

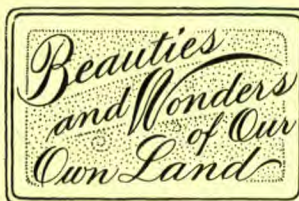
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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The Magic Glass

ONCE, when a child, I found somewhere
A piece of clear red glass,
And when I looked through it, it brought
A miracle to pass:

The dull old earth and clouded sky
Became most wondrous bright,
And tree and flower and everything
Rejoiced in rosy light.

And through the years of later life
Some happy folk I've known
Who'd found the magic of the glass,
And made it all their own;

Some happy folk for whom the sun
Still shone on cloudy days,
For whom the flowers would al-
ways spring
Along the stony ways;

Dear folk whom it was good to
know,
Who made the dull grow bright,
And shed about their way on earth
A rosy, heavenly light.

— Driftwood.

Among the Rockies

My childhood home was nestled
among the hills of Maine, and all my
life I have loved the mountains. Well
do I remember a sermon from the
text, "I will lift up my eyes unto the
hills from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord who
made heaven and earth." Ever after, God seemed
a little nearer when I was alone with nature.

I had read of the wonders of the Rocky Moun-
tains, and at last I was privileged to see them.
Their stored wealth of gold, silver, and precious
stones was forgotten, and I thought only of their
grand and lofty height, these "mountain tops
that neighbor with the stars."

It was a beautiful May morning, with such a
sky of cloudless blue as only sunny Colorado
could give us, and in the wonderfully clear air
it seemed that we might almost speak to Long's
Peak, though it was still many miles away. This
frosty-crowned giant towers 14,271 feet above
us, and is the highest peak of the Rockies. It is
not so famous as Pike's Peak, which has a cog
railway starting at Manitou and reaching to the
summit, as well as a carriage road; though many
tourists prefer to make the trip on foot or on the
backs of the sturdy little burros, which are very
strong, but many of them are not taller than a
good-sized calf.

On our way to Boulder we passed through
Denver, the queen city of the plains, and here we
could see the highest of the mountains which
seemed so near, but we were told that they were
fifteen miles away; and we concluded that in this

rarefied atmosphere our ideas of distances were
of little value. We were told also that in Denver
the sun always shines, and observations covering
a period of thirteen years, show there were but
thirty-two days in this time on which it failed
to appear. In 1870 Denver was little more than
a mining camp; now its inhabitants number one
hundred and seventy thousand, and its business
industries, schools, churches, and hospitals com-
pare favorably with those of any city in the East.

Continuing our journey, we reached Boulder,
and we were at the foot-hills of the Rockies. As
we breathed the wonderfully bracing air, fresh
from snow-clad mountains, we forgot our tire-
some journey, and would have started at once to
explore this strange, new land, had not friends
warned us of the danger of much exercise for
a few days till we had become a bit accustomed
to the light air which set our hearts beating
heavily, if we moved quickly. We were now
5,351 feet above sea-level.

I told you the sun always shone in this land,



SCENE IN BOULDER CANYON

and I could say with equal truth that rain is
practically unknown; a few showers come in
summer, and a little rain in the winter when
the East has its snow-storms.

Everything must grow by irrigation. The
water is brought in large ditches from the moun-
tains, and then in smaller runs it is carried to
the farmers, and even in many parts of the
smaller cities, canals carry it from place to place.
Along the banks of the ditch grow grass and
trees; all else is barren. The farms look like
gardens with their fields of alfalfa and growing
crops. Wild flowers grow in great profusion,
and of the most beautiful colors I ever saw.

The columbine is the national flower of Colo-
rado, and as it waves on its slender stem, often
two feet long, with its dainty dress of pure white
and softest blue, with its heart of gold, it is
truly a regal flower, and Helen Hunt Jackson
called it the "gladdest flower" she ever saw.

Our first trip among the hills was up Boulder
Canyon. There were five of us, and we secured
a private team that we might take our time, and
pick wild flowers at our pleasure. This canyon
starts near Boulder city, and is seventeen miles
long, right into the heart of the mountains. A

few miles' ride seemed to shut us in from all the
world, and the sparkling, rushing waters of
Boulder Creek were the only signs of life. On
either side was the wall of the canyon, in places
sheer rock three thousand feet high, and one must
look up, up, to see the sky, which seems like a
narrow blue ribbon, it is so far above. The creek
and carriage road filled the space from wall to
wall, and even then in some places the road is
built over the edge of the water. In the sides of
the rock, places were blasted out large enough
for a team to stand in, and one must always be
listening for a team coming in the opposite di-
rection that one may wait in a turnout for it.

And again we are reminded that the Lord hid
Moses in the "cleft of the rock," and he was
safe from all danger.

A few trees grew on the mountainsides, but
it was a mystery what there was in the rocky soil
to sustain life. There were many holes, some
with close-shut door, others were open, and looked
like immense woodchuck holes, with piles of earth

before them: these were mines, some
forsaken, others waiting the return of
the lone miner who had sunk his all
in the hope of great riches. We could
see traces of the trail which for years
was the only way up this long canyon.

Occasionally the canyon would
widen, and we would come upon a tiny
log house, with a garden having a few
rows of vegetables, and a flower or
two, where some miner had brought
his wife and little ones from the far
East to brighten his lonely life; but
these were few. So crooked is the
canyon, that we crossed and recrossed
the creek, as we wound our way up
the valley. Twelve miles from Boulder
we come to Boulder Falls, wonder-
ful in their height and volume of

water. I had viewed Niagara on my journey
West, but there was something still more sub-
lime in this mighty waterfall in the heart of
the wilderness. Here we met an emigrant team
taking a sick baby down to the city. A few
miles more and we came to a silver-mine, with
its long dark tunnel running straight in from
the road to the mountain, hundreds of feet; the
busy car bringing out the precious metal mixed
with alloy which must be taken to the mill and
refined, then on to the mint in Denver.

At noon we had reached Castle Rock, one of
the curiosities of the canyon; it is hundreds of
feet high, with a graceful dome on top; a few
trees grew at its base. And here we camped,
and while our tired horses ate, and drank of the
cooling water, we spread our lunch on the rocks,
and enjoyed the beauty about us to our hearts'
content. Other campers had been before us, for
as we sat there, the squirrels came so near us we
could almost touch them, and they fearlessly
ate the crumbs offered them. We gathered wild
flowers, rested, and then made ready for our
return trip in the cool of the day.

So gradual had been our ascent, that we did
not realize that our journey had been all "up
hill," but Castle Rock, which is near the end

of the canyon, has an altitude of 2,549 feet greater than Boulder.

We reached home in the twilight, filled with quiet joy, remembering that our Father made all these wonders of nature, and—

"Touched by the light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on the sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung."

JENNIE R. BATES.

Samuel Smiles, the Author of "Self-Help"

WHEN Samuel Smiles was a schoolboy in Scotland, he was "fonder of frolic than of learning." He was not a prize winner, and so was not one of his teacher's favorites. One day his master, vexed by his dulness, cried out: "Smiles, you will never be fit for anything but sweeping the streets of your native borough!" From that day the boy's mates called him by the name of the street sweeper in the little town. But he was not discouraged.

"If I have done anything worthy of being remembered," he wrote, more than sixty years later, when his name was known over the whole world, "it has not been through any superiority of gifts, but only through a moderate portion of them, accompanied, it is true, with energy and the habit of industry and application. As in the case of every one else, I had for the most part to teach myself. . . . Then I enjoyed good health, and health is more excellent than prizes. Exercise, the joy of interest and of activity, the play of the faculties, is the true life of a boy, as of a man. I had also the benefit of living in the country, with its many pleasures and wonders."

When he was fourteen, he was apprenticed to a physician. In the intervals of his work, he sought to continue his education by reading. Books were expensive then, but several libraries were open to him.

The death of his father near the end of his medical course, and consequent financial reverses, made him hesitate as to the wisdom of finishing his studies. In speaking of this, he made mention for the first time of his indebtedness to his mother. "You must go back to Edinburgh," she said, "and do as your father desired. God will provide." She had the most perfect faith in Providence, and believed that if she did her duty, she would be supported to the end. She had wonderful pluck and abundant common sense. Her character seemed to develop with the calls made upon her. Difficulties only brought out the essence of her nature. "I could not fail to be influenced by so good a mother."

But he was not to find his life-work as a doctor. For some years he practised medicine. Then he became editor of a political paper, and, later, a railroad manager. The experience in writing gained in the newspaper office prepared him for the literary work for which he is best known.

These being the chief events and influences of his boyhood, the story of his most famous book, "Self-Help," is just what might be expected. It is a story full of inspiration.

In 1845, at the request of a committee of working men, he made an address to the society which they represented, on "The Education of the Working Classes." This excited such favorable comment that he determined to enlarge the lecture into a book. Thus "Self-Help" was written. But it was not to be published for many years. In 1854 the manuscript was submitted anonymously to a London publisher, but was politely declined. Undaunted, he laid it aside, and began a life of George Stephenson, with whom he had been associated in railway work. This biography was a great success.

Thus encouraged, he took from the drawer where it had lain for four years the rejected manuscript of "Self-Help," rewrote it, and offered it to his publishers. It was not his inten-

tion, even then, to use his name as author, so little did he think of himself. But, listening to the advice of friends, he permitted his name to appear. Very soon he was famous, for thirty-five thousand copies were sold during the first two years. In less than forty years two hundred and fifty-eight thousand copies have been disposed of in England alone. American publishers reprinted the book almost at once, and it soon became a favorite in school libraries in many States. It was translated into Dutch, German, Swedish, French, Portuguese, Czech, Croatian, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Danish, Polish, Chinese, Siamese, Arabic, and several of the dialects of India.

But the author did not look on the fame and fortune brought to him by his book as his chief reward. For it had been his desire to be helpful to the plodding, discouraged men and boys. As he expressed it himself: "It seemed to me that the most important results in daily life are to be obtained, not through the exercise of extraordinary powers, but through the energetic use of simple means, and ordinary qualities, with which all have been more or less endowed."

As his greatest reward he looked upon the grateful testimony of men of many countries who had been inspired by the book to greater effort, and so spurred on to success. An emigrant in New England wrote that he thanked God for the volume, which had been the cause of an entire alteration in his life. A working man wrote: "Since perusing the book I have experienced an entire revolution in my habits. Instead of regarding life as a weary course, which has to be gotten over as a task, I now view it in the light of a trust, of which I must make the most." A country schoolboy received a copy as a prize, and his life was transformed by the reading. By perseverance he secured an education, and became a surgeon. After a few years he lost his life in an attempt to help others.

Mr. Smiles, who died in 1904, at the age of ninety-two, thought himself happy to have such testimonies as a memorial.

How much more satisfying to look back on a life of such usefulness than to say, as Jules Verne, author of many books, was compelled to say, "I amount to nothing . . . in literature."—*John T. Faris, in The Wellspring.*

Inebriation — Spiritual

WE have briefly reviewed inebriation in its physical and mental forms, and no doubt your mind has run ahead and made a study of the spiritual forms of drunkenness. That we have spiritual intoxicants no less real and tangible, no less deceptive and destructive, to the spiritual man than the others are to the mental and physical being, you must see.

As the forms of intoxication we have already studied were due to the ingestion of food that was not food, but poison, so this form is due to the placing of the faith upon that which is not true. The other forms of inebriation produced a false sense of well-being, a feeling of strength of body and of mind, an exhilaration and joy, a happiness, which, when tested by instruments of precision, like the lifting-machine, the dynamometer, the civil service, or other means of examination, were found wanting, and showed the utter failure of the *feelings* as means of measuring strength of body or of mind; so in spiritual inebriation, we find that the partaker of the false spiritual stimulant and intoxicant finds, or might find, in God's great moral test, the ten commandments, that his exalted sense of moral strength and righteousness comes far short of God's requirements.

As the alcoholic drink produces its sense of joy, its deep feeling of self-satisfaction, so the spiritual kind of intoxicant brings its partaker a false sense of peace and satisfaction. The

other day I met one of these inebriates. She had just the thing that satisfied every spiritual craving, she told me. "I was sick," said she, "in soul, body, and spirit; I had lost friends and faith." (I fear that previously to this she had wholly rejected truth that would have saved her.) She went on, "I was earnestly seeking the Lord for light, and at midnight he came to me and gave me his peace." The next day the Saviour came to her, she said, in the form of a divine healer. He took away her physical infirmities, and great peace came into her soul, and love became her ruling force. She said, "I have health, I have prosperity, I have peace and satisfaction, I have joy and happiness, I have love in my heart for every one. What more could I ask? What more could I have?" I looked over her shoulder into the next room. On one side of the room stood a bar stocked with all kinds of liquors, of which she was the sole proprietor. There was nothing to say. She was as spiritually intoxicated as her patrons ever were physically. This may be an extreme case, but there are many who do not perhaps retail alcoholics, but being in the same spiritual condition, retail only spiritual intoxicants. Who can say she has the greater sin?

We find that many of the spiritual leaders of to-day, instead of preaching the simple truths of a gospel of salvation in and through the merits of a crucified Jesus, who died to save us from our sins (Matt. 1:21), are preaching the morality of the novel and the play. Instead of the sermon on the mount, and its great central thought of "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," they are preaching a tirade against civil and religious liberty. They preach a gospel of subjugation of weaker nations, "so that we may give them the benefits of Christian civilization;" instead of peace, war; for that is what imperialism stands for. They preach a gospel of self-salvation, the New Thought, pantheism, the immanent God, modified Christian Science, and other spiritualistic mysteries which will all converge into, and blend with, pure spiritualism in the not distant future. All these forms of self-salvation are very pleasing to the natural heart. They bring a sense of peace and joy, perhaps of love and extreme self-satisfaction.

As for myself, I would be very shy of a religion of feeling alone. If you do right, you will have feeling,—pure, peaceful, satisfying,—but with it a deep sense of your own weakness and unworthiness, also of God's help and indwelling; but your righteousness will measure with the righteousness of God, which is not yours, but God's, through your Saviour, Christ.

E. L. PAULDING, M. D.

"Godliness with Contentment Is Great Gain"

I HEAR the dainty bluebell's cup,
And tremble while the sunbeams sup
The sparkling dewdrop in its hold,
Whose secret none has ever told.

The gentlest breeze will lightly sway
The stem which is its only stay.
Right here in deepest, leafy shade
My bed by angel hands was made.

And though so humble is my lot,
I am content in this dark spot;
For on this leafy mold I feed,
When first I burst the tiny seed.

And that which makes my bells unfold,
Is found right here in this dark mold.
And when sweet children's dainty feet
Stray to my quiet, safe retreat,

Their cries of joy to me are sweet;
My happiness is made complete.
And though about me shadows fall,
I grieve not at their leafy pall;

For every silent little bell
Holds joys for childhood none can tell.

And if this pleasure I can give,
I am content in gloom to live,
Until the cold winds bid me die.
Then silent, sleeping, I will lie,
Nor heed the winter's bitter cold;
For safe and warm is this dark mold.

And when the summer days return,
New life will in my rootlets burn,
And leaves will grow with stems beside,
Beneath which dainty bells will hide.

Then soon again the tramp of feet
Will be heard through this dark retreat,
And children's voices once again
Ring out in joyful, happy strain.

And so through me this dark and shade
Each year doth praise the God who made.
And thus each life of sweet content
To God's own glory may be spent,—
A channel through which love divine
May brightly, beautifully shine.

R. B. MURPHY.

Pictures or Bank-Notes?

AN old woman in Scotland was living in the most abject poverty. Her neighbors thought it strange, knowing that she had a son in America reputed to be in comfortable circumstances. One day one of them ventured to ask her about the matter.

"Does your son ever send you money?"

"No," reluctantly answered the mother; but, eager to defend him against the implied charge of forgetfulness and ingratitude, she quickly added, "but he writes me nice long letters, and sends me a pretty picture in almost every one of them?"

"Where are the pictures?" queried the visitor; "may I see them?"

"Why, certainly," was the answer. And the old woman went to the shelf, and took down the old Bible; and there, between the leaves, lay the "pictures" that her son had been sending her from America through all the years.

What were they?—Nothing more or less than bank-notes, each for a considerable amount. During all this time of need the woman had had under her hand a sum of money sufficient to satisfy her every want; and she did not know it. She had looked at the pictures; they had been to her reminders of her far-off son, and evidence that he had not forgotten her; and that was all.

Of what does the little story remind you? Are you not often like this woman, finding "pictures" in the Book where we should find wealth for the supply of all our needs? God's promises are bank-bills. They are checks and drafts upon the bank on high. We look at them, read them, admire them; we think of the love that prompted God to make them, and give them to us. We imagine circumstances in which they would be peculiarly and exceedingly precious and helpful. Then we shut the Bible, and leave them there, and go out to face the poverty and destitution of life. We do not use them, spend them, buy with them, live upon them, as we might and ought. Yet the mistake is ours, not God's. He has given them to us. He means that they should be used as the "coin of the realm." He is not to blame if we persist in seeing only the pictures in them and upon them. What are the promises to you,—"pictures" or bank-notes?—*Golden Rule.*

The Day of God

"LOOKING for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." 2 Peter 3:12. As I read the description of the burning gas-well, near Caney, Kansas, in the INSTRUCTOR of May 8, 1906, from the pen of Elder R. C. Porter, I think I got a better understanding of the text given above than I ever had before.

The article says the ascending column of gas was "struck by lightning," February 26; also

that from a ten-inch hole the cubic feet of escaping gas was from thirty to fifty million daily, the flame being fifteen feet wide, and over one hundred feet high. My mind was taken back to May 8, 1902, when the craters of the islands of Martinique and St. Vincent, West Indies, ejected their deadly gases, destroying about fifty thousand people in almost a moment's time, and extending for a radius of five miles from the place of ejection. As the column of steam ascended, bearing with it the mingled clay, dust, and sand, accompanied with intense heat, the sight was one of awful grandeur. It seemed to me that I received the correct idea of how the Lord rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed the people of Sodom and Gomorrah—by an eruption of the same nature as I beheld on that day. "And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." Gen. 19:28.

Then I understood better also that which takes place at the end of the one thousand years, when Satan through deception has gathered together the unnumbered host of the lost of all ages to receive a part in the lake of fire. "And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them." Rev. 20:9.

We know that gas is produced by heat from such substances as coal and sulphur, which are buried deep in the earth, and heated under great pressure. As there is an increase of earthquakes, so this heated condition must be evidence that the time will come when the description given by Elder Porter will be so universal that the text above quoted will be literally fulfilled. There will be fissures doubtless from which these gases will issue so freely, and the atmosphere will become so impregnated, that the lightning will ignite it, setting the atmospheric heavens "on fire." Perhaps there is not a component part of our earth, such as rocks, ores, minerals of all kinds, but will become one molten "lake of fire;" and the one the Saviour mentions in Matt. 25:41 as being "prepared for the devil and his angels," also for those whose names are not "found written in the book of life," may be produced in the same way.

Thus will also be fulfilled: "But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." 2 Peter 3:7. As we look at the predictions found in the Bible, and also become acquainted with the now internal conditions of our planet, these texts on that subject become exceedingly plain and intensely interesting. How good the Lord has been to give us these interesting things in his Word. Is it not an evidence of his goodness? How infinitely kind and loving will our Lord appear to those in the city when the retribution is being visited on the disobedient outside the "city of refuge." When all around is "being dissolved," may writer and reader be hid in the secret of the Lord's pavilion.

E. VAN DEUSEN.

San Francisco Debris

ACCORDING to careful estimates, the mass of brick and other debris that will have to be removed from the burned business district of San Francisco to permit the rebuilding of the city aggregates between ten and eleven million cubic yards. By means of a system evolved by Mr. C. E. Loss, he claims this vast amount of rubbish may be removed in twelve or fifteen months, whereas by teams alone, five years at least would be required.

He proposes to erect bunkers at various convenient places throughout the burned district.

The debris will be conveyed to these bunkers by cable ways, and from the bunkers will be dumped into railroad cars.

It is thought that from fifty to seventy per cent of the bricks may be cleaned and used in rebuilding.



CEMENT cisterns are now being built, and are proving superior to the old kind.

WHEN filling nail holes in yellow pine, use beeswax instead of putty, as it matches the color well.

TROLLEY-CARS have been used instead of horses for moving houses. Much time is thereby saved.

A MOTOR sleigh, which exceeds the speed of the ordinary automobile, has been constructed. It will travel on snow or ice.

IN every mile of railroad, seven feet and four inches are left uncovered by any rail. This space is allowed for expansion by heat.

WHEN glass is in the ends of a microscope, it is more valuable than gold, its value having been increased over that in the raw state fifty million times.

THE bristles of a paint brush may be tightened by standing the brush with handle down, and then separating the bristles, and pouring in just enough shellac varnish to saturate them at the base only. Leave the brush that way until dry.

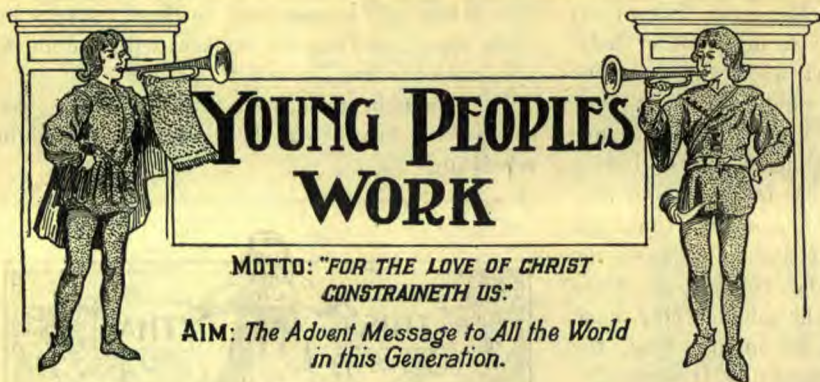
HUNDREDS of thousands, if not millions, of dollars' worth of gold, silver, and precious stones lie buried in the rubbish at San Francisco. It is planned to erect plants in various locations to wash the debris, and thus recover as much of this valuable material as possible.

PARIS, France, is said to have the best meat inspection system of all the world. When once a carcass is condemned, it remains condemned, being used only for fertilizer, or fed to wild animals in captivity. The inspector usually injects diseased meat with kerosene, which insures its non-use as a food for human consumers.

THE largest carpet in the world covers the floor of the London Olympia. Although it measures 63,000 square feet, it was only four months in making. Thirty-seven vans—a procession a mile long—were required to take it from the factory to the Olympia. The carpet would cover four hundred and thirty-seven floors twelve feet square.

TINY TIM is the name of the smallest engine ever constructed. It is smaller than a common house-fly, and is made of gold and steel. When running, no motion is visible, but the vibrating piston emits a note similar to that made by the mosquito. Its weight about equals that of a match, 1,920 being required to weigh a pound. It is run by compressed air, and was constructed by a watchmaker in Toronto, Canada.

UGANDA is called the paradise of South Africa. It seems very desirable that our work should be opened up there in the near future. Recently the Iowa Conference gave five thousand dollars of its tithe to the General Conference, with the suggestion that it be used in starting the work in Uganda. A sanitarium should be established there for the use of our own missionaries stationed in the various parts of Africa; also for the use of missionaries of other denominations. Through this means a friendly relation with these workers could be gained, and doubtless much good accomplished thereby.



Our Field—The World

The Latin Union Field

THE lesson study this week consists of a brief description of the Latin Union Field as a whole. Later the different countries comprising this field will be studied separately. Elder B. G. Wilkinson's report of the work and needs of this field, presented at the last General Conference, gives, perhaps, as profitable a view of the work as can be obtained. This report follows.

The fall of Rome, whose walls had for centuries contained the power of empire, left free the tide of civilization and progress to roll northward and westward. While the north was awakening to accept its new-found privileges, those nations of southern Europe whose languages and civil existence had been nourished by Latin influences, were exerting a strong influence upon the world. These are the countries embraced in the Latin Union; namely, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, French Belgium, French Switzerland, Algeria, and Tunis. Attached by origin to all that grew from the stock of Rome, these countries rode forth as champions of the Catholic Church; and when the Reformation had won the strong nations of the north away from the dark heathenism of Catholic Rome, the countries of Latin Europe still remained blended, abiding in popish superstition.

Though drunken with the wine of Babylon, these nations were included by God himself in the list of kindreds to be warned against the beast and his image; for the messengers of the third angel were to go wherever Babylon had gone. The struggle might be hard, yet God proposed to win from these peoples trophies of his grace who would unite in giving a loving welcome to our returning Lord.

In the cemetery outside of the city of Basel, Switzerland, may be found the grave of that devoted warrior, Brother J. N. Andrews, who was first to cross the seas to labor in the Latin Union, and who was first to fall in the fight. The seed sown and the beginning made by his noble efforts in the Latin lands were not so advantageously followed as might have been, so that at the time of my arrival, July 4, 1901, the entire number of Sabbath-keepers in that field was 451. The Latin Union was definitely organized July, 1902, the number of Sabbath-keepers being 531. During the General Conference period just past, the membership has risen from 575 to 683, an increase of 108. If such a gain was made in the last two years, with small beginnings and few workers, what a golden appearance would that field now present if work equally aggressive had been carried on since the death of Brother Andrews. Sister White in 1885 wrote: "We must have books and pamphlets in the French and Italian languages. We are moving altogether too slowly in this respect. Time is passing. Workers who are willing to enter these foreign fields, either as evangelists or translators, should be selected at once."—*Mission Sketches*, page 249.

Teeming with one hundred and ten million inhabitants, the Latin Union is the second largest of the union conferences. Though seemingly bound in the chains of Rome, the nations of this field have been, in the last four years, turning toward the light. The Spirit of God has been breathing upon the dead bones, and they are awakening. France, with its forty million people, has stepped forward into the first rank. She has been casting off, one by one, the ties which linked her to the papacy. In many parts of the country the people are throwing off their allegiance to the church of Rome, and are calling for Protestant ministers. "Do you see this smiling valley beneath our feet?" asked a citizen of a

prominent city of France of me one day. "Those people have all turned away from Rome, and as yet no Protestant minister has spoken to them. Won't you come and preach to us?" Our first two converts in Paris were converted directly from Roman Catholicism. In fact, the distribution of our literature throughout the whole extent of the Latin field is a matter over which consecrated souls should seriously ponder. The vast republic of France ought to be bristling all over with the arrows of our literature, shot in by faithful canvassers and colporteurs; and the kingdom of Italy should receive the same treatment. Outside help will be required at the beginning, but such expenditures will be repaid tenfold by the devotion of converted souls. The retail value of publishing sales in 1903 was \$5,785.16; in 1904, \$3,322.28; a total for the two years of \$9,107.44. This was an encouraging feature of the work, but we are confident that with more agents for our publications, and with careful management, the amount of sales can be materially increased.

The Educational Work

The educational work in this field is second to none in its encouraging outlook. From the moment of my arrival, the young people took courage, basing their hopes upon the fact that I had formerly been connected with the educational work. Two short schools were held in Geneva, and also in Paris. From these schools, seven young persons went out under conference employ, in work other than canvassing. Nearly all of these are being blessed in their labors. But the time having come for a permanent school to be established, diligent search was made throughout France and Switzerland for a suitable location. A desirable place presented itself at Gland, upon the banks of Lake Geneva, about twenty-five miles northeast of the city of Geneva. Lying near to the beautiful estate of Prince Napoleon, the spot chosen stands without rival in beauty and adaptability. This, in connection with the excellent arrangements worked out for securing the property, shows the hand of God in this step. One hundred acres, with about forty acres of oak timber, overlook the beautiful blue sheet of water known as Lake Geneva. Four large buildings, with a number of smaller ones, are on the place. The adaptability gives us room for a school, a handsome sanitarium, and a health food factory. A school has been carried on there this last year, with about twelve or fifteen students in attendance. Thus the educational work has been solidly planted in the Latin Union. We earnestly pray that our Heavenly Father will guard it from all dangers, that he will water it, and cause it to grow so rapidly that its branches may bend over and let fall their rich fruit upon all fields.

Medical Work

The medical work has an older history. Hitherto the medical center of the Latin Union has been in Basel, a German city. God has blessed the work in the past, both in the number accepting the truth and in financial growth. With the exchange of the Basel property for the property at Gland, however, the medical work removes its seat to a French-speaking center. This work has one need, which has been repeatedly recognized, but which still waits to be met. That is the need of a legally qualified physician for the growing French work. Four years ago, upon my arrival in that field, the General European Conference passed a resolution asking for a medical worker who would legally qualify as a doctor to work in France. This resolution was repassed the following year, and its justice recognized by the brethren in America. Nothing has been done, so this crying need still exists. There are in France many noble souls suffering from maladies, who would gratefully receive our treatments; but the idea of going to Switzerland they do not entertain. What is the Jordan in comparison to the rivers of Damascus? They need a cheerful face and skilful hand which can lead them to God by gaining their confidence through the restoration of their health. Forty millions of people constituting a great nation, without a single medical worker—such is France. Dr. De Forest is in Switzerland; but

Switzerland is a charge large enough to swallow up all his effort. Moreover, occupied since his arrival in acquiring the languages, and in developing the present work, he has not received the legal qualifications as yet. And so France is still waiting.

An Appeal

In closing, let me lay once more upon your hearts the burden of these great fields. Not only in themselves do the dense areas of drooping grain, with but few husbandmen to gather in the harvest, piteously speak to our souls, but vast colonial extensions silently wait, unnoticed and unseen, for sympathetic helpers to hasten to their rescue. Spain has sent out her thousands of colonists, and Italy as many more. From the islands of the sea a repeated and urgent message has been sent in to mission headquarters for a French teacher. Argentina appeals for a French evangelist. Canada needs French workers. Madagascar, that great island of French dominion, with its four millions of souls, has heard nothing of a returning Saviour. Outside of France lies the great colonial empire of the French itself, with over forty million people. "Destroyed for the lack of knowledge" must be the sad decision pronounced upon the fate of these peoples, unless soon they are blessed by receiving shepherds to lead them to the fold. May God's power overshadow and fill the lives of his workers, until the abundant fruits of the various countries shall proclaim, across the separating frontiers, that the time has come for God to arise and finish his work in the earth.

News from Various Societies

SINCE Dec. 8, 1904, the Ohio Young People's Societies have given \$602.42 for mission fields.

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY in the Greater New York Conference reports four persons as accepting the truth through its efforts.

ONE isolated member in the Southern Union reports that three persons have accepted the message as the result of his work.

THE South Carolina Mission Field is wheeling into line in the young people's work. The first report shows two active Societies with twenty-six members.

IN sending a good report of the work done by the four Societies in Louisiana, the secretary writes: "Our young people are visiting hospitals with our literature, and are raising funds to buy a wheel-chair for a cripple. They also have missionary gardens. There is a general awakening to the needs of our field and the duty of the young."

IN addition to sending a very excellent statistical report of missionary work done by the Societies of the Southern California Conference, Brother E. C. Silsbee writes: "Our members are canvassing, and successfully, too. Many are selling the special *Signs*. Some are furnishing reading-racks in public places with our literature. We are also raising funds to send three of our members to Peru, and to educate a native Fijian to give the gospel to his people. Inmates of hospitals, jails, etc., have been visited. One boy accepted the truth in jail, and was sent to the penitentiary after his trial, where he says he will let his light shine and spread the message."

MISS MARY COOK, in charge of the young people's work in Wisconsin, writes thus of the work there: "Many are distributing tracts and papers. Some are selling books; others visit neighbors who need help, and hold Bible studies. 'Prayer circles' have been formed in some places. In one Society, of which I know personally, eight young men and women were converted. Four of these are now canvassing. The most encouraging results from the young people's work of this State has been the baptism of twelve or more souls, and the preparation of as many more of our young people for that sacred rite. There have been something like twenty-five to thirty young people saved by the efforts of the young people."

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.



The Immortality of the Soul

1. How is the nature of man described in the Word of God?

"Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker?" Job 4:17.

2. Then if man is mortal by nature, how may he become immortal?

"To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life." Rom. 2:7.

3. Who is immortal?

"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen." 1 Tim. 1:17.

4. Is any one else said to possess immortality?

"Which in his times he shall show who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." 1 Tim. 6:15, 16.

5. If God alone has immortality, how has man learned about it?

"But is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." 2 Tim. 2:10.

6. When will mortal man become immortal?

"Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trump shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." 1 Cor. 15:51-54.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

The Young Machinist

SILAS MARTIN was fond of boasting that there had been no frills on his education. By dint of thrift and industry he had become the owner of a great machine-shop, and was a wealthy man, but all the knowledge of books he possessed had been acquired in a little red schoolhouse on the top of a bleak New England hill. He had come to believe that experience was the best teacher, and held a poor opinion of the value of a college course as a preparation for a practical business career.

Accordingly, when Stephen Wright, a Harvard graduate, stepped into Mr. Martin's private office one morning and applied for a position in the shop, he was received coldly by the great man. Stephen was dressed in faultless attire, light-colored tie and fancy vest, kid gloves on his hands, and a bright carnation in his buttonhole. A smile curled the lip of the machine-shop magnate as he looked the young man over.

"What do you want to do?" he inquired.

"Learn the business from top to bottom," was the reply.

"Most boys have to go at it the other way, and learn it from the bottom to the top, if they

learn it at all," remarked the old man, sarcastically.

"Very well, I am ready to begin at the bottom."

"Do you know where the bottom is in this establishment?"

"Why, no. In fact, I had thought —"

"Well, I will tell you, young man. It is down in the furnace pit, where the temperature is one hundred and twenty degrees, and the men, stripped to their waists, are throwing great chunks of black coal into the fire-box, while the sweat rolls in dirty streams down their backs."

"I'll begin there," said the young man, firmly pressing his lips together and squaring his broad, athletic shoulders.

"You will, eh?" exclaimed the older man, looking keenly at his visitor. "Well, I'll notify the foreman to take you on. You had better go out and buy a pair of overalls and a jumper, although I am afraid you will not work long enough to make the money to pay for them."

"Thank you," said Stephen, politely, and left the office. The "old man," as he was commonly known throughout the works, chuckled at the thought of the transformation which one day in the furnace pit would make in the appearance of the college graduate. The young fellow's determination, however, had appealed to him, and he notified his foreman to keep an eye on the new man, and if he stuck to his task in the furnace pit for a week, to put him in the main shop and see what there was in him.

Three or four days later he happened to think of young Wright again, and decided to see how he was getting along, for something about the youth had interested him, in spite of his rather dandified appearance. Going into the works, the proprietor climbed down to the furnace room. Looking along the line of stokers, he saw Stephen Wright was not among them. The shop owner smiled disdainfully. "Just as I expected," he muttered. "There is nothing in these college fellows."

On his way back to the office he met the foreman. "That young fellow I sent down the other day," he remarked, "didn't last long, I see."

"Oh, yes," replied the foreman. "He is in the main shop now. He stuck to his work all right, but every noon he was around among the machinery, asking questions of the men who ate their dinners here, and showing so much interest that I decided to bring him in from the pit right away. He is too smart a boy to be handling coal. Rather a queer chap, fussy about his clothes and all that, but he has the making of a first-class machinist in him."

"Hump," was the extent of the employer's comment, as he walked thoughtfully back to his desk.

A year passed. Mr. Martin soon forgot all about Stephen Wright. He had other and much more important matters to engage his mind. His business was going badly. He had suffered several severe losses, and was worried about the future. An exceptionally large contract for mill machinery was about to be let. He had expected confidently to secure this contract without difficulty, and had anticipated making a large profit. Through certain business channels, however, he

had just learned that a rival firm was planning to enter a much lower bid than he could safely make, and he was going over his figures for the fifth time one morning, striving to discover some item which could be cut, when the foreman appeared at the door. The man hesitated a moment before making his errand known, then said: "I do not know that I ought to bother you with this matter, but one of the men in the works has invented a device to be used in connection with the manufacture of mill machinery which he claims will greatly reduce the cost. Here are the plans and specifications he has drawn. I have been over them, and as far as I can see, what he proposes to do is entirely practical."

Mr. Martin had listened to his employee's statement with the closest attention, and almost snatched the papers from his hand as he finished. It was the experienced eye of the practical machinist which ran over the blue sheets, and quickly took in every detail of the drawings. That Mr. Martin found satisfaction in what he saw was evident from the smile which played about his lips and the indications of suppressed excitement which his manner betrayed. Suddenly he turned to the superintendent, who had been watching him with surprised interest. "Send the man here who made these drawings," he commanded; "I want to talk with him."

The foreman hurried away, and the manufacturer again bent over the papers. He chuckled while he read, and as he finished the last sheet for the second time, he brought his fist down on the desk with a bang which made the ink-bottles rattle.

"I'll get that contract yet," he cried aloud, and looked up to see Stephen Wright quietly watching him, an amused smile upon his smoothly shaven face. The young man looked neat and trim in spite of the overalls and jumper which he wore.

"What do you want?" demanded Mr. Martin, impatiently.

"The foreman said you wished to see me, sir," was the quiet reply.

"Wished to see you?" thundered the man at the desk. "What does he mean by that? The person I want to see just at present is the man who originated this device and drew these plans."

"I am the man, sir," was Stephen's reply.

"What is that you say?" demanded the older man, half rising from his chair. "Is this your work? Well, well, my boy, I shall have to admit that I am a crusty old man who can not realize that the new generation may be just as smart as their fathers, if they haven't quite the same way of looking at things. But how did you hit upon this idea?"

"Well, sir," said Stephen, well pleased at the turn affairs had taken, "I always had a love for machinery. I shaped my whole college course with the idea of learning everything possible about mechanics, in a historical, theoretical, and practical way. This idea came to me soon after I entered the shop, but I have been months in developing it and working out the details."

"Well, well," exclaimed the owner of the works again, "I certainly did make a mistake that time. After all, however, it may have been

a good thing for you to begin at the very bottom. Now will you allow me to buy or lease this device?"

"I will gladly accept any proposition you may make."

"I appreciate your kindness, my boy, and I will tell you frankly that this means a great deal more to me just at this particular moment than it would have meant at any other time, for it will result in making it possible for me to secure one of the largest contracts that has come to these works for years. I will send for a lawyer and have papers drawn up which will fully protect you in this matter."

The old man hesitated for a moment. Then he turned, placed his hand on the shoulder of the young machinist, and added, "When you go back into the works, it will be as assistant superintendent."—*Selected.*

The Girl Who Sings

"Yes, Gertrude has quite a voice, and she has gone with me into the meetings frequently during the last year to sing the gospel while I preached it. Many a man and woman has come to me after the meetings to say, 'It was your daughter's song that brought me to Christ.' Gertrude sings with her soul."

What a wonderful field! A young girl with one talent, a voice, adding stars to her crown because she sings "with her soul!" How many girls there are who sing—sing gay little songs for the company at home, sing in other homes, sing at the entertainment and concert—but who never sing the gospel. O, where is the girl who will sing that "with her soul," to bring others to Christ? There is great need of that girl; opportunities are waiting for her, and rich rewards. What has been more wonderfully used than the human voice in tenderly appealing to those out of Christ? Many who have not the gift, long for it that they may use it for the Master; many who have it are careless and do not realize the great blessings which may be theirs. The young people's meeting, the special meeting, the shut-in chamber, are all asking for effective gospel music. The precisely executed and elaborate music that is often rendered falls far short of the need. O, where is the girl who will sing "with her soul"?

Frances Ridley Havergal, that beautiful Christian woman of England, both a singer and composer, said once to her sister in talking about singing for Jesus:—

"At Leamington, the first large party I went to, they asked me to sing, and I sang 'Whom having not seen, ye love.' Every one seemed astonished, and especially some Christian girls who had begun to think music could not be for the King's service, and were rather rebelling at their daily practise. They had never thought of consecrating their voices and fingers, but began from thenceforth. I would advise you thoroughly to master one song, make it a part of yourself, throw your whole soul into it, then pray it may be his message, and it will be all right. For myself, I have more confidence in singing Scripture words than any other, because they are his. And, Marie dear, as I sing I am praying, too, that it may soothe or reach some one, though I may never know whom."

Miss Havergal wrote at one time in a letter:—

"Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, 'Take my life.' I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house!' And he did! Before I left the house, every one had a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration; and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my

heart one after another, till they finished with, 'Ever, only, all for thee!'"

The lines in the same hymn,—

"Take my voice and let me sing,
Always, only for my King,"

were from that time really carried out by Miss Havergal. She wrote:—

"Let us sing words which we feel and love, sacrificing everything to clearness of enunciation, and looking up to meet His smile all the while we are singing; our songs will reach more hearts than those of finer voices and more brilliant execution unaccompanied by his power. A sacred song thus sung often gives a higher tone to the evening, and affords, both to singer and to listeners, some opportunity of speaking a word for Jesus. . . . I was at a large regular London party lately, and I was so happy. He seemed to give me 'the secret of his presence,' and of course I sang 'for Jesus;' and did not I have dead silence? Afterward I had two really important conversations with strangers; one seemed extremely surprised at finding himself quite easily drifted from the badinage with which he started, into a right-down personal talk about his personal danger and his only hope for safety; he took it very well, and thanked me. Perhaps that seed may bear fruit. Somehow it is wonderful how the Master manages for me in such cases. I don't think any one can say I force the subject; it just all develops, one thing out of another, quite naturally, till very soon they find themselves face to face with eternal things, and the Lord Jesus can be freely 'lifted up' before them. I could not contrive a conversation thus."

At another time she wrote:—

"Literal 'singing for Jesus' is to me, somehow, the most personal and direct commission I hold from my beloved Master, and my opportunities for it are often most curious and have been greatly blessed; every line in my little poem 'Singing for Jesus' is from personal experience."

"Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love him, and join in the song;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

"Singing for Jesus, O, singing with joy!
Thus will we praise him and tell out his love,
Till he shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus forever above."

May there be many a girl to whom God has given this gift who will consecrate her talent to His service, praying, as did Miss Havergal,—

"Be near me still, and tune my notes,
And make them sweet and strong
To waft thy words to many a heart
Upon the wings of song.

"I know that all will listen,
For my very heart shall sing,
And it shall be thy praise alone,
My glorious Lord and King."

GRACE WILLIS.

"DRIED flies sell in the British market for a shilling and sixpence a pound. Several large sacks filled with them were recently unloaded at a London wharf. They are used for mixing with grain to be fed to chickens and small birds, and are obtained from the swampy banks of the Amazon. Brazilians anchor flat-bottomed boats in the marshes and catch the flies in gauze nets. The government was afraid that the fish in the Amazon would be starved if too many flies were shipped out of the country, and has forbidden the exportation. Perhaps American boys can supply the demand, now that fly time is upon us."

Work for Little Fingers—No. 16

I WONDER how many boys in the manual training class will recognize this picture. You see I expect the boys to recognize it more quickly than the girls, because a coin-purse is something that a boy particularly likes to have. Perhaps you know how to make them, too, and it may be that your way is better than the one I shall describe. If you think it is, won't you tell us about it sometime in the Letter Box? We shall all want to know the best way, of course.

To make this one find the center of your paper. Open your compasses two inches, draw a circle, and divide it into six equal parts. Fig. 2. Open your compasses a trifle less than three and one-

FIG. 1



a

b

half inches (three and seven sixteenths), and draw another circle around the first. Place the ruler across two adjoining points in the small circle, and connect with a straight line; continue the line on to the right until it touches the outer circle. Connect all points in the small circle in the same way, continuing each line to the outer circle as in Fig. 2. Next place the ruler across, touching the center, and two opposite points in the small circle. Draw a dotted line from each point to the large circle. Draw a dotted line from each point in the small circle in the same way. Fold the dotted lines on the outside. Lay the paper flat on the table, and

fold the solid lines on the inside, working toward the right, and holding each side down as folded. It may trouble you some to make the last fold, but I think you will be able to find how to do it. When finished, you will have Fig. 1.

a. To make Fig. 1, b, unfold a, and fold it inside out, working toward the left.

When made of soft leather, this makes a very satisfactory purse.

Fig. 3 shows a tooth-pick holder. To make this find the center of your paper. Open your compasses two inches and draw a circle. Make a point in the center of each side of your paper. Place the ruler across two opposite points, and make points in the circle where the ruler crosses it. Place the ruler across in the opposite direction, and make two more points in the circle. Connect these four points. This square is the bottom of the holder. Fig. 4. Place the ruler across as in finding the center, and make a point in the center of each side of the square.



FIG. 3

FIG. 2

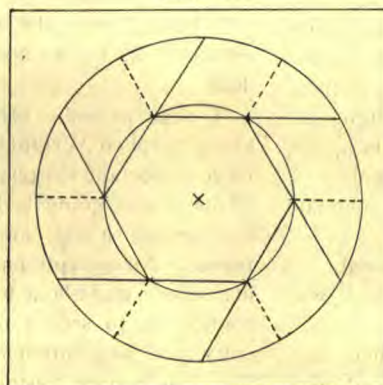
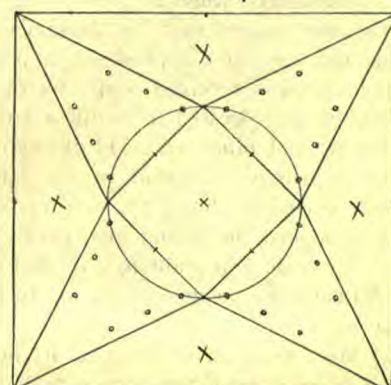


FIG. 4



Connect each corner of the square with the two nearest corners of the paper. Cut out the parts marked X. Fold the lines on the outside. Fold each point of the paper back to the central point of its base line. Mark the places for tying, and lace as in Fig. 3. Mrs. E. M. F. LONG.

The Greatest of All

My greatest loss — to lose my soul.
 My greatest gain — Christ, my Saviour.
 My greatest object — to glorify God.
 My greatest prize — a crown of glory.
 My greatest work — to win souls for Christ.
 My greatest joy — the joy of God's salvation.
 My greatest inheritance — heaven and its glories.
 My greatest victory — over death through Christ.
 My greatest neglect — to neglect so great salvation.
 My greatest crime — to reject Christ, the only Saviour.
 My greatest privilege — power to become a son of God.
 My greatest bargain — the loss of all things to win Christ.
 My greatest profit — godliness in this life and that to come.
 My greatest knowledge — to know God and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent.—*Selected.*

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III — The Visit at Athens

(July 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 17.

MEMORY VERSE: "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Verse 25, last part.

After leaving Philippi, Paul and Silas came to Thessalonica, "where was a synagogue of the Jews: and Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the scriptures, opening and alleging, that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and that this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ. And some of them believed, and consorted with Paul and Silas; and of the devout Greeks a great multitude, and of the chief women not a few."

The unbelieving Jews in this place did not allow Paul and Silas to carry on their work long: but, "moved with envy," they "set all the city on an uproar." Finally the brethren "sent away Paul and Silas by night unto Berea: who coming thither went into the synagogue of the Jews. These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so. Therefore many of them believed; also of honorable women which were Greeks, and of men, not a few."

"But when the Jews of Thessalonica had knowledge that the word of God was preached of Paul at Berea, they came thither also, and stirred up the people. And then immediately the brethren sent away Paul to go as it were to the sea: but Silas and Timotheus abode there still. And they that conducted Paul brought him unto Athens: and receiving a commandment unto Silas and Timotheus for to come to him with all speed, they departed."

"Now while Paul waited for them at Athens, his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry. Therefore disputed he in the synagogue with the Jews, and with the devout persons, and in the market daily with them that met with him."

"Then certain philosophers of the Epicureans, and of the Stoics, encountered him. And some

said, What will this babbler say? other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods: because he preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection. And they took him, and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know therefore what these things mean. (For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing.)

"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us. For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

"And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked: and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter. So Paul departed from among them."

"Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed: among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them."

Questions

1. To what place did Paul and Silas come, after leaving Philippi? How many Sabbaths did Paul teach the people? By whom was his message received?
2. Why did the apostles soon leave this place? Where did they go? How did the Jews in Berea receive the word? What did they study? Who received the gospel at Berea?
3. When the unbelieving Jews at Thessalonica heard that Paul was preaching at Berea, what did they do? Whom did the brethren think it wise to send away? Who stayed in Berea?
4. To what noted city did Paul now go? What message did he immediately send to Silas and Timothy?
5. By what was Paul's spirit stirred while he waited for these brethren? What did he begin to do?
6. What men met Paul as he was thus disputing in the market-place? What did they call him? Of what did some accuse him?
7. Where did they take Paul? — To the Areopagus, a place on the top of Mars Hill, where seats were cut in the rock. Here the leading men met in council, and to discuss questions of public interest.
8. How did these Athenians spend their time? What did they now ask Paul to do?
9. How did Paul open his speech? What had he noticed in passing through the streets of

Athens? Of whom did he declare he would now tell them?

10. What did he say this God had done? What had he given to all? What ought they to seek?

11. How close is the relation between God and those whom he has created? What is it foolish and wrong to try to do?

12. What did God now command all men to do? What day has he appointed?

13. When Paul's hearers heard of the resurrection of the dead, what did some do? What did others say? What were some of the results of this talk on Mars Hill?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III — Duty of Children Toward Their Parents

(July 21)

MEMORY VERSE: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ex. 20: 12.

Questions

1. Which commandment of the decalogue contains a special promise? Ex. 20: 12; note 1.
2. How is this quoted by the apostle Paul? Eph. 6: 2, 3.
3. How does the Lord regard the obedient child? Col. 3: 20; note 2.
4. What attitude will a wise son take regarding the instruction of his father? Prov. 13: 1.
5. What is the result of such an attitude? Prov. 6: 20-22.
6. What example of obedience to his parents is left the young by the Saviour? Luke 2: 51.
7. Mention one of the evils of the last days which will be seen among children. 2 Tim. 3: 2.
8. What great work is to be wrought in the home between parents and children, before the Lord comes? Mal. 4: 5, 6; note 3.
9. How alone can such a work be accomplished? 1 John 1: 9.
10. Then what will be our experience? 1 John 1: 7.

Notes

1. This is the "first commandment with promise," doubtless for the reason that it is the first precept which we are called upon to obey when born into the world. The first duty a child can render is obedience to its parents.

2. Parents are entitled to a degree of love and respect which is due to no other person. God himself, who has placed upon them a responsibility for the souls committed to their charge, has ordained that during the earlier years of life parents shall stand in the place of God to their children. And he who rejects the rightful authority of his parents, is rejecting the authority of God. The fifth commandment requires children not only to yield respect, submission, and obedience to their parents, but also to give them love and tenderness, to lighten their cares, to guard their reputation, and to succor and comfort them in old age. It also enjoins respect for ministers and rulers, and for all others to whom God has delegated authority.—"*Patriarchs and Prophets*," page 290.

3. As the children sang in the temple courts, "Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," so in these last days children's voices will be raised to give the last message of warning to a perishing world. When heavenly intelligences see that men are no longer permitted to present the truth, the Spirit of God will come upon the children, and they will do a work in the proclamation of the truth which the older workers can not do, because their way will be hedged up.—"*Testimonies for the Church*," Vol. VI, pages 202, 203.



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

MADAGASCAR, Persia, and Greenland are fields in which our work has not been started. Should not these countries also be told of our soon-coming Saviour?

ONE of the greatest evidences of the soon appearing of the Saviour, is the marvelous development of the work of the third angel's message. Though but little more than sixty years have passed since its beginning, there is at present no important port in the world in which there are not Seventh-day Adventists.

THE Mohammedans are hard to reach with this truth; but the Spirit of God has found some among them whose hearts are loyal to it. Elder Conradi writes that although the church at Constantinople has had no minister visit it for three years, the people are still true and faithful to the truths of the third angel's message.

A MISSIONARY in Japan once took passage on a little coasting steamer. On the boat was a young Japanese who had resolved on suicide. He observed the missionary's face, and it seemed that there shone a new light upon it. He concluded that one with such a face must have a secret that made life worth living. So finally he went to the lady, told his story, and asked her what it was that made the light in her face. She told him the secret of the Christian's happy life, and he was deeply impressed. In time he became a Christian, and consecrated his life to faithful, earnest service for the Master. David said of the people of God, "They looked unto him, and were radiant." The light of heaven in the heart does give a radiance to the face; and Jesus says to us all, Let your light shine—both from the heart and from the face.

LOSING one's position or work is not always the most serious thing that can happen, though when first facing the problem of such loss one may so regard it. Some years ago the young son of a saloon-keeper attended a Sunday-school. Because of its teaching, he began to feel that it was not right for him to tend the bar. He spoke to the minister about the matter, asking what he had better do.

"Decide for yourself," was the clergyman's reply.

"If I refuse to tend the bar, father says he will bounce me."

"But what do you think you deserve if you do tend the bar?" he was asked.

"I think that I deserve to be bounced." Here the matter rested for a while.

Later the boy, by his refusal, lost his place, and was forced "to look out for himself." The minister helped him to secure a position. He worked himself up until he is to-day the greatest

living authority upon a certain line. He is assistant in one of the largest libraries in the country, and is acquainted with ten or twelve languages.

Many have to decide between losing a position and obeying conscience. Loyalty to the right never fails of a reward. It often brings greater earthly good, and will always result in eternal gain.

The Valley of the Shadow

THERE is a valley dark and dim,—
A valley full of woe,—
Down whose dark path our best beloved
With faltering steps must go.

How sharp the thorns that wound their feet,
How deep the waters cold,
How dark the clouds above their heads,
No tongue has ever told.

But there's a Hand to stay their steps,
A Voice that whispers cheer,
A Star of Hope to light the gloom,—
They feel that Christ is near.

And when he comes upon the cloud,
To call them from the grave,
They'll burst the tomb, in deathless robes,
And shout his power to save.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Tide of Reform Setting In

A YEAR or so ago the world heard that the Chinese civil service was to be reorganized on a modern basis. The world thought it a good joke. But now comes the word that the first-mentioned reform is actually in operation. The civil service examinations for this year deal, not with Chinese classics, but with the most practical of live problems. Candidates will be asked among other things, to state how the resources of China can best be developed; to describe the educational system of Western countries; to speculate on the bearing of the Siberian railway and the Panama Canal upon Chinese interests; to explain the meaning of free trade and protection.—*Selected.*

Canning California Breezes

A PLANT for the manufacture of liquid air has been established at Los Angeles, California, and is the first factory in our country to furnish this production for commercial purposes.

It is expected that the product of this factory will be used as a substitute for ice, in the refrigeration of fruit-cars, and will revolutionize the fruit-shipping industry of California.

The economy and usefulness of liquid air as a means of refrigeration are easily understood. It is a well-known fact that the state of a substance—whether it is in the form of a gas, liquid, or solid—depends largely upon its temperature. Air liquifies at a temperature of three hundred and twelve degrees below zero, and it is evident that when it returns to a gaseous state, it must have heat. Therefore when allowed to escape into an air-tight car, liquid air "uses up" the warmth of the car. In other words, the temperature of the car is lowered below the freezing-point.

G. W. CHASE.

Astronomy and Birds

PROF. JOEL STEBBINS and F. W. Carpenter of the University of Illinois have recently succeeded in applying astronomical methods to the solution of a hitherto unsolved problem of biology. This relates to the height of the flight of birds during their migrations at night. Two telescopes were placed at measured distances apart (from ten to twenty-one feet), on an east and west line, and with them two observers simultaneously watched the moon. The tracks of birds flying across the face of the moon were noted by each observer independently on a lunar chart, ready at his side. The tracks, being projected from separate points of observation, of course were not identical in

position, and their distance apart furnished the basis for a calculation of the "parallax" of the flying birds. Two sets of observations were made, in May and in October. The deduced heights above the ground varied from 1,400 to 5,400 feet. The last, however, was an extreme case, most of the measures running from 1,500 to 2,500 or 3,000 feet.—*Youth's Companion.*



SOUTH LANCASTER, MASS., May 8, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR readers. I am ten years old. I attend school at the South Lancaster Academy. My teacher's name is Miss Purdon. I like my school very much. I go to Sabbath-school and church every Sabbath. I am reading "My Garden Neighbors." Mama gave it to me on my birthday. I am trying to be a good boy, so that when Jesus comes, I can have a home in the new earth.

EVERETT E. GERALD.

BAGNALL, MICH., April 7, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I am a boy eleven years old. I am going to have a missionary garden this year. I live on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. I go to public school, for it is five miles to our church-school. I am in the fifth grade.

FAY L. DAVIS.

Be sure, Fay, to tell us in the autumn all about your missionary garden. I hope things will grow handsomely, and that you will get enough from it to make you happy for months, and that the money will do some one much good. Angels will watch it, I am sure, and see that it is used where most needed.

DOVER, COLO., Feb. 9, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never written to the INSTRUCTOR before, I thought I would write. I go to Sabbath-school whenever I can. We all keep the Sabbath, but papa. We live on a farm about two miles from our nearest post-office, and about twenty miles to our town. I am twelve years old, and I am in the fourth grade. We are taking care of about seven hundred goats. We have twelve kids now. We have three horses, one cow, and some chickens.

HATTIE M. BEDIENT.

EDDYVILLE, ORE., May 8, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE INSTRUCTOR: As I have never written to the INSTRUCTOR before, I thought I would write now. I have read the paper for many years, and enjoy it very much. I will join the Reading Circle this year. The books I have chosen are "Steps to Christ," "Healthful Living," "Thoughts on Daniel," "Thoughts on Revelation," and "Prophetic Lights."

I am twelve years old, and am in the seventh grade. I went to the public school last winter, as there was no church-school here.

I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

ERNEST E. CHITWOOD.

NEKOMA, KAN., March 31, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: As I have never seen or read any letter from Nekoma in our INSTRUCTOR, I am taking the opportunity now to write one. I get the paper every week, and enjoy it very much. I have just finished reading five books: The Bible, "How a Little Girl Went to Africa," "Christ's Object Lessons," "Coming King," and "Steps to Christ." These are very interesting books to me. May we as young people be found so living that when the Saviour comes, the door of heaven may be opened for us.

REBEKAH SIMON.

You have done well to read the Bible through this year, together with the other books you mentioned. I want to add your name to the Reading Circle list for 1906, for you have made too good a beginning to stop now. I think there are others who will be encouraged by your effort to take up the excellent plan of reading a number of choice books each year.