

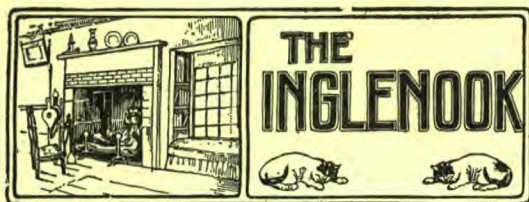
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Forward

I ASK of time no backward flight,
No backward turning of the clock;
For plain and clear unto my sight
Shines out the path where I must walk.
I see beyond earth's night and shade,
Where glory gilds the shining strand,
And so I'll walk all undismayed,
Straight onward, to the better land.

I grieve not over past mistakes,
Nor brood o'er memories sad and dim;
For Christ, the Man of Sorrows, takes
The burdens that I give to him.
I yield my heart and life to God,
Nor fear the influences without;
So shall my onward path be trod,
Untouched by fears, undimmed by doubt.

And every passing year gives light,
As time his prophecies unfold;
And soon shall weary eyes grow bright,
As they shall see the streets of gold;
And earthly pleasures lose their charm,
While every cross brings endless gain.
I follow Christ, and fear no harm,
Through shine or shade, through joy or pain.

L. D. SANTEE.

True Sympathy

Of course we all have an idea as to the meaning of the word sympathy, but I sometimes question whether we really know when and how to manifest it.

Not long ago a business woman came home wearied and worried with some affairs that were not moving as she desired. All day long she had held herself under strong control, but now, at home, she allowed herself to express some of the annoyance she felt. One who loved her dearly listened to these expressions, and then, in a sweet and almost patronizing tone, said, "Well, dearie, don't worry about it."

Great was her surprise when the tired and worried woman exclaimed, "For pity's sake, don't insult me by telling me not to worry. I've all that I can bear without that."

Of course, the well-meaning friend could not understand this outburst. She would have said that she was only expressing her sympathy. Yet it was evident that she did not truly sympathize, or she would not have spoken as she did.

Sympathy is from two Greek words, meaning to feel with. If we truly sympathize with another, we enter into the feelings of that other, we feel with him, and by so doing come into an understanding of how to treat him. "Put yourself in his place" is another way of defining sympathy.

We sometimes think we express sympathy when we say we are sorry, and yet we may not have the slightest idea how the person feels for whom we express sorrow, and our words may serve only to reveal the gulf between us.

A little boy came to his father and held up a

hurt finger. The father gave it a casual glance, said, "I'm sorry," and turned to his work. The child turned away with a sob.

"Well," said the father, "what's the matter now? I'm sorry you hurt your finger, but I can't help it."

"You might have said 'Oh!'" said the little fellow.

True sympathy often demands of us far less than we give, but that less in one way, is infinitely more in another. The one word "Oh," uttered in a truly sympathetic tone, would have comforted the tiny sufferer, while the perfunctory "I am sorry," gave him no comfort at all.

If we only could feel with each other, how differently we would act and speak. For example, instead of saying, "Don't worry," the well-meaning friend, understanding how irritated and rasped the business woman had been, would have listened interestedly; would have said "Oh" in some form of sympathetic words; would have busied herself in attending to the bodily comfort of the tired woman; and then, sometime later, when the nerves had been soothed, the body quieted and enwrapped in the delicious atmosphere of home love, then might she have whispered something about not worrying; just a little word indicative of the kind and all-protecting love that surrounds us and makes worry needless; but not too much, even along this line, for sympathy will often realize that it is better to speak words of endearment than words of comfort.

Our words may be wise, and yet may wound because lacking in sympathy; our silence may be vocal with the truest feeling, and be a balm for the wounded heart. True sympathy does not mean going down into the darkness with our friend and remaining there to weep with him; neither does it mean to call him from a distance, saying, "Come up here into the sunlight." It means to go down to him and realize his sorrow, feel his grief, and then to gently lead him out into the brightness of hope and the joy of life. It needs great tact, because we must feel what would annoy or irritate and what would console and encourage; but it pays to feel with humanity, for that is the way we are enabled to bring them true help.—*Mary Wood-Allen.*

A Cheery Conductor

I TOOK a street-car not long ago at that hour in the evening when every one is returning from work. The passengers were crowded in the seats and hanging on the straps—hot, tired, cross, for it was a muggy, warm May evening. I made a careful observation of every face visible in the car, and on all there was a certain moroseness that pervaded the car like a creeping mist and hung over us like a pall. Then the conductor came through. He was a little, blue-eyed Irishman, with a sparkle in his glance, a smile on his lips, and music in his voice as he said, "Fares, please." That conductor, in passing through that crowded car, by the infection of his smile and the pleasant tone of his voice, changed the whole moral atmosphere from the time that he began collecting his fares. There was a little jest here

and there as he wormed himself past the people swinging Simian-like on the straps, and narrowly escaped treading on the toes of those sitting down. The nerve-jarring creak of the straps seemed suddenly stilled; the stuffy atmosphere of the car appeared to freshen before six blocks had been passed. The man with brass buttons and leather-lined pockets, cheerfully attending to his onerous work, had done more good to my mind than half a dozen ranting reformers who storm on the rostrum, sowing the seeds of discontent and despair, in the hope of some time reaching the millennium. Why not look up and be cheerful, and get hold of the crown of everlasting bliss right now?—*Editor of National Magazine.*

Life's Ideals

LIFE has a great many ideals,—ideals in persons, places, and pleasures. These ideals grow and develop with advancing years. The character of ideals is determined by circumstances, heredity, and personal training.

In the first place, a young person reared out in God's free, pure, country air has the circumstances most conducive to a well-rounded character and life that can be obtained. He becomes acquainted with the habits and customs of the birds and bees, and with the color and tone of the flowers. His life gradually becomes absorbed in other things besides himself. He also becomes acquainted with the rough, healthful work of farm life. Thus his body becomes strong, and his mind expansive. Although these conditions are not always developed from country life, such a life is conducive to that end. A young person properly reared under these circumstances will capably fill almost any position that falls to his lot, or that he chooses for life; for it is a well-known fact that a well-balanced body and mind are a sure foundation to success in life.

On the other hand, an opposite condition is developed when a young person is brought up in a crowded city or town. He can not help being influenced by the dirt, and smoke, and worldly surroundings. He can not escape coming in contact with the evil girl or boy, the vile paper, and the show-bill. In substance, his life can not avoid being influenced by his environments. And not only his morals, or ideals, are affected by these surroundings, but his whole physical being,—his general health. Thus a young person reared under these circumstances is in no condition, mentally, morally, or physically, to fill his place in life.

Again, a young person's heredity has much to do with his ideals. How careful parents should be to bestow a good legacy upon their children. If they are well-versed in the laws of nature, they will bestow upon them sunny, hopeful dispositions, and strong physical bodies. Young persons with these qualifications are more likely to have high ideals. They will also have the physical force and energy to carry them out. But when parents have paid little or no attention to God's voice through nature, their children inherit weak

(Continued on page 3)



No Place for Boys

WHAT can a boy do, and where can a boy stay, If he is always told to get out of the way? He can not sit here, and he must not stand there. The cushions that cover that fine rocking-chair Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired;

A boy has no business ever to be tired. The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom

On the floor of the darkened and delicate room, Are made not to walk on—at least, not by boys;

The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if their feet,

Sent out of houses, sent into the street,

Should step round the corner and pause at the door,

Where other boys' feet have paused often before; Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,

Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright,

Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice, And temptingly say, "Here's a place for the boys?"

Ah, what if they should?

O, what if they should, because you and I, While the days and months and the years hurry by,

Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys

To make round our hearthstone a place for the boys?

There's a place for the boys. They'll find it somewhere;

And if our homes are too daintily fair

For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,

They'll find it, and find it, alas, in the street,

'Mid the gildings of sin and glitter of vice;

And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price

For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs, If we fail to provide a good place for the boys.

—Boston Transcript.

A Reason for the "Don'ts"

A NOBLE, upright, manly boy in a home is a treasure. Fathers and mothers know it. Brothers

and sisters acknowledge it.

Such a boy stands for strength of character, for loyalty to right, for kindness of heart,

for chivalrous action, for purity of character. So comely does such

a boy seem that the unspoken hope of those who meet

him is that he may ever keep this purity,

this manly strength, this chivalry; that the world's breath of sin may never chance to be

felt by him.



Angels seldom look upon a sadder picture than that of an innocent boy just entering upon the pathway of sin, whom no power of earth or heaven seems able to turn from the allurements with which the enemy has beguiled him.

It is the very sadness of these wrecked lives that makes parents and teachers anxious lest their boys should be tempted to forsake the right for the wrong. It is this fear that leads them to reprove, exhort, and perhaps be overfearful lest evil come to them. It is their knowledge of the settled purpose of the enemy to direct the feet of youth into wrong paths; it is the fact that so few who once turn to the wrong ever forsake it, that makes the anxiety of friends.

You may think mother is too careful about little things; but the missing pin, the slightly opened switch, wrecks the train and destroys lives. You may think her refusals of requests are too many. You may be right, but don't forget that mother is thinking of the downward path of lost innocence, of forgotten purity, and it would not be strange if her loving solicitude should sometimes make her needlessly fearful and overcautious. The wise mother and the tactful teacher, however, will seek earnestly to discriminate between innocent pleasures and dangerous ones; they will watch lest they make needless denials and so irritate the well-inclined boy, and



lead him to resentful or careless action. Boys do not enjoy being "nagged," or scolded. Who does? Boys naturally are not fond of *don'ts*; neither are those of maturer years. But the Lord himself saw that *don'ts* are necessary for both youth and age; so he has given many in

his Word. These very *don'ts* are expressions of his intense love for us. "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil." It is because of their love that wise parents guard carefully the course of their boys. This solicitude does not indicate a lack of confidence in their child's good intentions and endeavors; but from their own observation and experience they appreciate keenly the subtle power of the arch-deceiver.

Remember, then, that the wise mother or teacher does not refuse you desired pleasures and amusements for the sake of the refusal. She does not willingly oppose your wishes. She does not use *don'ts* because she enjoys doing so. An unwise, unchristian mother may be thoughtless in her demands, as the illustrations indicate. She may, in her desire to have her



boy appear well and to observe points of good form, become overparticular, making small demands of him almost incessantly. This bewilders him, and life becomes, even to one of his years, almost a burden.

Boys must whistle,—out-of-doors,—roll and tumble on the grass, chase their dogs around the yard and over the hills; they must have pockets

—and use them too. To be sure a boy striding along with both hands in his pockets makes a droll appearance, and what mother would not sweetly suggest the better way?

Manly boys are jewels, priceless, too; and they have a certain self-respect and a reverence for their mother that causes them to try very hard to remember her suggestions relative to good manners and questions of right and wrong. They do not fret because of these, but rather fret because they will sometimes forget what perhaps has been told them many times.

There's a place for every boy—a "great big" place—in the heart of every true man or woman, for the honest, good-natured, right principled boy, even though he may not yet have learned how to control his surplus energy without giving annoyance to others, though he may not always modulate his voice in keeping with his environments. The picture at the foot of the page gives an excellent suggestion for helping a boy to properly direct his physical energies. It's a good idea, boys, you must admit, even though you may have your own reason for hesitating to do so.

The intelligent boy will in his heart reverence those who seek to help him form correct habits of speech, manners, and character. It may be difficult to make one's self heed their suggestions, but life later on because of these will run all the smoother.



Life's Ideals*(Concluded from page 1)*

physical, mental, and moral natures. Consequently they frequently manifest strange freaks of disposition, and are quite unfit for "making the world better by their presence in it."

In the third place, the ideals of young people are influenced by their own personal training. If they more fully realized the effect upon their lives of their associates and the books they read, they would be more careful in the choice of them. "Tell me with whom you associate, and I will tell you what you are," is a good adage, as is also, "Birds of a feather will flock together." How many young people to-day spend dimes and nickels for novels and cheap stories that they might be spending in good, wholesome literature. It is said, "An education at a university is not always needed to-day, for a university education can be obtained at home if one chooses the right books," while it is a well-known fact that the reading of the light literature afloat is decidedly conducive to dwarfed minds and blunted intellects. This condition of necessity weakens the will power, and thus hinders one from reaching high ideals.

Therefore, life's ideals are not things that can be put on or off at one's will, but are of a spiritual nature, formed and developed by tangible things. Every one has the opportunity of establishing them if he earnestly prays and perseveres. And the One who shaped our beings has graciously proffered his assistance, for he has promised in his Word, "*Fear not; I will help thee.*"

EMMA JANE DUGAN.

**Our Field—The World****Ireland****Program****OPENING EXERCISES:—**

Song.

Scripture Reading: Prov. 29:14; 28:6, 11; 21:13; Ps. 82:3, 4; 41:1-4; James 5:4; 1 John 3:17-19.

Prayer.

Secretary's Report.

LESSON STUDY.—Ireland.

General Description.

The History.

Failure of the Potato Crops.

Condition During the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

The Land System.

Ireland's First Christian Worker.

Our Work.

Note

THIS lesson is long; but after all, it gives only a few of the many points that might be given. It is not necessary that it should all be used. Let the leader select from the program only those topics that to him seem the most important.

General Description

IRELAND has an area slightly less than that of the State of Maine. Its central portion is a plain; a belt of hills extending along the coast almost completely surrounds this plain. No other country of Europe has so large a proportion of its area covered with fresh water, one province having more than three hundred lakes. It lies farther north than the upper shore of Lake Superior, yet its climate rivals that of southern shores. Its population is nearly five million, about four million of whom are Catholics. Its

principal cities are Dublin, Belfast, Cork, and Queenstown.

The History

The early history of Ireland is largely legendary. The country consisted then, as now, of four provinces, each of which was occupied by a separate tribe, ruled over by a king of ancient and powerful family. The royal domain of Meath on the central eastern coast was set apart from the four provinces, as the residence of the arch-king, or sovereign of all Ireland. Down the centuries until the Danish invasion in 795, these tribes were warring among themselves, each desiring the supremacy.

For more than two hundred years the destructive raids of the Danes were continued. Finally in 1014 A. D. the last great struggle between these Northmen and the Irish was fought, the invaders being defeated. By the year 1200, the Normans, who just a century before had conquered England, and who were now eager to enrich themselves from the spoils of other conquered lands, had gained a footing in Ireland, but had accomplished nothing that could properly be called a conquest. By continuous wars, however, they finally extended their power until the whole island was under the iron hand of the Anglo-Norman throne. Had England dealt liberally from the first with her conquered sister, Ireland would not have been such a rebellious subject. As it was, she has always chafed under English rule, and during much of the time has been engaged in bitter strife with her conqueror.

However, in the year 1800 through the fair promises of William Pitt, England's prime minister, a peaceful union of the two countries was effected by legislation. But Ireland failed to realize the fulfilment of those "fair promises," and in spirit she was greatly disturbed for many years. She kept contending so strenuously for her rights that through the influence of some of her leading sons, the act known as the "Emancipation Act" was passed in 1829. This gave Catholics a right to a seat in the English Parliament. They were also allowed to hold certain civil and military offices in the realm. Notwithstanding these concessions, the condition of Ireland grew worse after the Act of Union. Now her endeavor was to have the Act repealed; she demanded the re-establishment of the Irish Parliament, which was dissolved at the time of the union. She kept reiterating her demands by voice and sword, until, in 1898, a bill granting a system of local government to the country was passed. The closing of the nineteenth century will be remembered as that in which the regeneration of Ireland was begun. Now she needs to have her interest directed to voluntary emancipation from papal darkness into the full light of the gospel as revealed in the third angel's message. Does it not seem that there should be many who would devote their lives to leading her to seek this greater emancipation?

Failure of the Potato Crops

For centuries Ireland has been in a state of chronic discontent. Rebellions have been the rule, and not the exception; but it has been said that half the reason for Irish discontent was to be found in the words "Irish hunger." The peasantry has always been miserably fed. The people of the south and west, and in fact the great majority of the Irish people, have scarcely ever eaten meat more than six times a year. Many did not have it more than twice a year. This, of course, would have been to their advantage, had they been supplied with a proper substitute. More than one fifth of the population have subsisted chiefly upon the potato, which Sir Walter Raleigh introduced into their country from our own. The potato crop not only supplied the poorer classes with food for themselves, but it also enabled them to feed the pigs and poultry, which constituted almost their only

means of procuring the few extra necessities ever known in their humble lives.

The land has been held by Irish chiefs or English lords, who leased it to tenants under exorbitant conditions. The fact that the government or the landowners could dispossess these of their farms and homes at their pleasure has prevented any proper cultivation of the land. An acre planted to potatoes was estimated to yield three or four times that extent devoted to cereals or other crops; so in time the people came to depend almost wholly upon the success of the potato crop. Owing to the failure of this crop, several quite severe famines have come to the country, but the "three years' famine" of 1845-47 was more extensive and devastating than any other. The small farmers, it is estimated, suffered during this time a loss of nearly ninety million dollars in potatoes. Men, women, and children died daily by hundreds, often breathing their last by the roadside, in the ditches, or in the fields among their blighted potato crops.

The first year of the blight the crops were in full bloom the last of July, and in a week's time they were one wide waste of putrefying vegetation. In many places the wretched people were seated on the fences of their decaying gardens, wringing their hands and bewailing bitterly the destruction that had left them foodless. The government and secret societies set to work earnestly to relieve the fearful situation. Large sums were voted to employ the starving people on public works; seven hundred thousand men were thus provided with work. But the calamity proved too wide-spread to be checked by any exertion that could be made. Many thousands were led to seek homes in other countries, one hundred thousand landing in one year in Canada alone. America and England also received many. When the frightful scourge had spent its force, Ireland had lost two millions of its people.

Condition During the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries

The great mass of the Irish people suffered constantly, and at times desperately, under the operation of what is known as the penal laws. Religious intolerance has been the real cause of the bitter strife for centuries between Ireland and England. Each has held tenaciously to its own belief, and England, being in the ascendancy, has tried to force the Protestant faith upon Catholic Ireland, and Ireland has resisted such coercion to the death. Had her resistance been made in the spirit of the gospel, very different would have been her record. But the persecution and oppression she suffered from England aroused a spirit of intense hatred, lawlessness, and rebellion. England's intolerance and compulsory spirit expressed itself in a resolution that passed Parliament: "It is the indispensable duty of all magistrates and officers to put the laws made to prevent the growth of popery in Ireland in due execution." The readiness with which the officers executed their prescribed duty, the sad story of suffering Ireland has told. And England did not forget to give detailed commands to these officers. The penal laws forbade Catholics to teach either in private or in public, and parents were not allowed to send their children out of Ireland to be educated. They were deprived of their lands by Parliament, which gave the estates to Protestants. None were permitted to own or carry firearms, and the government officials were authorized to break into any house where they suspected that arms were hidden. No Catholic could remain secure in the possession of a valuable horse; any Protestant could become its owner on paying the sum of five pounds. The eldest son of a Catholic landowner, if he declared himself a Protestant, could take possession of his father's land, making the father a tenant for life. No Catholic could buy land or lease it for more than thirty-one years, nor could he

receive an estate under a will. A farmer was not permitted to make a profit on his farm greater than one third of the rent. A Protestant who proved that a greater profit was being made could seize the land. No Catholic could sit in the British Parliament, nor vote for any member of Parliament, nor hold any civil or military office. None could move into the cities of Limerick and Galway. The Catholics were forced to give a tithe of their cattle to support the Protestant church. Parliament prohibited exportation of a great variety of products, such as cattle, sheep, pork, beef, mutton, cheese, butter, wool, and woolen goods. Ireland's best single commodity was wool; and though the trade was in the hands of Protestant colonists, it was destroyed because English merchants claimed that it interfered with their trade. Forty thousand persons, it is estimated, were thus thrown out of work. Laws were also passed that greatly restricted the manufacture and sale of beer, malt, gunpowder, hats, sail-cloth, and ironware. These things so disheartened the people that they had little spirit left for any kind of proper effort. They also caused many uprisings that resulted in fearful tragedies, which forced England to draw the lines still tighter.

Evils of the Land System

The landowner often preferred to remain in England, and allow another to lease the land out. Perhaps there would be several of these "middlemen," and each one in the long series, as well as the tenant and landlord at the two ends of the series, had to gain a profit from the same acre, and no one was willing to spend money on improving the quality of the land. This was because the tenant held his land from year to year, and if he made improvements, he would be called on to pay a larger rent or leave his holding. The landlord would not make improvements, because he was accustomed to think of himself as a man with rights and privileges, and never as a man with duties and obligations. So the land went from bad to worse, but the rents grew more exorbitant. Eminent men, like Gladstone and Parnell, have championed nobly the cause of Ireland in the British Legislature. Their efforts did much to lessen the land evils, but the Land Purchase Act of 1903 finally settled the question by providing a sum of money large enough to permit every peasant to buy his farm, so that the soil of Ireland is once more passing into the possession of the Irish people.

Ireland's First Christian Worker

In an article that appeared in the INSTRUCTOR last July, Elder W. A. Spicer gives the following description of the work of the first missionary to Ireland:—

The most interesting memorial of the beginning of Christian work in Ireland is Slemish Mountain, looming up amid the Antrim Hills. Here it was that Patrick led his flocks in ancient days.

The name of Patrick has come to stand for all that is intensely Roman Catholic. As a matter of fact, he was never a Roman Catholic at all. It was long after his death that they made him a Catholic, and put him in the calendar of "saints."

About the year 411 a band of Irish pirates swept down upon the Scottish coast, south of the Solway, pillaging, slaughtering, and taking captives. Young Patrick, the son of Christian parents, was then carried away into slavery. The lad was set to herding his pagan master's swine and cattle amid the hills of Antrim.

After six years of slavery he escaped, and made his way to his own home. But the herdboys had already begun his missionary training on the slopes of Slemish. He could not forget the darkness and ignorance of the land of his captivity, where he himself had given his heart in loneliness to God. The cry from the Irish coast rang in his ears, "We beseech thee, child of God, come and again walk among us."

Yielding to the missionary call, Patrick entered upon his life-work in Ireland. All the evidence goes to show him a preacher of the Word, holding no allegiance to Romish authority. He reduced the ancient Irish language to writing,

and gave them the Scriptures. He established schools, which became centers of missionary activity. Irish missionaries went out into Scotland and northern Europe, founding churches so free from tradition that Rome found them dangerous rivals, never ceasing until she had overcome and ruined them.

The historian of the Celtic church, Skene, traces the Sabbath-keeping of later times in Scotland to this early Irish church, founded by Patrick. He says that the later generations in north Britain "seem to have followed a custom of which we find traces in the early monastic church of Ireland, by which they held Saturday to be the Sabbath on which they rested from all their labors."

Now again the Sabbath truth is being preached in Ireland, and with no admixture of tradition.

Our Work

The work in Ireland has the last few years suffered some reverses; but the prospect for progress is at present encouraging. Elder M. A. Altman is chairman of the Irish field. There are one hundred and twelve Sabbath-keepers. The tithe last year amounted to \$1,171.80, and the book sales to \$2,663.16. There are nineteen workers in the field, more than half of whom are self-supporting.

The sanitarium at Belfast, under the superintendency of Dr. J. J. Bell, has a good patronage. Several have embraced the truth through its influence, and considerable charity work has been done by the institution.

An account of the opening of the work in this mission field, as described by Mrs. Hutchinson in her report to the Foreign Mission Board in 1901, is given below:—

About the year 1885 Elder J. N. Andrews was sent to Ireland. This was at a time when the country was in trouble. Four years later, in June, Mr. Hutchinson and I went there, and on the eighteenth of the following September the work was opened in Banbridge, County Down. Meetings were held in an Orange Hall, with a seating capacity of about eight hundred. These Orange Halls are the meeting places of the Irish Protestants. The meetings were well attended, and the hall was filled, the business men coming in and sitting on the floor and on the steps leading up to the band stand. The following February we went to Scarva, and there the first tent-meeting of this island was held. After nine weeks we removed to Tanderagee. The next effort was made in Cold Lane, in the autumn of 1889. From there we returned to Banbridge, where we worked until the following September, when the first Seventh-day Adventist church in Ireland was organized, with a membership of twenty-six. Meetings were next held at Corbett Station.

It was decided that we should go to America to attend the ministerial conference held in Battle Creek in 1891. Elder O. O. Farnsworth took up our work in Ireland. Four years later we returned to Ireland, and our first meetings were held in Portadown. Here we had an exceptionally commodious Orange Hall. One Sunday we had a congregation of about five hundred, and the following Tuesday the hall was taken from us. We had been there two or three months. It has always been difficult for us to obtain halls; for the clergymen are generally the chaplains of the Orange Societies, and that means that they can shut out of these halls whoever they like. It was here that Mr. Hutchinson conceived the idea of a portable hall; for ground could always be secured, when halls could not.

We next went to Cold Lane. While there, my husband happened to speak to a young lady, a Sabbath-keeper, of the need of a portable hall. She was very much interested. The following morning she came to see him, and said, "Do you believe that the portable hall is the thing for Ireland?" He said, "I am convinced that it is the only way in which we can ever reach the people." She then told him that she had twenty pounds which she had dedicated to the memory of her father and mother, intending to put it in a headstone for their grave, but that after thinking over the matter and praying, she had decided to put the money where it could do good. She gave it toward the hall. Another lady, on hearing what could be done if the means were on hand, said, "I will give you twenty pounds."

Mr. Hutchinson then went to Portadown, and tried to secure an estimate on such a hall, but was unsuccessful, as he had no plans drawn up

for the structure, and the builder would not figure without them. He did not know what to do. At this juncture the text, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths," came into his mind, and he felt assured that he could build the hall, although he was not a carpenter, and was without experience. With the forty pounds he started. The lumber was bought, and the erection begun. He worked during the day, and preached at night. Finally, he came to the place where he could go no further. This worried him. But that night he dreamed of the thing which he needed to go on with the building, and after this he was able to complete the work in a short time. The second lady mentioned above gave later another hundred dollars toward this work.

The hall was built in Derryhale, but our first meetings in it were held at Portadown, and the next at Rich Hill. At the latter place a young man, a Roman Catholic, attended who could neither read nor write. In a remarkable way he had been led to the light. One night after a meeting some of the men lingered to talk. This man also stayed, but took no part in the conversation for a while. But finally the Sabbath was mentioned, when he said, "Yes; and that Sabbath of yours is right, and I mean to keep it." He gave up a good position as foreman, which paid him well, went to Belfast, and got work in a short time. The first week he worked five days. When Friday night came, he told his employer that he did not want his money then, but that he would trust him for it until Monday morning. This he did several times. At length the man requested an explanation. It was given, and he was allowed the privilege of working on Sunday. This young man is very faithful, and can give clearly the reasons for the hope which he possesses.

From Rich Hill we went to Lurgan. Although our hall was hardly finished, yet meetings were held in it. A young lady who had a position with the best house in Belfast, here embraced the truth, and gave up her place. She has proved one of our best workers.

An effort was next begun at Lisburn. Our meetings were well attended at this place. We had quite an experience in the health reform work. Hundreds who believed the Sabbath but did not obey it, accepted the principles of healthful living. Many came for treatment, and followed strictly the directions we gave them as to diet. In Ireland, when tea and pork are taken from the bill of fare, about all that is unhealthful is removed. Through this work the hearts of the people were gained, and we were enabled to advance a little at a time, until a number came into the truth. As canvassing is about the only means of livelihood left to one who embraces the Sabbath, we decided that this work must be brought forward. We, therefore, held a canvassers' institute, which was attended by from two to nineteen daily. While here it was also decided that we should hold a general meeting, and Belfast was the place decided upon for it. The hall was moved there. We secured a site on the best avenue in the town. Brethren Waggoner and Prescott came over from England. This was the first general meeting ever held in Ireland.

The work was next opened up in Bangor. After a three-months' stay, we left for Newtownards. There we were joined by Brother Stephen Haughey, of America. Dr. and Mrs. Kress also came and gave lectures on health and temperance to a well-filled house. It was but a very short time until our hall was too small to accommodate all who came. One night a gentleman asked why we did not take the Orange Hall, saying that the people wanted us to do this. He said they would bear the expense. The hall was secured, the people paying the expense of it, as well as of our own, which was idle. The attendance was from six hundred to eight hundred. The effort here lasted four months.

By invitation, we next went to Keady. When we were ready to leave there, the people furnished us seven carts to carry our hall to Belfast. Brother Haughey about this time received an invitation to help Brother Andross in Birmingham, England, and we were again alone. At Duncairn Gardens our next effort was put forth.

At every place on this island where meetings have been held, Sabbath-keepers have been brought out, and we have had rich and remarkable experiences. There are but two organized churches—at Banbridge and Belfast. Those who are ready to unite with us are baptized, and their membership is counted with the church nearest to them.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Puddles

A True Story from the South

PUDDLES was the name of a duck once hatched in an incubator by Susie's mama. He was given the name because he delighted in splashing about in every little puddle of water he happened to discover in his rambles.

A neighbor of Susie's mama once gave her two duck eggs, and said, "Now you hatch out these eggs for Tom B." As the incubators had not yet been started for the season, the eggs were placed under a sitting hen, but the old hen broke one of the eggs the first day, and so Tom B insisted that the other should be placed in the first incubator that was started, and it was put among a batch of one hundred buff cochin eggs.

In due time the duckling broke a hole through his egg house, and by a faint "peep, peep," announced his coming into the world. This was early in the morning, and Susie's mama waited until evening for him to break entirely loose and leave the shell, but the poor little fellow had not the strength to do more than he had done, and so the whole top of the egg-shell was taken off to assist him, and the duck put back into the incubator. The next morning it was found that no further progress had been made, so the duck was put into a warm bath, and most of the remaining shell picked off, and then he was again returned to the machine. The third day he was treated to another bath, the remainder of the shell removed, and once more returned to his home in the incubator.

At noon of that day the sun shone so brightly in at the window of the room that the little duckling was taken out of the incubator and placed on the window-sill in the warm sunshine. So far the little creature had never been able to stand upon his feet, or indeed get off his back, but in a short time after being placed in the warm sunshine he began to wriggle his limbs, and his faint "peep, peep," grew stronger and stronger, and soon was followed by desperate attempts to turn over onto his feet. Susie's mama began to fear that he would turn over and fall off the window-sill, so finally placed him in the sunshine on the floor.

In the meantime a great crowd of the buff cochin chicks had hatched out, and after a while were placed in the sunshine on the floor with the little duckling, so that Puddles' first introduction to feathered life was his association with these little yellow fluffy balls of chicken life, and his subsequent actions proved that he considered that they were the same kind of birds as himself, looking so much like him as they did. In everything he tried to imitate them, and they became inseparable companions.

Puddles never saw a duck until he was a large bird, and he never acted or quacked like a duck, but always acted and spoke as nearly like a chicken as it is possible, perhaps, for a duck to act and speak. Tom B says that Puddles always spoke "broken-chicken" talk, something between a *peep* and a *quack*.

Puddles' first sight of ducks was of a few living in a neighboring yard. He had heard them quacking often, but never saw them until one day he discovered them by peeping through a hole in the fence. He watched them coming toward the fence in single file, and trembled with astonishment and fear. As he heard their solemn, long-drawn-out "Q-u-a-c-k, q-u-a-c-k," he fled in terror, and though afterward he daily tried to get a peep at them through the hole as he would hear them, he always retreated as soon as they made the least move toward the fence.

When Puddles was two months old, he was quite large, and began *brooding* the young chicks. He would call them with his peculiar "peep, peep," and squatting on the ground, would spread out his wings, and the little fellows would run to him and dive into the feathers, poking out their heads from under his wings and body in a most comical way, and there Puddles would sit demurely caring for these his playmates as well as any old mother hen could have done.

When the chicks were larger, they were given a coop in which to sleep at night. As soon as all would retire, Puddles would stand guard like a watch-dog. The coop was open only in front, and by this opening Puddles would squat down, take a doze for a few minutes, then spring up, waddle around behind the coop, look carefully over the yard, and being satisfied there was nothing dangerous stirring, would again squat as before, and doze awhile. This would be repeated over and over all through the night.

When the chicks grew to be large birds, they were taught to roost on perches provided for them, and as Puddles could not follow, he seemed to be broken-hearted, and would stand below the roosts and call and call all night long. One big rooster seemed to be greatly disturbed at the crying, and one night flew down to where the duck stood, and squatted down by him, where he remained until morning. Ever after, this rooster would take his place by Puddles at roosting time, until Tom B built a flat ladder leading to the loft, and placed a board just under where the big rooster perched. Then the duck would climb the ladder and sleep on the board, and his faithful friend would take his former place on the roost.

But, alas! there came a day of sorrow not only to Puddles, but to the household. A thief came in the night and stole the whole lot of splendid buff cochin chickens, Puddles' friends and companions. The duck was never the same creature after their going. He grieved over their loss so deeply that he was never known to take any interest in any creature thereafter. He grew sullen, morose, and listless, so that, as time passed, he became very fat from want of proper exercise, and at last it was such an exertion for him to move, that, in mercy, he was killed.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

An Elephant's Heroic Deed

THIS is the story of what a brave old elephant in far-away Ceylon, India, did one bright morning, when a deed worthy of a hero was demanded of him. Sergeant Smith, who was born in Kent County, England, was ordered away with his regiment to India. With him went his wife, a native of Portsmouth, England, and his little daughter Fannie. They were stationed for a long time on the island of Ceylon, where an infant son, Thomas, who now lives in Washington, D. C., was born.

In that land of the Orient a great deal of drudgery, such as is here performed by meek-eyed oxen, the horse, and other domestic animals, is exacted from elephants, which are brought from their native jungles, and tamed into domestic servitude. But once in a while the huge creatures, long-enduring and long-suffering as they are, will break away from their thralldom, disdaining the fetters of civilization, and making a great stampede for liberty into their native wilds.

Old Pete was the leader of a herd of elephants employed about Sergeant Smith's new home. He was very gentle and intelligent, and was often

employed in bringing back rebellious elephants to the fold. He would round them up as the sheep-dog drives the sheep, and keep them at their duty.

Pete was an enormous, rough-coated creature, with small, knowing eyes, great ears which hung down in a significant kind of way, a mere wisp of a tail, and an enormous trunk, which he swung about in a wonderful manner, and with which, had he fully realized his own vast strength, he might have vanquished the entire world about him.

A great intimacy had sprung up between Pete and little Fannie, the bright-eyed darling of the English sergeant. Every morning Pete knew that Fannie would be sure to bring him out some coveted dainty,—a lump of sugar, fruit, morsels of cake, in fact, anything which might be supposed to tempt an elephant's appetite,—and he would come ambling up to the little maid, in a sociable way, and would stretch forth his gigantic trunk to pick the morsels from her tiny hand, as daintily and as carefully as a connoisseur would handle a bit of fragile and costly china.

Sometimes Fannie was treated to a ride on the elephant's back, and then it was hard to tell which was the greater, Fannie's delight as she rode along, or the pride of old Pete, as he went carefully picking his way, bearing his precious burden aloft.

One bright morning Fannie was out for an early stroll to gather flowers while the dew was yet on them, and to scent the luxurious air laden with the sweet perfume of thousands of blossoms, before the sun should drive all to seek shelter from his scorching rays. Not far from Fannie's home, at the foot of the hill, ran a stream over which was a narrow rustic bridge.

Here, on the old bridge, it was Fannie's delight to linger, looking down upon the great water-lilies just opening wide their eyes to greet the sun, and to watch the warm reflection of her own English face, down in the water.

For a long time that morning Fannie had been looking down at the lilies, and wishing she could reach the great, white blossoms to gather them, when all at once a low, ominous rumble attracted her attention. The noise rapidly grew louder and louder; there was the sound of flying, gigantic hoofs, and the mighty roar of elephants burst like a flood of terror upon the morning air. The child suddenly realized that there was a stampede of elephants, and that the herd was coming directly toward the bridge to cross the river. Nothing, in that event, could save her.

There was no time for flight, and, besides could she cross the bridge, there was for some distance only a narrow path, with steep banks on either side, which led down to the deep gorge below. Her heart almost stood still as the full truth of her danger, in all its awfulness, flashed through her mind. She could not open her lips to scream, she was powerless to move. And of what use, for who could come to her rescue in time to save her?—No human being, in truth.

She could now see the elephants dashing wildly forward, almost upon the bridge, a mighty, terrible host, and, in that awful moment, she closed her blue eyes to shut out the fearful sight, and to meet death with as little knowledge as possible.

Then, in a moment's flash, she felt herself swung high in the air by an elephant's trunk, and flung over his back, while the great creature galloped on, at the head of the maddened herd. She could feel the mighty strides of the elephant beneath her, as the elephants thundered over the bridge with their deafening roar. She did not open her eyes; she scarcely drew breath again

until she felt herself put gently down upon the grass, and found herself safely within the precincts of her own home, on the brow of the hill.

Beside her stood Pete,—her own beloved Pete, who, with his small, twinkling eyes and his great heart, had perceived his little friend's danger, and, without a second's loss of time, had rushed to her rescue.

Pete had been standing not very far away from the bridge, swaying his trunk gently to and fro, and fighting the troublesome gnats with an occasional flap of his mighty ears, when he heard the roar of the flying elephants, and saw the thick dust rising from beneath their feet. He knew very well what that roaring and that stampede meant, for he had more than once before been the means of bringing the rebellious creatures back to domestic bondage when they had essayed a dash for freedom.

Then he spied his little friend standing upon the bridge, and in a moment he realized her danger. There was only time to place himself at the head of the advancing herd as it came dashing wildly up, and to snatch little Fannie up with his trunk as they flew along, and then, as soon as he could break away, to bear her gently to the portals of her own home, and to lay her down as softly as a mother would hush a sleeping infant to rest.

From that day old Pete was not only the pet of the officer's household, but was known as a valiant hero, worthy of all respect and admiration throughout the island of Ceylon.

And when the little Fannie grew up to become a wife and mother with little children clustering around her knee, far away from Ceylon and faithful old Pete, the tale the children loved best to hear her tell as they gathered around the home fireside at night was that of her marvelous rescue from death, in far-away India, by an elephant.

The little Fannie of those far-off days is a gray-haired, elderly woman now, and Pete, for the life of the elephant is long, still trudges about his usual avocations in Ceylon.

One often wonders if he remembers his little friend, and the eventful time when he saved her to her family, and to a lengthened and honored life.—*Jeanne E. Hicks, in Good Housekeeping.*



Importance of Accuracy

"If you would succeed in your trade or profession," said an eminently successful business man to a class of young men about to graduate, "you must learn the importance of accuracy, and first, last, and all the time strive to be accurate."

We are told that a young artist once called upon the distinguished naturalist, Audubon, to show him drawings and paintings of birds. After carefully examining the work brought for his inspection, Mr. Audubon thus criticized it: "Your work, my young friend, is not accurate. You have painted the legs of this bird well, but they are not true to life in one respect. The scales are accurate in shape and color, but you have failed to arrange them accurately as to number."

"I had not so much as thought about the number," answered the young artist.

"Quite likely," said Mr. Audubon, "but the exact number is an important thing. Now upon this upper ridge of the partridge's leg there are exactly so many scales. You have painted two too many. Examine the legs of a thousand par-

tridges, and you will find the scales invariably the same in number."

Many of you, perhaps, write carelessly, and often neglect to put in the proper punctuation marks. Or it may be you are careless in your use of capitals, and place a capital where you should use a small letter, and a small one where a capital should be. You may consider them such little things that they make no material difference, but they count for much more than you suppose. I once knew a girl who failed to win a handsome gold medal simply because she carelessly used a small letter where she should have used a capital.

The inaccurate use of so small a thing as a comma once caused the United States government to lose at least two million dollars. The United States, by its Congress, was making a tariff bill, and one of the sections enumerated which articles should be free of duty. Among the many articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants, etc.," meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation, and experiment. In copying the bill the enrolling clerk changed the hyphen in the compound word "fruit-plants" to a comma, making it read "all foreign fruit, plants, etc." As a result of this inaccurate work, all foreign fruits were admitted free of duty until Congress could remedy the blunder. But it cost the United States government at least two million dollars before the mistake was corrected.

Remember this: accuracy means exactness. And exactness does not mean what we call "little mistakes" nor "nearly right." Exactness is exactly right—free from mistake.—*Miss D. V. Farley.*

A Summer's Night

ONE lone bell tolling far away,
A mystery of moonlight on the sea,
A balmy breeze forgotten by the day,
A summer's night—O, how it speaks to me!

The air is laden with the scent of flowers,
As if a breeze had taken odorous toll
Of every one of summer's flowery hours,
And chanced to meet me on this grassy knoll.

The lowland with a silver light is filled,
And through it peals the tolling of a bell,
Now faint, now louder as the breeze is stilled,
Slow measured, solemn; is all well?

Above, from the cloudland of the day,
The night's white cloud-ships float on over me,
Pursuing eastward their uncharted way,
Moon silvered, passing silently.

And far above, the stars their vigils keep,
Ever the same, though centuries ebb and flow;
Silent, eternal, from yon mighty deep,
They watch us, toiling here below.

The heavens declare His glory; and earth, yes, all,
Is of his handiwork, and by his power.
Each day and night is formed, to call
Our truant thoughts to him each passing hour.

ALBERT H. OLESEN.

Tiny Spoons

MAN can do exceedingly, almost incredibly, delicate work, when he is trained to it. Of this *The Youth's Companion* furnishes an illustration as follows:—

"An engraver in Brockton, Massachusetts, and a jeweler in New Haven, Connecticut, have just been getting together on an enterprise that would be somewhat beyond the average artisan. The Brockton man once engraved the alphabet three times over on the head of a pin. The New Haven man has done wonders equivalent in his line, but his current achievement caps them all. Inside a common cherry-stone, the interior of which measures but a trifle over one eighth of an inch in length, he has packed twenty-four dozen miniature spoons, solid silver, of his own

workmanship,—of most artistic workmanship, too, say those who have examined them under the magnifying-glass. The Brockton expert is to engrave names and addresses on the spoons."—*Wellspring.*

Sabbath-School Convention at Selma, California

SUNDAY, June 3, 1906, was an especially profitable day to those who were so fortunate as to be present at the Sabbath-school convention held at Selma, California, on that date. The idea of a picnic had been suggested, but the young people seemed to favor a convention combined with an outdoor lunch; and surely the wisdom of their decision became very apparent. Selma is a small town sixteen miles from Fresno, and the church has a comparatively small membership. But truly the blessing of the Lord is not confined to numbers.

This church seems to be harmonious throughout, every one being desirous that every other one shall improve whatever talent he may possess. This wise encouragement from the older members of the church explains to some extent the energy shown by the young people in taking an active part in this convention. When every one is willing to act his own part, and more than willing that every other one shall have the preference, it is not surprising that success should crown the efforts put forth. It is false pride which restrains one person from doing what he can simply because another person may be able to surpass him in his efforts. In the parable, the one who had but two talents, and gained two more, was just as commendable in the sight of Heaven as the one who possessed ten talents and gained ten more. It is not a question of how many talents God bestows upon an individual, but whether those talents are used to his glory, or buried from sight by pride and selfishness. The sentiment, "I won't do anything, for fear some one else can do better than I can," is a barrier to all progress. It springs from selfishness, and the individual who entertains it not only robs himself of benefit and happiness, but deprives others of profit and pleasure which God would have them experience. If every one would forget self in his efforts to bless others, what an impetus it would be to the giving of "the gospel to all the world in this generation"!

Evidently in the parable, the man to whom was given the one talent did not appreciate it. He could not make just the same kind of impression upon others as could one possessed of a greater number of talents; so, like many to-day, he refrained from doing anything. He buried his talent in the earth, and was reckoned at last as a "wicked and slothful servant."

The children and young people, as well as those of older years, acted a noble part in the Selma convention. The dishonoring motto, "I can't," had no place, while everywhere conspicuous was that motto which ever betokens success, "I'll try." Deft and willing fingers had put forth arduous efforts in beautifying with a profusion of flowers the house dedicated to the service of God. Roses, dahlias, poppies, and yuccas in abundance told of God's tender regard for man's happiness, and gave to the harmonious and pleasing picture the finishing touch of the great Artist.

The convention consisted of two sessions, forenoon and afternoon. The program included music, papers (with discussions following), recitations, a poetic reading, and a Bible reading. The music included both vocal and instrumental, an organ, an autoharp, and a graphophone adding to the interests of the occasion. The following subjects were considered by the papers: "Qualifications of Teachers;" "The Importance of the Study of the Bible;" "Order in the Sabbath-school;" "How to Make the Sabbath-school Attractive, Especially to the Young People;"

"Qualifications of Officers." Many instructive thoughts were presented, the keynote of which was, consecration of heart coupled with earnest efforts. "Patience" was the theme of the Bible reading.

It gives one a new inspiration to "get out of one's shell," so to speak, and occasionally spend a little time with a neighboring church, in such a profitable manner. He may also be able to encourage others by so doing. A good, rousing Sabbath-school convention may be of great benefit to every one who will take time to attend it.

The old-time welcome and hospitality extended to the visitors at the Selma convention are worthy of mention, and will not soon be forgotten. Altogether, it was a pleasant and profitable occasion, and remains in memory as a bright oasis in the desert past.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

"WHERE we see but the darkness of the mine,
God sees the diamond shine.
Where we our voice in condemnation raise,
God may see fit to praise."

JUDGE not; the workings of the brain

And of his heart thou canst not see;

What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,

In God's pure light may only be

A scar, brought from some well-worn field,

Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II—The Jailer Converted

(July 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 16:16-40.

MEMORY VERSE: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Verse 31.

"And it came to pass, as we went to prayer, a certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination met us, which brought her masters much gain by soothsaying: the same followed Paul and us, and cried, saying, These men are the servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of salvation. And this did she many days. But Paul, being grieved, turned and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her. And he came out the same hour.

"And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas, and drew them into the market-place unto the rulers, and brought them to the magistrates, saying, These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city, and teach customs, which are not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans.

"And the multitude rose up together against them: and the magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat them. And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison, charging the jailer to keep them safely: who, having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

"And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's hands were loosed. And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled.

"But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm: for we are all here. Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must

I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house.

"And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway. And when he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house. And when it was day, the magistrates sent the sergeants, saying, Let those men go. And the keeper of the prison told this saying to Paul, The magistrates have sent to let you go: now therefore depart, and go in peace.

"But Paul said unto them, They have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now do they thrust us out privily? nay verily; but let them come themselves and fetch us out.

"And the sergeants told these words unto the magistrates: and they feared, when they heard that they were Romans. And they came and besought them, and brought them out, and desired them to depart out of the city. And they went out of the prison, and entered into the house of Lydia: and when they had seen the brethren, they comforted them, and departed."

Questions

1. As Paul and his companions went to the place of prayer, who followed them? What did she say?

2. What did Paul finally do? When her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, what did they do?

3. Of what did they accuse the apostles? What did the multitude do? How were the apostles treated by the magistrates?

4. When the apostles had been beaten, to whom were they delivered? What was the jailer charged to do? Where did he put them?

5. What did Paul and Silas do while in prison? What remarkable thing occurred at midnight?

6. How did the keeper of the prison feel when he awoke? How was he kept from taking his own life?

7. For what did he call? When he saw Paul and Silas, what did he do? What did he immediately ask?

8. How did the apostles answer the jailer's question? Memory Verse. What did they at once begin to do?

9. What kindness was now shown by the jailer to his prisoners? How did he and his household show their faith in Jesus?

10. What word was received from the magistrates in the morning? What answer did Paul send back?

11. How did the magistrates feel when they learned that Paul and Silas were Romans? Why?—They were afraid they would be called to account for imprisoning Roman subjects unheard.

12. What did the magistrates now do? What request did they make of Paul and Silas?

13. Where did Paul and Silas first go on leaving the prison? Whom did they comfort? Afterward what did they do?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

II—Relation of Parents and Children

(July 14)

MEMORY VERSE: "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord." Ps. 127:3, first part.

Questions

1. From whom are children an heritage? Ps. 127:3.

2. Since the Lord has entrusted children to their parents, how should they be trained? Eph. 6:4, last part.

3. If properly trained, what will be the result? Prov. 22:6.

4. How are children thus trained described? Ps. 144:12.

5. What pleasure will such children bring to their parents? Prov. 23:24, 25.

6. What is the sure result of failure to discipline the child? Prov. 29:15; note 1.

7. Does the Lord chastise his children? Heb. 12:6.

8. Of what is the chastening of our Heavenly Father an evidence?—That we are his children. Heb. 12:7.

9. What is said of the parent who truly loves his child? Prov. 13:24, last part; note 2.

10. How diligently are children to be taught the precepts of the Lord? Deut. 11:19.

11. What was the result in one instance where this was neglected? 1 Sam. 3:11-14; note 3.

12. What beautiful example and result of proper training is given in the life of Hannah? 1 Sam. 1:26-28; note 4.

Notes

1. Children who are allowed to come up to manhood or womanhood with the will undisciplined and the passions uncontrolled, will generally in after life pursue a course which God condemns.—"Testimonies for the Church," No. 37, page 34.

2. False ideas and a foolish, misdirected affection have nurtured traits which have made the children unlovely and unhappy, have embittered the lives of the parents, and have extended their baleful influence from generation to generation. Any child that is permitted to have his own way will dishonor God, and bring his father and mother to shame.—*Id.*, No. 32, page 81.

3. Eli did not manage his household according to God's rules for family government. He followed his own judgment. The fond father overlooked the faults and sins of his sons in their childhood, flattering himself that after a time they would outgrow their evil tendencies. Many are now making a similar mistake. They think they know a better way of training their children than that which God has given in his Word. They foster wrong tendencies in them, urging as an excuse, "They are too young to be punished. Wait till they become older, and can be reasoned with." Thus wrong habits are left to strengthen until they become second nature. The children grow up without restraint, with traits of character that are a lifelong curse to them, and are liable to be reproduced in others.

There is no greater curse upon households than to allow the youth to have their own way. When parents regard every wish of their children, and indulge them in what they know is not for their good, the children soon lose all respect for their parents, all regard for the authority of God and man, and are led captive at the will of Satan. The influence of an ill-regulated family is wide-spread, and disastrous to all society. It accumulates in a tide of evil that affects families, communities, and governments.—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 578, 579.

4. What a reward was Hannah's! and what an encouragement to faithfulness is her example! There are opportunities of inestimable worth, interests infinitely precious, committed to every mother. The humble round of duties which women have come to regard as a wearisome task, should be looked upon as a grand and noble work. It is the mother's privilege to bless the world by her influence, and in doing this she will bring joy to her own heart. She may make straight paths for the feet of her children, through sunshine and shadow, to the glorious heights above. But it is only when she seeks, in her own life, to follow the teachings of Christ, that the mother can hope to form the character of her children after the divine pattern.—*Id.*, page 572.



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"THIS one rule mind: Share all you find."

"EVIL is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart."

SEVERAL persons have made inquiries relative to the address of Mr. Geo. P. Way, the inventor of a tympanum to be placed in the ear for aiding the hearing. Just as soon as the desired information is obtained, it will be passed on to those who have written the editor about the matter.

A BILL has passed the Philippine Commission putting the opium trade under strict governmental control for two years, during which time opium can be sold only to registered victims of its use. During this time, such persons are not allowed to vote nor hold any office under the government.

IN a recent issue of the INSTRUCTOR reference was made to the nationality of Brother G. D. Wong. He is a native of China, instead of Japan. He has recently sent in a series of articles on "The Advent Message to All the World in This Generation." I am sure our young people will be interested in this series. Brother Wong recently set sail for his native land. Let us not forget to pray for him in his work for his people.

EVERY year \$1,454,119,858 at least are spent by the people of the United States for drink. This sum, it is said, would provide 500,000 families, or 2,500,000 persons—more than the entire population of New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Maine, North Dakota, and Montana—with comfortable homes, clothing, and provisions for an entire year. To each family it would give the sum of \$2,380, and leave the sum of \$264,119,000 to be used in the erection of 52,818 churches, each costing \$5,000.

ELDER GEORGE ENOCH, of the East Caribbean Conference, in a recent personal letter says:—

"I have just returned from a successful trip to Jamaica and Central America in the interest of the educational and publishing work. I want to drop a line to tell you what a help to us have been the lessons in the INSTRUCTOR for young people's meetings. One of the most perplexing problems in these new fields, especially in the cities, is what can be done to keep up the interest in our services when the leaders are called away. I was glad to find that the young people's meetings were better attended at the time of my return than when I left. The interest continued unabated the more than two months I was gone. The credit is largely due to those interesting programs. I hope you will not soon run out of material."

"Our young people are adopting the Birthday Box plan, and are opening up a fund which we will consecrate to starting the work in the Sudan."

"I was glad to meet Elder Davis and his wife here on my return. Their coming is a source of encouragement and good cheer to our field. I am also glad to report that we have finally secured a farm in Jamaica, where we propose to open a West Indian training-school. Within the last year the publishing, the educational, and the medical work have been successfully started. Our people are now lined up for service; and we expect 'great things' from the Lord."

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it
thrown.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The Lover's Pledge

DIFFICULT as it is to properly define love, yet easily and gracefully will love enter into covenant with the object of its affection. It will unhesitatingly pledge, if there is the slightest possibility to perform. Friend pledges love to friend, lover to lover, and before the bridal altar, bride and groom solemnly plight their love to each other. In all its dealings, love "delights in endearments, in avowals of love."

When Damon was sentenced to death by Dionysius the tyrant, he was given the privilege of visiting his wife and children on condition that he would secure a hostage to take his place, and die in his stead in case he failed to return at the appointed time. Pythias consented, and Damon pledged his honor to be on hand at the time specified. While Pythias was in prison, the king visited and conversed with him about the motive that induced him to run this great risk. To the surprise of the king, Pythias expressed his wish to die, that the honor of Damon might be vindicated. He even prayed that the return of Damon might be prevented until after the execution. The fatal day arrived, the crowd had gathered, and Dionysius himself was present.

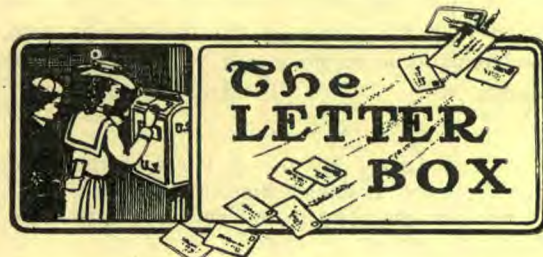
Pythias mounted the scaffold, and calmly addressed the multitude. He said: "My prayer is answered; for the winds have been contrary until yesterday. Damon, my friend, could not come. He could not conquer impossibilities. He will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed his life. O, could I erase from your bosoms every mean suspicion of the honor of Damon, I should go to my death as to my bridal. My friend will be found noble: his truth will be found unimpeachable. He is now on his way, accusing himself and the adverse elements, but I haste, to prevent his speed. Executioner, do your office."

As he closed his speech, a man was seen in the distance on a rapidly running horse, and as he approached the crowd, he sent his shrill voice over the multitude of heads, saying, "Stop the execution!" He dismounted speedily, hastened to the side of Pythias, and, embracing him, said, "You are free, my beloved friend. I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from reproaches for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pythias heard him, and said, "Fatal haste! Cruel impatience! What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favor?"

As the king saw and heard, he was moved to tears. Ascending the scaffold, he cried, "Live, live, ye incomparable pair! ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue. Live happy, live renowned." And instead of an execution, there was a jubilation. Love conquered, and love's pledge, sacredly given, was sacredly kept.

God loved and pledged. He loved when man sinned and pledged that the seed of the woman

should bruise the serpent's head. Christ loved and pledged. He loved a world of sinners lost, and loving them "unto the end," pledged that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Such a pledge is binding. Yes, when the beautiful sky with its glowing fires shall roll up like a scroll, and the earth with its snow-capped mountains, carpeted prairies, gorgeous cities, and placid rivers shall melt and burn with fervent heat, this pledge will still remain in force. Jesus, who "is the life," and who brought "life and immortality to light," will substantiate his pledge.—"The Lover's Love."



Answers to Ralph Edwards's Flower Puzzle

1. Witch-hazel.
2. Sunflowers.
3. Stars of Bethlehem.
4. May bells, Blue-bells.
5. Flags.
6. Jack-in-the-pulpit.
7. Monks' hoods.
8. Ladies' slippers.
9. Fox-gloves.
10. Johnny-jump-up.
11. Sweet William and Jack Rose.
12. Wandering Jew and Ragged Robin.
13. Speedwell.

REDLANDS, CAL., May 14, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I do not remember of reading any letters from here, so I thought I would write one. We have a nice little church-school here, and a great many young people. We also have a Young People's Society. I attended both until recently, when I was taken sick, and was not able to go.

I get the INSTRUCTOR every Sabbath, and like to read it very much.

I am trying to lead a Christian life, and hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

I have read a number of books this year, among which are "The Life of Joseph Bates" and "Heralds of the Morning." I am now reading the Bible, and I am about a third of the way through.

MYRTLE TAYLOR.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, May 15, 1906.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: Not seeing a letter from Council Bluffs, our Sabbath-school teacher thought it would be nice to see one from us.

Years ago the Indians held a council here on a bluff, and our city got its name from that incident. It is a beautiful city situated among the hills.

Here the squirrels are very tame. While sitting in the park one day, a lady had a potato in her hand-bag, and a squirrel climbed on her shoulder, then into the bag, and began to eat the potato. They will eat out of any one's hand. Black and brown squirrels are both here.

The Missouri River flows between Council Bluffs and Omaha, Nebraska. It is a very muddy river, but it is the water used by the city, and is not very cool nor clean. A great many of our members moved away, but we still have a Sabbath-school of forty-eight members. Our church clerk is the matron of the county jail. We have a Young People's Society, and hold our meetings every other Sabbath. There are about twenty members, and we are all trying to do what we can to make our meetings interesting.

BERTHA SHILLING.

This is an interesting letter; because Miss Bertha told us something different from what any one else has written. Why not try, little letter writers, not to say just what a score of others have written in their letters? A bright, interesting letter is worth a nugget of gold, but what about one that doesn't tell anything worth knowing? Other good letters are waiting their turn.