

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Fated City

ACROSS the bay from Oakland, California, there lies a vast area of ruins, whose very silence is more eloquent than tongue or pen. Schiller has said,—

"There is a consecrating power in time,
And what is gray with years, to man is godlike."

But the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast was in its prime, and possessed a vigor which perceptibly increased as the days passed by; so that a casual observer might reasonably have said at five o'clock on the morning of April 18, "San Francisco has not yet reached the zenith of its prosperity." But a few minutes later the calamity came, spreading ruin and devastation in every direction. To-day it is a city of fallen walls, of crumbling marble, of broken columns, of desert waste,—a vast burial-place, with no sculptured monuments to designate how much of the area is yet occupied by the dead. How many human beings were crushed to death by falling buildings, how many perished in the awful holocaust, no one can tell. Bodies are still being found in the ruins; and from a population of four hundred and eighty thousand no doubt hundreds are included in the unknown death list. Many of those who survived have moved across the bay, while others have gone to more remote places; so that a recent estimate has given as the population of the city the significant number of "one hundred and forty-four thousand."

From the bay, many of the once busy thoroughfares have the appearance of parallel roadways leading over the distant hills, where all is barren and desolate. Other parts of the city present direful ruins of great buildings, where naked, empty walls or skeleton frames bereft of masonry stretch skyward. The traffic across the ferry is such that one is led to wonder the whence and whither of the surging crowds. Once landed, one's attention is arrested by little booths, such as might be seen at a street fair, the first one bearing the generous inscription, "Free—Information Bureau—Boiled Water." Others are for the sale of confections, and relics from the ruins of the recent disaster.

Many of the streets have been cleared of débris sufficiently to permit the running of trolley-cars, any line of which passes through indescribable scenes of devastation. The surface of the streets is undulating, still bearing the imprint of the tremendous earthquake waves which undermined colossal structures, and spread ruin and death on every side, leaving to those who survived, and to the world, a vivid and awful reminder of the frailty of every work of man, the uncertainty of human life, and the importance of a constant preparation for eternity. More than three months have passed since the great calamity; but, incredible as it may seem, the fire still smolders. Vaults and safes, bereft of their

treasures of wealth, to-day are open to the winds and the sun.

The ponderous work of clearing the débris is slowly going forward. Taken as a whole, the task is disheartening; but already much has been accomplished. The new business houses are mostly cheap-looking, one-story wooden buildings—small reminders of the lofty structures which have disappeared from view.

One of the most famous localities in the ruined district is Nob Hill, overlooking San Francisco Bay and Golden Gate Harbor. This famous eminence, where once stood palatial residences of millionaires, has been laid waste; its glory is in ashes. Not a single resident remains. A few tented "rough riders" occupy the spacious grounds of a former mansion, their mode of life being in striking contrast with that of their predecessors on the hill. This center of fashion, of opulence, of gaiety, is very silent now. The cable-cars, which once carried on such extensive traffic, have refused to run over broken and disarranged tracks. Only an occasional wanderer, a few sightseers, or, perchance, a workman here or there, seem to vary the monotony. Nature is the same. The golden gleams of morning steal over the distant mountains, and twilight lingers o'er the "sundown sea," just as of yore. The flowers bloom on neglected terraces, the breezes come and go, and the deep blue ocean heaves and swells as it ever has done. But, alas! how changed is art, and all that pertains to man's ingenuity. Finely wrought statues, now broken and seared, have ceased to be ornamental. Polished marble steps, which once echoed to the footfall of gay society goers, are charred and crumbling to decay. Imposing lamps surmounting massive fence- and gate-posts, have ceased to shine. Iron bars over basement windows are no longer of any service. A palatial entrance of costly marble columns no longer suggests elegantly furnished drawing-rooms beyond; for across the threshold one looks upon the blue sky and the ruined city. The great Fairmont Hotel, built of marble, still stands on Nob Hill, a magnificent ruin. Not destroyed by the earthquake, it was sadly burned out by the fire.

At Golden Gate Park and elsewhere are refugee encampments. The climate is not ideal for camp life, being damp and chilly most of the year; but thousands of homeless people are still sheltered in this manner. Many feel unsafe in houses, especially those constructed of brick or stone. For weeks following the earthquake, it is said there was not a day free from shocks; and for a time the earth seemed to tremble constantly, as shown by seismographic records. Shocks are still experienced frequently, and men's hearts are "failing them for fear" of what may yet befall the ruined city.

A strange sight is that of the great building known as the United States Mint, which remains practically untouched by either earthquake or fire, although bounded on every side by ruin and débris. Why this building should have been so fortunate in escaping injury, is a marvel, but the circumstance recalled that precious promise of the Lord to his faithful followers: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand

at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

Every catastrophe which befalls our fellow men has its lessons for those who survive. A lady who was burned out by the fire following the earthquake, remarked recently concerning the great disaster, "God did this. It was not nature; it was not chance. God did it because of the wickedness of San Francisco." Many persons are wont to look upon the recent calamity as a direct visitation from God because of the sins of those who suffered as a result. No doubt God permitted it because of great wickedness. But Christ taught a principle which seems applicable at the present time: "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." (See Luke 13:1-5.)

From the silent ruins of the great metropolis of the West, there steals forth this mutely eloquent, earnest, and solemn appeal to every sinner, "Prepare to meet thy God." No one can tell where the next catastrophe will be, or how soon it may come. But he who follows where God leads, whose life is consecrated to him, who is willing to be anything or nothing that he may win souls for heaven, may find sweet consolation in the precious promises of the Bible, and know that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

Conquest

THE famous battle of Marathon had been fought, in which Miltiades led his little army of ten thousand men against a force of three hundred thousand Persians. After his glorious victory, Miltiades became for the hour a nation's idol. Themistocles, then a youth, was observed to be remarkably pensive and sad, refusing to join in his accustomed amusements, and often spending whole nights in thought and wakefulness. When asked the cause of this change in his deportment, he answered, "The trophies of Miltiades will not suffer me to sleep."

His whole soul was possessed with the desire to become alike distinguished among his countrymen. To this end he bent every purpose of his soul. Scorning fatigue and ease, he planned, labored, and studied until he had placed his name high on the scroll of fame. He created a navy, which enabled Greece to cope with Persia on the sea, and win a decisive victory over the great leader Xerxes.

Yet, what were the perishing honors of Miltiades, compared with the glorious crown set before the faithful young soldier of the cross? If a perishing garland of laurel or bay could so fire the heart, what should be the enthusiasm of one who has immortal glory before him? What care, what pains and watching are too great to expend for such a prize? If Themistocles could thus give up the follies and pleasures of youth to make himself a strong and valiant soldier, can not you forego whatever would disqualify you for becoming a good soldier of Jesus Christ?

"He that is slow to anger is better than the

mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city;" and until this conquest of self is secured, no one of us is likely to take a city, or anything else worth taking. Let us pray more, remembering that "prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness"—his willingness to help us keep ourselves "unspotted from the world."

ERNEST LLOYD.



Program for Ingathering Service

Motto

"WHAT shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"—"I will take the cup of salvation."

OPENING SONG.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE, NOS. 1 OR 2.

SONG: "We Praise Thee, O God."

PRAYER.

SONG BY CHILDREN.

RECITATION: "The Ingathering."

RECITATION: "Two Seas."

RECITATION: "Thanksgiving."

RECITATION: "Little Gleaners."

MUSIC.

DIALOGUE: "The Three Rules."

RECITATION: "A Child's Wisdom."

RECITATION: "This Way."

MUSIC.

RECITATION: "The Maelstrom," or "Seeing the Sprinkled Blood."

TALK ON MISSION FIELD.

OFFERING.

PRAYER.

SONG.

Two Seas

IN the land of Palestine there are two seas. One is living; it receives its waters fresh from the streams and hills, and retains them just long enough to let them pass through it to the valley beyond. This is the Sea of Galilee. It is kept fresh, pure, and living, not by what it receives, but by what it gives. No body of water lives because waters flow into it, but because they flow out from it.

The other sea is dead,—the Dead Sea; the name tells the whole story. It receives pure water from the same sources as the Sea of Galilee, but retains it all within its own bosom, sending no stream of blessing forth. Therefore that which is life in Galilee is death in the Dead Sea. Thus God's gifts to us become our condemnation and our death, if we retain them all within ourselves. We live and grow and flourish only as we give them forth. E. R. PALMER.

Little Gleaners

(Each carries a small sheaf of wheat)

We are only little gleaners,
As our little sheaves will tell;
But we followed near the reapers,
And we gathered all that fell.

We are only little gleaners;
Stronger arms have gone before,
Carrying in the golden harvest
To enrich the Master's store.

We are only little gleaners,
But our Saviour, good and kind,
Always smiles when children serve him
With the best that they can find.

—Selected.

The Three Rules

(For several little children)

Question.—WHAT is the Iron Rule?

Answer.—The rule of savage men:
If evil is done unto you,
Evil do thou again;
That is the Iron Rule.

Question.—What is the Silver Rule?

Answer.—The rule of worldly men:
If good your neighbor does to you,
Do good to him again;
That is the Silver Rule.

Question.—What is the Golden Rule?

Answer.—The rule of righteous men:
If evil is done unto you,
Return thou good again;
That is the Golden Rule.

—Selected.

This Way

(For kindergarten children)

WHEN the corn begins to sprout,
Two little leaves come peeping out ¹.

When the leaves are fresh and green,
A slender stalk shoots up between ².

While the stalk keeps on to grow,
The tiny ears begin to show ³.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE—NO. 1

Recital of God's Blessings

1. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. Ps. 33:6.

2. In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land. Ps. 95:4, 5.

3. The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter. Ps. 74:16, 17.

4. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth. Isa. 40:26.

5. That calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth: The Lord is his name. Amos 5:8.

6. Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Ps. 100:3.

7. The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all. Prov. 22:2.

8. He hath filled the hungry with good things. . . . He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. Luke 1:53; 6:35.

9. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Deut. 33:27.

10. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. Ps. 147:3.

11. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16.

12. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. 2 Peter 3:9.

13. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. 1 John 1:9.

14. Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. John 14:1-4.

15. And will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. 2 Cor. 6:18.

When the ears are long and thin,
The pretty silk begins to spin ⁴.

When the pretty silk is spun,
It turns the color of the sun ⁵.

When the summer sun is gone,
'Tis time to gather in the corn ⁶.

And at the yearly harvest-time,⁷
We'll thank God for his care divine.

¹ Put the fists together with the thumbs standing up. ² Raise one forefinger. ³ Raise two forefingers. ⁴ Raise right hand and shake the fingers. ⁵ Point to the sun. ⁶ Reach both arms out, and slowly fold them, as over the gathered corn. ⁷ Place hands together as for prayer.

—Selected.

Mission Field Study

Look for the Mission Field Study next week. It will be an unopened field, and all will want to have a part in starting the work. Let the little people in every church begin at once to earn something for the Harvest Ingathering offering.

Praise Responses

1. 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.

2. I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of old. Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters. Ps. 77:11, 19.

3. O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people. Ps. 105:1.

4. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. Ps. 72:18.

5. Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God: who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains. Ps. 147:7, 8.

6. So we thy people and sheep of thy pasture will give thee thanks forever. Ps. 79:13.

7. Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him. Acts 10:34, 35.

8. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. Ps. 107:8, 9.

9. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee. Ps. 84:12.

10. How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. Ps. 36:7.

11. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift. 2 Cor. 9:15.

12. Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God. Ps. 146:5.

13. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities. Ps. 103:2, 3.

14. Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Col. 1:12.

15. Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. 1 John 3:1.

Praise ye the Lord. Ps. 106:48.

Concert Praise

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness. . . . Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Ps. 150:1, 2, 6.

We will bless the Lord from this time forth and forevermore. Ps. 115:18.

The Ingathering

THE people of the Lord's desire
He led along the desert way;
By night he guided them with fire,
And with a cloud by day.

For forty years on manna fed,
They trod the desert's barren sand,
Until the Lord his people led
Into the promised land.

Then year by year the Hebrews met,
When autumn sheaves were safely stored,
And in his holy city set
Their gifts before the Lord.

Their grateful hearts with joy o'erflowed,
His tender mercies they confessed;
And for the gifts on them bestowed
The Giver's name they blessed.

And so, in this, his house, to-day
We meet to praise him for his grace,
And that he sheds upon our way
The radiance of his face.

He smiled upon our bare, brown sod;
He sent the sunshine and the dew;
And at the summons of its God
The seed sprang up and grew.

So, first the blade, and then the ear,
And then the full and perfect corn,
For granaries bursting with good cheer
We praise his name this morn.

Yet, while we here our vows renew,
Like pilgrims we would be away.
Our hearts are looking forward to
A greater Harvest Day.

God's Harvest Day is drawing nigh,
His reapers he will send erelong,
To bear his loved ones to the sky
To sing the new, new song.

With sin and woe forever fled,
The ransomed of the Lord shall stand,
Eternal joy upon their head,
In Israel's promised land.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

A Child's Wisdom

'Twas the hour of prayer, and the farmer stood,
With a thankful heart and a lowly mind,
And prayed to the Author of every good,
That the Father of all would be very kind
And bless his creatures with raiment and food;
That his blessing each day might be renewed,
That every want might find relief,
And plenty for hunger, joy for grief,
Be measured out by the merciful One,
To all who suffered beneath the sun.

The prayer concluded, the godly man
Went forth in peace to inspect his farm;
And by his side, delighted ran,
Blooming with every healthful charm,
A little son, a sprightly boy,
Whose home was love, and whose life was joy.

And they rambled over the golden fields,
And the father said, "The harvest yields
A plentiful crop, my son, this year;
My barns are too small for the grain, I fear."
And they wandered on through row upon row
Of plummy sheaves, till at length the child,
With earnest look and a brighter glow
Of his shining face, looked up and smiled,
And said, "My father, do not you pray
For the poor and needy every day,
That the good God would give the hungry food?"
"I do, my son." "Well, I think as you plead,"
His eye waxed bright, for his soul shone
through it,
"That God, if he had your wheat, would do it."

—Selected.

"Seeing the Sprinkled Blood"

"FATHER, I can not sleep; the prophet's words
Ring in my ears; they fill my heart with fear;
For am I not the first-born, and the one
On whom the destroying angel's shaft would
fall,
Were not the token on the lintel found?
Thrice have I named the patriarchs, and once
The creatures great and small that Noah drove
Before him in the ark; but all in vain.
I can not sleep. O father, art thou sure
The blood is sprinkled as God gave command?"

"Peace, peace, my child; just as the evening fell
The fairest lamb of all the flock was slain,
And roasted then with purifying fire;
With bitter herbs, and bread devoid of leaven,
In haste we ate the Lord's appointed feast.

Nor were the means of saving thee forgot;
Scarce was the yearling slain ere I gave word
For sprinkling of the blood upon the door;
Sleep, then, my first-born, God's avenging one
Will see the signal, and pass over thee."

Thus on that dark night which God had chosen
For passing throughout all fair Egypt's land,
To smite on every side the loved first-born,
Sparing not e'en the firstlings of the flock,
A Hebrew father soothed his restless child;
Restless himself, as now with girded loins,
Sandals upon his feet, and staff in hand,
He waited for the solemn midnight hour
When God's almighty arm should break the
chain
That bound his people to proud Pharaoh's
throne.

The bread unbaked was in the kneading-trough,
The scattered flocks were gathered in the fold,
And all betokened plans for hasty flight.
There was a thrilling silence in the air;
A quiet joy burned in the rabbi's breast,
Joy that was not unmingled with regret
At leaving thus his birthplace, though it was
A house of bondage, for the promised land.

The night wore on,
And yet again the pleading voice was heard:
"Father, sleep will not come; before my eyes
I see the angel pass, and at our door
Pause sadly, as though he wept to enter,
Yet dared not hasten unavenging by.
O father, if the blood has been removed,
Or if the herdboys heeded not thy voice,
Then never shall my weary eyes behold
The land of Canaan with its waving fields."

"Rest, little one, faithful our Jared is.
Not only on the side-posts of the door
Should be the stain, but on the one above;
So if some hungry dog should from its place
One token lick, the others would remain.
Sleep, my sweet child, for thou hast need of rest;
The journey will be rough for little feet."

The anxious voice was silent; in that home
Obedience reigned supreme, though not as yet
The law had sounded forth from Sinai's top;
With patience dutiful she sought to woo
Soft slumber to her long-unclosed eyes;
Sleep came at last, but with it dreams of fright,
Wherein she tossed, and moaned, and oft cried
out.

The midnight hour drew nigh; unbroken still
The darkness' solemn hush; the child awoke
With a loud cry, "Father, I thought I heard
The cock's shrill crow to greet approaching
morn.

My heart is beating with a sick'ning dread
Of danger near. Oh! take me to the door
And let me see the red blood sprinkled there."

Lighting a torch, the father gently took
His first-born in his arms, and bore her forth—
Started and paled to see no paschal sign,
No warning that their door should be passed by!
With trembling hand he snatched the hyssop
then,
Himself applied the blood in eager haste.
A long sigh of relief escaped the child;
Almost before he placed her on the couch,
Sweet sleep had fallen on her heavy lids,
Nor when the "great cry" rose did she awake.
That agonizing wail of man and beast
Reached not her ears, with drowsy slumber
sealed,
And at the dawn they bore her sleeping still,
Away from Egypt's darkness and despair.

Christ, our blest Passover, is slain for us;
The "blood of sprinkling" for our sins is shed;
Have we the atoning sacrifice applied,
Made sure our entrance to the promised Land?

—L. W. Herrick.

Thanksgiving

THANKS be to God! to whom earth owes
Sunshine and breeze,
The heath-clad hill, the vale's repose,
Streamlet and seas,
The snowdrop and the summer rose,
The many-voiced trees.

Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry dower;
And for the sable cloud that heals
Each fevered flower;
And for the rushing storm that peals
Our weakness and Thy power.

Thanks for the sweetly lingering might
In music's tone;

For paths of knowledge, whose calm light
Is all thine own;
For thoughts that at the Infinite
Fold their bright wings.

Yet thanks that silence oft may flow
In dewlike store;
Thanks for the mysteries that show
How small our love;
Thanks that we so little know,
And trust thee all the more!

Thanks for the gladness that entwines
Our path below;
Each sunrise that incarnadines
The cold, still snow;
Thanks for the light of love which shines
With brightest earthly glow.

Thanks for thine own thrice-blessed Word
And Sabbath rest;
Thanks for the hope of glory stored
In mansions blest;
Thanks for the Spirit's comfort poured
Into the trembling breast.

Thanks, more thanks, to him ascend,
Who died to win
Our life, and every trophy rend
From Death and Sin;
Till, when the thanks of earth shall end,
The thanks of heaven begin.

—F. R. Havergal.

The Maelstrom

Just off the coast of Norway
Two tides of ocean sweep,
And they make a terrific whirlpool,
With vortex fierce and deep.
Inward and inward ever,
The circling waves go round,
Swift and more swift, with fearful rush,
They seek the abyss profound.



Oh! woe to the helpless ship
That enters that treacherous tide;
At first, on the outer circle,
It seems secure to ride;
But now, in the boiling current,
'Tis tossed like a plaything weak,
And the air is rent with the piercing note
Of the mariner's dying shriek.

There lieth a treacherous whirlpool
Off the coast of human life,
Whose waters are seething and rushing,
Like demons of evil and strife,
And like the Norwegian maelstrom,
The outermost circle seems fair,
But woe to him who is hopelessly plunged
In its vortex of guilt and despair.

O youth, beware of the current,—
The current of folly and sin,—
Approach not its farthest circle,
Lest you reach the abyss within;
For worse than the shriek of the dying,
That rings from the Norway coast,
Is the wail of a perishing human soul,
At last and forever lost!

—Selected.

Scripture Exercise — No. 2

An Exercise for Five Children

[Let one child ask the questions of each of the other four in turn. Have the questions and answers thoroughly learned, and repeated slowly and reverently. Let the five join in singing the stanzas of hymn No. 85 in "Hymns and Tunes."]

How did the Lord bless Joseph?

"And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand. . . . And the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the field."

All together sing:—

"My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow."

Whence cometh all our blessings and life itself?

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. . . . The world is mine, and the fulness thereof." "In him we live, and move, and have our being."

All together sing:—

"The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give."

How may we show our gratitude for God's goodness to us?

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people." "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

All together sing:—

"Lord, what can I impart
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor."

What shall we do in return for God's rich bounties?

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. . . . O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand."

All together sing:—

"O! let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let every word and each desire
And all my days be thine."

ANNA E. RAMBO.

Notice!

The Scripture exercise may be given by two groups of children, one group reciting the blessings, the other the praise responses, and both together giving the concert exercise. Each child may repeat three or four texts. If there are only a few young persons in a church, some of the older members may be called upon to give the texts. The references should not be given, as doing so will break the unity of the thought.



The Joy of Service

"COME unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Matt. 11:28-30.

The Christian's Joy

The Christian life is one of joy and satisfaction. True it is that before taking such a stand, there seems to be some hesitancy on the part of many lest they should lose their positions, cause family division, or in some way incur inconsistencies between their present situation and future prospects. Many doubtless clearly see the reasonableness of service, and feel within themselves the need of a higher moral standard; but the lack of courage, the fear of ridicule, and the

absorbing pleasures of this world, are some of the causes that prevent their deciding forever for the right. All these hindrances may be obviated by taking heed to the word of Christ: "For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Some have become Christians after years of consideration, and when they began to experience the Christian's joy, often regretted not having followed the light sooner.

There is but one kind of real joy,—the joy of the Christian. He may not have the fame and honor that belong to the man of the world; he may not have the wealth and the luxury possessed and displayed by ancient Oriental monarchs; he may not have so gifted a talent as to move a congregation to tears, nor be so skilful a military genius as to capture a city at will; but through disappointments and persecutions in this world, the Christian's hope in the world to come is indeed worth the price of all he may suffer here. For it is certainly true that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. 2:9. Again: "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Rom. 8:18. This indeed is the unrealized joy that awaits the Christian.

Christian Service

The Christian life is also one of active service. Having the work of grace inwrought in the soul, and being imbued with the spirit of Christlikeness in the heart, how can one restrain himself from fervent service? Having been emancipated from the awful thralldom of sin, how can one keep the message of matchless love for himself alone? Having been forever saved from the power of eternal death, how can one endure to see his fellow men daily falling into the insidious snare of the enemy? There are countless unfortunates in this saddened world who would be only too glad to hear a few words of encouragement and comfort from one who is filled with the message of love. There are thousands behind the prison-bars who would be greatly cheered had they some fragments of the word of truth either in direct or in interpreted form. Many who drink and smoke really yearn for a higher power that is able to deliver them from their destructive habits. Many in heathen lands conscientiously bow down before wood and stone, who would readily accept this glorious truth if missionaries were sent to them. Christian friend, what are you doing for the promulgation of this truth? Are you enjoying ease and plenty while your fellow creatures are daily going down to Christless graves? If the love of Christ really constrained us, we would be so ardent with the spirit of service that indeed "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 8:38, 39.

As the water in a pool without tributaries or outlets will sooner or later become stagnant, so will a recipient of continued blessings without giving out to others, be selfish and unhappy. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is a command which should be carried out in the life of every conscientious Christian. In our everyday life, what gives us true happiness is not so much what we receive from others, as what we are doing for them. The impressions that remain the longest in our minds are not so much what others have done for us in times past, as what we have done for them that has made them happier, better, and nobler. No one pledges himself to let his light shine, and gives place in his life for the outflowing of God's blessings to others, without receiving in himself the inflowing of God's Holy Spirit.

Service from the sense of duty alone has not made any historic instance great; any hero who has stood firm and loyal to his country was not confined to the sense of duty; but duty was eclipsed by love. So it is with Christian service. We do not serve God from a sense of fear or duty; we serve him because we love him; we serve our fellow men because we love them. This is what gives the true joy of service.

G. DOANE WONG.

(To be concluded)

John Wycliffe

JOHN WYCLIFFE was born in Wycliffe, England, about 1324. Little is known of his early life. He received his education at Oxford. While attending college he was noted for his piety as well as for his remarkable talents and excellent scholarship. He was thoroughly acquainted with the speculative philosophy of his time. This was an aid to him in his work as a reformer.

While at Oxford, Wycliffe began the study of the Bible. In those early times when the Bible existed only in ancient languages, scholars were able to find their way to precious truths which were hidden from the uneducated.

In the Word of God he found that which satisfied the longing of his heart. Here he saw the plan of salvation revealed, with Christ as man's advocate. He was a keen detector of error, and when he saw the deceptions of the papacy, he lifted up his voice against them.

While acting as chaplain to the king of England, Wycliffe took a bold stand against paying tribute to the pope, and through his influence the king also refused to pay tribute. He waged a resolute war against the friars at the same time.

Wycliffe spent two years in the Netherlands as royal ambassador. Here he was brought into closer contact with the powers of Rome, where he gained a knowledge of many things which would have remained hidden to him in England.

Soon after his return to England, he received an appointment from the king to the rectory of Lutterworth. Here he openly taught and wrote against the papacy.

The anger of the papal power was aroused by the teachings of Wycliffe, and the pope issued three decrees to silence the heretic. These bulls laid upon England the command for the arrest and imprisonment of the hated reformer. But God, who has promised to care for his servants, protected his faithful witness. Pope Gregory XI, who had issued the bulls, and the ecclesiastics who had assembled for Wycliffe's trial, dispersed.

Suddenly the public labors of this faithful disciple were stopped. He was attacked by a dangerous illness, which, although not fatal, impaired his health so that he was unfitted for active service. Notwithstanding his feeble health, he applied himself to the task of translating the Bible. At last the greatest of his labors was completed—the first translation of the Bible into the English language. Now he feared neither the prison nor the stake, for he had given to England the light of the gospel.

The appearance of the Bible brought dismay to the Romish Church. They again plotted to silence the reformer's voice. Wycliffe was brought to trial before three tribunals, the third time before the highest tribunal in the kingdom.

Finally God's faithful servant was summoned to go to Rome to appear before the papal tribunal there, but could not obey the summons because of a shock of palsy, which made it impossible for him to travel. He wrote a letter, however, to the pope, denouncing the errors of the papacy.

Wycliffe fully expected that his life would be the price of his fidelity, but God still shielded his servant from the cruel death of the stake. He, the "morning star of the Reformation," died from a shock of palsy in 1384.

CELIA C. TICHENOR.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

What Some Little People Are Doing

EACH child of the Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania) Sabbath-school was given five cents by the teacher, and was asked to see how much he could cause it to increase before the Ingathering service. The little people lost scarcely any time in beginning, nor in improving the time since; for already they have accomplished much.

One little girl bought papers of pins, and sold them for five cents a piece. She made seventy-five cents by this transaction. Then her mama bought a sack of flour with this money, and they baked bread and sold it. She has increased her talent to \$4.20.

Another little girl has a missionary garden, and she has been selling vegetables, and donations have been given her, until she has about the same amount as the other one.

One who has been selling Graham bread has made three dollars from her talent; and another who has sold fudge and cookies has made about two dollars.

These children will have much more added to their talent before their Harvest Ingathering service is held in October. The other children are all working hard, but it is not known exactly what they are doing at the present time.

Doesn't this report inspire a hundred others to set about earning something? You can, with the Lord's help, accomplish much though you begin at this late date. Let us hear what you do for the mission field mentioned in next week's INSTRUCTOR.

The Missionary Chickens

"Now, daughter, after listening to my explanations, I am sure you will agree with me that it will be impossible for you to accompany me. Business is business you know, dear, and this time I may be compelled to visit places where you would sadly miss the comforts you are accustomed to. I know the first separation will be exceedingly hard for my darling, but if my plan for you is carried out, I think I am safe in saying that the summer will pass all too quickly, for the one left behind, at least."

"What is your plan, papa?"

"Well, I have decided to close the home during our absence, as both the housekeeper and maid will be glad of a rest, providing two agree to my plan, yourself, and also Aunt Isabel, to whom I have written to ask if she will assume the care of you during my absence."

"Just as if I don't consider myself quite a grown-up and able to care for myself!" said Una, half laughing and half crying.

"But still you are father's 'baby!' and so precious that nothing but imperative duty takes him away from you," was the fond answer.

"But what if Aunt Isabel writes that she won't have me? May I go with you then?"

"I do not entertain such a possibility, for your childless aunt has many times begged me to let you spend a summer with her."

"You never told me so, papa."

"No, dear, because heretofore it has been necessary for me to remain near New York so that I could run in every day or two, and I have been too selfish to have you long out of my sight."

There was silence for a moment, and then Una, with an attempt at bravery she did not feel, said: "I can't remember auntie very well, but I

know she's good, her letters are so nice; not one bit preachy, and yet I can tell she isn't" — "Out with it, dearie."

"I started to say she isn't just our kind — but" —

"I understand what you refer to," said the man of the world, with rising color, "and I confess that it is a compliment to your aunt not to be of 'our kind' — that is, mine; I am responsible for any lack on your part. But let me say right here, darling, that deep down in my heart is a hope that, in spite of my seeming indifference

that your girlie has missed, oh, so much! — even if she has the best father in the wide world."

Mrs. Harris was not long in learning that Una had not for years attended Sabbath-school, and that even church had not been attended with any regularity. But her niece seemed to find it such a pleasure to be with her that she needed no urging to accompany her wherever she went.

The first Sabbath morning, Mrs. Harris said: "We will go to Sabbath-school, dear. I have a class of young men, but I will introduce you, if you like, to a good teacher who has a class of girls of about your own age."

It chanced to be "Missionary Day." The superintendent and teachers were desirous of training those under their charge to regard themselves as but stewards of both time and money, consequently the earnest pleas for self-sacrifice touched the heart of the girl unaccustomed to them.

At the close of the Sabbath-school Mrs. Harris noticed that her niece was unusually quiet, but she asked no questions.

On the next day the why of it came out, however, in the following way: —

"Auntie, how much does uncle pay the pickers who are working in the strawberry patch?"

"Some of them he hires by the day; those he considers conscientious pickers. Others he allows three cents for every quart picked."

"Well, I'm willing to do any way uncle wants me to if he'll only hire me to pick, too."

"Why, child, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Harris.

"Well," said Una, in a confused way, "you know at Sabbath-school yesterday they talked about wanting to raise money enough to support a missionary, and our teacher — I say our, for I gave in my name — said she'd be so glad if each of her girls would add a dollar to the fund next month."

"Yes, dear."

"At first I thought, 'A dollar! that's an easy matter; for papa gives me all the money I want.' But it looked different when teacher told us that a gift would mean far more if we gave ourselves with it, if we earned it for — for — Christ's sake. Then, after school, when I heard the girls planning how to earn their money, I wanted to earn some, too, for the first time in my life."

"But, dear," said the aunt, deeply touched at the first evidence that her prayers were being answered, "your father would not like to have you go among those pickers, for some of them are very rough."

"But how can I earn money, then, Auntie? I just couldn't sleep last night thinking how much I want to."

"I understand how you feel, Una, for just so your dear mother pleaded, in the long ago, for ways in which to earn money 'her very own' for Jesus. But I can suggest a way. How would you like to have the entire charge of feeding the chickens this summer?"

"O Auntie, I couldn't take pay for that! Why, it would be just fun!"

"Yes, but there are a great many of them, and I find the care of them takes too much of my time. Your uncle is urging me to get rid of them, but I can not consent to do that. So if you will take the entire care of them, I will gladly pay you, for it will be a great relief to me."



"GATHERING DECORATIONS FOR INGATHERING SERVICE IS NOT ALL PLAY"

to such matters, you may some day be just such another woman as your noble aunt — for your mother was strangely like her."

So, a little later Mr. Bond accompanied his daughter to Vermont, where he remained until he saw enough to convince him that he had every reason to feel at rest about the child who was not only delighted with the strange scenes, but already showed such love for her aunt that he declared he was "jealous."

Mrs. Harris had long prayed that she might have an opportunity to lead her young niece to see that life was too sacred a trust to be frittered away in a round of parties and gay scenes about which she had written her, but, as Una had said, she was not one of the "preachy" sort, and so, with a thankful heart for the possibility of summer seed-sowing, she said little of what was lying nearest her heart, but lived Christ so continually that Una, observing beyond her years, in her first letter to her father expressed herself as follows: —

"Auntie is unlike any one I have ever seen, but I keep thinking how you said my mother was like her, and it makes me realize for the first time

At this Una actually clapped her hands for joy, as she exclaimed: "Oh, good! I will call them my missionary chickens!"

So, daily, all summer, Una might have been seen among the fowls, faithfully, joyously performing her duty, because into her heart had crept the joy that comes to those who serve,



because of the Christ-love which accompanies the service, be it ever so simple.—*Helena H. Thomas, in The Youth's Evangelist.*

Candy Making by Machinery

AUTOMATIC machinery has now invaded the industry of making candy, to no small extent. Taffy is pulled, caramels are cut, chocolates are dipped, and kisses are wrapped by mechanical devices which do the work as skilfully as a human hand.

This introduction of modern machinery is proving a great boon to the American production of sweetmeats. In fact, the demand for some kinds of candy is so enormous in the United States that, were it not for mechanical genius, it would be difficult to keep pace with it. Nowadays candy is made and shipped by the ton. The value of the American production is a hundred million dollars, and thirty-five thousand people are employed in the industry, to whom eleven million dollars is paid in wages annually.

The entire development of the candy-making industry, both in this country and in England, up to this present highly perfected stage, covers a period of little more than fifty years. In preceding centuries, the use of candy was confined chiefly to the palaces of the royal households. Its early history is nearly lost in obscurity. The sweets of the Greeks and the Romans was chiefly honey, though among them some sugar-cane was raised. There are evidences that the early Chinese knew something about candy, but the first really authentic record is that of rock-candy made in Asia.

The automatic machinery used in the making of candy kisses is interesting in its operations, and is typical of the evolution which has attended the recent years of the candy industry. The molasses, sugar, and other ingredients from which the taffy is to be made are put into huge kettles which are heated by steam. A mechanical beater, operated by steam power, does the mixing. Formerly the caldrons were heated by a fire built directly beneath them, and the mixing was done by hand. When the boiling has progressed sufficiently, the mixture is turned out upon a metal slab; by means of cold water, which circulates just beneath the slab, it is kept cold, and the taffy begins to cool. Before it is yet cold, it is lifted from the slab and given to the taffy puller.

The automatic taffy puller does as much work in one day as could be done by twenty men. The puller proper comprises two interweaving iron reels. A hundred pounds of taffy fresh from the metal slab are placed on this device at one time, and soon after the power is applied,

it is whirling at a rapid rate. It has been estimated that in fifteen minutes' time, one batch of taffy is stretched not far from twenty-five miles. It is put on to the machine dark in color, but it is not long until it begins to change its hue, and, when ready to be removed, it is white. This invention is not only a time-saver, but it takes the place of what is considered very laborious work. One time or another, most of us have watched the candy man in the corner store, laboring with a huge chunk of embryo taffy, which he throws over a hook time after time, and then draws it toward him again, and we have commented that it was no easy task.

When the one-hundred-pound ball of taffy is finally taken from the automatic puller, it is pulled out in long ropes preparatory to entering the most interesting machine in the factory—the cutter and wrapper. As the taffy ropes are fed into the cutter, they are clipped off into the sizes of "kisses," after which each piece is picked up by fingers of steel. The thin paper in which they are to be wrapped is simultaneously cut off into little squares as it unwinds from a roll. The metal fingers place the candy kiss in the square of tissue-paper as accurately as it could be done by the human fingers. The wrapping completed, each piece of candy is delivered through a trough to a large box, ready to be weighed and placed in the boxes. This machine wraps one hundred and thirty-four kisses a minute.

Automatic machinery has also entered the manufacture of chocolates. After the creams are formed in the molds, the dipping for some kinds of chocolates is done by a machine which is manipulated by one man with six assistants. This machine dips six thousand pounds of candy in a day, whereas two hundred pounds is considered a good record for one person dipping by hand.

Mechanical inventions are used in the molding of some candies. Trays four feet long and two feet wide filled with corn-starch are placed under presses. The presses make the desired molds or indentations in the corn-starch. These indentations are filled from another machine with a jelly paste or the like. After this hardens, the contents of the tray—both the corn-starch and the candy—are dumped into a "starch buck," an invention which separates the starch from the candy, and then sends the candy through one chute, and the starch through another.

One of the first mechanical inventions known to the candy manufacturer was the machine for stamping, decorating, and inscribing mottoes on white lozenges.—*Frank W. McClure, in the American Inventor.*

Dead in Earnest About It

MRS. J. K. BARNEY tells of a gentleman in Rhode Island, who some years ago was asked to give his signature to a petition for the prohibition of the sale of strong drink.

"No," was the decisive answer, "I am not ready for that; I have not made up my mind as to the advisability of it."

That night his only son was locked up in the police station, and the next morning fined in the police court for being "indecently intoxicated."

A few hours later the father crossed the street to speak to my friend, accosting him thus:—

"Look here, have you that petition with you to-day? I'm ready to sign it, for I do not want it to be so easy for my son to get drunk."

Upon being told that the petition had been left at home, something more than a mile away, he replied:—

"I will walk up there with you, for I am dead in earnest about this business."

A great many other people in Rhode Island have since come to be "dead in earnest about this business," and the constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of strong

drink which required a *three-fifths* vote instead of a mere *majority*, was carried by 14,775 voting for to 9,146 against it; and so the infernal traffic is outlawed in that State by a three-fifths majority, with 423 votes to spare. The campaign was short, sharp, and decisive, and probably the Rhode Island women know as well as anybody what carried the day.

One saloon-keeper was overheard saying to another: "We have plenty of money."

"Yes," said the other, "but we can't match them women's prayers!"

We trust the women will keep praying and working, until they draw the net tighter and tighter about this blood-red rum dragon, and he is pitched headlong into the bottomless pit.—*The Armory.*

What Are You Doing?

THINK before speaking, and if the heart is right, you will neither wound the feelings of the listener nor cause him to, in any degree, lightly esteem the one of whom you are speaking.

When the heart of the listener is right, no pleasure will be taken in hearing the least intimation that some one else has a defect in character. Watch yourself to find if you have the evil habit of conveying to the mind of another a picture you may sometime wish to reverse or entirely destroy. Speak well of others, or not at all, and you will save yourself future heart-aches and the woe pronounced upon backbiters. Who does not feel the restfulness of a change from the society of one who deals in implications and innuendoes, to that of the true person who has love for all and can not speak ill of the neighbor. Let us seek to make agreeable environments for our associates.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Heart Speech

THOU must be true to thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach.
Thy soul must overflow
Another soul to reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the full life speech.

—Emerson.

Meaning of the Word "Salary"

MANY years ago salt was so hard to obtain, but so much desired, that Roman soldiers were paid part of their wages in salt. Now, the Latin word for salt is "sal," and from that came the word "salarium," meaning salt-money. Finally, the soldiers were paid in money, but the term salarium was still used to designate these wages. From this old Latin word comes our English word "salary." This is why it is said of a worthless fellow that "he is not worth his salt."



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XI—Paul Shipwrecked

(September 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 27.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be of good cheer: for I believe God." Verse 25.

"And when it was determined that we should sail into Italy, they delivered Paul and certain other prisoners unto one named Julius, a centurion of Augustus' band. And entering into a

ship of Adramyttium, we launched, meaning to sail by the coasts of Asia; one Aristarchus, a Macedonian of Thessalonica, being with us. And the next day we touched at Sidon. And Julius courteously entreated Paul, and gave him liberty to go unto his friends to refresh himself.

"And when we had launched from thence, we sailed under Cyprus, because the winds were contrary. And when we had sailed over the sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia, we came to Myra, a city of Lycia. And there the centurion found a ship of Alexandria sailing into Italy; and he put us therein. And when we had sailed slowly many days, and scarce were come over against Cnidus, the wind not suffering us, we sailed under Crete, over against Salmone; and, hardly passing it, came unto a place which is called The fair havens; nigh whereunto was the city of Lasea.

"Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous, because the fast was now already past, Paul admonished them, and said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives. Nevertheless the centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things which were spoken by Paul. And because the haven was not commodious to winter in, the more part advised to depart thence also, if by any means they might attain to Phenice, and there to winter; which is an haven of Crete, and lieth toward the southwest and northwest. And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, loosing thence, they sailed close by Crete. But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon. And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive. And running under a certain island which is called Clauda, we had much work to come by the boat: which when they had taken up, they used helps, undergirding the ship; and, fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, strake sail, and so were driven.

"And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest, the next day they lightened the ship; and the third day we cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship. And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away.

"But after long abstinence Paul stood forth in the midst of them, and said, Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss. And now, I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me. Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island.

"But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country; and sounded, and found it twenty fathoms: and when they had gone a little farther, they sounded again, and found it fifteen fathoms. Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.

"And as the shipmen were about to flee out of the ship, when they had let down the boat into the sea, under color as though they would have cast anchors out of the foreship, Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers, Except these abide in the ship, ye can not be saved. Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off.

"And while the day was coming on, Paul

besought them all to take meat, saying, This day is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried and continued fasting, having taken nothing. Wherefore I pray you to take some meat: for this is for your health: for there shall not an hair fall from the head of any of you. And when he had thus spoken, he took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all: and when he had broken it, he began to eat.

"Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat. And we were in all in the ship two hundred threescore and sixteen souls. And when they had eaten enough, they lightened the ship, and cast out the wheat into the sea. And when it was day, they knew not the land: but they discovered a certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust in the ship.

"And when they had taken up the anchors, they committed themselves unto the sea, and loosed the rudder bands, and hoisted up the mainsail to the wind, and made toward shore.

"And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground; and the forepart stuck fast, and remained unmoveable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves.

"And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out, and escape. But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose; and commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land: and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land."

Questions

1. Where did Festus decide to send Paul?—To Italy. To whom were Paul and certain other prisoners delivered?
2. What ship did they enter? At what port did the ship stop the next day? What was Paul kindly allowed to do?
3. What change was made at Myra? Verses 5, 6. How did they sail? To what harbor did the ship now come?
4. How did the ship sail many days? What warning did Paul give the centurion? Whose counsel was followed?
5. Why were the owners of the ship anxious to reach another harbor? What finally led them to sail from Fair Havens? What arose not long after this?
6. What were they obliged to do to the ship? What island gave them some shelter? What did they do to the ship? Verses 17, 18, 19.
7. What caused all on the ship to lose hope of being saved? Of what did Paul now remind them? Of what did he assure them?
8. Who had stood by Paul that night? What had the angel said to him? How did Paul seek to cheer those with him? Memory Verse. What will always be the condition of those who believe God?
9. What did Paul say would become of the ship? Where would they be cast? What happened about midnight of the fourteenth day of the voyage? Verses 27, 28.
10. What did the sailors do? For what did they wish? What did the ship's men try to do?—To take the small boat and escape to land.
11. What did Paul now say to the centurion? What did the soldiers do to the small boat? What does this show?—Their confidence in Paul's words.
12. As day was coming on, what did Paul say and do? What assurance did he give those on board?
13. How many persons were in the ship? How was the ship further lightened?
14. When it was fully day, what was seen? What was it now thought best to do? Tell how the ship was wrecked.
15. What did the soldiers wish to do? Why?

Who kept them from this? What did the centurion command? How did others escape? How was Paul's assurance that none would perish fulfilled?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XI—Temperance

(September 15)

MEMORY VERSE: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10:31.

Questions

1. What is said of those who strive for a crown? 1 Cor. 9:24, 25; note 1.
2. Over what did Paul exercise self-control? 1 Cor. 9:27. Why? Rom. 8:13.
3. What admonition regarding self-control is given by Peter? 2 Peter 1:5-7.
4. What is the condition of those who are lacking in these graces? 2 Peter 1:9.
5. What intemperate condition will prevail in the last days? Matt. 24:37-39.
6. What warning is given those living in this time? Luke 21:34.
7. Upon what point did the first Adam fail? Gen. 3:6.
8. What victory was gained for man over appetite by the second Adam? Matt. 4:1-4.
9. What should be our purpose in eating? Eccl. 10:17.
10. What motive should characterize every act of life? 1 Cor. 10:31; note 2.
11. What is the true basis of temperance and health reform work? Rom. 14:23; note 3.
12. What will mark the life of the true Christian? Titus 2:11, 12.
13. What hope will give him strength to live thus? Titus 2:13.
14. What kind of people will Jesus come to redeem? Titus 2:14.

Notes

1. For the word "temperance" given in the Authorized Version, the Revised Versions have "self-control." See such texts as Gal. 5:23; Acts 24:25; 1 Cor. 9:25, etc. This gives the correct idea. True temperance means to exercise self-control in all things.
2. There is real common sense in health reform. People can not all eat the same things. Some articles of food that are wholesome and palatable to one person, may be hurtful to another. Some can not use milk, while others can subsist upon it. For some dried beans and peas are wholesome, while others can not digest them. Some stomachs have become so sensitive that they can not make use of the coarser kind of Graham flour. So it is impossible to make an unvarying rule by which to regulate every one's dietetic habits. Narrow ideas, an overstraining of small points, have been a great injury to the cause of hygiene.—"Christian Temperance," page 57.
3. Temperance, sometimes called physical righteousness, is a fruit of the Holy Spirit, and in its truest sense can be acquired only by the operation of the Spirit of God on the intemperate passions of the natural heart. It should be studied, and practised, from the Christian rather than the pagan standpoint. Various forms of correct living are manifest among heathen nations, and have been for centuries, but those who have practised them are pagan still. Men of the world adopt temperate habits that their minds may be clear, so they may better perform their work. Others practise proper habits of eating and drinking to develop muscle in order to win in some physical contest. Temperance from the Christian standpoint is far different from these. It is a thing of the heart, a fruit of righteousness, a purification of the soul from unclean passions through faith.



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THE contemplation of beauty in nature, in art, in literature, in human character, diffuses through our being a soothing and subtle joy by which the heart's anxious and aching cares are softly smiled away.—*E. P. Whipple.*

GEORGE MÜLLER read the Bible through consecutively more than one hundred times, besides the other study he gave it. Early in his Christian experience he formed the habit of studying it when in a kneeling posture.

WERE the spirit of war suddenly to disappear from the earth, making all the Krupp guns and cannon unnecessary, two hundred eighty thousand persons, who are dependent upon the Krupp manufactories for their daily bread, would find themselves without a means of support. Thirty-six thousand men are employed in the steel works at Essen alone.

WE meet a person and say, "Good morning; this is a bright day." He could see that without our telling him; but the brightness of the morning means so much to us that we speak involuntarily. What we need is so to feel the blessing of Christ's presence that we shall be even more ready to speak of his love and glory than we are to remark about the pleasantness of the weather.

A TEACHER who had been much annoyed by the tardiness of pupils, conceived a plan that she thought brought good results to her school. Every one who came late had to go to a chart on the wall and place a mark after his name, then face the school and recite these lines:—

"Be prompt! the tardy habit grows,
And gets a sound berating;
For people always count the faults
Of those who keep them waiting."

Whether the same method be used or not, it would be well if every person could have the lesson of the stanza impressed upon his mind early in life.

DR. VIRGIN, of New York, visited with a friend Tiffany's great jewelry store. As they passed along, the doctor observed one stone that seemed perfectly lusterless, and he remarked, "That has no beauty about it at all." But his friend put it in the palm of his hand, shut his hand tightly, and then on opening it a few moments afterward, found there was not a place on the stone that did not gleam with delicate colors.

"What did you do to it?" asked the doctor.

His friend replied, "The jewel is an opal. It is called the sympathetic opal; it needs only contact with the human hand to bring out its wonderful beauty." So human souls, darkened and dulled by sin, need only the divine touch to make them gleam with the splendor of heavenly glory.

Answered Prayer

DURING the last illness of Mr. Judson, the missionary to India, Mrs. Judson was sitting by him, reading from *The Watchman and Reflector*, when in a letter from Dr. Hogue from Constantinople, she read how an edition in German of Dr. Judson's life had fallen into the hands of some Jews, and had been the means of their conversion. A Jew had translated it for a community of Jews on the borders of the Euxine, and a messenger had arrived in Constantinople asking that a teacher might be sent to show them the way of life. Dr. Judson was deeply moved, and said: "I have never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything but it came; at some time,—no matter how distant the day,—some way, in some shape, probably the last that I should have requested."

At Evening-Time It Shall Be Light

ALL day the storm had raged unceasingly,
When suddenly at eve it sank to rest.
Far off was heard the murmur of the sea,
The sun was setting in the crimson west.

Bright rays of dazzling glory spanned the skies,
Flooding with golden wonder wave and shore,
It seemed as if God's very paradise
Lay there before us with its open door.

The little church of gray and ancient stone,
Stood bathed in color lovely to behold.
Transformed it seemed, by beauty not its own,
With windows like to jewels set in gold.

The river sparkled as it swiftly flowed,
A blackbird trilled its happy evening lay,
The pools of water glittered on the road,
An eve of splendor closed the gloomy day.

So may it be, when all life's storms are past,
That weary souls in their sure haven bright
Shall rest in perfect peace and joy at last,
And find at evening-time that there is light.

—*Beatrice Radford, in Sunday at Home.*

The Dunning and Tally Sticks

HAVE you ever seen a "dunning stick"? Our attention was called to one while we were visiting the National Museum, at Washington, D. C. It is a device used by the Nishinam Indians of central California for the sole purpose of collecting debts of tolerably long standing. The Nishinam Indians do not "make out bills" the first of the month and present them to debtors, but make use of the dunning stick instead. This dunning stick is simply a number of small wooden cylinders strung together. Sometimes it happens among Indians, as well as among many other people, that a debtor is very slow about paying his debts. The Nishinam Indians wait patiently a reasonable length of time; and then, if the debtor fails to "settle up," a dunning stick is thrown into his wigwam. The meaning of that stick is known perfectly to the delinquent debtor, and he loses no time about paying his indebtedness if it is in his power to do so. It is said that the dunning stick works admirably.

An old-time way of proving one's right to the payment of money loaned was by means of the tally-stick. In purchasing and selling, the tally-stick was marked with notches that indicated the number or quantity of goods delivered. The creditor and the debtor each took a piece. When pay-day came, the man who had possession of the piece of stick which exactly fitted the piece held by the debtor received the money. It is said that two sticks never break in exactly the same shape, so there was never any disputing about the matter.

In the British exchequer tally-sticks were used until 1783. The exchequer tally-stick was notched, and was split in such a way as to divide certain of the notches cut on it. One half of the tally-stick was given to the payer, and one half retained by the exchequer. To verify the transaction at any time, it was necessary simply to fit the halves of the stick together.—*Miss V. D. Farley, in The Children's Visitor.*

Submission

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will!" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will!" because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfil
"Not as I will."

—*Mrs. Helen Fiske Jackson.*



RALLO, Mo., March 21, 1906.

DEAR FRIENDS: I enclose a list of answers to the One Hundred Bible Questions. Number seventy I can not find. My parents and sisters have helped to find them; we have enjoyed the study very much. I like the INSTRUCTOR best of any paper. We hope to meet all of its readers in the earth made new. We have Sabbath-school at one of the sister's, and I am secretary. I am fourteen years old.

ALMA STEVENS.

NEOGA, ILL., March 17, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: We take the INSTRUCTOR, and I think I will write for the letter box. I am eleven years old. We live on a farm of ninety-four acres. We had a church-school last winter, and we had an excellent teacher, whose name is Brother Andrews. We have Sabbath-school when the weather permits. The average number of the school is about eighteen. Good-by.

SADIE HIATT.

OCONTO, NEB., March 25, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have not seen any letters from here, I thought I would write one. I am eleven years of age. I have taken this paper for one year, and I enjoy reading it very much. I am taking music lessons. I have one sister living and one dead.

I have read "The House We Live In" and "The Story of Joseph." I want to be a missionary for the Lord. I would like some of the readers to write to me. I want to meet them all in the heavenly kingdom.

RITA OWEN.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 8, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write to your correspondence column as I have never seen anybody's name in there from here.

I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR. I live with a Sabbath-keeper who has a printing-office, and I am learning the printing trade. I am fifteen years old, and I just began to keep the Sabbath the first of this year. I enjoy keeping the Sabbath very much. The family that I live with takes the INSTRUCTOR for me. Elder Donnel is our pastor, and I like him very much; he talks on such good subjects.

I will close with regards to all.

BRYANT EDMONSON.

WEST FAIRVIEW, PA., April 19, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have not seen any letter from this part of the country, I thought I would write one. I live in the country about seven miles from Harrisburg. I have two brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister is a trained nurse. She is in the missionary work. I go to church in Harrisburg. Mama is the teacher of our class. I sell the *Life Boat* in the summer. I can not sell any in the winter because I go to school, and I live too far from town to sell any in the evening. We are the only Adventists around here. We all keep the Sabbath, except my youngest brother, and we are praying for him. I would like to join the Reading Circle, so will try to read five of our books this summer. I will send you a piece I composed on the birth of Christ. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR. I was baptized last December. I will be fourteen in June.

GRACE GREY.