

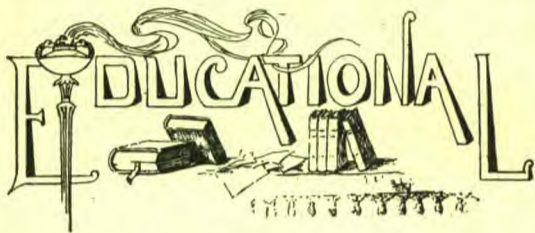
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LIV

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August

SERENE and still, sad August waits
To shut behind us summer's gates.
Though yet we faint with sultry heat,
The very breezes, soft and sweet,
Bring sounds of harvesting begun;
A little earlier drops the sun;
A chilling mist obscures the dawn;
The first sere leaves are on the lawn;
Some birds fly southward; in the trees
The empty nests sway in the breeze;
Blue asters and the goldenrod
Now glorify the browning sod;
And e'en the moonlight seems to say,
"Beware! for autumn comes this way!"

Dear August, ere you go, give me
A share in your serenity;
That I may watch without a sigh
My happy summer days go by,
May steadfast face the harvest days,
May calmly enter untried ways,
Serene and still, because I know
My Father's love has planned it so.

—Mary C. Kittredge.

From Students to Young People

[THE following article, written by the students of Union College and addressed to the young people of the Central Union Conference, is worthy of being passed on to our young people throughout the world. We are sure the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will be interested in this earnest, sensible appeal. We hope it may inspire many who are now hesitating, to enter upon a course of training in one of our schools.—Ed.]

The guide-post that marks the close of another school year is just before us. With the many pleasant memories of the past months are interwoven the thoughts of our fellow youth throughout the States. As young people we are bound together by bands that can not be broken. Within are the common pulsations of youthful ambition; before us lies the common field demanding our services.

Every age offers the youth opportunity for improvement, and lays upon them demands for service. But the present time is an era of unparalleled opportunity, and an age of the greatest responsibility. Life's warfare is more intense and fierce. Many are falling in the heat of the battle. The gaps on the firing line must be filled, and as, in this age of intensity, the older ones drop out of the rapid march, it becomes the inevitable duty of the young, the strong, the brave, to push into the front ranks of service. It has truly been said, "Old men for counsel; young men for war." Men who have done the most good in the world are those who have seized the opportunity at hand and met the need of the hour. There is in life no nobler standard than service, and no higher law than duty, for the call of duty is the voice of God. When Mr. Bryan spoke to the Union College students on the "Value of an Ideal," he said, "Life is not measured by what you get out of the world, but by what you put into it." The greatest Benefactor history knows left his heavenly home, took upon himself the form of a servant, and

through his service and sacrifice brought to all the hope of salvation.

One great desire predominates in our hearts as we sit down to meditate candidly upon the art of living. We all wish to be truly successful young men and women. We all desire to live lives that count—lives that will make the world better. And, "when one sets himself to live a grand and noble life, man can not interrupt him, and God will not." Scores of lives are concrete proofs of this statement. All true success has "purpose for its guiding star." Carlyle once, upon meeting a young man, asked, "Whither are you going?"

"Don't know," was the reply.

"What do you carry?"

"Nothing."

"What are you doing on life's sea?"

"Only drifting."

"Young man, get a purpose, get one quick."

No favoring gale fills the sails that toss aimlessly upon the sea; it is the ship with a destined port that cuts its way through the opposing waves. To live without a definite aim is to move crosswise in life's pathway; it is the youth whose life is devoted to a noble purpose that advances. In the world's wide field of needy humanity, service is urgent beyond the power of words. But to best serve our fellow men necessitates a knowledge of the existing conditions. The experience of workers in every quarter of the globe is invaluable for interpreting to us the world's needs; and often when we, as students, have listened to talks that have made us feel acquainted with the work and workers in both hemispheres and in the islands of the sea, we have longed that you, too, might hear them. We have prayed that we all together might have the condition of the world drawn within the horizon of our vision, and the latitude of our sympathy widened till it reaches from pole to pole.

Secondly, to render the best service to mankind, demands not alone a knowledge of the needs, but a preparation to meet them as well.

When Frederick the Great ruled, the peace of his country was threatened. He analyzed the conditions, and sent out troops to avert the impending danger, but his army was defeated. At once Frederick exclaimed, "We must educate!" Mental inefficiency and spiritual barrenness have defeated many noble purposes. Somehow education focuses the light of others' experience upon our path of duty. Thus if we would be pre-eminently successful young men and women, we must in our own experience seek the education which will give us "a harmonious development of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual nature." This is the ideal education. This is *Christian education*.

The value of Christian education can never be measured in dollars and cents, nor its depth fathomed by the human mind. It acquaints the student with the One in whom "are all the treasures of wisdom;" it enables him to realize his noblest ideals; it fits him for service here, and admits him to the great university of God when earth's history shall close.

"The seasons come and go, the flowers change with the months, but youth comes twice to none." God gives us this one period of molding in plastic form that which we would have crystallized through our lifetime. Hence the importance of coming to Christ early in youth, that his wisdom may guide us, his power keep us, and his love lead us to serve as he served. Perhaps our eyes grow dim with tears as they survey the trackless past wherein lie life's mistakes and wasted opportunities. "We have lost the battle," said Napoleon, "but," drawing his watch from his pocket, "it is only two o'clock; we have time to fight and win another." "It is only two o'clock;" let us not sit down in dis-

couragement. God will restore the wasted hours, and make us conquerors of our own defeat. The hands of the present, trembling with accumulated duties and responsibilities, are lying upon the young men and women of to-day, and only those who are learners in the school of Christ can supply the needs of the hour.

There is very probably not one of us who does not want this education—this preparation for service. Many of you have thought seriously of it. But on counting the cost, you have almost concluded that it is one of the impossible things in your life. The battle is not yours alone. We share it with you. Many are working their way wholly or in part through school. The path is one of self-denial and hard toil, but the experience itself is excellent education, and the really strong character that lives to serve is always ready to sacrifice present pleasure for future good.

"Must we be carried to the skies

On flowery beds of ease,

While others fought to win the prize

And sailed through bloody seas?"

Milton says, "Circumstances have rarely favored famous men. They have fought their way to triumph through all sorts of difficulties." Success, after all, is for those who will pay the price. The difficulties we meet in life are not our least blessings, if we but transform them into weapons for future warfare. Kitto was a poor deaf shoemaker in an almshouse, yet he became one of the greatest Biblical scholars, whose works to-day are valuable. To the undying efforts of our blind friend, Fannie Crosby, we owe "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour," "Rescue the perishing," "Jesus, keep me near the cross," and other inspiring songs. These are but two examples of the many who have risen above circumstances, and refusing to be discouraged, have succeeded in blessing the world abundantly.

Not all of us will be destined to be trained for service in college halls, yet our spot in the world's great field continues to demand our service. We could not evade the responsibility if we would, and we must prepare to meet it if we would succeed. Wherever we are, whatever our circumstances may be, let us remember that the barriers which say to the young man or woman, "Thus far and no farther," have not yet been erected. God holds for each one of us who will submit to him, greater success than our minds can comprehend, for "higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for his children." This wonderful truth is especially inspiring when we bear in mind that he who holds this high ideal before us will give us power to attain unto the same. The thought has encouraged many of us to press on. Many of us are planning to be in school another year that we may be better equipped for service. May we not have the pleasure of seeing some of you here? Will you not plan and strive with us to be in school next year unless the Lord shall direct differently?

Not long ago John R. Mott, speaking to about five thousand or more students, emphasized the need of preparation for service.* He said, "Above all, we should know by personal experience day by day that Jesus Christ is the only sufficient Saviour, and that the Holy Ghost is the only adequate power for service." The truthfulness of this statement is obvious. The greatest need of this poor suffering world is a personal Saviour, and only as we have him with us in our lives can we meet humanity's most urgent need.

During the Civil War General Corse was, under great difficulties, holding the pass at Allopono, Georgia. From Sherman came the message, "Hold the fort, for I am coming." He held it. Brave men and women are to-day holding the forts on the field of gospel service. Difficulties

are increasing. Their tasks are colossal. There's a sore need of recruits. Shall we not send them Sherman's words of encouragement, and then with our eyes riveted upon the field, prepare to meet its needs? To-day as duty calls, may we surrender our lives unconditionally, unreservedly for service, saying, "Anywhere, any time, anything for the Son of God and the sons of men."

Science Stories

Uses for Redwood Bark

THE giant redwood trees of California have bark of enormous thickness. Until recently it was in the way of the lumbermen, and was either burned or thrown away to rot. But a shrewd Connecticut Yankee found a way to make from it pincushions, pen-wipers, table mats, flatiron mats, bath-room mats, fishing-floats, life-buoys, sheathing for heat and cold-storage pipes, and many ornamental household articles.

The bark is called "atkinsos," after the Mr. Atkinson who discovered these uses for it; sometimes it is known as vegetable asbestos. It burns very slowly, and will not absorb water, though left in it for hours. The old saying might be changed to read, "A redwood saved is as good as a redwood made."—*Round Table.*

From Quill to Self-Filler

A GREAT many persons recall the goose-quill pens used in the schools in their childhood days. The teacher carried a sharp knife with which to point the pens of the children; hence the name "penknife." Each scholar supplied his own ink at school, and at night, in winter, all the ink-bottles were put near the stove to keep the ink from freezing. Woe be to the ink-bottle that was forgotten! "Pop!" would go the cork, next day, when the ink began to thaw, and the contents would be wasted or spoiled by the freezing. Now some schoolboys are beginning to carry "self-filling" fountain pens. The writer bought one the other day for eighty-nine cents. A puff of breath in the end, and the pen was filled for the day. Some are filled by pressing a knob on the side, and some by pulling out a rod. What a change!—*Selected.*

Oak-Apples

"WHAT is this ball?" asked a young woman of her companion as she stooped to pick up from the ground an oak-gall, a brown hard ball an inch or more in diameter.

"I have heard that they were made from potatoes that did not properly mature," he replied.

"That may be the way potato-balls are formed," said his friend, "but hardly the way oak balls are produced." Then in a few words she told the story of the gall-fly and the oak-apple. Miss Julia Rogers, in the August number of the *Good Health*, gives an interesting account of the formation of these peculiar growths of the oak leaf. She says:—

I invite you all to look carefully into the leafy canopy of some oak tree this sultry month of August. What a multitude of leaves there are! Many more, there must be, than the tree actually needs. But the more well-formed leaves it maintains, the heartier it lives and thrives. Remember that leaves are the stomachs and lungs of the trees.

The leaves have become tarnished since June. Then they showed themselves clean and full of sap, and ministering bountifully to the appetites of the growing shoots, the infant buds, and filling

out the flowers' promise of fruit. Now the trees' activities are on the wane. Dust is clogging the leaf pores, and the sun has scorched its tender greenness. A leathery texture is noticeable in the foliage mass. Insects which were but hatched from the eggs in June have been feeding on the leaves, despoiled many, reducing them to skeletons. It is astonishing how many kinds of leaf-eating insects have no other food than our forest trees furnish them.

Chewing insects bite out mouthfuls, thus cutting away the web of the leaf. Then there are *sucking insects* which thrust their sharp beaks through the skin, and suck the juices. Dead patches on a leaf are the work of these. The plant-lice do this kind of mischief. See them in colonies lining the curled portion of a diseased elm leaf.

Gall insects are not so straight-forward in their methods, but they tell us a more interesting life-story. It is quite worth the effort needed to unravel it. I shall have to tell the opening chapters, but leave to you those that come after the current number. I will read from August backward.

Look among oak leaves for oak-apples. They are shown life size, in the illustration, so no description of their form is necessary. Pale green they were in July; now they may be turning to russet in some cases. The leaves to which these strange growths are securely attached are always defective. In truth, the "apple" itself is a distorted portion of the leaf.

You will naturally break open these strange "fruits" of the oak trees. The scientific member is sure to rebuke your credulity if you think they are *fruits*. Acorns are the only fruits that oaks bear. This is incontestably true. What are they then? To answer this question you investigate the internal structure of the green balls. You find nothing much inside but "things and strings." And they are not all alike in the quantity of these commodities.

There is a central round kernel supported by threads stretched to a thin outside wall. Suppose No. 1 has many threads and a spongy substance holding them together. Call it the *spongy oak-apple*. No. 2 lacks all sponginess, and there are just the fewest possible delicate threads. It is the *empty oak-apple*. No. 3 is half-way between. The threads are more numerous and stronger. It is the *fibrous oak-apple*. Now all we find may be classed under these three names. Sometimes the weight will determine which are the spongy ones. The other two we may have to open before we name them correctly. Distinct species of insects make the three galls.

Now open the core and you always find the young of the insect, a larva. If you object to this rather scientific term, call it a maggot. To me, this is a very unpleasant word. Let's compromise on *grub*. This grub is fat and white and healthy-looking. It is a wise infant of wise parents; for a strict vegetarian diet is all it has ever known—fresh green cells, with rich leaf sap its only beverage. What wonder it is comely!

To go back now some months. When winter elapsed into spring, there rotted under the oak trees, in the leaf mold thereof, a brown oak-apple, whose substance went back to earth again with the dead leaves. Out of the central kernel emerged a winged insect, small, wasp-like. Like burnished steel was the gleam of its elegant body and filmy wings. Straight to the new leaves of the old oak this insect flew. Others of its own kind are there; and the May sunshine greets their advent to the world of light they never saw before. Instinctively the females seek the surfaces of the unfolding leaves, and, one in a place, deposit their tiny green eggs. It is a dainty thing to watch, this trim little gall-fly hovering about a spray of oak leaves, all silvery and pink, in early May. Everything is like a fairy world at this time of year to one who peers into the tree tops. All is miracle and promise and beautiful

colors and forms of grace, and texture delicate beyond my powers of description.

The eggs are imbedded in the leafy substance, and their presence seems to irritate the leaf-cells. Any foreign body causes nature's plans to vary. So the leaf puffs out into an abnormal growth, and the egg is its center. Leaves two inches long show these galls the size of peas, having the outward form and internal structure of the full-grown gall. The egg hatches, and the larva feeds on the green substance it finds ready. Through those suspensory threads the nourishment comes. The gall is green and soft-walled; it is of the leaf, and receives its share of sap.

At the proper moment, the grub finishes its career, and goes to sleep after the rule of infant gall-flies. This is the chrysalis, or pupa state, a quiescent period, wherein development proceeds. Under the snow, with the decay of its outer tene-ment at hand, the gall-fly unconsciously prepares for its adult life. Possibly it has premonitions. Nothing in dreams could surpass the perfection of the life upon wings. Merry but brief it is, for death overtakes them all after the eggs are laid, insuring a new generation.

It is not unusual to find in the soft tissues of the spongy oak-apple the grubs of other insects. The owner always keeps to his central castle solitary. The ones we may find outside this citadel are known as "guests." They feed upon the spongy tissues, and are happy. They do no harm; so give no offense to the rightful owner. These are the young of certain parasitic gall-flies which puncture the little galls, and lay their eggs within. There are other insects, relatives in truth, that work a deadly injury to the gall-fly that causes the oak-apple. Piercing the gall at a very early stage, it lays a number of eggs within the very center, and on the body of the young larva. Hatching, this litter of invading grubs attack the rightful owner

of the place, eat him up, and succeed to his house and his living. It is one of many tragedies that may cut short the career of the infant maker of oak-apples.

Bullet galls are found on twigs of oaks. They are hard and small. Look in the center. Can you account for the straight tunnel through the side of an old one you find on a two-year-old twig?

What strange notions people have as to what produces oak-apples! In the old *Herbal of Gerard*, published in 1597, is told in the quaint English of the period what the country people found revealed by the innocent baby gall-fly and his guests. It is worth quoting:—

"The oak-apples being broken in sunder about the time of their withering doe foreshew the sequell of the yeare by the living things found in them. Before they have a hole through them, they contain in them either a flie, a spider, or a worme; if a flie, then warre ensueth; if a creeping worme, then scarcitie of victuals; if a running spider, then followeth great sickness or mortalitie."

One by One

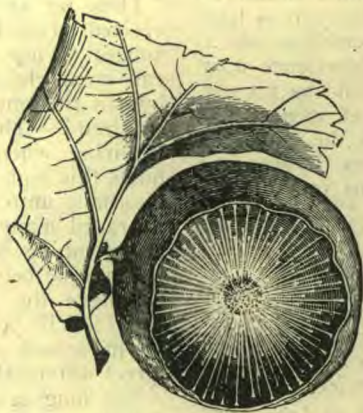
ONE by one they fade away,
Blossoms of the summer day,
Bud and leaf and waving grass,
Bloom in beauty, then they pass;
'Neath the shining of the sun,
They are fading one by one.

One by one our loved ones die,
All along our paths they lie,
Some in age, and full of fears,
Others fall in childhood's years,
With life's journey just begun;
They are dying one by one.

But there is a land of light
Where no death can ever blight,
Where, all free from sin and pain,
Flower and friend shall live again;
When the toils of life are done,
We shall greet them one by one.

L. D. SANTEE.

Are you planning to enter school or to take your place in God's vineyard this autumn?





THE HOME CIRCLE

Leave-Taking

O you're going away
From the old home to-day,
Out into a world of strife;
You had thought to be brave,
And your tears to save
For some sterner trial of life.

Do you deem it weak
That adown your cheek
The tears of affection fall?
Nay; the manliest heart
In the world's wide mart
Is the tenderest heart of all.

You will never find
Friends as true and kind
In the world reaching out before you;
Ah! a father's care
And a mother's prayer
Will be steadfast, while years go o'er
you.

It may stand there still
(The farmhouse by the hill),
With its roof weather-beaten and gray;
Though you wander wide
From the old fireside,
Let its counsels guide you alway.

— Kate M. Frayne.

Helpless and Helpful

ONCE upon a time — this sounds like the beginning of a fairy tale, but it is really a bit of political economy — there was a state of things in which everybody did all his or her own work, and depended on nobody else. Each family procured and prepared the food they used, made their own house and their own clothes out of the raw materials.

Without tracing all the steps in the process of change, we can see a very different state of affairs to-day. That which we call "division of labor" has put each worker to doing one thing over and over till he can do it perfectly, instead of trying to do a great many things imperfectly. And all the little things fit together into greater things, so that the finished tool or ornament that once was made by one pair of hands, now passes, perhaps, through a dozen pairs. Were it not for this, and the system of exchange we call trade, you and I would still weave wool and flax for our own garments and scratch up a tiny plot of earth, as the savage women still do, to plant a little grain for our food.

It seems like a fine thing; but do you know, sometimes this division of labor is carried too far. When a girl always does the fancy work of the household while her mother does the plain sewing, or makes the candy while mother cooks the dinner, or dusts when somebody else is done sweeping — well, one is tempted to wish she had to make bread and darn stockings if she wanted any! Isn't it odd how often division of labor divides it into the pleasant part and the unpleasant part — one for you and the other for some one else?

In earlier times persons were more independent of one another than they are now. You can easily see how little it would matter to you, if you were able to get your own food from the ground and your own clothing from the sheep or the silkworm, if all the grocers and bakers and dressmakers, not to mention dyers and weavers, were to go on strike. In fact, strikes could not occur in those days, for the one who stopped work was the one to suffer by it. It is humiliating to think how helpless we are now, and how our very lives depend on persons we have never seen.

But what of the girl who is so dependent on others that she can not keep her room in order, or her hat hung up, or her clothing mended, because somebody else always has done it for her?

Maybe you are not like this. Yet perhaps none does so much toward supporting her own existence that she could not learn to do a little more. The increasing lack of household helpers is throwing women back on their own endeavors to keep their own homes comfortable.

So here are two things to remember: first, since we depend so largely on others, there are many to whom we owe respect, consideration, love — beginning with mother, and ending down in the coal-mine or out in the cotton field; and second, that sturdy old proverb "God helps those who help themselves." — *East and West*.

What a Girl Can Do

"EVELYN ARCHER is coming home from college," said Ralph Earl to a friend.

"When Evelyn is here, nobody knows how she does it, but we all take more interest in good things. The young men go to church more regularly. The town puts on better manners. How one girl can manage to do so much nobody can tell, for she seems to be doing nothing, but there it is! A fellow would be ashamed to do anything mean when Evelyn Archer was around."

Yet quiet Evelyn's only spell was that of one who communed with God, and daily endeavored to let her light shine.

A girl's hand should never offer temptation to any one; a girl's lips should never jest about sacred things; a girl's temper should be serene; for the influence of woman should ever be for the elevation of the race and the enlightenment of society. "Bear a lily in thy hand," dear girls, and carry the Christ life to men. — *The Armory*.

Home

A SUNNY shelter in this windy world,
Where boats can lie for long with sails furled;
The kingdom of the graces seven,
Where one can see the blue of heaven
Bending beneficent above,
And feel the drawing cords of love.

— P. M. McDonald.

Their New Names

ALL Americans should know about the exceedingly fascinating work that the famous Sioux Indian, Dr. Charles A. Eastman, who married the poet, Elaine Goodale, is doing for his brothers of the Sioux nation. I have heard him describe, in his quaint way, the many perplexities that arise from the long individual names of the Indians, that do not at all indicate family relationship, and are almost impossible for one to remember. In proportion as the Indians become civilized, and own and sell property, transferring titles, this defect in their system or no-system of nomenclature becomes a serious matter. Therefore an important step in the civilization of the Indian is his adoption of the civilized name. Dr. Eastman's fine face glows with enthusiasm as he unfolds the far-reaching results of his work.

For he has been commissioned by the government to rename all the Sioux Indians, — a tremendous and a delicate task that no one else could accomplish half so well. Dr. Eastman is no iconoclast. He has a love for the beautiful

Indian names, and retains them so far as he can. But what is one to do with an Indian who is called Tacyohnakewastewin, which signifies She-Who-Has-a-Beautiful-House? Dr. Eastman renamed her Goodhouse. No particularly beautiful sentiment attaches to Bob-tailed Coyote, and every one is willing to have it changed to Mr. Robert T. Wolf. But such a name as Matoska (White Bear) is retained, as it is pleasing and manageable.

In this way, with sympathy, poetic insight, and ready wit, Dr. Eastman has persuaded fifteen thousand Sioux to adopt improved names; and he still has six reservations to visit.

Is not the whole operation a beautiful illustration of the new name which each of us is to receive in heaven, fresh from the mind of our Father? It will signify the final abandonment of our old sinful nature. It will mean our adoption into the kingdom of heaven. It will retain all the best of the old, and it will seal us to the glorious and permanent new. — *Caleb Cobweb*.

Have a Place for Everything



PLACE for everything and everything in its place," was the motto that our good old teacher had us repeat in concert every morning, as we hung our hats and wraps on separate pegs. It was a splendid thing for us, as it taught us order

and system. Then he would say: —

"When you go home from school, don't be in such a hurry to get to your play that you can not take time to hang up your hats and coats, and put your books where you will know where to find them when they are needed, instead of throwing them down any place they happen to fall, for your poor tired mothers to pick up."

I have had reason every day of my life to thank that teacher for his good advice, for it saved me much worry and annoyance to have a place for my belongings.

Some girls I know have a plan whereby they save their mother many a dollar during the year. Neck, belt, and hair ribbons cost quite a sum or money if one has many changes and has them fresh and new. These girls have learned to clean their ribbons, and it is remarkable how well they look after being cleaned. A girl of fifteen or sixteen may wear black hair ribbons, and if one piece is lost, it is easy to match it. Smaller girls prefer bright ribbons, and those soil easily; when the ribbons have lost their freshness, their beauty is gone, and it is natural for the tidy girl to want to throw them away. If wash ribbons are purchased, they can easily be made to look as good as new, and for young girls are preferable. They come in all shades and are very serviceable. When they become soiled or oily-looking, take a bowl of warm water and stir into it a teaspoonful of pearline; instead of rubbing the ribbons in this solution, pull them through the fingers until they look clean, then rinse in clear water and press them. Put a light cloth over the ribbons when pressing them, and never allow the hot iron to touch them. Delicate pinks, pale blues, and white ribbons all wash well and will look fresh if treated in this way.

Have a box to keep your ribbons in, and whenever you take them off, fold neatly and put them in the box. They will keep fresh and clean twice

as long when treated in this way as when thrown down carelessly.

It is the little things in life that count in the end. A penny saved here and another one there, help to make up the dollars you are fond of spending. Learn to save your ribbons, and take some of the money you would otherwise invest in ribbons and buy a good book. A good book is the best companion a girl of any age can have. Cultivate a taste for reading.—*Sarah H. Henton.*



The Master's Touch

IN the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! Do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image—thou our God and Lord!
—*Horatius Bonar.*

September Field Study

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading: Isaiah 60.

Song.

FIELD STUDY:—

"Entering the Philippine Islands" (*Review*, July 12).

"Sierra Leone, West Africa" (*Review*, July 19).

"A Trip in Costa Rica" (*Review*, July 26).

"How the Light Came" (*Review*, July 12).

"Light Breaking in South America" (*Review*, July 26).

SONG.

LETTERS: Mexico, Japan, India, Barotseland, Africa; Iceland, Spanish Honduras, Central America; Burma; "The Work in South Africa."

Note

"How the Light Came" and "Light Breaking in South America" will be found in the editorial columns.
E. H.

Training Leaders

MANY churches might have a live Young People's Society if there were some one to lead out in plans for missionary effort, and show all how to take hold. Some Societies have been compelled to disband because their leader was removed in some way. What is the lesson? The leaders of our Young People's Societies should, in consultation with the church elder, be training some person or persons in the work who could eventually take it up. It must be expected that our Societies will be changing. Many of our leaders will be called to other fields, and this is right; but we must build for permanency in our work, and plan for the future.

Perhaps the greatest apparent need in our young people's work is that of good leaders. Students at our schools should study the young people's work and be able to take hold and help the Young People's Society when they return home. "We have an army of youth that can do much if properly directed and encouraged."

M. E. KERN.

The Reasonableness of Service

God is an intelligent, reasonable being; hence he demands of mankind nothing unreasonable. And since he is our Creator, and we are his creatures, he is perfectly worthy of our best service; therefore all service is reasonable.

After man's shameful fall, mankind in general had been either forgetting or disregarding their obligation of rightful service to their Maker, and often regarding the service to their fellow men as degrading and undignified. For four thousand years this had been the predominant condition of things until there came One who restored, both by example and by precept, the true dignity and reasonableness of service to both God and man. It is this beautiful and perfect life that we invite you to consider.

Inconceivable by human comprehension and indescribable by mortal pen, is the lovable character of the Son of God. Being equal with the Father, Creator of heaven and earth, he was willing and glad to sacrifice all the glory of heavenly courts in order to become a servant of mankind. Born of humble parentage, he must have suffered inconveniences from childhood. Being a partaker "of flesh and blood," he had to learn as we do, and was subject to temptation, as we are. For thirty years before his public ministry, he toiled faithfully with his father Joseph at the carpenter's trade. For thirty long years had he gathered strength and wisdom from God for the gigantic task awaiting him. Brilliant as he was, even when twelve years of age, when asking and answering questions among those learned doctors in the temple, he "made himself of no reputation." The time had now come; his public service was to begin. Preparatory for his manifold difficulties and merciless attacks by his own countrymen, the unspeakable agony of Gethsemane, the treacherous betrayal by his own, and the intense suffering of the cross, he was first of all baptized by the Holy Spirit. The forty days' temptation in the wilderness was an occasion of untold strength for his subsequent career. It was the spirit of unselfish service that prompted his first act for suffering humanity and the last prayer of his innermost soul.

One of the secrets of his ministry was that whenever he healed the sick, raised the fallen, cheered the faint, or led the blind, by the power of God, he never appropriated credit to himself, but ascribed to his Father all the glory. Again and again his mission was misconstrued by the people, and even his own followers thought he was to restore freedom to the Jews from the Roman yoke. At the triumphant entry into Jerusalem, when the people and children rejoiced, and praised God "for all the mighty works that they had seen"—even then Christ ascribed to himself no glory. But the disciples, during the three and one-half years of the Saviour's sojourn with them, failed to learn the invaluable lesson of self-forgetfulness from their Master; but at last, during the celebration of the Passover, Jesus by an illustration—the ordinance of humility—forever impressed the lesson on their minds and hearts. In that hour of the Saviour's heart-breaking anguish, the twelve were still having hope of his being seated on an earthly throne, and their hearts longed for the highest position in his kingdom. How surprising must it have been when the Saviour himself rose up from the supper, and to the intense interest of all present, administered the ordinance of humility. Well, indeed, has one author remarked that "this action opened the eyes of the disciples. Bitter shame and humiliation filled their hearts. They understood the unspoken rebuke, and saw themselves in altogether a new light."

In the earnest prayer offered in behalf of his disciples and all the believers afterward, his mission to this world is fully recorded. A little later, we see him praying even more earnestly in the garden of Gethsemane, his sweat being "as

it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." We see him, bound by the merciless mob, moving slowly with unspeakable pain before Annas and the court of Caiaphas. There he was delivered into the hands of the enemy—mocked, insulted, and smitten in a most excruciating manner, which impressively reminds one of the words of a song,—

"The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know."

After being condemned and unjustly pronounced guilty, we see him surrounded by that heartless mob, who placed upon his head a crown of thorns; and who, being unsatisfied with the punishments already inflicted, struck upon that crown with heavy reeds, the thorns penetrating his head, and the blood gushing out. And no sooner had he left the presence of Pilate, than he was obliged to carry the heavy cross which made him faint on the way. Nearer and nearer the crowd approached the appointed place—Calvary—where our Saviour was to be crucified. In the last prayer for his enemies—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do,"—the spirit of unselfishness was no less manifest. Being nailed on the cross, with two malefactors, one on each side, Christ suffered such intense agony that he cried out, spontaneously, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It was not physical suffering, not the ignominy of the cross, that caused such unutterable agony, but it was the sins of the world that rested upon his soul. The hour had now come; the sacrifice was complete; heaven's last and best gift to mankind was offered; the great plan of salvation was forever settled. Thus it precisely fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

What a life of unselfish service! Christ could have saved himself while on the cross; but had he done it, the plan of salvation would have failed, and he himself would have been found a liar; for we find him saying, "Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Matt. 20:28. He came to this world in order to demonstrate to mankind what constitutes true service. We, through the lessons taught in his life, may learn the reasonableness of service.

The foregoing sketch of the life of Christ is abundantly sufficient to show that it is perfectly right on God's part to demand our best and most faithful service. "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." 2 Cor. 8:9. "Him who knew no sin he made to be sin on our behalf; that we might become the righteousness of God in him." 2 Cor. 5:21, R. V. Christ having given up all for us, can we not surrender all to his service? Christ having sacrificed his glory in heaven to redeem us, can we not sacrifice the ephemeral pleasures of the world in order to enjoy the eternal pleasure in the world to come?

Every one of us is entrusted with talents, and is individually responsible to God for their use and improvement. "The Lord measures with exactness every possibility for service." The "Well done" will not be pronounced to any one until he has improved by every means possible the talents with which he has been entrusted. In that great judgment-day, in which the chaff and the wheat are forever separated, may we not regret golden opportunities unimproved and precious time squandered, but may we, after having done all we could to serve God and man, heartily join the redeemed, saying, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." Rev. 4:11.

G. DOANE WONG.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



WHAT can I give Him,
 Poor as I am?
 If I were a shepherd,
 I would bring a lamb;
 If I were a wise man,
 I would do my part;
 Yet what can I give him?
 Give my heart.

A Little Walter Raleigh

ALL school children have read the story of how Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his velvet cloak for Queen Elizabeth to tread upon lest she soil her royal feet with mud, but the *Ave Maria* tells of a boy who was quite as chivalrous as Sir Walter.

A dinner was about to be served to several hundred poor children who, eager and hungry, were waiting for the door to be opened. The day was cold, and many of the children were without shoes and stockings. One little girl stood first upon one foot and then upon the other, striving in that way to avoid the bitter chill of the pavement. At last a little boy, noticing her, cried: "Here, Jenny, stand on my cap!" And for the rest of the waiting time the lad remained bareheaded while Jenny's feet were comfortable. What was Sir Walter's courtly action compared to that?—*The New World*.

Scripture Enigma

THE one for whose instruction St. Luke wrote.
 The place where Miriam was smitten with leprosy.

- The word that signifies "be opened."
- A mighty hunter before the Lord.
- The man that went out to meditate at eventide.
- Moses' eldest son.
- The third river of the garden of Eden.
- The city where St. Paul left his cloak.
- The place from which Nathanael came.
- The man who helped Ahab to seek pasture for his cattle.
- Hezekiah's successor.
- The place near Salem where John baptized.
- The fellow laborer to whom St. Paul said, "Let no man despise thy youth."
- The father of Lot.
- The initials suggest a solemn warning.—*Selected*.

A list of persons who send in the correct answers to the above enigma within one month after receiving the paper containing it, will appear in the INSTRUCTOR. Let the references be given to each part, and in your letter to the editor state whether you read the fourteen chapters to which reference is made.

Three Tennessee Cats

True Stories from the South

MOST of the INSTRUCTOR readers are acquainted with, or know of, Elder J. E. White, who lives at Edgefield, Tennessee, and who was, for so long a time, president of the Southern Missionary Society.

Well, J. E., as his familiar friends and many brethren call him, has a cat named Swiper, who is, in many ways, a most remarkable feline. He is very independent, and rarely condescends to associate with other cats, and, generally, when he does come in contact with another, a difficulty follows; in fact, he's mean in this respect, and

has driven off all intruders. He is large and handsome, of the tiger variety in color and in markings.

Swiper loves a romp with Elder White. He will lie down, roll over, squirm, twist, and coax when he sees him coming, until the Elder notices him.

One very strange thing about him is that he never scratches or bites. In playing he never extends his claws, and though he will often open his jaws to their utmost limit, yet he closes them over one's finger very gently, so as not to do the slightest damage. This is all so contrary to the nature of a cat that it is remarkable.

Elder White's home is surrounded with evergreens and stately oaks, in and out of which numbers of song-birds, as well as others, are constantly fitting. Among them are a mocking-bird and two blue jays, which have, for some unknown reason, taken a violent dislike to Swiper. Possibly, sometime, the old rascal has robbed their nests, or caught and eaten some of their little ones. But be the cause what it may, these birds make life miserable for him. As soon as he appears away from the house, one or more of them will attack him, and the daring manner in which they will swoop down from some branch high up on the oak trees, and strike Swiper with beak and claws, on his back, passing on without stopping, and so quickly



that the cat has not time to strike back, is astonishing. They always choose a moment when his attention is distracted; and before he has time to recover from the surprise of the attack, they are back on their perch. After two or three such charges Swiper beats a retreat. As soon as he starts to run, another fight begins, for the birds will hover about him, striking blow after blow with marvelous rapidity. Poor Swiper seems to heave a sigh of relief as his feet again strike the porch floor, and the birds are compelled to cease their warfare.

Nestling cozily among the evergreens, about a quarter of a mile beyond the home of Elder White, lies the old-fashioned Southern homestead where Elder C. P. Bollman lives, who is secretary of the Southern Missionary Society. At this house is another cat, not only remarkable, but really an astonishing animal. She is a natural-born mother, and apparently will care for anything having life that crosses her path and needs attention. One day she found a poor forlorn and scrawny little chicken that had been abandoned by its mother. She sat down and drew it toward her, placing her paw and limb over it in such a way that the half-dead chick was drawn carefully and closely in contact with her own body. Here she kept it until it was revived by the warmth, and for many days she continued to nourish the wee one, until it obtained strength to look out for itself. It was

interesting to see the old cat sit down and call the chicken to her, and to see it come at her call, creep in under the extended paw, and cuddle down to sleep, with as much confidence and contentment as he would exhibit had the cat been a sure-enough hen.

By the way, on Elder Bollman's place are many fine fowls, and among them a noble specimen of a Plymouth Rock rooster. A strange friendship has sprung up between this rooster and a neighbor's cat, and they are often found together strolling over the pasture or under the evergreens, the cat catching bugs and grasshoppers and feeding them to her feathered friend.

A short time ago Calvin's cat (for it belongs to this son of Elder Bollman) brought into the world a nice family of kittens, all with their eyes closed, of course. The children were delighted with this unexpected acquisition, and visited the barn many times each day to look at the new arrivals. Imagine their surprise when, on going to the barn one morning, they found, nursing side by side with the kittens, two wee baby rabbits, with their eyes closed too. No one knows where the old cat found them, but she took just as much care of them as she bestowed upon her own offspring, washing and cleaning them as constantly and carefully as she did the kittens.

One day the neighbor's cat came on a visit, perhaps to congratulate her upon having so fine a family of well-marked and high-bred kittens, but as soon as he put in an appearance, the mother cat drew the two bunnies close between her paws, and covered them over with her limbs so the visitor could not reach them.

At last the time came when the eyes of the rabbits opened, and they saw the face of the dear old cat who had cared for them, and then what do you think happened? Why, the ungrateful little rascals hopped out of the nest and took to the woods again, where they came from.

Some people are unwise enough to hint that the cat ate them, but the children indignantly resent this insinuation, and claim that their dear old cat would not be guilty of eating a tiny creature that she had nourished and cared for, and that trusted her in its helpless condition. Human beings will raise chickens and animals, and teach them to trust them, then catch, kill, and eat them, but no one can make the Bollman children believe that their dear old cat would do such a thing. W. S. CHAPMAN.

Lapland Babies on Sabbath

IN Lapland the mothers love to go to church, and they go regularly, even when they have little babies to care for. They wrap the wee tots up in warm clothes, often in bearskins or something just as warm, and carry them along to church. Even if they have to go ten or fifteen miles, they will take the baby. They usually go in sleighs, drawn, not by horses or mules, but by reindeer.

As soon as the family arrives at the little church and the reindeer is secured, the father Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mother Lapp wraps baby in skins and lays it down there. Then the father piles the snow all around it, and the parents go into the church.

Sometimes twenty or thirty babies lie in the snow around the church, and I never heard of

one that was suffocated or frozen. And as the little ones are not strong enough to knock the snow aside and get away, they just lie still there and go to sleep. Then when church is out, the father goes to where the baby is, puts his hands down into the snow and pulls it out and shakes off the snow, and then the reindeer, trotting off a good deal faster than a horse, takes them all home again.—*Selected.*



Luck

"Luck doth wait,
Sitting idly at the gate,
Wishing, wishing all the day;
And at night
Without a fire,
Without a light,
Doth sadly say,

'To-morrow something may turn up;
To-night on wishes I must sup.'

"Labor doth go,
Plowing deep the fertile row,
Singing, singing all the day;
And at night
Beside a fire,
Beside a light,
Doth gladly say,

'To-morrow I'll turn something up;
To-night on wages earned I sup.'

I learned the preceding lines while but a child in the grammar school, and have always remembered them; I often think of them, since the experiences of later life have proved them to be true. The energetic man or woman, boy or girl, who works for what he receives has no place in his vocabulary for the words "bad luck." It is the slothful, indifferent person who hopes that fortune will smile on him, without any effort on his part, and who is ever complaining about his hard luck.

What is luck? Does success lie in the man, or in the luck? Our world is brimful of opportunities for all, but he who hopes to obtain an honored position in life without first conquering difficulties is quite likely to be disappointed, and will be among those shiftless fellows who must hide behind the excuse of "bad luck." Dame Fortune does not distribute her favors promiscuously; only those who are worthy receive her smiles. If we find ourselves among the class of unfortunates who are pursued by the phantom "bad luck," let us bestir ourselves, shake off the languid desire to receive that which we do not deserve, set about to earn worthily every copper we receive, and we shall soon find that our "luck" will change.

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

Mayaguez, P. R.

"Seekest Thou Great Things for Thyself? Seek Them Not"

How many have read what God said to Baruch in the forty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah, and realized the important lesson there is in it, especially for the young people in these last days? Baruch was a young man who lived in the days of that wicked king, Jehoiakim, when God was sending warnings and reproofs, and also entreating the nation to forsake their sins and return to him. It was Baruch's task as scribe and secretary of Jeremiah to write down these testimonies from God through Jeremiah and give them to the people. No doubt his lot was a hard one, for he said, "Woe is me now! for the Lord hath added grief to my sorrow; I fainted in my sighing, and I find no rest." Perhaps Baruch had thoughts of a pleasant home, a garden, and money saved for emergencies.

What did God tell Baruch he would do? The fourth verse says: "Thus shalt thou say unto him, The Lord saith thus; Behold, that which I have built will I break down, and that which I have planted I will pluck up, even this whole land."

Dear young friends, do you see any lesson for you here? Do you believe that Jesus is soon coming? Then read the fifth verse: "And seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not: for, behold, I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord: but thy life will I give unto thee for a prey in all places whither thou goest." That same warning and promise come to each one of us to-day, as the same things will happen in the very near future, and the same keeping power of God will be bestowed only upon those who heed his voice.

O, may we all turn our backs upon the glitter and tinsel of this old, crumbling earth, and turn our hearts toward heaven, for Jesus has said, "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." So let us remember our obligations to others, and not let an opportunity for doing a service for the Master slip by unimproved. Let us remember that Abraham was a pilgrim in a strange land, and be willing to go and do without hesitating what the Lord wants done. May he stir us up to see our place and fill it without delay. "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."

S. A. WRIGHT.

Working, Waiting, and Winning

If you would have a blessing sent
To you, this very minute,
Give up all hope of quick receipt,
For first you've got to win it.
The treasure must be won by you
By working slowly, surely;
'Twill thus be sweeter, when, at last,
You hold the prize securely.

All good things come to him that works;
And, surely, it is better
To work than wait; for you will find
That waiting is a fetter
Which binds you if you let it, and
There isn't any knowing
How long you'll have to wait, my friend,
If that's the seed you're sowing.

Of course, 'tis very well to wait
When time has come for waiting;
But work before you rest, and tend
With labor unabating
The many seeds that you have sown;
And, when you are not working,
Reflect that harvest yields depend
On time not spent in shirking.

Perhaps, at present, you're not fit
The blessing to inherit;
But keep on laboring; it will come
When you have shown your merit.
Hard work will do you good, and make
You see your faults more clearly.
We have the most regard for things
That come to us most dearly.

—*Benjamin Keech, in World's Events Magazine.*

True Riches

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. 6: 19-21.

In these words the Saviour sets forth the nothingness of the goods of this world, susceptible to destruction and decay, and liable at any moment to be snatched from the hands of the owner, while, on the other hand, he also reveals the untold worth of the imperishable riches of heaven. These are the treasures which we should seek, for where our treasure is, there will our heart be also.

Again in his words to the Laodicean church

—the church of the present time—speaking of their lukewarm condition and how they pride themselves on their riches and increase of goods, Jesus says, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold, tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich." Thus we see that it is only heavenly riches that shall avail; for "they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil."

There is a great lesson in the thought that the love of money is the root of all evil. It is not the money, but the *love* of it. He who, having wealth, consecrates it to the Lord and his service, instead of heaping it up for himself, lays up treasure in heaven. On the other hand, a man who, though poor, has the love of money, coveting the riches of another, may be led to commit some act that will deprive him of the true riches, which, had he sought, he might have found by coming to a loving Saviour and confessing his poverty and nothingness.

In view of these things, we should seek diligently for the true riches, even eternal life and happiness; "for what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

CUNO P. CRAGER.



CEMENT, O. T., May 12, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I have been getting the paper every Sabbath. I do hope to meet the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

LEE CARTER.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, March 10, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a little girl eleven years old. I have a little sister. I am a member of the church in Springfield, Ohio. I was baptized Sept. 30, 1905. Pray for me that I may meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

VERNA SCHUSTER.

MATSQUI, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS: As I have never written to you before, I thought I would now. I am thirteen years old. We moved here five weeks ago from Gaylord, Michigan.

I like to read the INSTRUCTOR very much. If there are any of its readers in Bellingham, Washington, I would like to have them write to me. Of course a letter from any one else would be very acceptable. I will have to close, so I will say good-by.

J. IRVING HARTNELL.

PIERCE, COLO., March 3, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I like to read it very much. I live in the country. I am a little girl eleven years old. I am in the third grade in the public school. I am reading the Bible through by course. I am now reading in Deuteronomy. We are all Sabbath-keepers. Love to all.

DORA NESMITH.

So long has this letter had to wait for a place in the Letter Box, that Miss Dora is probably just about finishing the reading of the Old Testament. I wonder whether she would not advise every boy and girl who has not read the Bible through to begin at once.

RIPON, Wis., March 5, 1906.

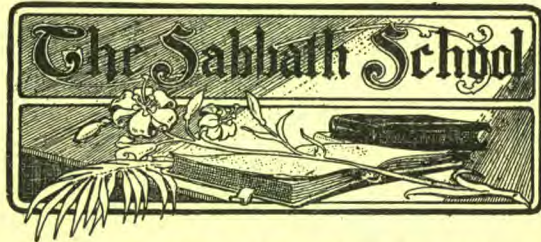
DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: The INSTRUCTOR has been a regular visitor in our family for several years, and it certainly is a very welcome one. The grammar talks, and also those to girls by Margaret Sangster, have been of great interest to me. The Young People's lessons are good too. There are no young people here, so we can have no Society. My brother, who is twelve years old, and myself are the only Sabbath-keeping children. It is rather hard for us at times, but still we hold on. It is my prayer that next year we may both go to some of our own schools

and prepare to be workers in the Lord's cause.

May he bless all the INSTRUCTOR family, the editor, and other contributors, so that they may have just the best and most helpful selections.

VERA MUELLER.

I hope Miss Vera and her brother are both anticipating a pleasant and profitable year in one of our schools, and that they are planning to be present on the opening day of the coming autumn. We shall be glad to hear from them again. A tree on the hillside that has to breast the storms alone is often of firmer growth than those of the forest; so it is possible for one who has to stand alone for God and truth to be more firmly "rooted and grounded in the truth" than those associated with many of the same faith.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

X — Paul Before King Agrippa

(September 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 25 and 26.

MEMORY VERSE: "For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." Matt. 10:20.

"Now when Festus was come into the province, after three days he ascended from Cæsarea to Jerusalem. Then the high priest and the chief of the Jews informed him against Paul, and besought him, and desired favor against him, that he would send for him to Jerusalem, laying wait in the way to kill him. But Festus answered, that Paul should be kept at Cæsarea, and that he himself would depart shortly thither. Let them therefore, said he, which among you are able, go down with me, and accuse this man, if there be any wickedness in him.

"And when he had tarried among them more than ten days, he went down unto Cæsarea; and the next day sitting on the judgment-seat commanded Paul to be brought. And when he was come, the Jews which came down from Jerusalem stood round about, and laid many and grievous complaints against Paul, which they could not prove. While he answered for himself, Neither against the law of the Jews, neither against the temple, nor yet against Cæsar, have I offended anything at all.

"But Festus, willing to do the Jews a pleasure, answered Paul, and said, Wilt thou go up to Jerusalem, and there be judged of these things before me? Then said Paul, I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged: to the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou very well knowest. . . . I appeal unto Cæsar.

"Then Festus, when he had conferred with the council, answered, Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar? unto Cæsar shalt thou go.

"And after certain days king Agrippa and Bernice came unto Cæsarea to salute Festus."

"After many days" Festus told King Agrippa about Paul—how he was accused by the Jews, and how he had asked to have his case taken to Cæsar.

"Then Agrippa said unto Festus, I would also hear the man myself. To-morrow, said he, thou shalt hear him.

"And on the morrow, when Agrippa was come, and Bernice, with great pomp, and was entered into the place of hearing, with the chief captains, and principal men of the city, at Festus' commandment Paul was brought forth.

"And Festus said, King Agrippa, and all men which are here present with us, ye see this man, about whom all the multitude of the Jews have

dealt with me, both at Jerusalem, and also here, crying that he ought not to live any longer. But when I found that he had committed nothing worthy of death, and that he himself hath appealed to Augustus, I have determined to send him. Of whom I have no certain thing to write unto my lord: Wherefore I have brought him forth before you, and specially before thee, O king Agrippa, that, after examination had, I might have somewhat to write. For it seemeth to me unreasonable to send a prisoner, and not withal to signify the crimes laid against him.

"Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself: I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews."

Paul then told the king how he had lived in Jerusalem during his youth; how he had been taught the law; and how he had persecuted the believers in Jesus. He spoke of the light that had shined round him on his way to Damascus, and how he had been called to preach the gospel to the Gentiles. He also spoke of his work since that time.

"And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

"But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner.

"King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

"And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

"And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them. And when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar."

Questions

1. When Festus came to the province, what place did he visit? What request was made of him by the high priest and some of the chief Jews?
2. What answer did Festus make? When he returned to Cæsarea, what did he do? By whom was Paul accused? Could these men prove their charges?
3. What did Paul declare? What question did Festus ask Paul, in order to please the Jews? What did Paul answer? To whom did he appeal?
4. When Festus had conferred with the council, what did he say to Paul? Who came to Cæsarea after certain days?
5. What did Festus tell King Agrippa? What did Agrippa say he would do? What time was set for him to hear Paul's case?
6. How did Agrippa come to the place of hearing the next day? Who came with him? When Paul was brought before them, what did Festus say the Jews desired?
7. What had Festus not found in Paul? To whom was he going to send him? What troubled Festus? What seemed to him unreasonable?
8. What did Agrippa now give Paul permission to do? How did Paul begin his address? Why was he happy to be tried before this man?
9. Tell briefly the main points in Paul's speech at this time.

10. As Paul was speaking, how did Festus interrupt him? How did Paul answer Festus? What did he say he spoke?

11. What did Paul say the king knew? What direct question did Paul now ask the king? Who answered this question? How?

12. What did King Agrippa now say to Paul? Give Paul's answer.

13. When he had thus spoken, what did the king and those who were with him do? What did they say among themselves? What did the king say to Festus?

14. Who was with Paul in this trial? What promise has been made to those who are brought before kings to testify for Jesus? Memory Verse.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

X — The Fruit of the Spirit — Goodness, Faith, Meekness

(September 8)

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." John 15:5.

Questions

1. Name the fruits of the Spirit again. Gal. 5: 22, 23.
2. By which of these fruits did God make known his character to Moses? Ex. 33:18, 19.
3. Where is his goodness manifested? Ps. 33:5.
4. What does it do for the sinner? Rom. 2:4.
5. Then for what should men praise the Lord? Ps. 107:8.
6. What fruit of the Spirit is necessary if men would please God? Heb. 11:6; note 1.
7. What precious promise is made concerning the trusting soul? Isa. 26:3; note 2.
8. What illustration did Jesus give of the power of faith? Matt. 17:20.
9. Mention a few examples of men of faith and what they accomplished. Hebrews 11.
10. What is said concerning the faith that will be found in the earth when Jesus comes? Luke 18:8.
11. Among what class will fruit be perfected? Rev. 14:12.
12. Give an example of meekness. Num. 12:3.
13. Who will inherit the new earth? Matt. 5:5.
14. What precious promise is made to the meek? Ps. 25:9.

Notes

1. O, for living, active faith! We need it; we must have it, or we shall faint and fail in the day of trial. The darkness that will then rest upon our path must not discourage us or drive us to despair. It is the veil with which God covers his glory when he comes to impart rich blessings.—"Testimonies for the Church," No. 31, page 211.

2. The difficulties we have to encounter may be very much lessened by that meekness which hides itself in Christ. If we possess the humility of our Master, we shall rise above the slights, the rebuffs, the annoyances to which we are daily exposed, and they will cease to cast a gloom over the spirit. The highest evidence of nobility in a Christian is self-control.—"Desire of Ages," page 301.

Courage

NAPOLÉON said, "Marshal Ney should have no credit for courage; he does not know what fear is. But Marshal Brune ought to have credit for being brave, for he never goes into battle without trembling, and yet he will not run." When a man stands for God, true to his convictions, with nothing in him that is strong but God, he is a true hero.—Selected.



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Distant and Near View

A FAMOUS painter exhibited a picture representing a friar in his robes. On looking at the painting from a distance, the monk seems to be in the attitude of prayer, his head seems bowed over a book, his hands clasped upon his breast, and his eyes cast down in humble adoration. With a nearer view the deception vanishes. The book turns out to be a punch-bowl into which the monk is squeezing a lemon. Doubtless the artist meant to suggest the incongruity that is often revealed in a person's life by a casual and a close acquaintance. The true Christian's life becomes more beautifully religious and worshipful, the closer it is scrutinized. Sincerity throws a luster over the humblest life that makes it wonderfully attractive. Why not be wholly sincere?

Some Are Working

Two young ladies who have been canvassing for the *Bible Training School* in some of the Southern cities have sold twenty-five thousand five hundred copies of the special number printed to start the work in western India. Besides placing a periodical filled with the truth of God in the hands of more than twenty-five thousand persons, they have made their own expenses, replenished their wardrobe, laid by something for a "rainy day," and given four hundred and seventy-five dollars to the work in India. The spiritual blessings that have come to them in addition to the temporal blessings would, without doubt, have amply repaid them for their months of hard work, even had they been less successful financially.

God's Thought for Us

EVERY beautiful flower, feathery fern, graceful palm, or singing bird tells us of God's love for us. The spirit of prophecy assures us that beautiful things were placed in the earth by our Father with the express purpose of affirming his love to us. Then so long as the spotless water-lily with its delicate fragrance can be found, or the rose with its fascinating beauty, we have no reason to doubt God's love, or his willingness to establish upon us his own beauty. The consciousness of this fact brings him very near to us.

A little fellow without father or mother was being taken by a stranger to a strange home. As they rode along, the boy often put his hand into his blouse as if to make sure of some treasure. The curiosity of his companion was aroused sufficiently to lead him to ask the little fellow if he had something that he prized especially. The boy rather hesitatingly revealed his secret. "It's just a piece of mother's dress. When I get kind—kind o' lonesome—I like to feel it. Most seems if she—wasn't so far off." It is thus with the things of nature all about us. Our Father meant that they should make him seem

very near to us, that they should often remind us of his love, and of the beauty of the One altogether lovely, and by their grace and beauty remind us of the Christian graces we should be daily cultivating.

Beyond Reach of the Waves

THERE is a plant called samphire, which grows only on cliffs near the sea; but, though it grows near the salt waves, it is never found on any part of a cliff which is within reach of the tide. On one occasion a party of shipwrecked sailors flung ashore were struggling up the face of precipitous rocks, afraid that the advancing tide would overtake them, when the eyes of one of their number lighted upon a plant of samphire, growing luxuriantly. Instantly he raised a shout of joy, assuring his companions that by this token they were now in safety. They flung themselves down, exhausted, to rest without fear. The sea might come near the spot, and perhaps cast up its spray, but it would never be found reaching it. Such is the position of a soul who has flung himself on the mercy of Christ. His throne is established forever, and if we are linked by faith in him to his throne, the waves of sin and trouble may dash their spray at our feet, but they can never overwhelm us.

Are You Going to School this Fall?

If you are a young person, and have not the preparation that will make you an efficient worker in the cause of Christ, and if you are not definitely planning to enter upon that preparation the coming autumn, stop and answer candidly the question, Why not? Our training-schools stand ready to help you. The Lord has said that all our youth should attend our schools, and should seek to attain the highest standard of mental power. There are calls from every land for strong men and women to bring the truth of God to the people, but there are many unable to answer these calls for lack of preparation, who otherwise might do so. These calls will continue. Are you hastening to prepare yourself to meet them? Elder Daniells said in a recent article in the *Review*: "Such a deep conviction of duty to prepare for efficient service should come upon the young men and women of this denomination as to fill all our schools to overflowing during the coming year."

If our young people once get a glimpse of the whitened fields all ready to harvest, their energies will be consecrated to an earnest preparation for a part in the great harvest ingathering.

"Little Drops of Water"

Two poems that have interested little people all over our country, and those of others also, had their birth in or near the historic old town of Lancaster, Massachusetts. These poems are, "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and "Little Drops of Water." The author of the last, Mrs. Julia Fletcher Carney, is still living, though she is eighty-three years old. She resides in Galesburg, Illinois.

Her maiden name was Julia Fletcher. With the death of her brother, Charles Thornton Fletcher, a few years ago, the name passed from the list of Lancaster citizens. When Mrs. Carney was a babe, scarlet fever left her with little strength or energy for the usual pastimes of childhood; but her fondness for reading helped to brighten the weary days of invalidism. An unusual memory, combined with her love for good reading, served to fill her mind early with things of worth. In a personal letter to the editor received a few years ago, she said, "Now at the age of eighty I am daily more thankful that Mother Goose, fairy folk-lore, and the memoirs of good children who 'died young,' were not the limit of my youthful reading. Gems of poetry fixed in mind by their musical diction, return

to me now, in moments of thought; and when old songs are heard, or old stories told, memory instantly detects a misquotation, and supplies the correct word or incident."

Miss Fletcher began to teach school when in her teens before there were any public schools. She wrote many stories and hymns for children. One evening she was writing a letter to Sunday-school children, which she had promised to a Boston publisher. In this letter she endeavored to get the children to appreciate the influence of little things in character building. She said to them: "It may seem to you that these are little things—that one insincere act, the speaking of one unkind word, the making of another person unhappy for a few moments can not be of much importance; but you must remember that the whole world is made of little things. I will put this in rhyme for you:—

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

"Yet the bright and beautiful world, where we have so much to make us happy, is not to us a little thing. So our lives are made of moments, and if we take care to spend every little moment right, our whole lives will be right."

It was under the circumstances given above that the first stanza of the familiar poem was written. The next morning Miss Fletcher went to Tremont Temple to attend a class in shorthand. At the close of the hour, ten minutes were allowed for an extemporaneous exercise in the new alphabet. Naturally the stanza so recently composed was fresh in her mind, so she wrote it and added three more. On being requested the same day to write something for the *Gospel Teacher*, Miss Fletcher sent the little poem just composed. Though it is simple, it expresses a very important truth. It was received favorably, being copied by papers all over the United States, and also in Europe. Here are the four stanzas that have appeared in so many school readers:—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

"So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

"So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy,
Like the heaven above!"

The composition of the poem was in itself an illustration of the truth Miss Fletcher was seeking to impress—just a simple shorthand exercise, but for half a century the lines she wrote have been influencing little people, and older ones too, to give care to the little things—"the little foxes that spoil the vines," the little acts of kindness that cheer and brighten tired and saddened lives. Miss Fletcher also wrote the following poem:—

"When the morning sun is beaming,
Making all things gay,
Over hill and valley gleaming,
I will kneel and pray.

"When it shines with noontide power,
To the shade I stray;
Then 'mid fragrant shrub and flower,
I will kneel and pray.

"When the shades of eve are closing
O'er the weary day;
All things are in peace reposing,
I will kneel and pray.

"When the midnight stars are lending
Beauty to our way,
And kind watch above us bending,
I will kneel and pray."