

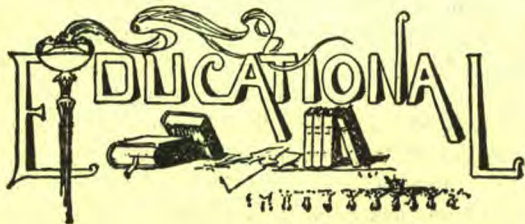
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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A Wish

Do you wish the world were better? Let me tell you what to do:
Set a watch upon your actions, keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives, let your thoughts be clean and high.
You can make a little Eden of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser? Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom in the scrap-book of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly; live to learn and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge, you must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy? Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness as you pass along the way;
For the pleasure of the many may be oftentimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn shelters armies from the sun.

— Selected.

Philippine Islands

MANILA, being the capital of the Philippines, is worthy of a little consideration. It is located on the east shore of the Bay of Manila, in the



A SCENE NEAR MANILA

western part of Luzon, the largest island of the group. Its population is about two hundred twenty thousand. It is located on a low, flat land, which gives poor drainage. Until American occupation the city was indescribably filthy, it never occurring to any one, seemingly, that it was necessary to keep things clean. But in the past few years great changes for the better have been made. The American government is spending vast sums in improving the condition of things, both in the city and in the country.

Manila has been the capital of the archipelago for the past three hundred and thirty-five years. From the time of the discovery of the group it was nearly fifty years before anything was known of Manila by the Spaniards. In 1571 Legaspi transferred his government from Cuba to Manila, declared it to be the capital of the Philippine Islands, and proclaimed the sovereignty of Spain over the entire archipelago. At that time the city was governed by two princes bearing the Malay title of rajah, and was a city of considerable size. Legaspi also began the building of the walls of the city, which, however, were not finished till 1590. These walls still stand, apparently as strong as ever.

At one time it was decided by the American government to break down these walls, and the work was even begun; but finally, on account of the opposition of some because of the historical associations, the work ceased. The moat outside of the walls, however, has been filled up, and in time the space occupied by it will be made a public park and promenade. This will add much to the beauty of the place. Everything pertaining to the walls and the city has a distinctively Spanish and medieval appearance. There are immense gateways, the drawbridges, and the sally-ports; for it must be remembered that this city had to be in constant preparation for attacks, first from Chinese and Moro pirates, as well as from Portuguese and Dutch enemies.

The view to the westward from the walls at sunset is very fine. The sun as it sinks into the bay burnishes the sea and sky with great bands of gorgeous color, and forms a picture never to be forgotten.

Manila in its restricted sense implies the part known as the Intramuros, or the Walled City, which is probably less than half a mile square.

The streets are all quite narrow, and the houses are built contiguous to the street, there being no front yards. On account of the danger of invasion from their enemies, the walls of the buildings are all very thick, with heavy iron bars to the windows. They resemble forts more than homes. The prevailing style of architecture is that of the Spanish-Moorish. In order to withstand the typhoons to which they are periodically subjected, the houses are built low, and on account of the numerous earthquakes, they are solidly constructed. The roofs are usually covered with heavy and picturesque tiles, but corrugated iron is being substituted for them to some extent.



PALM DRIVEWAY, MANILA

In the houses of the better classes a portion of the lower floor is used as a stable and carriage house. In the interior of the houses are small open courts, called *patios*, into which all the rooms open. By this means space was economized, and everything made snug and compact in case of an attack.

E. H. GATES.

Sacrilegious Singing

I COULD not distinguish the words. It was a strong girlish voice that (I put it advisedly) was accompanying the piano; but somehow, perhaps because the piano helped it, the tune seemed to envelop the words as a stage-coach its passengers, and only now and then could a verbal head be caught bobbing at the windows. The tune was effective, I admit it; and yet anything that may be called a *tune* has always seemed to me to have an inherent connection with thought expressed in words. So, naturally enough, I sought to fit to that tune appropriate words, much as one instinctively turns the robin's morning greeting into an English cheerily-cheer-up message. And this is what the tune told me the words were:—

"I am waiting for you, Biddy, with a grin upon my face,

Such a sickly, sentimental, silly gri-i-in,
And I'll show to you a vision of the height of manly grace,
If you'll open wide the door and let me i-i-in.

"When the do-o-o—"

(Tenor: "When the door is opened wider, I'll come in.")

I had little interest in the sentiment, but when I saw that the song came from a "Winnowed Wheat" or "Sacred Garner" hymn-book, I asked for the number; and—though doubtless you'll not believe it—I found that tune was composed for words supposed to express a sentiment similar to that of Rusling's beautiful hymn:—

"Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee;
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon-light hangs out for thee.
Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone."

I had as much quarrel with the words as with the tune. There is a legitimate analogy between human warfare and the struggles of the Christian, and military phraseology may even be borrowed to make the figure vivid; but it is a far call from St. Paul's "Put on the whole armor of God," to words that in sentiment and expression imitate closely the "barrack room ballads." Yet to the young people in the family circle and the Sabbath-school, and sometimes even in the church, there seems to be a fascination in these trivial, insipid songs, with their catchy tunes,—a fascination which, it must be believed, has a close connection with that love of light reading which these same young people have been taught to shun.

What is there in these songs of the sensational evangelist that makes them able to catch so easily the attention and the approval of the church singer? As a partial answer, let me suggest that, first, the light, rapidly shifting rhythm permits less easily the dragging, droning movement so popular with congregations; secondly, the habit of thinking not at all of what one is singing makes it of no moment what words are being uttered, and the mind is not alert to detect error or nonsense in the song.

To youth who prefer to sing the popular airs of the day, the street songs and the dance-hall ditties, I have nothing to say just now. They do not make a majority of our young people. But there seems to be a sadly great majority to whom the old soul-stirring hymns of our fathers are unknown, or willingly neglected for compositions that, in spirit if not technically, are rag time and doggerel.

I have already suggested that a common fault lies in not thinking of the words one is singing. There is a sensuous pleasure in the rhythmic swing of the tune, and the mind is at once delivered up to it: words are pronounced only because that is the white man's custom. It may be a profitable exercise for the reader to take some of the beautiful hymns of the master writers and endeavor to find and put in few words the sentiment they express; then to turn, for instance, to some of the gospel hymns and match, as nearly as may be, those of similar sentiment with the former. Be observant of two things: (1) the nature of the thoughts and feelings expressed, and (2) the mode of expression, whether simple and beautiful, or involved or crude. While among the more recent hymns will be found many beautiful compositions, yet the thoughtful and judicious student can not fail to notice a marked inferiority, in sentiment and expression, in those which have popularly taken the place of the old favorites. The association of tune with hymn plays a not unimportant part in fixing the judgment, and both together are needed for a decision.

But stay to call fully to mind some of the hymns you remember sometime to have stirred you deep down in your unknown heart. The Spirit was in those hymns. Was it that night when you were drawing near the little meeting-house, and joking with the fellows, in that covert, sneak-branded way, about the funny appearance of Brother Brown—was it *then* you heard for the first time the solemn warning of that hymn you had always known?—

"My soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies."

And then, as you sat in the back seat, with the devil's courage all gone out of you, there came the pleading—

"Return, O wanderer, return
And seek thy Father's face."

And then, when the load of sin came down with its crushing power, how welcome the glad word,—

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea,"

until you were ready to join in Wesley's pleading hymn:—

"Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone."

And with the great rush of joy that no other can understand, you joined in the swelling chorus:—

"Chief of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me."

It was not long after that you were singing, with the tumultuous rapture of the spiritual newborn,—

"Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,"
and in the quiet of the reaction,—

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger;
For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
And soon we'll all pass over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover."

Would you now like to compare some of the soul hymns with some of the sense hymns? To what rag-time melody will you apply for a fit companion to "Blest be the tie that binds," "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," "From every stormy wind that blows"?—

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,"

"O happy day! that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God"—

would you fit their competitor to a tune that dodges along like this?—



Set these over against each other for comparison of literary and musical values:—

"Holy Spirit, light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day."

"The Comforter has come!
The Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from heaven,
The Father's promise given;
O, spread the tidings round,
Wherever man is found,—
The Comforter has come!"

"In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?"

"I'm abiding in the Lord,
(I'm abiding in the Lord,
I'm abiding in the Lord)
And confiding in his word."
(Ditto, ditto, with a snare-drum effect.)

"One precious boon, O Lord, I seek,
While tossed upon life's billowy sea;
To hear a voice within me speak,
'Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee.'"

"Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
Through eternal ages let his praises ring,
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God."
(With the same sort of snare-drum chorus.)

Is there such a thing as "sacrilegious singing"? Let it be admitted at once that the spirit in which anything is sung is more important than the matter, and that it is far better for one to sing a miserable song in a spirit of devotion than for one to chant an orison with the spirit of an infidel; nevertheless, may not the sincere Christian improve in the intellectual as well as in the devotional character of his singing?

"Well," says an objecting brother, "if I always felt solemn, I might subscribe to that doctrine, and be willing always to sing the long-meter, slow-swinging doxologies; but I don't. Sometimes I feel joyous and full of life, and then I want a livelier tune. And when Paul says we should sing not only psalms and hymns, but spiritual songs, I think he means what he says." And what he means you think is to embrace in that list the metrified psalms of the Bible, the slow-time hymns found in the church service department, and last and most important, the pretty, lively tunes (never mind the words!) that almost swirl you away into a mazy dance. Please think if "spiritual songs" may not mean something else. If you will study the psalms and songs of joy that you will find in the Bible (some of them written for, and sung on, occasions of almost delirious joy), you will find no rubbish of thought and no nonsense of expression.

And yet, as songs are generally sung in most of our churches and Sabbath-schools, I admit that it is easy to long for the privilege of putting in a few grace notes while tarrying for the loiterers. So then, to take up the first of my causes last: failure to keep time in singing may be the unrecognized reason for many a young person's dislike of the hymns and preference for the ditties. Nearly all congregational singing is dragged, and some good people are even shocked at hearing "Rock of Ages" and "There is a Fountain" sung in time. But when common time is sung as such a monstrosity as 4-1, it is little wonder that young people have a desire to sing something "to liven things up." Or, again, to turn to the other side, when "The Lily of the Valley" (deliciously set to the rollicking tune of "De Little ole Log Cabin in de Lane") is sung like "Old Hundred," there is little reason to wonder that those same singers find "Nearer, my God, to thee," and "Jesus, Lover of my soul," "poky" and "old-fashioned." If every soul would feel the fire of divine energy in his singing, there would be life injected which would burn out the hay and stubble that the sensational and commercial hymn makers have cast into the field of sacred singing. To effect a reform a musical education is of great value, but not of nearly so much value as a conversion of soul.

It is not long until we shall sing with the angels: let us not now sing what for insipidity or wantonness will drive them away. Let us strive to gain clearer, nicer judgments and happier, freer voices with which to praise the Lord.

A. W. SPAULDING.

The Living Boat and Its Passengers

A MAN, a great many years ago, was chosen of the Lord to be a missionary for him. He was to go to Nineveh from Gath-hepher, a town of the tribe of Zebulun in the northern part of Palestine. The Ninevites were the enemies of his people, and the man feared that if he went and warned them of impending destruction, they would repent and be saved. Doubtless he thought them unworthy; at least he did not want to predict the punishment and then not have his word fulfilled, even though God forgave their sins, and so he fled to the seaport town of Joppa, found a ship that was bound presumably for the British Isles, paid his fare and went on board, stubbornly determined to do nothing toward the salvation of the wicked Assyrians. But a mighty tempest arose, and so beat against the ship that it was

liable to be broken to pieces; and the sailors, learning the cause, tossed him at his own request into the sea. He was in the hands of God, and must go to Nineveh with God's warning message. He was not to drown, for the strangest of boats—a great fish—had been prepared for his reception, and in this, securely housed from all danger, he was to ride until near the place of his destination.

The living boat, with its now contrite and repentant passenger, sailed past Suez, through the Red Sea, around Arabia, up the Persian Gulf, and into the higher waters of the Tigris. Three days and three nights had been consumed in the journey, and all the while, with soul fainting within him, Jonah had been crying unto the Lord, ready to sacrifice unto him with thanksgiving and to pay the vows that he had made. Cast upon the land, the word of the Lord came to him the second time to "go . . . to Nineveh, . . . and preach;" and he went, gave the required warning, and the people heard, turned from their evil ways, and were spared.

The story, wonderful as it is, is a true one; for the Saviour himself attests its truth by saying, "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

Other men have taken similar, though shorter, rides in the same kind of boat, and have come out alive; yet wicked men sneer at the story of Jonah and the fish, and talk as if such a thing were impossible, not knowing that "sharks, sea-dogs, and sperm-whales can swallow men fully dressed and leave their clothing untorn, and even horses, and sea-calves as large as an ox." I take the following items from *Salvation*, May, 1903:—

The Literary Digest a few years ago gave the experience of a man which was almost as wonderful as that of Jonah. Two whale-boats were chasing a whale, and had succeeded in harpooning it; but one of them, coming too close to the great monster, was struck, broken to pieces, and its crew was thrown into the sea. All these were saved except two, and of them one was afterward drawn in, dead, but the other could not be found.

The next day the whale was opened, and there the man was, "still alive, but unconscious!" He was brought to, and "wrote out his story himself," though he had been in the stomach of the whale twenty-four hours after his comrades had begun cutting the animal to pieces. The man's name was James Bartley.

A similar story, vouched for by the editors, was told about five years ago in the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago; and Courbet in *Cosmos*, making report for a scientific expedition, and M. Joubin, in *Academy of Sciences*, both acknowledge that "there is no difficulty in believing the Bible story that a whale swallowed Jonah," the latter saying that "a sperm-whale can easily swallow an animal taller and heavier than a man," and that "the animals, when swallowed, can keep alive some time in the whale's stomach."

So if men doubt the stories of the Holy Book, it is only because of their ignorance and the rebellious desire of their hearts to overturn the authority of that Book and of Him who gave it to the children of men. How futile are their efforts! The Bible and its stories will stand forever.

ROXANA S. WINCE.

The Truth Going to the Jews

BEFORE the Saviour comes, this message must go to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, and, of course, this includes the Jews. It has been thought for a long time that the Jewish people were a hard class to reach with the gospel. In a measure this is true, but a large share of the difficulty has been with the so-called Christian people who have not believed the Bible, neither the Old Testament nor the New.

In one of our large Western cities some time ago there were many Jewish people in an assembly where there had been some discussion on the subject of the Christian religion. A certain man who was quite prominent in Christian work had said much about the Jews' not receiving the gospel. Finally these Jewish workers challenged this man and other so-called Christian workers to believe their own Bible, the New Testament. They were not asked to accept the Old Testament, but the New. And if the so-called Christian, who claims in a special sense that the New Testament is the Bible of the Christian, does not believe it himself, how can he expect the Jew will accept it? But, thank God, the New Testament is true, and there is a people to-day who believe it, and therefore are in a position to give it to the Jew.

The Jews themselves see the difference; and when we talk with them, and they understand our position, they are led not only to wonder, but to do some serious thinking. Some time ago one of our Bible workers called at a Jewish house. She found there a Jewish woman from New York. Being acquainted with the lady of the house, she was introduced to this friend from New York as a Christian who observed the seventh day. The Bible worker immediately added, "And I do not eat swine-flesh either." Instantly the lady from New York, a cultured woman, rose to her feet, hastened across the room, and threw her arms around the neck of this sister, and said, "Can it be there are people who believe in Christ, yet observe the laws of the Bible that God gave to the Jews?" She was not only ready to read, but to do anything she could to learn the religion of such a people.

A few days ago, a young man said to me, "We Jewish young men have no religion. The synagogue has nothing for us, and there is no religion anywhere else. What can we do?" The result is they go into socialism, nihilism, and anarchy. But, thank the Lord, there is a religion for the Jew, and that is the truth of the blessed gospel. I asked him if he would read some literature if I gave it to him, and he gladly received some tracts and a New Testament. He told me a short time afterward that he had read some in the book, and liked it, and would come to the mission to hear more.

One young man who came to the mission simply to learn to read English became impressed that he needed to know about the future life. He asked if he could come one day especially to learn about the Bible. In a little over one year there have been distributed among the Jews four million and sixty thousand pages of one Jewish tract. Another has been issued, and already a half-million pages of this one have been printed. A little Jewish girl who has been coming to the home of one of our people has repeatedly asked for more tracts, as she gives them to different persons who want them for their friends.

We have a number of bright, interesting, intelligent persons who come to the mission to learn English. Scarcely an evening passes but that from one to four Bible readings are held with them. One evening an intelligent young man was reading for his lesson part of the eighth of John. He came to the place where it said that Abraham knew Christ, and that Christ was before Abraham. He challenged the statement immediately. A Bible reading was held at once, and before he left that night, he admitted that it was true, and he was almost persuaded to believe that Jesus was the Messiah. Since then he has kept coming, and has asked if we had not a room at the mission which he could hire so that he could learn more about the truth.

Our nurse and workers have from fifteen to twenty cases a week where they are helping the sick, and some days the doctor has as many as six or eight patients. Dr. Prince, of South Lancaster, Massachusetts, gives us his services

gratuitously for a half day each week. The sanitarium at Melrose gives us a nurse all the time, and when a physician also is needed, we are free to call upon the institution. The work is growing rapidly, so much so that we need a physician all the time, also a lady and gentleman nurse. The Jews are beginning to feel that there are some persons in the world who really do not hate the Jews, and that there is a people who really believe the Bible. There is a mighty drawing power in this truth.

During the spring and summer we have had from forty to fifty girls in our sewing school; and how good it is to hear them sing the songs of the gospel! We expect to give them an outing in a few days. We hope the young people will pray for this work. We hope that they will get some Jewish tracts and give them to their friends and neighbors, for almost any Jew will read them if he knows you believe the Bible and do not eat swine-flesh. These two things are very prominent to the Jew. There are other ways also that you can help, which no doubt will be mentioned in this paper soon. (See page 6.)

Think of the millions of poor Jews, the boys and the girls who do not know anything about this blessed truth now, but whose ancestors were the repositories of it all. May God help us to pray for them, and to do what we can to help give the truth to God's once chosen people.

F. C. GILBERT.

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Jerome

JEROME was born about the year 1365. After spending several years at the University of Prague he continued his studies at the leading universities of Germany, France, and England. At Oxford he became acquainted with Wycliffe's writings, and studied them with great enthusiasm. He translated them into the Bohemian language.

After Jerome's return to Bohemia he joined Huss in his work of reform, and continued with him as long as he lived. When the news of the imprisonment of Huss reached Jerome, he hastened to his aid. On arriving at Constance he found that he could be of no assistance, and had only imperiled his own life. He therefore fled from the city, but was captured and brought back loaded with chains. He appeared before the council, where he was sentenced to be burned at the stake. He was first chained in a dungeon in a position which caused much suffering, and was fed on bread and water for a year.

This severe treatment brought upon him an illness which threatened his life. After a while he was again brought before the council and was urged to recant. Weakened by illness and discouraged, his fortitude gave way, and he consented to submit to the council.

The loathsome dungeon and his former suffering were not to be compared with the mental agony which he now suffered. He could not endure the pangs of remorse, so he renounced his recantations, and was again sentenced to be burned.

He was led out to the same spot where Huss had yielded up his life. He sang as he went, his face lighted up with joy and peace. His last words were a prayer. When the fire had done its work, the ashes of the martyr were gathered up, and, like those of Huss, were thrown into the Rhine.

CELIA C. TICHENOR.

Movement against Americans in Mexico

MANY Americans have left Mexico, where it is expected that Americans will be in danger on or before September 16, the date said to have been chosen for an attack upon them. Train-loads of these refugees are passing through El Paso. In the large cities of northern Mexico circulars warning all foreigners to leave the country have

been posted and distributed. The text of these circulars is as follows:—

"We desire Mexico for Mexicans, and warn all foreigners that if they do not leave the country by the sixteenth of September, they will be driven into the sea. Our nation, hitherto independent, is being made the servant of foreign capital. We are on the borders of an abyss, and a great catastrophe menaces us unless we force all foreigners out of the country, and give our own people a chance."

The movement is strongest in the northern States, especially in Chihuahua and Sonora, where the influence of Americans and American capital is said to have led some natives to fear that this part of their country will follow Texas. One of a party of fifty American refugees passing through New Orleans last week explained that the men had come away reluctantly, having yielded to the entreaties of their wives, who had discovered that their Mexican servants were heartily in sympathy with the anti-American movement. As the army had been recruited from the lower classes, who had been misled by agitators and agents of revolutionary societies, he felt that it could not be relied upon for protection. President Diaz tells American residents that they will be protected. Many Americans have come from outlying parts of the country to the capital for safety.—*The Independent*.

The Ideal Man

Who is the ideal man? Is it he whose form
Is perfect as a god's? or he whose eye
Glow with the fires of dauntless courage high
As he meets the shock of battle or the storm?
Is it he round whom his hired attendants swarm?
He who builds empires? He whose thoughts
Can pry
Into the hidden things of earth and sky?
'Tis rather he whose heart is true and warm,
Who in friendship, life, and faith, is simple,
pure,
And master of himself where'er he be,
Strong to resist and patient to endure.
Ah, whether king or laborer, bond or free,
If such a one you find, you may be sure
That among the men of earth, the best is he.

EUGENE ROWELL.

"Strait Is the Gate, and Narrow Is the Way, Which Leadeth unto Life"

IN the time of Christ the people of Palestine lived in walled towns, which were mostly situated upon hills or mountains. The gates, which were closed at sunset, were approached by steep, rocky roads, and the traveler, journeying homeward at the close of the day, often had to press his way in eager haste up the difficult ascent, in order to reach the gate before nightfall. The loiterer was left without.



The narrow, upward road, leading to home and rest, furnished Jesus with an impressive figure of the Christian way. The path which I have set before you, he said, is narrow; the gate is difficult of entrance; for the golden rule strikes at the root of pride and self-seeking. There is, indeed, a wider road; but its end is destruction. If you would climb the path of spiritual life, you must constantly ascend; for it is an upward way. You must go with the few; for the multitude will choose the downward path.

In the road to death the whole race may go, with all their worldliness, all their selfishness, all their pride, dishonesty, and moral debasement. There is room for every man's opinions and doctrines, space to follow his inclinations, to do whatever his self-love may dictate. In order to go in the path that leads to destruction, there is no need of searching for the way; for the gate is wide, and the way is broad, and the feet naturally turn in the path that ends in death.

But the way to life is narrow, and the entrance strait. If you cling to any besetting sin, you will find the way too narrow for you to enter. Your own ways, your own will, your evil habits and practises, must be given up if you would keep the way of the Lord. He who would serve Christ can not follow the world's opinions or meet the world's standard. Heaven's path is too narrow for rank and riches to ride in state, too narrow for the play of self-centered ambition, too steep and rugged for lovers of ease to climb. Toil, patience, self-sacrifice, reproach, poverty, the contradiction of sinners against himself, was the portion of Christ, and it must be our portion if we ever enter the paradise of God.

Yet do not therefore conclude that the upward path is the hard, and the downward road the easy way. All along the road that leads to death there are pains and penalties, there are sorrows and disappointments; there are warnings not to go on. God's love has made it hard for the heedless and headstrong to destroy themselves. It is true that Satan's path is made to appear attractive, but it is all a deception; in the way of evil there are bitter remorse and cankering care. We may think it pleasant to follow pride and worldly ambition; but the end is pain and sorrow. Selfish plans may present flattering promises, and hold out the hope of enjoyment; but we shall find that our happiness is poisoned, and our life embittered, by hopes that center in self. In the downward road the gateway may be bright with flowers, but thorns are in the path. The light of hope which shines from its entrance, fades into the darkness of despair; and the soul who follows that path descends into the shadows of unending night.

"The way of transgressors is hard;" but wisdom's ways "are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Every act of obedience to Christ, every act of self-denial for his sake, every trial well endured, every victory gained over temptation, is a step in the march to the glory of final victory. If we take Christ for our guide, he will lead us safely. The veriest sinner need not miss his way; not one trembling seeker need fail of walking in pure and holy light. Though the path is so narrow, so holy, that sin can not be tolerated therein, yet access has been secured for all, and not one doubting, trembling soul need say, "God cares naught for me."

The road may be rough, and the ascent steep; there may be pitfalls upon the right hand and upon the left; we may have to endure toil in our journey; when weary, when longing for rest, we may have to toil on; when faint, we may have to fight; when discouraged, we must still hope; but with Christ as our guide we shall not fail of reaching the desired haven at last. Christ himself has trodden the rough way before us, and has smoothed the path for our feet.

And all the way up the steep road leading to eternal life are well-springs of joy to refresh the weary. Those who walk in wisdom's ways are, even in tribulation, exceeding joyful. For He whom their soul loveth walks invisible beside them. At each upward step they discern more distinctly the touch of his hand; at every step, brighter gleamings of glory from the unseen fall upon their path; and their songs of praise, reaching ever a higher note, ascend to join the songs of angels before the throne.—*Mrs. E. G. White.*



Report of Young People's Work at Gentry, Arkansas

We organized our Society on the tenth of February, 1906, with a membership of thirty-two. Since that time several of our young people have left, but we still have a membership of twenty-eight. Each member is much interested in the work; two are endeavoring to help spread the third angel's message. We generally use the lessons in the INSTRUCTOR; but sometimes we have a Bible reading in connection with our study, which we find to be very important.

Our Society has written fifteen missionary letters, received seven, given away one hundred and seventy pages of tracts and one hundred papers. We are also taking a club of five of the *Watchman*, which is sent direct from the tract society to persons to whom we have written. We have also decided to have a free library in our church.

We have not done very much for the Lord in the past, but have resolved to do more in the future. We see that there is a great work to be done; and we want to have a part in this closing message, so that when Jesus comes, we may each hear the words spoken by our Saviour: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

ROSS McLAUGHLIN, *Leader*,
CORA GOUGE, *Secretary*.

Report from Kansas City, Kansas

We feel thankful that we can have a part in this great closing work. Although our young people's meeting is small, the interest is good.

We are using "Steps to Christ," and it is certainly very interesting to note with what enthusiasm the children are taking hold of the work. And I am very thankful to report that as a result of our work among the young people, one has accepted Christ, and has been baptized; and others show that their hearts have been touched, and I feel sure that still others will soon take their stand for Christ.

The children, though small, have a desire to spread this message, and they are doing all they know how to do. We send a report of the work done:—

| | |
|--|------|
| Missionary letters written | 8 |
| Missionary letters received | 4 |
| Missionary visits | 136 |
| Bible readings | 20 |
| Papers sold | 16 |
| Papers mailed or given away | 33 |
| Books sold | 1 |
| Books loaned | 5 |
| Papers or tracts given away | 35 |
| Hours of Christian Help work | 79 |
| Persons supplied with clothing | 4 |
| Offerings for home missionary work | \$75 |

I enjoy the work among the young people, and regret to state that I shall have to leave these dear ones whom I have learned to love; but we have accepted a call to the great Southern field, where the harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few; and I shall begin work among the young people, and shall pray that some dear soul may take hold of the work here, and carry it on successfully, and that many sheaves will be gathered for the heavenly garner.

MRS. FANNIE SCOTT.



Little "But Then"

HAVE you ever read the story of little "But then"? Her real name was Annie, but they called her little "But then," and I will tell you why. Her face was like a sunbeam, and she was always looking for every bit of good she could find in everybody and everything. When Freddie came home and told in a ridiculous way the story of the new boy's first day at school, and how odd he looked in his brother's outgrown coat and trousers, little Annie began with her most earnest air, "Yes, but then I didn't hear him say one naughty word all day, and he helped poor little Kelly out of the mud when he fell down."

"That's just the way with you, little 'But then,'" laughed Freddie. But he always loved Annie more than ever after such a speech as that, he couldn't help it.

When the day for the picnic which Annie and Fred had planned, dawned gray and cold, Freddie puckered his mouth ready to complain, but Annie soon snatched away all the frowns. "I know it's going to rain, Freddie, but then you know we can cut those paper chains and hang them all over the attic, and eat our picnic dinner up there. And it'll be nearly as nice as in the woods" (with an extra emphasis on the "nearly").

"All right, little 'But then,'" said Freddie, cheering up. A play with little "But then," in the attic was almost as good as a picnic any day.

When she fell and broke her arm and had to have it bandaged for many days, she said over and over to her friends as they sympathized with her, "Yes, it hurts, but then it could be worse, you know."

All the other children made fun of poor old Mosey Crosby, but not so little "But then." "Of course I know he's queer," she said, "but then he has no one to love or care for him, and it makes him cross to have the boys tease him. I took him some flowers, and I wish you could have seen him smile and thank me over and over for them."

And so it was by always trying to see the good and cheerful side of life that Annie came to be called little "But then." Would it not be worth while owning such a name if it stood for a sunny disposition like hers that always smiled at discouragements and tried to find the good and lovely in everybody?—*Our Boys and Girls.*

President Roosevelt and the Kittens

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Mr. Root, the secretary of war, were returning from a horseback ride, when something occurred to throw a new light on the character of the famous President. They heard sharp cries of distress near by.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Root.

"Kittens, I think," replied the President, turn-

ing his horse round; "and they seem to be in distress." Then he began an investigation, and discovered that the melancholy chorus issued from the open basin of a drain.

The President beckoned to two urchins who, from an awed distance, were watching the performance.

"Will one of you boys crawl into the opening while the other holds his legs?" President Roosevelt asked.

Sport like that, with the greatest personage in the United States as umpire, could reasonably come only once in a lifetime, and the boys grasped the opportunity.

"That's it!" exclaimed the President. "Now, what do you find there?"

"Cats in a bag," called out the boy, with his head in the drain. The other boy sturdily clung to his companion's legs. The kittens, unaware

boy or girl who neglects his or her duty by the so-called "lower animals" whenever any of them are found in distress and needing assistance.—*Selected.*

New Orleans Pralines

True Stories from the South

AMONG the curious sights in, and one that is peculiar to, New Orleans, are the *praline* (pronounced prayleen) venders. These are old women, quadroons and octoroons, who can be seen any fine day the whole length of Canal Street on the *banquets* (street curbs) in front of the fashionable retail stores, with wide, flaring top baskets before them, containing tempting, creamy candy, or *praline*.

The old women are privileged characters, and are never disturbed by the police or the people.

At the large sugar-refineries the scrapings of the hogsheads of crude sugar are sold to these old people. They boil it down, and pour it out upon marble slabs to cool. Just before it hardens, they fill the candy with nut meats,—pecan or peanut mostly,—but sometimes they grate cocoanut and mix in the candy, coloring half with cochineal so as to have white and red candy. The candy is cut into pieces about the size of a dinner plate, and such a piece sells for a nickel, a *picayune*, if paid in silver.

Strangers are often surprised to see well-dressed ladies stop before one of these old women

to purchase a cake of praline, receiving it from her hands wrapped up in the coarse brown paper butchers use to wrap meat in. The French people of New Orleans are indifferent to criticism, and never stop to consider what others may think of their actions. They consult their own desires and wishes, and as they watch other people, it does not occur to them that others are observing them, so it is not an uncommon sight to see a refined French lady on the streets coolly munching praline, holding the big slice with its paper in her hand as she passes.

The praline sellers are themselves a peculiar people—"old-timers"—with a costume worn by them from time immemorial—a shawl over their shoulders, and the bandana handkerchief on their heads knotted in the four corners. They always appear clean and neat, and the candy they sell is possibly as pure as candy can be, and may not be so very harmful in small quantities. Certainly the people of New Orleans eat enormous quantities, for there are many venders, and all seem to make a good living, and manage to consume all the scrapings of the thousands of hogsheads of crude sugar that come to the refineries. There must, therefore, be many hundreds of pounds of this candy sold and eaten yearly in that great city.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

"We live in deeds, not years."



"Over now, the sun's bright beam-time,
Deep'ning shadows make it seem time
Tiny tots were dressed for dream time!

"Now for birdlings comes the nest time,
Comes for little ones the rest time,
And for childhood's prayer the best time."

that their plight had stirred the sympathies of the head of a nation, and that their deliverance was at hand, wailed as if a new calamity were about to befall them.

"Drag them out," came the command.

In a moment the President of the United States, the secretary of war, and two excited youngsters stood around the rescued litter. Three forlorn kittens struggled feebly. Then the wrath of the leader, who has hunted wild game and shot down lions, blazed out upon the wretch who had flung the kittens to die in slow agony.

The commotion brought out a wondering butler from a neighboring residence.

"Will you care for these little kittens?" asked the President; "give them milk and a place to live?"

Had the man been asked to become a member of Mr. Roosevelt's government, he could not have responded with more heartfelt eagerness.

The President thanked him, told the astonished urchins that they were little men, and joining the secretary of war moved on to the White House.

It is hardly necessary to add a moral to this true story, as any intelligent boy or girl must see that if the President of the United States, the elected ruler over seventy-five millions of people, can find time to render a little act of mercy to poor little kittens, there can be no excuse for a

Bring Christ to Them

[The following poem written by Miss Eliza H. Morton, and printed on various colors of satin-faced ribbon, is being sold by friends of the Jewish Mission for the purpose of obtaining means for the support of the mission. This very pretty book-mark sells for fifteen cents. Many of our young people could sell a number of these with very little effort. Send and get one for yourself, and see how many of your friends and neighbors you can persuade to take one also. The book-mark can be obtained in pink, green, blue, lavender, and yellow.—Ed.]

O CHRISTIANS, in the Master's name,
Remember those outcast,—
The scattered ones, the Hebrew race,
The shadows of the past;
Bring Christ to view,
And help the Jew.

Like broken branches are the tribes,
From God's own living vine,
Yet tendrils may be grafted in,
And around the root-stalk twine;
Bring Christ to view,
And help the Jew.

The Jew and Gentile may be one
In him to whom we bow;
'Tis ours to give the light of truth,
To teach them Jesus now;
Bring Christ to view,
And help the Jew.

Think what we owe the Israelites,—
Their prophets spoke of old
The words of life from heaven's throne,
More precious than fine gold;
Bring Christ to view,
And help the Jew.

The holy city is above,
Jerusalem the fair;
And by and by the church of God
Will all be gathered there;
Bring Christ to view,
And help the Jew.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

"STRENGTH of character is not mere strength of feeling; it is the resolute restraint of strong feeling. It is unyielding resistance to whatever would disconcert us from without or unsettle us from within."

THERE are glimpses of heaven granted us by every act or thought or word which raises us above ourselves, which makes us think less of ourselves and more of others, which has taught us of something higher and truer than we have in our hearts.—*Dean Swift.*

"HAPPINESS is never more real, more satisfying, than when founded on clean-heartedness. The possessor of a clear conscience sees more beauty in the world around him because he looks through clearer eyes. He has more faith in his friends because it is so easy for the one who is straight himself to believe the same of others. He gets the best out of life because he unconsciously attracts it. Right living, by whatever name you may call it, has its own reward right here on this earth of ours."

Science Stories

Facts About Wires

WHEN it was first proposed to string telegraph wires across the continent, it was asserted that the Indians and buffaloes would tear down the wires and break the poles as fast as they were put up. To-day the Western Union Company has more than a million miles of wires, and last year sent more than sixty million messages, or almost one message for every man, woman, and child in the country.

At first a ten-word message from Atlanta to New York cost three dollars and a quarter; now it costs fifty cents. Telegraphy has become almost as much of a necessity to business as the railroad, and yet it is so simple and cheap that many boys have amateur outfits with which they click messages to their chums.—*Junior Christian Endeavor World.*

Sunken Treasure Ships

SOME of the famous treasure ships which lie at the bottom of the seas include "L'Orient," sunk by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, with three million dollars aboard; the "Latune," sunk in the Zuyder Zee with seven million dollars in her hold; the "De Brake," lost off Delaware Bay with Spanish bullion; and the ship "Golden Gate," which went down off Cape Hatteras while returning from California, in the fifties, laden with gold. Official statistics show that two thousand vessels are sunk annually, the vessels and cargoes being valued at one million dollars. The writer in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of the above furthermore says the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are strewn with old and new wrecks, many laden with valuable cargoes.—*Round Table.*

The Eyes of the Chinaman

CONTRARY to the general opinion the eyes of the yellow people are not oblique, notwithstanding the fact that they appear to be. In this people the line joining the commissures of the eyelids divides the eye into two equal parts, and is exactly at right angles with the axis of the nose. If it is not always so, the exception is much less frequent than in the white race; for as a general rule, in the latter the eyes are not at right angles with the nose. If our eyes seem to be so, it is due to habitude, and if those of the Chinese appear to be oblique it is due to an optical illusion.

The most eminent Sinologists are of the opinion that the eyes of the Chinese are straight. If the eye appears to be oblique, it is due to the fact that the upper eyelid and the general direction of the eyebrow are oblique.—*Scientific American.*

Paper from Cotton Stalks

THE manufacture of paper from the fiber of the cotton stalk is one of the latest inventions which are said to have passed the experimental stage. It is asserted that all grades of paper, from the best form of linen to the lowest grade, can be manufactured from cotton stalks. In addition to this, a variety of by-products, such as alcohol, nitrogen, material for guncotton and smokeless powder, can also be secured in paying quantities. Mills for the use of cotton stalks in this way may become general in the cotton-growing States. It is estimated that the value of the cotton crop by the utilization of the stalks could be increased by nearly ten million dollars.

Ask the Bumble-bee or Bat

ALL the enterprising, dashing, reckless enthusiasts with some money and no special initiative, are one after another flying a balloon; we hear of an ascent and a tumble into the bay almost any day. But all this toying with dirigible balloons amounts to nothing practically. A gas balloon, no matter how steered, is bungling and uncontrollable in its own nature, as well as dangerous. What the instructed enthusiasts should work for is the air-ship without any balloon. An albatross carries no gas. A bumble-bee needs no hydrogen. A bat finds his vans sufficient. The men like Langley and Bell and the Wright brothers are on the right track, and we must wait till some one of them, in a very simple way, learns how to do what any common house-fly or stupid baby gull finds perfectly easy. It will come before long.—*The Independent.*

Boys and Girls Wanted

WE want to secure the names and addresses of boys and girls between the ages of ten and sixteen who are not afraid of hard work, and who want to do something to benefit others, and to help themselves to develop into noble men and women. For full instruction, address Life and Health, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.



Mt. ELLIS, MONT., March 19, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: We are glad we can be among the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers. We have a nice Sabbath-school here at Mt. Ellis. There are seven pupils in our class. Our teacher's name is Miss Edna Tibbits. We all like her very much. We are trying to lead a Christian life, and we know the Lord is coming soon. We want to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

HAZEL TIBBITS,
RETTA BUCK,
HAZEL MCLEAN,
RUBY ROUSE,
FAY BEGGS,
ETTA ALLEN,
MATTIE ROUSE.

Let us hear from more Sabbath-school classes.

OMEGA, OKLAHOMA, May 25, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I have four brothers and five sisters. We all go to Sabbath-school. I am fifteen years old. I have a missionary garden. I want the money to go for the little children in the South. I would like to have all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR plant a missionary garden too. I think it is so nice to have money to give to the Master's cause. Wishing the editor and readers of the INSTRUCTOR much of the blessing of God, I remain,

LETA E. HOLDER.

Miss Leta, don't forget to tell us later on how much your missionary garden brought you. If you were especially successful, tell us what you planted, how you disposed of your produce, and any other point that interested you.

DEAR EDITOR: I will tell you of my pet dog, Jack. He is a nice dog. We bought him when he was four weeks old. We weighed him about one day after we bought him, and he weighed five pounds. We have had him six weeks. I play with him, and have lots of fun. I will run, and he will chase me. Sometimes he will catch hold of my stockings, and will tear holes in them. Sometimes he will go with me after the cows, and will bark at them. The cows are somewhat afraid of him.

We weighed him again, and he weighed nine pounds; then we waited three more weeks and weighed him again, and he weighed twelve pounds.

He will chase the cats and play with them. If the cats go to eat from his dish, he will bite their necks.

FLOYD P. BELLINGER.

LORNE PARK, ONTARIO, March 24, 1906.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: We are attending school at Lorndale Academy. We are studying Bible, grammar, arithmetic, geography, and music. Miss Pangburn is our music teacher, Professor Leland is principal of the academy, and Mr. Knister is manager of the farm. It consists of a square lot of fifty acres. There are two acres of apple orchard, two of grapes, and two of raspberries, also some strawberries.

The *Canadian Union Messenger* has been printed here for about eighteen months on a press owned by the academy. We have also been printing a series of religious liberty tracts written by Elder Colcord.

We would be pleased to hear from any of your readers who would care to write to us.

ORA M. HICKOK,
MYRTLE H. PATCHETT.

We are glad to hear from the different schools. This letter was so neatly and correctly written that we conclude that the authors are improving well their school opportunities.

Another Newsboy Senator

STRANGER than any of the tales in the Arabian Nights' Tales are some of the things that come about in every-day life in this country. It seems like magic when we read of a newsboy's becoming a United States Senator, yet Congressman William Alden Smith may be the next Senator elected in Michigan, and, if he is not elected, he has already risen to a very high place.

When a boy, he sold pop-corn on the streets of Grand Rapids, and later he sold papers. When his father died without property, he and his brother shouldered the burdens and responsibilities of the family. They had helped an old man who sold pop-corn, and they knew how to pop corn. They went into the business of popping and selling corn. Meanwhile William was also selling papers on the streets.

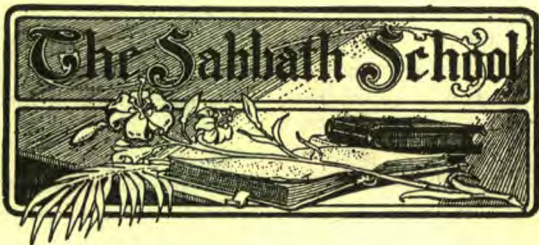
Mr. Smith was appointed a page in the Michigan Legislature, where he became a newspaper correspondent, and finally he became the owner of a paper. After all, it is not magic, but pluck and character, that make such things possible, and the way is open for other boys.—*Selected.*

"He Leadeth Me"

O HEART OF LOVE, thou leadest me!
What matter if my path shall lead
In thorny ways, through dreary mead?
What though rough stones my feet shall bleed?
Beyond are vernal fields, and life's fair tree;
I follow on — thou leadest me.

O Loving One, thou leadest me
Through summer's sun, through winter's snow,
In good and ill, through bliss and woe,
That I thy character may know.
Though all my path be dark, I'll trust in thee
And follow on — thou leadest me.

MRS. FLORA E. YERGIN.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IX — Paul Accused Before Felix

(September 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 24.

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6:2.

"And after five days Ananias the high priest descended with the elders, and with a certain orator named Tertullus, who informed the governor against Paul. And when he was called forth, Tertullus began to accuse him, saying, Seeing that by thee we enjoy great quietness, and that very worthy deeds are done unto this nation by thy providence, we accept it always, and in all places, most noble Felix, with all thankfulness. Notwithstanding, that I be not further tedious unto thee, I pray thee that thou wouldest hear us of thy clemency a few words.

"For we have found this man a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition among all the Jews throughout the world, and a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes: who also hath gone about to profane the temple: whom we took, and would have judged according to our law.

"But the chief captain Lysias came upon us, and with great violence took him away out of our hands, commanding his accusers to come unto thee: by examining of whom thyself mayest take knowledge of all these things, whereof we accuse him. And the Jews also assented, saying that these things were so.

"Then Paul, after that the governor had beck-

oned unto him to speak, answered, Forasmuch as I know that thou hast been of many years a judge unto this nation, I do the more cheerfully answer for myself: because that thou mayest understand, that there are yet but twelve days since I went up to Jerusalem for to worship. . . .

"And they neither found me in the temple disputing with any man, neither raising up the people, neither in the synagogues, nor in the city: neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me. But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets: and have hope toward God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust. And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God, and toward men.

"Now after many years I came to bring alms to my nation, and offerings. Whereupon certain Jews from Asia found me purified in the temple, neither with multitude, nor with tumult. Who ought to have been here before thee, and object, if they had ought against me. Or else let these same here say, if they have found any evil doing in me, while I stood before the council, except it be for this one voice, that I cried standing among them, Touching the resurrection of the dead I am called in question by you this day.

"And when Felix heard these things, having more perfect knowledge of that way, he deferred them, and said, When Lysias the chief captain shall come down, I will know the uttermost of your matter. And he commanded a centurion to keep Paul, and to let him have liberty, and that he should forbid none of his acquaintance to minister or come unto him.

"And after certain days, when Felix came with his wife Drusilla, which was a Jewess, he sent for Paul, and heard him concerning the faith in Christ. And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.

"He hoped also that money should have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him: wherefore he sent for him the oftener, and communed with him. But after two years Porcius Festus came into Felix' room: and Felix, willing to show the Jews a pleasure, left Paul bound."

Questions

1. After five days who came to Cæsarea? What noted man did they bring with them?
2. When Paul was called out, what did Tertullus begin to do? How did he praise Felix? What favor did he ask of him?
3. How did Tertullus now accuse Paul? Of what sect did he declare Paul was a leading member? Why were the believers in Jesus called Nazarenes?
4. Why had the Jews not punished Paul? Who upheld this report of the orator?
5. What did Felix now give Paul permission to do? What did Paul know? How long had it been since he went to Jerusalem?
6. What did Paul say he had not done? What did he declare his enemies could not prove? How did he worship God? What did Paul say of his hope? How did he exercise himself?
7. Why had he "after many years" now come to Jerusalem? How had the Jews found him in the temple? What did Paul say these ought to have done? What was the only thing they could truthfully say against him?
8. Did Felix make a decision at once in Paul's case? For what did he tell Paul's accusers he would wait?
9. What orders did Felix now give concerning Paul? Who was Drusilla? To what nation did she belong?
10. After certain days, when Felix and Drusilla

came to Cæsarea, for whom did he send? What did he hear from Paul?

11. Of what important things did Paul speak? How was Felix affected by them? How did he put off deciding to be a Christian?

12. Did a more "convenient" time ever come to Felix to serve God? What is the only time of which any one may be sure? Memory Verse.

13. What did Felix hope to receive from Paul? What did he often do? When another governor took his place, what did Felix do? Why?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IX — The Fruit of the Spirit — Peace and Long-suffering

(September 1)

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." Matt. 5:9.

Questions

1. What did Jesus leave with his people when he went away? John 14:27; note 1.
2. What prayer expressed by the Holy Spirit is recorded for our encouragement? Phil. 4:7.
3. Upon whom is a special blessing pronounced? Matt. 5:9.
4. What personal exhortation is given us? Rom. 12:18.
5. How may we do this? Rom. 12:19, 20.
6. What graces of the Spirit are closely associated with the fruit of long-suffering? 1 Cor. 13:4-7.
7. What is said concerning the long-suffering of the Lord? Num. 14:18.
8. How is this same thought expressed by the psalmist? Ps. 86:15.
9. What has been the result of the Lord's long-suffering? 2 Peter 3:15.
10. How have some regarded it? 2 Peter 3:9; Rom. 2:4.
11. To how many is the Lord kind? Luke 6:35.
12. What should continually be upon our tongue? Prov. 31:26.
13. If this were true of all, would there ever be any unkind, impatient words spoken in the home or elsewhere? Note 2.
14. What instruction is given us in reference to cultivating this heavenly plant in our own lives? Eph. 4:1, 2.

Notes

1. In the heart of Christ, where reigned perfect harmony with God, there was perfect peace. He was never elated by applause, nor dejected by censure or disappointment. Amid the greatest opposition and the most cruel treatment, he was still of good courage. But many who profess to be his followers have an anxious, troubled heart, because they are afraid to trust themselves with God. They do not make a complete surrender to him; for they shrink from the consequences that such a surrender may involve. Unless they do make this surrender, they can not find peace. It is the love of self that brings unrest.—*"Desire of Ages,"* page 330.

2. We can have the salvation of God in our families, but we must believe for it, live for it, and have a continual, abiding faith and trust in God. We must subdue a hasty temper, and control our words; and in this we shall gain great victories. Unless we control our words and temper, we are slaves to Satan. We are in subjection to him. He leads us captive. All jangling and unpleasant, impatient, fretful words are an offering presented to his satanic majesty. And it is a costly offering, more costly than any sacrifice we can make for God; for it destroys the peace and happiness of whole families, destroys health, and is eventually the cause of forfeiting eternal life.—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. I.



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THE INSTRUCTOR dated September 4, 1906 will contain a program for the Harvest Ingathering Service. The paper will be mailed near the last of the present month.

WHEN the army of Galerius sacked the Persian camp, and routed the army, one of the soldiers found a bag of shining leather filled with pearls. Through ignorance of the almost priceless value of the contents of the bag, he threw away the pearls and preserved only the leather sack. So do many value books, business, pleasure, above the "pearl of great price" which is freely offered to us all.

GENERAL GRANT said, toward the close of his life, that only once did he seek a position with the object of advancing himself in it, and that in that place he regarded himself a comparative failure. "I tried always," he said, "to realize that quite apart from any plan or thought of my own, I am but an instrument in God's hand to accomplish God's purposes." This is ever the secret of true greatness, of efficient service.

"DOES Mrs. V. send her carriage to take you driving?" asked one woman of another in the tenement district. "No," said the other, "she comes in her carriage and takes me out driving." There is a world of difference. Our Saviour came to earth, invited us to make his home ours forever, and prepared the way for the carrying out of his accepted invitation. What more could he have done to show the love and sympathy he has for fallen humanity?

MUSICIANS pride themselves on the sensitiveness of their ears, painters on their keen eyes, blind people on the quickness of their sense of touch. All take great care to preserve and cultivate these faculties. Moral perception is just as real a possession as is physical sense, and it is just as sensitive. Earnestly should one endeavor, through Christ, to keep the conscience responsive, making it more and more capable of detecting discords and false notes in relation to God's law and truth! One needs to strive for that acuteness which will detect the slightest variation from the right and true. This ability comes only through faithfulness in prayer and the study of the Word of God.

Evil-Speaking

WHEN Henry III of France inquired of those about him, what it was that the Duke of Guise did to charm and allure every one's heart, the reply was: "Sire, the Duke of Guise does good to all the world without exception, either directly by himself or indirectly by his recommendations. He is civil, courteous, liberal; has always some good to say of everybody, but never speaks ill

of any one; and this is the reason he reigns in men's hearts as absolutely as your majesty does in your kingdom."

Preservation of Wood

ALL the wood preservative methods now employed are defective because they make use of solutions the evaporative nature of which makes their action upon wood effectual only for a time. The new method in question, which has been patented in Germany, consists in immersing the wood in a bath of melted sulphur. The interstices, or pores, of the wood become filled with the sulphur, which hardens on exposure to ordinary temperature.

Sulphur as a preservative owes its value to the fact that it not only resists the influence of water, but also that of acids, concentrated or diluted, and alkaline solutions, if cold.

The Czar and the Douma

THE czar on the twenty-first of July dismissed the Douma, the people's representative Parliament. The czar claimed that the Douma had trespassed on his rights, had opposed his imperial will. Immediately on the dissolution of the Douma, over two hundred of the members went to Viborg, Finland, and held an all-night session in spite of the threat of the government to disperse them by force of arms. At present the power is with the czar and his advisers; the people have no part in the government. Russia is determined to try her hand at self-government; and the czar would do well to make concessions to the people rather than to abridge their liberties. The representatives in session at Viborg drew up a manifesto to the people, and the secret presses of the revolutionary organizations are printing the address. This was so revolutionary in its spirit that the czar has ordered the public prosecutor to begin proceedings for high treason against every member of the Douma who signed the manifesto.

Help for the Nashville Sanitarium

THE Nashville Sanitarium and Training-School for Missionary Nurses is now locating in its permanent home, after several years of living in rented buildings, where it has carried forward its work under difficult conditions. The securing of a home has been made possible by the co-operation of the General Conference brethren and the help that will be given by our people throughout the field.

There are a number of ways to assist this enterprise. Now is a good season in which to put up some canned fruit, dried fruit, or other articles of provision that can be shipped. A supply of bedding will be greatly needed and much appreciated. Good use can be made of worn sheets or other articles that can be utilized for bandages or cleaning cloths.

Any assistance that may be given in these or other lines will be appreciated in this institution, where means are scarce, and work is plentiful. Those who can not send provisions or goods might help in the prepaying of freight. Address Nashville Sanitarium, Nashville, Tennessee.

Just to Be Tender

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery, when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with song;
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right;
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in his promises ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key,
That is God's will for you and me.

—Selected.



MERCURY and Venus are the evening stars at present, while Jupiter is morning star.

THIRTEEN years ago the first independent telephone plant was installed at Noblesville, Ind.

"NEWSPAPERS wrapped around woollens keep away moths; also black pepper sprinkled around the edges of carpets will kill moths and keep them away."

THE world is dependent for its supply of aluminum on four sources of production. The chief of these is represented by the Pittsburg Production Company at Niagara Falls. There is another company in Great Britain, one in Germany, and one in Switzerland.

OWING to the friendly influence of President Roosevelt and President Diaz there is peace now in Central America. Their good offices were accepted on the sixteenth of July, but there was sharp fighting between Guatemala and Salvador almost up to the morning of the eighteenth, when at six o'clock peace was declared.

"COUNT Tolstoi lately added bookbinding to the numerous skilled trades which he already practises. He spent the first half of last winter in binding in leather a library of four hundred paper-bound volumes, doing everything, from the making of the covers to the gilding and lettering, with his own hands."

"MOROCCO now has become quite a cattle country. The work is carried on by natives. Some of the finest horses in the world are being shipped from these ranges. Camels, mules, and donkeys exist in large numbers, and a large trade in them is developing."

THE largest mass of ice in the world is probably the one which fills up nearly the whole of the interior of Greenland, where it has been accumulating for many centuries. It is believed now to form a block about six hundred thousand square miles in area, and averaging a mile and a half in thickness. According to these statistics the lump of ice is larger in volume than the whole body of water in the Mediterranean.

IN many cities ice companies are having a rather uncomfortable time this summer. They have been fined, had their charters taken away, or had their responsible members imprisoned. It is not strange that some restrictions should be placed upon them when it is learned that ice bought at \$2.60 a ton is sometimes sold at prices ranging from six to eighteen dollars a ton. Various cities are now planning to manufacture their own ice; in some instances they purpose to supply it to the citizens at cost.

FROM various estimates that have been made officially, it is said that a million dollars a month has been saved by the railroads of the West for the past six months by the discontinuance of rebates. The agreement of the railroads not to issue free passes has also increased their revenues. It is said that the Pennsylvania Company's passes in the State of Pennsylvania alone represented one million dollars' worth of transportation every year. Since the revenues of the railroads have been so materially increased by the discontinuance of practises prohibited by law, it is expected that a demand will be made by shippers for a reduction in rates. The Chicago Great Western has already made a general decrease in freight charges.