

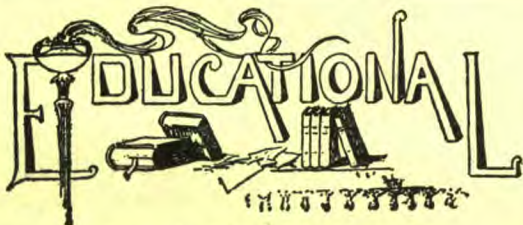
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

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Idaho's Wonderful River

MR. KIRKBRIDE in *The World's Work* gives a graphic description of the Snake River. If you will trace anew its course on a map, you will, doubtless, better appreciate what is written of this fascinating stream:—

"The world is less familiar with the Snake River of Idaho than with any other river of importance in the United States; and yet it is our seventh largest river—more than a thousand miles long. It is one of the most wonderful and impressive waterways in the world. The few who have tried to follow its winding course through wild and forbidding extents of lava plateaux, do not wonder that so little is known of it, for no railroads traverse the lifeless desert that borders it, and no boats, for hundreds of miles at a stretch, dare ply its waters. It is navigable for only one hundred miles from its junction with the Columbia to the Idaho boundary, and in several isolated sections of the interior. For the greater part of its course it flows through old and magnificent canyons of its own making through desolate and awful wastes.



"THOUSAND SPRINGS," GUSHING FROM THE CANYON WALLS OF THE SNAKE RIVER

"It dashes and roars; in whirlpools and rapids, through forests of mighty pines, between snow-capped peaks, beside extinguished craters, through gloomy chasms amid an indescribable chaos of weird and fantastic masses of molten rock, crags, peaks, and precipices, through naked deserts; and, again, broad and tranquil, it ripples through smiling meadows, and green, fertile valleys, past prosperous towns and thriving communities,—and is lost again in the deep and solemn canyons.

"At first it is a mere mountain torrent made up of melted snow from the Teton range. Then for many miles it flows majestically through a silent wilderness of primeval forests, mirroring

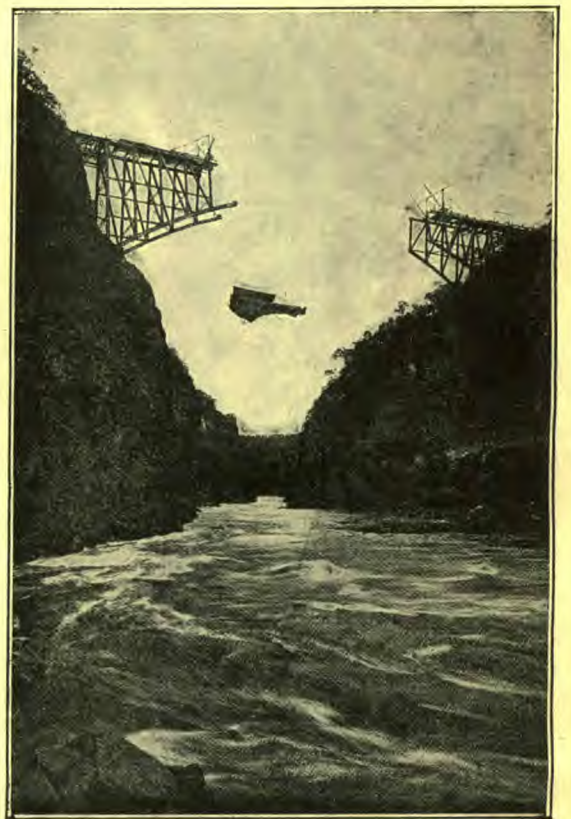
an endless chain of rugged peaks. Then a great and awful change begins to take place. The deep woods grow less and less dense, the mountains decline into endless, rolling hills and deep ravines. At every turn the country grows flatter and more featureless, until a great plain stretches out indefinitely, the gloomy barrenness of which is emphasized by the few pyramid-like cones which stand there, solitary reminders of a dead and terrible period. It is the great Snake River Desert.

"For three hundred and fifty miles after passing the Blackfoot River, which joins the Snake River from the southeast, not a stream reaches it from the north. Many streams rise in the Salmon River Mountains of central Idaho, all tending toward the Snake River Canyon, but all sooner or later, are swallowed up in chasms, or are evaporated by the intense heat and dryness of the desert. The 'Big Lost,' and the 'Little Lost,' rivers, both of some magnitude, which rise in the mountains and flow in a southerly direction into the Great Desert, vanish there. But after traveling many miles beneath the lava beds of the desert, the pent-up waters break from their bondage into a series of remarkable cataract springs farther down the river. For twenty miles they gush at intervals from the canyon wall in ever-flowing streams.

"The greatest and the most beautiful is near the town of Hagerman, and is known as Thousand Springs. For a half mile, and from an elevation of from seventy-five to two hundred feet, whole rivers gush forth from the roots of the sagebrush, sometimes in broad white sheets of waving mist, superb in color, like small Niagaras, but more often in a series of tiny falls and glittering cascades, which leap from rock to rock, and finally dissolve in spray as they crash upon the rocks beneath.

"Just before reaching Twin Falls the river is separated by a rugged wall of rock into two turbulent streams of great velocity, which, in the fall of one hundred and eighty-seven

feet, tumble, roaring, into an emerald lake beneath. The waters then rush into another canyon, the walls of which are more than eight hundred feet high, and din and uproar give place to a death-like stillness. Before one has had time to grow accustomed to the silence, there comes, up the river, a muffled roar, like approaching thunder. It is the distant booming of Shoshone Falls. Deeper and deeper grows the canyon, until it is a thousand feet deep; wider and wider grows the river until it is a thousand feet wide; louder and louder grows the booming until it deafens with its loudness. A bend in the river—and there are the falls.



NETS SLUNG TO CATCH FALLING TOOLS OR MEN

"The river rushes down first with a fall of thirty feet, through rocky channels; and then, assuming the form of a Moorish arch, four hundred yards in width, it takes a precipitous plunge of one hundred and ninety feet into a smoking abyss below. With a crash and roar that can be heard for miles, the sheet of water hurls itself upon the rocks beneath. Some of it is whipped into threads by the wind, and falls in a never-ending storm of rain-drops."

For hundreds of miles the Snake flows on through its varied course, until, twenty miles below its Oregon boundary, after a lonely course of ten hundred and fifty miles, it pours into the mighty Columbia.

The New Bridge Over the Zambesi River

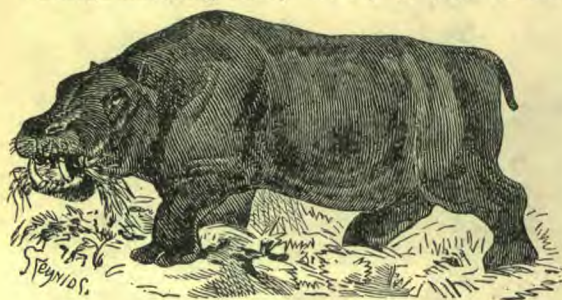
LITTLE people, do you know exactly where the Zambesi River is? If not, your geography will tell you. Recently there has been built over a gorge of this river a cantilever bridge six hundred and fifty feet long and thirty feet wide. The chasm that it spans is three hundred and fifty feet deep.

The bridge crosses the Zambesi near the great Victoria Falls, which are three times as wide and more than twice as high as the Niagara.

A great number of natives of various tribes were employed to help with the work. Their views, and those of their various relatives and friends, were sometimes amusing. At first all made sport of the idea of a bridge being built across the gorge. When the debris, or rubbish, from the foundations was being tipped into the river, they imagined that the men were going to fill up the gorge, but thought it might take a rather long time. The erection of the end spans on false work was simple to them, but when they

saw the cantilever arms growing out from the precipice on each side, with no apparent support, they did not know what to think.

A chief near by was asked by his collector what he thought about it. He replied that the playmates of the gods could of course do anything, and went on to say that evidently the chief god of the white man was holding up the two sides until further orders. Another always predicted disaster, and kept his unbelief until the end. When he saw the arch joined, he pinned his faith to a tragedy for the first engine and train that should pass over. He was convinced that the train would fall as soon as it reached the middle. So on the day appointed for the opening of the bridge, he came with a full retinue, including many wives, to observe the



THE TROUBLESOME HIPPOPOTAMUS

fulfilment of his prophecy. He was, however, disappointed, and doubtless his people will regard his future prophecies as of less force.

During the riveting of the bridge a leopard which had previously derived much personal pleasure from his raiding of the hen-roosts in the locality of the bridge, besides helping himself to dogs and cats that chanced to come near his majesty, was run over by an engine one night. He had apparently been dazzled by the headlight, and had lain on the track. The skin was damaged but slightly.

The deep pools among the islands in the river were the haunt of hippopotami, which, although usually peaceable, made one or two very unhappy interferences. They chased canoes, overturning three in one week, causing the death of one native. One man who was overturned lost his rifle and other gear, and had to swim to one of the islands, where he remained all night.

Two of the men made another adventure that is more interesting to read about than to experience. Passing down the gorge of the river, they found the remains of a reedbuck. As they started to cut out the horns, they heard a deep growl behind them. Turning about, they saw a lioness with two cubs, which was evidently annoyed at this interference with her dinner.

The men quickly made the generous decision that the first to find had the chief right, so they left, making a bee line for the gorge, down which they jumped—almost as dangerous a proceeding as facing the lioness.

The bridge was formally opened in October, 1905, one year and six months after the first detachment of workers left England.

How to Tan Buckskin

As all knowledge gained makes us that much the wiser in general, and may be of practical value in some particular case, I will tell you of a simple way of tanning deerskins, or making "buckskin," as the finished product is called.

First put the skins to soak in cold water, using any vessel that is large enough for the purpose. Ashes put in the water will shorten the time required for the skins to soak, and will also make the later process easier by taking out some of the glue which the skins contain, and which must all be taken out before the tanning is complete.

The only implements needed in the process are a "graining knife" and a "graining pole." The graining knife is made of a stick about two feet long, strong enough to bear a hard push, and

straight or curved, as you choose. Into one side of this, running lengthwise, is fixed a piece of iron, which should be about one fourth of an inch thick, two inches wide, and a foot long. The edge of this should extend an inch from the stick, and be square, like the blade of a skate, so as not to cut the skins. The graining pole is a piece of log, made very smooth, about eight inches through and eight or ten feet long.

When the hide has soaked till the hair can be pulled out easily with the fingers, put it on the graining pole, letting some part of it go just over the end; then place that end of the pole against the side of the house or a tree, in such a manner as to catch the part of the skin that hangs over, and keep the skin from slipping down the pole. The other end of the pole must be firmly fixed on the ground so as not to slip.

Now take the graining knife, and with firm pressure draw it over the skin toward you, as a carpenter would a draw-knife, only you must take care not to cut the skin, which is tender from being soaked. You will thus scrape off the hair and the "grain," or outer layer of skin which holds the hair, the only things necessary being care, strength, and persistence. After you have "grained" the hide, as this operation is called, turn it over and treat the other side likewise, so as to get all loose fiber and membrane removed.

When you have done this, put the hide into a mixture of oil and soap, using about two parts of oil. Work this through the hide as much as you can, and then roll the hide up into a ball, and put it away. It is best to leave it in a dish containing some of the oil-and-soap mixture; and the hide should be unrolled and rolled up in a different manner at least once a day. Three or four days of this treatment is usually sufficient, and the hide is then ready for the next stage in the tanning process.

Take it from the oil, and wash it thoroughly in clear, warm water, being sure to get all the oil out. Then make one end of the hide fast to a convenient object, and, fastening a twisting stick in the other, wring out all the water you can. Then take it, and, by alternate rubbing and pulling, work with it till it is perfectly dry and soft, when the process is complete. The success of this last operation depends upon how thoroughly you got the oil worked through it, and the glue broken; and the quality of the buckskin depends equally upon both the oiling and working. If the glue is not all taken out, no amount of working will make the buckskin soft; and no matter how well the oiling was done, if the buckskin is not properly worked, it will not "full," and will be thin.

Be thorough and persistent, or you will not get a good tan.

EUGENE ROWELL.

The Waldenses

In every age there have been witnesses for God—men who cherished faith in Christ as their only advocate and the Bible as their only guide.

In lands remote from Rome there were Christians who remained almost free from the corruption of the Romish church. Foremost among these were the Waldenses. For centuries they maintained their independence; but finally the time came when Rome insisted upon their submission. The leaders of these churches yielded to the claims of Rome. There were many faithful men, however, who refused to acknowledge the authority of pope or prelate. Some, forsaking their native Alps, sought refuge in foreign countries, and there held up the banner of truth; others resorted to the strongholds of the mountains, and there found freedom to worship God.

The Waldenses were the first of all the people of Europe to obtain a translation of the Bible. This made them the special subjects of Satan's wrath, and laid upon them the cruel hand of oppression.

These followers of Christ showed the true spirit of the lowly One, manifesting the meek, humble spirit of the Master. They valued the principles of God's law above riches, friends, or even life itself.

The children were not reared in self-indulgence, but were taught to deny self from their earliest years. They were taught that before them was a life of toil and hardship, and perhaps a martyr's death.

While the youth were required to endure hardship, the culture of the mind was not neglected. They were given an education in the branches of general learning and in the Bible. The Gospels of Matthew and John and many of the epistles were committed to memory. They also assisted in copying the Scriptures. Some of the youth were sent to institutions of learning in France and Italy. In these schools they were to make confidants of none. They carried with them the precious Word concealed in their garments. Whenever they had an opportunity, they placed some portion of the Bible in the way of those whose hearts seemed open to receive the truth.

Every missionary possessed the knowledge of some trade, usually that of a merchant or peddler. As they went from house to house, their hearts were uplifted to God in prayer for wisdom to present to the people a treasure of far more value than silver or gold. They found many souls that were longing for the knowledge of a Saviour who could cleanse them from sin; and as the precious promises of God were read to them, the hungry soul found food to satisfy its longing. Eagerly they listened to the wonderful message, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Thus many were brought to see the errors of the Romish church.

The papal leaders determined to exterminate this hated sect. A bull was issued by the pope condemning them as heretics, and delivering them to slaughter. The church joined in a crusade against them. The most horrible tragedies took place. Notwithstanding the crusades, these faithful witnesses still sent out missionaries to scatter the truth. Thus the Waldenses sowed the seeds of the Reformation centuries before the birth of Luther.

CELIA C. TICHENOR.

An Agate Forest

SOME wonderful specimens of agate from Arizona were lately exhibited by a well-known house in New York City. This agate is "petrified wood," but like no other petrified wood previously discovered. The coloring is brilliant and beautiful. The glowing red, the delicate blending and tinting of grays, blues, and greens, with here and there a glistening quartz crystal, make a rare combination. These beautiful slabs, two or three feet across, were sawn from great stone logs. The perfect likeness of the tree is there—concentric rings, the radiating lines, the rough, gnarled bark; and even every knot has its facsimile in the stone.

Petrifications in wood have been discovered before; but they have been in neutral tints. The size and the richness of the coloring are what render this recent discovery remarkable; for previous to this, agates thirteen inches in diameter were considered large.

The finding of this agate forest, as it might properly be termed, is interesting. When the Apache chief, Geronimo, led the frontiersmen such a lively chase in Arizona, he ran better than he knew. During the pursuit of the Indians the heart of the Apache country was penetrated. It was on one of these wild chases that a cowboy named Adams found himself in the before undiscovered petrified forests of Arizona. As soon as he was able, he reported his wonderful find to the governor of Arizona; his story was laughed at. "All right," said the cowboy; "if my story isn't true, I'll bear the expenses of the journey

there and back, if you will send a party to make examination."

The story was true; and there, prone in the depths of the lava desert, they saw the remains of a forest, changed into brilliant-hued, translucent agate, held in form by the petrified bark, every ridge and knot perfectly translated. For ages the water, impregnated with silica, played over and among these forest trees, wearing the wood away, and, cell by cell, atom by atom, replacing it by the stone.

It is assumed that powerful geysers may have burst forth, and with their heated waters covered this forest, and then, perhaps, after centuries, settled away, leaving as monuments of their work these agate petrifications.

The cutting and polishing of these great agates is a work of exceeding difficulty. Thirty-five days were consumed in sawing across one of the stone logs. No steel instrument can make an impression, can even scratch the polished specimen on exhibition. Diamond dust and saws with diamond teeth alone will cut them. Of course, much of the work must be done on the spot. Hence a fortified camp has been set up in the Arizona wilderness; and here are sawn out the blocks and slabs of agate.—*The Round Table*.

The Widow's Gift

THE Saviour sat wearily watching the rich,
As into the treasury money they cast.
A shadow of sadness was seen on his face,
As he thought of the motives of each as they passed.

Till with joy he beheld a poor woman approach,
And meekly deposit two mites in the chest.
He called his disciples to him, and declared:
"This widow hath given far more than the rest;

"For out of abundance, each Pharisee proud,
Of his substance hath given to make a display;
But she of her penury did what she could,
When she willingly gave all her living away."

As the poor widow turned to hasten along,
She saw her Redeemer, and heard what he said;
Her eyes filled with tears of unspeakable joy,
For she knew that the thoughts of her heart
Had been read.

God valued the farthing, because it was given
By one who responded to infinite love;
With pleasure the angels recorded the deed
In the glorious book of remembrance above.

The Lord linked her gift with his purposes grand;
Still it gathers for him much silver and gold.
What joy will she feel in the ages to come
When she hears the results of her sacrifice told.

MRS. DORA BRORSEN.

An Answer to Prayer

IN these hard, materialistic times one is so liable to grow incredulous concerning the ability and tender oversight of our Heavenly Father, that it is well to gain strength for one's faith from well-accredited events which show him to be wonderfully near. The following account, lately given me by the lady who was the principal person in the story, is a very striking illustration of this truth; and it is vouched for by the man whose dog was God's agent in the hour of her need:—

"One winter we lived on a lonely New Hampshire country road, only one farmhouse being near. One morning, the weather promising to be fair, my husband and little son left me, to go to a neighboring town ten miles away, expecting to return at night. I did not mind being alone as I was busy about the house; but, toward noon, I noticed dark clouds rapidly rising, and the wind began to blow, and soon snowflakes covered the ground. Still I did not feel anxious, but kept a watchful eye down the mountain road, although

I knew it was hardly time to expect my loved ones to return. The darkness came on swiftly, and the storm increased in violence until it seemed as if the roof of the house would be torn off—every old shingle apparently vying with its neighbor in its hurry to be gone.

"Hardly daring to breathe, but longing to scream, I lighted a fire in the great fireplace, and the flames threw their ruddy glow over the room. As I began to realize that I was all alone, I grew more frightened, and I thought, 'I can not stay here all this night alone.' Not only was the storm to be dreaded, but early in the day I had seen two most vicious-looking men go by on their way to the village. I knew that they lived in an old shanty below us. They had called once to seek shelter from a slight shower; and, I thought, they will surely think we would give them shelter from such a storm as this. I did not know what to do, for they were never known to come away sober from the village. I made up my mind to get to my neighbor's house. When I opened the door, the wind nearly took me off my feet, and, blinded by the snow and sleet, I hastily shut the door, and went back into the lighted room. But I could not rest. I wandered from room to room, and it seemed as if I should be insane from fright; for never before had I experienced a mountain storm. I have passed through many storms since then, but that stands out with a prominence which will not allow it to be ever forgotten. Going to the window and peering out into the darkness, I suddenly felt prompted to pray—not for my family's return, for I hoped they were sheltered from the storm—but I prayed, 'Give me strength, O Lord, to overcome this fear!' And before I finished my prayer, it was answered. Above the roar of the storm I heard, under my window, the barking of my neighbor's huge dog. I let him in, all covered as he was with snow, and he walked over to the fire, and lay down, and looked up into my face with an almost human intelligence, as if he would say, 'You needn't be afraid; I'll take care of you.' With a thankful heart I lay down and slept sweetly all night.

"The owner of the dog told me the next day that in all the years he had owned him, never had he known him to leave his mat at night; but for two hours they had tried to keep him in, and at last, fearing they would get no sleep if he stayed, they opened the door, and he bounded away into the storm toward our house."

The lady adds: "Now by what instinct was he guided? Did he know that the one who had fed and petted him was in deep trouble? I believed then, and believe now, that God sent him."—*W. T. Worth, in Zion's Herald*.

Why the Indian Chose Quickly

DURING a missionary meeting among the Indians in the Northwest, an Indian and a white man were both deeply moved by the sermon, and accepted the invitation to stand up for Christ and seek his salvation. The Indian was not long in accepting the proffered grace, and obtained peace—sweet peace—for his soul. His white brother had a long time of it before he finally felt that he also had been accepted of God, and had the assurance that his sins had been forgiven. Some time afterward he met his redskin brother and said to him: "How is it that you found consoling peace so much quicker than I?" "O, brother," answered the Indian, "I will tell you. Here comes a wealthy prince who offers you a new garment gratis. You look at your own suit of clothes, and you think they are fairly good yet, too good to throw away, and that they might last for a time yet. He offers the new raiment to me. I look at my own soiled and worthless clothes, and conclude that they are done for. I discard them immediately, and accept the new with delight. Just so it is with you, brother. You tried to make

your own righteousness do you for a while yet, and hated to part with it, while I, poor Indian, had none, and was so glad to accept of the righteousness of Jesus Christ."—*Eugene P. Schnatz*.

Why Am I a Christian?

NOTWITHSTANDING the recent wonderful progress made in the scientific world, the numerous added facilities with which to deal with the affairs of every-day life, and the many inventions and devices with which to multiply business activities, every one is aware of the ever-increasing "whys" and "wherefores" confronting one as the days come and go.

In the religious world, much time and effort are being devoted to higher criticism, the new theology, and the like; and men attempt to shed light on subjects hitherto obscure, and answer seemingly unanswerable "whys" through these means. But coming to actual, experimental religion, the question, Why am I a Christian? there are very few who can conscientiously and reasonably answer. If a deed or a movement is actuated by a reason, why should such an important step as being a Christian be taken without a reason?

There are doubtless many so-called Christians in the world because of popularity; some, because of natural inclination; others because of prevailing custom; still others, because of their Christian parents, relatives, and friends. But how few are Christians because they love God with mind, soul, and strength, and, as a result, their neighbors as themselves! Indeed, this is the secret and foundation of all our Christian experience—that of loving God, because "he first loved us."

Having caught a glimpse of the reasonableness of our being Christians, the next question to be considered is, Should we be able to tell it to others? To this let the Word of God answer: "But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." 1 Peter 3:15. In the first place, we must sanctify God in our hearts; that is, we must give God the first place in our hearts. We should be in such an attitude that the Holy Spirit may have free course; and by so doing, we shall ever be ready to give a reason of our hope to every honest and candid seeker after truth. Is it not true that adherents of some religious creeds are incapable of giving rational explanations of their belief? Has the time not come for us as young people to be intelligent and well-informed on all the cardinal points of our faith?—Yes, we may be assured that the time is fast coming when we shall be called upon to appear before kings and magistrates; and how can we make our own defense, as did Paul, unless we are thoroughly grounded and rooted in the truth?

The last line of prophecy is being fulfilled; everything is in a state of unrest; strange phenomena everywhere indicate that some great crisis is to take place; in a word, "The day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly." In view of this solemn event, it behooves every one of us individually to ask himself, How shall I relate myself to this inevitable crisis? We may shirk our necessary duties, indulge in worldly practises, and even like Jonah of old, escape from doing the very thing that the Lord has told us to do; but there is one thing from which we must not, and can not, exempt ourselves; that is, the day of judgment. All, both small and great, old and young, educated and unlettered, must appear before the judgment-seat (2 Cor. 5:10), and what the outcome of our cases will be is a matter of eternal interest to us all.

Now is the time of decision; now is the time for us to build for eternity. The past, with its

victories and failures, has gone into eternity; the future is too distant to decide for the right and the true. Act in the present. The reward is for those whose motto is, *Do it now.*

G. DOANE WONG.



Notice

It has been thought that it would be well to discontinue the Mission Studies for the Young People's Societies for a month or two in order to allow each Society to take up any line of work or study that it may deem essential. These lessons, doubtless, will be continued about the first of October. Some of the most interesting and needy fields are yet to be presented.

There may be Societies that will be at a loss to know how profitably to occupy the time of the meeting. There is an article from Mrs. E. G. White in this number of the *INSTRUCTOR* that may be suggestive. Can not the programs for the next few weeks be prepared with the idea of securing earnest Bible study on the part of all the members?

In some instances a capable conference Bible worker is asked to give to the Society a series of Bible readings such as one gives when holding a course of studies with those unfamiliar with the truths of the third angel's message. The worker gives a study one week, then all the members are to be prepared to give that same reading the next week. While not more than one or two can be called upon to give the reading at any one meeting, all have had the benefit of the home study.

Some Societies might be interested in spending the time of several meetings in studying the "Testimonies for the Church." Surely this would prove a very helpful course of study.

The Repentant's Prayer

O my Saviour, I have wandered,
Wandered from thy gentle care;
Back again into thy keeping,
Take me, Lord, and keep me there.

As I journey down life's pathway,
Thinking I am nearing home,
Oft I get confused or careless;
Into by-paths then I roam.

But the straight and narrow pathway
Looms before my sight again;
And I find that I've been straying,
Though I did not sense it then.

So, my Saviour, lest I wander,
Lest I drop too far behind,
Take my hand and guide me ever.
Safe I'll be — my hand in thine.

IVA I. NAY.

Report from Maine

THE following report from the Young People's Society of West Paris, Maine, was taken from a personal letter written by the leader of the Society: —

The mission studies are excellent. We are doing our best to master them. Our Society has been organized six months, and I know it has proved a real blessing to our young people. I can see steady advancement in the Christian life of many, and since the death of the elder of the church our young people have several times led the church service acceptably. All are poor, and any offering means sacrifice; but in addition to the purchase of much literature for free distribution, we have sent one donation to India, one to the Pacific Press, helped in supplying *Liberty* to

the representatives in Maine, and now are doing what we can to raise funds in response to an appeal from Sister W. A. Sweany to help build a church on the island of Grenada, British West Indies. We also paid for one hundred special *Signs*, which we sold and distributed. Some have a brood of missionary chickens, the children are making a quilt, and one sister said she would do some extra work to have more to give. And besides this, they paid in this time fifteen dollars in subscriptions for the *INSTRUCTOR*, *Worker*, and *Little Friend*, in addition to helping in any special donation which from time to time came up in the church. All this is an education of special value to the young. I talk to them much of our bank account in heaven.

The *INSTRUCTOR* is faithfully read by all, and has been a constant helper to me in this effort; my file shows much use, I assure you. I have canvassed almost every one in my reach. I think the order I sent this week makes the twenty-fifth I have received.

A Solemn Message to Our Youth

IN connection with the petition of Christ, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth," I felt impelled by the Spirit of God to appeal to the youth to *study the Word*. Let every one covenant with God to study the Word. Dear youth, cease to read the magazines containing stories. Put away every novel. In the days of Paul, those who were converted at Ephesus burned their magical books. We would do well to clear our houses of all the story magazines and the publications containing ridiculous pictures — representations originated by satanic agencies. The youth can not afford to poison their minds with such things. "What is the chaff to the wheat?" Let every one who claims to be a follower of Christ read only that which is true and of eternal value.

We must prepare ourselves for most solemn duties. A world is to be saved. The work is advancing in a most marvelous manner in foreign lands; and even within the shadow of our doors there are many, many opportunities for communicating to others the saving truths of the third angel's message. Publications are to be distributed like the leaves of autumn. This is the message that has been coming to us from the Lord for many years. In view of the great work to be done, how can any one afford to waste precious time and God-given means in doing those things that are not for his best good or for the glory of God? The Scriptures are to be studied diligently, and are to be made the man of our counsel. None can afford to neglect this source of strength and blessing.

While in Mountain View, I was instructed, as God's messenger, to appeal to the youth connected with our institutional work. This message is applicable to all young men and young women who claim to be Sabbath-keepers, and especially to those who are laboring in our institutions: —

Dear youth, there is great need of your examining yourselves. Many perished in the fearful calamity at San Francisco. How many who were destroyed by that awful earthquake were prepared for death? How many who are still alive will be admonished? None of us can foretell where the next destructive earthquake may be permitted to come. Who are prepared? . . .

Let none begin to believe that amusements are essential, and that a careless disregard of the Holy Spirit during hours of selfish pleasure, is to be looked upon as a light matter. God will not be mocked. Let every young man, every young woman, consider: "Am I prepared to-day for my life to close? Have I the heart preparation that fits me to do the work which the Lord has given me to do?"

Every youth should make God's Word his guide, and daily gather from the Word the instruction given. If some refuse to be guided by this instruction, they are sowing seeds that the enemy has placed in their hands, and they will not care to reap the harvest. In view of the abundant

opportunity given every one to walk in the light of God's Word, is it not sad to think that some are choosing their own way of careless pleasure?

Every talent of influence is to be sacredly cherished and used for the purpose of gathering souls to Christ. Young men and young women should not think that their sports, their evening parties and musical entertainments, as usually conducted, are acceptable to Christ.

Light has been given me, again and again, that all our gatherings should be characterized by a decided religious influence. If our young people would assemble to read and understand the Scriptures, asking, "What shall I do that I may have eternal life?" and then place themselves unitedly upon the side of truth, the Lord Jesus would let his blessing come into their hearts.

O that every church-member, every worker in our institutions, might realize that this life is a school in which to prepare for examination by the God of heaven, with regard to purity, cleanness of thought, unselfishness of action! Every word and act, every thought, is recorded on the record books of heaven.

To all, old and young, the word of the Lord is: Let the truth of God be inwrought in mind and soul. Let your prayer be, "O Lord, preserve my soul, that I shall not dishonor thee." Let your prayers ascend to God, that he may sanctify the soul in thought, in word, in spirit, in every transaction. Plead with God that not one thread of selfishness shall be woven into the fabric of your character. Let the prayer be offered: "Sanctify my heart through the truth. Let thy angels keep my soul in strict integrity. Let my mind be impressed with the simple, searching maxims in thy Word, given to guide me in this life as a preparation for the future, eternal life."

It is through the power and prevalence of truth that we must be sanctified, and elevated to the true dignity of the standard set forth in the Word. The way of the Lord can be learned only through most careful obedience to his Word. Study the Word.— *Mrs. E. G. White.*

Young People We Have Met

Young people of backbone.

Young people who can say *no*.

Young people who are unselfish.

Young people who are teachable.

Young people who don't know it all.

Young people who are utterly frank.

Young people who delight to "lift up."

Young people who live in the sunshine.

Young people who make home a heaven.

Young people who are never behind time.

Young people whose religious zeal glows.

Young people whose consecration is complete.

Young people who are better doers than dreamers.

Young people who have snap, without being snappy.

Young people that you somehow like to have around.

Young people upon whom the pastor can safely count.

Young people who dare to do right anywhere and always.

Young people whose faces were made on purpose for smiles.

Young people who have reverence for sacred things.

Young people who think more of character than clothes.

Young people whose presence brings gladness wherever they go.

Young people who do not know what it is to weep over the imaginary woes of the hero of a sentimental novel.

Young people who are most tender in their treatment of old people.

Young people who are interested in all departments of church work.— *Selected.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE



O, Love Me!

WITH big blue eyes and childish winsomeness, With chubby arms, and heart of tender build, He came to me, his eyes with language filled; He sought my inmost heart for love's caress. "O, love me! love me!" such was his address. What could I do but love that little man? I loved him through the years, more strongly than Another, maybe, that had loved to bless. But, of my Master? "Love me!" he has plead. He died for me, and lay among the dead. His love for me has saved me from the thrall, Because his death for me has purchased all. Shall I deny to him the love he craves? "O, love me!" Hear him: it is he who saves.

— B. F. M. Sours.

Marjorie's Rebellion

To be so quaint, so different from other people, was such a trial, thought Marjorie Blake; and to be called a Quaker was very embarrassing. To always have one's clothes very plain without even ruffles, and no ribbons except for one's hair and necktie, and a piece for a plain belt, but never those lovely long sashes which hang so gracefully, with ends coming to the bottom of one's dress, seemed very unpleasant. The girls were wearing the silk rainbows so much, too, and skirts with six ruffles which were perfectly beautiful. Then again 'most all the girls wore corsets with which they were able to waspify their delicate young forms to quite resemble, when in full attire, a decorated hourglass. But never did Miss Marjorie wear such apparel.

Mrs. Blake, Marjorie's mother, was a widow, a bright, intellectual woman possessing rare qualities; the one perhaps most predominant was the power of living her life every day just as she strove to live it while standing before her class of boys, Sabbath after Sabbath. She had taught the English class in a young ladies' seminary for a number of years, but failing health had caused her to give her position to one younger and stronger. It was such a struggle, too; for she dearly loved her bright young girls; and with equal love akin to adoration, "Mother Blake," as they universally called her, was held in their hearts.

Often, after school hours, one, two, or a half dozen of her girls would come trooping over to the bright, sunny, homelike cottage near the commons, with questions sufficiently strange and numerous to puzzle a philosopher; but somehow, they were always answered, in a way to satisfy and comfort at least; and many a wondrous secret was whispered in the quiet of her presence after the library door had been securely locked. And many a time after one of these sweet communions, have the girls, with tears of thankfulness and gratitude, thrown their loving arms about her neck, exclaiming, "O Mother Blake, if our mamas would but tell us the things you do, and help a girl when she is so puzzled about these important questions, and help us to choose our associates and companions, we would not have to feel that life is so uncertain, untrue, and sometimes such a strange mix up." How her heart ached for these dear little women

on the threshold of life's noblest and best!

How thankful she was for all the lessons she had been caused to learn through hard experience! what a joy to bring them into use now! She often thought, "If I had not been left an orphan when young, I'm sure I could help them more in many ways; but I might have seen more of the leisure side of life and not so much of the practical. It's the practical hand-to-hand conflict with obstacles, toil, and disappointment that brings out the mettle; so I'm glad I had it, and I'll give them my best." Then usually, after such soliloquizing, she would get down on her knees for a moment and thank God for the all of her life; that she had lived to realize, "thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

By this brief insight into the home, it is easy to see that Marjorie had had many advantages above the majority of girls, and, though usually a sweet, winsome, obedient girl, known everywhere as such, she had been growing extremely



Photographed by Miss B. H. McCreery

So now you see me demonstrate

What others often think:

"You can lead a horse to water,
But you can not make him drink."

restless all spring, sometimes becoming quite unkind and not a little rude when the matter of choosing her summer's wardrobe was brought up. "I'm just getting sick and tired of wearing such dowdy old duds. The other girls never rig out in such priggish things. I don't see why I can't have a few ruffles with lace on them, and a hat with a pretty wreath of flowers on it. I don't care if you do say the chiffon looks richer; I like the flowers better. I guess I'll soon be sixteen, and I'm just going to have them, too, so there!"

After this volley of pent-up grief, mingled with wrath and excitement, Marjorie went sobbing to her room, while Mrs. Blake looked after her with a blank stare of amazement. What was happening to her dear, sweet child? How unlike herself! she seemed to be well-nigh possessed at times.

It was true, their means were limited, and Marjorie had always worn inexpensive clothing; but it was always chosen with regard to harmony of colors, and made as tastefully as it could be made. And it was commonly remarked, "Miss Marjorie is a lady in dress, speech, and manner, and always looks so nice."

She had been faithfully instructed in the principle that modest apparel bespeaks a lady; but it was the desire to "feed upon husks" that was gnawing now. Mrs. Blake decided that it would be best to let her have just what she wanted this time; so that evening, after the dinner dishes were done, she brought the subject up again, and smiling said, as she put her arm about Marjorie's plump waist, "I think, dear, it would be nice for you to select your own dress and hat this time, for the Fourth. Get anything you like, only don't go beyond ten dollars."

"O, thank you, mama; I shall be very glad to do so."

"You just bet I'll have a gay one," she half whispered to herself, and straightway went to planning. Her eyes had long been feasting on a certain piece of lovely pale-blue and white lawn in Griggs's store; now she would have it.

No time to lose; there was but one week before the Fourth. Next morning, as soon as the last bit of dusting was done, or from the places where it could easily be seen, Marjorie was off; her feet seemed scarcely to touch the pavement as visions of a fair feminine creature flitting about in soft azure colors, her dark eyes shaded by a lovely hat wreathed in bluebells, with white gloves and slippers, came into her mind. "Oh, perfectly lovely, grand! just set her off, and be too sweet for anything! Not even Grace Morton, the lawyer's daughter, will look half so dainty," she said aloud.

Mr. Griggs nodded a good morning as her smiling face came through the door, and he sent one of the clerks to wait on her at once. Such a profusion of dainty fabrics was spread out before her hungry eyes, that it was hard to choose. Still she believed the blue was the prettiest, and, finding it to be but fifteen cents a yard, she decided to take fourteen yards, which would cost \$2.10; then the edging for the six ruffles on the skirt, besides the waist, must be purchased, about twenty-five yards at least. Some, very narrow

and dainty, was found at five cents; that, with two spools of No. 80 thread, came to \$1.35 more.

There was now \$6.55 left for gloves and slippers. O, yes; the dress pattern must not be forgotten.

She was glad this was a department store so that everything except the hat could be purchased here; for, though it was ever so much fun, she felt a bit hurried. The pattern came next, which was twenty cents, and such an outline furbelow as it had traced on its direction slip! A twinge of conscience came as she selected it, but it was immediately choked as she turned to the shoe counter. On it sat a large box filled with shoes and slippers of odd sizes.

A pair of white ones with French heels attracted her attention; they were only a dollar, and were

narrow, white, and pretty. Then she had never worn the French heel. Mrs. Blake had always insisted on the low common-sense heel for her young daughter's shoes; and now, what a lucky bargain! They were tried on; and though considerably too narrow, were very long, and would do all right.

Now the gloves; just plain cotton ones must do, the twenty-five-cent kind, that left \$5.10 for the hat. Taking her precious parcel with her, for fear if it were left to be sent it might be miscarried somewhere, she started for Mrs. Drake's millinery store, two blocks away. "Mrs. Drake," she exclaimed as soon as she stepped inside the door, "I want just the laciest straw you have. I'm going to have a pretty hat this year. Mother sent me to select it myself."

"Certainly, certainly, Miss Marjorie, just look this way. Here are some which I think very tasty," and Mrs. Drake hurried to draw a dainty feather-straw from a pile upon the shelf.

"Yes; that's a fine, jaunty one. Let me try it on. My! that will be beautiful with a wreath of flowers and a few knots of soft ribbon. How much is it, Mrs. Drake?"

"Two dollars untrimmed, and here are some wreaths for a dollar, which are very neat,—daisies, poppies, roses, and violets,—then here is one of baby-blue-eyes which is beautiful, I think."

"O, that is just such a one as I wanted! How dainty it is! I'll take it. Please to put some soft ribbon on it, too. Do you think you can trim it up nicely for four dollars?"

"O, yes, indeed, very nicely, and will send it up day after to-morrow. Will that do?"

"Yes, certainly, and I thank you, Mrs. Drake. Good-by," and she hurried out.

"Just \$1.10 left," she thought. "Well, guess I'll get two handkerchiefs, a bottle of cologne, and some soft gum drops—that will just finish it. I'll give mother one of the handkerchiefs; she needs a pretty one."

But as to how many articles of clothing mother needed, there was not a thought given now. No, the little lady was having her own will and way in all things, and *conscience was scarcely heard at all to-day.*

The shopping finished, she hurried home, her arms fairly aching with the many precious parcels. Tossing them onto the sofa, she rushed into the kitchen where her mother was preparing lunch. "O mother! I had just exactly enough money to get everything, and something for you, too. My, it's all so lovely! I don't suppose you'll like the style in which it's to be made, but I do, and you'll like it better when you see the whole outfit on me, and get used to it."

Then skipping off to get her apron, she assisted with the lunch, washed up the dishes, swept and tidied the kitchen and dining-room before one of the closely tied packages was opened; for duty before pleasure was ever the rule of this home. When the bundles were untied and the contents spread out in the most enchanting profusion, Marjorie called her mother in.

"Now, mother, do say it's all perfectly grand. See these cute little slippers!" catching them up by the heels that her hand might help conceal their stilted appearance. "When you see the hat," she went on hurriedly, "you will say your girlie has excellent taste, I know."

"You have done well, dear, very well in selecting your dress. In fact, I think it all very pretty except the Butterick pattern and the slippers, but perhaps I may become accustomed to them, as you say. This afternoon will be a good time to cut out your dress; so we'll take it into the sewing-room now."

With many a prayer for her darling child, she cut, basted, and stitched, feeling that Marjorie was now nearing the "turning of the ways," and God alone knew which way; but she had tried, O so hard! to bring only the sweetest things into her life.

How quickly the week flew by with sewing, household duties, and planning. Something else, too, which must here be mentioned.

Our fashion-seeking maiden must have all things to correspond, so her speech, too, must be altered.

Her mother had never permitted slang words to mar the purity of her daughter's speech; but all the "society" girls and boys used slang, and she must too, surely.

When the new hat came, it was put away without her mother's seeing it. "I'll keep it as a surprise," Marjorie said to herself, although the truth was she was a bit ashamed of it, for it contrasted so strongly with the other dainty but simple ones she had always worn. The Fourth-of-July celebration and picnic was to be held in a beautiful grove on the outskirts of the village, and as usual all the town and country folk doubtless would turn out.

Mrs. Blake was not at all well when the final morning came; so she told Marjorie, much to her relief, as she had dreaded her mother's sad eyes on her all day, that she did not feel able to go, but hoped she would have a really good time, and be back early.

She hastily kissed her mother good-by, pretending not to see the hot tears which sprang to those loving eyes, and did not once look back to wave her hand as she usually did; for she was met by such a burst of exclamation, applause, and comment that her vain little heart pattered a wild tattoo, and she could only laugh and giggle, see that her ankles did not turn in with her uncomfortable, unsteady foot-gear, and get those slang words in at proper intervals.

The girls looked at one another questioningly, and now and then whispered among themselves. Marjorie noticed this, and it caused her cheeks to feel uncomfortably hot. But these things were to be expected, seeing she had never been like other girls of "society."

After Marjorie and her companions had left the house, Mrs. Blake went to her room; there, on her knees, she pleaded with burning tears and aching heart for God to give back her child as sweet and pure as she used to be, and to show her the folly and vanity of the course she was choosing. On rising from her knees she felt God was already answering her prayer; and, lying down on the bed, she fell asleep.

Marjorie, in the meantime, with flushed face, and eyes overbrilliant, rushed about here and there, speaking to all her friends, laughing loudly and often, with such a hollow, empty laugh that even strangers turned to see whence it came, and turned away remarking.

Ere the day was half gone, she found the girls and boys with whom she had been associating snubbing her often, and now and then she found herself all alone. Her head ached, and her feet were very tired. Sometimes she even wondered what her mother would think if she knew. It seemed now as if almost everybody was looking at her and making remarks one to another about her. She once overheard a neighbor woman say to a friend, "What do you suppose has come over Marjorie Blake, she acts like——" Then a crowd passed between her and the voice, and she heard no more, although her ears were wide open; for she hoped it might have been that she acted like a "society girl," though her own heart told her the truth.

A few hours of bitter remorse which she could not drown, try hard as she might, were passed. How she despised the sound of those hateful, vulgar slang words! how she longed to be her old, plain self again! Tears now came rushing; they could not be repressed. She was alone beneath a big tree where there was both time and room for reflection. How detestable her fussy dress looked! how she envied Lawyer Morton's daughter in her plain white gown! She seemed like some sweet spirit walking about, often the

center of an admiring group. Poor Marjorie bore it all until about four o'clock, then, unable longer to bear the disgrace, she crept off toward home. How long the way seemed; she could not hurry, for her feet were swollen and painful. How good the cottage looked beneath the trees! Home had never seemed so peaceful. Opening the door, she called, "Mother! mother!" in such a frightened tone that Mrs. Blake scarcely recognized it.

What a dilapidated picture she presented, but what a penitent young face! She could not ask the questions which were on her lips, as to why she was home so early, whether she had not had a good time, etc.; but, taking the sobbing little form to her heart, she sat down in the big rocker, unfastened the slippers, letting them fall on the floor, removed the fairy hat, and amid chokes and sobs the whole miserable story came out.

How gladly did mother forgive; then together they knelt, asking God to forgive and create a new heart for Jesus' sake.

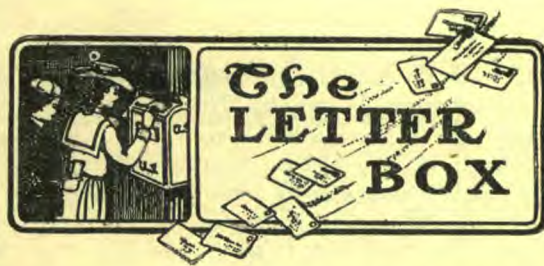
It was all done now; how happy, very happy, they both were; and how light and free the burdened little heart was!

It is needless to say that gown and hat were soon altered, while the slippers were put away in the bottom of the old chest,—to stay.

No more, though years and years have elapsed, bringing womanhood, wifehood, motherhood, and widowhood to our Marjorie, does she ever long for the ways of her once termed "society."

She has ever been content to be her plain, simple, sweet self, loved and respected by all who know her.

MRS. E. C. BOGER.



RALEIGH, TENN., April 27, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I have lately subscribed for the INSTRUCTOR, and think it an excellent paper.

I live three miles north of Raleigh, and twelve miles from Memphis. There is a church in Memphis which I attend. There is a small Sabbath-school in our neighborhood.

I live on a nice farm, and have many pets. We are all Adventists. I would like to have some of the INSTRUCTOR readers write to me and tell me about their home.

I go to a public school, and am in the sixth grade.

WILLIE PARKER.

RIVERSIDE, CAL., May 5, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a few lines and tell you that I wish to join the Reading Circle for 1906. The books I have selected are, "The Life of Joseph Bates," "In the Heart of the Sierras," "Sabbath Readings for the Home Circle," "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," and "The Coming King."

I am thirteen years old. I am in the sixth grade, and I go to church-school. I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR very much. This is the first time I have ever written to the INSTRUCTOR.

JOSEPH E. HOYT.

CUMBY, TEX., May 1, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS: Sister takes the INSTRUCTOR, and we all like to read it. We are unlike most of the readers; they can attend Sabbath-school. We have no Sabbath-school here. There are no Sabbath-keepers except our own family of ten persons. We read the Bible. There used to be a Sabbath-school here, but all the members moved away. If there were never any more, we would stay with the truth. I am fifteen years old, and like to read. I will join the Reading Circle for 1906, and will read "Desire of Ages," "Christ's Object Lessons," "Bible Readings," and "Great Controversy."

Hoping this will be printed, I will close.

JOHN S. BURK.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VIII—Paul Before the Chief Captain

(August 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 22: 30 and 23.

MEMORY VERSE: "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John 16: 33.

The next day, because the chief captain wished to know why Paul was accused by the Jews, "he loosed him from his bands, and commanded the chief priests and all their council to appear, and brought Paul down, and set him before them.

"And Paul, earnestly beholding the council, said, Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day.

"And the high priest Ananias commanded them that stood by him to smite him on the mouth. Then said Paul unto him, God shall smite thee, thou whited wall: for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law? And they that stood by said, Revilest thou God's high priest?

"Then said Paul, I wist not, brethren, that he was the high priest: for it is written, Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people. But when Paul perceived that the one part were Sadducees, and the other Pharisees, he cried out in the council, Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee: of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question.

"And when he had so said, there arose a dissension between the Pharisees and the Sadducees: and the multitude was divided. For the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel, nor spirit: but the Pharisees confess both.

"And there arose a great cry: and the scribes that were of the Pharisees' part arose, and strove, saying, We find no evil in this man: but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God. And when there arose a great dissension, the chief captain, fearing lest Paul should have been pulled in pieces of them, commanded the soldiers to go down, and to take him by force from among them, and to bring him into the castle.

"And the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome.

"And when it was day, certain of the Jews banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, saying that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. And they were more than forty which had made this conspiracy.

"And they came to the chief priests and elders, and said, We have bound ourselves under a great curse, that we will eat nothing until we have slain Paul. Now therefore ye with the council signify to the chief captain that he bring him down unto you to-morrow, as though ye would inquire something more perfectly concerning him: and we, or ever he come near, are ready to kill him.

"And when Paul's sister's son heard of their lying in wait, he went and entered into the castle, and told Paul. Then Paul called one of the centurions unto him, and said, Bring this young man unto the chief captain: for he hath a certain thing to tell him. So he took him, and brought him to the chief captain, and said, Paul the prisoner called me unto him, and prayed me

to bring this young man unto thee, who hath something to say unto thee.

"Then the chief captain took him by the hand, and went with him aside privately, and asked him, What is that thou hast to tell me? And he said, The Jews have agreed to desire thee that thou wouldst bring down Paul to-morrow into the council, as though they would inquire somewhat of him more perfectly. But do not thou yield unto them: for there lie in wait for him of them more than forty men, which have bound themselves with an oath, that they will neither eat nor drink till they have killed him: and now are they ready, looking for a promise from thee.

"So the chief captain then let the young man depart, and charged him, See thou tell no man that thou hast showed these things to me.

"And he called unto him two centurions, saying, Make ready two hundred soldiers to go to Cæsarea, and horsemen threescore and ten, and spearmen two hundred, at the third hour of the night; and provide them beasts, that they may set Paul on, and bring him safe unto Felix the governor.

"And he wrote a letter after this manner: Claudius Lysias unto the most excellent governor Felix sendeth greeting. This man was taken of the Jews, and should have been killed of them: then came I with an army, and rescued him, having understood that he was a Roman. And when I would have known the cause wherefore they accused him, I brought him forth into their council: whom I perceived to be accused of questions of their law, but to have nothing laid to his charge worthy of death or of bonds. And when it was told me how that the Jews laid wait for the man, I sent straightway to thee, and gave commandment to his accusers also to say before thee what they had against him. Farewell.

"Then the soldiers, as it was commanded them, took Paul, and brought him by night to Antipatris. On the morrow they left the horsemen to go with him, and returned to the castle: who, when they came to Cæsarea, and delivered the epistle to the governor, presented Paul also before him.

"And when the governor had read the letter, he asked of what province he was. And when he understood that he was of Cilicia; I will hear thee, said he, when thine accusers are also come. And he commanded him to be kept in Herod's judgment-hall."

Questions

1. What caused the chief captain some fear? Acts 22: 29. What did he do with Paul the next day? Why?
2. When Paul came into the council, what did he say? What command was given by Ananias? How did Paul reply to this insult?
3. What was said by those who stood by? What did Paul then say?
4. What two classes of Jews did Paul notice in the council? What did he cry out? What was the belief of the Sadducees concerning the resurrection? What doctrine did the Pharisees hold?
5. What confusion now arose? What did the Pharisees advise? As the confusion became greater, what did the chief captain fear? How did he secure Paul's safety?
6. Who visited Paul the following night? What did the Lord say to Paul?
7. What did certain Jews now do? How many were in this conspiracy? How did they plan to get Paul into their hands?
8. How did Paul learn of their plan? To whom did he send the young man? How was Paul's nephew received by the chief captain?
9. When they were alone, what did the young man tell the chief captain? With what command did the chief captain send him away?
10. What order did the chief captain now give? To whom did he send Paul?
11. To whom did the chief captain send a letter telling about Paul? Who had taken Paul

prisoner? How had the chief captain rescued him?

12. Before whom had he brought Paul? What did he think of their charges against him? Why had he sent his prisoner to Felix?

13. Tell the story of Paul's journey to Cæsarea. When Felix had read the letter, what did he ask? What did he say he would do? Where did he order Paul to be put?

14. Repeat the Memory Verse. What is "tribulation"? Did Paul know what it meant? Do you think he was of good cheer? Why?

If every thought that e'er was wrought
Into an action wrong,
Was left unthought, was left unwrought,
Our life would be one song.

If all we knew was right to do,
Was done because 'twas right,
This world of sin Christ came to win,
Would be a world of light.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VIII—The Fruits of the Spirit—Love and Joy

(August 25)

MEMORY VERSE: "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." 1 John 4: 11.

Questions

1. What is the character of God? 1 John 4: 8.
2. Then what fruit will be found in the life of every Christian connected with God? 1 John 4: 12.
3. By what agency is love planted in the heart? Rom. 5: 5.
4. What may all men know when they see evidences of the love of God in the heart? John 13: 35.
5. What may we know concerning ourselves? 1 John 3: 14; note 1.
6. With the love of God in the heart, what will be our attitude toward those who despitefully use us? Matt. 5: 44.
7. What is the next fruit of the Spirit?
8. Is this fruit destroyed by ill-treatment? Matt. 5: 11, 12.
9. Give an example illustrating this. Acts 5: 41.
10. What is the Christian's privilege in times of affliction and necessity? 2 Cor. 12: 9, 10.
11. What is one cause for joy in heaven? Luke 15: 10.
12. What experience will the conversion of a sinner bring to us? Phil. 4: 1.
13. What are we encouraged to do always? Phil. 4: 4.
14. For what did the apostle Paul pray? Rom. 15: 13; note 2.

Notes

1. Many are in perplexity as to whether they are in a saved condition, whether or not they have passed from death unto life. They need not be. Here is a test by which each can determine for himself his standing before the Lord. If we love the brethren, not *some* of them simply, but *all* of them, our name stands recorded in the book of life. But if hatred fills our hearts against some one, we are not written among the living.
2. If we do represent Christ, we shall make his service appear attractive, as it really is. Christians who gather up gloom and sadness to their souls, and murmur and complain, are giving to others a false representation of God and the Christian life. They give the impression that God is not pleased to have his children happy, and in this they bear false witness against our Heavenly Father.—"Steps to Christ," page 147.



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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.

Save the Boys is a monthly periodical devoted to the work of saving boys from the terrible tobacco habit. Its subscription price is forty cents a year, and is published in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Saving the boys from this soul-destroying habit, may be the first step in saving the man to the truth of God in later years.

IN response to inquiries made by readers of the INSTRUCTOR, effort has been made to obtain the address of Mr. George P. Way, the inventor of a tympanum for aiding the deaf to hear, but without success. Though the "commissioner of patents" has been written to, no information could be obtained.

ARE you using *The Family Bible Teacher* in your missionary work? This series of readings is an excellent aid to those desiring to gain opportunities for studying the Bible with the people. Ministers use them for distribution at the close of sermons, and they are excellent for mailing to those you wish to interest and instruct on points of truth. The set of twenty-eight readings can be secured for ten cents of the Southern Publishing Association, Nashville, Tennessee.

ALREADY there have been received the names of six persons who have made every article described in "Work for Little Fingers." Those who have fallen out by the way—if there are any such—will regret doing so, I know; for there is a knowledge, a strength of character, a delightful feeling, that those miss who do not stick to things worth doing until they are accomplished. The names received will be retained until the list lengthens.

PROF. C. C. LEWIS, of Union College, Nebraska, has written a very interesting and instructive lecture on the "Advantages of a College Education." This address is attractively printed in pamphlet form, and the proceeds of its sale are devoted to educational enterprises, beginning with the purchase of equipment for physical culture at Union College. The price of the address is ten cents. Any amount above that sum will not be refused. Send all orders to the Union College Press, College View, Neb.

MR. SPURGEON once related the following incident: A minister passed by a window where a mother was holding a little baby. He smiled at the baby, and the baby smiled at him. Another time he passed, and the baby was there again, and once more he smiled. Soon the baby was taken often to the window at the hour when the minister usually passed. They did not know who the gentleman was, but one day two of the older children followed to see where he went to church. They followed him into the church, and

being interested in the sermon, they told their father and mother about the discourse. They, too, became interested enough in their baby's friend to want to go. The whole family, who had previously neglected the worship of God, were brought to the Saviour—by a smile.

Life's Morning

STANDING in life's morning golden,
Where the sun shines bright,
Mourn thou not for joys withholden—
Soon doth fall the night.
Sing sweet songs in joyous measure
Lonely hearts to cheer;
Oftimes, then, will gladsome Pleasure
To thy soul draw near.

Leave thy longing and thy sighing;
Banish ev'ry fear,
Stifle down thy soul's dull crying—
Earth hath need of cheer.
Ever upward, ever onward,
Through the golden light;
Bear aloft truth's shining standard
Till doth fall the night.

FRED SANTEE.

The Burning of the Pacific Press

ON Sabbath morning of July 21, the news of the burning of the Pacific Press building at Mountain View, California, was flashed across the wires to the East. This calamity following so close upon the disaster that came to the building because of the earthquake shock, seems especially sad. The loss was estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, less than one half of which is covered by insurance.

After much thought and prayer, it has been decided to rebuild at Mountain View. In the meantime the *Signs* and *Little Friend* will be printed at San Jose; some of the book work will be done at Chicago, St. Louis, or some of the Eastern cities, and the Review and Herald will print some of the school-books that are wanted for the church-schools in the autumn, and also fill orders for some of the larger books.

The vault containing the plates for "Desire of Ages" and other works, collapsed as the result of the fire, and it is feared that injury has been done the plates; but as they were secured in heavy boxes, it is hoped that many at least escaped injury. A part of the list of subscribers to the *Signs* and *Little Friend* was preserved.

The work of God is a unit, the various institutions are but parts of one great whole; so when one suffers, all suffer.



"A LEARNED scientist has declared that to produce from the vapor of water a quantity of snowflakes which a child could carry, would demand energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the most extensive stone avalanche of the Alps, and pitch them twice the height from which they fell."

"THE British empire has sixty-five legislative bodies. In 1903 they passed about one thousand nine hundred acts and ordinances. The State legislatures of the United States in that year enacted more than fourteen thousand laws and resolutions, of which more than five thousand four hundred were general, and the remainder were local or private."

SHORT skirts are likely to be the popular costume in Nordhausen, Germany. The board of health has recommended the imposition of a fine of thirty marks, or imprisonment for one week,

for wearing dresses with trains on the street. The dragging of the bottom of the skirt through the dust and dirt of the street is characterized as "a menace to the well-being of the community."

"It has been estimated by good authority that the combustion of a single pound of coal, supposing it to take place in a minute, is equivalent to the work of three hundred horses; and the force set free in the burning of three hundred pounds of coal is equivalent to the work of an able-bodied man for a lifetime."

"ASBESTOS stockings are now being manufactured for use by workmen in boiler rooms and foundries. In these and other situations the floor often becomes uncomfortably hot, though not hot enough to burn through the soles of shoes. The workmen in these positions suffer tortures from their feet, and it is declared that the non-conducting properties of asbestos enable them to withstand higher temperatures with absolute comfort."

"THE enormous salt deposit in Kansas, beginning in Ellsworth and Saline Counties, extends south through the counties of Rice, McPherson, Sedgwick, Harper, and Sumner. Salt wells are found outside of this district, but it is believed that their water is made salt by coming in contact with the salt bed within the counties named. A few years ago it was estimated that Kansas had twenty trillion barrels of salt, and alone could supply the demand of the United States for more than a million years. The largest salt plant in the world is in Hutchinson, Kansas."

"PERSONS who travel are aware that the cake of soap for promiscuous use has been growing less common in the wash-rooms of hotels, and in New York and some other large cities has almost disappeared. Devices by which a small portion of pulverized or liquid soap is deposited in the hand have largely superseded the cake of soap. The reason is the readiness with which soap receives and retains the germs of disease. Physicians who tested cakes of soap from various New York hotels found filth and disease bacteria in nearly every sample—in those from the highest-priced and most fashionable hotels, as well as those from the cheaper ones."

Question Corner

What fishes build nests?

The sticklebacks. The species of stickleback are all natives of fresh water, with one or two exceptions. They are found in the Ottawa River, while the marine species have lately been discovered among the weeds of the Sargasso Sea.

What is the meaning of "amethyst"?

"A preservative from intoxication;" and this name was given it from a belief of the ancient Persians, that wine drunk from goblets made of this mineral lost its inebriating properties.

Who first proposed a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama?

Samuel Champlain, the founder of Quebec and discoverer of the lake bearing his name.

How did the buttercup get its name?

From the old supposition that it would increase the butter of milk. No doubt those cows give the best milk that pasture in fields where buttercups abound, not because these flowers produce butter,—for cows do not relish them,—but because they grow on sound, dry pastures, which afford the best food.

What is an anagram?

Anagrams are formed by the transposition of the letters of a word or sentence; as army from Mary, mite and time from emit. To the question put by Pilate to the Saviour: "Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?) is the answer in the remarkable anagram, "Est vir qui adest" (The man who is here). The French introduced the art as now practised about the year 1560.