

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Be Strong!

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil; who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—Selected.

Uganda

THE province of Uganda occupies the southwestern corner of British East Africa. It lies between Lake Albert Nyanza and Victoria Nyanza. It has an area of thirty-four thousand square miles, and a population of about five million.

The soil is so productive, and the climate so agreeable, that Uganda has been called the paradise of Africa. It is on the equator, but owing to the elevation, the temperature is remarkably uniform and mild, ranging from fifty degrees to ninety degrees Fahrenheit.

The Uganda of to-day is vastly different, however, from the Uganda of ten or fifteen years ago. The growth in commerce may be compared to that of a runnel into a river. No less remarkable has been the change in education, industries, and morals. The coming of the missionaries to Uganda wrought these changes.

The First Missionary

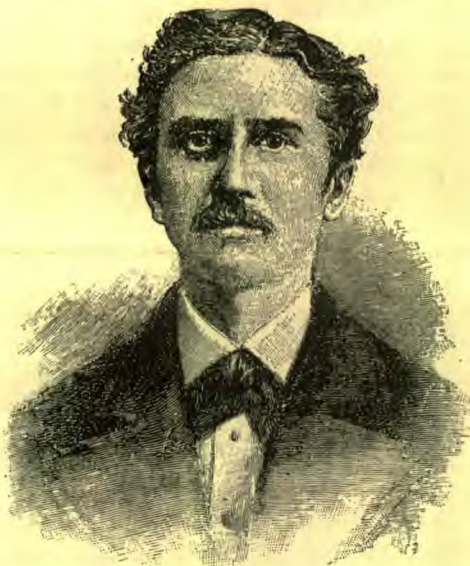
Alexander Mackay was one of Uganda's most devoted and earliest missionaries. He was born in Scotland, and through his mother was early interested in the Dark Continent as a needy mission field.

Often when he and his mother had been talking of the need of missionaries, he would ask, "would you like me to go as a missionary to Africa, mother?" and the answer would be, "If God prepares you for it, my boy; but not otherwise." It is an interesting coincidence that at the time of his birth his father, a minister, was in his library studying the map of Africa. So absorbed did he become in his study, that he did not observe the knock or entrance of Annie, a tall, stately old servant. She threw a log of wood on the fire to attract his attention, and said, "I've brought ye a present, sir." Still absorbed, the minister said: "Do you see this pear-shaped continent, Annie? . . . The gospel banner will yet be planted in the very heart of this continent, although not likely in your day, nor mine." "But

maybe it'll be in your son's, sir; and wha will say he'll nae have a han' in it?" Something in her tone made the minister look around quickly, and he observed an infant in her arms. Quickly transferring his thoughts from Africa to his own fireside, he said: "A boy! bring him near to the window, and let me see him."

Alexander Mackay was able to read the Bible well at the age of three; and when he was seven, Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Gibbons "Decline and Fall of Rome" formed a part of his reading course.

His father hoped his son would choose the ministry for his life-work, but the lad's interest seemed to be in machinery. He would rather watch a steam engine, or the shipbuilders at their work, than to play with other boys. He



ALEXANDER MACKAY

used to walk four miles to a railway station, and four miles back, that he might have a good look at the engine as the train stopped at the station.

Once as the father was about to start for a trip to Edinburgh, he asked Alexander what he should bring him on his return. The boy replied that he would like a printing-press. In response to his father's expressed disappointment that he had not chosen something that would help to fit him for preaching the gospel, Alexander simply said: "Well, but father, Martin Luther says that printing is the latest and greatest gift by which God enables us to advance the things of the gospel."

Two years spent in the Edinburgh College for Teachers, and a subsequent course in the Edinburgh University, only increased his appetite for learning. So in 1873 that he might master the German language and more fully qualify himself as an engineer, he entered the University at Berlin. At the age of twenty-three he was the chief instructor in a great engineering establishment. In odd moments he learned something of printing, photography, iron puddling, and coal-mining.

While in the university he was necessarily associated with rationalists, who tried to destroy his faith in everything related to the Christian faith. Mr. Mackay quickly associated himself with a godly minister, and this, with the resolve, "I must make Christianity a practical thing," brought him through safely.

Through his sister he became interested in Madagascar as a mission field. He offered his services to the Church Missionary Society for this country; but he was not accepted. Later on in writing to the society in regard to Africa, Mr. Mackay said: "My heart burns for the deliverance of Africa, and if you can send me to any of those regions which Livingstone and Stanley have found to be groaning under the curse of the slave-hunter, I shall be very glad." He was accepted for Africa, and made one of a party of eight to go to Uganda. They sailed April 27, 1876, for Zanzibar, and reached that port the last of May. The march from there to Uganda was a dangerous and painful one. Nov. 6, 1878, two years and a half after leaving England, Mr. Mackay and Mr. Wilson alone reached Uganda; two of their party in the meantime had succumbed to fever, two had been murdered by the natives, and two compelled on account of ill health to return to England.

On their arrival King Mtesa occupied the throne of Uganda. He had asked Stanley to have white men come to his kingdom, and it was in response to this invitation that this company of missionaries had been sent.

Mr. Mackay, because of his skill in iron work and in all sorts of handicraft, was able very soon to win the interest and favor of the king. He explained to Mtesa railways, steamers, telephones, and telegraph instruments. He lectured on astronomy, explained the circulation of the blood, the idea of rotary motion utilized in revolving hand mills, whirling grindstones, the use of the screw-driver, and many other things of equal interest. While thus overcoming the prejudice of the king and his people, he prepared on his printing-press large fly sheets in the Uganda language, from which he began to teach the boys to read. Mackay was very happy in his work, but just as the work was getting established, French Romish priests came to Uganda. From



MR. GEORGE L. PILKINGTON IN HIS AFRICAN HOME

this time, the missionary had no end of trouble, trouble from the Arab slave-traders who knew that Mr. Mackay did not favor their work, and trouble from the priests, who did much to confuse the king, so that he did not know what to believe.

He finally yielded to their influence, and the reaction that then set in toward heathendom threatened wholly to destroy Mr. Mackay's work. He lived in daily expectation of bodily harm also. He was made heart-sick day after day by the sight of armies going forth to devastate and plunder the native tribes, and to bring back slaves to be sold in exchange for the merchandise of the Arabs. The African fever added to his trials. By it his nerves were weakened and his physical condition became a sore trial to his faith, but notwithstanding the fact that he was beset on every side, the inward conviction that he was supported by the everlasting arm of God enabled him to calmly look his enemies in the face and to persevere. Sometimes he and his companion lived for days on plantains. They had no light, and had to sit in their rooms with no chance to study or read. Their only clock was the stars. The natives stole from them, and would cheat them at every possible opportunity. But during all these trials the missionaries went on quietly teaching the boys who came to them, and Mr. Mackay translated the Gospel of Matthew into the Uganda language.

In 1881 the tide began to turn. Some of the chiefs came to the missionary for instruction. The king became so interested in a house with a thatched roof that Mr. Mackay was building that he ordered all his workers in wood and iron to go to the missionary for instruction. He gave the mission twenty acres of land, and in other ways expressed his favor.

It was a happy day in the year 1882 to the worn missionary when five of his pupils were baptized and joined the church.

Soon after this the queen mother died, and Mr. Mackay was commissioned to furnish the undertaker's outfit, one suitable to European royalty. So admirably did he fulfil his commission that he won the lasting gratitude of the king, and became favorably known throughout the kingdom. He won also the head blacksmith not only to himself, but to the truth of God. This man afterward died a martyr to the cause of Christianity.

The king died also in 1882, and Mr. Mackay was urged to perform the same service for him that he had for the queen.

Mwanga, the king's son, a youth of seventeen, succeeded to the throne. Up to this time he had been well disposed to the missionaries, but he proved to be a weak and vicious king. He was responsible for one of the most terrible periods of persecution known in the history of missions. "He began by torturing and burning two Christian lads, who were especially dear to the missionary. The little black fellows went to their death with songs of praise on their lips, the first martyrs to the faith in Uganda. Mr. Mackay wrote to friends: 'Our hearts are breaking, all our Christians are dispersed. We are lonely, deserted, sad, and sick.'"

One day the very flower of the Christian community, thirty-two in number, were slowly burned to death by the king's orders, who hoped by this means to stamp out Christianity. But the loyalty and bravery of the martyrs so profoundly impressed the people that a reaction began. Many came to the missionary for instruction. The king, however, several times called in his sorcerers to see whether he should put Mr. Mackay to death; but because of the service the missionary had rendered at the burial of the king and queen, his life was spared.

The Mohammedans, too, made at this time a vigorous effort to establish their faith and to drive out the Christians. They did everything

they could to further prejudice the king against Mr. Mackay.

Eight or ten missionaries having lost their lives in the attempt to establish the work in this field, and the persecutions having been carried on so relentlessly, the Missionary Society began to feel that it was not wise to continue the mission. When Mr. Mackay heard of this idea, he wrote as follows: "Are you joking? If you tell me in earnest that such a suggestion has been made, I can only answer, NEVER. Tell me, ye faint hearts, to whom ye mean to give up the mission. Is it to murderous raiders like Mwanga, or to slave-traders from Zanzibar, or to English and Belgium dealers in rifles and gunpowder, or to German spirit sellers? All are in the field, and they make no talk of 'giving up' their respective missions." The true Christian knows nothing of "giving up" until the work to which he was called is finished.

So unrelenting was the persecution, and so trying upon the physical constitution, that Mr. Mackay finally decided to leave the mission for a period of rest, working meanwhile in a new station. During his stay at Usambird, Mr. Mackay met Stanley. The missionary so impressed the great explorer that Stanley said, "Mackay is the greatest missionary next to Livingstone that I have ever met." Though urged to return to Europe, Mackay refused to leave his post of duty. So arduous, however, had been his labors that on the eighth of February, 1890, "the din of the iron hammer was hushed, the glare of the furnace faded, the last blast of the bellows was blown," for the worn servant of God laid himself down on his bed, and after four days of delirium closed his eyes in sleep. As his body was lowered in the grave, the Christians sang in the native language, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Nearly a score of years has passed since Mackay's death, and great changes have come to Uganda, politically and spiritually. In 1900 there was reported over four thousand converts in a single year, and a native church with a membership of thirty thousand. At this same time there were said to be more than seven hundred churches, and over two thousand native teachers. Over one hundred thousand persons are now reading for baptism. Two thousand and twenty-seven native workers are supported by the Baganda Christians. They built all their own churches. This new pentecost that has come to Uganda within recent years is due largely to the labors of Mr. George L. Pilkington.

Our Work

All through this generation God has been giving opportunities, opening doors, annihilating space, making the world ready for "this gospel of the kingdom." He now asks of us what use we will make of his preparing and his opening. Through the untiring labor and courageous loyalty of noble men and women, the door of Uganda now stands open, ready to receive the missionaries with the third angel's message. But where are the missionaries? Some eyes are upon this field; for recently the Iowa Conference gave five thousand dollars to the General Conference with the expressed wish that it might be used in opening the work in this country. Two other conferences are planning to help. The British Conference is also looking toward Uganda as a mission field. We may therefore expect to hear soon that aggressive work is being done in this field already consecrated by the work and death of other missionaries.

Consecration to Christ

WALKING as one to pleasant service led,
Doing God's will as if it were my own.

"HEAVEN the home land, Christ the way!" is the Christian's watchword.



False Education and Its Failure

FALSE education places a man out of order with himself and all creation. The first being that turned his back on the principles of the Creator became the founder of false education. His name was Lucifer. And as a result he was changed from a shining angel of the highest order to a devil of the darkest kind. It all came about by choosing to disobey the principles of the law of God. It was a knowledge of evil instead of a knowledge of good, a wrong use of a good principle.

This great false educator started his first school in the garden of Eden, where the Creator had been conducting his school. The Lord had taught his pupils that to obey the Creator and his laws was life, but Lucifer taught that to transgress the Creator's laws was the higher education, which was founded upon a lie, upon exaltation of self, a desire to be served rather than to serve.

Man chose to become a member of this school, and as a result was cast out of Eden, doomed to death, causing all the creation of earth to die, waste away, and all the universe to weep. The wickedness of to-day is simply the result of attending this school.

After a period of several hundred years the earth became so corrupt that the Creator destroyed man with the flood. The antediluvian world with all its wickedness was simply the result of the people's following the inclinations of their own way and banishing God from the heart. They were out of harmony with the laws of creation, and creation destroyed them. This was the second result of false education.

After the deluge, as men multiplied, they chose to banish the principles of true education from the mind, and endeavored to exalt themselves and follow the way of their own heart. The great heathen nations that have existed since that time are a result of false education.

The land of Egypt, one of the fairest countries of the ancient world, rejected the knowledge of God, and to-day great pyramids testify to the fruits of their system of education. After thousands of years of wickedness and sin, during which the world was hopelessly drifting into misery and death without consolation and hope, the great Founder of true education came to the world and re-established his great school, and educated men to give the light to the world. This was done in a very few years, and released thousands of souls from the bondage of evil.

The great Teacher, who spoke "as never man spake," and did nothing but good for his creatures, was ignominiously crucified; why? — Because the falsely educated Pharisees and others could not longer endure that which was good. That is an everlasting testimony of how false education devours that which is perfect and true. They can not go together.

While Jerusalem obeyed the principles of her Christian schools, she was the pride of the earth; but when she rejected those principles, she became the wonder and hiss of the nations, and has been trodden down by heathen tribes.

After the great Founder of true education had established his principles over the earth, there spread over the known world a system of philosophy which had in it the principles that Lucifer taught in the garden of Eden, and that was to doubt truth. It was a system of doubt, mysticism, with self as the central figure. Hence, the angel of death with all his imps planted the seed which bore fruit during the Dark Ages.

(Concluded on page 6)

The Tomb of Napoleon

A LITTLE while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rests at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt, in the shadow of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipzig in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the widows and orphans he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my wife by my side knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been this man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial personation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

The Face on the Cent

MRS. SARAH LONGACRE KEEN, who lived and died in Philadelphia, came nearer being the queen of the American mint than any other woman who ever lived. With the exception of Queen Victoria, whose image was engraved on every coin of the British and Indian empires, Mrs. Keen was first in the number of her metal photographs. Her face as a girl of twelve summers is to be seen on every American cent issued since 1836 from Uncle Sam's coin factory.

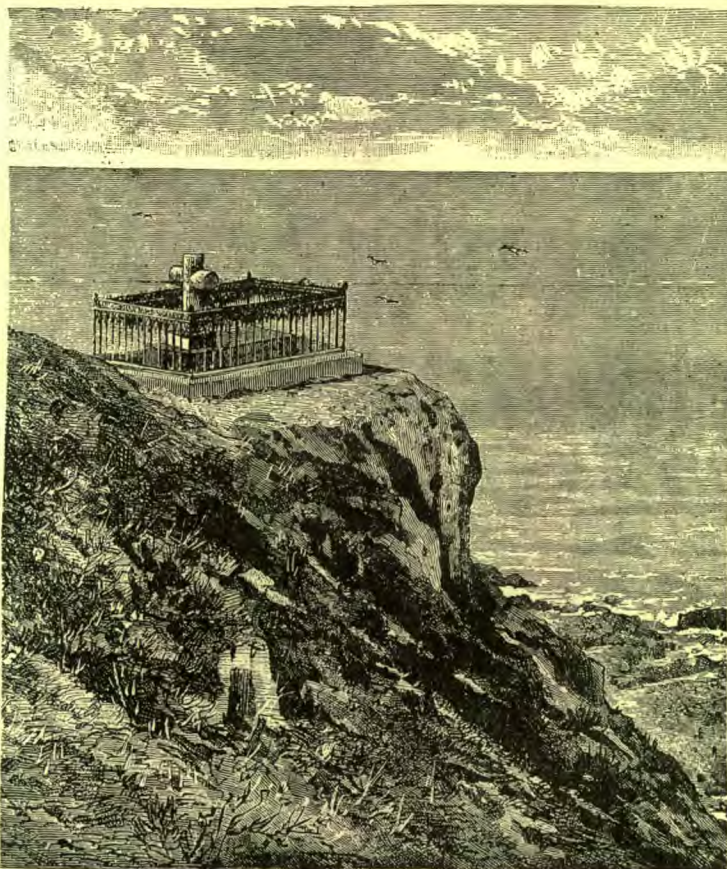
It is usually assumed that the face on the head side of the copper is that of an Indian, but a close look will reveal a Saxon profile. Just borrow a cent and look at it. The setting is that of an Indian.

Between 1828 and 1840 James Barton Longacre was chief engraver in the United States mint in Philadelphia. In 1835 a competition was opened for sketches and engravings for the new copper cent that was to be issued, and which has since been in service. There were over a thousand designs offered. The prize was a good one. Longacre racked his brain for some original and singular design that would strike the judges, but

for a long time he failed to satisfy himself.

One morning a number of Indians, with their chief, who had been to pay their respects to the great white chief in Washington, came to the city and were shown through the mint. They were introduced to the white chief's picture maker, who was just then showing his young daughter Sarah the great concern. The old chief was attracted by the sweet-faced maiden and her interest in his feathers and paint. She childishly wondered how she would look in the feathered headgear. This was told the chief, who solemnly divested himself of his feathers and had them placed on the girl's head. The effect was so striking that the father took time to make a sketch of the picture, finishing it afterward for his own amusement.

At the last moment of the period given for sending in engravings, he bethought himself of the possibility of the combination of Indian feathers and Saxon sweetness. He got it in, and much sport was made of the child at the time in the city because of the incident. The sketch passed through the seventh sifting and finally reached the last round. By one vote it won, and ever since Sarah Longacre's young face has served for the humblest of coins, but no single



NAPOLEON'S GRAVE ON ST. HELENA

coin in the world has such tremendous circulation.—*Detroit News-Tribune.*

Correct English in the Home

Beatrice.—All the children at the hotel say "me" for "I;" children older than we are, too. I should think their parents would correct them. Even the Boitie can speak better than they can.

Roschen.—Well; he learned how to use "I" and "me" from mama. Don't you know she taught him to say "I" when she asked, "Who is mama's darling?" and to say "me" when she said, "Whom does mama love?"

Beatrice.—Of course he knows that he has to say "I" when mama begins the sentence with "who," and to say "me" when she begins the sentence with "whom."

Roschen.—Do we always use "I" after "who," and "me" after "whom"?

Mrs. B.—Yes, in similar constructions; that is, when *who* and *whom* are correctly used.

Roschen.—Now suppose some one were to ask, "Who is this letter for?" should I answer "I"?

Beatrice.—Of course not; because the question is wrong. It should be, "Whom is this letter for?" or, "For whom is this letter?" Don't you know mama taught us all about that once before?

Roschen.—O, yes, now I remember. Then of course the person should say, "Whom is this letter for?" or, "For whom is this letter?" and then I should say "Me," or "For me," that is, if it was for me.

Mrs. B.—Now, you and Beatrice ask each other questions.

Beatrice.—Who is there?

Roschen.—It is I.

Beatrice.—Who called me?

Roschen.—I.

Beatrice.—Whom is the party given for?

Roschen.—Me. That's easy enough when you speak correctly, but most children here would say, "Who is the party for?"

Mrs. B.—I am sorry to say that many grown persons would say, "Who is the party for?" instead of, "Whom is the party for?" or, "For whom is the party?"

Roschen.—Oh! it's almost time for my party again. May I have those little pictures that I had taken just before we came here, put in tiny frames, and then give them to the children for little souvenirs?

Beatrice.—Roschen calls them "soov-neers;" it is "soo-ve-neer;" "oo" as in *food*; and "ve" is sounded, and "nir" is pronounced like "near."

Mrs. B.—Yes, and "e" in "ve" is shortened in rapid utterance so that it sounds like "u" in "us."

Roschen.—I am glad we came up here in time to have my birthday party. It doesn't seem like a year ago that we were here. The time just flies.

Beatrice.—That's because we are having such a fine time. We do just as we did last year—swim, and drive, and fish. I just love Cedar Lake.

Mrs. B.—You can't love Cedar Lake.

Roschen.—Well, I do. I guess I am going to say "love" when I want to say it. We don't use slang like other children do,—I mean, as the other children do.

Beatrice.—There's a new girl at the hotel,—I don't know where she is from,—and when we are together, all that she can say is, "Isn't that dandy?" and, "Well, I should say!"

Roschen.—I noticed that, too; I can't bear to listen to her.

Beatrice.—If we don't look out, Boitie will be using slang too.

Roschen.—He'll probably be like the rest of the boys when he grows older. They all use slang words.

Beatrice.—René never did.

Roschen.—O, well! René is different. His father and mother never allowed him to go with boys who would teach him those things.

Beatrice.—Well, Boitie isn't going to talk any differently to what we do.

Mrs. B.—You mean, *from* what we do.

Beatrice.—That's so; I remember now. We mustn't say "different" or "differently to," nor "different" or "differently than." We should always use *from* after these words.—*Correct English.*

A Healthy Outing

Just to be out of doors! So still! So green! With unbreathed air, illimitable, clean, With soft, sweet scent of happy growing things.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Be Not Deceived

"EVEN him, whose coming is *after* the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the *love* of the truth, that they might be saved. And for *this* cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie."

Seventh-day Adventists believe from Biblical authority that we are living in the last days of our earth's history, and that before the generation which saw the stars fall shall have all silently stepped from the ranks of human activity, our Redeemer will come to take his faithful ones home.

In the meantime, according to the text quoted above, we must *expect* to see Satan vigorously and systematically counterfeiting every gift and precept which belong exclusively to the true church.

Only those will be ensnared who wilfully accept the popular, man-made theories and "isms" of the day, in preference to a plain "Thus saith the Lord." Armed with the "sword of the Spirit," we can easily detect the false from the true. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

Events are nearing an awful crisis, and decisions are being made which will determine the destiny of precious souls. The "strong delusions" must come, and then the tares can be more rapidly sifted from the wheat, forming two distinct classes,—those who rely entirely on God's Word as their guide in the affairs of this life, with full information regarding that which is to come, and those who do not.

During the last few months there has developed a religious sect in one of our States claiming to have among them the "gift of tongues." That many of their number can speak in another language and be understood by a native of the same, there seems to be no lack of evidence. They are also preaching the soon coming of Christ, and the attention of the people is being directed toward them, possibly more since their leader has been arrested, at least once, on the charge of insanity.

The following incident occurred during one of their meetings, and was told me by a friend who witnessed it: Shortly after the meeting opened, and at the time when no one was speaking, a colored woman began to sing in a strange language, in a voice marvelous in its strength and sweetness. After singing a few lines alone, another voice from the rear accompanied her until at the close of the song five or six had been singing from different parts of the building, all in the same language, and in perfect harmony. The melody is said to have been far superior to that which well-trained voices have produced.

In Holy Writ we read of an archangel who was leader of the heavenly choir, but who through rebellion against high heaven fell, and was banished forever from the glorious presence of the Creator. He has still a great deal of power, and will manifest it to lure precious souls to destruction.

From the principles laid down in our "Infallible Guide" let us consider two of their statements: The "*commandments of God originated in the lowest depths of hell*;" and, "The trouble with the churches is that they are not the *one-millionth part of an inch from the commandments*." Would that this last statement were true of all Christian people!

From these two declarations made by one of their leaders in public, it may be seen that their highest aim is to do away with the law of God. The law, upon the entire enforcement of which the Bible plainly insists, and the keeping of which we hold so dear, is held by them of no esteem.

Surely none of our number can be deceived by so transparent a deception.

When we as God's commandment-keeping people are spiritually ready for the diffusion of the various gifts among us, they will not tarry in coming, and will be used to his honor and glory alone.

Sometime, when possibly some dear soul whose speech we can not understand is honestly seeking the truth, God will give us the words in his language which will bring peace to his heart.

This "gospel of the kingdom" has ever been shadowed by the devices of the evil one, but it still stands firm and untarnished, for its strength and support are derived from heaven's highest tribunal.

The message for this time is true and unchangeable, like unto the gigantic palm of the desert, which towers above all other trees, waving its branches triumphantly in the breeze.

The gourd of false religion springs up around its roots, sometimes climbing to its topmost branches, nearly hiding it from view; but after a time when the scorching desert wind blows upon it, it gradually withers, falls, and dies, leaving the palm standing in all its strength and beauty, greatly increased since the unsightly, withered gourd has been destroyed.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers.
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

B. M. M.

The Sons of Judah

THE young minister, making his first calls in his new parish, found himself one beautiful May afternoon upon the corner of the Bakers' tiny front piazza with old "Uncle Jimmy." He hardly knew how he came there. Of course he had not expected to find Dan Baker at home in the afternoon, but he had counted upon a call on his wife; and instead, here he was upon a corner of the piazza with Mrs. Baker's father-in-law, old, crippled Uncle Jimmy. Uncle Jimmy's shrewd, friendly blue eyes studied the young man's face.

"Don't be put out," he said, cheerfully; "Dan and Fanny will be all right; there is so much to do on a farm in May, so they can't visit much on weekdays. You might take it out on me, if you don't mind. I've got all the time there is—sometimes, I most think, too much of it, and I'd take it real kind of ye."

It was irresistible, even had the minister wanted to resist. He led the old man on to talk of his early life, and the years before the rheumatism conquered him. Uncle Jimmy told of it all freely, his long years of toil, and then the defeated hopes and plans. There was no word of complaint; indeed, his tone was almost impersonal, but at the end of the story he looked up.

"I'd like to have you read to me before you go," he said. "There's a Bible on the table in the fore room."

The minister went into the "fore room," and returned with the big family Bible.

"Have you any particular passage in mind?" he asked.

"Yes," Uncle Jimmy answered, "I have. For years I've had a hankering for some minister to read one of those long chapters in Chronicles, say, about the sons of Judah and the sons of Levi, and all the rest of them. I wrestled with 'em myself a lot, but some of the names is certainly a mouthful. I've always wanted to hear somebody read 'em off easily."

"Certainly I will read them," the minister answered, surprised, "but isn't there some other passage that you would like besides—something closer to human life?"

The old man turned his wrinkled face to the young one.

"Well," he said, "I suppose it does sound

queer, but mebbe there ain't anybody can tell right off what will help somebody else most. Now me, when I get real downhearted, I read over the 'sons of Judah' lists. I say to myself, 'Now here are all these people nobody knows anything about. They lived their lives and passed away. Mebbe some of them were real prosperous—I suppose they were; but mebbe some were failures, like me. But God remembers them all—every last man of them. Folks forgot them thousands of years ago, but he didn't forget. He knew every one of them by name.'

"I tell you there are times when there's a heap of comfort in those lists. God ain't the changing kind—he says so. So I know that somewhere in his lists old Jimmy Baker's name is put away, safe and sure."

The young minister's firm hand closed over an old, twisted one.

"Thank you, my friend," he said.—*Youth's Companion*.

As we meet and touch each day
The many travelers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry;
The contact of the soil and seed,
Each giving to the other's need,
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing each, as well as blest.

—Susan Coolidge.



The Young People's Work in Other Lands

THE call to our young people to organize for service has gone across the waters, and the response is hearty. Recent letters from Australia tell the story of a band of youth at North Brisbane, fifteen in number, who have caught the true spirit of the young people's work. All but two of these are employed every day, going to work at half-past seven, and not returning home until late, and they do not have a half-holiday during the week, as is quite customary. However, they manage to sell fourteen copies of *Good Health* a month and eleven of the *Signs* each week. The profit on these papers they have given for the redemption from slavery of a little Chinese girl of whom they read in the *Sabbath School Worker*.

A twelve-year-old girl in Warwick makes fancy baskets out of vegetable sponges. The receipts from her sales she sends to the Island Mission fund.

A boy at Forest Hill has a hive of bees. The money received from the sale of the honey he uses for missions.

A Society was recently organized at Windsor, Victoria, and has entered very enthusiastically upon its work. Various industries have been started by the members to earn money for the needy mission fields. Companies are visiting the hospitals, and literature is distributed. One young sister is selling one hundred and sixty-eight *Signs* each week.

There is a very active Society of fourteen members at Cardiff, Wales. They supplied and distributed five thousand tracts in connection with a series of meetings held in that vicinity. Each member of the Society makes a weekly contribution to provide funds for their work.

This work is growing, and the circle of its influence widening. God will surely bless the young people who consecrate their lives to the work of giving "the advent message to all the world in this generation."

Mrs. L. FLORA PLUMMER.



A Laugh in Church

SHE sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised;
And so, with her big, brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house windows,
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey-bees
Droning away at the blossoms
That whitened the cherry-trees.
She thought of a broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringing
ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss with,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet;
She could feel, in her clasping fingers,
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger-tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child!"
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

—Selected.

Theodore's Bunch of Keys

MOTHER had lost the key of her trunk, and was trying to find a new one to fit the lock. Theodore stood by, watching her as she tried different keys in turn, until finally one was found that opened it like magic.

Soon after, Theodore was trying to button his coat in a great hurry to go out to play. But the top button seemed hard to fasten, and though he tugged, fretted, and pulled, he could not manage it. "You haven't tried the right key, Theodore," said mother.

"Why, what key could work this?" exclaimed the little boy, stopping in surprise.

"Suppose you try how the 'patience' key would work there," suggested mother.

And, sure enough, with just a little quiet patience the button was fastened.

Later in the afternoon Theodore came running in again, looking quite vexed. He hardly liked to tell mother the trouble, but at last it came out that he and some of the other boys had disagreed over what they should play.

Mother was quiet for a little while, then she said, thoughtfully, "I wonder how the 'unselfish key' would work there."

Theodore was puzzled for a moment, and then a bright look of understanding came into his face, and with a smile he went out to play again.

Before bedtime Theodore found another chance to try the magic power of one of mother's useful "keys." It was just about his little brother Ted's sleepy time, and the wee man was inclined to be cross and unreasonable. But Theodore remembered what a small boy Ted was, and didn't answer him back. So, as it always takes

"two to make a quarrel," of course there could not be one that time.

When nurse came in to carry Ted off to bed, mother said softly to Theodore, "The key of 'silence' was useful that time, wasn't it, dear? You will soon have quite a bunch of keys to carry about with you, son, and you will often find them useful."—Selected.

Ti-to and the Boxers

A True Story of a Young Christian

It was late in May when we last saw Ti-to's father. He was attending the annual meeting of the North China Mission at Tungchou, near Peking, when word came that the Boxers were tearing up the railway between Peking and Pao-ting-fu. For twelve years he had been the pastor of the Congregational church in Pao-ting-fu, having been the first Chinese pastor ordained in North China. Without waiting for the end of the meeting, he hastened to the assistance of the little band of missionaries.

During the month of June dangers thickened about the devoted band of missionaries and Christian Chinese who lived in the mission compound not far from the city wall of Pao-ting-fu. There was no mother in Pastor Meng's home to comfort the hearts of the five children living face to face with death. But thirteen-year-old Ti-to, the hero of our story, was as brave a lad as ever cheered the hearts of little brothers and sisters. Straight as an arrow, his fine-cut, delicate face flushed with pink, with firm, manly mouth, and eyes that showed both strength and gentleness, Ti-to was a boy to win all hearts at sight.

By the twenty-seventh of June it was plain that all who remained in that compound were doomed to fall victims to Boxer hate. Pastor Meng called his oldest boy to his side, and said: "Ti-to, I have asked my friend, Mr. Tien, to take you with him and try to find some place of refuge from the Boxers. I can not forsake my missionary friends and the Christians who have no one else to depend upon, but I want you to try to escape."

"Father," said the boy, "I want to stay here with you. I am not afraid to die."

"No," the father replied. "If we are all killed, who will preach Jesus to these poor people?"

So before the next day dawned Ti-to said good-by and started with Mr. Tien on his wanderings. That same afternoon Pastor Meng was in the chapel when a company of Boxers suddenly burst into the room and seized him. A Christian Chinese who was with him escaped over the back wall, and took the sad tidings to his friends. The Boxers dragged Pastor Meng to a temple, and there, having learned that his oldest son had fled, they tortured him to make him tell Ti-to's hiding place. But the secret was not revealed. In the early morning scores of Boxer knives slowly stabbed him to death, and the face of the Master smiled upon this brave soul, "faithful unto death."

Three days later four of his children, his only sister and her two children, and the three mis-

sionary friends for whom he had laid down his life, were killed.

But what of the little one who had left home four days before? Determined that not one member of his family should be left, the Boxers searched for him in all directions. But Mr. Tien had taken Ti-to to the home of a relative only a few miles from Pao-ting-fu, and they escaped detection. This relative feared to harbor them more than two or three days, so they turned their faces northward, where a low range of sierra-like mountains was outlined against the blue sky. Seventeen miles from Pao-ting-fu, and not far from the home of an uncle of Mr. Tien's, they found a little cave in the mountain-side, not high enough to allow them to stand upright. Here they crouched for twenty days. The uncle took them a little food, but to get water they were obliged to go three miles to a mountain village, stealing up to a well under cover of darkness. In that dark cave hunger and thirst were their constant companions, and the howling of wolves at night made their mountain solitude fearsome.

Ti-to had lived five days in this retreat when word was brought to him that father, brothers, sisters, his aunt, his cousins, and all the missionaries belonging to three missions in Pao-ting-fu had been cruelly massacred, and that churches, schools, homes, were all masses of charred ruins.

After twenty days of cave life, Mr. Tien's uncle sent them warning that Boxers were on their track, and that they must leave their mountain refuge immediately. Then began long, weary wanderings toward the southwest over mountain roads, their plan being to go to Shansi. One day in their wanderings they had just passed the village of Chang-Ma, about sixteen miles south of Pao-ting-fu, when a band of Boxers, some armed with rifles, some brandishing great swords, rushed after them, shouting, "Kill! kill! kill the secondary foreign devils!"

Escape was impossible. Before this howling horde had overtaken them, a man who was standing near them asked Ti-to, "Are you a Christian?"

"Yes," the boy replied. "My father and mother were Christians, and from a little child I have believed in Jesus."

"Don't be afraid," the stranger said; "I'll protect you."

Then the Boxers closed about them. Mr. Tien was securely bound, hand and foot. Ti-to was led by his queue, and soon they were back by the Boxer altar in the village. When the knives were first waved in his face, and the blood-thirsty shouts first rang in his ears, a thrill of fear chilled Ti-to's heart; but it passed as quickly as it came, and as he was dragged toward the altar, it seemed as if some soft, low voice kept singing in his ear the hymn, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord," and all fear vanished.

When they began to bind Mr. Tien to the altar, he spoke no word for himself, but pleaded most earnestly for the little charge committed to his care, telling how all his relatives had been murdered, and begging them to spare his life. Perhaps it was those earnest, unselfish words,

perhaps it was the boy's gracious mien and winsome face, that moved the crowd, for one of the village Boxers stepped forward, saying: "I adopt this boy as my son. Let no one touch him. I stand security for his good behavior."

Twenty of his neighbors, though themselves Boxers, joined him in this guarantee. So Ti-to was snatched back, as it were, from the very jaws of death. And his noble friend, Mr. Tien, saved himself in saving the boy, for the Boxers released him, bidding him fly immediately, as they could not protect him from other bands.

Ti-to's deliverer was one of three bachelor brothers, the terror of the region. But it was evident that Mr. Chang's heart was completely won by the boy. For three months he kept him in his home, tenderly providing for every want. Let Ti-to tell the story of those days in his own words: "Of course I could not pray openly. But sometimes when my adopted father was away with the Boxers on their raids, I would shut the door tight and kneel in prayer. Then every evening when the sun went down, I would turn my face toward the west, and in my heart repeat the hymn:—

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide."

"Mr. Chang was in Pao-ting-fu when my father was killed, and told me how they stabbed and tortured him. I supposed that my uncle and his wife, who had gone to Tungchou, had been killed too, and all the missionaries in China. But I knew that the people in America would send out some more missionaries, and I thought how happy I would be sometime in the future when I could go into a chapel again and hear them preach."

But Ti-to had not long to wait for his day of joy. In October expeditions of British, German, French, and Italian soldiers from Peking and Tien-tsin arrived at Pao-ting-fu, and the Boxer hordes scattered at their coming. Soon to the brave boy in the Boxer's home came the glad tidings that his uncle was still living, and had sent for him to come to Pao-ting-fu. Mr. Chang loved the boy so deeply that he could not but rejoice with him, sad though he felt at the thought of parting with him. Fearful of some treachery or of harm coming to Ti-to, he went with him to Pao-ting-fu, then returned to the village home from which the sunshine had departed.

Later Ti-to studied in the Congregational Academy in Peking, and then in Japan. He is now an earnest teacher of Christianity, for which he so bravely faced death.—*Selected.*

The Garden Bird

IN New Guinea there is a bird that not only builds a house, but has a garden. He is known by the name of "garden bird."

When he is going to build, the garden bird first looks for a level spot of ground which has a shrub in the center. Then he covers the bottom of the stem of this shrub with a heap of moss.

Next he brings some long twigs from other plants. These he sticks into the ground, so that they lean, and leave a place open for a door. The twigs keep on growing, so his little cabin is like a bower.

Last of all, in front of the door this dainty bird makes a pretty lawn of moss. He carefully picks out every pebble and bit of straw. Then, upon this lawn he scatters purple berries and pink flowers. As often as the flowers wilt, he takes them away, and brings fresh ones.

The little cabin is sometimes three feet wide and half as high. There is plenty of room in it for two or three families if need be; and the garden is larger than the house.

The people of New Guinea think so much of

this bird that they never molest his little dwelling.

You may like to know how this bird gardener is dressed. In modest colors, you may be sure. The top of his head, his back, and his wings and tail are olive-brown, and beneath he is a greenish-red. He is about as large as a thrush or a blackbird.—*W. H. Campbell.*

In the Days of Noah

THE longer Noah labored upon the ark, the larger and more nearly perfect it became. So with our work to-day; as the days and months go by, our field of labor increases, until the world will be compassed. Then shall the end come. As God closed the door of the ark when all was completed and the souls inside that were to be saved, so God will close up his work soon in righteousness. Let us be sure we are in the ark of safety.

In the days of Noah those who believed that the ark would save them not only had to believe this, but it was absolutely necessary to their salvation that they walk into the ark. Our salvation to-day depends as surely upon our taking definite steps to the ark of safety.

C. E. HOLMES.

From Within

WHEN the fire of a burning building originates within, it is a waste of energy to pour water on the outside, instead of seeking the seat of the flames and thoroughly submerging it. In a late stage of the fire it may be impossible to reach the origin, for the whole is on fire.

Since in all life evil proceeds from the heart (Mark 7:21, 22), let there be poured upon it in the early years the pure water of the Spirit of God to cleanse it and arrest the ever-increasing flames of passion, which consume the being both for time and for eternity.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy Word." Ps. 119:9. Those who have spent many years in sin must become young again and be converted that they may enter the kingdom of God.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.



The Reward of the Righteous — No. I

1. *What hope of reward is set before the righteous?*

"And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Rev. 22:12.

2. *Where shall this reward be given?*

"Behold, the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth; much more the wicked and the sinner." Prov. 11:31.

3. *What class of people shall inherit the earth?*

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Matt. 5:5.

4. *What change takes place before it is ready for the saints?*

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea." Rev. 21:1.

5. *What principle will govern all who dwell in it?*

"Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." 2 Peter 3:13.

6. *With whom will man dwell in the new earth?*

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be

his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." Rev. 21:3.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

False Education and Its Failure

(Concluded from page 2)

The great Roman hierarchy, which ruled nations for hundreds of years, propagating the most abominable doctrines, living in licentious luxury, banishing nearly all truth from the earth, destroying millions of souls who loved the noble and true, and calling itself God, was simply a product of the principles of false education sown in the early centuries.

But a few centuries ago many good and noble men known as reformers, again sowed the seeds of true education, and declared that the "*fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding.*" These principles swept over the world, and the enlightenment since that time is the result.

Now comes the question, What of the education of to-day? Drunkenness, tobacco using, gambling, bad government, theft, murder, pauperism, popular theater, bad reading, medical delusions, labor strikes, war and bloodshed, and the instability of nations, all come as a result of the false education the world is receiving. The W. C. T. U. have been campaigning for years and exerting almost superhuman effort to banish the liquor traffic and the brothels of this fair land, but they have made little headway.

The world is calling for the teaching of the principles of the moral law, love to God and love to man, and it is the only remedy. This principle is the foundation of true education.

E. O. CARLSEN.

"It is the angel-aim and standard in an act that consecrates it."

"GUARD well thy thoughts, for they are heard in heaven."

"A SABBATH well spent brings a week of content."

"God buries the workman, but carries on his work."



FRISCO, ARK., June 7, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been a reader of the INSTRUCTOR for four years, and I think it is very interesting and instructive. I am saving all my copies of the paper.

I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and am in the youth's class. I am fourteen years old, and am in the seventh grade at school. I go to church-school, and Sister J. S. Rouse has been my teacher for two years. We live two miles from Porter. I was baptized three years ago at camp-meeting. I want to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

STELLA CLARK.

EDBERG, ALBERTA, July 24, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I like the paper. I live in Alberta; there are no Sabbath-keepers near us, so we have Sabbath-school at home. I go to public school because there is no church-school near where we live. I have three brothers and three sisters.

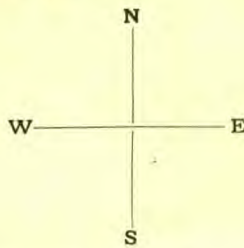
I have given away some of the special numbers of the *Signs* about the earthquake. I hope they will do some good. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

IDA HANSON.

Question Corner

What is the origin of the word "news"?

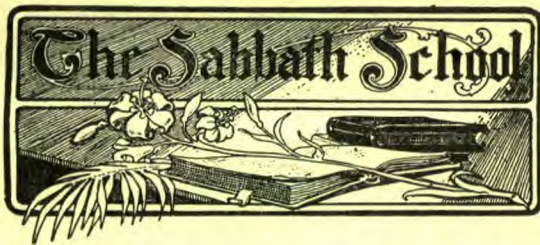
The word "news" is commonly supposed to be derived from the adjective "new." It is asserted, however, that its origin is traceable to a custom in former times, of placing on newspapers of the day the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus:—



These letters were intended to indicate that the paper contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe, but they finally came to assume the form of the word "news," from which the term "newspaper" is derived.

Who was born in Europe, died in Asia, and was buried in Africa?

Alexander the Great, who was born in Macedonia, died at Babylon, and was buried in Africa, in the city founded by himself. Sixty-four white mules, richly caparisoned with ornaments of gold and costly plumes, drew the immense car, with its throne and golden sarcophagus containing his remains, from the Euphrates to the Nile. No other funeral pageant has ever equaled that of this warrior, which, after two years of preparation, went this distance of a thousand miles.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII—Review of Acts

(September 29)

MEMORY VERSE: "Search the Scriptures." John 5:39.

1. By whom was the book of Acts written? What important event in the earthly life of Jesus is described in the first chapter? What man was chosen to take the place of Judas?

2. Tell how the believers received the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. Who spoke to the people? How many were baptized in one day? Acts 2.

3. Describe the healing of the lame man at the Beautiful gate of the temple. Acts 3. Who cast Peter and John into prison? Acts 4:1-3. What charge were they given when they were set free? Verse 18.

4. How did the early believers show their love for one another? Acts 4:34-37. Why were Ananias and his wife stricken dead? Acts 5:1-10.

5. Tell how the apostles were set free when the high priest had cast them into prison. Acts 5:19. What did the apostles bravely declare when they were brought before the council? Verse 29.

6. Who was the first Christian martyr? Acts 7:54-60. Describe his triumphant death.

7. What was the result of the persecution that arose against the church at this time?—The believers were scattered abroad, and thus the gospel was carried to other places. Tell the story of Philip and the eunuch. Acts 8:26-40.

8. Tell how Saul persecuted the believers, and how he was converted. Acts 9. Who was

Dorcas? Where did she live? How was she raised to life?

9. Who was Cornelius? From what disciple did he hear the gospel? Tell how the Lord showed Peter that he is no respecter of persons. Acts 10.

10. Where were the believers first called Christians? Acts 11:26.

11. Relate the story of Peter's second deliverance from prison. Acts 12.

12. What man went with Paul on his first missionary journey? Name a few of the places they visited. Tell how the cripple was healed at Lystra. At what place was Paul stoned? See Acts 13:2; 14.

13. What two men went with Paul on his second missionary journey? Acts 15:40; 16:1, 3.

14. Tell how the jailer and his family were converted. Acts 16:24-34.

15. What strange words did Paul notice on an altar in Athens? Acts 17:23. Where was he taken by the learned men of that city?—To Mars Hill. What did he do there?—He told the people about this "unknown God."

16. What miracles were wrought by Paul in Ephesus? Acts 19:11, 12. What led to the burning of many books of magic at this place? Verses 13-19.

17. What goddess was worshiped at Ephesus? Describe the tumult that was raised by Demetrius and his associates. Acts 19:23-41.

18. At what place did Paul preach till midnight? What miracle was wrought at this place? Acts 20:6-11. Whom did Paul charge to remember the words of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"?—The elders of the church at Ephesus.

19. When Paul came to Jerusalem, who stirred up the people against him? Acts 21:27. By what man was he rescued from the mob? Verses 31-33.

20. What did a band of Jews now plan to do? When the chief captain knew their plan, to whom did he send Paul? Acts 23:12, 22-24.

21. What did Felix once say to Paul when Paul was telling him of righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come? Acts 24:25. Why did Felix leave Paul bound when Festus took his place as governor? Verse 27.

22. At his trial before Festus, to whom did Paul appeal? Acts 25:11. Before what king was he now tried? Verse 23. What did King Agrippa say to Paul after hearing his defense? Acts 26:28. What did Paul say he desired? Verse 29.

23. Tell briefly the story of Paul's shipwreck. How were he and his companions received by the people of Melita? What miracles were performed by Paul at this place? How long did Paul live in his own hired house in Rome? What did he do during this time?



XIII—The Proper Observance of the Sabbath

(September 29)

MEMORY VERSE: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord." Isa. 58:13, 14.

Questions

1. Repeat the fourth commandment. Ex. 20:8-11.

2. Which day of the week are we commanded to observe? Ex. 20:10.

3. Upon which day of the week did the Lord place his blessing? Gen. 2:2, 3.

4. Why did he bless the seventh day? Gen. 12:1, 2; note 1.

5. Why are we to remember the Sabbath day? Ex. 20:8; note 2.

6. When does the Sabbath begin and end? Lev. 23:32; note 3.

7. How much of the day is holy? Note 4.

8. What is the day before the Sabbath called? Mark 15:42.

9. What preparation should be made for the Sabbath? Ex. 16:23, 24.

10. What, besides refraining from work, is included in Sabbath observance? Isa. 58:12, 13; note 5.

11. How was the Sabbath observed by the holy women, when the Saviour was in the tomb? Luke 23:55, 56.

12. What example of Christ indicates the true spirit of Sabbath observance? Matt. 12:1-13.

13. What blessing is promised upon those who keep the Sabbath? Isa. 56:2.

14. What promise is made to the obedient? Isa. 56:4-7; Prov. 13:13.

Notes

1. The Lord blessed Abraham that he might be a blessing. For a like reason he blessed the Sabbath day, that it might be a blessing to man. The blessing of God placed on the Sabbath is just as real a thing as the blessing which he gives to man. But in order for us to enjoy this blessing, it is necessary that we observe, as he has directed, the day he blessed.

2. We are to remember the Sabbath to keep it holy. Throughout the entire week we are so to plan our secular affairs that when the Sabbath comes to us, we shall be ready to receive it, and not desecrate its sanctity because of our forgetfulness. In this sense the **fourth commandment**, like the other nine, covers all the transactions of life during the entire seven days of the week.

3. There is no more fitting way to begin the Sabbath than, as its sacred hours draw near, to assemble the family, and, after singing, and reading God's blessed Word, engage in a season of prayer, invoking pardon for sin, and asking for a Sabbath blessing. Then, as its closing moments draw nigh, offer a prayer of thanksgiving, and ask for strength for the coming week.

4. The divine Sabbath law commands that man's work shall be done in the "six working days." Eze. 46:1. The first hour of the Sabbath is as holy as any other hour, and when the day begins, our own work should *end*, and the Lord's work only should be done. Many are so burdened with the "cares of this life" that they frequently violate the sanctity of the Sabbath at its beginning and at its close, in order to do their own work. Those who do this grieve the Spirit, and fail of receiving the full blessing of Sabbath-keeping.

5. We are not to do our *own* ways, or our *own* pleasure, or speak our *own* words on the Sabbath. To think and plan regarding our secular business on the Sabbath, or permit our mind to dwell on things pertaining to worldly pleasure, is a violation of the Sabbath. The fourth commandment, like the other precepts, covers the thoughts and intents of the heart; and when the Sabbath begins, there should be a cessation, not simply of secular labor, but of secular *thoughts* as well.

THE pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress of a child, will do more to save, sometimes, than the wisest argument, even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom, love alone is power; and, where love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between and dulled the potency of its rays.—George MacDonald.



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

THE Reading Circle members would be much interested and profited by reading the new book entitled "The Price of Africa," by S. Earl Taylor. It is published by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston and Chicago.

"ILLOGICAL GEOLOGY" is Mr. George McCready Price's new book. This work ably exposes the fallacies of the commonly accepted ideas of geologists relative to the creation and age of the earth. In paper cover it sells for twenty-five cents. Address the Modern Heretic Company, Los Angeles, California.

BRAZIL will soon have its first book on the advent message, "Glorious Appearing," ready for distribution. The people are happy in the prospect. One brother who is a surveyor and earns good wages, clapped his hands for joy when he received the news. He said that he had a team, and nothing would prevent his going among the people to circulate the new book.

THERE are certain fragrant trees which bathe in perfume the ax that cuts into their wood. So it was with the life of Jesus. Wrong or injury done to him only drew out more tenderness, sweeter love. We have a remarkable example of this in the very moment of crucifixion. It was when the nails were being driven through his hands and feet that he prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—J. R. Miller.

OUR aim, "The advent message to all the world in this generation," is nearing fulfilment. Every language of Europe has representatives in our truth, and the work has been established in every European country except Servia, Montenegro, and Greece. A worker has been appointed for Greece, and soon Servia and Montenegro will be likewise remembered. Nothing can stay the progress of this message, for the Lord himself is directing in its extension. Are we having a part in it?

A YOUNG man invited another to stay with him overnight at his boarding place. At breakfast the following morning the guest by accident dropped something on the rug. Thoughtlessly he failed to offer to pick it up or to beg pardon for his carelessness. This rather touched the pride of the young man who had invited him to the home; so at the office that day he related the incident to others in a way to reflect upon his guest, not realizing that by so doing he was himself committing a far greater breach of etiquette than his friend had done.

In our condemnation of others we may often show ourselves to be worthy of greater condemnation than those we condemn. The heeding

of our Saviour's admonition, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," would at least save us from such an unfortunate revealing of self.

Notice!

THE last line of the poem entitled "This Way" in the Harvest Ingathering number of the INSTRUCTOR should read, "We'll thank our God for care divine," instead of, "We'll thank God for his care divine."

General Culture Reading Course

For the Central Union Conference

It is said that when Queen Anne of England first met the hymn writer, Dr. Watts, being surprised at his smallness of stature, she exclaimed, "Well! is this the great little Dr. Watts?" His wit served him well, and he answered:—

"Could I in stature reach the pole
 And mete the ocean with my span,
 I'd still be measured by my soul;
 The mind's the measure of the man."

Here is a great truth. The plane of our habitual thought is the plane of our lives, the standard of character.

What shall we do to elevate the standard of our minds? "It is a law of the mind, that it will narrow or expand to the dimensions of the things with which it becomes familiar."—"Christian Education." How important, then, if we would be strong men and women, that we feed the mind on wholesome mental food. "The mind occupied with commonplace things only, becomes dwarfed and enfeebled. If never tasked to comprehend grand and far-reaching truths, it after a time loses the power of growth."—"Education." "The young are in danger. Great evil results from their light reading." Few realize the permanent injury which results from cheap literature. They treat the delicate organ, the brain,—the crowning work of creation,—as though it were a common thing and could not be injured.

There are many good things to read, and the Lord would have us improve and develop the mind by good reading. "The end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore of sound mind, and be sober unto prayer." 1 Peter 4:7, R. V. "Lead the youth to see how much there is to learn to do; how precious are the days of youth as a preparation for the life-work. Help them to see what treasures there are in the Word of God, in the book of nature, and in the records of noble lives."—"Education."

The General Culture Course for young people has been instituted by the Central Union Conference Young People's Society of Seventh-day Adventists for the purpose of helping young people in the choice of good reading, and to assist them in reading to a definite purpose.

This year we will study the records of some noble lives connected with the beginning of the third angel's message,—those of Elder Bates, Elder James White, and his wife, Mrs. E. G. White. This will be followed by the reading of that very interesting new book "The Great Second Advent Movement." Every page of these books is full of interest, and while enjoying the stories of these lives, and the history of this great movement, we shall at the same time become more familiar with the truths of the third angel's message and the great progress it has made since its small beginning. Like Jesus, this message was born as a child laid in the manger. "Such a birth," says Dr. Warneck, "is always a sign of the work of God." This message is the work of God for this time, and all our young people should be well grounded in it.

Many of our young people should take up this course of reading. The outlines will appear in the Educational Messenger beginning October 1, and continuing eight months. The price of the Messenger is 50 cents a year, and the books

are as follows: "Life of Bates," 35 cents; "Life Sketches of Elder James White and Mrs. Ellen G. White," 1.25; "The Great Second Advent Movement," \$1.50. "An investment in knowledge pays the best interest."

Let all who desire to take up this course send in their names at once for enrolment. The books will be read in the order named, and examinations will be sent out at the close of the reading of each book. All who do the work satisfactorily will receive a certificate from the office of this Society.

The Educational Messenger and the books needed can be ordered direct from this office if desired.

"Form a home reading circle in which every member of the family shall lay aside the busy cares of the day and unite in study."—"Testimonies for the Church."

Address Central Union Conference, Y. P. S. S. D. A., College View, Neb.



WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE honors of a capital city have been transferred from Sitka to Juneau, Alaska.

A WIRELESS message of eight words has been read easily after traversing a distance of eleven hundred miles.

ANOTHER evidence of China's awakening is the recent establishment of standard time as it is known to the rest of the civilized world.

THE average annual rainfall of the city of Washington is about forty-four inches. Nearly one third of that amount fell during the first twenty-seven days of August, making a down-pour of 1,935,114 tons a day.

OVER eleven million pieces of mail were handled by the Dead Letter Office last year, and the average number received each day is now between thirty and thirty-five thousand. The monetary loss is considerable, there having come to the division during the month of July alone over two thousand dollars.

THE United States requires that all meat after inspection by government officials shall be labeled. Mr. G. E. Howard, of Washington City, has devised a small gelatinous label that is being used. The inspector simply slaps the little tag on the piece of meat, and the heat and moisture of the freshly killed flesh makes it adhere. Soon the gelatine dissolves, and there is nothing left but the print of some blue letters. This can't be removed except by cutting it off; but it is wholly harmless. The labels cost sixty-five cents a thousand, and as several million are used each week, the manufacturer receives monthly orders from the government for about ten thousand dollars' worth.

"VALPARAISO, the principal seaport of Chile, was recently visited by a great earthquake, followed by fire, which later reports may prove even worse than that which devastated San Francisco. Early reports indicate that the loss of life may run into thousands. The congress of Chile will be asked for one hundred million dollars to rebuild the city. One feature of interest is the reported destruction of the island of Juan Fernandez, or Robinson Crusoe's island. It is about three days' run from Valparaiso. The shock was felt at Santiago, the capital of Chile, and in other Chilean and Peruvian cities, while there was a tidal wave at Honolulu, and seismic disturbances were registered in Washington and elsewhere."