

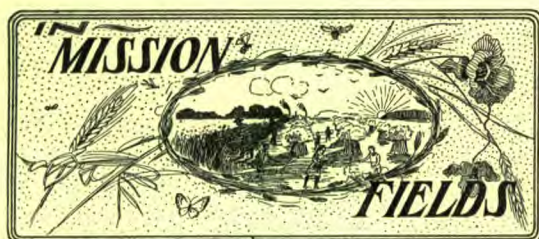
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, O THY CREATOR, IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LIV

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Word from South Africa

THE readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR will be glad to hear that our message has been given, and a small company of Sabbath-keepers gathered out, this year, in the capital city of the Transvaal Colony. Pretoria is not a large city, but has the appearance of a large European village. Its inhabitants are mostly Dutch, who are ruled spiritually by their ministers, whose word has about as much weight as the word of a Catholic priest has over the Catholics. It is very hard to get among this people, and yet some are becoming obedient to the truth. We baptized seven new converts here a few days ago, and several others are keeping the Sabbath. We hold our meetings in a tent, and are assisted by several workers, who are with us to get an experience in working for Jesus. We have two graduates from the Claremont Union College, who are progressing very rapidly, and we are glad to know that in every land there are young persons who are being educated to take an active part in the spread of this message. Until one travels, it is hard to realize what a great work the Lord has placed in our hands, but we are of good courage, remembering that the Lord is leading and has promised to help us. The illustration shows the newly erected tombstone which stands over the resting-place of that wonderful old man, the late President Kruger, who was for a long time at the head of the little Dutch republic that is now under British rule in South Africa.

HERBERT J. EDMED.

The Story of Madagascar For the Harvest Ingathering Service

THE interesting island of Madagascar lies off the southeastern coast of Africa. It is about five times as large as the State of Pennsylvania, and has nearly nine million inhabitants. It has a temperate and healthful climate, a remarkable flora and fauna, and a soil well adapted to agriculture. It is a paradise for orchids, more beautiful specimens being found there than in all other countries. Its people consists of various tribes, many of whom are of African descent. The Hovas, or leading tribe, are of Malay origin. The Portuguese were the first Europeans that attempted to explore, colonize, and Christianize Madagascar. For one hundred years they persevered in their endeavor, but without success. In 1642 the French undertook to colonize the island. Although they established several societies and planted many colonies, yet, owing to their maintenance of the slave-trade and their treacherous

dealings with the natives, their work was not permanent. Wherever the French went, Catholic priests went; but during one hundred and sixty years only one convert to the faith was reported.

In 1818 the London Missionary Society sent two missionaries with their families to Madagascar; but at the end of two months after their landing, Mr. Jones was the only survivor, all the rest of the two families having succumbed to the Madagascar fever. The king favored the coming of the missionaries; he encouraged the establishing of schools, for he wanted his people instructed in the arts and sciences. Other missionaries came and set about earnestly improving



their opportunities. The first school was established in 1820, and eight years after, there were one hundred schools in the capital and its vicinity, and between four thousand and five thousand pupils had passed through them, having received the elements of a good education. Instruction in carpentry, weaving, tanning, blacksmithing, printing, and in other trades and arts, was given.

The missionaries hastened to get the Scriptures translated and circulated; but just as the fruit of their earnest effort to instruct the people in spiritual things seemed about to bear fruit, King Radama died. He was not a Christian, but he was persuaded that Christianity was better for his people than heathenism; so in every way he encouraged the work of the missionaries in their effort to uplift and instruct his subjects. His successor, Ranavalona I, was of a violent temper,

unscrupulous, bloodthirsty, devoted to the worship of idols, and given to all the vices of the Hova. Immediately on her accession to the throne, every one who could contest her claim to the crown was put to death. Her wrath would have been visited immediately upon the Christians, had not her attention during the first seven years of her reign been diverted from them by continuous warfare with the French or with various coast tribes. During this time the queen had even made some important concessions to the missionaries, but in 1831 a decided reactionary policy began. The permission to baptize was withdrawn, wine prohibited from the communion, those who had been baptized given inferior positions, and attempt was made to divest the schools of religious instruction. In 1834 an order was given that no natives except those in government service should learn to read or write.

The prime minister did much to confirm the queen in her determination to blot Christianity from the kingdom. An order was issued in the early part of 1835 for a mass-meeting of all the people. When they assembled, there was firing of cannon and musketry, and the soldiers surrounded the multitude to inspire them with terror. A message from the queen was then read commanding all who had been baptized, joined the church, or had worshiped, to come forward and accuse themselves, under pain of death. A week was given for confession. About two thousand answered this demand, and sentence was pronounced upon them. Some were reduced in rank, others fined, according to their avowed attachment to the Christian religion, and many whipped. The queen further ordered that any Malagasy seen in company with any of the missionaries should be arrested and put in chains. All portions of the Scriptures and other religious books were ordered to be given up; all religious meetings were prohibited, and spies sent out to hunt the Christians and their books. Many were put to death, but greatly to the astonishment of the queen, the number of Christians increased daily. She therefore determined upon severer measures. Christians were poisoned, speared, stoned, burned at the stake, crucified, thrown over precipices, confirmed to a life of slavery, and banished to pestilential districts. Many who were not actually put to death, died from exposure and starvation in the mountains and forests where they had taken refuge. Thousands loyally suffered martyrdom for the cause of Christ.

For twenty-five years this queen, backed by a powerful government and a large army, endeavored in every way possible to stamp out Christianity; but at her death, in 1861, the two thousand adherents who braved the rage of the persecuting queen in 1836, had become a host of forty thousand, all ready to suffer and die for Christ. Back of these were a hundred thousand more who, though not adherents, had rejected idols, and were ready to embrace Christianity.

The queen's son at her death took the throne

under the name of Radama II. He was favorable toward the cause of Christianity, and the sun had not set on the day of his accession before he proclaimed liberty to every man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. Prison doors were opened, fetters knocked off from prisoners, messengers dispatched to remote and pestilential districts to which many had been banished, to save alive those who had not already perished; schools were reopened; new missionaries were invited to the island, and printing was resumed. The king restored confiscated lands and property to the Christians. Gladness and rejoicing prevailed everywhere, and many were daily added to the church of Christ.

King Radama made many just and wise laws, but never yielding himself to Christ, he fell into dissolute habits and gross excesses. He also made some very unwise laws. His own nobles besought him to reform, and his refusal resulted in his assassination. The new queen placed upon the throne was a woman of sense and integrity, though an idolater. She gave many favors to the missionaries, and during her reign their work prospered. She died in 1868, and on the second of April of the same year a niece of the late queen was proclaimed queen of Madagascar under the title of Ranavalona II. For the first time in the history of the kingdom, no idols were brought forth to greet the new queen as she stood before the people; for now Madagascar had a Christian ruler. For fifteen years Ranavalona ruled her kingdom well, and at her death in 1883, her niece, an active Christian woman, came to the throne as Ranavalona III.

France for years waged war with the Malagasy, and the last conflict in 1897 resulted in that country's getting complete control of Madagascar. Since that time the onward march of civilization has been rapid, but it has been far otherwise with the progress of the gospel. The Catholics, who had long coveted full sway, took advantage of the political situation to establish themselves in almost every part of the island.

The present situation is made still more difficult by the influence of European infidelity and the diversity of religious beliefs among the Protestant churches. The natives have become confused, and therefore indifferent in part to the claims of the Bible upon them.

The Open Door

It may be that the present situation is but a call to us to step in with the open Bible and present the message of preparation for our soon-coming King. We have no missionaries in Madagascar, but only the last week a letter was received by the General Conference president from a brother and his wife, who have consecrated themselves to this field. The door is open; workers are ready to step in. Shall the present opportunity be improved? It rests in part with us. Shall not all be interested to see that means are raised for sending these missionaries at once to this new field? I wish the Harvest Ingathering services throughout the country might raise the amount. Shall we not all put forth earnest effort to do this? If the little people, and older ones, too, will get in earnest about the work, the money can be easily raised. What shall we do?

Word from Algeria

Nor long ago I went to a meeting conducted by a converted Jew, who is now working among his own people here in Algiers. After he had spoken, he asked me to make some remarks on the text, which I gladly consented to do. In relating my experience with a Jewish family, I gave them to understand that I was a Sabbath-keeper, and when I had finished, a lady who was present said, "Do you keep the Sabbath?" I said, "Yes, I do." Then she turned to the preacher and said, "Now, that has always seemed right to me, to keep the seventh day as Sabbath,

and not the first, and that is why I have remained a Jew." Here a Jew is considered a Jew as long as he does not keep Sunday, although he may have accepted Christ. I have held several Bible readings with the preacher, and in speaking about his work he said that it is very hard to get the Jews to keep Sunday as the Sabbath, as he can not give them any convincing proof from the Bible. The Jews are a reasoning people, he said, and so he has thus far tried to use the Talmud instead of the Bible to give them their desired proof for Sunday-keeping. I hope he will hereafter believe and teach the truth as it is in Jesus.

Before leaving, the lady already mentioned asked me for tracts on the Sabbath question. I hope and pray that she may become a faithful worker for the Lord in bringing many of the lost sheep of the house of Israel to the knowledge of the truth.

Do you wish to know how I happened to come to this meeting? It was through the faithfulness of our workers in far-away Germany. They sent us the address of a lady whom they met in Europe, but who lives here, and she in turn gave us the address of the meeting hall where I found the person who was anxious to have our tracts.

A worker must always be watchful and vigilant that he may see and improve every opportunity that presents itself. The Lord gives us the opportunities, and it is for us to make use of them.

Dear young readers of the INSTRUCTOR, the harvest is great, and the laborers are few. There is still plenty of room in the Lord's vineyard, yes, even in Algeria, and the Master is calling you. What is your answer? S. JESPERSSON.

John Huss

JOHN HUSS was born in 1378 in Hussinetz, Bohemia. He was early left an orphan by his father's death. His mother was a pious woman, who regarded the fear of God and an education of more value than riches. Huss studied at the provincial school, and then entered the university at Prague as a charity scholar. He soon distinguished himself at the college for his rapid progress and blameless life.

Huss was a firm believer in the Romish church, and after completing his college course he entered the priesthood. He was made professor and later rector of the university. Thus the humble charity scholar became one of the leaders of his time.

Several years after taking the priests' orders, Huss was appointed preacher at the chapel of Bethlehem. The founder of this chapel advocated the preaching of the Scriptures in the language of the people.

The people of Bohemia had the Bible and conducted public worship in their language as early as the ninth century. Gregory VII issued a bull forbidding the conducting of worship in the Bohemian tongue. Thus Rome thought to shut the light of God's Word from the people. But the Lord had provided a way for its preservation. Many of the Waldenses, when persecuted in their own land, fled to Bohemia, and in this way the truth was preserved.

Before the days of Huss there were men in Bohemia who rose up against the corruption in the Romish church. The Pope issued a bull decreeing that all who departed from the church should be burned. Many faithful men sealed their testimony with their blood.

Jerome, a citizen of Prague, on his return

from England, brought with him the writings of Wycliffe. Huss read them with the deepest interest. About this time two missionaries arrived in Prague from England. They began with an open attack on the pope, but were soon forced to be silent.

They were artists as well as preachers, so used their skill in this line as a silent teacher. They drew two pictures—one of Jesus entering Jerusalem, "meek, and sitting upon an ass," and followed by his humble disciples. The other picture represented a pontifical procession—the pope arrayed in his purple robes and followed by cardinals and prelates in dazzling array. These pictures made a deep impression upon the mind of Huss, and led him to a close study of the Bible and Wycliffe's writings. He denounced the pride and arrogance of the pope more than ever before.

Tidings of his work reached Rome. A general council was to meet at Constance, and the pope summoned Huss to appear before him. Huss well knew the danger before him, but was ready to go. Soon after his arrival he was arrested and thrown into a dungeon. After an illness caused by the foul air of the dungeon, Huss was finally brought before the council. He uttered a solemn protest against the corruptions of the church. He was pronounced a heretic, and sentenced to be burned. An immense crowd

followed Huss to the place of execution. When he had been fastened to the stake, the martyr was exhorted to recant. This he could not do, for he knew that he was right.

When the flames kindled about him, he began to sing, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me," and continued until his voice was silenced forever.

After the body of Huss had been wholly consumed, his ashes were thrown into the Rhine.

CELIA C. TICHENOR.

"Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2 : 15.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN has a poem addressed to Helen Keller. The last stanza reads as follows:—

"Pity thy unconfined,
Clear spirit, whose enfranchised eyes
Use not their grosser sense?
Ah, no! thy bright intelligence
Hath its own paradise,
A realm wherein to hear and see
Things hidden from our kind.
Not thou, not thou—'tis we
Are deaf, are dumb, are blind."

Vision is largely the fruit of training. The man on the lookout discovers a ship ahead long before the passenger on the deck. That fine accuracy of sight has come to him as he has battled with the tempests, and learned to distinguish between the whiteness of flying foam and the sunlight on a sail. Clearness of spiritual vision is acquired in the same way. He who can see even to "the far-off interest of tears" has been taught his discernment by reading the meaning of nearer events.—A. H. Bradford.

A LITTLE of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me,
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unshaken be.

—James Russell Lowell.





Autumn

The brooding stillness of the autumn noons;
The groves, 'neath which the darkening shadows lie;
The silver radiance of the harvest moon;
The solemn stars, slow marching through the sky;

The changeful light upon the waving grass;
The sunset embers in the west that gleam;
The cloud-ships that athwart the heavens pass;
With darkness following as a peaceful dream;

The "Indian summer," with its smoky haze;
The sacred sadness, as when loved ones part,—
All place their benediction on the days,
And fill with brooding peace the weary heart.
L. D. SANTEE.

Morning in August

AUGUST is past, but the lover of nature will enjoy reading the following article by the editor of *The Independent* any day of the year. It is quite as appropriate for the opening days of September as for declining August:—

Did you ever notice how the world wakes up in August? It had been a sweet, calm night—almost drunk with sweet odors. It was one of those nights when wakefulness is restful. The full moon made a mild daylight, and it was not necessary to go to sleep in order to dream. The dew had a thousand perfumes, which it had caught from mints and geraniums and wild blackberries and ripening beech leaves. By day these are localized, but at night they blend and flow all over the land, and even sink into the earth. Night has this democracy of nature, and a fraternity of trees and plants. The sharp outlines of the oaks are softened into those of the ash, while in the orchard the great red apples, half hid in the leaves, swing low to your cheek. Peaches and plums lose their scarlet and purple by moonlight, but their roundness is not quite confused in the foliage. An August night is the most perfect that the year can produce.

It is not until late in July that the hurry and bustle of growth exhausts itself. In May and June it flows over into the night, from the day, and one is conscious, if abroad, that every limb is lengthening, every leaf is broadening, and all the fruits are coloring for the harvest. But in August there is a smell that comes from ripening grain, and from mellow pears, while there is a perceptible let-down of the activities of nature. The sun does not rise so early by half an hour, and the temptation is strong to follow his example. The robins sing only half an hour at daybreak, while the catbird satisfies himself with a quiet monotone under your window, and the song-sparrow tosses off only an occasional trill. Most of the song-birds have finished home keeping for the season, and are perceptibly less musical and less excitable. The drone of the cicada is curiously lulling by day, as that of the cricket is by night.

It should not be later than five, if you would get the cream of an August morning. It must certainly be a half hour before the sun. Do not

wake the other sleepers, but go out alone—bare-headed, and as full of individual freedom as Adam himself. The country editor has no fancy for barefootedness, however; because one is then all the time thinking of his feet, and looking out for all sorts of stubs and thorns. But go out, carefully shod, and with alert senses, into the garden, now, before the appetite is waked up, and while the ears and the eyes can wait on the soul. What fine ways the garden has! You look on your melons and your green corn, not as stuff to be eaten, but as an expression of the esthetic in nature. The breeze belongs—that is, this kind of breeze—only to a morning in August—half awake, half asleep—stumbling against the leaves, and wandering around without a definite aim. It picks up odors from the scarlet tomatoes, and from the ripening melons, and the nasturtiums and lilies, and grows the more drowsy as it bears them about. Overhead a very small cloud, that has broken its leash somewhere, just touched with the first rays of the sun, laughingly sprinkles us and the garden, and then dissolves into thin mist, as it goes on over the valley. It has only doubled the dew on the grass and swung twice as many diamond drops on the leaves.

"In vestal hollyhock still drowsy drones the bee;
And fades into the sky the morning star and moon.

"The cows beside the creek rise up and stretch themselves,
And look through twisted rails, at meadows fair and sweet;
Then homeward turn with soft remembrance of the pails."

The sun lays a broadside of light all over the wild grape-vines and over the trumpet-creepers that hang down the rows of elm, and the butter-nuts show great harvests of nuts that they are ripening for the children. The ash-trees have already just a touch of autumn purple, and in the distance you see goldenrod bounding the creek before it reaches the mill. The farmer at his door looks weatherwise and shrewd as he counts up the signs, and prophesies no coming storms. But it is still the presence of the trees that you most feel. It is with them that nature is busying herself these August morns.

Who does not love a tree—a single, perfect tree? A beech, broad-bottomed, sweet-leaved, and black-shadowed; or a great Norway spruce sitting on the lawn, forever speechless, or, like the Buddha, in all seasons and at all hours muttering "Om!" These we love. Evergreens are the monks of the lawn; one should never clip their drapery. You can not make them over into workaday trees, that stand up and swing their arms, and sigh at night or laugh in the morning. It is only when you have recognized the individuality of trees that you will know what to do with them, and will stop displacing them. Lifting themselves slowly aloft and working out each one his own desire, you find at last that the catalpa and the magnolia, the coffee-tree and the maple, have touched hands and made for you a vast bower. Your visitors tell you that you have let your trees shut off the outlook. Coming but seldom, they would see the valley and the distant hills at every turn. They can not know your friendships with your trees. They can not feel how your life thought has gone into their growth, nor do they know that you are largely made up of their shade and life history. But you, with gladness, walk around these veils of the valley, to find your distant outlooks from other points. Growing with us, and we with them, the trees become our friends and brothers. They sing songs to us; they whisper good will; the birds nest in them; we are all one.

Yet on these dreamy August days there is much to be said in favor of a distant landscape. Whatever can so spellbind us as one of these soft mornings, when the valley is full of a soft haze, not dense but dreamy, where the orchards and the yellow harvest stubble, and the corn-

fields still green, with meadowed knolls, appear; and down at the foot of all there is the Oriskany, winding everywhere among the groves and gardens, but ever feeling its way millward—and all asleep, or but half awake. Along the high horizon, Crow Hill and Paris Hill and Beacon Hill lift high their curves, and, coziest of all, are the red farmhouses, and the pastures where the cattle clip the crimson clover. But already we are sliding well down into the work hours. The editor leaves his garden, now rapidly growing fervid, and loves his veranda, with his hammock and his books. Noon has no compensation for a lost morning. Nature paints no such pictures at any other hour. He who knows not the morning intimately does not know the country as home. He might as well abide in the city!

"HEAVEN'S gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces. They that enter there
Must go upon their knees."

A Song of Thanks for the Ingathering Service

Cheerfully.

1. We thank the Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, For sun-shine and for

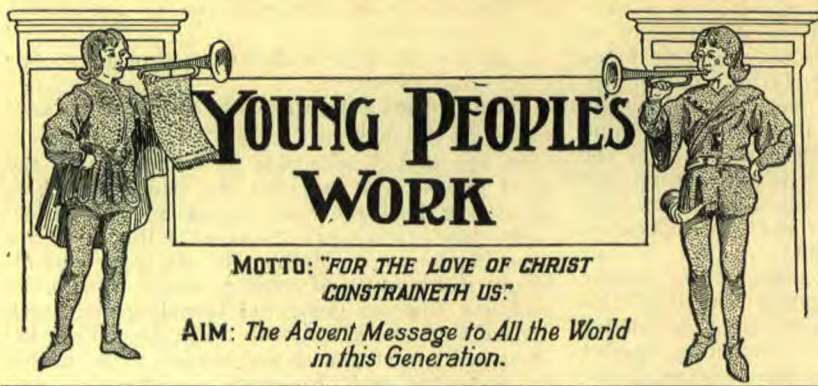
rain, For birds and flow'rs of summer time, For au-tumn's golden grain.

2. For nuts and rosy apples,
For all things that we need—
For father and for mother dear,
We give him thanks indeed.

3. For many daily blessings,
For a Saviour's loving care,
For hope of an eternal life,
We grateful tribute bear.

At last from village belfry clangs the iron tongue
That cries, 'Tis five. Golden waves roll through the mist,
And 'round the vale, and sandal all the gladdened hills."

There is a poem in every old Saxon word, and one of these is "daybreak." The day is breaking wide open. The sun is well up, and beginning to take control of affairs. We are always glad to see the sun come back in the morning. What would we do with a day ten times as long? We are sun lovers. It is our natural lord. The dawn is not pale, as the poets are fond of calling it; its colors in August are intense and individualized. Each tree asserts itself. The apples are distinct on the trees; each rose is a special rose. All about the great valley the yellow harvest-fields define their outlines, and the green knolls stand up with pride, with orchards nestling between.



What God Has Wrought by Us

IN taking a long, difficult journey, the questions uppermost in the mind are, How far have we come? How far have we yet to go? In the young people's work the quarterly reports are guide-boards, pointing out with some degree of accuracy the progress made, and suggesting indirectly the goal to be reached. This Summary is the best we have yet had, and even now the secretaries have been quite unanimous in saying that the reports they send do not represent all the work done. Be that as it may, we certainly have cause for thankfulness that we now have two hundred and twenty-four Societies, with a membership, including the isolated, of more than five thousand. The host of young people represented by these figures brings forcibly to mind the statement, "We have an army of youth to-day who can do much if they are properly directed and encouraged." The "army" now banded together for missionary purposes numbers five thousand. The work reported is considerable in the aggregate. Twelve hundred dollars for mission fields is an evidence that some at least in this "army" have the spirit of self-denial. The books sold and loaned, the tracts and papers distributed, the letters, the visits, the Christian Help work, are all evidences that some of our young

people at least have a "mind to work," and the reward of the laborer will surely be theirs. We urge the members of our Societies everywhere to keep an accurate report of their individual work. Such a training is valuable. Then, too, we can honor God by reporting the number of Bible readings he has enabled us to hold, the amount of literature distributed, and the financial support he has made it possible for us to give to the work at home or abroad, as we could if we were engaged in that which might seem to us a much larger work. Missionary work reported, not boastingly, but in Christ's name, is honoring God; by refusing to report we withhold praise from him who enables us to do the work.

Let us be of good courage. Each quarter the work is becoming more substantial and permanent. The battle can not last long. Let us have a part in it while we may. To every young person the invitation is given to join the ranks of those who are soldiers of the cross and active in the warfare, and to let what he does be included in the next Summary, that greater praise and honor may be His who enables us to work in his name.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Report from Iowa

ONE of the first things we did after taking up our work with the young people last year was to write to all the church elders in the State and ask for the age and address of all the young people in their respective churches under thirty years of age. I received a number of replies, but not nearly so many as I should have received. In

one reply the elder wrote that he saw I was interested in Young People's Societies. He said, "Some people think that Young People's Societies will save the young, but I think that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is what is needed." I quite agree with this brother, and it has been my aim during the past year so to place before our young people the love and condescension of our Heavenly Father and his Son that they will be led to consecrate their lives to his service.

I was baptized and united with the Seventh-day Adventist church nearly nineteen years ago, and have attended quite a number of camp-meetings in that time, and at nearly every camp-meeting I have heard fathers and mothers agonizing with God to save their children, and then they would go home and plan how they could accumulate farms, money, and other property. They have kept old and young busy helping in the work, thus showing by their actions that they believe the Lord's coming a long way off; and what has been the result?—Many of our brightest young people have gone to the world. Many times our young people have felt a burden to enter some branch of the Lord's work, and the canvassing work has opened up before them, and by a little encouragement from their parents they might have entered it; but no, they say, "My boy [or, "my girl"] shall not endure the hardships of the canvassing work." They wanted their children to enter the ministry, Bible work, or medical work, and thus by this very course they barred the door that, if opened, would have saved their sons and daughters. The spirit of prophecy has told us to urge our young people into the work; for by so doing we may save their souls. May the Lord help us to do this.

We have a call from the Spirit of God for our young people who really love Jesus to organ-
(Concluded on page 6)

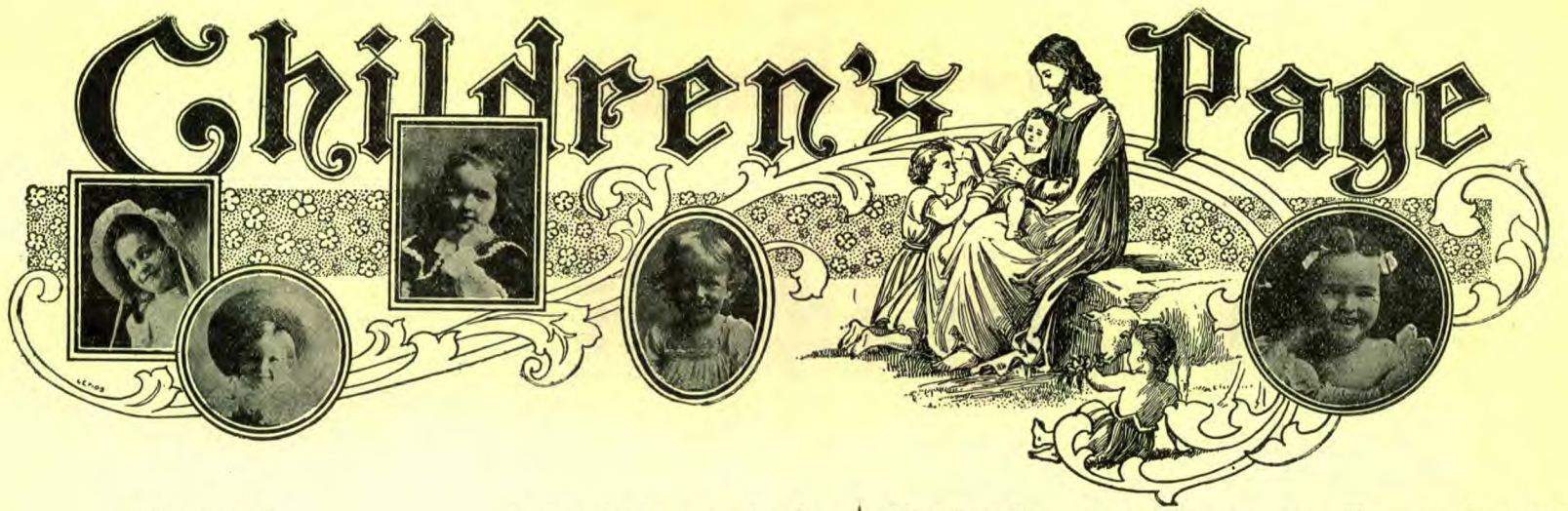
Summary of the Young People's Work for Quarter Ending Dec. 31, 1905

Name of Conference	No. Societies	Membership	Isolated members	Miss. letters written	Miss. letters rec'd	Missionary visits	Bible readings	Subscriptions taken	Papers sold	Papers given away	Books sold	Books loaned	Pages tracts sold	Pages tracts given away	Hours Christian Help work	Persons fed Clothing given	Used in Home Missionary Work	Given to Mission Fields
California	20	594	7	188	34	178	114	242	1517	5960	63	22	128	28698	26	100	\$10.85	\$27.70
Central New England
Chesapeake	1	37	...	3	1	10	101	905	...	4	...	3.25
Colorado	22	421	...	97	50	115	162	149	1636	1060	34	32	...	22840	284	6	20.63	127.91
Cumberland	3	63	4	78	28	55	15	86	90	1306	10	...	6	85	649	156	6.79	35.00
District of Columbia	2	62	...	31	5	77	76	7	1206	521	18	31	28	1564	71	39	...	15.00
East Michigan	6	142	...	22	5	147	133	2	740	1350	74	11	108	3197	139	4	11.39	.10
Eastern Pennsylvania	3	35	...	23	7	465	98	12	41	179	220	314	2815	6961	6	4	4.86	14.18
Florida	3	35	...	154	4	56	14	1	500	402	20	4	...	3558	1.94	16.80
Greater New York	3	63	...	104	30	186	12	5	985	600	22	20	1350	15722	404	6	17.04	15.38
Indiana	8	193	21	21	7	21	12	...	106	814	6	6	...	2175	69	1	13.06	...
Iowa	11	148	12	99	45	501	209	11	118	2025	13	953	24	26598	254	119	15.86	23.01
Jamaica	9	208	8	44	9	113	118	39	232	45	9	17	363	840	84	26	.33	.68
Kansas	7	145	3	10	5	100	18	...	500	400	4	8	...	2000	...	60	3.00	50.00
Louisiana	4	76	3	44	26	178	269	10	2329	774	39	16	224	4790	76	34	25.84	3.50
Maine	1	32	...	88	52	15	2	38	...	287	...	3	...	1497	16	4	7.54	2.30
Minnesota
Mississippi	6	70	3	46	18	196	137	21	1377	123	16	6	...	509	70	24	2.70	1.05
Newfoundland	1	21	200	27	2.50
New York	6	65	10	45	19	45	6	1	200	191	4	3	...	3179	30	23	16.26	7.61
North Carolina	3	42	...	35	11	115	11	1	...	1273	4	6	...	1608	4	217	...	5.67
Northern Illinois	5	106	...	61	21	212	102	17	724	1005	42	21	1392	2269	153	143	21.01	66.31
North Michigan	10	122	55	63	16	94	40	2	162	721	15	15	1809	5051	449	110	9.49	.50
* Ohio	15	265	...	49	17	354	333	22	15	3485	3	33	5237	95760	24	24	1004	602.42
Oklahoma	14	425	...	21	7	31	10	1	2362	348	22	17	528	1094	21	20	2.30	1.91
Ontario	2	29	...	31	6	5	18	3	356	210	11	11	2000	9912	2	...	6.40	3.20
Quebec	1	15	5	17	8	158	...	52	...	9245	...	23
Southern California	5	117	...	121	20	215	24	25	110	2397	81	364	1137	5378	96	35	12.75	4.35
South Carolina	2	26	...	6	3	7	3	8	68	370	2	2	848	15	4	...	1.60	2.10
South Dakota
Southern Illinois	3	30	...	14	3	17	...	6	100	459	15	7	...	2639	10	26	7.70	...
Southern Union	47	272	124	759	137	...	218	412	274	21	...	5299	71	7	65.25	17.60
Tennessee River	3	60	...	42	13	10	...	2	12	407	3	2	...	770	...	3	3.75	11.60
Texas	2	84	...	29	7	20	8	5	14	11	4	711	...	8	3.70	...
Upper Columbia	5	149	40	72	38	90	23	19	203	301	19	23	589	5892	103	...	6.79	21.21
Utah	2	28	...	34	14	37	20	13	155	231	2	16	63	325	55	10	6.80	...
Wales	1	12	2	...	4000	...	1
Wisconsin	11	204
West Michigan	11	500	...	37	26	84	43	3	36	1043	6	22	64	3115	75	...	9.01	116.73
Western Oregon	5	141	...	41	9	59	18	...	360	590	41	4	150	3175	9	...	2.45	1.35
Western Pennsylvania	7	106	...	10	13	8	38	61	6	321	133	1441	38	16	1.00	.75
West Virginia	1	7	3	2	101	624	7	1.31
Totals	224	4871	218	2059	704	4577	2223	812	16678	30008	1229	2064	18863	283441	3299	1253	\$328.13	\$1202.98

* Includes all unpublished reports.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER,

Secretary Young People's Department.



The Butterfly

OUT in the garden wee Elsie
 Was gathering flowers for me;
 "O mama!" she cried, "hurry, hurry!
 Here's something I want you to see."
 I went to the window; before her
 A velvet-winged butterfly flew,
 And the pansies themselves were not brighter
 Than the beautiful creature in hue.
 —Selected.

Spider Fired a Gun

CAPE TOWN, South Africa, possesses the smallest creature ever known to have been a gunner in the Royal Artillery, or any other artillery. At the castle, Cape Town, there is a magnificent gun worked by electricity, used for giving the midday and evening time.

One day the military and civilians of Cape Town were surprised to hear the gun go off at half-past ten in the morning. The general commanding the station sent to inquire what such irregularities meant; the brigade major did the same. The commanding officers of each regiment and battery stationed in Cape Town sent messengers, but no one could be found upon whom to lay the blame. The officials could give no explanation; they were as much surprised as anybody. The general in command of the station became furious at such unheard-of infringement of discipline. He was sure there was mismanagement somewhere, or the act could not have been possible. Strict search was ordered to be made, but although the order was carried out to the letter, the culprit remained undiscovered.

Then, when the search had been practically abandoned, the little gunner was accidentally discovered and arrested. There he lay inside the instrument that transmits the electric current from the Royal Observatory of Cape Town to the great gun. This instrument is called a relay, and is in the central telegraph office of the station. The action of the current going through the instrument's main moves a sort of light tongue, which is so finely set that the slightest touch will affect it. The tongue forces the current into what are termed the time fuses, which fire the gun at the castle. Right inside the relay was found the little gunner. He was discovered by an official who was examining the instrument, and who was surprised to see inside a big brown spider. In its explorations within the instrument the spider must have touched the tongue sufficiently to move it, and thus fired the gun. The general sent the spider to the Cape Town Museum, where it is now to be seen, with a card underneath entitling it "The Little Gunner," and giving a full account of its exploit with the Cape Town midday gun.—*Round Table.*

Little Square Root

ELIZABETH decided on roses. "For," she said, "nothing else is quite sweet enough for mother. I'll get her thirty-six roses."

That would be one for each dear, beautiful year. Mother was going to be thirty-six years old on Wednesday—why, Wednesday was to-morrow! There was not a moment to lose. The roses must be ordered this very to-day from Mr. Page, the flower man. That was the way people did. Uncle

Joseph did that way when he gave Miss Cornelia twenty roses on her birthday. Elizabeth had gone down to the flower man's with him, and seen just how it was done. She would give the flower man a card, too, to put in with mother's roses when he sent them up. She was a little uncertain what she should write on it—Uncle Joseph had not told her what was on his.

"But I must order my roses this very to-day." "Order" was such a nice, grown-up word! Elizabeth was only six years old herself. And maybe six-year-old little girls did not go down to flower men's stores and order thirty-six roses for their mothers' birthday presents—maybe only one little girl did, and her name was Elizabeth!

Mr. Page's beautiful, sweet-smelling, flower-filled store was not far, and Elizabeth could go alone quite well. Mother often let her go as far as that. She got her soft little purse and hurried secretly away.

"I came to order thirty-six roses for my mother's birthday present," she piped, bravely. It was a very high counter; it seemed as if it must have grown since she and Uncle Joseph stood there in front of it.

"Ah, roses, is it?" beamed Mr. Page, rubbing his smooth white hands together. "Well, we have some regular beauties in to-day. Now what kind—"

"Oh, that is the kind I'd like—the reg'lar beauties!" Elizabeth cried, eagerly. She had her soft little purse out. "I'll pay you the money now, an' to-morrow morning I'll bring my—my card down—to put in, you know, when you send them up." She took out her two bright quarters—all the money she had in the world. Two seemed a good deal to pay for the roses, but mama deserved two. Besides, of course there would be some change—there had been a good deal of it, Elizabeth remembered, when Uncle Joseph paid for Miss Cornelia's roses. The flower man's beam faded slowly from his big, smooth face. He looked down at the beautiful quarters queerly. The counter seemed to be growing now, right now this minute!

"Er—thirty-six roses, was it? Thought I understood you to say thirty-six. Well, they're eight cents apiece, but of course I could make a little discount considering the large number."

Eight cents apiece! Then—oh, how much was eight cents apiece times thirty-six roses? If Bob were only there,—Bob was in the big arithmetic,—he would know. "Do—do you mean it will take it all?" asked Elizabeth, in a small voice. She had not quite expected all—still mother deserved it.

"It will take two dollars and eighty-eight cents—call it two seventy-five," Mr. Page said, crisply. He jingled the two quarters in his hand.

"That is all the money I've got in my world," little Elizabeth answered, simply, but there was a tremble running along the words and getting ready to curl up into a little round sob. Her beautiful roses seemed withering before her eyes.

"Then you'd better get a bunch of pinks or asters," the flower man laughed. It is queer how people can laugh without beaming.

Pinks or asters—and mother! Elizabeth would have been scornful if it had not been for the little

round sob in the way. She went closer to the counter and looked up entreatingly at the flower man. It was very hard to let him know she was not good in arithmetic.

"How much would—would half of eight cents apiece times thirty-six roses be?" she faltered, shamefacedly. For she had decided in her extremity that half as many roses as mother was old might do.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Page. Then, taking pity, he reckoned hastily: "Half of two seventy-five's one thirty-eight. Oh, call it one an' a quarter!"

"Is that the same as one quarter an' another quarter? Then I'll take half of the roses, if you please," eagerly.

Poor Elizabeth! It was not the same, the flower man explained a little impatiently.

The extremity grew worse. But Elizabeth, remembering mama, tried again. Perhaps quarter as many roses as she was old—

"How much is quarter of—of it?" she trembled. The flower man must have been in the big arithmetic, too, for he answered instantly that it would be seventy-two cents, straight—no discount in small lots. And two quarters were only fifty cents; that was in the little arithmetic. Elizabeth reached up for her money.

"Good morning—I mean Good-ni—I mean Good afternoon!" she said, rather unsteadily.

The little round sob stayed in her throat. It was queer that it should be something in Bob's big arithmetic that should make her swallow it in the end. Bob always studied his big arithmetic right after the children's early tea, and Elizabeth usually sat at the table with him and played quietly or drew pictures. To-night it was pictures.

"I don't see the good of knowing what the square root of things us!" Bob broke out.

"Why, Bob!" Mother looked up from her sewing.

"Well, I don't, honest, mama. You look here. What's the good of knowing that the square root of thirty-six is six?"

Elizabeth's sore little mind was all full of thirty-six. She caught at Bob's words. Then—in her sudden excitement she swallowed once for all the little round sob. A great enlightenment flooded her mind.

"Oh, I know—I know! I know the good of square root!" she cried, joyously; then, in hasty care for her secret, she clapped both brown little hands over her mouth. Not another word would she say.

The square root of thirty-six was six. Elizabeth was six. She was the square root of mama! She would get six roses, one for each of her years, for mama's birthday to-morrow. Oh, she would—she would! She had learned the six table in the little arithmetic, and six times eight cents apiece was forty-eight! She would go down to the flower man's before breakfast. Oh, to think that Bob, in the big arithmetic, did not know the good of square root!

The rest of the evening Elizabeth sat and smiled to herself. She did not dare to speak to any one for fear she should say roses or birthday or flower man.

The only thing she dared to say to mother was "Good night!" and even that sounded dangerously rosy.

The next day a long box was handed to mother. It contained six beautiful roses and a little white card. The card, in big, clear, printed letters, said:

TO MY VERRY BEST MOTHER

FROM

HER LITTLE SQUAIR ROOT.

—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in *Youth's Companion*.

Reasonableness of Service

(Concluded)

Examples of Service

EMINENT characters of history, both sacred and secular, afford us abundant inspiration for imitation. In the religious world, the apostle Paul stands paramount for indefatigable and consecrated service. Before his conversion he was just as sincere in what he was doing as after his journey to Damascus, it differing perhaps in degree of satisfaction and hope. Of all the heroes and heroines of martyrdom, none suffered so much and fought so manfully as did this veteran of the Christian army. In addition to the faithful account recorded in the book of Acts, the apostle himself confirms his trying experiences in the eleventh chapter of Second Corinthians. Through starvation and excruciating punishments, imprisonments and shipwrecks, weariness and perils innumerable, he could sincerely say, "I count all things but loss for . . . Christ." The time having come in which he was to appear before Nero for the final trial, he felt no regret for the course he had taken; on the contrary, his hope rings with confidence in the following words: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." What an inspiration for us all!

It was no mere sense of duty that actuated a single-handed girl, Joan of Arc, with a handful of assistants to start out to rescue her country. It was duty warmed by the joy of service. The general, Hannibal, did not mispend his energies to cross the Alps to surprise Rome just from the sense of duty, or the desire for fame, but it was the love of country and liberty that kindled his restless heart to perfect its desire. About sixty-five years ago, Grace Darling did not risk her life in the awful storm, on the raging sea, to rescue the survivors of the wreck of the "Forfarshire," just from the mere sense of duty—but duty embosomed with love for humanity. If non-Christians of all ages have bravely and heroically fought for liberty, how much more should we as Christians man ourselves, under God, in the warfare against sin!

Reward of Service

One of the immutable laws of life is, "Whosoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6:7. What is true of our agricultural pursuits is also true of our more serious experiences in life. "For," the apostle continues, "he that soweth to his flesh [things of the world] shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit [things of God] shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." The deeds and services—whether good or evil, faithful or unfaithful—we render daily to God and man are faithfully recorded by our unseen accountants, and in that great day of reckoning the Master-proprietor will open his books and reward the children of men according to their works and the influence they have exerted over their fellow men. The apostle does not leave us comfortless or unexhorted: "Let us not be weary in well doing: for

in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." What a blessed assurance! There are some who have been patiently and prayerfully waiting for the return of Christ for over half a century, rendering faithful service to God and men all these long years; there are some who have forsaken their earthly possessions, bearing the heavy cross even through persecutions and imprisonments; there are some incessantly toiling under difficulties in foreign lands, holding up the banner of truth; there are some joyfully suffering for the sake of their Master: all these shall have their just reward in the day of recompense, if they "faint not."

O the joy of service! O the joy of *eternal service!* The services of this world are only preparatory for greater ones in the world made new. The courses we complete here below are only certificates for admission to the higher course above. The right character we form in this life is a passport to that better life to come. Services are eternal just as God himself is eternal. In that beautiful world beyond, in which all our hopes, longings, and desires consummate, we shall be satisfied, and serve joyfully and uncomplainingly through the ceaseless ages of eternity. Rev. 22:3. G. DOANE WONG.

The American Can Company

TAKING a walk is a good thing, especially if one doesn't think while one is walking, but holds the mind all ready to think when something worth thinking about comes along.

I was in that receptive frame of mind the other day while taking a noon-time stroll through South Boston. It was a very monotonous district I was traversing, and I was beginning to feel a trifle bored, when all of a sudden I came face to face with a big sign:—

The American Can Company

Now I don't know a thing about The American Can Company. They may make tomato cans or sardine cans or milk cans or biscuit cans, or all of them together. I do not know, and I do not care. But they have a capital name.

The American Can Company! That's what I want to belong to! The great company of canners! The group of men that have cut the word can't out of their dictionary.

Hundreds of thousands of Americans do belong to the Can Company. That's why our country is forging ahead so fast among the nations of the world. If we belonged to the Can't Company, we should be back with Tibet and Patagonia.

And certainly every Christian should belong to the Can Company. Paul did. "I CAN do all things," he stoutly asserted, "through Christ, which strengtheneth me." That strength, and not our own, admits every one who will take it, into membership in the Can Company.

The canners, as Carlyle was fond of reminding us, are the kings, and the only kings, of this earth. The two words have precisely the same origin. Our nation is a republic, but the trademark of The American Can Company should be a crown.

I'm going to walk around South Boston again some day, and see if I can't see something else as good.—*Caleb Cobweb, in Christian Endeavor World.*

Questions on Animals of the Bible

[WE will wait one month before printing the references that give the answers to the following questions. The names of authors of all correct lists received during that time will be given in the INSTRUCTOR.—EDITOR.]

1. When were cows used to carry out God's will?
2. When were bears used to execute judgment?

3. When was a lion sent to waylay and slay a prophet?

4. When was the "riding of a horse" a token of special favor?

5. Under what circumstances were lions controlled by the angel of God?

6. When did an ass and her colt help to fulfil prophecy?

7. When was an ass given human speech?

8. Though often despised, what good deed is attributed to a dog?

9. Who, of Bible record, owned the greatest number of domestic animals? and what became of them?

10. What was the number of domestic animals with the children of Israel when they returned from Babylon?

In answering the above questions, give references, study all the details, and mention one lesson we may learn from each of these incidents.

MRS. PHILO P. WILCOX.

Report from Iowa

(Concluded from page 4)

ize for service." If in one place there are only two or three who know the truth, let them form themselves into a band of workers." In our work the past year we have endeavored to do this, as far as possible, and the Lord has blessed our efforts. We have found some organizations with young people who were Christians, and others who were not, all organized into one band. It has been necessary for us to reorganize them more after the Lord's instructions—as working bands; and the results have been very gratifying. Nearly four times more work has been reported by our young people the past year than for the year before. Also we have been endeavoring to organize the isolated members into what we term the State Society, and are trying to encourage them in the work, and many instances could be cited of much good done in this way.

We have also tried to get the names of all young people of Seventh-day Adventist parentage who are not in the truth, and we have written them personal, Christian letters, and have had other of our earnest young people write to them and send them reading-matter. In this line of work we have been able to reach some. And now we are offering our young people a course of Bible study by correspondence, which, if they will take hold of it, will fit them to give this message with confidence.

In our efforts for the young people the past year we have visited forty-one churches, written over seven hundred letters, reorganized five Young People's Societies, organized five new Societies and six junior bands. The report of work performed by the members is as follows:—

FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31, 1906

Number of Societies reporting	18
Members	225
Number reporting to State Society	23
Missionary letters written	263
Missionary letters received	105
Missionary visits	979
Bible readings or cottage meetings held	406
Subscriptions for periodicals	68
Papers sold	1,554
Papers mailed or given away	6,179
Books sold	76
Books loaned	982
Pages of tracts given away	58,164
Hours of Christian Help work	640
Persons supplied with food	69
Articles of clothing given away	323
Children brought into Sabbath-school	54
Persons interested	17
Hours spent reading to others	56
Offerings for home missionary work	\$57.15
Offerings for foreign missionary work	34.36

F. H. WILBUR.

Fighting It Out

PROFESSOR AUGUST BIER, of Bonn, proposes to introduce in practical therapeutics the principle of hyperemia or congestion of the blood. We have been trying, he says, to prevent or diminish the inflammation around a wound or a sore. That, he declares, is all a big mistake. The inflammation is simply the blood rushing to the spot to carry off the pus and other deleterious material that forms there. Let the blood come, he urges; and the more of it, the better. Encourage it to come. Keep up the inflammation. Increase it, indeed.

That is what the gentle professor does. He sucks the blood to the danger-spot by means of an air-pump, or he draws it thither by elastic bandages, or he uses hot air as a mild persuader, anything to keep up the inflammation. And they say he is working great cures.

All that may be true or false; I am no physiologist. I do know one thing, however, and that is that in affairs of the soul the professor's principle is a valuable one. For instance, when you get hit in the head with a new idea, have it out with the notion, whatever it is. Put your mind upon it. Bring to the charge all the blood in your brain. Settle things.

If some one slights you, or you think that some one has slighted you, don't let the wound rankle. Don't coddle it. Go right to the person, and fight it out. Ask for the facts in the case. Very likely he is near-sighted, and did not see you.

If your mind is vaguely worried, if something has gone wrong and the something is poisoning your day, don't let it! Fight it out. Sit right down, and face your worry, whatever it is. Face it with your blessings. Face it with God's promises. Face it with your past experience of God's goodness. Rush them all to the spot like strong currents of rich, red blood. My word for it, there isn't a worry on earth that can stand such an onset. That life-blood will eat up and sweep away every atom of poisonous pus, and the rest of your day will sing with happiness and health.

Spiritual hyperemia! Let us practise it with vigor and decision, and let us from this time forth cease to dawdle over our difficulties.—*Caleb Cobweb, in Christian Endeavor World.*

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII — Paul Goes to Rome

(September 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 28.

MEMORY VERSE: "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Mark 16:18.

"And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita. And the barbarous people showed us no little kindness: for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold.

"And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat, and fastened on his hand. And when the barbarians saw the venomous beast hang on his hand, they said among themselves, No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live. And he shook off the beast into the fire, and felt no harm. Howbeit they looked when he should have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly: but after they had looked a great while, and saw no harm come to him, they changed their minds, and said that he was a god.

"In the same quarters were possessions of the chief man of the island, whose name was Publius; who received us, and lodged us three days courteously. And it came to pass, that the father of

Publius lay sick of a fever; . . . to whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and laid his hands on him, and healed him. So when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came and were healed: who also honored us with many honors; and when we departed, they laded us with such things as were necessary.

"And after three months we departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign was Castor and Pollux . . . and so we went toward Rome.

"And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum, and The three taverns: whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage. And when we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard: but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him.

"And it came to pass, that after three days Paul called the chief of the Jews together: and when they were come together, he said unto them, Men and brethren, though I have committed nothing against the people, or customs of our fathers, yet was I delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans. Who, when they had examined me, would have let me go, because there was no cause of death in me.

"But when the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal to Cæsar; not that I had ought to accuse my nation of. For this cause therefore have I called for you, to see you, and to speak with you: because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain.

"And they said unto him, We neither received letters out of Judea concerning thee, neither any of the brethren that came showed or spake any harm of thee. But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest: for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against.

"And when they had appointed him a day, there came many to him into his lodging; to whom he expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening. And some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not. And when they agreed not among themselves, they departed. . . . And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him."

Questions

1. On what island was Paul shipwrecked? How were he and his companions treated by the barbarous people of the island?
2. What did Paul do for the comfort of the company? What accident happened to him? What promise was fulfilled in Paul's case? Memory Verse.
3. What did the people say when they saw the serpent on Paul's hand? What did they expect to see? What did they say when they saw that Paul suffered no harm?
4. What kindness was shown by the chief man of the island? What miracle was wrought by Paul?
5. What was done by others when this miracle was known? How did the people show their gratitude to Paul and his companions?
6. After three months what did Paul do? What was the name of the ship in which he sailed?
7. As Paul neared Rome, who came to meet him? What did Paul do when he saw these brethren?
8. To whom were the prisoners now delivered? What was Paul allowed to do?
9. Whom did Paul call together after three days? What did he tell them? What did he say the Romans were willing to do? Why had he appealed to Cæsar?

10. Why did Paul wish to speak to the Jews of Rome? What was the hope of Israel? — The hope of the coming Messiah.

11. Of what did these Jews assure Paul? What did they desire? On an appointed day where did many come? On what subject did Paul speak to them? What was the effect of his words?

12. How long did Paul live in his own hired house? What did he do during this time?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XII — Patience

(September 22)

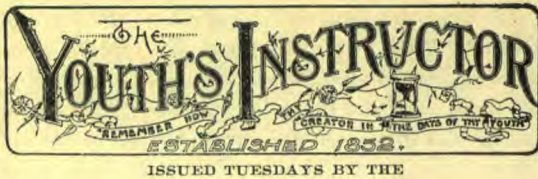
MEMORY VERSE: "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." James 1:4.

Questions

1. What is one particular characteristic of the remnant church? Rev. 14:12.
2. Through what means is patience developed? Rom. 5:3.
3. What does James say will develop patience? James 1:3.
4. Then how should we regard temptations? Verse 2.
5. What is the result when patience is allowed to develop fully in the Christian? Verse 4.
6. With whom are we partakers in trials? 1 Peter 4:12, 13; note 1.
7. What is one of the ways in which we manifest impatience? Ps. 39:1.
8. What is said of the one speaking hasty, impatient words? Prov. 29:30; note 2.
9. What is said of this same class, in James? James 1:26.
10. What more is he able to do who can control his tongue? James 3:2.
11. What is the greatest victory any person can ever achieve? Prov. 16:32; note 3.
12. Who has set us an example of patience? 1 Peter 2:21-23.
13. What is said concerning this in Hebrews? Heb. 12:2, 3.
14. Through what means may we have such a record? Col. 1:9-11.
15. What is the testimony concerning the remnant? Rev. 14:5.

Notes

1. Every injustice or grievance reacts and leaves a stain and a wound. All the cruelties and persecutions that human hate could inflict would not leave one trace of real harm upon us; but every feeling of resentment admitted into our hearts, every angry word uttered, will leave a stain. Forbearance thus becomes a perfect shield, which protects us from all the cruelties and wrongs of life.—"Week Day Religion," page 201.
2. "Impatience! This evil thing is manifest everywhere. How many irritable, fretful souls there are who manifest, through sharp, impatient words, the raging, uncontrolled passions within. In many professed Christian homes hearts are many times caused to ache because of unkind words, spoken because of anger aroused through some trifling thing. 'My brethren, these things ought not so to be.' With the Lord there is help for every soul who is 'easily provoked.'"
3. It is a majestic power, this power of keeping silent. Great is the conqueror who leads armies to victories. Mighty is the strength that captures a city. But he is greater who can rule his own spirit. There are men who can command armies, but can not command themselves. There are men who by their burning words can sway vast multitudes, who can not keep silence under provocation or wrong. The highest mark of nobility is self-control. It is more kingly than regal crown and purple robe.—"Week Day Religion," pages 198, 199.



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10 to 100 " " " " " "	.50
100 or more " " " " " "	.45

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

THE Story of Madagascar, the field chosen for the Ingathering Service, is given on the first page of this number of the INSTRUCTOR. Abyssinia and Korea are also waiting for help. If any prefer to contribute to either of these fields, it would be as well. Abyssinia will doubtless be opened before Madagascar. But whichever country is chosen, no one need hesitate to give as freely as his heart desires; for we have waited until the eleventh hour to make a beginning.

A LEADER of a Young People's Society says: "I invite every one I can reach to come to our meetings, and I never mean to allow a soul to go out of the church till I have shaken his hand, said I was glad to see him, and extended a cordial invitation to come again. Our members also go among the people and try to have them feel at home. The Mission Studies have been a wonderful help in creating and holding the interest."

"SKETCHES FROM THE DARK CONTINENT," is a little work written by Mr. Willis R. Hotchkiss, a missionary in Africa. Last October there appeared in the INSTRUCTOR an article entitled "A Missionary's Experience," which gave a brief but thrilling account of the experiences of Mr. Hotchkiss in his work for the natives of Africa; but his book gives a fuller account of the work. It is published by the Friends' Bible Institute and Training-school, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE following are the names of those who have completed all the work given by Mrs. Long in her articles, "Work for Little Fingers:"—

Elma Pitton	Mamie Roberts
Ruth Garner	Eula Roberts
Lora Mae Babcock.	Earl H. Walrath
	Goldie Brown

Do these seven stand alone? All honor to the faithful seven!

"COLORADO is about to astonish the world with a glass bridge. Across the gorge of the wonderful Grand Canon of the Arkansas River, near Canon City, a suspension bridge has been built more than twenty-six hundred feet above the surface of the river. Its floor is of plate glass, so that tourists may look down into the wonderful gorge, the deepest in the Rockies. The floor of the bridge is about a mile and a half above sea-level. An electric railway from Canon City will carry travelers to the edge of the gorge."

What Jesus Hears

THE people were unable to keep the voice of Bartimæus from reaching the ears of Him who heard every cry of suffering. It was the sound for which he was listening. My physician tells me that he is such a good sleeper that no noise of passing cars, or fire, or engines, or storms,

disturbs him. But let the door-bell ring, or the telephone call sound, and he is on his feet in an instant. His ears have been attuned to these calls from his suffering patients. Once, when on a journey, I entered the telegraph office of a small station. The operator was asleep in his chair. The noise of my entrance did not wake him. The tattoo of my umbrella on the floor made no impression on him. A freight-train swept by the station. Still he slept. The telegraph instruments were sounding constantly. But he was unconscious of his surroundings. Then suddenly he sprang from his chair, his fingers were placed on the key of his transmitter, and he was wide awake, attending to his duty. He had heard the call of the dispatcher,—his call. I had not detected a different note in the medley of sounds. But he had recognized his call at once. His ears were attuned to it.—John T. Paris.

Good Words from Our Friends

"THE INSTRUCTOR is vastly better than ever before."

"THE INSTRUCTOR never was a paper to be ashamed of, but at present one might be pardoned for feeling proud of it."

"I am thankful for such a bright, beautiful paper as the INSTRUCTOR, and I hope it may stand as long as this sin-cursed earth has need of such a witness. Not until all things are made plain can we know of the good our little paper has accomplished in the world."

"I would by no means think of slighting the INSTRUCTOR, as I think it the best youth's paper I have ever seen. Our little girl would not be contented without it. It would do you good to see how she drinks in the various departments. I know God is leading in the publishing of the INSTRUCTOR."

"Your most excellent paper has been faithful in bringing to us much good, practical, instructive reading-matter. It is truly a paper with an uplift in it. I sincerely hope the editor gets plenty of encouragement in her personal efforts for the development of our youth, and the growth of such a helpful paper."

"I want to express my pleasure to you in some way about the last INSTRUCTOR that we had, the Scotch number. It was excellent, every bit of it. I have an English friend who is very much interested in the *Little Friend* and INSTRUCTOR. She keeps them sewed together for her little girl to read when she is older; and she is not an Adventist, either. The INSTRUCTOR is one of the dearest and best of papers, and I wish it could be put into the hands of every young person in this country. The paper is better than ever before."

Report of Educational Convention

THE report of the General Conference Educational Convention, held at College View, June 29 to July 10, is now ready. It contains the roll-call of delegates by States; a list of papers presented and discussed; the missionary educational movement, report of committee and pith of remarks; courses of study for primary and intermediate schools, academies, and colleges; training courses for ministers, missionaries, Bible workers, teachers, preparatory medical students, music teachers, business workers, stenographers, and secretaries; text-books; the gist of the discussion on courses of study; plans and recommendations adopted; suggestive program for church-schools; outline of oral Bible and nature lessons for the first three grades; and a carefully prepared index.

This report is prepared and published under the direction of the General Conference Educational Department. It should be studied by teachers,

conference and school officers, and, in short, by all interested in the condition of our children and youth.

The price is 10 cents a copy, \$9 a hundred, carriage prepaid. Address all orders and make all remittances payable to Union College Press, College View, Neb.



MONTEREY, CAL., July 5, 1906.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: I thought I would write a letter to you because I like your stories so well. I am ten years old, and will soon be eleven. I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR, and especially the letters. When I was in the primary class, I wrote a letter to the *Little Friend*. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Mrs. Patrick. I sold fifteen *Signs of the Times* last week, and the girl who was with me sold sixteen. I hope to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in the new home. Pray for me that I may. All of us are Sabbath-keepers but papa, and I hope he will be soon. There are not very many in our church, because so many have moved away, but we try to do the best we can. HAZEL ASHBY.

SPokane, WASH., July 1, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a few lines. My home is in College Place, Washington. My father is a teacher in the Walla Walla College. I went to church-school last year, but I shall be in the eighth grade next year, and shall be in the intermediate department of the college.

I am spending my vacation in Spokane. Papa has charge of a canvassing company here. I am canvassing for "Heralds of the Morning." The first week I sold \$16.50 worth of them. I am a member of the College Place church. I was baptized in May, 1903. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR. My sister's name is Lucile. She is nine years old.

This is the first year I ever canvassed, but I have sold papers. Well, I must close. FLOYD SMITH.

We should like to hear again from you, Master Floyd. Tell us some of your canvassing experiences. All honor to the faithful canvasser!

OCONTO, NEB., March 25, 1906.

READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I am a reader of the INSTRUCTOR, and think it rightly named. I am fourteen years of age. I went to church-school this winter; our teacher's name is Walter Rich. There were twenty pupils. Mama went to the College View Sanitarium the seventeenth of January, and returned home the fifth of March. We missed her very much. Pray for me, dear friends, that I may be a faithful worker for our Creator, in helping to carry the third angel's message to the world in "this generation." I would like some of the INSTRUCTOR readers to write to me. For fear of crowding some one else out, I will close with best wishes for the INSTRUCTOR. GERTIE OWEN.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Aug. 22, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write and tell you how much I enjoyed making "Work for Little Fingers." After I had finished the windmill, I took it outdoors to have a run. When my little neighbors saw it, they wanted one too, and in a short time, five little girls were having a good run.

You remember I sent for paper for May baskets; I received the paper, and made the baskets. The children were delighted. Three of the baskets, with flowers, were sent to sick people. I have given away a number of things which I have made, and every one is pleased with them.

I am trying to earn enough to buy me a Bible. Mama told me I could make some of the toothpick holders, and sell them. I made ten, and sold them for five cents each, and in this way I earned fifty cents.

I made every article described in the paper, and am sorry the work has stopped, for I miss it very much. GOLDIE BROWN.

This is an excellent letter, and Miss Goldie has given a good suggestion for earning money for the Harvest Ingathering offering.