their unswerving loyalty to principle and right. Hence we can see that the name of God may be seen where the term "God" is not used.

It might be noted in this connection that the fact that the name of God is not contained in the Constitution of the United States does not necessarily prove it to be godless, as we are so often told by those who are seeking to have the name of God incorporated in it. That which would invade the rights of conscience, either in the time of Esther or to-day, would be out of harmony with the character of God. It is the will of God that his name, or character, should be enthroned in the lives of men and women to-day, and the only effective way this can be accomplished is to be separated from sin. This is also the way we can come into possession of the name of Christ. The name "Jesus" itself signifies salvation from sin; for Matt. 1: 21 says, "And thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." So it is he who is saved from his sins that really has the name of Jesus; for "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

May the reader so relate himself to the precious principles of the gospel that the name of God may be seen in his life.

K. C. RUSSELL.

## Our Bequest

ADRIPT on Time's returnless tide,  
As waves that follow waves, we glide.  
God grant we leave upon the shore  
Some waif of good it lacked before;

Some seed, or flower, or plant of worth,  
Some added beauty to the earth;  
Some larger hope, some thought to make  
The sad world happier for its sake.

—J. G. Whittier.



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THE concluding part of Mr. Conard's article on "Square Root" is necessarily delayed until next week's issue.

### The Simplon Tunnel—Seven Thousand Feet Underground

THE Alps have ever been a formidable barrier between Italy and the countries just to the north of the Alpine range. The great Carthaginian general Hannibal succeeded in crossing the Alps with his army, but he never told how the remarkable feat was performed. Napoleon said that if an easy route over these mountains could be procured, it would be useful to more than sixteen million people, and it was he who took the first step toward the realization of this project. In the year 1800 the alpine carriage road was begun, and finished in five years.

Fifty years later the Mont Cenis tunnel was begun, but was not completed for twenty-four years. This tunnel and route connected France with Italy. Then Germany wanted an easier route into Italy; so the St. Gotthard tunnel was driven through within nine years after its beginning. This has proved a very practical route. But a still shorter route between Switzerland, England, and France, and the countries south of the Alps was desired; so Switzerland and Italy began in 1893 to plan for the Simplon railroad underground route. Operations were begun in 1898 to pierce the Simplon, the longest tunnel in existence. It is just three times the length of our Hoosac tunnel, or twelve and one-fourth miles long.

The Simplon connects Lake Geneva with Milan, Italy; or to be exact, it extends from Brieg, Switzerland, to Iselle, Italy. It has been under construction six and one-half years, and is recognized to have been finished in the face of tremendous difficulties, most of which were entirely unexpected.

It is said that the building of the pyramids required no more strenuousness, no more mental strain.

While the obstacles have been greater than in any other similar undertaking, the cost has been much less than was the cost of the St. Gotthard, Mont Cenis, or the Arlberg. The contract price for the Simplon was \$15,700,000, or about seven hundred dollars for each yard.

This enterprise has excited the admiration of the scientific world; first, in the humane arrangements for the welfare of the men; second, in the extraordinary results obtained by the scientific conditions of every examination and every inch of progress, and in the rapidity of the drilling. An advance of eighteen feet was made daily for months at a time. During the entire time of construction there were only twenty deaths among the three thousand employees, who were mainly Italians.

The temperature in the tunnel varied from 130

degrees to 55 degrees Fahrenheit. The encountering of hot and cold springs was the chief cause of excessive changes of temperature. The water poured into the opening from one cold spring at the rate of ten thousand five hundred sixty-four gallons a minute under a pressure of six hundred pounds to the square inch. In May, 1904, hot-water springs threatened to put a stop to the work that was fast nearing completion. The hot water poured through the roof in streams so overwhelming and difficult to manage that the force of men was changed in the struggle every twenty or thirty minutes. There were "times when it seemed as if the whole solid substance of the mountain range above them had determined to seek escape below and surge through the drilled vaults." But finally the company succeeded in diverting the water from the tunnel, and the work of construction was continued and completed.

When the last piercing was made, the news was telegraphed from one end of the world to the other. Cannon were fired from gorge and acclivity; and the faces of miners and borers as they came out of their great hole in the ground and gazed upon the sunlight filling the world above the Simplon, made an interesting study for the painter.

While no doubt the Simplon route through the Alps will be an advantage to commerce, it robs the tourist of what is universally regarded as the most picturesque scenery of all Europe.

**Resurgam**

*"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness." Ps. 17:15.*

O PASSIONATE heart, lie still, forgetting  
The thrill and passion ye used to know!  
O delicate cheek, flush not, regretting  
The hopes that faded long years ago!  
Seal up the urn where the dead reposes,  
Safe from the cold years' pitiless tread,  
Cover the vase with fallen roses,  
Gathered in summers long since dead.

Look from the tomb where the soul was crying,  
Up to the changeless, radiant sky,  
Look from death to the land undying,  
Where the hopes of the heart will never die;  
And wait while the waves of time are drifting  
On the shores of life their sands of care,  
Yes, patiently wait, your heart uplifting  
To God's dear Eden, just "over there."

It will not be long till the sun is shining  
Bright o'er a land that knows no shade,  
Not long till the roses of love are twining  
Sweetly o'er bowers that never fade.  
It will not be long till we walk together,  
With friends for whose loss on earth we cried;  
We shall clasp glad hands, we shall live forever,  
In Eden we shall be satisfied.

And now, while the ashes on love's fond altar  
Lie there, lifeless, and cold, and gray,  
In the steps of the Master never falter,  
For faith points up to a grander day.  
Hopes that reach into heaven are fondest,  
Not like the passions of earth that died;  
We yearn and pray for the life beyond us,  
Where every heart will be satisfied.

L. D. SANTEE.

**True Nature Stories**

ALMOST every one loves to read stories of birds and animals, but all such stories, to be of value, should be true. A new book, "My Garden Neighbors," is a book of nature stories, but is not a book of fiction. Dr. L. A. Reed, the author of the book, has written only what he knows to be true. For example, the story given in the chapter entitled "A Disturber of the Peace," is simply a plain narrative of actual events, yet it is an absorbingly interesting story. While there is no preaching, the whole story is a lesson on the power of evil, and consequently a parable of unmistakable import.

The book is intended, first of all, to show some of the wonderfully interesting things that are daily happening at our very doorsteps, and is an

attempt to get its readers to cultivate a closer observation of the things of nature.

It is nicely illustrated with several colored plates, full-page drawings, and drawings in the text, and the price is \$1. Order of your tract society, or of Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D. C.



MILTON, ORE., Aug. 27, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I study the intermediate lesson. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Mrs. Kelly. I have lots of pets. I live in the country. I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR very much.

LETTY GEISS.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., Aug. 28, 1905.

DEAR FRIENDS: I enjoy reading the letters in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and I thought some one might enjoy reading one from me. I am nearly twelve years old. I live about one mile from town, and attend Sabbath-school. I have been visiting a friend of mine thirteen miles from Santa Rosa. I have enjoyed myself very much, going to the caves and running over the mountains.

EFFIE LUCE.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., Aug. 28, 1905.

DEAR FRIENDS: I enjoy reading the pieces in the INSTRUCTOR. This is my first letter to the paper. I went to public school this term, and am in the B sixth grade. I am nearly fifteen years old.

We live thirteen miles from Santa Rosa, and there is no church-school, but I intend to go to one this winter. I have not seen any other letters from Santa Rosa, yet I hope this will not be the only one.

EDITH M. SMITH.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Aug. 30, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR very much. I get my lessons out of it. There are six in my class. Their names are Della Williams, Mary Cornelius, Eda Hahn, Lottie Hines, Mable Spring, and myself. Sister Daniels is our teacher. We live about seven blocks from Sabbath-school. I went to the Missouri camp-meeting, and I enjoyed the meetings very much. I am thirteen years old.

LETHA HINES.

WESTBOURNE PARK, LONDON, ENGLAND,  
Sept. 10, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a few lines to the INSTRUCTOR, as I have never written before. I have the INSTRUCTOR every week, and I enjoy the reading very much. I have three sisters, three brothers, a mother, and a father. We all keep the Sabbath. Last Thursday, September 7, I was baptized, and seven others were also baptized. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Mr. Heide, and there are nine in our class. I am nearly fourteen years of age. I will now close, with love to the editor and all INSTRUCTOR readers.

FRED T. MAYS.

FRESNO, CAL., July 2, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I will at this time try to write a letter for your Letter Box. Let us write practical letters, those that will be profitable to all.

I appreciate the INSTRUCTOR, and always welcome its visits. I was once a regular subscriber for it; then my brother took it; and even now it often falls under my notice, then I pick it up with pleasure. I expect to subscribe for it again some time. It is pleasant that we can talk to one another through our Letter Box, even if very few of us know each other personally. Thus in a way we become acquainted, even here; but how much better it will be when we get on that other shore, where we can all be together and live with Christ and the angels forever.

Let us strive to do what is right and represent Christ here on earth, that we may finally have a home with the redeemed, and partake of the fruit of the tree of life, on that shore where there will be no more pain, sorrow, nor death. It will not be long. Let us be faithful to the end of the race.

ARTHUR C. LOGAN.