

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Moffat and Africaner

ROBERT MOFFAT, the poor Scotch lad, who, by living on beggar's fare, managed to get an education in theology and medicine, must evermore stand as one of the great pioneers of Central African exploration. When on the last day of October, 1816, that memorable year in missions, he set sail for Cape of Good Hope, he was only twenty years of age. But in all the qualities that assure both maturity and heroism, he was a full-grown man.

As not infrequently occurs, his greatest obstacles were found, not in the hopeless paganism of the degraded tribes of the Dark Continent, but in the apathy, if not antipathy, of the representatives of Christian governments. The British governor would have penned him up within the bounds of Cape Colony, lest he should complicate the relations of the settlers with the tribes of the interior. While fighting out this battle with the powers that be, he studied Dutch with a pious Hollander, that he might preach to the Boers and their servants.

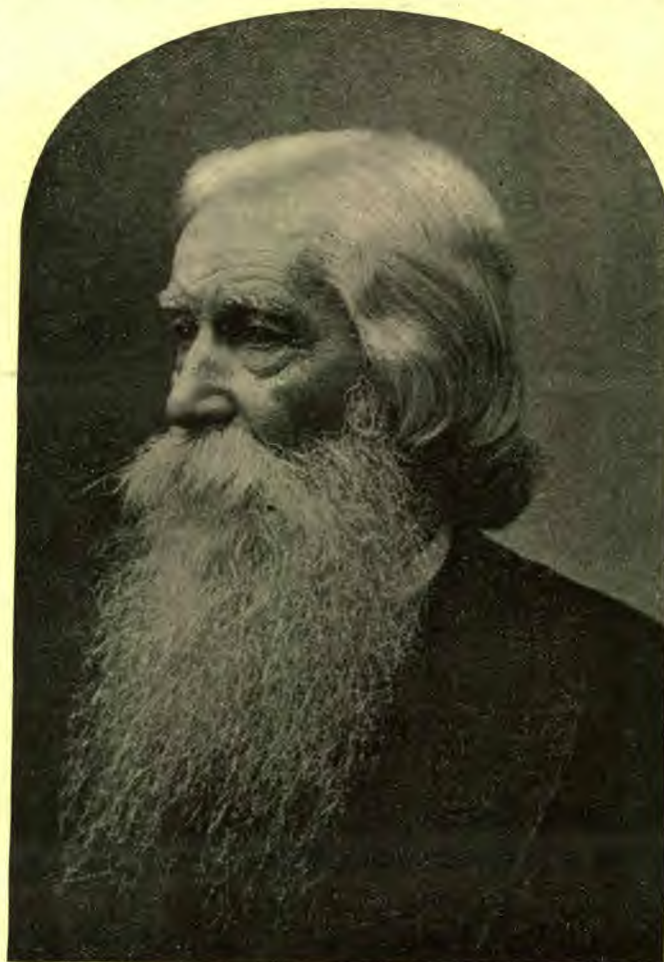
Afterward, when permission was obtained, while traveling to the country of the Bechuanas, at the close of his first day's journey, he stopped at a farmhouse and offered to preach to the people that evening. In the large kitchen, where the service was to be held, stood a long table, at the head of which sat the Boer, with his wife and six grown children. A large Bible lay on the table, and underneath the table half a dozen dogs. The Boer pointed to the Bible as the signal for Mr. Moffat to begin. But, after vainly waiting for others to come in, he asked how soon the working people were to be called. "Working people?" impatiently cried the farmer, "you don't mean the Hottentots,—the blacks! You are not waiting for them, surely, or expecting to preach to them; you might as well preach to those dogs under that table!" A second time, and more angrily, he spoke, repeating the offensive comparison.

Young as Mr. Moffat was, he was disconcerted only for a moment. Lifting his heart to God for guidance, the thought came into his mind to take a text suggested by the rude remarks of the Boer. So he opened the Bible to the fifteenth of Matthew and twenty-seventh verse: "Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." Pausing a moment, he slowly repeated these words with his eyes steadily fixed on the face of the Boer; and again pausing, a third time recited the appropriate words. Angrily the Boer cried out, "Well, well, bring them in." A crowd of blacks then thronged the kitchen, and Moffat preached, to them all.

Ten years passed, and the missionary was passing that way again. Those work-people, who held him in the most grateful remembrance, seeing him, ran after him to thank him for telling them the way to Christ in that sermon.

His whole life in Africa was a witness to miracles of transformation. He had no scorn and contempt toward the sable sons of Africa. He found the most degraded of them open to the impressions of the gospel, and even the worst and most unimpressible among them were compelled to confess the power of that gospel to renew. One savage, cruel chief, who hated the

the terror of all the country. Some prophesied that he would be eaten by this monster; others were sure that he would be killed, and his skull be turned into a drinking cup, and his skin into the head of a drum. Nevertheless, the heroic young missionary went straight for the kraal of the cruel marauder and murderer. He was accompanied by Ebner, the missionary, who was not in favor in Africaner's court, and who soon had to flee, leaving Mr. Moffat alone with a blood-thirsty monarch and people as treacherous as their chief. But God had armed his servant with the spirit, not of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. He was a man of singular grace and tact. He quietly but firmly planted his foot in Africaner's realms, and began his work. He opened a school, began stated services of worship, and went about among the people, living simply, self-denyingly, and prayerfully. *Africaner himself was his first convert.* The wild Namooka warrior was turned into a gentle child. The change in this chief was a moral miracle. Wolfish rapacity, leonine ferocity, leopardish treachery, gave way before the meekness and mildness of the calf or kid. His sole aim and ambition had been to rob and to slay, to lead his people on expeditions for plunder and violence, but he now seemed absorbed by one passion—zeal for God and his missionary. He set his subjects to building a house for Mr. Moffat, made him a present of cows, became a regular and devout worshiper, mourned heartily over his past life, and habitually studied the Word of God. He could not do enough for the man who had led him to Jesus. When the missionary's life hung in the balance with African fever, he nursed him through the crisis of delirium; when he had to visit Cape Town, Africaner went with him, knowing that a price had been set for years upon his own head as an outlaw and a public enemy. No marvel that, when he made his appearance in Cape Colony, the people were astonished at the transformation! It was even more wonderful than when Saul, the arch-persecutor, was suddenly transformed into Paul the apostle.



SCOTLAND'S PIONEER MISSIONARY TO THE NEW HEBRIDES,
JOHN G. PATON

missionaries, had a dog that chewed and swallowed a copy of the book of Psalms for the sake of the soft sheepskin in which it was bound. The enraged chief declared his dog to be henceforth worthless: "He would no more bite or tear, now that he had swallowed a Christian book."

This godly, devoted missionary preached and taught the warlike Bechuanas till they put away their clubs and knives, and farming utensils took the place of bows and arrows and spears. This strange change in African savages came to be talked over among the people. It was so wonderful that the other tribes could account for it only as an instance of supernatural magic. There was nothing they knew of that would lead men like the Bechuanas to bring war to an end, and no longer rob and kill.

Mr. Moffat was especially warned against the notorious Africaner, a chief whose name was

Mr. Moffat once said that during his entire residence among this people, he remembered no occasion on which he had been grieved with Africaner or found reason for complaint; and even his very faults leaned to the side of virtue. On his way to Cape Town with Mr. Moffat, a distance of six hundred miles, the whole road lay through a country which had been laid waste by this robber chief and his retainers. The Dutch farmers could not believe that this converted man was actually Africaner; and one of them, when he saw him, lifted his hands and exclaimed: "This is the eighth wonder of the world! Great God, what a miracle of thy power and grace!"

He who had long shed blood without cause would now with as little hesitation shed his own for Christ's sake. When he found his own death

approaching, he gathered his people around him and charged them, as Moses and Joshua did Israel: "We are not now what we once were, savages, but men professing to be taught according to the gospel. Let us, then, do accordingly." Then with unspeakable tenderness and gentleness, he counseled them to live peaceably with all men, to engage in no undertaking without the advice of Christian guides, to remain together as one people, to receive and welcome all missionaries as sent of God, and then gave them his parting blessing. His own dying confession would have graced the lips of the apostle of the gentiles: "I feel that I love God, and that he has done much for me of which I am totally unworthy. My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has bought my pardon, and I shall live with him through an eternity. Beware of falling back into the same evils into which I have so often led you, but seek God and he will be found of you, and direct you." Having said this, Africaner fell asleep, himself having furnished one of the most unanswerable proofs that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation.—*Arthur T. Pierson, in "The Miracles of Missions."*

Speech of the Chief Naswai

THE following is from the "Life of John G. Paton," missionary to the New Hebrides, which is being used this year in the General Culture Course for young people in the Central Union Conference. Naswai, a converted heathen on the island of Aniwa, speaks to a deputation of savages from Fotuna on what the gospel has done for the Aniwas:—

"Men of Fotuna, you come to see what the gospel has done for Aniwa. It is Jehovah the living God that has made all this change. As heathen, we quarreled, killed, and ate each other. We had no peace or joy in heart or home, in villages or lands; but we now live as brethren, and have happiness in all things. When you go back to Fotuna, they will ask you, 'What is Christianity?' And you will have to reply, 'It is that which has changed the people of Aniwa.' But they will still say, 'What is it?' And you will answer, 'It is that which has given them clothing and blankets, knives and axes, fish-hooks and many other useful things; it is that which has led them to give up fighting, and to live together as friends.' But they will ask you, 'What is it like?' And you will have to tell them, alas, that you can not explain it, that you have only seen its workings, not itself, and that no one can tell what Christianity is but the man that loves Jesus, the invisible Master, and walks with him and tries to please him. Now, you people of Fotuna, you think that if you don't dance and sing and pray to your gods, you will have no crops. We once did so too, sacrificing and doing much abomination to our gods for weeks before our planting season every year. But we saw our Missi only praying to the invisible Jehovah, and planting his yams, and they grew fairer than ours. You are weak every year before your hard work begins in the field, with your wild and bad conduct to please your gods. But we are strong for our work, for we pray to Jehovah, and he gives us quiet rest instead of wild dancing, and makes us happy in our toils. Since we followed Missi's example, Jehovah has given us large and beautiful crops, and we now know that he gives us all our blessings."

Turning to me, he exclaimed, "Missi, have you the large yam we presented to you? Would you not think it well to send it back with these men of Fotuna, to let their people see the yams which Jehovah grows for us in answer to prayer? Jehovah is the only God who can grow yams like that."

Then after a pause, he proceeded: "When you go back to Fotuna, and they ask you, 'What is

Christianity?' you will be like an inland chief of Erromanga, who once came down and saw a great feast on the shore. When he saw so much food, and so many different kinds of it, he asked, 'What is this made of?' and was answered, 'Cocoanuts and yams.' 'And this?'—'Cocoanuts and bananas.' 'And this?'—'Cocoanuts and taro.' 'And this?'—'Cocoanuts and chestnuts,' etc., etc. The chief was immensely astonished at the many dishes that could be prepared from the cocoanuts. On returning, he carried home a great load of them to his people, that they might see and taste the excellent food of the shore people. One day, all being assembled, he told them the wonders of that feast; and, having roasted the cocoanuts, he took out the kernels, all charred and spoiled, and distributed them among his people. They tasted the cocoanut, they began to chew it, and then spat it out, saying, 'Our own food is far better than that!' The chief was confused, and only got laughed at for all his trouble. Was the fault in the cocoanuts?—No; but they were spoiled in the cooking! So your attempts to explain Christianity will only spoil it. Tell them that a man must live as a Christian before he can show others what Christianity is."

On their return to Fotuna they exhibited Jehovah's yam, given in answer to prayer and labor; they told what Christianity had done for Aniwa, but did not fail to qualify all their accounts with the story of the Erromanga chief and the cocoanuts, with its very practical lesson
M. E. KERN.

Home and Heaven Waiting There

SOMETIMES, 'mid earth's discordant throng,
My weary spirit longs release;
Then, often like some whispered song,
Descends the benison of peace;
And bright the dreams that stir the soul,
Of "golden pave" and "mansion fair"
Beyond the reach of earth's control,
With home and heaven waiting there.

And fadeless flowers in beauty rare
Their fragrance to my heart has given,
And angels bright, and harpers fair,
Fill with glad songs the air of heaven.
And earnest longings, touched with tears,
Mingle their thread with days of care;
O I long for the eternal years,
With home and heaven waiting there!

Beyond earth's mist-enshrouded years,
Beyond the realms of mortal strife,
Where never comes the blur of tears,
But endless, glad, immortal life,
Warm, with the flush of countless springs,
And free for aye from sin's dark snare;
Angel and white-robed seraph sings,
And home and heaven waiteth there.

L. D. SANTEE.

The Recent Calamity and Its Lesson

WHAT a terrible shaking it was that awakened thousands of people at about 5:15 on the morning of April 18, 1906, and literally threw many of them from their beds! Words are inadequate to describe the feelings of many. They were dazed, and knew not what was happening, or what they did.

The old earth seemed to be heaving and shaking in throes of mortal anguish, and nearly all nature, animate and inanimate, suffered from the shock. And many lives, far more, no doubt, than have yet been numbered, were crushed out of existence, or buried alive in the falling buildings. No one who did not experience the great tremor can half appreciate the terror it struck to many hearts.

But the newspapers and literary press throughout the land have taken up this greatest of all modern calamities, and the news has been spread far and wide, so that it is useless to give even details.

But God has a lesson in this great catastrophe, not only for those who lived in the midst of

the earthquake-shaken and fire-devastated district, but for all. Will they learn the lesson? Will they heed the warning before it is forever too late?

What a blessed privilege it is to know that we have a God in whom we can trust, a safe and sure Refuge to which we can flee in every time of trouble and calamity. We who have studied God's Word know that this is simply the fulfilling of prophecy foretelling the nearness of Christ's coming. And we know, too, that it is only a taste, a partial preparation for what is coming on the earth. Even at this time men's hearts failed them for fear, and they cried, "The end of the world has come! This is the judgment day of God!" How will it be with them in the last great day?

But our loving Father has not yet arisen to terribly shake the earth. His restraining hand is still holding back the powers of darkness that his truth may go forth mightily throughout the world.

Dear reader, would you have a part in this grand and glorious work? Would you be at perfect peace with God when these things come upon the world? Then consecrate all your energies to him, devote your life to his service, and surrender all, ready to spend and be spent in his service.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged and doomed to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust; approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Then will you find in God that fulness of joy,
that perfect peace, which no man, or no calamity
of earth can take away. And then—

"In the glorious earth made new
We'll dwell with him the countless ages through."
KATHRINA BLOSSOM WILCOX.

Questions for the Heart

WHERE are our youth? Are they earnestly seeking the Lord, endeavoring to obtain a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus that they may become light-bearers to the world? What is the aim of those who are enjoying the advantages of our schools, of Bible lectures, and the Sabbath-school? You who have precious opportunities and privileges, who are feasting upon the truth, what use are you making of these blessings? Are you seeking a preparation to unite with Christ in his work? Are you obtaining a thorough knowledge of the truth, that you may impart it to others?

What our youth now need is the burden of the missionary work, which is the outgrowth of a soul truly converted. I would recount to them the sufferings, the sacrifices, the persistent and untiring labors of the Majesty of heaven that he might save fallen man. Upon the cross of Calvary he paid the redemption price for a lost world. It was the world that he loved, the one lost sheep that he would bring back to his Father's fold. Would that you could appreciate the strength and fervor of that divine compassion.

The work of our missions in foreign lands must be extended; and if the converting power of God shall come to our youth, we shall see them pressing into the ranks of the workers.

Young friends, if you take hold of the work right where you are at the present time, doing what you can, be sure that you will have the help of Jesus. Begin the work by laboring for your companions. *Ministers or church-members advanced in years, can not have one half the influence over your young associates that you are capable of exerting; and you ought to feel that a responsibility rests upon you to do all that you can for their salvation.*

Error is prevailing everywhere. The great adversary of souls is mustering his forces. He is setting every device in operation to confuse the minds of men with specious errors, and thus destroy souls. Those with whom God has entrusted the treasures of his truth are to let the light shine amid the moral darkness. Let the God-fearing, the honest, the single hearted, who look steadfastly to the glory of God, prepare themselves for the battle against error.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Miscellaneous Items on Scotland

SCOTLAND was the first country to coin silver money.

LOCH LOMOND is considered the finest of all the Scottish lakes. It is twenty-three miles in length, and five in breadth at the widest, and contains numerous beautiful and fairy-like islands. Loch Katrine is most famous because of Scott's poem "The Lady of the Lake," but its beauty alone would distinguish it above nearly all other lakes.

THE Scot has an innate love of liberty. And this has been intensified by the national history of his country, which is a record of many long and victorious struggles against both ecclesiastical and civil tyranny. This fervid love of liberty is likely to degenerate into rudeness and lawlessness if not controlled and guided by the reverential and refining influence of the Christian religion. But happily for Scotland, that religion saved her people from being numbered among anarchists.

THE Highlanders, in olden times, were divided into distinct tribes or clans. While the names of these are retained at the present time, the old system of clanship, with its distinguishing customs and prejudices, has passed away. All the members of these clans believed themselves descended from one great ancestor, and were generally called by his name, with the addition of the prefix *Mac*, which means sons. The most remarkable of the Highland clans, in character and history, were the Macgregors, descendants of Gregor.

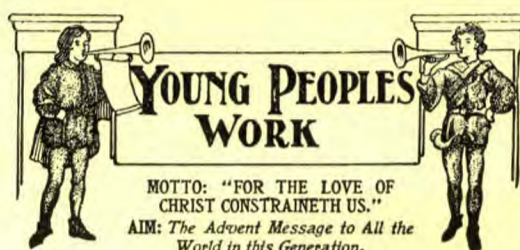
AT Glasgow is the only church in the realm that escaped destruction during the Reformation. It was built in 1136 A. D. The Protestants allowed the church to stand, but burned all the images, altars, and confessionals. After it passed into the hands of the Reformers, it was called the "High Kirk," or church. Once upon a time it occurred to some of the men that it would be agreeable to have some seats to sit upon during the long sermons they were accustomed to in those days. They therefore had made what are called "forms" for the male part of the congregation, and forbade their use by the women, giving them the pleasant information that if they cared to sit in church, they could bring stools from their homes.

Scotland's National Flower

SCOTLAND is sometimes called "the land of the heather." So abundant is it, and so closely has it become associated with the literature of the country, that one wonders why it was not chosen for the national flower, instead of the thistle. And perhaps it might have been had not a chance incident conferred the distinction on the thistle.

History says this choice was due to James III, who took the thistle to illustrate his royal motto, "In Defense;" but according to tradition the preference given the thistle dates back to the time when the Norsemen ravaged all the shores of northern Europe. On one occasion, in the dead of night, an invading Norse force approached, unperceived, the camp of the Scots

who had gathered to oppose them. But while the Norsemen paused to ascertain the undefended points of the camp they proposed to assault, one of their spies stepped on a thistle, and the sudden pain brought forth a violent oath. This aroused the Scots, and they hastened to attack the invaders, gained a complete victory, and afterward adopted the plant which had been the means of delivery as their national emblem.



CLAIM the early hours of the day for God.

Our Field — The World Scotland

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

Singing.

Scripture Reading — Heb. 12:1-16.

Prayer.

Secretary's Report.

LESSON STUDY — Scotland.

General Description.

History.

Scotland's Share in Civilizing the World.

The Scot Abroad.

Scottish Persecution.

Our Work.

General Description

Scotland occupies that part of Great Britain north of the Cheviot Hills and the river Tweed, and with it go the Orkney, Shetland, and Hebrides Islands, with all the islands of the western coast. It has almost the same land surface as the State of Maine. The population is nearly five million. The established religion is Presbyterian, but the seceding bodies greatly outnumber the establishment. Scotland has for more than two hundred years possessed a common-school system, under which its people have been more generally educated than those of any other country in Europe. It has an extensive foreign commerce, and is well supplied with roads, canals, and railroads. Glasgow is the principal port. Aberdeen is the center of the granite industry, the city being almost wholly built of this stone. Edinburgh is the capital. Scotland is noted for its manufactures and ship-building. Its mines also bring large returns. Thirty million tons of coal are mined annually.

Brief Sketch of Scotland's History

Although the Romans occupied Britain for more than four hundred years, they did not succeed in subduing Scotland. The irregular nature of the ground and the indomitable character of the natives prevented its subjugation. After the retirement from Britain of the Romans the Caledonians, or Picts, as the early inhabitants of Scotland were called, spread themselves over the country to the south. The Britons found it necessary to call in the assistance of the Saxons across the sea to beat back the invaders.

The Scots were a tribe that is supposed to have emigrated from Spain to Ireland, and after having established themselves in that island, passed on over to Caledonia, or Scotland, and sought to effect a settlement there. The Picts, of course, resisted their invasion, and four hundred and fifty years of strife elapsed before the Scots realized their goal. Scottish kings then ruled the country for centuries. England early conceived the idea of subjugating Scotland, and Scotland as early conceived the idea of resisting any such

project. As far as England was concerned, the idea of a union of the two countries was always associated with that of conquest, annexation pure and simple. While the Scotch favored a commercial union, they were determined to preserve their own laws and independence. Space can not be given to even a brief rehearsal of the years of bitter warfare between the two countries over the disputed question. Suffice it to say that on the death of Queen Elizabeth, March 24, 1603, James VI of Scotland became king also of England under the name of James I of Great Britain. Thus by the consent and wish of both nations the union was effected peaceably. King James was the son of Mary Queen of Scots, the cousin of Queen Elizabeth.

Scotland's Share in Civilizing the World

Scotland through its inventors and students has given to the world the electric apparatus for the transatlantic cable, the compass, and machine for deep-sea sounding, the voltaic pile, the *earth circuit* in connection with the electric telegraph, telephone, radiophone, compressed-air motor, macadamized roads, bicycles, first scientific plow, the cradle scythe, potato-planter, grubber, reaping-machine, threshing-machine, fanners for separating the chaff from grain, flax mills, milking machines, artificial ice machines, fan blast for smelting iron and forging purposes, the hot blast, steam hammer, pile-driver, safety foundry ladle, a safety-valve, water meter, hydraulic main, wet-lime purifier, the Drummond or calcium light, gas lighting, steam crane, screw propeller, floating graving dock, balloon, kaleidoscope, pneumatic tire, percussion cap for firearms, molds for the raised type for the blind, postage-stamps, nailless horse-shoes, electro-chemical printing telegraph, the electro-magnetic clock, perforated paper for automatic transmission of messages, the system of logarithms, and many other things of equal value. It is Scotland that gave to the world the first agricultural society, and perhaps the largest share of light on horticulture, or gardening, the veterinary college, mechanics institutes, circulating libraries, city missions, fire brigades, and savings-banks. Scotchmen founded the Bank of England—the greatest bank in the world. Many of the greatest feats of civil engineering have been executed by Scotchmen, the suspension bridge over Menai Straits, the Canadian Pacific Railway, Sault Ste. Marie Canal, the largest masonry dam in the world,—that which supplies Bombay, India, with one hundred million gallons of water a day,—Blackfriars' Bridge, the Great Eastern, and the London docks, the London bridge, and various canals throughout the English empire. Some of the world's most prized sculptors, painters, poets, prose writers, hymn writers, philanthropists, architects, botanists, and ornithologists were Scotchmen.

The Scot Abroad

From the beginning of our country, America has been a happy hunting-ground for Scotchmen. They have penetrated into every section of the continent, and made themselves at home in the glades of Florida, on the prairies of the West, in the East, and among the wilds of the North. Mr. Ross says of the Scot: "He is generally supposed to be a quiet, good, peaceable citizen, a sturdy upholder of civil and religious liberty, a firm believer in education, honesty, perseverance, and several other virtues necessary to build up successfully a new country. He is also regarded as a man whose mere word is as good as his bond, an energetic yet cautious trader, with a stern, unbending spirit which enables him to overcome many difficulties, a man possessed of a cool, calculating brain which permits him to peer further into the future than many others, and inspires him to press ahead of his time and engage in schemes which seem ridiculous at the time, but yield in the end a rich return."

Twenty years after the founding of Boston, the Scotch in that city were numerous enough and wealthy enough to organize a benevolent society for the purpose of aiding their fellow countrymen who might be in distress. The early history of Virginia is full of references to Scotchmen. New York was a favorite section for early colonizing bodies of Scots. In the province of Quebec, despite many disadvantages, Scotchmen have made their way from the very beginning of its history. They have aided materially in developing the resources of the country, making roads, building shanties, cottages, barns, or mills, clearing forests, and making grain grow where weeds had rioted for ages.

In the United States it is difficult to estimate the amount of influence the Scot has had upon the government of the country. Many of the presidents, including Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Grant, Hayes, and Arthur, have been proud of their Scotch blood.

In all the relations and engagements of civilized life, the Scot in Canada and the United States has exerted a wide-spread and happy influence. The Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railroads are products of the Scottish grit and commercial sagacity. The Victoria tubular bridge in Montreal attests his engineering skill. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Central Railroad of New Jersey were made successful enterprises through the direction of Scotchmen.

Many of the early colleges were founded by the Scot, and it is quite safe to say that no other nationality has left its impress on our educational system so much as has the Scot.

The site selected for the city of Washington was suggested to the first president by a Scot. They have also had no small part in the art, literature, science, journalism, business, and charity work of our country. Europe, Asia, and Africa also are indebted to Scotchmen for valuable service.

Scottish Persecution

"A Scotchman is nothing if not religious," it has been said. Their integrity of character is due largely to their devotion to religion. Probably no other country in the world has produced so many laymen who have taken an active and brilliant share in the work of the church. Their loyalty to what they believe to be right, their tenacity for religious principle or faith, brought upon them great oppression. For nearly a century the strife between the Scottish Presbyterians, or Covenanters, and the Episcopalians and Catholics led to bitter persecutions. The most stormy times occurred during the reign of Charles the Second and that of his brother, James the Second of England. An act was passed for ejecting from their parishes all clergymen who would not conform to Episcopacy. Hundreds of ministers refused to conform to a church government which their consciences could not accept. These were deprived of their means of living, driven from their homes, and thrown upon the charities of a poor and distracted country. Their places were filled in the majority of cases with ignorant and unprincipled men. The devout people of Scotland refused to attend services presided over by such clergy, and many therefore followed their banished ministers to their retreats among the hills. Secret meetings were held in private houses, barns, or in the open air. These, however, were denounced, and troops were posted throughout the country to awe and oppress the people, and to drive them to church. These lawless soldiers committed all sorts of outrages upon the common people. They robbed and destroyed, fined and imprisoned, and shot down their unarmed victims without legal arrest or trial.

At length the persecutors themselves grew weary,—even the king expressed himself as "shocked" by the fearful scenes of bloodshed and outrage; so for a while milder measures were

adopted. But the stern old Covenanters could no more be coaxed than driven into conformity, and finally their persecutors began with redoubled vigor to persecute. It was published that "his majesty commanded all his dutiful subjects not to intercommune with any of his rebels, nor furnish them with meat, drink, house, or harbor, nor to have any intelligence with any of them by word, writ, or message, under pain of being considered guilty of the same crimes as the persons intercommuned." By this cruel command seventeen thousand persons were made homeless outlaws, reduced to dreadful privations, and many suffered death.

Had the Covenanters understood better the spirit of true Christianity, and possessed more of the forbearance and love of their Master, doubtless their troubles would have been lessened; for the record shows that their own unwise course increased their perplexities and oppression.

James the Second in the struggle with his rebellious subjects lost his crown, and was forced to flee from his kingdom, while his daughter Mary and her husband (William, Prince of Orange), both Protestants, were called to the throne. These sovereigns wisely resolved to give full religious liberty to Scotland. Not less than eighteen thousand persons had suffered death, banishment, or long imprisonment; but the tears of anguish that were shed, and the hearts that were broken, only God can number.

Had there not been all down through the ages any other story of persecution except that of Scotland, it would seem that there never could be any repetition of her bitter experience; but we know that there is still to be a "time of trouble such as never was." The opposing forces are even now marshaling themselves for battle, and great will be the destruction in this warfare.

Our Work

At present Scotland is a mission field of the British Union Conference. There are one hundred and thirty-nine Sabbath-keepers. The tithe has increased at a marvelous rate, and there is an excellent spirit throughout the field. It means a great deal to a man in this country to step out and observe the commandments of the Lord. He is almost certain to lose his position, and has therefore to enter the canvassing field. Scotland's workers during the first two months of the present year sold nearly thirteen hundred dollars' worth of books.

There is but one farmer in the country that keeps the Sabbath. He and his family were brought into the truth through the efforts of Brother Ernest Taylor, who has been laboring in Scotland for four years.

Brother Murphy has treatment rooms in Glasgow, and Brother Brandt has a hygienic restaurant in New-Castle-on-Tyne.

Elder Daniell's description of his visit last autumn to this mission field is given below:—

"On our way to Edinburgh, we spent one night at New-Castle-on-Tyne. Here we met Elder D. H. Parsons, who went from California to England. He and Brother Gillatt were conducting a series of tent-meetings in the city. They had already brought out one company, and were just beginning a second series of meetings. Elder Conradi spoke to the congregation the night we were in the city. We were pleased to meet at this place Brother and Sister Brandt, who were numbered among the company of canvassers who went from the States to Great Britain in the spring of 1902. They have been faithful, successful workers, and are loved by our brethren in England. At present they are operating a hygienic restaurant in New-Castle-on-Tyne. They use this opportunity of meeting the people to place the third angel's message before them.

"Our visit to Edinburgh, the city of John Knox's fearless, strenuous life, was full of interest and satisfaction. We visited the birth-room

in Edinburgh Castle of King Edward First, and the church of 'St. Giles, founded by Knox, in which he preached until his death. But the most interesting and impressive place in Edinburgh is the home of Knox, where he lived, prayed, wrote, and died. The interior of the house is well preserved. The following resolute statement which he had painted as a border around the top of the walls of his general sitting-room is still perfectly legible:—

"I am in a place where I am demanded of my conscience to speak the truth, and therefore the truth I speak. Impugn it whoso list."

"A little room called 'Knox's praying room' helps to reveal the secret of this earnest, zealous Reformer's successes in Scotland in those stormy days.

"The general meeting was held in Paisley, a manufacturing city near Glasgow. It might almost be considered a suburb of Glasgow. The most of our people in Scotland attended this meeting. They came from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Kirkcaldy, and other parts. Our meetings were held in the tent that had been used during the summer in that city. It was a great pleasure to meet these earnest brethren and sisters of Scotland. They were hungry to hear the message, and were eager to arrange the best possible plans for its rapid and successful proclamation in their native land. They are selling our *Present Truth*, our British health journal, and our denominational books, with most encouraging success. Sabbath-keepers are being raised up at different points, and here and there a church is established. The people are conservative, and slow to take a stand with us; but when they do come out, they come to stay.

"Our work in Scotland is in its infancy, but it has taken firm root, and will never retreat. The experience of our ministers, Bible workers, and canvassers shows that earnest work along the lines we generally follow in other countries will reach hearts and lead them to embrace the truth. Hence in the counsels and proceedings of the meeting our usual plans of work were carefully considered, and steps were taken for aggressive work in all directions.

"It was truly enjoyable to meet in Scotland workers whose acquaintance I had formed in other countries. There were Brother and Sister MacLay of Nebraska, Brother Ernest Taylor of Texas, Brother Wm. Knight of Australia, Brother Appleton and Brother and Sister Bacon of England. These dear friends are pressing the battle in Scotland. They love their work, and the people for whom they are laboring. I was very glad to meet Elder Gauterau and his wife, and to find them enjoying the best of health and of excellent courage in the Lord. It was arranged for Brother Gauterau to make the North England Conference his field of labor.

"Elder MacLay was elected superintendent of the mission, with a good advisory committee. Brother MacLay will make his headquarters in Edinburgh, the cleanest, and in many respects the finest, city in Great Britain. Our brethren in Scotland welcome our American workers; they thoroughly appreciate all that has been done to establish and build up the work in that field, and ask us to do as much more as we can for Scotland.

"Let us pray for our workers and work in that part of our Master's vineyard. Scotland will yet furnish sturdy, self-sacrificing, persevering missionaries for mission fields in British colonies."

FLING wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy,
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and noble life begin.

—Weissel.



Sir Walter Scott as a Boy

WHEN Sir Walter Scott was a little fellow, he spent much of his time at his grandfather's farm. There was an old shepherd here of whom Walter was very fond, for he used to put the boy on his shoulders and carry him out to the hills where he was watching his flocks. Here for hours the child would roll about on the soft, green turf among the sheep and lambs, and watch the white, fleecy clouds floating above him. One day the shepherd left him alone, and went down to the house for something. While he was gone, a thunder-storm came up. Then his aunt, remembering where he was, ran to the hills to bring him home. She expected to find him greatly frightened; but he was lying on his back, looking up at the flashes of lightning, and exclaiming: "Bonnie! bonnie!" which means "Beautiful! beautiful!"

He was amiable, sweet dispositioned, and well brought up. Once when he was about six years old, he was taken to Bath, England, for his health. While there, he saw for the first time a play acted. There was a scene in it which represented two brothers quarreling. The little fellow was so much shocked by such an outbreak on the part of members of the same family that he cried out indignantly, "Ain't they *brothers*?"

A Story of Scottish Honor

ONE morning a young Macgregor, the son of an old chieftain residing at Clenurchy, went out, with a party of his clansmen, to shoot on the moors. During the day they fell in with a young man by the name of Lamont, and toward night invited him to go with them to an inn, for refreshment. All went pleasantly and merrily for a while, and then a quarrel, about some trifle, arose between young Macgregor and the stranger. In a moment swords were drawn, and Macgregor fell dead. Lamont made his escape, but was fiercely pursued by the friends of the man he had slain. All night he ran through the wild Highland country, and in the morning sought refuge at the first house he saw. An old man was standing at the door.

"Save my life!" panted out Lamont. "I am pursued by enemies."

"Whoever you are you are safe here," replied the old man; but presently the Macgregors came up, and told the generous host that his only son had fallen in a quarrel, and that he was now harboring his murderer. For a moment the poor old father bowed his face in his hands, crying out bitterly, "O my son, my son!" His wife and daughters burst into sobs and shrieks; the clansmen pressed forward, with curses and threats, toward Lamont, who gave himself up for lost, when the old chieftain waved them back, saying: "Be quiet; let no man touch the youth! He has the Macgregor's word for his safety, and as God lives, he shall be safe while he is in my house."

He kept his word, and even accompanied Lamont to Iverary, with a guard, and having landed him on the other side of Loch Fyne, said: "Lamont, you are now safe, if you keep out of the

way of my clan. I can no longer protect you. Farewell, and may God forgive you."

The pleasant sequel to this incident is that when a new persecution of the Macgregors broke out, and the old chief of Clenurchy was driven from his property, he and his family were offered a home in the house of Lamont, who ever after devoted himself to the work of atoning for the wrong he had done them.

A Little Douglas

In his early youth King James of Scotland had been wronged and really oppressed by the Douglasses, the most powerful, rapacious, and unruly family in Scotland; and from the time when he made his escape from them, and set up as an independent king, he devoted himself to humbling and subduing these formidable enemies. He seized upon their estates, drove them out of the kingdom, and swore that he would never employ or show favor to any one bearing the hated name. Among the banished Douglasses, there was one who had been a great favorite with the king, for his generous and manly qualities, his personal strength and skill in all warlike exercises. This was Archibald Douglas. The king made much of him on all occasions of hunts and tournaments, and called him his "Greysteil." Archibald was equally devoted to the king. However, when his great family was disgraced, he, too, was driven into exile, for the king was implacable, though his own heart secretly pleaded for his friend.

Long years after when Archibald Douglas was an old man, he longed to see once again his dear country and the king whom he loved despite his harshness; so he resolved to visit Scotland and make one last attempt to touch his sovereign's heart. He went to Stirling, and one day as the king was returning from the chase, he threw himself in his way. James knew him at a distance, and said, with a smile, "See, yonder is my brave Greysteil!" But the next moment he remembered his vow, and hardening his heart, he pretended not to recognize him, but put spurs to his horse and rode on to his castle. Poor old Douglas so yearned for reconciliation with his king that he ran along by his side, looking into his face now and then with a pleading expression. On reaching the castle James sprang from his horse and hastened in, leaving the Douglas without a kind word or look. The old man sank down at the gate exhausted, and faintly asked for a glass of wine. But the warder gruffly refused him the courtesy. The next day the king sent word to old Archibald that he must prepare to go again into exile.

After this cruel act, the king went out to amuse himself with hunting. He rode furiously, and said nothing to any one, for he was conscious of having committed a grievous wrong against a friend. Toward night he got separated from his followers, and finally found himself lost in the deep forest. In this strait he chanced upon a lad eleven or twelve years old, who was picking his way on foot through a rocky glen.

"Hold, Sirrah!" cried King James; "turn thee, and show me the way to Stirling Castle."

The boy stopped, and looked up, showing a

proud, handsome face, though it now wore a proud, half-sorrowful, half-sullen expression.

"Thou speakest in a lordly style enough, Sir Huntsman," he replied; "and if thou wert the king himself, thou mightest be a little more courteous,—though, in faith, 'tis hardly likely thou wouldst be. However, I will guide thee to a spot where thou canst see the towers of Stirling."

"Thanks, my brave lad. And now, wilt thou tell me who thou art? Thou hast gentle blood, surely."

"I am called young Archie of Kilspindie, or the little Douglas," answered the boy.

The king frowned as he rejoined, "Knowest thou not that *that* is a dangerous name to own in Scotland? What dost thou here?"

I came from England with my grandfather, who came to solicit the king's grace, and is banished to France for his pains. I go with him."

King James liked the fearless frankness of the lad, and, smiling, asked, "Hast thou ever seen the king thou speakest of?"

"No, Sir Knight, nor care I to see him. I like him not."

"Why, prithie?"

"Because he is a churlish, unprincely fellow. When my grandfather, who had done him no harm, but good service, humbled himself to come in his way, he forgot that—

'A king's face
Should give grace.'

and made him—a brave old man,—a Douglas!—run beside his horse, as I run beside thine; and when he fainted at his gate, would not let his servants give him a cup of wine."

"Nay, nay, I—that is, *he* knew nothing of that!" exclaimed James. Then after a moment, he added, "What wouldst thou say if I should tell thee that thou hadst been talking to the king himself?"

Archie had already begun to suspect as much, but now he answered bravely, though with a deep blush, "I should say that his majesty had heard honest truth for once. But, see!—there is thy castle. Farewell!"

"Stay," said James; "I like thy spirit, albeit thy words are rather sharp and pert. Come with me to the castle for a little while; surely thou fearest not to go with thy king?"

"No, sire," replied Archibald; "though I have heard say that an ancestor of thine invited an ancestor of mine into that same castle, and then slew him with his own hands. I do not fear thee; thou art not treacherous,—thou art only somewhat cruel. I will go with thee."

When they arrived, the king led the way to the queen's beautiful apartments, and presented Archie to her, saying, "See, I have brought Your Grace a strange pet,—a saucy page, an unfledged eaglet, a lion's cub,—a young Douglas!"

"A Douglas!"—has not Your Majesty vowed to show no favor to one of that name?"

"Ay, but *thou* hast not," replied James. I give him to thee. He has done me service, and I am willing that thou shouldst make much of him for his own and his grandfather's sake."

The queen admired the handsome boy, and

said, "Wilt thou stay with me, my bonnie lad?"

Archie was softened to tears by her kindness, and his voice trembled as he answered, "I would fain stay with Your Grace; but I must go with my grandfather. I am all he has in the world."

"But," said the queen, "he is poor and old, and he must go away to France, which though a brave, beautiful land, will seem strange and unlovely to thee. Here at my court thou wouldst be at home; thou shouldst receive a kingly training, shouldst have money and servants at thy command, and my favor to count upon. Wilt thou stay?"

"Alas, I can not!—even if Your Grace could make me prince of the realm. I could not forsake my grandfather," replied the little Douglas, with noble firmness. And he went out directly into the cold dark night to seek him,—out into a cold dreary world with him. He stayed beside him faithfully until the exile died, less of age and infirmities, than from homesickness and a broken heart.—*Grace Greenwood.*



A Famous Bible

THE youngest boy or girl who may read this would, no doubt, if asked to name the greatest book in the world, be quick to say, "The Holy Bible," and this would be true. No other book ranks with the Bible in sacred associations; and from the day of the landing of the Pilgrims down to the present, it has played an important part in our national life. Our presidents have stooped to kiss it when taking the office, and it is used when witnesses take oath in our courts.

When a president of the United States takes the solemn oath of office at the time of his inauguration, the sacred book is opened at random, and the verses he kisses on the open page are always scrutinized to discover what they are. When President Roosevelt was inaugurated last March, he was sworn in on the same Bible used at the time he took the oath of office as governor of New York in 1899. The words he kissed at the time of his inauguration were as follows: "But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves. For if any one is a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a mirror: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth away, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

When President Cleveland took the oath of office, the Bible used was a little red one his mother had given to him when he was a boy. If a president has no special Bible he wishes used at the time he takes the oath of office, a new Bible is purchased, and after the president has been sworn in, the sacred volume is presented to the wife of the president, and one may be sure that she values it above any other book she may have.

One of the most interesting Bibles in America, because of its historic associations, may be seen in Washington. It is now more than one hundred years old, having been printed in Oxford in the year 1799, and it has been in the service of the Supreme Court of the United States since the year 1808. It is a small Bible, only five and one-half inches long, by three and one-half inches wide. It is bound in red leather, and of course the print is very fine, so fine that one must have good eyesight to read it easily.

Hundreds of the greatest men of the past century have taken oath on this little red Bible, which has been used constantly for nearly one hundred years every day on which the Supreme

Court has held a regular session. It is of interest to know that every chief justice and every associate chief justice of the United States, with but one or two exceptions, kissed this little Bible when taking the very solemn oath of office a chief justice or associate chief justice must take when sworn into office. Chief Justice Chase had a Bible of his own that he valued so highly that he was allowed to use it when he was sworn into office.

Lawyers privileged to practise before the Supreme Court of the United States must kiss the Bible when taking the special oath every lawyer must take before he can plead before this august body, and many of the most famous lawyers our country ever has known have kissed this little red Bible. The book has an outer cover of black leather into which it can be slipped, and it is now wearing the eighth of these covers that have been made for it. But, after all, none of the eloquence of the most gifted of the men who have kissed this little red Bible, can equal the simple eloquence of many of the chapters of the Bible itself. In it we find a beauty and purity of diction unsurpassed and unequaled by any other book in the world. Daniel Webster, one of the greatest of American orators, was a constant and careful student of the Bible. He regarded it as the most beautiful work of literature in the world, and he was always ready to admit that he owed much of his power as a speaker to his study of it. He made some of his greatest speeches before the Supreme Court of the United States with this little red Bible before him.—*The Wellspring.*

The Stenographer

MUCH has been written about the attractions of the position filled by the stenographer; some of it is true, some misleading and likely to lead to disappointment. It is quite common for a young girl to make up her mind that she will take some lessons in shorthand, and become a stenographer. She accordingly goes to some business college, and attends for perhaps five or six months, and at the end of that time receives a diploma and calls herself "a stenographer." But is she really one?

The fact is, being a stenographer does not merely mean that the individual has a fair acquaintance with the principles of some system of shorthand, and can reproduce a common, ordinary, simple letter on a typewriter. Far from it. To be a stenographer worthy of the name a person must be able to demonstrate the possession of not a little intelligence and general information; or it is inevitable that sad evidence of pitiful ignorance will make itself plain before very long. And it may be added that the calling of a stenographer affords many revelations of such ignorance which other occupations do not. Let a young person attempt to become a stenographer who is weak in spelling, and the very first letter turned out on the typewriter will probably be one such as no self-respecting employer would be willing to have mailed. Yet, stenographers can not avoid revealing such a weakness every day they work, and what a pity it is to enter a calling that one is not at all capable of filling with credit. Of course, the ability to spell can be acquired, but the young person should not think of acquiring it after accepting a position, but before one is entered.

Another point upon which not so much emphasis is laid as should be is the absolute necessity of a fairly good acquaintance with the English language. In this direction most of the young women who try to be stenographers fall sadly short of efficiency. Not long ago in one of the large office buildings of Chicago the writer was shown a manuscript that had been typed by a young woman, and it contained the mysterious and extraordinary phrase "malice forethought."

It is hard to imagine what meaning it conveyed to the one who typed it, but such a striking instance of unfamiliarity with even common phrases and clauses which are met with in any kind of good literature, is deplorable. With public schools so admirably equipped and teaching facilities so abundant, with printed matter almost as plentiful as the sand on the seashore, one would think there is but very little excuse for a lack of proficiency in ordinary uses of our mother tongue. But that such lack does exist is only too plain, no matter where one turns. Then, let the young person who contemplates learning shorthand with a view to being a stenographer, see to it that the English language is made a prominent feature of the qualifications sought for. This knowledge may be acquired with a reasonable amount of care and earnestness in reading books and other literature; but it must be borne in mind that simply looking at words does not give one a working knowledge of any language. Words and their uses must be studied, and only conscientious and persevering attention to this matter will ever make any student proficient in using the native tongue.

One more thought deserves attention in this connection. That is, the ability to write a letter. It is not far from the truth to say that very few of those who call themselves stenographers are really able to compose a creditable letter unaided, even after being supplied with the facts to be stated. Letter writing is an art that is of vast importance, which is increasing every day. The stenographer who aspires to a well-paid position must be capable of answering a letter without having it dictated. It is not a great task, yet how few young girls who leave business colleges every month are to be trusted with such work.

Why is this the case? It is doubtless because far too little attention is given to the education in matters of detail. Subjects that have high-sounding names are thought to be of worth and to deserve considerable time and effort, while the humbler, yet in truth unspeakably more valuable and practical, subjects are almost left untouched, or perhaps dismissed with a wave of the hand, as not being worth the least notice. So, we find that the young girl or lad who goes to the business college to learn shorthand, discovers (or the shorthand teacher discovers) that much needs to be learned before shorthand is attempted; and half the time that should be devoted to acquiring this fascinating art has to be spent in making up deficiencies that before had been perhaps little suspected, but which now are seen in their most discouraging aspect.

To those who meditate preparation for the stenographer's craft, let me urge the absolute necessity of the ability to spell at least moderately well, a good workable knowledge of ordinary every-day language, and the great importance of a capacity for carrying on correspondence unaided. With these qualifications, a young man or a young woman may consider it quite likely that a highly lucrative and honorable career awaits him, while without these, promotion is sure to be slow, if indeed it comes at all.

R. E. PORTER.

"It's easy finding reasons why other people should be patient."

"A TONE of pride or petulance repressed,
A selfish inclination firmly fought,
A shadow of annoyance set at naught,
A measure of disquietude suppressed;
A peace in importunity possessed,
A reconciliation generously sought,
A purpose put aside—a banished thought,
A word of self-explaining unexpressed,—
Trifles, they seem, these petty soul restraints,
Yet he who proves them so must needs possess
A constancy and courage grand and bold.
They are the trifles that have made the saints.
Give me to practise them in humbleness,
And nobler power than mine doth no man hold."

Followed Her Mistress

THE story of a dog's affection for its little mistress from whom it would not be separated even by death, was brought here by the steamer "Columbia," which arrived to-day from Glasgow. The "Columbia" had a hard experience with the wintry gales which swept the Atlantic during her entire voyage, and the tossing and pitching to which the steamer was subjected contributed largely to the pathetic tragedy.

Among the passengers on the steamer was Andrew MacDonald, who was bringing his four-year-old daughter, Mary, to America for the benefit the sea voyage might be to her health.

The little girl's two collie dogs, Daisy and Ben, accompanied them, and until she was taken ill, Mary spent all her waking hours with her pets.

When the storm became more severe, the child became violently seasick, and last Wednesday night she died. The dogs missed their little mistress, and whined constantly until they were taken to the cabin where preparations were being made to bury the child's body at sea. When the body was taken on deck, the dogs were permitted to follow, and during the reading of the funeral service the collies tugged at the leashes which held them.

As the child's body was lifted to the rail and slid overboard, Daisy broke from the man who held her, and leaped into the sea just as the body of her little mistress disappeared beneath the waves. The dog was drowned.—*From Boston Record of March 21.*

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII — Peter Delivered from Prison

(June 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 12.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ask, and ye shall receive." John 16: 24.

"Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword. And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also. (Then were the days of unleavened bread.) And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him; intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people.

"Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him. And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision. When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord: and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him.

"And when Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of

the people of the Jews. And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark: where many were gathered together praying.

"And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to harken, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel.

"But Peter continued knocking: and when they had opened the door, and saw him, they were astonished. But he, beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him out of the prison. And he said, Go show these things unto James, and to the brethren. And he departed, and went into another place.

"Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers, what was become of Peter. And when Herod had sought for him, and found him not, he examined the keepers, and commanded that they should be put to death. And he went down from Judea to Caesarea, and there abode.

"And Herod was highly displeased with them of Tyre and Sidon: but they came with one accord to him, and, having made Blastus the king's chamberlain their friend, desired peace; because their country was nourished by the king's country. And upon a set day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost. But the word of God grew and multiplied."

Questions

1. When the believers were scattered abroad at the time of Stephen's death, to what place did some come? Acts 11: 20. What good man was afterward sent to Antioch to preach? Verse 22. Who later joined him in labor there? Verses 25, 26. Where were the believers in Jesus first called Christians?
2. What king now began to persecute the church? Whom did he kill? When he saw that this cruelty pleased the Jews, what other disciple did he take captive?
3. Where did he put Peter? How many soldiers were set to watch him?—He was guarded by four sets of four soldiers, who relieved one another in turn.
4. What did the church do to secure the deliverance of Peter? How was Peter situated the night before Herod intended to execute him?
5. Who came to Peter that night? How was his prison cell lighted? What became of Peter's chains?
6. What did the angel tell Peter to do? Did Peter obey? What did he think? When the angel and Peter had passed the guards, to what did they come? Tell how this gate was opened?
7. How far did the angel go with Peter? When the angel had gone, and Peter had fully come to himself, what did he say?
8. To whose house did Peter first go? Who were gathered there? For whom were they praying?
9. Who answered Peter's knock at the door? Why did she not open the door? What did she do? Was her story believed? What did they say when she constantly affirmed that it was Peter?
10. Why were those disciples so unwilling to believe?—Perhaps because they had not expected an answer so soon, or in just this way. What promise is made to those who pray in faith? Memory Verse.
11. What did Peter continue to do? When

they opened the door, what did he relate? What did he tell them to do?

12. What commotion arose as soon as it was day? What was done to Peter's keepers?

13. To whom did Herod make a speech not long after this? What did the people say when they heard his words? Tell how this wicked king was punished for receiving the homage that belongs to God.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XII — Eternal Life

(June 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 John 5: 7-15.

MEMORY VERSE: "And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us." 1 John 5: 14.

Questions

1. How many bear record in heaven? Name these witnesses. How are they related to one another? Verse 7; note 1.
2. How many others bear witness? Name them. How are these related to one another? Verse 8.
3. How does the witness of God compare with the witness of men? Verse 9; note 2.
4. About whom has God borne testimony? Verse 9.
5. What is the testimony of him who believes on the Son of God? Verse 10.
6. What is the testimony of the unbeliever? Why does he bear this testimony? Verse 9; note 3.
7. What is this record or testimony that God gave of his Son? Where is this life? Verse 11; note 4.
8. Who only has life? What is true of those who do not have the Son? Verse 12; Note 5.
9. To whom have these things been written? Verse 13.
10. For what twofold purpose were they written? Verse 13.
11. What is the confidence of the believer in the Son of God? According to what must we ask? Verse 14.
12. Knowing that he hears us, what further may we know? Verse 15.

Notes

1. In ancient times two or three witnesses were required (Deut. 19: 15), and this custom is continued by our Saviour's express command. Matt. 18: 16. The Spirit witnesses to our sonship (Rom. 8: 16), as it speaks through the Word (Acts 28: 25; 2 Peter 1: 21), which is represented by the water (Eze. 36: 25; John 15: 3; Eph. 5: 26), of the efficacy of the blood of Christ. Heb. 9: 14.
2. God can not lie (Titus 1: 2), even when he calls things that be not as if they were (Rom. 4: 17), because his word, when spoken, has power to produce the thing or situation mentioned.
3. It is a serious thing to charge God with being a liar; but when he states a thing, and we do not believe him, that is what we do, yet he remains the same. 2 Tim. 2: 13. Though all men deceive (Rom. 3: 4), God does not. Num. 23: 19.
4. The Lord had given the land to the Israelites (Joshua 1: 3) as soon as he had made provision for its conquest by them, but not in their own strength (Ps. 44: 3); so all blessings (Eph. 1: 3), even eternal life, have been bestowed upon us, and it only remains for us to accept them upon the stated conditions.
5. "Prayer is the key in the hand of faith to unlock heaven's storehouse." "There must be a power working from within, a new life from above, before we can be changed from sin to holiness. That power is Christ."



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"God calls for perfect work" is the motto inscribed on the walls of the chapel of our publishing house in Melbourne, Australia. It is the motto that the Lord waits to engrave upon the heart of every Seventh-day Adventist. The Lord demands perfection both in the overcoming of sin and in our service for others. "Be ye perfect"—his demands, if we will have them so, are enablings always.

THE thirteenth annual calendar of the Keene Industrial Academy is now out, and the board of managers may well congratulate themselves on being able to announce the total liquidation of the academy debt. Better work than ever can now be offered the students, as all profits can be used for improving the facilities of the school. Those desiring calendars should address the principal, C. B. Hughes, Keene, Texas.

WHEN Munkacsy's great painting, "Christ before Pilate," was on exhibition in Toronto, a rude, rough sailor went to see it. He stood for a moment looking at the canvas as if he would glance at it and go away. But as he looked, he could not turn. He stood there with his eye fixed upon that central figure of majesty and love. In a moment he took off his hat, and let it fall to the floor. He then picked up the book which described the picture, and began to read, ever and anon turning to the picture, and toward the central figure. A woman, watching him, saw him lift his hand and wipe away the tears. At last he arose, and coming softly and reverently toward the door, hesitating to take a last look, said, "Madam, I am a rough, wicked sailor; I have never believed in Christ. I have never used the name except in an oath; but I have a Christian mother, and she begged me to-day, before I went to sea, to go and look at the picture of Christ. To oblige her I came. I did not believe that anybody believed in Christ; but as I have looked on that form, I have thought that some man must have believed in him, and it has touched me, and I have come to believe in him, too."

BROTHER HIRLINGER's cheering words as found in his report to the *Atlantic Union Gleaner*, will interest all who love this truth and are anxious to have others know it. He says:—

I hasten to write this to the *Gleaner* for the encouragement of others. I never considered myself good at selling our papers, but our little church ordered one thousand of the Earthquake Special Signs, and last evening Mrs. Hirlinger and I went out to sell them. In about an hour she sold twenty copies, and in a little over two hours I sold fifty, and in that time I was compelled to talk about the meaning of these things. Had it not been for this, I could have sold possibly seventy-five.

It is a wonderful opportunity to get the truth before the people. It is our prayer that our

people will wake up to the opportunity, and make the best of it. The angels of God do the selling. All we need to do, is to carry the papers to the people. Grand company! Beautiful truth!

Although we do not sell papers for a living, we feel that this is a providential opening that comes only once in a great while, and we should make the best of it. Old Mother Earth has spoken loudly, thus opening the hearts of the people. They want the papers. They are open to the truth. Let us arise as one man and give it to them. Besides the blessing, there is a good wage to be made. If I can sell this Earthquake Special, I know every man, woman, and child in our ranks can sell it. Will you? "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Items for Lesson on England

THOUGH the lesson study on England for the Young People's Society appeared in last week's INSTRUCTOR, it will not be amiss in this number to call attention to one or two points, as the lessons are supposed to be printed two weeks before being used by the Society. The *Review* dated April 19, contains an article on the Sanitarium work in the United Kingdom. There is one at Leicester, England; one at Caterham, England; and one at Belfast, Ireland. These institutions are all out of debt. In the same number of the *Review* is an article on "The South England Conference," by Brother Dail.

The British Bible Society referred to in the lesson study, recently made its one hundredth and first report. In the course of its existence it has distributed 192,537,746 copies of the Bible complete or in parts. During the last year it issued a total of 5,857,645 Bibles. The *Review* for April fifth gives an interesting account of the work of this society.

Nearly \$6,500 worth of books were sold by the canvassers of Great Britain during the months of January and February of the present year.

Why One Superintendent Stopped Smoking

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL superintendent made the following confession at a county Sunday-school convention:—

"I used to smoke. It was a pleasure that I thought did no harm to me or any one else, and I believed I had a right to the enjoyment. Then one day I stopped, and here is the reason:—

"A widowed woman, the mother of two lively boys in my school, hurried into my store one morning, walked straight up to me, and handed me a handful of cigarettes. I stared, and she explained: 'They dropped out of Joe's and Billy's pockets a little while ago, when I was mending their clothes. When I asked what cigarettes in their pockets meant, they both owned up to liking cigarettes, and smoking them whenever they got a chance. I talked to them about the hurt it would do them, and what do you think they said? They told me they didn't mean to keep on with cigarettes always. As soon as they grew bigger, and could earn money, and afford it, they would change from cigarettes to cigars. "And cigars are all right," said my boys. "Good men smoke cigars—lots of them. Why, ma, Mr. Wilson, our superintendent, smokes cigars; and Mr. Wilson's sure a good man, ain't he?"'

"Mr. Wilson," went on that mother, 'I'm doing my best, trying to train my two fatherless boys to be good men, and you've helped me many a time by the good teaching you've given them as their superintendent. They trust you, and admire you, and they think it's all right for them to smoke, if a good man like you smokes. Now I don't want my boys to smoke cigarettes; but when I talk that way to them, they point to your smoking as if that settled the matter. I didn't know what to say or to do; but it seemed best to come over and tell you plainly exactly how it was. I feel sure you want to help, and not to hinder, every boy in your school; and I believe you would

be as willing to teach them by your example as you are to teach them by your good words.'

"Well, I was wanting a smoke that minute; but the one thought of that mother trying to bring up two boys to become two good men, and being hindered by any habit of mine, settled the thing. The cigar box that stood handy went into the stove. 'Tell Joe and Billy,' I said, 'that Mr. Wilson has quit smoking.' And quit I did. Since that day, no boy has been able to point to my example as his excuse for smoking cigarettes or anything else."—*Sunday School Times*.



This Should Be Read

MORE than fifty letters are now waiting for a chance to make their appearance in the Letter Box. The editor hardly knows what to do; she dislikes to keep one waiting and looking for months for one's letter. It may be necessary to print just the names of those who have written. But names alone do not make very interesting reading, so she proposes that no one write until some time in August or September.

BETHEL, WIS.

-DEAR EDITOR: As I have never written before, I thought I would write a few lines. I am ten years old. I go to school at Bethel. My teacher's name is Miss Mary C. Cook. I like her very much. I wish some of the INSTRUCTOR readers would write to me.

RUFUS HALLOCK.

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND, Feb. 25, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I am writing my first letter to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I am eleven years old. We have a Sabbath-school at the church; there are twelve in our class. Miss Learned is the name of the lady who has been our teacher, but she is leaving for Australia. I will now close, with love to the editor and all INSTRUCTOR readers.

JAMES B. GRUBB.

BROKEN BOW, NEB., March 12, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I like the INSTRUCTOR very much. We have moved within two miles of a church-school. I go to Sabbath-school and church. I intend to start to school this week. We have a nice Sabbath-school. There are nine in my class, and Brother Frank Mauk is our teacher. We like him very much. I am sixteen years old. I have three brothers and two sisters married. I do not like to live up here as well as I did at Berwyn. Pray for me that I may be faithful to the end.

JESSIE PORTER.

PINE CITY, Feb. 27, 1906.

DEAR READERS AND EDITOR: We believe in keeping the Sabbath because it is a command from God. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." Ex. 20:8.

We believe that the dead sleep and are unconscious. "So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." Job 14:12. "For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun." Eccl. 9:5, 6.

O what a glorious appearing when our Saviour comes! "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." 1 Cor. 15:52. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

I am a girl thirteen years old, and I want to do the work the Lord has fitted for me. Pray for me that I may be found faithful when Jesus comes. Good-by to all the readers.

EULA ROBERTS.