

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 25, 1906

No. 39



What Have You Done To-day?

We shall do much in the years to come;
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum;
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after-while;
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile;
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
We shall feed the hungry souls of earth;
But, this is the thing our hearts must ask:
What have we done to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:
What have we done to-day?

— Nixon Waterman.

Word from China

In many respects during the last year China has been in the most unsettled state of any time since the massacre of missionaries in 1900. Not a few of the Protestant and Catholic missionaries have been massacred during the last eight months. There were fourteen in two cities murdered within a period of three months.

Although the headquarters of the uprising was located only twenty miles from our station, there was no material damage done to the property, and we safely reached a place of shelter. China never appeared so dark to us before, and it seemed as if our way of escape was cut off, as the trouble was between us and the railway. Primarily the disturbances in China are anti-dynastic, but the rebels know that the very best way to involve the government and weaken it, is to show contempt for the foreigners by killing them and interfering with their liberty.

The late disturbance here was first caused by killing several native Catholics thirty miles north of us, who were not of the best reputation in their community. Through the pressure brought to bear upon the officials by the Catholic missionaries who were located near the official's headquarters, those who were murderers were severely punished, and many innocent were convicted without evidence. This resulted in a pent-up hatred of both foreigners and officials on the part of the people, which was only waiting for an opportunity for vengeance.

Only six weeks later, April 8, 9, and 10, the storm burst forth. Over one thousand men were in arms with knives, bamboo poles, spears, and clubs, only twenty miles west of Shang-tsai. They began by capturing horses and mules, burning villages, and forcing young abled-bodied men to join them. They attacked the nearest city, and the official had the gates of the city locked so that they could not enter, and gave a message to the leader from over the wall that he did not want to fight with them, that he would like them to go to some other place and leave him in peace. Upon hearing this, the people living in the country, knowing that they had no protection, became frightened to a frenzy, and as the gates of their nearest city were closed, they placed bedding and clothes and such things as they could pack on a four-wheeled ox cart, and drove with more than Chinese speed to the nearest city for protection within its walls. As Shang-tsai was the nearest place of refuge, soon every street, alley, and court yard was filled with men, women, children, horses, mules, donkeys, and carts, and looking from the city wall, as far as we could see, there were carts waiting for their turn to enter. The excitement at the city gates was so great that in spite of the soldiers located there, men, women, and children were knocked about ruthlessly, and many injured. The entire city was in a turmoil day and night. Many of the nearest neighbors were driven out of their rented homes by the owners, and their household goods, which were not much, thrown in the open courtyard. Cries of anger and distress were heard all around us. Our mail, which had come every other day previously, had been cut off for eight days.

One family of Christians was driven out of their home, and I gave them shelter in our mission. Knowing the results that often follow the assembling of large crowds of Chinese, especially where no law or order exists, I felt it hazardous to remain after the reports we were continually hearing. The postmaster told me there was no possible way to get news through as to the exact condition in other parts of the empire. Being alone, I went to God for counsel, and was convinced that I should at least make an effort to get away. God commanded Joseph to go to Egypt when Jesus' life was in danger from the wicked Herod. Modes of travel here in China are very similar to what they were then. I tried to secure a conveyance, but it was in vain. No one would even venture to take the most round-about road. Finally I hired a donkey cart through the aid of an official, and safely reached the railway. Those of our workers who left their stations arrived at a place of safety, and the only injury to our property at Shang-tsai was the hurling of two large stones through my bedroom window.

Not long after I left, government troops were dispatched to the seat of trouble. A small engagement followed, in which the rebels were defeated, and about four hundred killed. Since that time Honan has never been more quiet and peaceful. I feel most thankful to God for his protection during this past year. We know not how many times God has stayed the hand of the destroyer.

These incidents show us the wrath of the enemy, but in that God has never yet allowed any of our workers in this field to suffer death at the hand of the wicked, we have faith to believe that his message will go forward unhindered, until the work of mercy is finished, and the flames burst out that will end all wickedness.

One year and one month has passed since we began the publishing work at this station. During this time steady progress has been made both in the appearance of the literature and in the production and circulation of the same. The monthly paper, *Fuh-In-Hsuen Pao* (Gospel Herald), is doing a good work, and improving in appearance. The following are the tracts and book, besides the paper, which have been issued by the press this last year:—

Book: Chinese Gospel Primer, 60 pages.

Tracts: Immortality of the Soul, 8 pages; Resurrection of the Dead, 6 pages; Righteousness by Faith, 16 pages; Principles of the Gospel, 16 pages; The Sabbath a Definite Period of Time, 16 pages.

Seventh-day Adventist Hymn-book, containing one hundred and twenty-five songs.

Sheet Tracts: Who Is Jesus? Attributes of God, Rejecting the False and Accepting the True, Signs of Christ's Second Coming, How to Care for the Eyes, Things the Sick Ought to Know, Christ's Returning.

1906 Sabbath Calendar.

Our greatest need is that of illustrations for our literature. This line of work we are hoping to be able to do right here on the ground soon. As the work grows, more funds and better facilities are required. At present we are using the kind of facilities that were used fifty years ago, and it is hard to do first-class printing with them, but the output has compared quite favorably with that of other societies using more modern machinery. Furthermore, the work has been done in large part by natives who never saw machinery before. We are continually meeting difficult propositions on account of being located so far in the interior. If we can find a large city in the interior with better shipping facilities, some of the difficulties will be obviated. Running a printing-office in mud-plastered houses makes a continual dust that interferes with the work.

I am sure that the friends in the United States will rejoice with me in the fact that Brother and Sister Allum, from Australia, are now here, and are assuming many responsibilities in the dispensary, mission, and printing work. Having had considerable experience in their home field in bookkeeping and printing, besides a practical education in the Avondale school, they were just the help we needed. I had been alone just fifteen months, and it has seemed a great privilege to associate with those who can speak my mother tongue, and we know we can reach out farther in our work. I also take this opportunity to thank those who gave so liberally toward sending Brother and Sister Allum to the interior of this field. They are busily engaged with the language study.

Notwithstanding the fact that we are making advancement in the work in the mission fields, we

certainly are not doing as much as it is our privilege to do. It is a satisfaction which outweighs the sacrifice to be able to minister to the heathen in their great need.

During the past year nearly double the number of patients received treatment as the previous year. Every patient that comes to the dispensary takes literature with him to his home. Some come long distances, whom, in America, we would not advise to go even a short distance in a modern ambulance. Last week a man came from Lo Shan, a distance of one hundred and five miles, suffering with a large abscess located deep in the muscle sheaths of the thigh. The pain was so great that he groaned loudly all the time they carried him. We opened this abscess, drained it, and he walked out of the dispensary. Our treatments have won the confidence of the people, until we now have no difficulty in persuading the patients to submit to our procedures of treatment. I have many times realized that there were agents at work besides the treatment and natural recuperative vitality of the patients, for many times the results of the treatment are out of all proportion to the therapeutic value of the remedy used. The medical work has materially assisted us in presenting the gospel message of salvation, principally by giving us the opportunity and establishing confidence.

During the last month many, chiefly women, have been brought to us on beds carried by two to four men, in an unconscious state as a result of taking opium to commit suicide. Here the missionary sees the terrible effects of two great curses in China, the one of opium, introduced and forced on the Chinese by England, the other the result of heathenism, that of woman slavery, which usually causes her to take the crude opium to commit suicide. The larger percentage of these cases we are able to save through lavage and antidotes, so they have left them an opportunity to know the gospel, and either accept or reject it. Seeing such misery causes us to long for sin and wickedness to be obliterated from this world, and our Saviour return to gather his own. But we must not be selfish and willing to drop our burden too soon. Christ has a few who are waiting, yes, *waiting*, for some one to bring them this last message of warning. What else is delaying Christ's coming? Think of China's four hundred and twenty-six million waiting, from whom he said over twenty-five hundred years ago some would be gathered. "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" Rom. 10: 14.

God has chosen to call men through the agency of his servants. It seems to me that it ought to be the question of every one of us, Am I going to permit myself to act as a messenger of light? In the above verses Paul refers to those who have never heard of God, and these are the heathen in our present age. Yes, over half the population of the world to-day is in Asia waiting to hear of a God of compassion and love. Christ's last command to his disciples to go to all the world, comes to us as a people in tones that will not cease until the world is reached with the gospel, and the work is completed. The responsibility must rest on some, and we hope that our brethren in the States may not grow weary in well doing, but continue their practical interest in China, and send us more workers, "for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." H. W. MILLER.

Home, Sweet Home

THE ornament of a home is cleanliness;
The honor of a home is hospitality;
The blessing of a home is piety;
The happiness of a home is contentment.

— Selected.

BELOW * the SURFACE

In a Coal-Mine

COAL is found in bodies, or veins, which usually underlie a large portion of the country in which they are found. These veins are from a few feet to several hundred feet below the surface, are encased in rock or slate above and below, and are from one foot to fifteen or twenty feet thick. How it was formed and how it was buried as it is, seems an interesting field of speculation for some; but I am more interested just now in telling how it is taken out than in trying to tell how it was formed.

There are many methods of mining coal, and the method employed in any particular case depends on the nature of the ground in which it lies, the kind of coal, and the thickness of the vein.

Where the vein is not more than three or four feet thick, and the rock or slate overlying it is tough, the usual method of mining it is known as the "long-wall" system. Several tunnels, or cross cuts, are run parallel to one another, about fifty feet apart, and at right angles to the main tunnel. They are made two or three hundred feet long, and are connected at the back end by a cross-head running parallel to the main tunnel.

This leaves the long pillars of coal standing between the cross cuts, and men take these out by beginning at the inner ends and working outward. The tracks are taken up as the work moves forward, and the roof is allowed to fall in behind the workmen. This can be done because they go between the pillars to their work, and the roof usually will not break close up to the pillar ends. When this system is used, the weight of the settling roof breaks down the coal when it is left undermined overnight.

Another method of mining is to block up the roof with short timbers or waste rock, and break the coal down with steel wedges. Rooms made in this way are driven outward from the main tunnel, and are abandoned when they are two or three hundred feet long.

Anthracite coal is too hard to be mined with the pick, so it is broken down with blasting powder, just as rock is broken in gold or silver mines, except that black powder is used instead of dynamite.

The method most common in veins of ordinary coal that range from six to twelve feet in thickness, is to undermine it in the rooms to a depth of from three to six feet, and cut it loose from the wall at one side. It is then broken down by a charge of powder placed in the upper corner at the other side of the room, in a drill hole the same depth as the undermining at the bottom. These rooms open out into the main tunnel in much the same way as rooms in a dormitory open out into the hallway. They are made from twenty-five to fifty feet wide, according to the character of the roof, and about one hundred feet long. The roof is often supported by timbers, to allow the rooms to be made wider than could otherwise be done.

Coal is taken from the mine in cars that hold one or two tons, and run on a small railroad.

Most coal veins are full of seams running from the floor to the roof, about six inches apart, so that the bed of coal is made of slabs lying side by side, just as we place boards together and set them on their edges. The rooms are run so as to go crosswise of these seams.

If you were to go into a coal-mine for the first time, you would think it a very disagreeable place. There are great dark caverns through which the sound of your footsteps goes echoing away in a rumbling fashion that is unpleasant to hear, while

the masses of overhanging rock seem just ready to fall.

But let us suppose that we are in a room in a mine, and watching the men at work. There are three of them sitting on the floor at the inner end, or "face," of the room. They have their little lamps beside them, and are bent over so that each one rests a shoulder on his knee, which is doubled under him. In this position they work with their picks, undermining the coal. The undermining is made about eight inches wide and three feet deep, running the width of the room.

Chick-chick, chick-chick, sound the pick strokes; but the work is very slow. Each stroke brings only a tiny chip, and in most coal an undermining twenty feet long and three feet deep is all a man can do in one day. The work makes the muscles on the miners' arms like knotted ropes, and gives them sinews almost like steel.

Behind the men with the picks are those who are loading into cars the coal that has been broken down and thrown back. Their lamps are hung into the caps on their heads, and bob about in the darkness as the men go from the car to the pile of coal. As soon as the car is loaded, the driver comes in with a horse and takes it away.

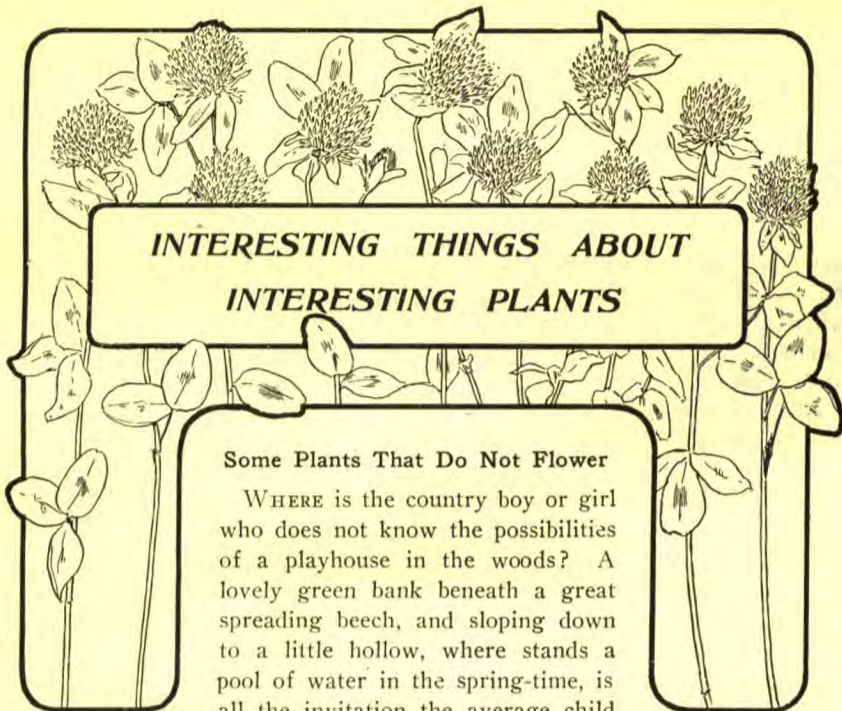
And now suppose that the undermining is made, the hole drilled, the coal cut loose from the wall, and everything made ready to blast it down. While two men load the hole with powder, the others clear away the tools. Then the slow match is lighted that will set the powder off, and the men go around the corner of a pillar. Soon there is a flash of fire and a roar, a crash and a rumble, and the sound of falling coal goes echoing along the dark passages, and the ground trembles till you think the mine—nay, the earth—is tumbling down.

A few minutes pass, and then the men go back to work. But it seems that we are no longer in a mine, but on the field of a battle that is being fought in the night. There is a dense cloud of powder smoke that makes one's eyes and nostrils smart. In it, the lamps look dim and far away, rising, falling, moving here and there as the men hurry about. In come the cars with a clatter and rumble, like batteries rushing to action; there is a sound which makes one think of the booming of cannon, as the great lumps of coal are thrown into the empty cars by the brawny arms of the men, like missiles hurled from a mortar; the small coal from the shovels is like the rattle of musketry, and the pick strokes are like the clashing of sabers. There are the stern faces of the men, begrimed as with powder, who attack the pile of coal as if they were storming the walls of a fortress; there is the hurrying of feet, the tramping of horses, the rattle of chains, the shouts and curses of men, and the clash and clatter of steel.

Did I say it seems like a battle? I was wrong. It is a battle. Not a mere sham by soldiers on dress parade, but the fierce struggle of veterans in their soiled and tattered garments. It is that vital conflict that began with the exile from Eden, and will last till the toilers of the earth shall build houses and inhabit them; and plant vineyards and eat the fruit thereof. It is part of that old and bitter warfare between wealth and poverty, greed and necessity—that strife between the rich and selfish on the one hand and the army of toilers in mine and factory, mill and sweat-shop, on the other. It is the contest between the great and powerful on one side, and on the other that host of men and women armed with pickaxe and hammer, or washboard and needle—the daily struggle for bread.

And thus, down in this underground world, the day wears on,—a day of such darkness that but for the tiny lamps it would close in upon us so densely that we would feel the pressure, as if we were standing in water.

Here, away from the green meadows and the
(Concluded on page 4)



INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT INTERESTING PLANTS

Some Plants That Do Not Flower

WHERE is the country boy or girl who does not know the possibilities of a playhouse in the woods? A lovely green bank beneath a great spreading beech, and sloping down to a little hollow, where stands a pool of water in the spring-time, is all the invitation the average child

needs to bring out his instinctive love for house-keeping.

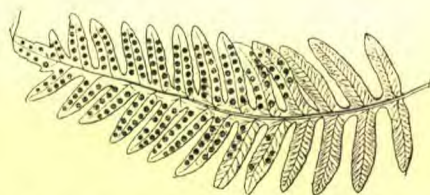
Do you remember the summer afternoon when you and Bessie and Charlie went to the wood and made a playhouse? The ground was just soft enough so you could drive sticks into it, and the first thing you did was to make a fence around the whole bank. Heavy forked sticks formed the posts, and then you laid lighter cross-pieces from one post to the other, resting them in the forks. And while you fixed sugar-trough chairs, and shelves for bric-à-brac, and some wooden "nails" to hang your hats on, you sent Bessie and Charlie away to find some pretty green things to decorate with.

They came back, laden with ornaments of all kinds. There were tall, beautiful ferns, lovely mosses of all shades of green, and dear little "brackets" which they found growing upon the sides of logs and trees. You worked all the afternoon, carpeting the bare places on your "floor," festooning the "walls," and ornamenting the door-posts and various articles of furniture.

And while you worked and played "house," did you realize what wonderful little woods plants you were playing with? The trees over your head were flower-bearing plants, but the ferns and mosses and fungi were plants that do not flower.

You know the mission of the flower is to produce seeds, and so reproduce the plant by making others of its kind. You do not recall ever seeing flowers on the fern plant, do you? And yet they must reproduce themselves in some way. This is how they do it. You perhaps have noticed the little brown dots on the under side of the fern leaf. These dots are the spores. Spores are to the plants that do not flower what seeds are to flowering plants. A seed contains a complete plant wrapped up in it; a spore contains no hint of the future plant. It is only a little cell, and when it falls on the ground, a heart-shaped plant springs up from it. This is not a fern plant, however. The little heart-shaped plant produces a bud, and from this bud the fern plant finally appears. This in turn bears spores again, and so the cycle of life is completed.

The spores of the moss are usually borne in a little cup on a tiny stem. You have often seen these little cups which give the moss such a beau-



Fern showing spore cases on back

tiful appearance. When the spores are ripe, the cups turn red.

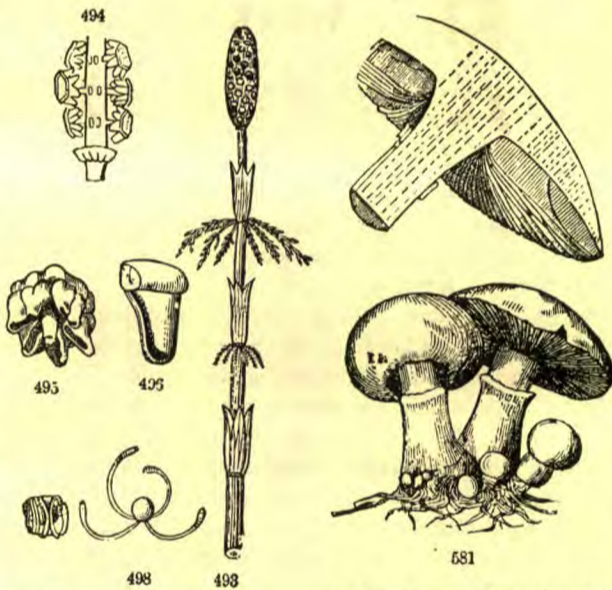
The green, thick moss of the forests is truly beautiful. You have found it away down in a secluded dell where there is plenty of earth, the dark-green, velvety variety that is absolutely unequalled by anything of its kind, for beauty.

The "funny little fungus family" are all very interesting. Many of them you know well. The mushrooms, toadstools, puff-balls, all belong to this family. Perhaps you never knew that bread mold is in reality a forest of

tiny growing plants, and wheat rust is equally wonderful under the microscope.

These fungi belong to the "tramp" variety of plants; that is, they are unable to make their own living, and must depend on other plants for their food. Some of them, as wheat rust and mildew, live on growing plants, while those of the mushroom variety thrive on decaying matter.

The part of the mushroom that we see is not the real plant itself, but is the spore-bearing body. The real plant is under the ground. How often



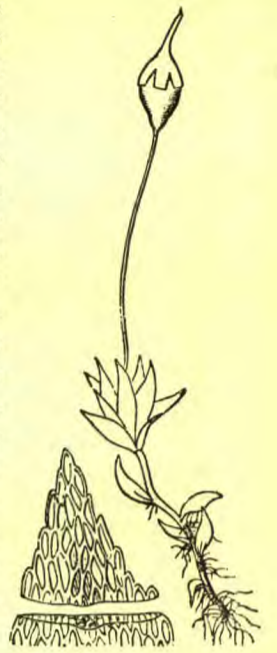
493. Common horsetail
494-496. Spore cases
497. Spore with arms moistened
498. Spore with arms dry and extended
581. Common edible mushroom

with a sweep of your foot you have destroyed a whole village of toadstool dwellers, and then as you looked at the ruins, you couldn't help taking one of those pretty white umbrellas up in your hands and looking at it. You thought the folds under the umbrella were just beautiful, and indeed they were. These folds produced the spores, and the whole "umbrella" was to that toadstool plant what the flower is to the flowering plant.

And what were the bracket-like, hard bodies that Bessie and Charlie found? They belong to the family of lichens, and grow on decaying logs, and at the base of three trunks. Often they are brilliantly colored and very beautiful.

Has grandmother ever told you about the "scouring day" at the old homestead, when all the tinware was brought out and made to shine like a polished mirror; and how rushes, which grew down by the river—we call them horsetails or equisetum—were used to do the scouring? These are interesting plants, for they have no real leaves, but scales which unite in a tube

around the stem of the plant. Horsetail rushes are hollow, with jointed stems which are easily pulled apart. The spore cases are borne at the top of the plant in a collection shaped something like a cone. And now comes the wonder of wonders: each little spore is wrapped about by four threadlike hairs. When the spore is wet, these hairs cling closely about it, but when the spore gets dry and ripe, the hairs spring apart, and the spore is thrown from the case to the ground, where it may grow. O, the woods is full of wonders!—Our Boys and Girls.



Moss plant showing spore case at top, with the cap, or calyptra, at extreme end.

Our Light

WHEN there has been a week of dreary, cloudy weather, and the sun has scarcely shown himself, except to peep at us a time or two from between chilly banks of clouds, then it is that we appreciate the cheery sunlight; and when the clouds have left us, and the whole face of nature seems to be glad, there is not one of us but has been glad with it. We breathe deeper and stand more erect.

It is a joyous thought that we are a part of this great world of nature, and being a part of it, we are a part of the whole universe, and the great God is our Father. It is becoming in us to be always in harmony with the Controller of all.

The sun, the moon, the stars, all have their part; the earth, its clouds and oceans, its great continents, its mountains and plains, its rivers and lakes, its plants and animals, and man, all have their part to perform in the great work of God. Only by doing our part can we be in harmony with all nature.

It is harmony, music, that we need in our lives. There is no such thing as drudgery when we realize that the Spirit of the great God of the universe is in us, and that when we labor, we are working with him and for him. This thought creates love for him and all his creatures. It is only the life filled with love that is worth while, and we are all capable of living it. Love is harmony; God is love, and he is the source of harmony and beauty.

It is sad to think of the misapplied energy and the wasted results of noble effort everywhere apparent. It is lack of harmony. Could you go through the East End of London and see the degradation and starvation, the filth and slime which result, and the hopelessness of it all; and then cross over to the West End and see the luxurious homes of the wealthy, see the clothes they wear, the food they eat and what they throw away, see the way they spend their time and money, and then where their wealth comes from, you could only say, "How long can this condition last?"

In our own country you might walk on the street called the Bowery in East New York and find conditions almost as bad as in London. Then cross Broadway to the West Side and contrast the lives of the wealthy with those of the Bowery, and think how it has come about. There is no harmony in it; there is no love of man for his fellows; there is nothing except selfishness

and mismanagement of talents bestowed by the Divine, and it is not hard to place this selfishness.

It is easy to be selfish; it is hard to be anything else, but it is better to be something else. It is blessed to be a lover of your fellows, and of God. It is love that lightens labor, and some one has said, "It is love that makes the world go round." It must be the love of God though that does it, or our world would have stopped long ago.

What can we do to help matters? We can not go to London or New York and set things straight. No, that is impossible; but there is lack of love and harmony where we are, no doubt. It is everywhere; not on such a large scale as it is in the cities, but it is with us, it is here; and right with us also is our opportunity. When we enjoy the light of the beautiful sun and the cheer of the stars, let us consecrate our little lights to the work of cheering our neighbors, let us live joyfully, let us love and be kind and do things worth while, and remember with Mr. Bourdillon,—

"The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the life of the whole life dies
When its love is done."

J. W. PEABODY.

Choose Right

RECENTLY I found the following in an article showing the effect of improper literature, and especially of that which seems very near correct:—

"Through all her writings ran a thread of light reflected from God's Word, though bent out of its own right line by the prism through which it flowed."—*Sabbath Readings.*

Great care should be taken in the selection of reading-matter, that no author be allowed to turn us from the direct path leading to the heavenly goal. Since in the judgment words are to play so important a part in justification or condemnation (Matt. 12:37), how careful should every writer be that all his productions are only truth; for usually printed words have much wider influence than spoken ones. MRS. D. A. FITCH.

The Words of a Brave General

DID you ever hear of Frederick D. Grant? He is the oldest son of the great General Grant who won so many battles, and was afterward president of the United States. The son is now commander of a great part of the United States army, the part called "The Department of the East." Last May he wrote these words to a paper called *The Defender*:—

"Tell the young men through your paper that General Grant does not drink a drop of liquor—has not for eighteen years, because he is afraid to drink it. I tried to drink with extreme moderation, because I knew that alcohol is the worst poison a man could take into his system; but I found it was an impossibility to drink moderately. Because moderate drinking is a practical impossibility, I became an absolute teetotaler—a crank, if you please. I will not allow it even in my house. Drink is the greatest curse, because practically all crime and all disaster are the result of it. Nearly every great calamity in the country, barring accidents of nature, are due to drink. Ninety-five per cent—I will make it no less—ninety-five per cent of desertions and acts of lawlessness in the army are due to drink. If I could, by offering my body a sacrifice, free this country from the fell cancer, the demon drink, I'd thank the Almighty for the privilege of doing it. If I had the greatest appointive powers in the country, no man would get even the smallest appointment from me unless he showed proof of

his absolute teetotalism. As it is, my own appointees, the members of my staff, not one of them touches a drop. They know better."—*The Youth's Evangelist.*

In a Coal Mine

(Concluded from page 2.)

bright sunshine; away from the homes of men that their toil makes warm and fills with light, these miners wear out their lives in toil, or are killed by the falling rocks or coal.

They are rough, and their faces are grimy; their hands are hard and knotty, and they have habits that are not good. But they have brave and honest hearts, and need but the message of heavenly love and the touch of power divine to make their lives become as shining lamps in their little world of toil and darkness and danger.

Pay tribute to the soldiers who fall in battle, and give honor to the great and renowned of the earth; go to heathen lands across the sea and tell them the wondrous story of redemption; but do not forget that in our own land are men who need sympathy and encouragement, who need from their fellow men an expression of brotherly love, who need to be led to Him who giveth rest to the weary, and is the light of the world. And in your prayers, do not forget to say a word for those brave fellow workers of ours,—the men who toil in the mines. EUGENE ROWELL.



"Busy Bees" in Hartland, Vermont

OUR Society is not really a Young People's Society, as there are nearly as many adult members as young people.

The name of the Society is "Busy Bees." The Busy Bees began work again last October, meetings not being held during the summer vacation.

About thirty pounds of apples were dried; two quilts that had been previously made were sent to the Haskell Home; another quilt was tied, to be sent with the dried apples and a lot of second-hand clothing to the Oakwood School at Huntsville, Ala. Seven pairs of knitted mittens and six pairs of cloth ones were made and sent with some clothing to the Haskell Home. Papers were wrapped once a month, eighty-nine bundles being sent away during the fall and winter. The younger members of the Society picked over the church-school beans when there was no other work that they could do.

The Busy Bees always have prayer, Scripture reading, and singing to open their meetings. During the winter the missionary studies that are given in the INSTRUCTOR were taken up.

Enough pieces were put together for another quilt at the time the studies in the INSTRUCTOR were being given.

The Busy Bees have had no meetings during the spring and summer, but hope to when school opens again. MARY E. BARROWS.

What Our Canvassers Say

OUR work is the same in general throughout the world. The experiences of the workers everywhere show that the Lord is turning the eyes of the people toward the true light. The report given below of the experiences of some canvassers in Australia emphasizes this fact. One says:—

"I have considerably changed my mind about the canvassing work. The fact is, my retiring from the field was the skilful planning of the

enemy, and for a time he was successful. But when the Lord showed me the trend of the work in which I engaged, I made fresh consecration of my heart to God, and determined that henceforth by his grace I would find my greatest joy in his canvassing work, if he would accept my poor service. Since then I have had ample evidence that the Lord is pleased with the step I have taken. He has given me success far beyond what I expected, for I realized how far short I was of being a perfect workman.

"When I reached my territory, I set my whole mind to my canvass, beseeching the Lord to help me, and he did. From the first canvass, although defective, he gave me an order, and in the four weeks and one day I worked in that territory, I obtained sixty-five orders.

"And having closed my work, I lost no time in coming to this town, and on Monday morning I was in the field. I worked the whole day for one order; but was not discouraged. The next day I had two. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday I obtained four orders each day, making fifteen orders for the week, for which I praise the Lord. On Wednesday night the thought of canvassing the legal profession came to my mind, and at first was very distasteful, but again I considered that these men needed the message. On Thursday I called upon all the solicitors and barristers I knew of in the town, and from six canvasses I obtained four orders.

"After what I have written, I need hardly say that it is my intention to remain in the canvassing work till the Lord calls me to rest, or till the work is completed. I feel now that the safe place is in the canvassing work, or some other work necessary in the message. At the same time I know of no other work in the message that I am so well qualified for as the canvassing work, and that is the work I desire to do.

"What I long for is more Christlikeness of speech, demeanor, and action; that power of the Holy Spirit that will give me the ears of every person upon whom I call; grace to give them the Saviour's loving invitation, and the solemn warning, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' I ask your prayers that I may be faithful, so that God may use me for his glory."

Another wrote:—

"The good experiences I have had recently show how the Lord is working for the people here. On every hand I meet inquiries, and some one is very much needed to follow up this interest.

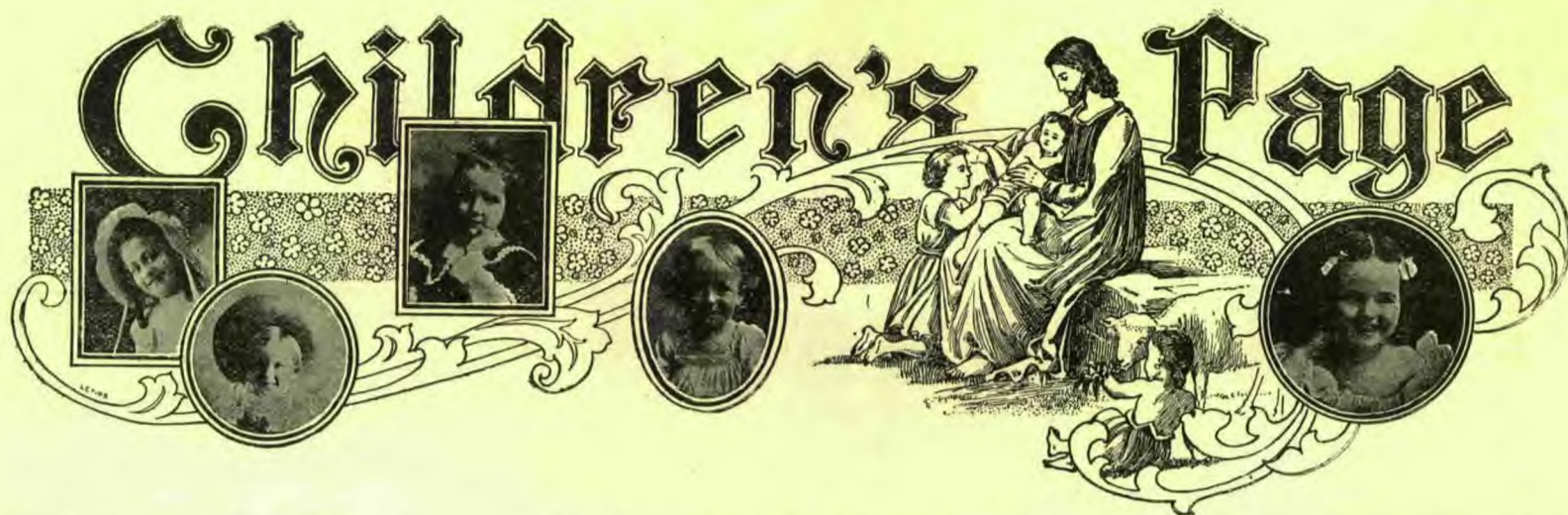
"One gentleman at Mt. Vincent invited me to come and stop overnight at his house when I go out to Eaton, and his wife said she would see if she could not get her daughter also to take a book.

"I had an invitation also from a lady to spend Sunday at her home, as her husband had read 'Daniel and the Revelation,' and they desired to talk with me about the truth.

"On leaving there I met a young man who very much desired me to spend a Sunday with him, and in another place I had to spend considerable time with a lady, a Sunday-school teacher, who inquired about the Sabbath. I promised to send her tracts on the subject. I have so many inquiries that if I were to attempt to stay, I would have no time for canvassing.

"At one farm the lady said she thought I had forgotten them, and later, on meeting the farmer himself, he inquired if I had been to the house with the book, and as I told him I had just called, he said, 'I thought you had missed me, and I was going to send to the address on the delivery notice, for I was determined to have a copy of "The Coming King."'

"On going down the road I met another man who expressed himself as most favorably impressed with the book, and I could tell you of many other cases, but you can see the Lord has prepared the way for a worker here."



Bible Children — Who Are They?

Two little children grew side by side,
Their mother's joy, and their father's pride;
Yet out of envy of his brother,
When they were grown, one slew the other.

Under a tree in the desert wild,
Dying of thirst lay a homeless child;
God gave him drink, and bade him live,
A homeless race to the world to give.

Beloved of his father, this gentle lad
In royal raiment was gaily clad.
But his envious brothers sold him,—a slave,—
His father's household at last to save.

Leading his sheep by the waters still,
Playing his harp on Bethlehem's hill,
This ruddy-faced lad, when older grown,
Was called from the sheep-cote up to the throne.

Stolen from home by a robber band,
Carried away to a distant land,
She preached the gospel, although a slave,
And her master's life she helped to save.

On the hills of Nazareth, far away,
Hour by hour and day by day,
There grew toward manhood a gentle Child,
"Holy, harmless, and undefiled."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

The Little Printer Missionary

A RAGGED printer's boy, who lived in Constantinople, was in the habit of carrying the proof-sheets to the English editor during the noon lunch time. The editor was a busy man, and exchanged no words, except just such as were necessary, with him. The boy was faithful, doing all he was bidden promptly and to the best of his ability, but he was ragged, and so dirty as to be positively repulsive. This annoyed the editor, but as he was no worse in this respect than most boys of his class, the busy man did not urge him to improve his personal appearance, much as he would have enjoyed the change. But one morning the boy came in with clean face, hands, and garments. Not a trace of the old filth was to be seen about his person; and so great was the change, that his master did not recognize him.

"Why, you are a new boy entirely," he said, when convinced of the lad's identity.

"I am going away—back to my own home," said the boy quickly, "and I came to ask a favor of you. Will you pray for me—after I am gone?"

"Pray for you!" exclaimed the editor.

"Yes," returned the boy. "You think I am a heathen, but I am not. I have been attending chapel and Sunday-school in the Bible House. I have learned to read and to write, and, best of all, I have learned to love Jesus, and am trying to be his boy. But I can't stay here while my father, mother, brothers, and sisters do not know about him. So I go back to my own village to tell friends and neighbors about him. I don't know much yet, and I want you to pray that I may be helped when I try to tell my own people what he is to me."

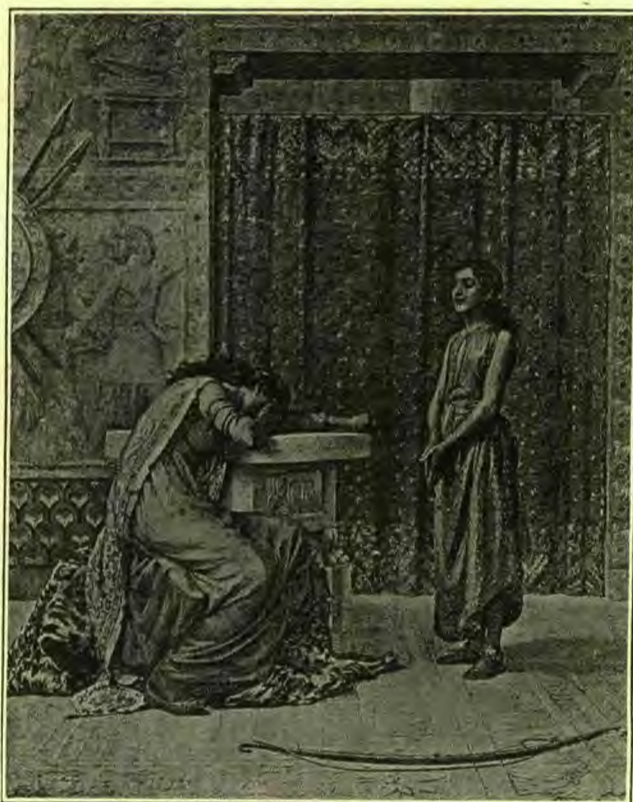
"And is it because you are going away that you have washed and fixed yourself up so well?" asked the editor, thinking what a fine boy clothes and cleanliness had made of him.

"It's because I am Christ's boy now," was the answer. "I want to be clean and to have my clothes whole in honor of the Master I am trying to serve."

"I hope your friends will receive as much from Christ's love as you have," said the man.

"And you will pray for them and for me?" urged the boy.

The man promised, and full of hope the lad started on his long walk—homeward—to tell the story of the cross to the dear ones there—in his own wretched home first, and afterward to the neighbors among whom he had spent all his childhood days.—*The Youth's Evangelist.*



"HER MASTER'S LIFE SHE HELPED TO SAVE"

Blue Sky

BLUE SKY was a little Indian boy, in an Indian orphanage, where the children were taught to love Jesus, and one day when the boys' prayer-meeting was about to open, Blue Sky suddenly left his seat, and, seizing his bow and arrows, started to leave the room. This is the story the teacher told:—

"I called: 'Blue Sky, wait a moment. Where are you going?'"

"'Going away,' he replied, with Indian brevity.

"'But why do you leave the meeting?'"

"'Can't be Christian no more—Satan—he tempt me—too much. Give it up!'"

"'O Blue Sky,' I exclaimed, 'come back! Go into the little room, and while we pray, you think about this question and give me the answer later: 'Shall I give up Jesus and mind Satan, or shall I give up Satan and mind Jesus?'"

"The boys prayed that Blue Sky might decide for Jesus. When I opened the door of the little room, he exclaimed, 'Me—can't give up Jesus—and mind Satan!'"

"We sent this boy away to school, and in course of time received the following letter:—

"'DEAR FRIENDS: I like this place very well. I was homesick at first, but now I am happy. I have company now in my room—another boy. I read the Bible every day, night and morning; and when I get through with one chapter, I then kneel and pray to our Heavenly Father, who takes care of me and keeps me from sin. It helps me a great deal.

"'But when that boy came here, and when we got into our room, I had a great trouble in my mind. I did not know what to do. I was afraid to read my Bible and pray before that boy.

This thought was in my mind about fifteen minutes. At last I said to that boy, "Do you ever pray?"

"'He said, "No!"

"'I had never seen him before; he is older than I am. When he said "No!" I felt more afraid. I was a coward before God for fifteen minutes.

"'Then God helped me. I made up my mind to keep right on just as I did before that boy came. I thought, "This is my duty. I must show that I am on the Lord's side, anyway." Then it came to me what we used to sing at the orphan asylum:—

"'Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do.
Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
He who loves and cares for you."

"'I thought about these words, and then I took the Bible from the table and read a chapter in it. I said to the boy: "This is my way. I shall always do so. I shall read the Book and pray before we go to bed."

"'And so, when I got through the reading, then I knelt down by the bed and I prayed to our Father. And now I and that boy read the Bible every day—I pray. I feel happy now; but I came very near giving up to Satan.'"—*Children's Home Missionary.*

How the Boy Without a Reference Found One

JOHN was fifteen, and anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer, who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference to present.

"I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, despondently; "however, I'll try to appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit,—but other boys had appeared in new clothes,—saw the well-brushed hair and clean skin. Very well, but there had been others quite as cleanly. Another glance, however, showed the finger nails free from soil.

"Ah, that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment; "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took a pen and wrote his name. "Very well, easy to read and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreadful question at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

"I haven't any," he said, slowly. "I am almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder, and, as he spoke, a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I haven't any reference," he said, with hesitation; "but here's a letter from mother I just received. I wish you would read it."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter.

"MY DEAR JOHN: I want to remind you that wherever you find work, you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can and get something better soon, but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go. You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say that I have never known you to shirk. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"Hm'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John,—excellent advice. I rather think I'll try you, even without the references."

John has been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John; he's my right-hand man," exclaimed the lawyer, heartily.

And John always says the best reference he ever had was his mother's good advice and honest praise.—*From a Review.*

The First Sight of His Mother

A MINISTER living in an Indiana village received a call one night from a parishioner. "Will you go to Indianapolis for me? We have decided to send Johnnie there for an operation."

Johnnie had been born without sight, and now, a lad of six, bright and sunny, hardly realized that he lacked anything to make life happy.

"Go with my wife and Johnnie," said the father. "I can not go; I dare not go. But stay with her till it is over, and either rejoice with us or comfort us, and send me word as fast as the lightning can bring it."

The minister went, and stayed with the lad while the oculist, not overconfident, began his work, and till, at last, with a thrill of triumph in his tone, he said, "The boy will see."

The glad wire tingled with the message to the father; and the minister, with the overjoyed mother, retired to wait for the time when the bandaged eyes could bear light enough for a first look at the beautiful world.

At last came the notification of the expected test. In the dimly lighted room the mother and the minister stood breathless while the doctor carefully raised the shade. The little fellow, overwhelmed by the sudden possession of a new

sense, cast a bewildered look from one to another of the three.

"Johnnie," said the minister, "this is your mother."

The little arms went up and clasped her neck, the happy boy verifying his new sense by those already tested; and caressing the loving face that he saw leaning above him, he cried, "O mother, is this really you, or is it heaven?"

It was, indeed, like a glimpse into heaven. "I felt," said the minister, "as if I had witnessed something of the glad bewilderment of a newly translated soul in its first sight of our Heavenly Father."—*Selected.*

"Postalcarditis"

"How many varieties of souvenir postal cards are there in this country?" asks a clever writer in a recent magazine. For most of us this question might unthinkingly bring out the answer, "Ten thousand," and we would feel that we were exaggerating at that. But as a matter of fact, there are to-day one hundred and fifty thousand kinds of postal cards extant in the United States. To-morrow there may be two hundred thousand, and next week three, if "postalcarditis" becomes more epidemic. It certainly is on the increase. Valentine postal cards, Christmas postal cards, foreign postal cards, city postal cards, sentimental postal cards, comic postal cards, art postal cards, leather, wooden, and papier-maché postal cards—the list is endless, and new additions appear every day.

The boys and girls who have been attacked by "postalcarditis" will be interested to learn some facts about its recent spread. One woman, not long ago, bought six thousand postal cards in a single New York store, paid one hundred and fifty dollars for them, and had the whole lot addressed to her and mailed, so that she might get them with the indispensable postmark upon each one, that the card-collector requires. In Atlantic City last year there were ten stores, all doing a thriving business, which sold nothing but postal cards. Chicago, Boston, Pittsburg, and New York all have flourishing stores where postals constitute the entire stock in trade, and ten large factories in this country alone are working day and night to supply the demand, while all the smaller ones are full of orders, and the importation of cards from Europe is growing every hour. The mails are so burdened with postal cards that an official investigation has been made, and it has been suggested that all postals sent by people traveling abroad to their friends in America be sent in separate bags on the steamers, and not in the regular mail service, as an enormous amount of labor is now required in sorting them out of the regular mail.

An increase of twenty per cent in the sending of postal cards was reported in England last year. But America reports an increase of thirty-five per cent. In many places, the post-office facilities have been fairly swamped by the rising tide of postal cards. Seventeen to each person per annum is now the English estimate. At that rate, each man, woman, and child in America should receive twenty-three in 1906, and the whole volume of postal cards carried by the patient postman should amount to over a billion and a half. The acute point of "postalcarditis," indeed, is felt in the post-office more than anywhere else; and when the fever subsides, and the mania for sending landscapes, Madonnas, city halls, seaside views, and instantaneous photographs calms down again into sanity, the postmen will breathe a deeper sigh of relief than any one else.—*Helen Ross Laird, in Forward.*

"A FRIEND is one who considers my need before my deservings."



MCDONOGH, MD., Aug. 6, 1906.

DEAR READERS AND EDITOR: As I have never written to you before, I thought I would write now. I do not go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I go only about five or six times a year, although I know the Sabbath is the right day to keep.

I am in the McDonogh school, about thirteen miles from Baltimore. Both my mother and my father are dead; but I have two grown sisters and a brother and a sister smaller than myself. I am fourteen years old. One of my older sisters is in Battle Creek, Michigan, canvassing with a missionary lady.

I do not have to work on the Sabbath, because I am a printer. When I am sixteen years old, I shall leave the McDonogh school. My aunt and grandmother and sisters and brother keep the Sabbath. I will go to church and Sabbath-school when I leave here.

My Aunt Mary sends me *The Signs of the Times*, *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, *Our Little Friend*, and other religious papers every two or three weeks. I hope this will not crowd out any other letter. Please pray for me.

WINFIELD W. SCOTT.

HITEMAN, IOWA, Aug. 19, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: Enclosed find seventy-five cents, which please apply on my subscription for the *INSTRUCTOR*. I enjoy its weekly visits, and could not think of having to do without it. It is truly an instructor of the youth. I enjoy reading the letters, and especially the lessons for young people's meetings, and the reports from foreign fields. I have committed two pieces of poetry to memory,—"History Rhymes," and the "Grindstone of Fate," which I spoke the last day of our school. I have joined the Reading Circle, and have finished reading "Christ Our Saviour," Mrs. White's "Early Writings," "His Glorious Appearing," and "Coming King," and am now reading "Christ's Object Lessons."

I go to the district school while we live here, as we have no other; but I am working and saving my money to go to the industrial school as soon as I can. I have a missionary garden and some chickens. There is no Seventh-day Adventist church here, so I can not attend Sabbath-school. I do not know of any Sabbath-keepers near here except mama and me. We use the *INSTRUCTOR* to help us in the study of the Sabbath-school lessons. I am fifteen years old, and am in the sixth grade at school.

We live in a Catholic community, and they are trying hard to have a Catholic school for all the children, and to tax all landholders for money to build, and also for the running expenses. This would do away with the district schools entirely. They failed by only two votes, but they have not given up; and we can see the day approaching when we shall have to say good-by to liberty in "our land of the free, and home of the brave," but I want so to live that I may walk in the "law of liberty," and be "free indeed."

LEO V. TURNER.

The above letter is worth printing, and worth reading after it is printed. We almost feel acquainted with the author. His letter assures us of his interest in our youth's paper and in the foreign missionary work, of his love for poetry, and of his effort to familiarize himself early in life with the principles of our truth through reading our denominational books. He is also very wisely interested in watching the signs of the Saviour's coming in the events taking place about him. He has time for practical missionary work. I believe he will succeed in getting a good education in one of our schools, for when a boy or young man begins himself to work and to save money for an education, the desired end is usually attained. A noble, intelligent, Christian manhood we hope may be that of Master Turner.

Talebearers

It is told of Hannah More that she had a good way of managing talebearers. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory to another, her invariable reply was: "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The talebearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice might be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable; off she took the scandal-monger to the scandalized to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is not likely that anybody ever a second time ventured to repeat a gossip story to Hannah More. One would think her method of treatment would be a sure cure for scandal.—*Selected.*

A Century Ago

FEW persons to-day stop to realize how different things were in this country a century ago. Then merchants wrote their letters with quill pens; sand was used to dry the ink, as there was no blotting-paper. There were no street letter-boxes; letters had to be carried to the post-office. It cost eighteen and one-half cents to send a letter from Boston to New York, and twenty-five cents from Boston to Philadelphia. Every gentleman—Washington, for example—wore a queue; many powdered their hair. Imprisonment for debt was common. Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country. The Mississippi Valley was not so well known as the heart of Africa now is. Two stage-coaches carried all the travelers between New York and Boston, and six days were required for the journey. There was not a public library in the United States. A day-laborer received two shillings a day. Stoves were unknown. All cooking was done at an open fireplace. Many of the streets were unnamed, and houses were not numbered.—*Selected.*



Reward of the Righteous — No. 2

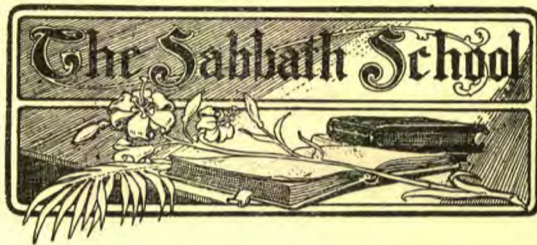
1. *When will the righteous receive their reward?*
"And thou shalt be blessed; for they can not recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Luke 14: 14.
2. *How many of the inhabitants of the new earth will be sick?*
"And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." Isa. 33: 24.
3. *What will be the condition of those who are now blind and deaf?*
"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped." Isa. 35: 5.
4. *What change will come to the lame and dumb?*
"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." Verse 6.
5. *What work will the people do?*
"And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them." Isa. 65: 21.
6. *What will be the nature of the animals that are now wild?*
"The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock, and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not

hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord." Isa. 65: 25.

7. *How will the people of the new earth spend the Sabbath?*

"And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord." Isa. 66: 23.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

I — A New Heart

(October 6)

MEMORY VERSE: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you."

Questions

1. Why was the Son of God named Jesus? Matt. 1: 21. What does the name mean?
2. How many have sinned? Rom. 3: 23.
3. How helpless are we to save ourselves from our sins? Jer. 13: 23.
4. What did Jesus say must take place before we can enter the kingdom of God? John 3: 5.
5. For what did David pray? Ps. 51: 10.
6. What does one become when he accepts Jesus as his Saviour? 2 Cor. 5: 17.
7. What does God promise to give us? Eze. 36: 26.
8. What question should we now ask? Acts 16: 30.
9. What answer is given in Acts 3: 19?
10. What is repentance? How many kinds does the Bible recognize? What are they? What is the difference between the two? To whom besides God will we confess our faults? James 5: 16.
11. When we confess our sins, what will God do for us? 1 John 1: 9.
12. How many promises are found in this lesson?

Lesson Story

The angel said of Christ, "Thou shalt call his name JESUS [that is Saviour]: for he shall save his people from their sins."

"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

We can not save ourselves. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil."

Jesus said, "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God," and David prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a *new creature*: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." God promises to give us a *new heart*.

The question each should ask is, "What must I do to be saved?"

The answer is, "Repent . . . and be converted." To repent is "to feel sorrow for things done or omitted. To change the mind or course of conduct."

There are two kinds of repentance, or sorrow for sin. "Godly sorrow" will cause us to hate sin, and will lead us to *forsake evil*. The "sorrow of the world," is felt because of the *results* of sin.

Sometimes we feel more anxious to have our sins *hid*, than to have them *forgiven*; but we are not only to confess to God, but where we have

done wrong to others, we should confess our faults one to another, and pray one for another.

True repentance will lead us not only to repent of sin and to confess it, but it will lead us to "cease to do evil; learn to do well."

God promises that "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Memorizing Texts

THE following quotation from a Sunday-school publication contains perhaps a suggestion for our Sabbath-school pupils:—

"There was a time when possibly the memorizing of Scripture in our Sunday-schools was overdone, but the pendulum has swung too far the other way. Passages for memorization should be selected with a view to helpfulness in times of temptation and sorrow, and they should always be fully understood by the scholars. There should also be memorized verses that stimulate Christian activity and cultivate the sentiment of praise. The selections will become fixed in the minds of the scholars, and will always be a choice treasure."

"LITTLE builders all are we,
Building for God's eye to see."



Agencies of the Plan of Salvation

I — The Salvation Provided for All

(October 6)

MEMORY VERSE: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." Titus 2: 11.

Questions

1. Why was it necessary to devise a plan for the salvation of man? Rom. 3: 23.
2. What would have been man's fate if such a plan had not been devised? Rom. 6: 23.
3. Who is responsible for this condition? Rom. 5: 12.
4. Who has provided this great salvation? John 3: 16.
5. What is the meaning of salvation? Matt. 1: 21; note.
6. To how many is it brought? Titus 2: 11.
7. What invitation is extended to every one? Rev. 22: 17.
8. What is the nature of this salvation? Isa. 45: 17.
9. What will it do for those who accept it? Jude 24, 25.
10. What warning is given to those who neglect it? Heb. 2: 3.
11. What will be the final result if they continue to neglect it? Jer. 8: 20.
12. When only is the accepted time for receiving salvation? Heb. 3: 15.
13. When will this salvation be completed? 1 Peter 1: 7-9.
14. How many may share it at that time? Heb. 9: 28.

Note

Salvation means to save from sin, and from all of its woeful results, of which the "second death" is the ultimate. It is, therefore, a message of life, instead of death, a message of fullness of joy, instead of unutterable woe. This is, in brief, the "great salvation." The whole scheme is beyond our comprehension, yet we can joyfully and thankfully avail ourselves of all its benefits.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	-\$.75
SIX MONTHS	-.40
THREE MONTHS	-.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25
CLUB RATES	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	-\$.55
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.

Correction

THROUGH an oversight the Summary of the Young People's Work given in the INSTRUCTOR of Sept. 11, 1906, was credited to the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1905, instead of March 31, 1906.

The Change

THIRTY-FIVE million pages of tracts and books were circulated last year by our publishing house in Hamburg, Germany, besides hundreds of thousands of pages of periodicals each month. The demand can hardly be supplied, and yet only a few years ago it was a difficult matter to find those who would take papers if given to them. The proposition to sell our books by subscription, as is done so widely in this country, received no favor at all when first suggested. Every one, judging from a human standpoint alone, said it would be wholly impossible. But our books are being sold throughout Europe.

Progress Everywhere

THE marvelous advancement of the message in foreign lands is one of the greatest evidences that the Lord is about to complete the work. Everywhere the bands of Rome are breaking, and Jewish prejudice is dissolving. People of all climes and of every religion are turning hopefully to this truth as the light that shall lighten the whole earth.

South America is making wonderful strides forward. In that land which for centuries has been torn asunder by civil wars and political strife, a strong conference has been organized, and harmony and peace reign everywhere. The truth of God makes all one in Christ Jesus.

Three thousand believers were added to the church in Europe last year, four or five hundred of whom were Roman Catholics. Where eleven hundred and sixty-five persons were baptized in 1905, more than three fourths that number received the ordinance during the first half of 1906.

In England more progress has been made in the last four years than in the twenty-three years preceding. The latter rain is preparing the harvest for the great final ingathering.

"Being Dead Yet Speaketh"

A LITTLE fellow said to his mother, "Mama, when I grow to be a man, I should like to be a missionary; but if I should die when I am still a little boy, will you put it on my tombstone, so that some one passing by may read it and go instead of me?"

The child died when he was eight years old, and his mother had those words inscribed on his headstone.

A few weeks ago a young man just about to leave this country as a foreign missionary, said that he received his first inspiration for the work to which he was now devoting his life from the inscription on that gravestone. When he himself was but a child, he often walked through the churchyard, and after a time the thought came to him, "I must go in place of that little boy," and the impression strengthened as he grew older. So he made preparation, and is now on his way to a foreign land. "A little child shall lead them."

"Only One Day"

LEGEND says that Semiramus, the wife of Ninus king of Assyria, wanted to be ruler in her husband's stead. So she pleaded with him to allow her to be the ruler over everything—just for one day. She merely wanted to see how it would seem to have her will supreme for even a short time. The king would not grant her request for a long while, but at last he thought, "It will be for only one day." She can not do much evil in one day." So he gave her his scepter and seal, and told her to do just as she pleased for that day. But one of the first things she did was to have her husband put to death, so that she could continue to rule as long as she lived.

It is thus with the enemy of our souls. He pleads with us to permit him to reign over the kingdom of our hearts for only a little while, and it may be that he asks to have rule over only a very little part; but if his request is granted, the consequences may be even worse than in the case of King Ninus. Satan will destroy, if possible, both soul and body. Our safety depends upon our refusing his pleadings altogether, however great his importunity, and however small and innocent may seem his temptations.

Life's Silent Watches

OUT of life's silent watches,
Out of the gloom of night,
Souls that foresee the conflict
Send forth their words of might.

Heroes of art and science
Wrestle alone for years,
Bringing at last some trophy
Worthy the whole world's cheers.

Poets with brooding patience,
Toiling with courage strong,
Out of some lonely vigil
Weave an immortal song.

Not through the whirl of pleasure,
Not from the din of strife,
But out of the silent watches
Come the great deeds of life.
—*Success Magazine.*

A Little Effort and Great Results

A BIBLE worker on a street-car in the city of Washington not long since handed to the gentleman sitting beside him a card announcing the tent-meetings that were being conducted by Prof. B. G. Wilkinson. As the gentleman glanced through the list of subjects advertised, he saw one or two that especially interested him, so he decided to go to the tent. His attendance deepened his interest, and after the service he purchased some literature. This he read, and now he seems about ready to obey the truth.

He is a Brazilian, and came to this country to effect a sale of the patent on an invention. At present he is negotiating with the Standard Oil Company for its sale.

So interested has he become in the truth, that he recently offered his services gratis as translator to the Review and Herald Office. He understands several languages, Portuguese and Spanish being among the number.

In another instance one of our brethren met a prominent man in a vegetarian restaurant in a large city. The brother gave him a paper and an invitation to attend a service. As the result he embraced the truth.

A barber across the waters observed that whenever a certain gentleman was waiting in his shop, he seemed to be deeply interested in reading, and that when his turn came, he did not appear anxious to lay down the paper. His curiosity was aroused to see the paper that so interested the gentleman. On expressing this desire, the brother gladly left it with him. In fact, he took the paper with the idea of finding an opportunity to give it away. The barber is now rejoicing in the truths for which that paper stands.

The attention of the editor of our Bohemian paper was first gained through the persistency of one of our canvassers. He is an artist, and was at work one day in a room adjoining the one where the young man was canvassing the artist's mother. He kept hearing his mother say, "No, no;" and still the canvasser quietly persisted in explaining the book to her. He became so curious that he went where he could hear the young man present his book. He finally ordered one, and after a careful study of it together with the Bible, he took hold of the truth.

Such instances, where a very simple act has resulted in bringing one to a knowledge and acceptance of the truth for this time, might be multiplied; but these certainly emphasize the importance of personal work, the importance of each one's "looking diligently lest any fail of the grace of God."

The Famous Connecticut Blue-Laws

THESE laws, enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven," became known as the blue-laws because they were printed on blue paper. They were as follows:—

The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power, under God, of the independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

No one shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrates or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.

No one shall kiss his wife or her children on the Sabbath or feasting days.

The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace above one shilling per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the estate £300.

Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of five pounds.

No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, or jewsharp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate may join them, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.—*Selected.*

"A FRIEND is a star of hope in the cloud of adversity."

ALL men are frail, but thou shouldst reckon none so frail as thyself.—*Thomas à Kempis.*