

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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How the New Testament Entered Japan

IN a recently published book, "All About Japan," by Belle M. Brain, we find retold the interesting story of the way in which the Scriptures first found their way into Japan. This is an instance in which "fact is stranger than fiction," because if we read of this merely as fiction, we should say it was the most improbable thing that could have happened. Yet it is all true, and the late Dr. William Wright, editorial superintendent of the Bible Society, himself verified the details when he was in Japan. It happened in this way:—

In 1854 the British fleet anchored in the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki, in the south of Japan. This was four years before the ratification of the treaty of commerce, in virtue of which English ships are free to visit certain ports in the hitherto secluded empire. English statesmen were then pressing the treaty on Japan, and the arrival of war-ships while negotiations were still in progress created a great stir in Nagasaki. Japanese troops were poured into the town in great force, to prevent a British landing—which had never been intended.

The soldiers were under the command of a distinguished general named Wakasa, who traced his descent from a noble family; and his business was to prevent—if necessary, by force of arms—any communication between the foreign fleet and the Japanese people. In the discharge of his duty, the commander-in-chief was accustomed to sail round the harbor in a swift boat, to see that the British were holding no intercourse with his people.

One day as he was going the rounds of the harbor, he found a little book floating on the water. Such queer printing as it had, and such odd binding! It surely was a book, yet Japanese books did not look at all like that.

"I must find out what it is," Wakasa said, as he turned its pages curiously. It was an English New Testament, but not for a long time did he learn this. A Dutch interpreter gave him the information, and added that it was a good book, which told of God and of Christ.

"When the English fleet sailed away, Wakasa went back home to Saga. But somehow he could not forget the little book. At last he sent one of his men secretly to Nagasaki, to find out more about it from the Dutch interpreter.

"You can get a copy of it in Chinese at Shanghai," he was told.

"So Wakasa sent at once to Shanghai; for, like all high-class Japanese, he could read anything printed in Chinese. When the book came, Wakasa and his friends began to study it.

"Eight long years they pored over it alone, trying to understand it. Then, one day, Wakasa said to his young brother, Ayabe, 'I want you to go to Nagasaki and ask the foreign teachers what these things mean.'

"At Nagasaki, Ayabe found Dr. Verbeck, an American missionary, and with another young Japanese, formed a little Bible class of two, the first this great missionary ever taught in Japan.

"After a while Ayabe had to go away to take a government position. Then Wakasa sent Montono, one of his men, back and forth carrying questions to Dr. Verbeck, and bringing his answers back again. It was a long way from Saga to Nagasaki, two hundred miles or more, yet for almost three years the Bible class was kept up in this strange way.

"Early in 1866 Dr. Verbeck received a letter from Wakasa. 'I am coming to hang myself in your honorable eyelids,' it said in quaint Japanese phrase.

"On May 14 he arrived, bringing with him his two sons, his brother Ayabe, his friend Montono, and quite a large train of followers.

"After talking with them long and earnestly, Dr. Verbeck felt sure that Wakasa, Ayabe, and Montono were true Christians. So on Sunday evening, May 20, he baptized them. After the service, Wakasa told the story of the Book he had found in Nagasaki harbor.

"You can imagine how the missionaries rejoiced over these converts. They had been in Japan seven long years, yet up to this time only one man had become a Christian. This was Yano Riyu, who was baptized in Yokohama in 1864, and died soon after.

"But now these three men of high rank had come, confessing Christ! It seemed almost too good to be true.

"When Wakasa and his friends returned to Saga, they bravely confessed what they had done, though they knew it might cost them their lives. The government declared that they must be punished according to law, but I am glad to tell you that nothing was ever done to them, except to burn some of their books.

"Wakasa died in 1872, but he had lived so faithfully that in 1880 his daughter and her servant went to Nagasaki to be baptized. Through the work of this servant, a church was afterward started in Saga.

"A few years later, Wakasa's granddaughter became a Christian, and in 1890 his grandson entered the Christian college known as the Doshisha, in Kyoto. He brought with him, as a present to the school, a large English Bible that had been given to his grandfather thirty years before.

"Do you not think it very wonderful that such great results should come from one little Testament found floating on the water?

"If you will take your Bibles, and turn to the tenth and eleventh verses of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, you will find a great promise of God that was fulfilled at this time."—*Selected.*

"Be Sure Your Sins Will Find You Out"

THE children of Israel had been wandering in the wilderness for almost forty years; and now they are about to cross over the Jordan and inherit the promised land. Victories over the

Amorites and other heathen tribes to the east of Jordan had placed in the hands of Israel rich pasture lands; and two of the tribes, Reuben and Gad, who owned large flocks and herds, had come to Moses, desiring this country as their possession. Their request was granted upon condition that they assist the other tribes in securing their inheritance on the other side of the river. Then Moses charged them, "But if ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord: and be sure your sin will find you out."

This statement contains a great and eternal truth. Sin is a terrible thing, and no one can tamper with it without suffering the penalty. This law holds everywhere in the universe. "Lucifer, son of the morning," "the covering cherub," the being next in position and authority to the Son of God, first placed this principle on trial. His desire for supremacy led him to intrigue against the government of heaven. "He worked with mysterious secrecy, and for a time concealed his real purpose under an appearance of reverence for God." He "artfully presented his side of the question, employing sophistry and fraud to secure his objects." Even the deceiver himself did not at first discern his own feelings, nor see whither he was drifting; but ere he was aware, his course of action was *found out*, the celestial harmony was broken, the discord soon grew into open rebellion, and Satan with his host of followers was cast out of heaven.

But the controversy between Christ and Satan, good and evil, truth and falsehood, has continued; and while a few in all ages have followed the true pattern, every person (except Christ) at some time in his experience has been led into sin by the father of lies. As Eve stood looking at the tree of knowledge of good and evil, she wondered how the fruit would taste, and finally made up her mind to try it. It was such a little thing, but that little was sin; the sin found her out, and her eyes were truly "opened" to view all the woe, crime, and suffering which that act of disobedience brought upon the human race.

When Cain killed his brother he sought in every way to conceal the matter; but his brother's blood cried unto God from the ground. His crime was *found out*, a mark was set upon him, and from that day onward he was a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth. Moses hid the body of the Egyptian whom he had slain in the sand, hoping thereby to bury his act forever. But the whole matter was soon *found out*; he was obliged to flee to the wilderness, and for the next forty years we find him a shepherd in Midian.

When Jericho was taken, Achan coveted "among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold." These he hid in the earth under his tent, and the theft was known only to his family. Soon after, Joshua sent a small army up to Ai, but the men of that place defeated the Israelites. An exceeding bitter cry arose from Joshua and the elders as they lay prostrate upon the earth before the ark, but the Lord said, "Get thee up; . . . there is an accursed thing in the midst of thee." On the morrow lots were cast, and out of the thousands of Israel, Achan was the man

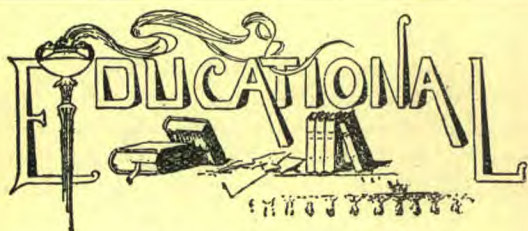
upon whom the lot fell. *Found out!* Gehazi thought by deception to obtain for himself the gifts of Naaman, but when he was questioned by Elisha in the matter and tried to clear himself, the Lord placed upon him the loathsome disease from which Naaman had just been cleansed,—the leprosy.

In the days of the apostles, Ananias and Sapphira sold their possession and brought a part of the money to Peter, with the statement that the amount represented the entire price of the property. They were not, however, simply dealing with the church officers, but with the Holy Ghost. Death came speedily, and their sin was *found out*.

Thus it ever has been; thus it will always be. Every thought and act is known to Him with whom we have to do. We may congratulate ourselves that in some way we have covered our wrong-doings so carefully that they will never be brought to light. Terrible mistake! Fatal delusion! "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." 1 Cor. 3:13. "For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops."

"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

R. F. COTTRELL.



A Day in Mammoth Cave

WHEN a child in my Ohio home, I read a description of Mammoth Cave, which greatly interested me, and made me strongly wish to see this great cavern; and that childish desire the One who I believe overrules in our pleasures as well as in our sorrows has recently seen fit to gratify.

The opportunity was thoroughly appreciated, because of its educational value, and also for the pleasure of seeing God's works in nature. June twenty I joined an excursion party of one hundred normal school students and teachers. We left Bowling Green at six o'clock for the cave, thirty miles northwest, and arrived at the cave about nine o'clock. We found the morning parties already crowding about the hotel office for their tickets, and scrambling for the cave suits. I had no need of the latter, having worn a short, plain dress skirt, and taken a woolen waist with me; so after donning it and procuring my ticket, I tied a veil about my head, and hastened down the hill to the cave, one-fourth mile from the hotel. A short-route party of eighty had entered at nine o'clock, and another of forty-five, and a long-route party of forty were waiting to enter. An odd sight they presented in their cave costumes of coarse gray wool knickerbockers and waists for the women, and blue overall trousers and coats for the men. The unusual demand had caused the suits to run short, and many were clothed in any old garments they could find, not being very careful to obey the Scriptural injunction not to wear that which pertains to the other sex. Old hats, caps, handkerchiefs, and towels were the head coverings. Amateur photographers were busy taking kodak pictures of especially funny-looking groups. Some of the students were dressed in their blue wool gymnasium suits, and white caps, and looked very neat.

The long-route party entered at half-past nine. Another half-hour's wait to let them get nicely started, and then the short-route party which I

joined was called for. The long route, also called the River Route, is sixteen and one-half miles, round trip, and the short route, or the Route of Pits and Domes, seven and one-half miles. I was told that the latter was the more interesting, and that the chief attraction of the long route is Echo River with its resounding walls and eyeless fish. Having no desire to cross the river, which one must do on that route, and fearing I should not be equal to even the short route, I chose it in preference to the other. While waiting, I had enjoyed the attractive surroundings, so different from what I had imagined the cave entrance would be. None of the pictures I have seen do it justice, as they all make it appear like a hole in the level ground; while it is in reality at the foot of a hill sloping back above it, and another sloping down to it at the left, both covered with large rocks and forest trees. The natural woods surround it, except a cleared space in front. A large flat rock, about twenty feet square, part of which shows in most pictures of the entrance, is at the end of the wide path leading from the hotel to the cave, and forms a natural platform from which several steps lead to the lower surface directly in front of the entrance.

The entrance itself is forty feet high, and wide and arched at the top. Overhanging ferns and vines beautify it in nature's own way; and a little spring about six inches wide, issuing from a rift in the rock just above the middle of the arched top, falls to the rocks below, where a cup is placed for those who are willing to risk a shower-bath to catch a drink in it. An iron railing for safety, guards the front and right side of the entrance, and at the right side a flight of about seventy stone steps descends to the floor, while the grassy bank slopes down alongside the stairway. While leaning against the iron rail at the top, I noticed the strong current of cool air from the cave, which caused our breath to show white as on a frosty winter morning; and our woolen clothing with a light wrap felt very comfortable. The temperature of the cave is fifty-four degrees throughout the year. At the top of the stairway an agent received our tickets; and at the bottom our guide was waiting with the lights, which were something like kerosene lanterns without chimneys. Here we arranged in twos, the men carrying the lanterns. I was privileged to walk with the guide, and had pencil and tablet ready for all the information I could gain. Passing along the entrance hall about fifty yards, we find it walled across, except an iron gate in the middle, through which the wind comes with such force as to blow out some of our lights. A moment's pause to relight them and lock the gate, and now we are fairly started on our journey in underground darkness. The entrance hall is forty feet high and wide; but now we are in Hutchins' Narrows, where the walls are close and the ceiling low. Farther on the loose stones have been formed into compact walls on either side by the miners of nearly a century ago. Here our guide calls, "Halt! Attention!" and tells us something of the early history of the cave.

It is supposed to have been discovered in 1809 by Mr. Hutchins, a hunter, in pursuit of a wounded bear. The soil was found to be rich in niter, which led to the manufacture from it during the War of 1812 of saltpeter, one of the essential elements of gunpowder. It is claimed this war might have ended disastrously for us, had it not been for the abundant resources furnished by this and other American caverns, for the home manufacture of gunpowder. We can still see the ox-cart tracks made in transporting the "peter-dirt," as it was called by the negro miners, who carried it in sacks from the more inaccessible parts to the wagons which carried it to the vats inside the cave where it was leached. Along the way are the hollow wooden pipes used,—the upper one for carrying the water from the spring at the entrance to the leaching vats

farther on, and the lower one to carry the alkali solution outside, where it was boiled, then run through hoppers of wood ashes; for it was not pure saltpeter, but a nitrate of lime, which had to be changed to nitrate of potash by leaching it through wood ashes. It was then boiled again, and cooled in wooden troughs. Then the crystals of potassium nitrate were gathered out, packed and shipped. The yield was about four pounds to the bushel of dirt.

Continuing our journey, we find that the walls of the Narrows widen greatly, and the guide announces that we have reached the Rotunda, which he says is directly under the hotel dining-room. It is formed by the junction of two large avenues, and the ceiling is sixty feet high, and in winter is the home of thousands of bats. The avenue at the right is Audubon Avenue, named after the great naturalist. It contains the nearest and most beautiful stalactites in the cave, and has a large side branch and many interesting objects; but we continue our way along Main Avenue, and soon notice on each side piles of stones of different shapes, with cards, placards, and banners left to show that they are monuments set up by different States, orders, and individuals.

Here is Corkscrew Exit, a narrow, winding way which some long-route parties take to shorten their way to Echo River by one and one-half miles. Kentucky cliffs are on the right, and the Pigeon Boxes on the left. Soon we reach a still wider part, where is the large high flat rock called the Church Pulpit, and where services are occasionally held by hotel visitors. Here is also a Christmas tree, decorated with cotton and suitable accessories, which was placed here in 1883 by one of the owners of the cave. This great hall is formed by the branching off of another avenue. We next come to the second series of leaching vats. They are made of logs and are about ten feet square. Here are some more pipes, too. We notice that they and all the wood are almost entirely sound. Here we leave Main Avenue, and climb a broad flight of stairs to Gothic Avenue, one-half mile long. As we ascend, we learn that there are five levels, that we entered on the second, and now ascend to the third, and that Echo River is on the lowest. At the top of the stairs we enter Booth's Amphitheater, named after the famous actor, who once tested the acoustic properties of this hall. As we advance, we see that Gothic Avenue is not very high nor wide, and the floor is somewhat irregular, but the ceiling is almost as white and smooth as a plastered house, and is covered with names of people in smoked letters made by tallow candles. Memorial stones and monuments also are numerous. Prominent among them are Kentucky, New York, and Tennessee monuments. The hundreds of names everywhere give this part the name of Register Hall. Marring of the walls by the removal of stalactites is now forbidden. Passing by the names and monuments, we come to the stalactite formations, the first of which is called the Post-Oak Pillar. Then come the Catacombs, Pillars of Hercules (the largest group of stalactites in the cave), Pillard Castle, Gothic Chapel, Pompey and Caesar, the Wasps' Nests, the Elephants' Heads, Thanksgiving Turkey, Jenny Lind's Armchair, in which it is said she once sat and sang, and last of all, the Bridal Altar, a group of three large stalactites extending from ceiling to floor in such a way as to form a little chamber in their midst, in which fourteen couples have been married. Some of these names seem very appropriate, while others are not so.

These stalactites are all formed by the action of the water in bringing material from the limestone above and depositing it at the lower end. Many of the smaller ones are cone-shaped, and remind one of great icicles suspended from the ceiling. They form very slowly, of course, and but one in Gothic Avenue is still in process of formation. Gothic Avenue, as, indeed, most parts

of the cave, is quite dry. Just beyond the Bridal Altar is the end of this avenue; and we find ourselves on the brow of a steep hill over which projects a long, slender, pointed rock resembling a great cannon. Before us are large masses of broken rock, down which leads a narrow path to many wonders below, some of them directly under Gothic Avenue, and among which are the Cooling Tub, Napoleon's Dome, Lake Purity, Annette's Dome, and Shaler's Brook, which plunges seventy feet into Lee's Cistern. Here, too, I am told, are blind beetles and snow-white blind leeches. We go no farther than the end of Gothic Avenue, and now return to Main Avenue, noticing anew Napoleon's Breastworks on the left,—masses of rocks closely resembling immense breastworks. Coming back into Main Avenue, we continue our journey. The walls and ceiling are high and yellowish white, and pictured on them in deposits of manganese oxid, are all sorts of rude objects, to which the fancy of the guides has given names; such as, the Hen and Chickens, the Lady's Face, and the Ant-Eater. Farther on are the Standing Rocks, fifteen or twenty feet square and two feet thick, which in falling from the ceiling sixty feet above, struck on their edge and remained in that position. Near by is the Giant's Coffin, the largest single rock in the cave, which fell but a little distance and lodged in its present position. It is forty-five feet long, fifteen wide, and eighteen high; and as we see it from below, it very closely resembles



ENTRANCE TO MAMMOTH CAVE

a casket. Soon after we pass it, we come to the Acute Angle, where Main Avenue makes a sharp turn to the left, and a little farther on in the immense hall are two stone cottages, perhaps twelve by fifteen feet square, which interest us much. They were built in 1842, and occupied by consumptives, under the advice of a physician who thought they would find a cure in the even, dry, cool, bracing atmosphere of the cave. Some of them occupied tents, and thirteen were here at once. The beneficial effects of sunlight were not so well known then as now, and it is perhaps needless to say that the patients all died in a short time. Rude stone tablets in a grove back of the hotel, still tell who they were, and where they were buried, though their remains were afterward removed. And now we come to Star Chamber, the end of the usual route. Here we find seats to rest awhile; and gladly taking them, we notice the avenue here is wider and higher; and the ceiling, entirely covered by the dark manganese dioxid, has been pierced thickly with snow crystals of gypsum, and looks like a strip of dark-blue sky thickly studded with stars, as seen from the street between the "sky-scrapers" of New York City.

Now the guide takes half our lanterns; and telling us to blow out all the rest, leaves us, disappearing in a narrow side passageway at the left. As his lights slowly recede, he suggests that "the sun is setting, then twilight falls, the stars come out, and a little comet is seen shooting across the mimic sky. A storm-cloud slowly overspreads it, and in a moment more we are in underground

darkness, in which we can't see our hand before our eyes." Some of us wish to know what cave stillness is like also; but the young folk of the party want to test the acoustic properties of the hall, and so sing "Old Kentucky Home." "A rooster crowing," some one exclaims; and sure enough! another crow tells us morning is coming; soon the dog barks, the pigs squeal, and the calves bawl for their breakfast. The whistling farm boy comes to feed them just as the sun lights up the eastern horizon. A moment more and it is in sight, when lo! the illusion is dispelled; and we see it is a bunch of lanterns in our guide's hand as he emerges from the opposite end of the side passageway. He enjoys our appreciation of his efforts to amuse and entertain us, and now, much rested, we return along Main Avenue, passing behind Giant's Coffin this time on our way to the Pits and Domes.

AMMY W. WELSH.

(To be continued)

"You Can't Miss It"

"WHEN I am trying to find my way around an unfamiliar city, do you think I consult a map or inquire of a policeman?" said the old major.

"Don't you?" I asked.

"No, sir, I just ask the people. I like to hear what they have to say. You can tell a great deal about their characters by the way they answer. For instance, I was down in Witchahousie the other day, and was trying to find the factory of my old friend Tom Mather. First, I asked a schoolboy.

"Do I know where the Knoxville furniture factory is?" said he, repeating my question, and looking up at me with his 'shining morning face.' 'Well, I should say! I am going right toward it. It's over yonder. Good-by. I've got to leave you here. Keep to the left; you can't miss it!'

"After stumbling along a while, I asked a man who was hurrying past me with his head ducked down in his chest as if he were wondering how he was going to pay a sixty-day note:—

"Know where the Knoxville Furniture Company is?—Of course. It's right over yonder. You're turned around. Go this way. You can't miss it," he replied.

"But I did, and had to ask a negro.

"What! Mather's factory? Why, Boss, I worked there ten years! Come out here in the middle of the road, and I'll show you. We can't quite see it, but there's a big chimney to it. You can't miss it.'

"And finally I asked an old switchman at a railroad crossing.

"What? Tom Mather's factory? It's right under your nose! Go two blocks. You can't miss it.'

"And yet I missed it every time but the last. Now you may think I'm stupid, and no doubt I am, but you see it's one thing for persons that have grown up in a town, and know all the principal places in it as well as they know their chairs at the table, to tell a stranger that he can't miss it, and it's quite another thing for him to get out and find it!"

"That's so," said I, as the old major paused.

"And more than that, child" (he called everybody "child"), "it's the same way in life. You take a young fellow who has never been out in the world, and it looks mighty confusing to him. He sees people 'forging ahead' and 'getting there,' 'hitting the mark,' and he asks them how they do it. 'Well,' they say, 'just go ahead. You can't miss it.' It seems so easy to them. But, bless you! think how many do miss it! I've seen crowds of them stumbling around like men blindfolded, sticking in the mud, falling in the fire, staggering into the traps, that I just can't help suffering. And say, do you know that I think the successful people ought to be a little more considerate? They ought to walk a block or two with these inexperienced youngsters. They ought to take them out in the middle of the road and point. What a beautiful thing it is to see some old fellow that's got rich, or had a picture hung in the Louvre, or written a book that's hit the hundred-thousand mark, sit down and tell some eager youngster all he knows about it! Now, you see, the trouble with me is that I never did hit the mark; there's no use in my trying to show them how to hit what I haven't hit myself."

Dear old major! There's one mark he has hit. It's a beautiful, happy Christian life. Seventy years old, with a heart as young as a boy's! Many is the young chap he has gone a block with toward the goal of manhood. Many's the time he has dropped all other business, and fairly "towed them into port." "Can't miss it!" he exclaims, "can't miss it! Why, sonny, they're a-missing it all around us, and a fearful thing it is! Yes, sir, a fearful thing to miss the joy and the beauty of a noble life! We must get in and help them, we old fellows. I've had pretty much all the happiness that's worth having, but the most lasting and the most satisfying is leading a wandering boy straight to the goal of life."—Charles Frederic Goss, in *The Sunday School Times*.

Suggestions for the Writer

INCORRECT

"I never congratulate *anybody*," she said, shaking her head, "till I know *them*."

NOTE.—The plural reference of "them" is incorrect, for the reason that "anybody" is singular.

"But my Aunt Trosville has some *relations*," etc.

NOTE.—"Relatives" is the preferred word when referring to one's kin.

He *only* fell to Mary's share in the old man's absence.

NOTE.—"Only" must immediately precede the word, phrase, or clause that it modifies.

He had *scarcely* finished his inspection, etc.

NOTE.—"Hardly" properly expresses degree; "scarcely," quantity.

He had known what it was to court a woman who was more than his equal *both in mind and body*.

NOTE.—The correlatives *both . . . and* should precede the same parts of speech.

It was not towards Mary Lyster, primarily, that he was moving, Elizabeth soon discovered: it was towards *herself*.

NOTE.—Incorrect use of the compound personal pronoun.—*Correct English*.

CORRECT

"I never congratulate *anybody*," she said, shaking her head, "till I know *him*."

"But my Aunt Trosville has some *relatives*," etc.

He fell to Mary's share *only* in the old man's absence.

He had *hardly* finished his inspection, etc.

He had known what it was to court a woman who was more than his equal *both in mind and in body*.

It was not towards Mary Lyster, primarily, that he was moving, Elizabeth soon discovered; it was towards *her*.



March Study of the Field

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading: Revelation 14.

OPENING REMARKS, by the leader.

"The Price of Victory" (*Review and Herald*, January 18).

FIELD STUDY:—

"A Forward Move in Japan" (*Review and Herald*, January 25).

"Widowhood in India" (*Review and Herald*, January 25).

"Progress in Turkey" (*Review and Herald*, January 18).

"Story of the China Mission Printing-press" (*Review and Herald*, January 11).

REPORTS: The Cook Islands; Our New Mission Station in Central Africa; Ecuador; Algeria; Kulangsu, China; Ceylon; Freetown, West Africa; Somabula and Solusi Missions, Central Africa; Cuba.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE:—

"Into Fields Abroad in 1905" (based on report in *Review and Herald*, January 11).

CLOSING EXERCISES:—

Prayer for the Workers Abroad.

Singing.

Notes

All the material for the March study will be found in the January issues of the *Review*. The program may be varied according to the size of the Society.

For the blackboard exercise, let some one point out on the map the different locations to which workers have gone during 1905. This will bring variety into the meeting, and at the same time it will bring out very vividly the fact that the truth, in spite of the dearth of means, is encircling the globe.

Note how many of these workers are to be supported by conferences, whose going would no doubt have been indefinitely delayed were it not for their liberality.

Such a report must give us renewed courage to take hold of the work during this year.

E. H.

South Woodstock (Maine) Young People's Society

For some time a plan to help our youth has been in my mind; and when we received a letter from Lilla Grant, our State Sabbath-school superintendent, with a copy of "Manual of Young People's Work," we brought the matter before the church in a Sabbath meeting, and invited an expression of those present. The interest manifested by both old and young was very encouraging, and after a few days spent in still further consideration, a meeting was appointed, and on New-year's night we met at the home of one of the brethren.

After earnestly seeking God's blessing, a committee for the nomination of officers was appointed, and seven said they desired to become active members. Then we discussed the line of study to be taken up in the meetings, and the program in the *INSTRUCTOR* was suggested. The sentiment prevailed that nothing could be better than this, but not a copy was coming to the church. Nothing daunted, we said our first work must be to secure some subscriptions, and we were very soon able to send in an order for thirteen

copies. While we were waiting for our papers, we had some Bible studies along the line of needful preparation for active work, that our own hearts might be right with God.

We had our first program from the *INSTRUCTOR* at the church, Sunday night, having decided that this was the best time and place. Although the church is nearly half a mile from any house, there was a good attendance of young people from the neighborhood. Not expecting this, some felt a little timid, but I am sure God helped us, and even the children who had some texts, or stanzas from a poem, did excellent work. We have also delighted the hearts of the juniors by gaining for them a weekly visit from the *Little Friend* for a year, and it comes straight to their homes in their own name.

We have done what we could by correspondence, remailing papers and tracts; and the giving of the weekly reports is an interesting part of each meeting. We have ordered a supply of Signs of the Times leaflets, and plan to place them in every family in our town. Each member has a special territory assigned, and we make it a point that all literature distributed must first be read, that any question asked may be readily answered. We shall leave about four leaflets in a family, then as many more, till they have had them all.

As the church had no missionary meetings, they asked to come to ours, and have aided us by their counsel as well as in donations to help purchase literature. We run our Society on the cash basis, order nothing till we can pay, for we want it to be a model to our youth as far as possible.

At every meeting we have had new members, and we now number sixteen active members, and a good class of juniors. At the close of our last meeting two or three boys of about fifteen asked if we would allow any to join who were not Christians. They were neighborhood boys, and I did not know just how to answer, but told them we would be glad to have them come, and gave them a membership card, telling them to take it home and see just how it read.

I had been perplexed over this question from the first, as there were some of our own youth who were interested, but could not be admitted as active members. We sought the Lord in the matter, and the thought came that such might be admitted as associate members. Much good has been accomplished by this plan in the Christian Endeavor Society, many of their active members coming from those first admitted as associate members. Elder Hersum was with us, and we counseled with him, and he thought it would increase the usefulness of the Society to do this. Then it was told us that one young man had said, "It does not seem quite fair to admit only Christians; it might do us some good if they would let us join." When such come and ask to be admitted, who shall say them "nay"?

Shall we not rather rejoice that in our first efforts God is sending in some whom we may help? We are glad that he has said to us, "This labor for the youth in our borders should be regarded as the highest kind of missionary work."

JENNIE R. BATES, *Leader*,
EVA HARLOW, *Secretary*.

Young People's Society of Mountain View, Missouri

We started our Society here in February, 1904, with a membership of fourteen. We held our meetings Sabbath afternoon in the church; but, after a time, most of the young people having moved into the same neighborhood, it was thought best to change the time and place of the meetings, holding them the evening after the Sabbath at different homes.

We have had a good attendance of the members, and frequently there are visitors present. Two of our members are teaching church-school

this winter; one has been canvassing, and one has been attending Union College.

Our missionary report for the year ending Dec. 30, 1905, is as follows:—

Pages of books loaned	1,775
Pages of tracts loaned	785
Pages given away	195
Missionary visits	29
Hours spent in Christian Help work	3
Letters written	1
Letters received	1

Our report is small, but it all counts in helping to give the gospel message to all the world in this generation.

HARVEY BURGESS,

President.

Foreign Missionaries

MANY foreign missionaries, feeling the needs of those in darkness, have gone out to help spread the gospel, with the unexpressed sentiment or hope that the "heathen" would be found waiting their coming with open arms, and minds prepared to receive the blessed news as soon as explained; and when they have found these people quite satisfied with their own ways, rather inclined to look upon the missionary as the one to be taught, not sensing their needs in any way; and when they have found them ungrateful and ever ready to take advantage, these same missionaries have lost their burden and returned to the home land. This is not the experience of one, but of many. It is well, therefore, for one to take all this into consideration before deciding to go to a foreign field.

The need is a reality, and the "vision" is true; in every land there are souls who are longing for the news we have to take to them; there are hearts which God has touched, and which are sending forth the Macedonian cry; but the missionaries will not find them at the docks awaiting their arrival. They may have to look long and diligently for them; they may have to "run to and fro in the streets of the city" many times before they will find the one who is seeking after truth.

They will not find it natural or easy to love these foreigners, whose customs and manners are so different, so contrary, that natural repugnance probably will be the first feeling toward them. The foreign missionary must love as Jesus loved; not because there is that in those whom he meets which will draw it out, but because that love is as a fountain ever flowing from within irrespective of those who receive its benefits. The foreign missionary feels, to some extent, more truly than others, perhaps, the sacrifice of Jesus, who left the place where he was understood and appreciated, to go to a people who "received him not." Though in motive and life so far lifted above those about him, he was ever questioned, criticized, and maligned by those in darkness. All this has ever been the lot of his true followers, to a greater or less extent, for "the disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his lord," but in no place is it more plainly sensed than with the foreign missionary.

This article is not intended to discourage any from entering the foreign missionary work; on the contrary, it is written with the prayer that more will seek that preparation which will lead them, and keep them, in the needy, destitute fields beyond. How needy they are only those can realize who have seen their destitution. Only the in-filling of the Spirit of God can prepare for this work.

It will take the sowing "in tears," before the "rejoicing" can be experienced. Let all who go to foreign fields, go prepared to shed the tears, sometimes long and copiously; let them go prepared to stand at the post of duty until the sowing is done; and then the reaping will come. O the reaping! we shall then enter the joy of Him who "shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.



The Melted Snowball

ONE day when the ground wore a mantle of white,
And children rejoiced in the glorious sight,
There strolled from a cottage a "wee" dainty miss,
Cunning and young enough for Jack Frost to kiss.

She danced like a fairy in innocent glee,
Like a bird long imprisoned, and newly set free.
She waded in snowdrifts, far softer than down,
Plunged head over heels, but with never a frown.

At last she grew tired of her innocent mirth,
And wandered back home to the glow of the hearth;
But clenched in her fists, was a big glistening ball
She tenderly carried, and feared to let fall.

"I've brought you, dear mama, this big fluffy ball,
As white as the plaster on our kitchen wall.
How kind of the angels up there in the sky
To open their windows and let it come nigh."

Thus spake the fair child to her mother so dear,
'Neath whose drooping eyelids there glistened a tear,
As she looked on the speaker with face aglow,
With heart quite as pure as the beautiful snow.

"Kind deeds," said the mother, with voice full of love,
"Are pure as the snowflakes from heaven above;
And like these clear drops from that fast melting ball,
They brighten and nourish wherever they fall."

A. G. RIDDOCH.

Jack's Queer Ways

EVERYBODY liked Jack. He was a pleasant, manly boy, about fourteen years old, a boy who was on friendly terms with the whole world.

His father was a physician, and his family lived in a small country town.

Of course Jack went to school. In the afternoon, when school was over, he always ran up to his mother's room to tell her, in his bright, boyish way, how the day had passed, and to see if she had any errands for him to do, always glad to help in any way he could. After this little chat with his mother, he would dash off into the yard to play, or to busy himself in some way. But he was never far away, ready to be called any moment, and generally where he could be seen from some of the many windows of the big, old-fashioned house.

At least this had always been his custom until the winter of which I am speaking. This winter Jack seemed to have fallen into queer ways.

He came home, to be sure, at the usual time, but, after the little visit with his mother, seemed to disappear entirely. For an hour and a half he positively could not be found. They could not see him, no matter which way they looked, and they could not even make him hear when they called.

This all seemed very strange, but he had always been a "trusty" boy, and his mother thought little of it at first. Still, as Jack continued to disappear, day after day, at the same hour, for weeks, she thought it best to speak to his father about it.

"How long does he stay out?" asked the doctor.

"Very often till the lamps are lighted," was the answer.

"Have you asked him where he goes?"

"Why, yes," the mother replied, "and that's the strangest part of it! He seems so confused, and doesn't answer directly, but tries to talk about something else. I can not understand it, but some way I do not believe he is doing wrong, for he looks right into my eyes, and doesn't act as if he had anything to be ashamed of."

"It is quite strange," said the doctor. Then he sat quiet for a long time. At last he said, "Well, little mother, I think we'll trust the lad a while longer, and say nothing more to him about it; though it is strange!"

Time passed on, and the mother looked anxious many an evening as she lighted the lamps and her boy was not yet home. And, when at last he did come in, flushed and tired, and said not a word as to how he had spent his afternoon, she wondered more than ever.

This kept up all winter. Toward spring the doctor was slowly driving home one day just at twilight, when, as he passed a poor, forlorn cottage, he heard a rap on the window.

He stopped his horse at once, got out of his gig, and walked to the door. He knocked, but no one opened; only a voice called, "Come in!"

He entered the shabby room, and found a poor old woman sick, lying on a miserable bed. The room was bare and cheerless, except for the bright fire burning in the small stove, beside which lay a neat pile of wood. The doctor did what he could to ease the poor woman's sufferings, and then asked who lived with her to take care of her.

"Not a soul," she said. "I'm all alone. I haven't chick nor child in all the wide world!"

The doctor looked at the wood near the stove, and wondered to himself how the sick old woman could chop and pile it so nicely; but he said nothing, and she went on sadly:—

"I've had a hard time of it this winter, and I'd have died sure if it hadn't been for that blessed boy —"

"Why, I thought you lived alone, and had no children!" exclaimed the doctor.

"No more I haven't," she said. "I'm all alone by me lone self, as I told ye, but the good Lord has been a-takin' care of me, for a bit of a boy, bless his heart! has been a-comin' here every day this winter for to help me. He chopped the wood the minister sent me, and brought some in here every night, and piled it up like that" (pointing to the sticks in the corner), "and the harder it stormed, the surer he seemed to come. He'd never so much as tell me where he lived, and I only know his name is —"

"Jack?" asked the doctor, with unsteady voice.

"Yes, sir; that's it. Do ye be knowing him, doctor?"

"I think perhaps I do," was the husky answer.

"Well, may the Lord bless him, and may he never be cold himself, the good lad!"

The doctor did not speak for a few moments, then he left, promising to send some one to care for the sick woman that night. He drove home very fast, and a strange dimness came into his

eyes every now and then, as he thought it all over.

He went to his wife's room, and began, as usual, to tell her all that happened during the day. When, at last, he came to his visit at the cottage, he watched his wife's face, as he told of the lonely, sick old woman, the warm fire, and the young chopper.

When he had finished, tears were in her eyes, but she only said: "Dear Jack!"

Jack's queer ways were explained at last. And "Jack's old woman," as they called her, never wanted from this time for any comfort as long as she lived. So, after all, Jack could not feel so very sorry that his kindness, done in secret, had at last "found him out." — *Round Table.*

Going to See the King

It was recess time in the little school which Nita Kirk attended; and, as the pupils were playing in the yard, a sound of martial music was heard not far away.

"Procession! Procession!" cried some of the boys; and off they rushed to the next street to see the procession.

The teacher, Miss Freeman, had told the children that they should never leave the grounds at recess time, and they all understood it; but a procession was such a great treat that some of them would not lose it, whatever Miss Freeman said. Others thought that the teacher would perhaps not object to their going away for such an unusual thing, but they did not wait to ask her. Still others hesitated, but soon decided that, since so many had gone, they might venture to go, too. A few who lingered behind were urged by those who were going, and only Nita remained in the yard. No urging would persuade her to go without permission from the teacher.

She started to the schoolroom to ask Miss Freeman if she might go to see the procession; but before she reached the door, the bell rang to call the pupils in.

Nita went to her seat as usual; but she looked wistfully at the teacher, hoping to receive consent to follow the other children.

Miss Freeman was very sorry to see that her pupils could not be trusted. She would gladly have taken them all to see the procession if she had thought best; and she was half inclined to tell Nita to go, but she decided upon a plan which she was sure would be better, if only the child was brave and cheerful enough to wait.

Miss Freeman told Nita how glad she was that the little girl could be trusted. Then she told her the old story of the woman who could not go with her neighbors to see the king; but, while they were gone, the king passed her home, and gave her a gold piece, whereas her neighbors had to return without seeing him. I wonder if you ever heard that story.

Erelong the pupils began to come in, looking uneasy because of being late and because of having disobeyed. Some wished they had not gone, but others thought Nita very foolish to lose such a treat. They thought she had stayed only because she was afraid of being punished if she went. They did not understand what that Bible verse means which says that it is better to rule

one's own spirit than to conquer a whole city.

Miss Freeman taught the classes as usual, and the pupils were left in doubt as to what would be said or done to them for their disobedience.

Nita's desk was near the front of the room, and after a time unusual sounds from the street reached her. She raised a hand to attract the teacher's attention; and when Miss Freeman went to her, the little girl said, excitedly, "The king is coming to see us."

Sure enough, the procession that had gone down the next street was returning directly past the schoolhouse; and Nita had a good view of it as she stood at the window near her desk. None of the other pupils were allowed to see it again.

When Nita told her mama that evening what had occurred, her mama declared, "It is better to do right and be a child of the great King than to see all the kings in the world."—*Adelaide D. Wellman.*

"WANT of will, not want of opportunity, is responsible for most of our failures. Lifetime hopes are destroyed by weakness of purpose, as a bell is ruined, in the process of casting, by a broken mold, and its unawakened voice evermore rendered mute."

Science Stories

Strange Places for Ears

A WISE man's eyes are in his head, and his ears also, but these latter organs in some animals are placed quite otherwise. Fishes, for example, have both ears in their head and also structures in the skin of the body which help them to perceive any movements in the water. A dark line, easily seen along each side of a fish's body, is thought by some scientists to be the seat of such organs.

If you examine a lobster, you will find two pairs of horns, or feelers, sticking out of his head, one pair being large, another small. Lodged in each small feeler is a little bag, containing a liquid, some hairs, and a few grains of sand, which enables the creature to hear.

There is a little shrimp, the opossum shrimp, which has an ear imbedded in each side flap of his tail. Shell-fish, such as mussels and cockles, have a single fleshy foot, which projects from the under side of the body, and is used to shove the animal along. Two little bag-like ears are contained in this, so that the creature can listen to his own footsteps, so to speak.

Flies and other kinds of insects carry one pair of feelers on the head, and there is reason to think that these enable their possessor not only to feel, but also to smell and hear. Grasshoppers have a pair of ears contained in two of their six legs, and these are constructed to appreciate the "chirping" noise we hear in the country during the summer-time. And we may suppose that Mother Grasshopper has to box her unruly offspring's ears by smiting his legs.—*Selected.*

Petroleum in the South

WHEN we sit down in the evening to read, we light our kerosene lamp, turn the electric current into the incandescent globe, or use some other modern method of lighting. In the youthful days of our grandfathers and grandmothers such lights were unknown. They had kerosene, but it was dangerous stuff, liable to explode, and was expensive. Instead of refining the limited supply of crude petroleum, it was sold for liniment or as medicine for consumption, and the houses were lighted with tallow candles. We read of the boy, Abraham Lincoln, studying by the light of the fireplace or of the pine-knot. Our lights are better, and our lives are easier, but whether it is a good or ill fortune is a question.

It was during the latter half of the nineteenth century that petroleum, which means rock oil, was discovered in large quantities in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Companies were formed for refining it, and among the names of the members of one company was that of John D. Rockefeller. The history of the Standard Oil Company is well known to American readers, but perhaps some do not know that the Standard Company has met many obstinate competitors in the southern part of Texas and Louisiana.

Before the twentieth century was two years old, Spindletop, near Beaumont, Texas, had broken all previous records in petroleum-producing wells.

In a week's time it was famous; for instead of a prosy old well from which perhaps five thousand barrels might be pumped in one year, there was one well giving out twenty-five thousand barrels a day,—a solid stream of oil shooting into the air to the height of more than a hundred feet, and filling great earthen reservoirs faster than they could be made. Such a sight was enticing, and speculators from all over the United States rushed to Beaumont. Many made fortunes, but probably more lost them, for in about three years' time from the bringing in of the first gusher, the field was said to be "dead," and the speculators had moved to new fields.

One of the most permanent and prosperous of these new fields was at Jennings, in southern Louisiana. On a rice farm belonging to an old Acadian settler a well was drilled which rivaled the first Beaumont gusher, and to-day it is well worth a traveler's time to visit this field, which is named Evangeline in honor of the gentle Acadian exile of that name. Here one may see the excitement and other interesting features that accompany all mining operations, whether for gold or oil.

While walking or riding across the beautiful green prairie and through the woods that separate Jennings and Evangeline, one is ill prepared for, and can hardly welcome, the discordant sounds, sights, and odors that greet him when he arrives at the field. There are several hundred great derricks, each about eighty feet high, and each signifies a well. Many of these wells are being pumped, and the noisy little pumping engines contribute their share to the discord. The roar of the gushers and the glare of the great furnaces which furnish steam to the air-compressing engines, mingle with the cries of the workmen and the clang of their tools. These workmen are a splendid class of men physically, all sturdy young giants with magnificent chests and arms. It is only this class who can stand the work, and they are well paid for it. No one receives less than seventy dollars a month, and many are paid one hundred and fifty dollars, which is none too much, for there are dangers to be met, and fatal accidents are not uncommon.

The cause of the great force of the gushers is the gas pressure which always accompanies petroleum, and this gas is also the cause of some of the worst accidents. It is very combustible, almost explosive, and the greatest care is taken to keep fires from starting. The men have no desire to smoke while near the wells, but lightning has caused some terrific fires. Just recently the field at Humble, Texas, was struck, and eleven great earthen reservoirs covering many acres were set afire, and several men were burned. The great Jennings fire in the summer of 1902 was caused by lightning striking an imperfectly capped gusher, which had just been brought in. It soon became so hot that the whole field was endangered. Many ways were tried to stop it, but without success; and the owners, not knowing what to do, offered twenty thousand dollars to any one who would accomplish the feat. Then happened an interesting scene. Every train bore to Jennings its load of would-be fire-extinguishers. There were young chemists just out of college, with assurance written all over their faces, and

their flattened pocketbooks yawning for the twenty thousand. From somewhere in the piney woods came a pleasant-faced old farmer and his wife with their traveling-bag filled with their tried fire-extinguisher from home, principally salt. There were old soldiers, too, who thought they could reduce it in a more practical way. They would approach and conquer it by a regular siege. Earthworks were thrown up, and the besiegers crept nearer and nearer; the plan was to finally smother it with earth, but when they were within fighting distance, the climate became so warm that they all wanted to go home on a furlough—and they went. For three weeks it burned, and for three weeks all the boys in the surrounding country could hardly sleep at night for thinking of that twenty thousand dollars. When they did, they dreamed of gold pieces and of sheets of flame. At last the owners brought twenty large boilers and placed them around the burning well. Then one day with a good head of steam in each, and connections all made, the steam was turned onto the fire at close range, and the war was ended. The fire was completely smothered.

Generally, the wells do not gush long, and when they stop, pumps are put on them, or else they are made to flow with compressed air. The air, with several hundred pounds' pressure, is piped to the bottom of the well, and there it is released, and of course in coming up brings the oil.

Sometimes, after being pumped a while, a well rebels, and there occurs what is called a "blow-out." Without warning, the gas pressure increases, and the pump and all its connections are blown into the air. The casing of the well comes up with the velocity of a cannon-ball. The derrick is generally ruined at the beginning of the disturbance, and then follows a bombardment of oil and water, sand, shells, mud, and gravel, all coming from a depth of three thousand feet or more. Great piles of mud and sand are seen where the derrick stood, and the scattered machinery is buried deep. The force is so great that shells and gravel coming from the well are blown out of sight; and when the wind changes, the spectators, who are always numerous at such a scene, are liable to be liberally sprinkled with crude oil, and that is not pleasant, especially to one unaccustomed to the odor. After a day or two of this rioting, the well becomes quiet; and then if it is not ruined, a rare occurrence, the pumps and engines are dug up and replaced, and pumping is again begun.

Fortunately, few of the wells cause so much trouble; they generally pass away peacefully, or are "shot" when they are no longer profitable, much as an old horse that can no longer chew his oats is shot, only this is accomplished with a stick of dynamite. The charge is lowered about nine hundred feet below the surface, and there it is exploded by an electric wire. In this way a few hundred dollars' worth of iron casing is saved, but the rest is lost.

It costs a small fortune to drill one of these wells; for all are over half a mile in depth; but if a gusher is brought in, it is worth while. A good well flows at least ten thousand barrels of oil a day, and at forty cents a barrel, the usual price, it yields its owner an income of four thousand dollars a day.

The pumped wells yield at least a thousand barrels a day, and these, with the gushers, two or three hundred in all, yield daily an immense amount of oil. Great storage reservoirs are dug in the ground. Many of them cover ten or twelve acres, and the average depth of oil in them is ten feet. Train-load after train-load of oil is shipped, and a pipe line carries oil to the Mississippi River, where it is sent by steamer to different parts of the world. But with all these outlets, new reservoirs are constantly being made.

The demand for crude oil is increasing. It is

being used for fuel on locomotives, on steamships, and wherever coal has been used to produce steam. It has been found that crude oil at the present low price is not so expensive as coal, and gives better satisfaction, but it is hardly probable that it can remain at this price. It is true that petroleum is found in nearly every country of the world, but only in the Louisiana and Texas fields and in the Baker field on the shore of the Caspian Sea has it been found in such quantities. That famous lake of pitch on the island of Trinidad is thought to be closely related to the oil flowing from the wells in Louisiana and Texas.

It is a question among men of science how these great deposits of petroleum were produced. It is agreed that they have been formed by the decay of animal and vegetable matter, but beyond that all is theory. But however this oil came to be, it is very useful to mankind, and we are indebted to it for naphtha, benzine, gasoline, kerosene, vaseline, and many other things of daily use.

J. W. PEABODY.

The Tongue

1. How did David get the victory over his tongue?

"I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me." Ps. 39:1.

2. What is said of him who keeps his mouth and his tongue?

"Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles." Prov. 21:23.

3. What is said of him who will love life and see good days?

"For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile." 1 Peter 3:10.

4. What is the tongue? and what does it do?

"Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell." James 3:5, 6.

5. How difficult is the tongue to control?

"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." James 3:8.

6. What is said of the man who does not offend in word?

"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." James 3:2.

7. What is said of him who seems to be religious, and bridles not his tongue?

"If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." James 1:26.

ARTHUR LOGAN.

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



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

X—The Burial

(March 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matt. 27:57-66; John 19:31-37.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the resurrection, and the life." John 11:25.

"The Jews therefore, because it was the preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath day (for that Sabbath day was an high day), besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs: but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water.

"And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done, that the scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced."

"When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple: he went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered. And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulcher, and departed. And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulcher.

"Now the next day, that followed the day of the preparation, the chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulcher be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead: so the last error shall be worse than the first. Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch: go your way, make it as sure as ye can. So they went, and made the sepulcher sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."

Questions

1. On what day was Jesus crucified? What request did the Jews make of Pilate? Tell how it was granted.

2. Why did not the soldiers break the legs of Jesus? Who had written, long before this, "A bone of him shall not be broken"? Ps. 34:20.

3. What was done to Jesus by one of the soldiers? What flowed from the wound thus made? What scripture was thus fulfilled?

4. By whom are these events recorded? What does John himself say of his record? Why were these things written?

5. What kind of man was Joseph of Arimathea? To what had he not given consent? Of whom did he beg the body of Jesus?

6. Who joined Joseph in caring for the body of Jesus? John 19:39. What did he bring to this work?

7. What did those who had loved the Saviour do with his body? Where did they lay it? Why were they in such haste with the burial? Verse 42. How was the sepulcher closed? Who watched by the sepulcher?

8. Who came to Pilate the next day? What day is it that follows "the day of the preparation"? Then on what day did these priests and Pharisees, who professed to keep the law, come to Pilate?

9. What did they say they remembered? What does this show that they feared? What did they ask Pilate to do? What reason did they give for this request?

10. How did Pilate answer these men? What does his answer seem to show? What precautions did the chief priest take to guard the sepulcher of Jesus?

11. What had Jesus said concerning himself? Memory verse. When were these words spoken?

To how many will he be the resurrection and the life everlasting? John 3:16.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

X—Prayer

(March 10)

MEMORY VERSE: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Phil. 4:6.

Questions

1. When the disciples heard Jesus pray, what did they ask him to teach them? Luke 11:1; note 1.

2. Repeat the model prayer which Jesus gave them in reply. Luke 11:2-4; note 2.

3. By what parable did Jesus teach the importance of earnestness and persistency in prayer? Luke 11:5-8.

4. What are the characteristics of the prayer that will avail? James 5:16.

5. By whose experience is this illustrated? James 5:17; note 3.

6. Can prayer be hindered by any condition in the home? 1 Peter 3:7.

7. Remembering any condition that would hinder prayer, what course must we pursue? Matt. 5:23, 24.

8. What may we know concerning our prayers, if we regard iniquity in our hearts? Ps. 66:18.

9. Whose prayers are an abomination to the Lord? Prov. 28:9.

10. What should accompany our requests to God? Phil. 4:6.

11. How much should we pray? 1 Thess. 5:17.

12. How long did Christ sometimes pray? Luke 6:12.

13. What example has David left us? Ps. 55:17. Daniel? Dan. 6:10.

14. What instruction did Christ give concerning secret prayer? Matt. 6:5, 6.

15. What gracious help is the Spirit in our intercessions? Rom. 8:26.

Notes

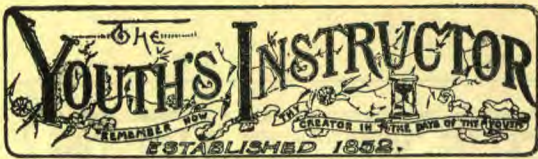
1. "It is a proper thing to learn how to pray. In the schools of the prophets a spirit of devotion was cherished. Not only were the students taught the duty of prayer, but they were taught how to pray, how to approach their Creator, how to exercise faith in him, and how to understand and obey the teachings of the Spirit."—"Education," page 47. "As you pray, speak to Christ as you would to a trusted and much-loved friend."

2. What is known as the Lord's prayer is doubtless the briefest, most comprehensive, and most perfect prayer ever put into human language. It is indeed a model prayer, and should be learned and studied by all. Besides its address, adoration, and ascription of dominion, power, and glory to the Father in heaven, its petitions cover every human need. Like the first verse of the Bible, the stamp of divinity is upon it. It is beautiful in its simplicity, brevity, directness, clearness, and comprehensiveness. There are sermons in every expression in it. There is no other prayer like it, nor any to be compared to it.

3. From Elijah we may learn a lesson of both definiteness and earnestness in prayer. He prayed earnestly, and he prayed for a definite, particular thing; and God heard and answered his prayer.

"Lessons hard to learn are sweet to know."

"AND for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth."



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FANNIE M. DICKERSON EDITOR

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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.

At one time in Germany there was a law against joking. "It makes my men forget war," said the king. While joyousness, and even good, hearty laughter are not to be condemned, but rather cultivated, that jesting described by the apostle Paul as "not convenient," does tend to make the Christian "forget war"—the warfare against the enemy of our souls.

THE following extract from a letter written by one who has recently obtained sixteen yearly subscriptions to the INSTRUCTOR, and who is still at work, may inspire others to follow her method of securing orders by mail:—

I have one more name to send in this; you see it takes longer to get returns when canvassing by mail, but this is the third one I have obtained in this way, and none of them are Adventists. I send them one or two copies of the paper, then write and tell them of my work, and invite them to subscribe. I always write my name on the papers I mail, as it insures a reading if they know where they come from, and then it shows that some one is interested in them.

IN the second number of Elder Porter's series of articles, "The Time of the End," a typographical error occurred. Though it consisted merely of the substitution of one small letter for another, the resulting error in thought was of no small size. In the sentence, "Electric ears are soon to be attached to vessels, by means of which the approach of submarine torpedo-boats may be detected," the letter "c" was used for "e" in the word *ears*. If we knew just how the substitution happened (which we do not), the fact would be of no special interest to our readers; so the most comforting thing editors and others responsible for typographical errors can do is to forget them as soon as possible, having first learned the lesson of increased future carefulness. Perhaps in this instance, however, some one was laboring under the impression of the little fellow of three years who was in attendance upon a service at which Elder Porter was presenting the line of thought contained in the article. He was a nervous, stirring child, and it was difficult for him to accord the full time to the good elder, so he quite frequently talked aloud. Just as Elder Porter cited the scientific fact referred to, the little fellow objected aloud, saying, "Mama, they can't put ears on boats, can they?"

BELIEVING as we do from the prophetic word that God overruled in the great inventions and discoveries of the nineteenth century, preparing the way for the speedy carrying of "this gospel of the kingdom" to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, the following confession of Professor Morse seems especially significant:—

George W. Hervey once said to Prof. S. F. B. Morse, the renowned inventor of the electric telegraph: "Professor Morse, when you were making your experiments, did you never come

to a stand, not knowing what to do next?"—"Oh, yes; more than once." "And at such times, what did you do?" "I may answer you in confidence," said the professor, "but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. Whenever I could not see my way clearly, I prayed for more light." "And the light generally came?"—"Yes. And I may tell you that when flattering honors came to me from America and Europe on account of the invention which bears my name, I never felt that I deserved them. I had made a valuable application of electricity, not because I was superior to other men, but solely because God, who meant it for mankind, must reveal it to some one, and was pleased to reveal it to me."

Why Is It So?

A MOTHER was quietly and pleasantly telling her daughter of about fourteen years of age how to find a certain place. The young girl scowled, and petulantly said, "I can find it." She did not seem to know exactly where it was, but preferred the experience of searching for it rather than to accept gratefully the proffered suggestions of her mother. Judging from appearances, the mother was on her way to some place of work, where she doubtless labors early and late to give proper care to this ungracious girl. Had a well-gowned stranger given the same direction, she, without doubt, would have smiled, and said heartily, "I thank you." Why will young girls be most rude and unkind to the one most deserving of their genial ways? Not all girls are; but the number who can thus be described is far too large. The power of a young girl of winsome manners and a good heart to brighten the home life, giving real joy and comfort to parents and friends, is scarcely exceeded by any other home influence. Can any girl, then, afford to voluntarily substitute for this gracious influence that of a discordant, selfish, petulant disposition?

"Do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil."

"But I Go to Church"

IN 1794 Grant Thorburn, a young Scotch immigrant, landed in New York. His fortune was three cents and the tools of his trade. He could read and write; otherwise he had little education. But he was well equipped for the struggle before him, since in his Highland home he had been taught to love the Bible and to honor God. He landed on Monday, and went to work the next day. When he had leisure to walk about the city, he located the Scotch church. One morning several young men who had been fellow passengers called on him, and asked him where he was going. When he told them of his plan to attend church, they made sport of him, and proposed a trip to Long Island, on the plea that health required the jaunt after the long confinement on shipboard. Young Thorburn's answer is recorded in a quaint little autobiography, now out of print: "You may go where you please, but I go to church. The last words my father spoke, as we parted on the shores of Scotland, were, 'Remember the Sabbath day.' I have not so soon forgotten."—*The Rev. John T. Faris, St. Louis.*

The False Glitter

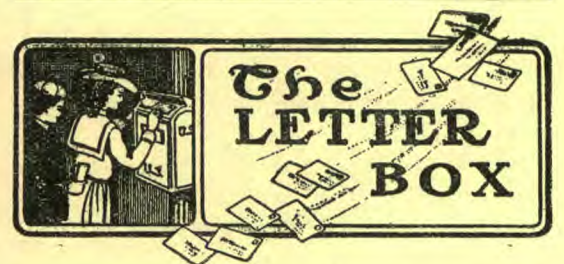
THERE is an old adage which says, "All that glitters is not gold." In our journey through life it would be well if we would always bear this in mind. Many are the times that we have seen a brilliant human star, and placed much confidence therein, but soon found that its brilliancy went out in darkness. It is not the voice of oratory, or the loud, swelling actions and clothes

that are of worth in the sight of God, but the humble, contrite spirit. The promise that our Master spoke while on earth was, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

Captain Newport, who was sent to the early settlers of Jamestown, Virginia, with supplies, proved to his own mortification that "all that glitters is not gold." The governor, Captain Smith, urged him to return to England after delivering his orders and goods to the colonists; but he had found a glittering yellowish sand in a little rivulet near Jamestown, and nothing would do but he must load his ship with it; as some refiners he had with him pronounced it valuable ore. So to the chagrin of Captain Smith, all other work had to stop; for "dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, load gold," became the order of the day, and continued to be until Captain Newport's ship was freighted and off for England.

But we can all imagine how he felt when he came into port, and was informed that his shipload was only "gilded dirt." Even so, and worse, shall we feel if at the post of heaven we shall all be informed that all the polish and glitter we tried to put on in life, is unable to take the place of the "gold tried in the fire."

D. P. ZEIGLER.



BALTIMORE, MD., Jan. 3, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never seen or read any letter from Baltimore in our INSTRUCTOR, I am taking the opportunity now to write one. I get the paper every week, and enjoy it very much. I have one sister fourteen years old, and two brothers younger than myself. We all attend Sabbath-school every week. We have about five miles to go to church. Sister Frazier is our teacher. I am the only child in her class; all the rest are grown people. I will close now, and will write more another time.

CHARLES EDWARD GERMAN.

MARCUS, WASHINGTON.

DEAR EDITOR: Please find enclosed seventy-five cents for the INSTRUCTOR for another year. I love the INSTRUCTOR and the *Little Friend*, and could not get along without them.

I had some missionary ducks. I sold some of them for \$2.12. I sent twenty-five cents of this sum to Central Africa, and the rest to Nashville, Tennessee.

I have a dog named Rover, a horse named Toby, a calf named Cherry, and two cats named Fritz and Nellie.

I will close with love for the editor and readers.
MARY OLETA DYE.

MARTHAVILLE, LA., Jan. 1, 1906.

DEAR READERS: I have been reading the INSTRUCTOR for some time, and enjoy the letters from the young people very much. I wish that every young person could have the INSTRUCTOR to read; I appreciate its weekly visits so much.

We live on a farm about one and a half miles south of the little town of Marthaville. I enjoy living in the country, where we can raise our chickens, cows, and horses, and have our garden and orchard. I love the gentle colts and calves very much.

There are but few Seventh-day Adventists here, so we have no Sabbath-school, no church-school, and only one preacher in this State.

I was baptized, with my sister, on Nov. 25, 1905. I would like for all the readers to pray for me. I want to do more for my blessed Jesus this year than ever before. I am very anxious to be a church-school teacher, and if the Lord is willing, I expect to be one some day. I want to go to school at Graysville, if I can get the money. I know it is a good school.

Dear readers, let us "prove all things; hold fast that which is good," and remember our Creator in the days of our youth.

I hope to meet our editor and the readers in that beautiful home prepared for us.

DAISY L. BERRY.