

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LIV

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 8, 1906

No. 19

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### The Value of True Friendship

SOMETIMES in the quiet moments

We think of days that are passed,  
Of the good and bad that have come and gone,  
Of the pleasures that did not last,  
Of the prospects bright, now faded away,  
Of the air-castles fallen through;  
And we find that the best of all the past  
Were the friends who were faithful and true.

Ofttimes when adversity's frown we saw,  
And we struggled so hard to be brave,  
Failure complete would have been our reward  
Had no friend been there to save.  
With words of cheer and smiles of hope  
They bade us press on to the end;  
And many a time success was ours,  
But 'twas due to the aid of a friend.

Sometimes we felt that the way was dark,  
And the path was full of snares,  
And bitter indeed was the thought that came,  
"There's no one who knows or cares."  
Ah! then it was that the friend indeed,  
Dauntless and true to the end,  
Came to our rescue, and helped us win.  
O, priceless is such a friend!

Comfort and pleasures may come and go,  
And riches may take their flight;  
But those who are worthy the name of friend  
Remain through both darkness and light.  
So, as we think of the blessings past,  
And the value of what we possessed,  
Riches and pleasure fade from the scroll,  
And we feel the true friend was best.

IVA I. NAY.

### A Burning Gas-Well

THE gas-well near Caney, Kansas, is situated about seven miles southeast of Caney, in Indian Territory. It was completed in February, 1906, and has a depth of fifteen hundred feet. On February 26 it was struck by lightning and fired. The fire continued from that date until March 29, when it was extinguished. During this time the waste of fuel by this fire was estimated to be from thirty million to fifty million cubic feet of gas daily. A reasonable estimate would doubtless place the value of the daily loss at from fifteen thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars.

One can scarcely appreciate the enormity of this fire without having seen it. The casing through which the gas was escaping was only ten inches. The flames spread as they ascended until they were about fifteen feet wide. They shot up a distance of from one hundred to one hundred ten feet. The roar was deafening. With cotton in our ears we succeeded in approaching within twenty-five or thirty feet of the well. By using all our lung power we could only make a companion hear a very little of what we said. The roar surpassed Niagara Falls, and the earth vibrated near by as if trembling on the eve of an upheaval. This trembling sensation would at times jar the windows seven miles distant. It reminded me of the time when the "Lord shall roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jeru-

salem; and the heavens and the earth shall shake: but the Lord will be the hope of his people, the strength of the children of Israel."

An effort was made to extinguish the fire by using seven large steam boilers which worked together in blowing steam upon the point where the gas ignited. These seemed to produce so little effect that it was decided that in order to do anything that would be practical the well must be capped, and the gas cut off below the flame.

Repeated attempts were made to cap the well. The first effort the cap was put on with the valve to be used for the cut-off left closed by mistake. This only forced back the flame for a moment, causing an explosion which threw the great iron hood a distance of about thirty feet.

The second effort was also a failure, on account of too much time being taken after the hood was put on to strengthen the earth around the base before the valve was closed to cut off the flame, the hood melting under the intense heat.

A cannon was then brought, and the cap was shot through three times in an effort to tip it over and remove it from the well. This effort proved valueless. Then large cables were thrown around the hood, with which to draw it off. The cables melted before they could do the work. Finally a railroad rail was secured and bent into a hook, and fastened into one of the holes made by the cannon-ball. By this means the hood was removed.

The next effort to shut off the fire nearly proved successful. The engineer by a miscalculation used only about half enough wire rope in winding around the stem of the screw of the valve by which, when the other end of the rope was attached to a windlass and wound on quickly, the fire was to have been cut off in the cap below where it was ignited. After using the rope that was wound about the stem of the screw-valve, it was found to be only half-way in. A slower method of working it in the rest of the way only resulted in pressing the fire back, and causing it to burst out around the base of the hood. By removing this cap at once with the heavy crane by which it had been placed, it was not seriously injured, and was replaced and used the next day in the effort which resulted successfully in cutting off the flame.

After the fire was extinguished, the gas broke out around the base of the cap again; but the intense heat having been removed by the fire being cut off, it is expected that soon the gas will be under control.

After looking upon this scene, where lightning from above, igniting the gas from beneath, caused such a tremendous fire which so long baffled the ingenuity of experienced men in their efforts to extinguish it, one can readily see that when the streams are turned into pitch and the dust

into brimstone, and these ignited by fire from heaven, an unquenchable conflagration will be started that shall burn up the wicked, set on fire the foundations of the mountains, and cause the elements to melt with fervent heat.

It will be well if in that day we dwell inside the city, where we can abide safely in the midst of the devouring flames. If we but sense the awful reality of that dreadful day now, we may repent and prepare to escape its awful destruction.

The sinners in Zion will then be afraid. Fearfulness will surprise the hypocrites. True Christians in that day will be "more precious than fine gold, yea, than the golden wedge of Ophir."

It will be safe to be true and devoted children of God, for then we shall have nothing to fear, though the earth be removed, or the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. These mighty demonstrations of God's power will only be so many testimonies of his ability to care for his people. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which can not be removed, but abideth forever."

R. C. PORTER.

### Elizabeth Egede

ONE hundred fifty years ago, in the quiet village of Faagan, which clings to the edge of a deep fjord in the Lofoden Islands, dwelt a Moravian pastor, Hans

Egede, and his wife, Elizabeth. Here he had come in his early manhood, filled with the love of souls, and with his gentle wife had ministered to the small necessities of the simple northern folk—content to love and be loved by them with no thought of the busy world beyond. There was no disturbance of this outward peace until, by chance as the world would say, by God's providence as the sequel showed, an ancient chronicle fell into the pastor's hands. Therein he read of a distant land, hemmed in by seas and bergs of ice, but so rich in meadows and flowers that it was called Greenland. And there was no gospel there.

The heart of the simple Hans was touched. His conscience began to say, "Hast thou no lamp for this darkness?"

At length he could not longer forbear to speak to his good wife, Elizabeth. He told her of that people a thousand miles away shut out from the world by crystal walls and barriers, and said, "Elizabeth, can I refuse to go?" Her heart was stunned by the sudden appeal. She wrung her hands, crying, "No, no! you must not go; it would be tempting God! The people love you here, and the dear household would be broken up, and the Greenland is, O, a thousand miles away amid the ice!" and he could only smile sadly, and answer, "I have thought of it all,—the people, and the wife, and the little ones, and the graves in the churchyard,—but over it all, I



GAS-WELL ON FIRE AT CANEY, KANSAS



have again the Master's words, 'Whoso loveth father, or mother, or wife, or children more than me is not worthy of me.'

But Elizabeth's pleading tears and reproaches prevailed at last, and the pastor in silence went about his accustomed tasks.

But while he was musing, the fire burned. Four years rolled on; unknown to each other, the pastor and his wife were both thinking hard on the darkness of those ill-bound people. One morning Hans suddenly spoke: "My wife, I have received a threefold sign from heaven!" With a sinking heart she cried, "Ah, good pastor, is it concerning the Greenland?" "Yes, God will be heard! Here is a letter from our good Bishop Krog. He writes me that I must go, and promises all possible support. And here is another from Bergen, from Bishop Randuf. He writes, also, that I must go, and most wonderfully, in almost the very words of Bishop Krog." "And the third sign?" "Ah, that is the most wonderful of all. This is both from Denmark, my old fatherland, and from Norway, my adopted land. The richest of our merchants have undertaken to reopen the trade with Greenland, and promise one of their ships for me and my family. Elizabeth, is it not the hand of God?"

It was then that the heroic faith of Elizabeth proved itself stronger than her woman's fears. Her eyes were filled with sudden grief, there was a reaching forth of hands as if to offer a sacrifice, and she said: "O husband, if the Lord calls, I will no longer hold thee, but like Ruth to Naomi, I will say: 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

That day a faith was born which no hindrance, discouragement, or apparent failure was ever able to destroy,—a Christian woman's faith,—a power, that, leaning on the arm of the Lord, knows neither discouragement nor failure,—a power that takes up mountains and casts them into the midst of the sea.

But the voyage to Greenland was not yet plain sailing. No sooner was it noised abroad in the village, than the people began to besiege their pastor with entreaties to remain; "for the sake of our households, our dear church, our souls, leave us not."

He was deeply moved, and could only repeat the words of Paul, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?" Oftentimes his resolution would have failed had not the brave Elizabeth enheartened him. He was reluctant to surrender his position and to give up the comforts of home. He shrank from exposing his four little ones to the rigors of an arctic climate; but his helpmeet spoke many comforting things. "Fear not, Hans," she would say, "the God of sparrows will not suffer us to want." Her faith constantly rebuked him, her purpose of self-consecration had grown slowly, but now naught could oppose it.

In the spring of 1721 the ship that was to carry away the dear pastor of Faagan, cast anchor in the bay, and the people began to say to one another, "It is true, it is true." Sad, indeed, were those days of leave-taking. Groups of tearful men and women stood by the parsonage doors. Frequently had Elizabeth to repeat for Hans' encouragement, "Whoso loveth father or mother, wife or children, friend or brother, more than me is not worthy of me." The little procession at last came down to the village beach, and Pastor Hans set his foot on the plank to embark.

At that moment a sailor accosted him, "May I make bold to ask whither you sail?" "To Greenland," he answered. "Then in God's name tarry at home;" and he proceeded to relate what his own eyes had witnessed of hardship and suffering in that far-off land, telling of distasteful

food, of plagues, and worse still of cannibals inhabiting this land. The minister's heart failed him; "O Lord, how can I take my loved ones to a land so desolate and cruel?" He turned his face to his weeping parishioners, who again besought him to stay with them, for it was God's will. This was the moment of the great triumph of Elizabeth's faith. She stepped boldly upon the plank and laid her hand upon her husband's arm, saying: "Hans, be a man and a true servant of God. Listen, listen, O people of little faith, I hear from far away the voices of the souls that perish in the Greenland. I hear them calling, Come and help. Will ye hinder? Husband, in the name of God we must go." Then she walked aboard the boat, and the people through their tears saw the Herr pastor and Frau-pastorin, with the light of holy consecration on their faces, sailing away to their appointed work.

We can not give here a narrative of the trials and privations endured by the missionary's family and the little colony of traders who accompanied them, in their home amid the dreary ice plains and mountains of the north. They met with no success. The Esquimaux were a stolid race, who seemed to have no perception of spiritual things, but Hans and his faithful wife toiled on. At the end of a year their provisions were exhausted. No news came from home, no re-enforcements, no supplies for approaching winter. The colonists determined to return. They were endeavoring to persuade the pastor to cease his labors among the dull Esquimaux, when Elizabeth suddenly confronted them and said: "Are ye men, thus to counsel a retreat from the blessed work of God? What is it that hath broken your courage? Hunger? Then take the food which we have kept for our children. Take it, go, and leave us peacefully to our Lord's will. The sails will come. God will not forget us." They stood silent and ashamed, and then resolved to wait yet a little while. On the third day a ship was sighted, and at evening the little colony had news from home, also supplies of food. With these came new courage.

In 1735 Elizabeth died at the Lord's work, but not until her eyes had seen an earnest of that mighty harvest of souls which was soon to follow her death. In the Church of St. Nicholas at Copenhagen is a stone bearing the simple name "Elizabeth Egede." The marble tells not of her self-denial and faith, but these are written in the book that contains a record of all the loyal.—*Mrs. A. E. Ellis, in "The Missionary Idea."*

### The Right Word

AN instance of the transforming power of the right word is furnished by the following incident:—

Many years ago a minister was passing through a prison crowded with convicts showing every phase of ignorance and brutality. One gigantic fellow crouched alone in a corner, his feet chained to a ball. There was an unhealed wound on his face, where he had been shot when trying to escape. The sight of the dumb, gaunt figure touched the visitor.

"How long has he to serve?" he asked of the guard.

"For life."

"Has he anybody outside to look after him—wife or child?"

"How should I know? Nobody has ever noticed him all the time he has been here."

"May I speak to him?"

"Yes, but only for a minute."

The minister hesitated. What could he say in one minute? He touched the man's torn cheek.

"I am sorry," he said, "I wish I could help you."

The convict looked keenly at him, and he

noded to indicate that he believed in the sympathy expressed.

"I am going away, and shall never see you again, perhaps; but you have a Friend who will stay here with you."

The small, keen eyes were upon him; the prisoner dragged himself up, waiting and eager.

"Have you heard of Jesus?"

"Yes."

"He is your Friend. If you are good and true, and will pray to God to help you, I am sure he will care for you."

"Come, sir," called the keeper, "time's up."

The clergyman turned sorrowfully away. The prisoner called after him, and, catching his hand, held it in his own while he could. Tears were in the preacher's eyes.

Fourteen years passed. The convict was sent to work in the mines. The minister went down one day into a mine, and among the workmen saw a gigantic figure bent with hardship and age.

"Who is that?" he asked the keeper.

"A lifer, and a steady fellow—the best of the gang."

Just then the "lifer" looked up. His figure straightened, for he had recognized the clergyman. His eyes shone.

"Do you know me?" he said. "Will He come soon? I've tried to be good."

At a single word of sympathy the life had been transformed, the convict redeemed.—*Selected.*

### What Seventh-day Adventist Young Men of To-day Are Facing\*

THAT Christian young men of to-day are facing great responsibilities and dangers is too evident to be controverted. Evils abound on every side. Men, by harboring sin, are degenerating. The whole earth is corrupt, reeling to and fro like a drunken man, because the transgression of men is heavy upon it.

Two great classes of temptations are dogging every footstep of the pure in heart—those without and those within; visible and invisible; physical and spiritual. The greatest battles in the world are fought within the human heart. Only God knows the great struggle that many are having with the enemy. The tear-stained face or the furrowed brow speak in unmistakable terms of the fierceness of the strife. How glorious it is to see those whose hearts were once bowed down with sorrow, sitting at the feet of Jesus, their faces wreathed with smiles of joy and gladness! We are admonished to "pray without ceasing." Why?—Because we need the strength derived from one moment's prayer to keep us the next moment. It is impossible for us to live immune from attacks to-day because of the victories won yesterday.

A Christian life is analogous to the life of a plant. In the physical world there is a power called gravity. According to the rule of physics, everything has a tendency to fall toward the center of the earth. Every plant in the vegetable world that lifts its head above the ground must constantly grow against this power. There is no cessation of its grasp. The instant a plant ceases to grow, and begins to die and disintegrate, that power is there to drag it down.

This illustrates the awful drawing-down tendency of the evil one upon our growth as Christians. When we, like the flowers, turn our faces heavenward, we are dependent upon the strength coming from God to press through and against the power of the enemy. And as the force of gravity never ceases, neither will the evil influence of Satan cease, until the day God leads us from the land of the enemy. But the promise of Christ now echoes down from the days of Paul to give us courage: "But God is faithful,

\* Read by the author before the Young Men's Literary Society of Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.



who will not suffer you to be tempted *above that ye are able.*"

What do we see before us to cause us to take alarm? What responsibilities are there waiting to be placed upon the strong shoulders of the young men? What dangers, like snares, are in our pathway? Theories are often pleasing to the ease-loving man, and lull him to sleep when he should be awake; but facts are stubborn things, and must be dealt with in a practical way.

As a preliminary remark relative to the statement I shall next make, I should like to "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance" to a parable given by Christ, recorded in Luke 14:28, 29, 33. "For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him. . . . So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he can not be my disciple."

Are we willing to sacrifice all things earthly to pay the price of building a temple for God? That is one of the first great questions that an ambitious young man must settle—to-day, this present moment, forever. I venture that this answer will be given by the honest young man: "I have counted the cost, and I see that all my afflictions, which last but for a moment, can not begin to pay for the mansions, whose beauty surpasses anything eyes have yet beheld." Has he not then, after all, shown what men are pleased to call a good business judgment? He is putting his money out to the exchangers, and he will soon receive all the principal and an enormous interest. Philosophically he has all the evidence needful to prove his actions rational. How many of the rich men in this world have toiled day and night for many years to build up a fortune! And the world praised them for their labor and sacrifice. Why are so many young men blind to this great fact? We have but a few more years at the most in which to build a character. Let us be about our Father's business.

To itemize the different perils that beset our feet to-day would be impossible, as they are multitudinous. I shall attempt to cover only a small portion of two great factors which help to produce the sum of destruction. These are before us at the present time in various forms: love of money, and its train of evils; the condition of having a "form of godliness, but denying the power."

Paul, in his excellent communication to Timothy, a young minister, says: "For the love of money is the *root of all evil*: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." In view of the expositions which have been given to the world of late, revealing the corrupt principles of men of high standing in all the walks of life, it would seem that Paul's words are very appropriate at this time. Men are selling their reputations for money—anything they have will they give for the "gold of Ophir," even their characters. This mania for hoarding up wealth is reaching out like the arms of an octopus, to gather in its prey.

We as young men are beginning to feel this terrible influence which is all about us. It can not be cast aside as an idle tale. It is one of the perils of the last days. How are we to meet it? Paul gives us the key in a few words, as follows:—

*Flee these things*—love of money.

*Follow*—righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

*Fight*—the good fight of faith.

*Lay hold*—on eternal life.

1 Tim. 6:11, 12.

He also, after stating in 2 Tim. 3:1-5, that the last days would be perilous, and giving a list of eighteen sins, says the world will all be given

up to pleasure, and will have only a form of godliness. What a comprehensive statement—all the religions of the world summed up as a *form* of godliness given up to pleasure.

But notice the next sentence: "Denying the power." What is the power of godliness?—"For I am not ashamed of the *gospel of Christ*: for it is the power of God unto salvation." The Word of God is the power the world will deny. Do we see any peril confronting us to-day along that line?—I think so. Men of pretended piety and high standing in the churches, professors in theological seminaries, and laymen of every denomination, are to-day as verily denying the Word of God as Paine, Voltaire, or Ingersoll ever dared, though perhaps not in as open a manner. I believe Paul had this in mind, because before he finishes that chapter, he says: "But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Young men, colleagues, how shall we face these perils?—By knowing, and being assured, that the Holy Scriptures are able to make us "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Let us remember what the heathen young man said, "Confucius can teach; but only Christ can save." C. E. HOLMES.

#### Bartimeus

OUT from the gates of Jericho,  
One beautiful day in the long ago,  
There poured a throng of men and boys,  
And the narrow road was filled with the noise;  
Till blind Bartimeus raised his head,  
Lifted his voice, and shrilly said:  
"Who is it passing, passing by?  
Who is it, passing, heeds not my cry?"  
Thus with the careless crowd he plead,  
"Tell me, O tell me, who's passing by?"

Faster they thronged, and louder grew  
Babel of voice and noise of shoe,  
While blind Bartimeus reached in vain  
Hands that were shaking and voice full of pain;  
Till some there answered who pitied him,  
Sitting so helpless of eye and limb:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,  
Healer of hand and ear and eye,"—  
Told him in pity whose eyes were dim,—  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Straight to his feet the blind man sprang;  
High o'er the din his shrill voice rang:  
"Jesus, thou Son of David, I pray  
Have mercy on me and heal me to-day!"  
And through the throng, he knew not where,  
He pushed to find Jesus and say to him there:  
"Jesus of Nazareth, pass me not!  
Let not in thy mercy my plea be forgot!"  
Thus in his trembling he offered his prayer:  
"Jesus of Nazareth, pass me not!"

Then some rebuked him, and pushed him aside:  
"Hold now thy peace; he is busy," they cried.  
But, never stopping, he pressed on his way;  
Trembling and groping, he would not stay;  
And, from the murmur, high over all,  
Louder and shriller still came his call:  
"Jesus of Nazareth, pass not by!  
Jesus, O Jesus, hear my cry!"  
On every ear that voice must fall:  
"Jesus of Nazareth, pass not by!"

The march was stayed, and the murmur died,  
For Jesus had stopped, and there to his side  
He called the blind man, and the bindings burst,  
And he opened his eyes on Jesus first.  
Then, as they traveled, he passed in the train,  
Singing and shouting the glad refrain:  
"Jesus of Nazareth healed me to-day!  
Opened my eyes by a word, I say!"  
So glad, he called again and again:  
"Jesus of Nazareth healed me to-day!"

A. W. SPAULDING.

#### Finding the "Jesus Way"

A MISSIONARY from New Mexico writes: "There joined a little Mexican church one spring an old woman of seventy years, and all summer, as she came every evening for the teacher to read to her from the Bible, she sighed because she could not read from the book herself. When the school opened in the fall, the teacher was surprised to find this old woman asking for admission. The teacher said: 'There is no room; besides, I don't believe that, with your mind untrained to retain it, you can master the reading; I fear I can not take you.' Nothing daunted, she went away, found a little box which she placed outside the schoolroom door, and there she sat, day in and day out; and as the children passed to and fro, she would hold up her Bible, saying: 'Can you tell me this word? What is this letter? Read me this.' And so she learned to read. During the three following years of her life, almost any time you could see her going from house to house reading God's Word to her less fortunate neighbors. Many times she would start out early on Monday morning, going far into the mountains where the missionary had scarcely penetrated, coming back on Saturday evening footsore and weary. There came down to that mission during those three years thirty-seven men and women asking to be taught, asking to walk in the 'Jesus way.' When asked how they had heard of him, they would say, 'Why, Dona Aleja, she read it to us.' Though this soil seemed so very unfertile, yet when prepared by 'the Master of the vineyard,' it brought forth much fruit.—Mrs. Cara S. Park.

## BIBLE READERS COURSE

### The Resurrection—No. 2

1. How long a time elapses between the two resurrections?

"And they [the righteous] lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." Rev. 20:4, 5.

2. As the righteous rise from their graves, what will they do?

"Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." Isa. 26:19.

3. How will the resurrected body appear?

"For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Phil. 3:20, 21.

4. Then how long will the righteous be permitted to live?

"Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." Luke 20:36.

5. What is the fate of those who have part in the second resurrection?

"And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them." Rev. 20:9.

6. In contrast with this, how will the righteous always appear?

"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear." Matt. 13:43.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

"LET the law of kindness be ever on your lips."





"I know my hand may never reap its sowing,  
And yet some other may;  
And I may never even see it growing,  
So short my little day.  
Still must I sow — though I go forth with weep-  
ing,  
I can not, dare not stay;  
God grant a harvest, though I may be sleeping  
Under the shadows gray."

### May Study of the Field

#### OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.  
Scripture Reading.  
Prayer.

#### READING BY THE LEADER:—

"Go Ye into all the World, and Preach the Gospel" (*Review and Herald*, March 1).

#### FIELD STUDY:—

Fiji.  
General Meeting in Hayti.  
The Meeting at Alexandrodar.  
A Crisis in Norway.  
Plainfield Mission, British Central Africa.

#### LETTER (from W. A. Spicer):—

"In Old London Once Again."

#### TWO-MINUTE REPORTS:—

Philippines, St. George, Grenada, Korea and Japan, Ecuador, Malay Straits, South Africa, Amoy, China, Burma, India.

#### CLOSING EXERCISES.

#### Note

All the material for this study will be found in

the March issues of the *Review and Herald*. In presenting the article from Sister White we would suggest that the leader select the strongest and most impressive paragraphs, as the entire article would consume too much of the hour. Bear in mind that the program is only suggestive, and can be varied according to conditions in each Society.

E. H.

### What God Has Wrought by Us

It is with a thankful heart that we are able to publish so extended a summary of the young people's work for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1905. While it is far from complete, yet it is much more so than the last one, and for this we rejoice.

Quite a number of the secretaries have written that they were having difficulty in getting reports, as the young people seemed to attach no importance to the matter of reporting. It is very desirable that all should understand that their reports are essential. One of the strongest encouragements to us individually is the cheering knowledge of what others are doing who are engaged in the same blessed work. The apostle Paul considered the rehearsal of his experiences one of the best ways to encourage the churches. After his first missionary tour, he returned to Antioch, his starting-point, and the record says, "When they were come, and had gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." Visiting the various churches on their way to Jerusalem, Paul and Barnabas "caused great joy unto all the brethren" by the report they made of their missionary experiences. At Jerusalem these workers again reported, and it is evident that this was not done in a boasting spirit, for the honor was given to God, as is shown in Acts 15:12, which states that Paul and Barnabas declared

"what miracles and wonders God had wrought among the Gentiles by them."

Our system of reporting is just another way of telling what God has wrought by us. Think what the result would be if all at once everybody would stop reporting. The cheering news from all parts of the field is all due to somebody's faithfulness in reporting. We can honor God just as truly by reporting the number of Bible readings he has enabled us to hold, the amount of literature distributed, and the financial support he has made it possible for us to give to the work at home or abroad, as we could if we were engaged in that which might seem to us a much larger work. Missionary work reported, not boastingly, but in Christ's name, is honoring God; by refusing to report we withhold praise from him who enables us to do the work.

Another phase of this question should not be overlooked. The training which Society members get in making out reports ought to be a real blessing. If the young people learn to make out accurate and complete individual reports, and the secretaries of the Societies learn to report properly to the State secretary, this in itself is worth while. This matter takes on added importance when we remember that if time lasts for even a few years, those who are now young people will have to bear burdens in the churches as tract society and Sabbath-school secretaries, church clerks, librarians, treasurers, etc., and in all of this work reporting is no small feature.

We appeal most earnestly to our Young People's Societies everywhere to plan zealously to carry out the avowed aim of our organization,— "the advent message to all the world in this generation,"—and through the proper channels to make a full, complete, and accurate report each quarter of what God has wrought by you.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

LIVING faith gets into the feet.

### Summary of the Young People's Work for Quarter Ending Dec. 31, 1905

Name of Conference	No. Societies	Member-ship	Isolated members	Miss. letters written	Miss. letters rec'd	Missionary visits	Bible Readings	Sub-scriptions taken	Papers sold	Papers given away	Books sold	Books loaned	Pages tracts sold	Pages tracts given away	Hours Christian Help work	Persons fed Clothing given	Given to Home Missions	Given to Foreign Missions
Australia .....	2	62		46	17	324		4	1456	1716	16	9		5622			\$ 2.51	\$ 4.94
* California .....	19	451	13	1010	119	589	848	292	2548	31594	242	128	556	102303	126	264	167.52	333.67
† Central New England ..	4	249		46	14	123	12	9	4652	7391	6	1267	305	3444	162	25	9.03	1.15
Colorado .....	21	406		96	47	97	60	72	384	1094	220	31	16	11682	44	14	10.75	313.59
Cumberland .....	3	83	6	33	30	262	22		1962	1984	94		400	1471	257	100	5.46	.71
District of Columbia ....	2	80		23	12	9	30	14	23	589	43	24	5	3596	9	2	10.12	30.35
East Michigan .....	2	11		1					109		1	5	258	445	13		.95	
Eastern Pennsylvania ...	1	13		1		82	42	6	724	210	50			500				3.66
Florida .....	1	16		19	11	9	5	34	23	71		3	8	17	9		7.20	1.50
Greater New York .....	3	28		62	18	171	6	5	330	951	38	1031	433	6079	790	2	11.94	27.25
Indiana .....	6	99	4	31	3	4	8		60	575				4400	15			11.50
Iowa .....	13	136	13	93	33	275	117	51	809	1908	58	18		20483	205	228	15.89	8.20
Louisiana .....	3	39		38	19	21	73	11	319	220	4	16		1462	12	40		16.33
Maine .....	1	11		20	5	400		200	4000	75				500				
Maritime .....	2	33		7		1			284		2		24	2401			4.39	
Minnesota .....	1	10						2	318	100				500	50			3.87
Mississippi .....	6	68	2	43	21	85	81	5	45	117	34	15	210	201	17	40	1.10	
Newfoundland .....	1	21					4		6000									2.50
New York .....	7	40	10															
North Carolina .....	2	33	2	30	14	87	80	5	25	565	13	5		3896	25	12	4.00	9.46
Northern Illinois .....	8	122		45	12	53	5	9	201	116	2	6	390	3861	70	7	4.10	5.66
North Michigan .....	6	99		59	37	216	101	41	157	415	51	50	47	6690	771	14	5.80	3.75
Oklahoma .....	17	548	40	13	12	50	9	13	1400	120	6	3	500	32	4	8	4.00	
Quebec .....	1	19	5	52	4				33	254		15		2158		1	.28	1.28
Southern California ....	6	182		53	16	154	46	1	949	1028	25	64	922	4612	41	21	15.64	2.90
South Dakota .....	2	58		14					16	154				1320			5.29	1.88
Southern Illinois .....	3	32		8		7			130	437		2		900		43	5.21	1.00
Southern Union .....			46	193	99	422	268	20	432	920	376	60	160	4204	890	41	3.00	16.18
Tennessee River .....	3	66		15		3		3	65	1297	52		1500	35				17.00
Texas .....	1	91							238									
Upper Columbia .....	7	142	154	65	56	229	145	8	163	205	3	11	211	996	51	25	7.02	.57
Utah .....	2	28		10	8	20	7	4	50	35	16	7		400	11	12	1.48	
Virginia .....	1	10																
Wisconsin .....	7	100																
* West Michigan .....	10			125	20	133	122	32	117	1441	7	14	15140	17984	45		2.10	251.52
Western Oregon .....	7	162		28	9	13	2		407	1401	2	1	2407	840	32	7	21.09	28.07
Western Pennsylvania ..	8	70	18	8		21	23		472			2		1295		111	2.00	1.50
West Virginia .....	1	23								35	4	1		576				
Western Washington ...	6	100																
Totals .....	196	3741	313	2287	636	3860	2116	841	28270	57649	1365	2788	23492	214905	3649	1017	\$327.87	\$1100.61

\* Includes all unpublished reports.

† For two quarters.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER,  
Secretary Young People's Department.





### Cuban Child's Plea

I'm a little Cuban maiden;  
In my home so far away,  
We have ever in our gardens  
Flowers blooming bright and gay.

Snow and ice are things we know not;  
In our cabins thatched with palm,  
Glass is seldom used for windows,  
For the air is soft and balm.

All about our lovely island  
Lies the ocean, deep and blue;  
Ships are riding on its bosom,  
Messages they bring of you.

And they tell us, in the Northland  
Children meet to pray and sing  
In the Sabbath-schools and churches  
Unto Christ, their Friend and King.

Few have ever told the story  
Of the Christ, to children here.  
We are taught to worship Mary,  
She alone our prayers will hear.

And the priest forbids the Bible,  
To him we our sins confess,  
Kneel to saints and holy pictures,  
Know no comfort in distress.

Little children of the Northland,  
Will you not send us some cheer,  
That we, too, may learn the story,  
And may love your Saviour dear?

—Selected.

### First Aid to the Injured Poison

ONE day, as the boys and their tutor were clambering over stones, poking about in the hope of finding some relic, Mr. Wilson exclaimed, "Look out for that poison ivy, boys!"

"But I thought the poison kind had only three leaves, and this has five," cried John, who had gone some distance from the others.

"There are two kinds of ivy here," replied Mr. Wilson; "the one which you are looking at, John, is the Virginia creeper; in the fall this ivy has dark-blue berries. We are looking at some poison ivy over here; its berries are white, and it has three leaves."

"Well, I guess I know the difference," said Abe. "Do you see my hand?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wilson; "I've been wondering what was the matter with it."

"Well, I was poking around, yesterday, in the woods, and I was careless, I suppose, for this morning when I woke up, I found I'd poisoned myself."

"How did it feel?" asked John.

"It burned and itched, and it was all broken out in red blotches and blisters."

"But what did you do for it?" asked John.

"Mother wet some pieces of cloth in water and baking-soda, and the itching stopped after a little while."

"How much baking-soda did she use?" said John, who always became interested in anything of this kind.

"A tablespoonful in a teacup of water."

"Here's your old friend baking-soda again," said Mr. Wilson; "you see, we use it for burns, for sunburn, and for eruptions caused by poisons on the skin. Were any of you ever poisoned inside?"

"I was," said Abe, who had proved such a jolly companion that the boys had again invited him to join them; "it was over here on the island that I ate some poke-berries last summer, because they looked good and juicy."

"What did you do for that?" said the inquisitive John.

"Mother gave me a lot of warm water, a pint at a time, and once or twice some with a little mustard in it."

"What did that do to you?" said Jerry. "I'm glad I didn't eat any poke-berries!"

"I got sick at my stomach, and it all came up," said Abe, "and then I felt better, only I was so cold that mother put me to bed in warm blankets, and gave me hot coffee to drink."

"Your mother couldn't have done any better if she had been a doctor," said Mr. Wilson, "for she attended to the main things. She got rid of the poison first, and then braced you up afterward. There are many poisons, however, that have to be treated in special ways. They need an antidote."

"That's a funny word," said John. "What does that mean, Guardie?"

"Well, it means something like this: when the cook's baby drank lye, she had to have an antidote—in other words, she had swallowed an alkali, and she had to take an acid, which is an antidote for an alkali. You remember they gave her lemon-juice; that's an acid."

"Why couldn't they have given her vinegar?" said John. "Isn't that an acid?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Wilson, "it would have been very good, too."

"I should think that sometimes people would take acids and get poisoned," said John.

"You are quite right," said Mr. Wilson; "they do, and then you have to give them an alkali, which would be, for instance, aromatic spirits of ammonia, or our friend baking-soda; but another thing, the acid would injure the walls of the stomach, and you would give milk, or the whites of eggs, or flour stirred in water besides."

"Well, I fear it's going to be rather hard work to study medicine, if this is a part of it, Guardie," said John; "but I think I'll like it." — *Dr. E. E. Walker, in St. Nicholas.*

### The Morning that Frances Sang

"It's the worst storm we've had this year!" Mrs. Carlson poured the coffee with a disappointed glance windowward.

"Yes," nodded her husband. "The snow-plow was along not half an hour ago, and we shall need it again before church time. Don't those young folks want hurrying up a little? They're late."

"It's too bad! Of course Frances won't want to sing to empty pews, and I can't blame her. She's spent so much time on that solo, and she certainly sings it well, if I do say it."

A smile flitted across Mr. Carlson's face at his wife's disturbed tone, and then faded. "But seriously, Marcia, the solo has been announced in the church notices, and I would be sorry to have Frances fail to keep her appointment. A Carlson's word is something —"

"Good-morning, folkses; I didn't mean to be late, honest. I overslept, somehow." Frances slipped into her seat at the table as bright and cheery as a June sunbeam.

"I'm in the same boat with sis," laughed her brother, as he took the chair opposite. "It's so comforting to have company on such occasions. I've observed it's a trifle snowy." Stuart twisted his head in the direction of the window. "But I'll have the walks in good shape before Frances

gets on her tucks and frills. The soloist always starts extra early."

"There are a few things to be done in this house before one comes to the frills," retorted Frances, laughingly. "But you just watch me hurry."

There was not a grumbling word about the weather, or a single hint as to the desirability of remaining at home. Mr. and Mrs. Carlson looked at each other. Both faces wore a puzzled expression, which soon gave way to a smile of satisfaction. Frances was a girl of her word — a Carlson clear through.

"I didn't know," said Mrs. Carlson, "but I was afraid maybe you wouldn't want to sing, it's such a bad day. I suppose there won't be many out. Of course that ought not to make any difference —"

"Of course not, mother," Frances answered, cheerily. How could her mother know the struggle that had been going on ever since she awoke? She had tried to put all unworthy thoughts from her as she rehearsed with a tender pathos the "Shepherd's Psalm." She was going, not to sing to enthusiastic friends that any other time would have filled the edifice, but to lay her song a little offering at God's feet. Perhaps there might be one of his children it would help and comfort; anyway, he would know and understand.

The bells slowly chimed in sweet but muffled tones on the snow-laden air. Only a few of the faithful ones were scattered through the pews of Central church, with now and then a stranger's face. A boy's head bobbed restlessly in a far corner throughout the opening service. But every face was raised expectantly as the soloist came forward.

First, there were tones from the organ that throbbed like a mighty pulse and sank away into soft flutterings, and then a young voice tenderly took up the story of the Shepherd, and the green pastures and still waters. Richer and purer it swelled. The singer had forgotten herself and her listeners — all but One. She was singing to Him, and her song became a joyful pæan of praise as she ended, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever — forever!"

Frances took her seat as in a dream. She was trembling. Never in all her experience had she reached so far out of herself, with only thought of the words upon her lips, to which a strange, new fervor had given expression.

Stuart was waiting for her at the close of the service. He tucked her hand under his arm with a brotherly solicitude as they went out into the storm. "Fran, it was a shame that church wasn't crowded."

"I'm — I'm not sorry it wasn't," Frances said, softly.

"What? Why, I always thought you liked to be — appreciated." Stuart looked at his sister curiously. Her face was all aglow, and a beautiful light shone in her eyes. All at once he began to understand — a little, and the hand on his arm was pressed closer. Sis wasn't going to be spoiled, after all, as he had so often feared; she was too sensible and — dear. "There! You didn't notice our washerwoman's small son. We just passed him, and if you haven't an ardent admirer, then I don't know. Lannie Gooch never took his eyes off from you 'the hull endurin' time,' as his mother would say. You'll hear from her Monday morning."

It was the middle of the afternoon; the dinner



things had been cleared away. Mr. Carlson, entering the sitting-room, found Frances the only occupant.

"Well, little girl,"—he sat down on the arm of the chair and drew her head against his shoulder,—“you have always declared you could sing better when there was a large audience, it was such a stimulus; but you didn't have it to-day, that's certain, and I was proud of our daughter. What was it?” A fatherly hand touched the brown hair tenderly.

Frances sat very still for a moment. “It was better than that,” she answered at last. A tremble in her voice betrayed her earnestness. “I hope I shall never sing again from such an unworthy motive as praise; although it is very sweet to know you have given pleasure, that your friends are pleased with you. But I'm going to sing to some better purpose after this, I hope, always. You know, ‘Take my voice and let me sing, always, only, for my King.’ That's what I mean, father, dear.”

That was all, but Mr. Carlson did know and understood, and his heart was deeply touched.

It was Monday morning. Mrs. Gooch briskly soused the clothes in the bluing-water. “Yes'm, Lannie was wonderfully pleased! I heard you say last week that Miss Frances was a-goin' to sing at church, an' I told him. He was set on goin' to once. My! but he looked like a snow boy when he got back, he was that covered!” The laundress straightened her tired back for a moment. “He said he could hear every word, an' that's a compliment, I'm sure. An' he knew jest how thim green pasters looked an' the waters that wuz quiet, 'cause, ye see, the Fresh Air folks sent him out in the country last summer.

“Yes, Lannie said it was great. He could 'most see them big fields, all green an' sunshiny, an' the river a crawlin' lazy-like through 'em. I'd like to do somethin' special for Miss Frances, I'm that thankful. Lannie says he's goin' reg'lar. Mebbe he'll be got into Sabbath-school yet.” Mrs. Gooch went on with her washing, but there was a smile on the worn face.

“Lannie Gooch shall go to Sabbath-school, if I have to take a class myself to get him in,” Frances resolved when the laundress's words were repeated to her. That is how, a short time after, Frances found a new field of labor that she thoroughly enjoyed, although she had often declared previously that she had “no faculty for teaching children.”

“To think that one song on that stormy day could bring such results!” Frances exclaimed a few months later, as she viewed the semicircle of boyish faces gathered eagerly around her chair. “But, after all, that wasn't the beginning. It was the pledge of service I took the week before at our Endeavor meeting, ‘Take my voice and let me sing, always, only, for my King.’ I couldn't have stayed at home after that, you see.”—*Isabel Graham Bush, in Young People's Weekly.*

to Berlin, only it would take ten minutes longer to do the work between London and New York.”

Arrangements are being made to conduct some long-distance experiments in the near future. The chief use to which the new invention will be put is that of the police in tracing and identifying criminals. A warrant for an arrest and a likeness of the offender could be telegraphed to all parts of the world in a few minutes.

A company is being organized to establish stations in all civilized countries for the use of the new device. It is not beyond the reach of probabilities that the transmission of photographs will soon be as common as the ordinary use of the telegraph.



It will be seen from the accompanying illustration that, while the features shown in the telegraphed portrait are

distinct enough to admit of identification, they are not so clear as those in a regular photograph. Dr. Korn hopes to remedy the defects in time.—*Young People's Weekly.*

### Can People Live Without Cocoanuts?

ELLIS TROY lives thousands of miles from here, on an island in the Pacific Ocean. He and his parents are almost the only white people on that island.

The principal things that grow there are breadfruit and cocoanuts. The people have little else to eat, except fish. But they do not eat the ripe nuts, such as are sold here; for the green ones are better. The meat of some of the green nuts is so soft that a person needs a spoon in eating it. Unripe nuts can not be shipped to our country, because they would spoil before they reached here.

The water in green cocoanuts is much better than that in ripe ones. It tastes somewhat like soda-water. Sometimes, in dry weather, those island people have nothing else to drink; for there are no lakes nor rivers on their little island.

Sometimes, too, these people have only cocoanuts to eat. So, you see, they could not live without the nuts.

Ellis once told one of the island boys that cocoanuts do not grow in the United States. The boy thought this must be a dreadful place to live. He thought the people must die of thirst when there is no rain for several weeks, and that they would starve to death when the breadfruit crop failed, and they could not catch fish.

Ellis then told him that there is no breadfruit here, and that many parts of the country are so far from the sea that the people can not catch fish.

Then the brown-faced island boy said he understood why Ellis and his parents had come to that island; he thought it was because there is scarcely anything to eat in the United States,—no breadfruit, no cocoanuts, and not enough fish. He never heard of the many kinds of food that we have here.—*Mrs. Adelaide D. Wellman.*

### Charcoal, a Sure Antidote for All Internal Poisoning

IN the course of a long article by Henri de Parville in the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires* (Paris), we are told that the Japanese physicians declare that it is impossible for internal poisoning to result in death if the victim swallow a quantity of charcoal as soon as the first gastro-intestinal disturbance is felt, and, if that is true, it would be well to make the fact universally known. Fontana was the first to demonstrate that charcoal absorbs gases. After Fontana published the results of his experiments,

it was discovered that it possessed powerful disinfecting qualities. Later, cooks began to throw a live coal into their soup in time of storm to prevent the atmospheric disturbances from “turning” it (their soup), and sugar-refiners discovered that charcoal could be used for clarifying sugar. It is known that it has a strong action on alkaloids. Put a paper filter in a funnel, put in charcoal, and then put red wine into the funnel, and the wine that filters through the charcoal will be white.

If a piece of charcoal is thrown into a liquid containing a salt of toxic lead, the coal takes up the toxic quality of the salt, and the liquor containing it loses its poison. Dr. Thouery, a French druggist (who lived about the year 1835), asserted that charcoal would counteract the poison of strychnin. No one believed him, and, to prove that he knew what he was talking about, he swallowed a dose of strychnin, and then swallowed a large quantity of charcoal. The result bore out his assertion. He was not even made sick by it. Thouery's grandson, Dr. Secheyron, of Toulouse, assisted by Dr. Daunic, experimented with charcoal, and their reports were published and widely distributed. Whenever charcoal was used, the results were excellent.

“The poisons used in their experiments (and in every case rendered innocuous by the simple antidote) were the poison of mushrooms, cyanid of potash, phosphorus, laudanum, arsenic, and ptomaines. Charcoal—above all, vegetable charcoal—takes up alkaloid toxins and mineral poisons, and, as it does that, it is only doing it bare justice to say that it is the most active of known antidotes. I give these conclusions as they were given to me. I have not experimented on my own account or otherwise, but my sources of information are reliable. The remedy is within the common reach, and it would be well to test its powers in all cases of the nature of ptomaine poisoning; poisoning by cream taken from dishes tainted by verdigris, etc.”

It must be mentioned that this antidote must be taken when the first symptoms of poison are felt, and the doses must be large. It must be taken in suspension in water,—put into the water and stirred while it is taken, so that it shall not settle. There is nothing to be feared, even if a great deal of the powder is used. Use a soup-spoon, and take it at intervals of ten minutes. Thouery's method is indorsed by Jules Roy, another well-known chemist. Mr. Roy writes to the *Annales* as follows:—

“Permit me to insist upon the necessity of giving charcoal a fair trial in all cases of internal poisoning. It has a special action upon nuxvomica, cantharides, strychnin, and other poisons (including ptomaines). It is supposed that its peculiar power comes from the fact that it envelops the poison at once (thus separating the poison from the stomach), and that, owing to its absorbing power and its avidity for all gases and all salts, it immediately determines the formation of an innocuous combination. Its absorbing power is so great that one volume of charcoal absorbs ninety volumes of ammonia gas. Chemists have proved the analogy existing between this property and the solution of gases in water (the most soluble being the most absorbable). . . . Some time ago I had occasion to cure a whole family (five persons) who had been poisoned by verdigris, and were already in agony (throat constriction, rapid breathing, and intense thirst). I gave them large doses of animal and vegetable charcoal in water, and brought them out of it without any trouble.”—*American Monthly Review of Reviews.*

THE national railways of Japan have introduced newspaper reading cars on some of the passenger-trains, so that one may read the latest news as one travels.

## Science Stories

### Photographs Sent by Telegraph

AT last Dr. Arthur Korn, of the University of Munich, has practically solved the problem of sending photographs by telegraph. Success has crowned three years of constant effort. In explaining the invention, Dr. Korn says: “The apparatus is capable of transmitting a photograph between six thousand and seven thousand miles. The quality of the likeness is not dependent on the distance. I could telegraph a portrait from London to New York as easily as from Munich



**The Time for Fun**

WHEN the Spring first shows her face  
Peeping through a snowy lace;  
When the snow-drifts melt away,  
Going faster ev'ry day;  
When the Spring-time's choicest gift,  
The wee flowers, their faces lift,  
That's the time for fun.

When flowers are blooming bright,  
And the cherry blooms are white;  
When the birds each day now sing,  
And the hum-bird flits on wing;  
When birds, hov'ring o'er their nests,  
Feed small birds with downy breasts,  
That's the time for fun.

When fruits are rip'ning quickly  
And on trees clus'tring thickly;  
When the leaves are turning red  
With the maple at the head;  
When the leaves have left the tree,  
In the wind are dancing free,  
That's the time for fun.

When the days are getting cold,  
And the year is growing old;  
When the earth with snow is white,  
And the nights are clear and bright;  
When you like to slide and skate,  
And live in a northern State,  
That's the time for fun.

ELOISE CASE, aged eleven years.

**THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON****VII—The Death of Stephen**

(May 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 6:8 to 8:2.

MEMORY VERSE: "Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you." Luke 6:27.

"And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people.

"Then there arose certain of the synagogue, . . . disputing with Stephen. And they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake. Then they suborned men, which said, We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God. And they stirred up the people, and the elders, and the scribes, and came upon him, and caught him, and brought him to the council, and set up false witnesses, which said, This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law: for we have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us.

"And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

"Then said the high priest, Are these things so?"

In answer to this direct question, Stephen courteously spoke to the high priest and those who were with him, saying, "Men, brethren, and fathers, harken." Then, beginning with Abraham, he gave a brief history of God's dealings with the Jewish people. He reminded his hearers how Abraham had left his home and country at God's call, to go to a land that he would give him. He told how the envious sons of Jacob sold Joseph into bondage, and how God gave him favor in the sight of the king of Egypt. He spoke of the bondage of Israel, and of Moses, who was raised up to deliver them. He reminded them how the Lord had "showed wonders and signs in the land of Egypt, and in the Red Sea, and in the wilderness forty years," and yet they had turned away from him in their hearts, and had worshiped the golden calf. He spoke of David, who desired to make a house for the Lord, and of Solomon, who had built the first glorious temple at Jerusalem.

At this point Stephen rebuked his audience,

saying: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers: who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it.

"When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.

"Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

"And Saul was consenting unto his death. And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judæa and Samaria, except the apostles. And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."

**Questions**

1. What kind of man was Stephen? Acts 6:5, 8. What power was with him? Who disputed with him? What was the result?

2. When these men found they could not overthrow Stephen in this way, what did they do? Where was he brought? What false witness was borne against him there?

3. What was noticed by those in the council who looked at Stephen? What question was asked him by the high priest?

4. When Stephen spoke, what did he call his hearers? What does this show?—A gentle, courteous spirit.

5. What did Stephen now do?—He gave a brief history of God's dealings with the Jews. Who was Abraham? What had God called him to do?

6. What man was sold into bondage by his envious brothers? How was he afterward able to help them? How did the children of Israel come to be in bondage in Egypt?

7. Who was Moses? What great work was he raised up to do? In spite of the Lord's care for them, what had Israel often done?

8. What had David desired to do? By whom had this work been done?

9. How did Stephen now reprove his hearers? What had both they and their fathers done? With what grave crime did Stephen charge them? What had they failed to keep? Acts 7:51-53.

10. When they heard these words of reproof, what did the Jews do? How did the Lord encourage Stephen in this dark hour? What did Stephen say?

11. What was the effect of his words? Where did his enemies now take him? What did Stephen say while they were stoning him? What were his last words? What lesson do they teach? Memory verse.

12. Who stood by during the death of Stephen? What part did he have in it? By whom was Stephen buried?

13. What now arose in Jerusalem against the church? What was the result of this persecution?

How few are heart to heart with God in his solemn, closing work!—Mrs. E. G. White.

**THE YOUTH'S LESSON****VII—Love for One Another**

(May 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 John 3:16-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God." 1 John 3:21.

**Questions**

1. By what great sacrifice was the love of God manifested to us? 1 John 3:16; note 1.

2. In view of this what ought we to do? 1 John 3:16.

3. What course is a sure evidence of the absence of the love of God in the heart? Verse 17; note 2.

4. What kind of love is not acceptable? In what manner are we exhorted to love? Verse 18; note 3.

5. What may those who have such love in their hearts know? Verse 19.

6. If our own heart condemns us, how may we expect God will look upon our actions? Verse 20; note 4.

7. What is the experience of the one whose heart does not condemn him? Verse 21.

8. To what will this confidence lead? Verse 22 (first part); note 5.

9. Why may such expect that their requests will be granted? Verse 22 (last part); note 6.

10. What does this text show to be the standard of our actions? Verse 22, last clause.

11. What is his commandment? How many are included in this commandment? Verse 23; note 7.

12. What is the relation between God and those who keep his commandments? By what may we know that he abides in us? Verse 24.

**Notes**

1. The Revised Version renders the first clause of verse 16 thus: "Hereby know we love, because," etc. The cross of Calvary is the grandest display of love which the universe has even seen. John 3:16. "Jesus died because God loved the world."

2. "This plan of salvation was laid by a sacrifice, a gift" (2 Cor. 8:9), and the same spirit should characterize all Christians (Matt. 10:8) as was shown by the Macedonians. 2 Cor. 8:3-5. "Thus while our gifts can not recommend us to God, or earn his favor, they are an evidence that we have received the grace of Christ. They are a test of the sincerity of our profession of love."

3. "He tests the love of his professed followers by committing to their tender mercies the afflicted and bereaved ones, the poor, and the orphan." Deeds should accompany words in order to make them effective. James 2:15, 16.

4. A clear conscience is a good thing (2 Cor. 1:12), but God is the final judge (Rom. 2:16), and the life record determines the result. Rev. 20:12. "Believers, as such, ask only what is in accordance with God's will; or if they ask what God wills not, they bow their will to God's will, so God grants them either their request or something better than it."—Fausset.

5. God can bestow special blessings upon only those who will use them to his glory, which is always for their good. Deut. 6:24. The obedience of faith is evidence of such a purpose.

6. As Christ pleased not himself (Rom. 15:3) but the Father (John 8:29), so we are to do; but this is not natural to man (Rom. 8:8), and is accomplished only through faith. Heb. 11:6.

7. Belief in Christ insures salvation (Acts 16:31), and is the work of God. John 6:29. Love to man is the outgrowth of this experience. Christ dwells in genuine Christians (2 Cor. 13:5), as in Paul (Gal. 2:20), and works in us through his power (Phil. 2:13) to obedience. Rom. 5:19.





ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE M. DICKERSON

EDITOR

## Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	.40
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TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25
CLUB RATES	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	.50
100 or more " " " "	.45

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

THE sketch of Elizabeth Egede that appears in this number of the INSTRUCTOR was taken from the new book, "The Missionary Idea," to which attention has been called heretofore.

## San Francisco Devastated

EARLY in the morning of the eighteenth of April, a severe earthquake and the resulting conflagration destroyed three fourths of the city of San Francisco, California. Thousands of the citizens are dead, and hundreds of thousands are homeless, as the result of the disaster, and hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property have been destroyed. The water-mains were broken by the earthquake, and much suffering therefore was caused from lack of water. People would drink from muddy pools, and water had to be pumped from the ocean to fight the fire.

Telegraphic communication with near-by cities was cut off, and one man who wished to inform his friends at Los Angeles of the safety of his family cabled to Berlin, Germany, and had the message returned to Los Angeles. All car lines were destroyed also.

The cry now is for bread, water, and shelter. Our government, cities, corporations, and private citizens are responding generously to the call of the sufferers. The United States government has sent the stricken city one million dollars, and four hundred Americans in London contributed one hundred thousand dollars. The Grand Army has sent out an order for every lodge to send contributions to the Red Cross Society, and leading citizens all over the country are sending in personal contributions. Mr. Andrew Carnegie sent a gift of one hundred thousand dollars.

San Francisco does not suffer alone, although it sustained the chief loss. Other smaller cities along the coast also report considerable damage to life and property from the earthquake shock.

## Drift

At the narrow entrance of Pictou Harbor an ice-floe grounded. Two boys swept off the snow, and skated on the ice for a week. Engrossed in play, and growing confident with time, they did not notice that the spring tide had floated the ice, and was carrying them out to sea. When at length one of them noticed the widening water between them and the shore, with a warning shout he instantly sprang in, and, after a desperate struggle, scrambled up the beach.

The other for a minute watched the lights of home, high up upon the shore, and the dark stream between him and them, growing every moment wider as the ice caught the sweep of the tide. Then with a wild cry he, too, sprang in; but he never reached the shore. That moment of indecision cost him his life.

Engrossed with the work or play of this life,

men are unconsciously swept away from eternal life by currents that do not make for godliness. Now is the accepted time. A moment of indecision may cost you your soul.—Robert Murray.

## Responsibility for Sin

ONE day, after Rev. John Thomas had addressed a crowd of natives on the banks of the Ganges, he was accosted by a Brahman, "Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts man to sin?" "Yes," replied Mr. Thomas. "Then," said the Brahman, "certainly the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment." Mr. Thomas, observing a boat, with several men on board, descending the river, replied, "Brahman, do you see yonder boat?" "Yes," "Suppose I was to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable in the boat, who ought to suffer punishment,—I for instructing them, or they for doing this wicked act?" "Why," answered the Brahman, "you ought all to be put to death together." "Ay, Brahman," replied Mr. Thomas; "and if you and the devil sin together, the devil and you will be punished together." —Oma Carnine.

## A Torn Copy

ABOUT twenty years ago a brother, one of the lonely ones, being a reader of *The Signs of the Times*, moved to a distant city, and a torn copy of the paper was left in the house vacated. Later the house was rented again, and the lady who moved in picked the paper up and read a part of a very interesting story in the Home Department; but, not having time, she laid it aside, and later finished reading the story. This led her to examine other portions of the paper. Being interested, she gave it to her husband to read, and they both were so impressed by what it contained that they decided to subscribe for it. After reading it for several months, they saw in it an advertisement of the *Review and Herald*, and concluded from the nature of the *Signs* that this, too, must be a good paper, so they subscribed for it also.

As our books were advertised in the papers, they sent for some of them, and being non-professors and not attending any church, they spent much time in reading. The result of it all was that they learned the truth, and soon decided to keep the Sabbath. After a struggle with his employer, the brother was still retained as foreman in the shop where he was working. They erected the family altar, and also laid aside their tithes till they could attend some Seventh-day Adventist meeting.

Later they saw such a meeting advertised in the *Review*, and went about forty miles to attend it, carrying their tithe with them. They gave their experience, and were baptized, which was a great encouragement to the brethren and sisters. Later this brother entered the canvassing work, and sold hundreds of volumes of "Great Controversy."

Who can estimate the result of that one torn copy of *The Signs of the Times*?

Can not every one of us each month in the future place at least one whole copy of this precious paper where some lost sinner can find it? —William Boynton.

## "Moment by Moment"

"Dying with Jesus, by death reckoned mine, Living with Jesus a new life divine."

WHILE I was attending the World's Fair in Chicago, Henry Varley, a lay preacher from London, said to Major Whittle: "I do not like the hymn 'I need thee every hour' very well, because I need him every moment of the day."

Soon after Major Whittle wrote this sweet hymn, having the chorus:—

"Moment by moment I'm kept in his love;  
Moment by moment I've life from above;  
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine;  
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am thine."

Mr. Whittle brought the hymn to me in manuscript a little later, saying that he would give me the copyright of both the words and the music if I would print for him five hundred copies on fine paper for distributing among his friends. His daughter, May Whittle, who later became the wife of Will R. Moody, composed the music. I did as Mr. Whittle wished; and I sent the hymn to England, where it was copyrighted on the same day as at Washington.

In England the hymn became very popular. Falling into the hands of the well-known Andrew Murray, of South Africa, then visiting London, he adopted it as his favorite hymn. A year later Mr. Murray visited Northfield, and while holding a meeting for men in the church he remarked: "If Sankey only knew a hymn which I found in London, and would sing it, he would find that it embraces my entire creed."

I was very anxious to know what hymn it was, and when he had recited it, I said to him: "Doctor, that hymn was written within five hundred yards of where we are standing."

For years Dr. Murray and his wife sang this hymn in nearly all his meetings. It also became a great favorite in South Africa during the war. —Ira D. Sankey.



SPENCER, IOWA, Jan. 11, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would have a letter put in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I am ten years of age. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and I like to go. I have four sisters and two brothers. I go to church-school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Emma Curtis. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Minnie Hansen. I want all the friends to pray for me so I can see Jesus in the earth made new.

BLANCH HILLIARD.

ROCK CREEK, MINN., Jan. 5, 1906.

DEAR READERS: I will send a few lines to tell you I enjoy the INSTRUCTOR very much. I have never seen any letter from this place, so I thought I would write a few lines. There are but a few Sabbath-keepers here. I go to public school because we have no church-school. I am fifteen years old, and am in the sixth grade. I have one sister older than myself, and two younger.

MOLLIE NELSON.

SPENCER, IOWA, Jan. 20, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR as I have never written before. All my folks keep the Sabbath. I go to Sabbath-school, and I love to go very much. I am nine years old. I have six sisters and three brothers. I take the INSTRUCTOR, and read the letters that are in it. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Miss Minnie Hansen. I like her very much. I want the friends to pray for me, and I want to see them in the earth made new.

RUTH PELLEYMOUNTER.

OMEGA, O. T., Feb. 13, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I get the INSTRUCTOR, and like to read it very much. We all keep the Sabbath and go to Sabbath-school. I am secretary and organist. We have a Young People's Society. Missionary meetings are held also, for which I am thankful. I hope these meetings will prepare the young people as well as the older ones to be workers in the Master's cause.

I go to public school because there is no church-school here. I hope to meet all the readers in the earth made new. Best wishes to the editor and readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

KATIE M. HOLDER.