

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LIII

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 12, 1905

No. 50

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Our Boys

A FAMOUS artist conceived the idea of painting two pictures from life: one to represent Innocence, and the other Crime. He found his first model in a beautiful baby boy, with bright, flaxen curls, blue eyes, and a sunny, open face. When this picture was completed, he hung it upon the wall of his studio, and began his search for the one whose face sufficiently personified Crime.

His search extended from weeks to months and from months to years. At last, after thirty years of effort, he found one whose face seemed sufficiently marked with evil to serve as a model. While painting the man's face, he occasionally saw expressions which seemed, somehow, familiar; and on inquiry, he learned that the hardened criminal, whose face was the perfect personification of evil, was the same person whose face in boyhood had furnished the model for Innocence.

How true the above story may be, we are not prepared to say, but we do know that two paths open out before the feet of each one of our boys: one leads to purity, honor, usefulness, and life eternal; while the other leads to dishonor, shame, a wasted life, and eternal death.

Jesus called the one path the "broad way," and the other the "narrow way." In the picture which we present to-day, which was reproduced for the *Pilgrim* through the kindness of a friend, we give a series of faces showing how righteousness exalts and sin debases the human face. The possibilities of each of these two lives lie before the feet of every bright-eyed boy. Which will be his choice, the upward or the downward way? — *Uncle Pilgrim*.

Christian Courtesy

IN an age when bluntness has been canonized as a virtue, it may be useful to extol one of the most beautiful of all the royal family of graces—courtesy. It is graciousness, deference to the wishes of others, good manners, affability, willingness to deny ourselves somewhat for the advantage of others, urbanity. But what is the use of my defining the grace of courtesy when we all know so well what it is? The botanist might say some very interesting things about a rose, and the chemist might discourse about water or light, but without ever seeing a botanist or a chemist we know what a rose is, and what water and light are. Do not take our time in telling us what courtesy is; only show us how we may get more of it and avoid its counterfeits. Mark you, it can not be put on or dramatized successfully for a long while. We may be full of bows and genuflections and smiles and complimentary phrases, and have nothing of genuine courtesy either in our make-up or in our demeanor. A backwoodsman who never saw a drawing-room, a dancing master, a caterer, or a

fold of drapery, may, with his big soul and hard hand and awkward salutation, exercise the grace; while one born under the richest upholstery, and educated in foreign schools, and bothered to know which of ten garments he will take from a royal wardrobe, may be as barren of the spirit of courtesy as the great Sahara desert is of green meadows and tossing fountains.

Christian courtesy is born in the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, who has transformed and illumined and glorified one's nature. Mark you, I am speaking of the highest kind of courtesy, which is Christian courtesy. Something like it, ordinary politeness, may grow up with us under the direction of intelligent and watch-

became vice-president of the United States, and within one vote of being president. Men threw away their fortunes to help him in his political aspirations, and to forward him in a conspiracy to overthrow the government of the United States; he was trying to do in America what Napoleon at that very time was trying to do in Europe—establish a throne for himself. But he was immoral and corrupt. He was the serpent that wound its way into many a domestic paradise. He shot to death one of the greatest Americans—Alexander Hamilton. The world found out long before he left it that the offender I speak of was an embodiment of dissoluteness and base ambition. He was the best illustration



ful parentage, but I am not speaking of that which is merely agreeableness of conversation and behavior. All that may be a matter of tutelage and fine surroundings, and may show itself in lifting the hat to passers-by, and in a graceful way of asking about your health, and sending the right kind of acceptance when you can go, and the right kind of regrets when you can not go, and understanding all the laws of preference at table and parlor door, all of which is well. I am speaking of a principle of courtesy so implanted in one's nature that his suavity of conversation and manner shall be the outburst of what he feels for the happiness and welfare of others—a principle that will work in the next world as well as in this, and will be as appropriate in the mansions of heaven as in earthly dwelling-places.

Now, you know as well as I do that some of the most undesirable people have been seeming incarnations of courtesy. In our early American history there arose a man of wonderful talent, an impersonation of all that can charm drawing-rooms and cultivated circles. Aged men who knew him in their youth, have told me that he was the most irresistible man they ever met—his voice silvery, his smile bewitching, his glove immaculate, his eye piercing, his high forehead wreathed in curls, his attire a fascination. He

that I know of, of the fact that a man may have the appearance of courtesy while within he is all wrong.

Absalom, a Bible character, was a specimen of a man of polish outside and of rotteness inside. Beautiful, brilliant, and with such wealth of hair that when it was cut in each December, as a matter of price he had it weighed, and it weighed two hundred shekels. He captured all who came near him. But, O what a heart he had!—full of treachery and unfilial spirit and baseness. He was as bad as he was alluring and charming.

I like what John Wesley said to a man when their carriages met on the road. The ruffian, knowing Mr. Wesley and disliking him, did not turn out, but kept the middle of the road. Mr. Wesley cheerfully gave the man all the road, himself riding into the ditch. As they passed each other, the ruffian said, "I never turn out for fools," and Mr. Wesley said, "I always do." I like the reproof which a Chinaman in San Francisco gave an American. The American pushed him off the sidewalk until he fell into the mud. The Chinaman, on rising, began to brush off the mud, and said to the American: "You Christian; me heathen. Good-by." A stranger entered a church in one of the cities, and was allowed to stand a long while, although

there was plenty of room. No one offered a seat. The stranger after a while said to one of the brethren, "What church is this?" The answer was, "Christ's church, sir." "Is he in?" said the stranger. The officer of the church understood what was meant and gave him a seat. We want more courtesy in the churches, more courtesy in places of business, more courtesy in our homes.

But heart courtesy must precede hand and head and foot courtesy. Cultivation of it should begin in the father's house. You often notice that brothers and sisters are often gruff and snappy, and say things and do things that they would not have the outside world know about. Rough things are sometimes said in households which ought never to be said at all—teasing and recrimination and faultfinding and harsh criticisms, which will have their echo thirty and forty and fifty years afterward. In the sleet driven by that east wind no sweet flowers of kindness and geniality will grow. Let children hear their parents picking at each other, and those children will be found picking at each other, and far down the road of life will be seen the same disposition to pick at others. Better than this habit of picking at children, which so many parents indulge in, would be one good, healthy application of the rod. Better a shower that lasts a few minutes than the cold drizzle of many days. We never get over our first home, however many homes we may have afterward.

Let us all cultivate this grace of Christian courtesy by indulging in the habit of expressing gratitude and appreciation instead of blame. There are evils in the world that we must denounce, and there are men and women who ought to be chastised; but never let us allow the opportunity of appreciating good deeds to pass unimproved. God approvingly recognized a system of rewards as well as of punishments. When a mechanic does a good piece of work, tell him it is well done. When a physician brings you out of a perilous illness, stop him in the street and say, "Doctor, you saved my life." When you hear of a business man, in some heavy stress of financial weather, helping a frailer craft into the harbor, go into his counting-room and say, "I hear you have been helping your fellow business man to outride the tempest of a panic, and I came in to thank you for the good advice you gave, and to let you know that all good citizens appreciate what you have been doing." Go down the street to-morrow and thank somebody. There are hundreds of persons who never get thanked at all. Plenty of severe criticism, plenty of faultfinding, plenty of misrepresentation, plenty of depreciation; but as to gratitude—that is a market in which the supply does not equal the demand.

In the cultivation of this habit of Christian courtesy, let us abstain from joining in the work of defamation. Every little while society takes after a man, and it must have a victim. If you had a roll of all the public men of this generation, or of any generation who have been denounced and despoiled of their good name, it would take you a long while to call the roll. It is a bad streak in human nature that there are so many who prefer to believe evil instead of good concerning any one under discussion. If a good motive and a bad motive have been possible in the case in hand, one man will believe the conduct was inspired by a good motive, and ten men will believe it was inspired by a bad motive. The more faults a man has of his own, the more willing is he to ascribe faults to others.

What a curse of cynics and pessimists afflicts our time, afflicts all time! There are those who praise no one until he is dead. Speak well of one another, and if you find yourself in circles disposed to slander and abuse, be for the time as dumb as the sphinx, which, though only a few yards from the overshadowing pyramid of

Egypt, has not with its lips of stone spoken one word in thousands of years.—*T. D. Talmage.*

(To be concluded)

Seasonable Gowns

DAME NATURE keeps a clothing store,
Where you may see a goodly show
Of robes in seasonable styles,—
Four of them, hanging in a row.

Old Mother Earth in early spring
A-shopping comes,—“Was ever seen
A person poorer clothed than I?”
Forthwith she buys a gown of green.

Scarce three short months have passed away
Until she deems her garments old,
When to the shop she comes again,
And buys a rustling gown of gold.

Again she comes,—’tis autumn now,—
She’s ready for another gown;
And from the lessened row she buys
A dress of yellow, red, and brown.

And when the days grow short and dark,
Preparing for the winter night,
Again she comes to Nature’s store,
And buys a soft, warm gown of white.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Where Williams Wrought

WHEN John Williams, of England, was a babe, devout men began the work of making known to the barbarous South Sea islanders the way of salvation. The era of greatest difficulty in that undertaking had passed when Williams joined the earlier pioneers. He was then a very young man—"the baby" he was playfully called by some of his coworkers, so an aged native of those islands once told me.

After receiving instruction in the language of the Society Islands for some months, he located on Raiatea, which is about one hundred miles from Tahiti, where the first missionaries to the South Seas had been stationed. I have often passed the site of Williams's headquarters, whence he, with native assistants, went forth to proclaim the gospel message to many distant islands.

Raiatea is not remarkably unlike numerous other of the South Sea islands. However, the very fact of its likeness to such may be an added reason for giving some description of it.

This island is only about six by twelve miles in size. It is very mountainous; and, as on all those islands of similar formation, the inhabitants live principally on the narrow strip of level ground along the beach; and most of them live on the windward side of the island, as the heat is very oppressive on the leeward side. The climate is greatly tempered by the trade winds; yet it is very warm, as Raiatea is only about one thousand miles south of the equator. The extreme moisture of the air makes the heat seem the greater. So damp is it, that shoes gather a coat of mold in a few days; and salt, if not tightly bottled, is soon turned to brine by the water it absorbs from the air.

The island is bordered by a fringing reef, or one that joins the shore, and out at a distance of about a mile is a barrier reef, which is a great wall of coral rock, built up from a depth of many fathoms to the surface of the sea. A few openings in this reef allow ships to enter the fine lagoon which it encloses.

Williams was not alone in his labors in Raiatea; and doubtless results have been attributed to him that were largely due to the efforts of his less-known associates. Furthermore, accounts of the evangelization of that and other islands are misleading; for when a chief accepted the new teaching, his subjects generally followed their leader in this matter, as they were accustomed to do in other matters. Few, comparatively, had a personal conversion. However, the abolition of the more flagrant practises of paganism, was in itself a great work, and Williams was a great missionary.

The variety and extent of his enterprises was

possible only because he enlisted the aid of native converts. He instructed the islanders in house building, agriculture, boat building, and other mechanical work. Directed by some of the Society islanders, he visited the Cook Islands (sometimes called the Harvey, or Hervey Islands), and he is credited with the discovery of Rarotonga, one of that group. Here, and on other islands also, he located as missionaries Christianized natives of the Society Islands. Later he translated the New Testament into the Rarotongan dialect.

When still a young man,—forty-three years of age,—Williams was slain by barbarous natives of the New Hebrides. It has been asserted that this crime was provoked by outrages which those islanders had recently suffered from white men.

One of the most serious hindrances to missionary work in the South Seas has been the influence of unprincipled white traders and seamen. These, by their perfidy, have caused the islanders to distrust the entire Caucasian race; and of them the islanders have learned vices from which the aborigines were free. Rum is the principal stock of many white traders in those regions.

Formerly, many islanders were kidnapped and sold into slavery. They were enticed on board slave-ships by offers of traffic, and by various devices. Sometimes the kidnappers even pretended to be missionaries, and held mock religious meetings on board their vessels, to attract their victims.

Thus reprobate Europeans, possibly, more than barbarous Polynesians, were responsible for the premature close of John Williams's notable missionary enterprises in the South Sea islands.

ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

Sabbath Environments

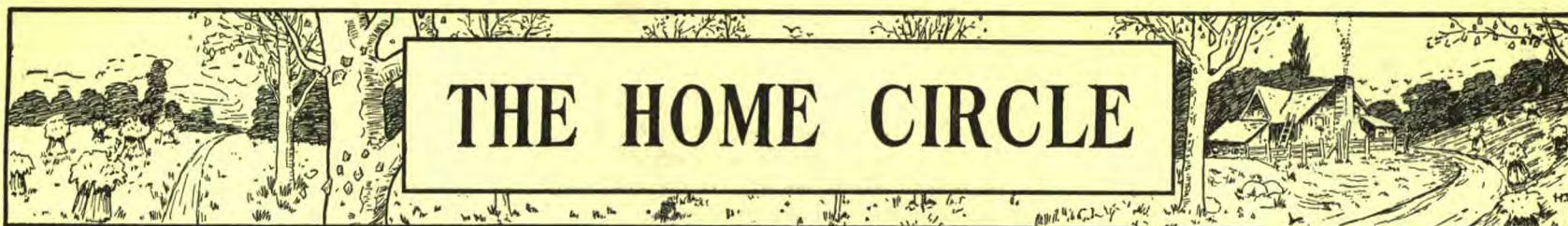
NATURE seems to have made no provision by which to show the Sabbath to be different from other days of the week, but has left that with man to do. Sun, moon, and stars send forth their light, the winds sigh in the treetops and sweep through the valleys, as on other days. Vegetation buds, blooms, and bears fruit seven days in a week. Animals know no difference in days. The little brooks and giant rivers continue an onward course until they reach the point where their identity is lost in the great ocean.

Man alone has been left to speak of the presence of the Sabbath by tokens unmistakable. There is much significance in the statement of Scripture, "It is a sign between me and you." Ex. 31:13. The condition of the Christian home is such that the casual caller must see that remembrance of the Sabbath has been in the minds of the family during the entire week.

The locked door and covered window of the store say to the passers-by, "No business is done here to-day; it is the Sabbath." All machinery has ceased its uncanny music at the behest of man, thus mutely speaking to observers that the owner keeps holy the memorial of creation. The ox-yoke and harness hang on their respective pegs, while their week-day wearers quietly graze with no burdens imposed. School studies and usual recreations are laid aside, and in their place are taken things which are truly spiritual recreation. The gathering of the worshipers at the unpretentious church testifies of a people who keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

The St. Helena Sanitarium is supplied with water from the mountainside. It is stored in immense tanks, which must overflow unless the water is freely used. On week-days there is no surplus water, but on Sabbath it overflows all day long. As I listened to its music, I said, "This speaks of a Sabbath-keeping family on the hillside." The question came, "Does nature designate the Sabbath, or is it marked only by the doings of regenerate man?"

MRS. D. A. FITCH.



THE HOME CIRCLE

Open the Door of Your Heart

OPEN the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angels of love and truth,
When the world is full of unnumbered joys
In the beautiful dawn of youth.
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong, "Depart!"
To the voices of hope that are calling you
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide;
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul
Like the stars at eventide.
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours if you'll only give them room.
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class or creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a child in need.
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends
You need no map or chart,
But only the love the Master gave.
Open the door of your heart.

—Edward Everett Hale.

How Nelson Brought the Doctor

WHEN Nelson was four years old, he went to visit Aunt Josephine.

Aunt Josephine lived in a big house that was set right in the middle of a beautiful park, so Nelson said. The grounds occupied a whole city block. There was a flower garden at the back, and lawns and trees and more flower beds all around. Nelson's visit was a delight, for his aunt knew just what little boys like best. She read to him and told him stories, she played with him when she was at leisure, and when she was to be busy or away, she sent for other little boys and girls to come and help things to go merrily.

The only other one of the family was Maria, the Austrian girl, who could speak only a few words of English. But she was always laughing, and she loved little boys; so she and the small guest got on famously together.

One evening, as Aunt Josephine was telling Nelson his bedtime story, she was taken suddenly with severe pains, and she leaned back in the easy-chair with a groan.

"I shall — be — better — in a minute," she said, trying to smile into the scared face of the little boy; but she grew so white that he ran for Maria.

The girl brought some medicine, but it did not relieve the pain.

"If I could only get to the telephone and send for Dr. Rowland!" said Aunt Josephine, and she tried to rise, but fell back faint with agony.

Maria, not being able to make herself understood, looked on in helpless misery.

"Why, I can telephone," cried Nelson.

His aunt weakly shook her head. "You're too little," she said.

"I can!" insisted Nelson. "Papa told me how! What's the doctor's number?" and he ran for a chair, and climbed up to the instrument.

"Hello!" he said. "Please give me 294 — Dr. Rowland."

Aunt Josephine smiled faintly. She could not see the telephone, but the vision of that tot of a boy at the instrument made her want to laugh.

"Hello!" came Nelson's voice. "Aunt Josephine is awful sick, and wants you to come right away! I'm — I'm Nelson — Nelson Bryant.

Aunt Josephine's my aunt. Yes, sir, Aunt Josephine Randall. No, sir; I'm not in mischief! I'm not playing telephone! Aunt Josephine is awful sick, I tell you! I guess you'd think so, if you could see her! I want you to come quick and cure her, and not wait a minute! I'm all right."

The little fellow appeared very much excited. "He thought I was just playing!" he explained. "As if a little boy big's I am couldn't telephone to folks! Anyhow he said he'd come!"

The doctor did come very soon, and when he saw the small boy he had been talking with over the wire, he laughed; but he didn't stop for further conversation until he had made Aunt Josephine comfortable. Then he told Nelson how mischievous children sometimes played pranks on him, and thought it fine fun to call him to their houses when nobody was sick.

"But they're generally bigger than you are," he ended. "The longer I talked with this young man," he said, turning to Aunt Josephine, "the more I thought he was in earnest; till I finally concluded I'd better not waste any time in getting up here."

"I don't know what I should have done if he hadn't been with me," said Mrs. Randall.

"You'd better keep him," answered the doctor. "He's worth having in the house."—*Emma C. Dowd.*

The Friend Who Was Brave

THE girls, Constance and Alice, were enthusiastic in their admiration of their mother's college friend, Dr. Dillingham. The doctor was a medical missionary who had spent sixteen years in India, and was to return there again after her year's furlough. The girls, listening with flushed cheeks and shining eyes while she held great audiences spellbound with her story, wondered if ever they could do splendid things, too — save people's lives and win queer native orders and hold great audiences breathless. Yet at home Dr. Dillingham did not seem wonderful at all. She and mother just laughed and chattered like two schoolgirls. It was very queer.

One stormy evening the family and their guest were gathered about the open fire. It was a "talkable" night, and the girls were enjoying every moment of it. Presently, in a pause, Constance spoke coaxingly: "Won't you tell us, Dr. Dillingham, of the bravest person you ever knew?"

"I'll be glad to," the doctor answered, "but it won't be a story of India. The bravest person I ever knew was a shy, quiet girl in college. Among the freshmen that year was one from a prairie farm. She was an ambitious worker and a good student, but she had never before come in contact with any of the refinements of life, and rather looked down upon them. She was careless in her dress and in certain ways at the table, and neglectful of the little courtesies of speech. When, after a while, she found herself being left out of things, she was hurt over it, as any girl would have been, but did not realize the cause of it.

"Among her classmates was one who remained loyally beside her through all that hard year. One evening toward the close of the last term the girl came to her. She looked so white that her friend was startled, and asked if she was sick.

"No," she answered, "but I've got to hurt you. I love you so that I must. I've been putting it off and putting it off, but I must do it."

"Then she told her the mistake that she had been making — told her, though her voice broke so that she could scarcely speak, that people did not count her a lady because of these things that seemed such trifles to her, and were in reality no trifles, but the symbols of courtesy and consideration and unselfishness. That is all. It was hard, of course, but the prairie girl was honest. Afterward, when she was out in the world, she thanked her friend every day of her life for opening her eyes."

"Did —" began Constance, and then she caught the look upon her mother's face and did not ask the question. It was Alice who came to the rescue.

"I think they were two brave people," she said, shyly.

The doctor looked up with a quick smile.

"There is no life so small that it does not have room for courage," she replied.—*Youth's Companion.*

Things Worth Thinking About

BETTER be alone than in bad company.

Character is success, and there is no other.

Be not simply good; be good for something.

To preserve credit, do not use it much.

Difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage.

Young courage and old caution make a strong pair.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power.

That man is great who rises to the emergencies of the occasion, and becomes master of the situation.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he was in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

A wise man doesn't wait for opportunity to come along; he goes after it.

When a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

It's a great deal easier to sit up straight in church than it is to walk upright in the world.

Successful people usually find that shade-trees and easy-chairs are very few and far between on the road to success.

Sad will be the day for you when you become absolutely contented with the life you are living, with the thoughts you are thinking, and the deeds you are doing.

Business is like oil; it won't mix with anything but business.

Luck means rising at six o'clock in the morning; living on a dollar a day if you earn two; minding your own business, and not meddling with that of other people.

Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch; it means trusting in God and your own resources.

It's far easier to slide down a balustrade than to climb a flight of stairs. One can slide down to obscurity without trouble; but it takes climbing to be somebody.

ROY ALLEN.

"OUR thoughts about others are of less importance than our thoughtfulness for others."



Report of Canvassing Work

I HAVE looked over the published canvassing reports of the Missouri Conference for the past four weeks, and observe that a number of the workers are meeting with remarkably good success in selling our books. I can not insert the entire report in this letter, but have selected the names of seven persons from the report, showing the number of hours' work and the value.

NAME	HOURS	VALUE
Mrs. E. A. Halladay	138	\$718 75
G. C. Stephens	135	364 75
Mrs. C. G. Bellah	76	241 00
C. G. Bellah	108	607 00
H. W. Stein	49	128 00
R. S. McLain	83	133 50
Flossie Foster	125	114 50
	714	\$2,307 50

The people who entertain the idea that our books can not be sold certainly would be convinced otherwise if they should see this report. These seven persons average nearly \$3.25 an hour for the time put in. With the exception of possibly one, they all make the book work a business. Some of them have done nothing else but sell books for the last four or five years.

I am of the firm conviction that herein lies the secret of their success, or largely so: they entered the work with the intention of remaining with it, and the Lord is greatly blessing them.—*Jas. Cochran, in Educational Messenger.*

"Footprints of an Itinerant"

THE canvasser does not travel from house to house in a palace car. The path which he travels is not always as smooth as a railroad bed. His "footprints" are often made in the mud. Nor does he always put up at a hotel. But he makes no complaint. Though the door may be closed in his face, and the conversation cut short by a rude remark, he plods on, content if here and there he is able to sell a book, or minister in a humble way to the wants of the people with whom he lodges.

The world has not altogether gone to the bad, though it is making rapid strides in that direction. There are a few honest souls still in the world, and it is the canvasser's business to hunt them out. In doing this work he meets with incidents and experiences which illustrate the various characteristics of human nature. Some of these incidents are humorous, others are pathetic. Perhaps there is no place in the world where such incidents are met with as in a new, thinly settled country like the State of Montana.

But people in such places are warm-hearted and hospitable, and by the blessing of God and vigorous effort I was able to dispose of many books during my stay in that State. The very first day of canvassing I sold four copies of "Daniel and the Revelation" at three dollars each. This greatly encouraged me.

I continued my work in this place for about two weeks longer, meeting with good success, when I was called by the canvassing agent to take another field about one hundred miles distant. On arriving at this field I found myself penniless, and tried to secure work of some kind to provide myself with means so that I could engage in the canvassing work again. The foreman of the place where I applied was absent, and would not be at home for some time. While

waiting for him to return, I started out to see what I could do in the way of selling books, though I had to exercise a great deal of faith.

At the first farmhouse where I called, I sold a copy of "Daniel and the Revelation" to the hired man in the field, and a "Ladies' Guide" to the woman of the house. At the next place I found that the man was suffering from some indisposition. I gave him a few simple treatments, and he invited me to stay to dinner. I accepted his invitation as I was very hungry. While at dinner I made arrangements with him to return and remain over Sabbath and Sunday and give him further treatment.

During the first day that I remained at this place, I took orders for four copies of "Ladies' Guide," two copies of "Daniel and the Revelation," one of "Man the Masterpiece," and one of "Steps to Christ," besides selling two other books for cash, the entire value of the orders being more than twenty dollars. This experience encouraged me to continue in the canvassing work, rather than return and apply for work as I had intended.—*A Canvasser.*

A Word to Our Young People—III

It is all right to sing missionary hymns, and have missionary meetings, and give due attention to the urgent and great needs of foreign fields, yet we should also remember the pressing call for labor in our home lands. God does not put a young man or a young woman in some other place than where that individual's work is. Our work for to-day has been arranged by Heaven just where we are. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and that implies that we are to do to the best of our ability the work that comes first.

Successful workers do not reach out after work beyond them; they attack bravely the problems and difficulties confronting them where they are. Have you, young reader, felt a desire to go to Africa or to India, and there do missionary work? Perhaps so; but do you realize that trips across the ocean are not in themselves sufficient to make a missionary of you? Could you expect to be a genuine missionary over yonder, unless you were in heart and soul a true missionary in your own country, your own city, or town, or village?

Our work, then, is always within a few feet of us. We can just reach out our hands, and there it is. Our task is to do that "so nobly, so well, that angels shall hasten the story to tell." Could we but realize this, we would devote all our energies, our will power, our talents, every power of mind, and body, and soul, to the work in hand, and we should have the rich influence of God's Spirit come into our lives and experience, and our work would bear the divine impress.

Workers are trained by doing work. We learn by doing. Schools, colleges, teachers, all have an excellent place in the training of missionaries, yet no one nor all can take the place of actual, vital experience in soul-winning work. Soul winners are made by going out and trying to lead souls to Christ, co-operating with the Master in soul-saving work. Having settled it for yourself that your sins are washed away, go out and seek some other poor soul, and tell him what God has done in your own experience. You believe God yourself, now go and try to help some poor sinner believe in him. This is the kind of training that makes real missionaries. Having yourself tasted and seen that the Lord is good, exert yourself to tell others of his wondrous love and mighty power; thus will your soul be watered, your power increased; and you will learn how to win souls for the Christ, who died for us all.

Our happiness is determined, after all, by our own condition. God is giving us as much of

heaven to-day as we can enjoy. Christ came that our joy might be full. Surely we could not have more than that were we in heaven, having no different capacity for fulness. Then we may also have fulness of the Spirit, for the Bible says, "Be filled with the Spirit." So why should we be mournful and downcast, as we go through life? Rather let us realize how much, how very much, we have for which to be thankful. Let us begin to look up, for our redemption draws nigh. It is possible for the child of God who realizes that his Redeemer lives, to be contented, calm, resigned, even though surrounded and beset by trials on every hand. Unless we reach the experience of the full assurance that God, not man, is managing things, we can not expect to have ability to help and encourage those around us who are despondent and in despair.

Heaven begins in the soul; and if you, my friend, have not yet found this so, let it begin to-day, this very minute. Lay down all that you know to be contrary to the spirit of Jesus. Surrender fully every faculty of mind, heart, and soul to the service of the Lord.

The ideal consecration is the consecration to work, to do something for Him who has done for us beyond what mortal tongue can tell. In the last great day, the standard of judgment will be this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Practical kindness, true benevolence, is what will be the test. Have we, or have we not, given the cup of cold water, visited those in prison, etc.? While sound doctrine should have its due share of attention, yet we should at the same time not omit the works of loving and Christlike ministry.

My brother or sister, when you have reached in your experience the place where there is in your inmost soul the fulness, even to overflowing, of divine joy and peace, happiness and satisfaction, there will go forth from your life a sweet influence that will exert drawing power, transforming and converting power, which will act on the lives of the men and women you meet. You may be able even to preach with angelic tongues, or proclaim doctrines unheard of before, yet in spite of all the precept, unless the spoken word is supported and sustained by the power of a consistent life, evidencing earnestness and sincerity, all your talking will avail nothing. But, when young people live the truly Christlike life, although their tongues may not be the tongue of the learned, so far as worldly wisdom goes; when their lives show that Jesus has taught them, then they will have a power which will draw men from earth and earthly things, and lead them to give themselves to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

W. S. SADLER.

"Choose You This Day Whom Ye Will Serve"

THERE will be a sharp conflict between those who are loyal to God and those who cast scorn upon his law. Reverence for God's law has been subverted. The religious leaders are teaching for doctrine the commandments of men. As it was in the days of ancient Israel, so it is in this age of the world. But because of the prevalence of disloyalty and transgression, will those who have revered the law of God now cherish less respect for it? Will they unite with the powers of earth to make it void? The loyal will not be carried away by the current of evil. They will not throw contempt on that which God has set apart as holy. They will not follow Israel's example of forgetfulness; they will call to remembrance God's dealings with his people in all ages, and will walk in the way of his commandments.

The test comes to every one. There are only two sides. On which side are you?—*Mrs. E. G. White.*



How Sydney Struck Bed-Rock

(Concluded)

THE boy set off at a dash, glad to get out of the difficulty about the bicycle so easily. But when, as he reached the end of the street, the electric whizzed past, he set his teeth. A quarter of an hour to wait for the next! He looked after the retreating car with dismay and resentment. If he only had his wheel, how quickly he would skim ahead of it! His wheel! A stab—the first in an evening of experiences never to be forgotten—went through him.

He started to run, swiftly and easily, in the direction of the city, though by doing so he gained nothing. Hot and panting, he boarded the next car when it overtook him. But never had a vehicle seemed to move so slowly. A passenger, alighting in leisurely fashion, raised in him an unchivalric desire to assist with scant ceremony. When a heavy team got across the track and caused a delay of several minutes, he set his teeth. At last he swung off in front of his uncle's office and into the elevator just as the clock struck six.

Mr. Carter took the paper from his hand and rushed out, Sydney close at his heels. Down by-streets, around corners, they dodged. The boy's heart beat fast. Surely they would be in time! Then, as his uncle's strong fingers closed on the handle of a locked door and shook it unavailingly, something seemed to leap into Sydney's throat and stick there. Shading his eyes with his hand, he peered into the express office. No one was there. It was closed for the day.

Mr. Carter turned away. He was a man of prompt action. Sydney, like a dog who has done wrong and deserves a whipping, but still keeps the trail, followed closely as he boarded a car. He wondered where they were going, but did not dare to ask. His eyes kindled. This race against time was exciting. Never for a moment did he doubt that his uncle would win in the end, that his strength could bend circumstances to his will.

They left the car at the railway station, and Mr. Carter hastened to the express office.

"If you will kindly let me have some strong paper or a box, and some string, I would like to wrap this package," he said, courteously. "I want it to go out to-night. When does the express for New York leave?"

"In half an hour."

Mr. Carter nodded. Sydney breathed freely. Then the man glanced at the papers.

"Bonds?" he asked, briefly.

"Yes, bonds."

"Can't go through this office."

"Why not?"

"Securities of that kind must be sent through the money-order department."

Mr. Carter's lips tightened. It was hard for him to feel himself worsted.

"But I've got to get them off to-night! They must be delivered in New York to-morrow morning," he reiterated.

The official shrugged his shoulders as he turned away.

"Can't be done," he said, tersely.

Sydney's eyes had gone from one face to the

other during the brief exchange of words. His pulses leaped with new fear. His uncle looked at him as though aware of his presence for the first time.

"You'd better get back, Syd," he said, quietly. "Tell your aunt that I sha'n't be home to-night; that I have to go to New York." He drew out his watch. "I'll telephone her," he added. "I've got time enough." Then he laid his hand kindly

Those Dirty Little Fingers

FROM the moment he could stand alone and toddle

Across the bedroom floor from chair to chair,

There was never any respite for his mother;

He was getting into mischief everywhere. There were somersaults distracting down the stairway,

And tumbles off the sofa, to be sure,

And the bumps he got were quite terrific,

But none a mother's kisses couldn't cure. He'd a most plebian fondness for the kitchen,

Whose precincts were his favorite retreat, And the coal-hod held for him a fascination,



For he seemed to think its contents good to eat.

But the thing that caused his mother's greatest worry,

And made her ply her house cloth o'er and o'er,

Was his subsequent invasion of the parlor, With his grimy little fingers on the door. How the whiteness of the paint was desecrated

By those dirty little digits every day! Though his weary mother wept and begged and scolded,

He pursued the even tenor of his way. It was evident that he was only happy

When his fingers held their share, and more, of dirt;

And the only thing he loathed was soap and water,

And O my little fellow! how that hurt!

—T. A. Daly.

on the boy's shoulder. "Good night, my lad. Take care of Aunt Grace and grandma until I get back!"

It seemed to Sydney that the stab which went through him then must leave a scar to the end of his life. He felt like throwing himself at his uncle's feet and crying out that all this trouble was due to his carelessness. But he turned away dumbly, feeling unworthy in his shiftless irresponsibility to look into the steady eyes of this strong, self-reliant man.

The swiftness, the ease, with which the occurrences of the last hour had taken place, had

dovetailed into each other, appalled him. The impossibility of checking a certain sequence of events, once it had been set in motion, struck him like a blow. Every link in the chain passed before his mind, from his own laxity about his wheel to this—that the man who had taken a father's place to him had to incur the discomfort and expense of this journey after a tiring day, instead of returning to home and rest.

Something Mr. Carter had said the evening before came back to his mind now with force.

"It is not intentional wrong-doing which causes so many disasters," he had remarked, looking up from his paper. "It is negligence."

Negligence! The word seemed to scorch Sydney's brain. Why, the man who disregarded the orders of his superior and thereby endangered, if he did not lose, scores of lives, probably never foresaw what the end would be, never felt more reprehensible than he had. A yawning gulf seemed to open at the lad's feet as he saw, with sharp alarm, where this irresponsibility of his might lead if it gained further hold on him.

Then and there the easy-going side of Sydney Despard's character collided with something like adamant, struck bed-rock and fastened there, never again to cut loose into the shiftless way of letting things slide. The chances were too great. He could not afford to take them. He saw that what his weakness had set going, his uncle's strength had been unable to stop. It was as if a child, by touching a lever, might start a heavy train on a down-grade, which, once having gained impetus, no human power could check.

Mrs. Carter was standing in the center of the room when Sydney entered. Her face looked pale. Her lips were set tightly together. But one glance at the boy showed her that the events of the evening had done for him what she had been unable to do, and she knew that experience is a teacher whose lessons are imparted by some pretty hard knocks.

Sydney said not a word. Speech seemed inadequate just then. He passed up-stairs, and his aunt let him go in silence.

Three months later Mr. Carter looked up with an interrogatory smile, as his wife gave Sydney some directions about an errand.

"Syd seems to have changed his mode of assent," he remarked, when the boy had left the room. "He has abandoned 'All right,' in favor of 'I will.'"

"That dates from the night you went to New York with those bonds," his wife replied. "And the best of it is that the new phrase is a guarantee."

"Of what?"

"Promptness," Mrs. Carter said, smiling.—*Mary L. Cummins, in Young People's Weekly.*

Aunt Fanny's Way; or Making the Most of It

"How do you do it, auntie?—make things all seem so different the moment you enter the house, and so easy!" And Annie Clifford slipped her slender fingers into the palm of her aunt as she lay among the cushions upon the sofa.

Annie was not well, and the gentle ways of

her aunt touched her even more than they touched the rest of the household. Yet all were more or less cognizant of the fact that when Aunt Fanny entered the home, there was a change. The drapery at the window was somehow made to hang in more graceful folds, the blooming plants, stripped of their dead leaves, looked brighter and thriftier, and the dining-table seemed suddenly to acquire more roomy dimensions; while things that had appeared hard and wearisome to the others of the household, dwarfed to mole-hills.

Again Annie said, "How do you do it, auntie?"

The one addressed laughed—a laugh that was hardly more than a smile, yet it lighted the whole face.

"Make things easy?" she said. "I'll tell you, dear. It is keeping the road clear of the little things."

"But it is no small matter, auntie, to make the days so beautiful," said the sick girl. "Every one notices it, even Jack, and his voice is lower when you are here."

Aunt Fanny stooped and kissed the pale face of her niece, and said: "The great aim of my life, dear, is to make each moment worth living. If I can do that, the days will hold no sting in after years."

And Annie, watching the flickering shadows on the lace curtains near, wondered how any one could think the little things of daily life not worth looking after.

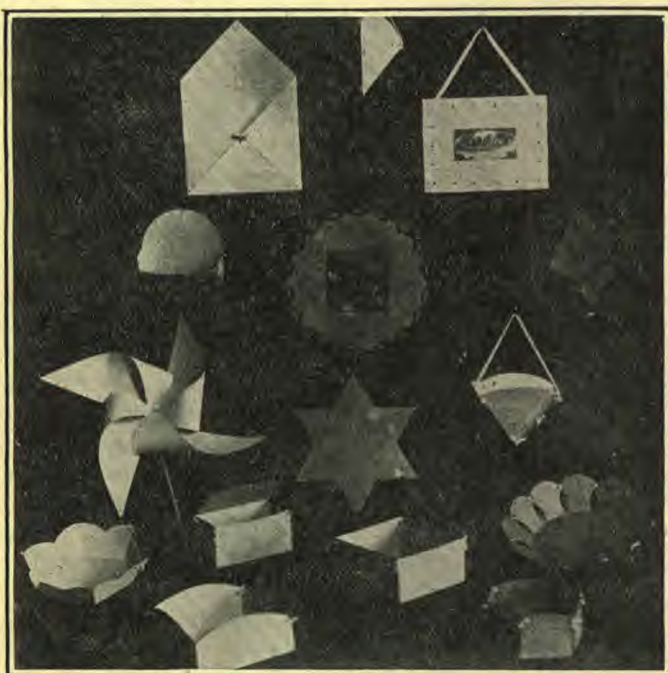
"I'll take her sweet way of doing for my way, when I get up," she murmured. And then a voice seemed to say to her, "Don't wait—make her way your way now."

And somehow the pain she was bearing seemed to grow less, and a look of patience filled the blue eyes. But when again her auntie was bending over her, she said: "I'll do my best, auntie, to make your way my way—have each moment worth the living."

For answer the aunt laid a soft kiss upon the young girl's brow, but later she added: "It is the only way to live—putting our best into each moment as it comes."—*Belle Kellogg Towne.*

Articles for the Work-Table

THE accompanying illustration gives just a hint of some of the interesting studies Mrs.



Long, who wrote the articles on Basketry, is going to give the INSTRUCTOR readers. There will be a series of articles on Paper Sloyd. These will be of special interest to the younger readers; then there will be a series on Raffia work for the older ones. These articles are of exceptional merit. Their simplicity, definiteness, and careful attention to details make it possible for those who follow their directions to secure excellent

results. They are of educational value, and may, if properly used, be made of financial value to those who make the articles described.

HUNDREDS of stars in the lovely sky,
 Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
 Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
 Hundreds of flowers in the sunny weather,
 Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
 Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
 Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
 But only one mother the wide world over.
 —Selected.

Science Stories

The International Date-Line

As I write these lines, it is about 11 P. M., Tuesday night, Aug. 15, 1905. Our boat, the steamship "Tartar," is skirting close under the long line of Aleutian Islands, many of which have been visible to us to-day; and we are within a very short distance of the one hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude, which fixes what is called "the international date-line." It is called the "date-line" because it marks the beginning as well as the ending of the twenty-four-hour period called "a day;" and it is termed "international" because all nations have by common consent agreed to recognize it as the most rational and convenient geographical place at which to count the beginning and the closing of the day.

By reference to the accompanying diagram or any map of the Pacific Ocean on which this line is indicated, it will be seen that it does not coincide at all points with the one hundred and eightieth meridian. It is in a sense flexible, and at certain points where the meridian crosses islands and projections of the mainland, as that point of Siberia just opposite Alaska, the date-line is made to bend either east or west in such a way as to clear all lands, and thus any confusion that might arise from this seemingly arbitrary and strange, but perfectly natural division of time is entirely avoided.

Before midnight our vessel will have passed this line; and we have been assured by the officers of the ship that although we go to bed to-night on the fifteenth, we shall surely awake to-morrow and find it Thursday, the seventeenth. This does indeed look like losing time, to thus count out a whole day. Why is it so? What has become of the day Wednesday, the sixteenth? Surely we have not slept it away, nor has it been lost inadvertently, because all the passengers have been very lively owing to the unusually smooth sailing thus far. Why, then, this loss of an entire day?

Since leaving Chicago I have not adjusted my watch, which now points to five o'clock, while the steamer's, or local, time is about 11 P. M. My watch is six hours faster than the ship's time. But on what day of the week and month is it 5 A. M. by my watch, or Chicago time? Obviously it is Wednesday morning, August 16. This is demonstrated by the fact that in traveling westward one must set back his watch approxi-

mately one hour for every thousand miles, owing to the fact that the watch has actually gained that much time by moving with the sun. Imagine now I had traveled from London, England. My watch would indicate a difference of twelve hours, and instead of 5 A. M. it would be 11 A. M., Wednesday, by my watch. Conceive again that I had traveled from some point just west of the date-line; my watch would in that case differ from the ship's time by twenty-four hours, that is, my timepiece, which has been allowed to go on without reference to my onward progress with the sun, would now indicate 11 P. M., Wednesday, August 16. It is very evident in this latter case that by my watch one hour more would mark the beginning of Thursday, the seventeenth, which represents the actual facts; whereas, if I had, as travelers do, adjusted my watch as in my forward progress westward it should have been to correspond with the sun, I should now find my watch at 11 P. M., Tuesday night, and so actually twenty-four hours behind as the sun begins the new day at the date-line Thursday, at midnight to-night.

To make this still more plain, imagine an air-ship, traveling at the uniform speed of one thousand miles an hour, starts at sunrise Tuesday morning, August 15, and goes westward on the line of the equator for twenty-four hours. It is obvious that it would be sunrise to the man traveling thus all the twenty-four-hour period spent in making the trip around the globe. His watch has measured the actual time consumed in making the distance, which, according to the supposition, is twenty-four hours; and so, as he reaches the point of departure, it is 6 A. M. and still sunrise, but manifestly the sunrise of Wednesday morning, August 16. Although he has witnessed neither noon nor night during that twenty-four-hour ride, he must, nevertheless realize at once that the sun has in his own appointed and orderly way wrought all these changes, and the man must count out or count ahead one whole day. All this is very plain, and the mind readily assents to all these propositions and conclusions.

The converse of this is equally true. Let us suppose the air-ship, sailing at the same uniform speed, starts from a point on the equator just east of the date-line at noon, August 15, and goes straight east for twenty-four hours. The ship and the sun, traveling in opposite directions, will after six hours be at exact antipodes, and the man in the air-ship will find that it is midnight, though his watch stands at 6 P. M. Again, six hours later and the two will be together once more, making it noon, although the ship has traveled only twelve hours, and the same is true of the sun. After traveling twenty-four hours, the man has actually had two nights and two days, but each night as well as each day was just twelve hours in duration. Thus it is seen that when the ship returns to the starting-point, it is noon, and because of the fact of having traveled away from the sun the man must count it the sixteenth of August despite the fact that he has in a sense had two days, although both together amount in actual hours to one whole day of twenty-four hours. The first of these two short days is the sixteenth of August, Wednesday, and the second day, according to marine phraseology, is called "antipodes day."

In closing this article it need hardly be said that the illustration set forth by this fictitious air-ship actually represents all the facts involved in the movements of any real ship.

J. N. ANDERSON.

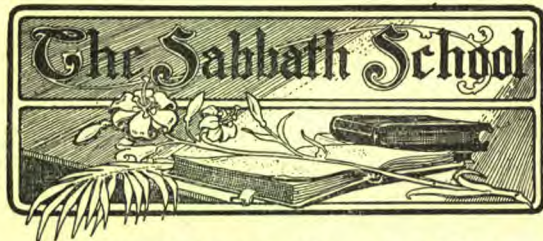


If You Are Wise

If you are wise, these blessings
 You will ask for, day by day:
 A good, clean heart in a body pure,
 And to do God's will, always;
 A conscience clear, and a mind sincere;
 To work, and always try
 To garner wealth in the form of health;
 To be honored, ere you die.

'Tis right to seek for honor
 In legitimate, good ways;
 God surely loves to bless one
 At the closing of his days;
 But honor, true, let me whisper you,
 Lies not in hoarding pelf.
 It lies in deeds that spring from seeds
 By being good yourself.

— Benjamin Keech, in *Ram's Horn*.

**INTERMEDIATE LESSON****XII—Parable of the Two Sons and the Wicked Husbandmen**

(December 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 21:18-46.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." Verse 44.

"And he left them, and went out of the city into Bethany; and he lodged there. Now in the morning as he returned into the city, he hungered. And when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever. And presently the fig tree withered away. And when the disciples saw it, they marvelled, saying, How soon is the fig tree withered away! Jesus answered and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done. And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

"And when he was come into the temple, the chief priests and the elders of the people came unto him as he was teaching, and said, By what authority doest thou these things? and who gave thee this authority? And Jesus answered and said unto them, I also will ask you one thing, which if ye tell me, I in like wise will tell you by what authority I do these things. The baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven, or of men? And they reasoned with themselves, saying, If we shall say, From heaven; he will say unto us, Why did ye not then believe him? But if we shall say, Of men; we fear the people; for all hold John as a prophet. And they answered Jesus, and said, We can not tell. And he said unto them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.

"But what think ye? A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not: but afterward he repented, and went. And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir: and went not. Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you. For John came unto you in the way of righteousness, and ye believed him not: but the publicans and the harlots believed him: and ye, when ye had seen it, repented not afterward, that ye might believe him.

"Hear another parable: There was a certain householder, which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine-press in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country: and when the time of the fruit drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, that they might receive the fruits of it. And the husbandmen took his servants, and beat one, and killed another, and stoned another. Again, he sent other servants more than the first: and they did unto them likewise. But last of all he sent unto them his son, saying, They will reverence my son. But when the husbandmen saw the son, they said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance. And they caught him, and cast him out of the vineyard, and slew him. When the lord therefore of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto those husbandmen?

"They say unto him, He will miserably destroy those wicked men, and will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render him the fruits in their seasons.

"Jesus saith unto them, Did ye never read in the Scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner: this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes? Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof. And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder. And when the chief priests and Pharisees had heard his parables, they perceived that he spake of them. But when they sought to lay hands on him, they feared the multitude, because they took him for a prophet."

Questions

1. To what place did Jesus go at night? Who lived at Bethany? In the morning as he went into the city, what did he see? What led Jesus to think he would find fruit on the fig tree? How was he disappointed? What curse did he then pronounce upon it?

2. What did the disciples say when they saw the fig tree withered away? What people who made a great profession of righteousness, but who failed to bring forth the good fruits of the Spirit, were like this fig tree? By causing this tree to wither away, what lesson did Jesus wish to teach his disciples?

3. What did he say to encourage their faith? What precious promise was repeated to them at this time?

4. Who came to Jesus when he had again entered the temple? What did they ask him? How did Jesus reply? What question did he ask them? What is the true answer to this question? Why would these men not give it?

5. What answer did the chief priests finally give? What was this answer?—A lie. What parable did Jesus now speak to these men? In this parable what did a certain man ask one of his sons to do? What did the son say? What did he afterward do?

6. What request did the man also make of his second son? What did this son say? Afterward, what did he do? When Jesus had spoken these words, what question did he ask the chief priests? How did they answer?

7. In the parable of the Two Sons who were represented by the son who professed to do his father's will but did it not? In this answer, therefore, whom did the chief priests condemn? Whom did Jesus now say would go into the kingdom of God before them?

8. What further parable was spoken to these men?—The parable of the Vineyard. Who planted this vineyard? How did he protect it? Where did he go? Who was left in charge of the vineyard?

9. When the time came to gather fruit, whom did the householder send to the husbandmen?

How were these servants received? When other servants were sent, how were they treated? At last who was sent? What did the householder say?

10. How was the son received? What was finally done to him? At this point in the parable, what searching question did Jesus ask the chief priests? What answer did they give? Of what did Jesus then remind them? What was to be the result of their rejection of Jesus?

11. As the chief priests and Pharisees heard these parables, what did they perceive? In their anger and hatred, what did they wish to do? How were they held back from harming Jesus?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON**XII—A Glimpse into the Near Future**

(December 23)

MEMORY VERSE: "He shall dwell on high: his place of defense shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." Isa. 33:16.

Questions

1. What two errors are being taught in the last days? Gen. 3:4; Rev. 13:14; note 1.

2. What will be accomplished by the first? By the second? What will thus be formed? Note 2.

3. How will the Lord provide for his people during that time? Isa. 33:16.

4. How may we know when to leave the cities? Note 3.

5. What example have we of such an experience in the past? Luke 21:20, 21; note 4.

6. What should be the attitude of God's people all the time? Luke 12:35, 36.

7. What promise is made to God's people for the time of persecution? Ps. 91:1-11.

8. Why is the Lord so gracious to his people at this time? Rev. 3:10.

9. What is closely linked with the keeping of his patience? Rev. 14:12.

10. What will be the experience of the wicked when God delivers his people? Ps. 11:6.

11. Will the reversals of the positions of Haman and Mordecai be repeated in the experience of the righteous and the wicked in the last days?

12. What honor was bestowed upon Mordecai? Esther 10:2, 3.

13. What honor will be bestowed upon the faithful of the last generation? Rev. 14:4; 7:15.

Notes

1. "Through two great errors—the immortality of the soul, and Sunday sacredness—Satan will bring the people under his deceptions. While the former lays the foundation of spiritualism, the latter creates a bond of sympathy with Rome."—*Great Controversy*, page 588.

2. "The Protestants of the United States will be foremost in stretching their hands across the gulf to grasp the hand of spiritualism; they will reach over the abyss to clasp hands with the Roman power, and under the influence of this threefold union, this country will follow in the steps of Rome, in trampling on the rights of conscience."—*Id.*

3. "As the decree issued by the various rulers of Christendom against commandment-keepers shall withdraw the protection of government, and abandon them to those who desire their destruction, the people of God will flee from the cities and villages, and associate together in companies, dwelling in the most desolate and solitary places."—*Id.*, pages 625, 626. Also read "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, pages 464, 465.

4. "The time is not far distant when, like the early disciples, we shall be forced to seek a refuge in desolate and solitary places."—*Id.*, page 464.



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

THE article on "Christian Courtesy," by Dr. Talmage, strongly and beautifully sets forth the graciousness of this pearl of character. It is worth reading.

LIVES that are "full of sweetness" leave a fragrance wherever they go, which says, I have been near Christ. And thus Christ's life is echoed and re-echoed by all coming under its influence.

SOJOURNER TRUTH once said: "God has been so good to women, giving them the sewing-machine, that they might have more time to glorify him, and they have used it to make rag-tags to put on themselves."

"IN East Indian schools mental arithmetic is treated much more seriously than it is in the schools of this country. Catch questions are numerous; pupils of ten years know the multiplication table up to forty times forty."

"Do not crave opportunities to exercise virtues, but crave the possession of them. If you possess them, you will use them when occasion requires; if you do not possess them, the occasion for their use will simply demonstrate your weakness."

OUR young people will want to put Elder Haskell's new book, "Seer of Patmos," on their list to be read during the coming winter evenings. Its companion, "Story of Daniel," is an exceedingly interesting as well as profitable book to read.

CRUMBS of bread were used for erasers before Dr. Priestly suggested that rubber might be used. At that time, however, a cube of half an inch sold for \$1.50; so, though the doctor spoke truly, such erasers would have been necessarily too expensive for common use.

SURELY there is no reason why every boy and girl as well as older people should not have a generous sum for the annual offering. One of our INSTRUCTOR readers, a boy of twelve years, has been canvassing for "Cobblestones." He says it sells well, and his orders for one week amounted to nearly seven dollars.

ONLY about three quarters of a century has elapsed since the invention of the stove. Dr. Franklin has the honor of first giving the idea to the world. The popularity of the stove is well attested by the fact that now there are in use for cooking and warming between eighty and ninety thousand different kinds. One firm in Chicago keeps in stock for repairs the parts of eighty thousand kinds of stoves.

The Youth's Instructor for 1906

THE following is a partial outline of some of the articles to appear in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR during the year 1906. Our readers have borne appreciative testimony concerning the INSTRUCTOR's helpfulness, and its steady improvement for the past year, yet we hope to greatly improve it in matter and illustrations during the coming year. It is not possible to make a complete announcement of all the good things the paper will contain during the year, but we present herewith enough to tempt the literary appetite of any young person who likes to read.

First Aid to the Injured

This series will consist of choice selections from a series published in a popular magazine, under the following topics: Drowning, Burns, Poisons, Sun-strokes, Wounds, and Hemorrhages.

"Mike Robe"

whose articles already published in the INSTRUCTOR were so much enjoyed, will furnish another series containing valuable instruction on the danger of microbes. They will be helpful to young and old in the prevention of contagious diseases and the general care of the health.

Birds and Animals as Teachers

A series of articles in story form. Practical lessons are drawn from the lives of birds and animals, from observations made by an eye-witness.

Lessons for Young People's Societies

These lessons have been carefully prepared by those competent to present topics most suitable for the study of young people, and our readers will find them of unusual value and importance.

Work in Every Country

The series to be published under the above general title will be filled with matter of special interest to every young person who is in any way interested in, or connected with, the spread of the gospel message for this time.

Photography

Every boy and girl, as well as every young man and woman, will be especially interested in, and profited by, this series of lessons on Photography. The lessons will be prepared by a practical photographer, and will be presented in a way that will be instructive to all.

Experiences of a Missionary

All young people are naturally interested in true stories of personal experiences, especially those of missionaries. The INSTRUCTOR has collected a large number of these experiences, and will publish them under the title of "Experiences of a Missionary."

History

The historical features of the INSTRUCTOR for 1906 will also be of special interest. In addition to its usual volume, there will be a series of articles on—

Mexico

treated under the following subdivisions: Mexico before the Conquest; The Spanish Conquest; Mexico under the Viceroy; Independence of Mexico; Modern Mexico, etc.

Biography

Biography is always interesting and instructive. The youth can be taught more through it in the appliance of the principles to the every-day duties of life than by any other study. During the year 1906 the INSTRUCTOR will contain a large series of articles on the lives of missionaries, which will be thrilling and highly instructive.

Points of Our Faith

Elder Roy F. Cottrell, who has the happy faculty of presenting Bible truths simply yet forcibly, will furnish this series.

A. W. Spaulding has prepared a series embracing—

Popular Music Versus Sacred Music; In Alliance With the Hoe; Aqua, Your Servant; Vocal Gymnastics, etc.

Elder R. C. Porter, president of the Missouri Conference, will contribute a series on the—

Principles Underlying the Presentation of Our Message

Mrs. Emma Long, a Boston graduate and very successful teacher, has in preparation a series of lessons on—

Paper Sloyd for Children, and Raffia for Adult People

This Paper Work is designed for our younger readers, and the necessary material for the course will cost but a few cents. Raffia work is very popular just now, and ladies' hats made by this process sell at from ten dollars to twenty-five dollars. Mrs. Long will give full instruction in this process.

Miss Fannie Dickerson, the editor, will present to the readers an interesting account of—

How Pictures Are Made for the Instructor

This series will contain much information on photographing, electrotyping, photoengraving, printing, etc.

Mrs. E. G. White will be a regular contributor to the journal during the coming year, and will provide a series of articles especially adapted to the needs of the youth. All who are acquainted with her writings will need no words of commendation from the publishers.

In addition to the many other good things the INSTRUCTOR will contain during the year, there will be instructive editorials on the current topics of the day, especially adapted to INSTRUCTOR readers. Be sure to renew promptly if your subscription expires soon.

Youth's Instructor

Washington, D. C.