

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## The Haystack Centennial

THE summer just passed marks the centennial anniversary of the founding of foreign missions at Williamstown, Massachusetts, and the event was celebrated by the American Board of Foreign Missions. The annual meeting of the Board was held in North Adams, October 9-12, inclusive, and the second day was devoted to special services at Williamstown in commemoration of the famous "haystack" prayer-meeting.

In a beautiful grove called Mission Park, not far from Williams College, on the spot where an old haystack stood in 1806, a handsome monument has been erected. Its marble shaft is surmounted by a large globe, under which are the words, "The Field Is the World."

It is a time-honored custom each year, in connection with the commencement exercises of the college, for the president to lead to this spot a procession composed of the faculty, students, and alumni. Gathering around the monument, a service is held, in which special prayer is offered that the spirit of missions may never die out in old Williams, and that many of her sons may preach the gospel in the regions beyond.

But how came American foreign missions to be born under a haystack? The story is full of interest. On April 21, 1783, there came into the world a little child—Samuel J. Mills by name—who was chosen of God for a great work. Like Samuel of old, he was given by his mother to God. One day he overheard her saying to a neighbor, "I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary," and henceforth the desire to carry the gospel to the heathen became the ruling passion of his life.

In 1806, soon after entering Williams College, Mills and four other students—James Richards,

Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis, and Byram Green—met to hold a prayer-meeting in a grove near the college. A sudden thunder-shower coming up, they sought shelter under a large stack of hay. Here they continued their meeting, and for the first time Mills told them of his life purpose. To his joyful surprise he learned that they, too, had felt the same impulse to go to the heathen. Then and there they covenanted together, solemnly pledging themselves to the cause of foreign missions.

Organizing themselves into a band, the object of which was "to effect in the persons of its members a mission, or missions, to the heathen," they became the first foreign missionary society in America. During two seasons they continued to meet, praying and planning how best to promote the cause they loved.

In 1809 Mills and others of the band entered Andover to study theology. Re-enforced by Nott, Newell, Judson, and others, they formed a second organization similar to the original one at Williams. Though meeting with many rebuffs, they succeeded in arousing a small degree of interest in foreign mission work.

On June 27, 1810, after consulting the seminary faculty, they held a conference with a few prominent ministers, who advised them to address the General Association of Massachusetts, which was about to convene.

In accordance with this advice, a petition was drawn up in which, among other things, they respectfully asked "whether they may expect patronage and support from a missionary society in this country, or must commit themselves to the direction of a European society." It originally bore six signatures—Adoniram Judson, Jr., Samuel Nott, Jr., Samuel J. Mills, Samuel Newell, James Richards, and Luther Rice—names destined to become famous in missionary history; but "for fear of alarming the association with too large a number," the last two were taken off.

This petition was referred to a special committee which reported in favor of giving the young men the assistance they were seeking. The result was the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the first organization of its kind on this side of the Atlantic. Known familiarly as the A. B. C. F. M. of the Congregational Churches, it still lives, having been in existence a full century, with a noble record of which it may be justly proud.—*The Wellspring*.

"THE noblest lesson taught by life  
To every great, heroic soul,  
Who seeks to conquer in the strife,  
Is self-control."

## A Problem Worth Studying

A COLLEGE student, distinguished for his mathematical attainments, was fond of challenging his fellow students to a trial of skill in solving difficult problems. One day a classmate came into his study, and, laying a folded paper before him, said, "There is a problem I wish you would help



PRESENT SCHOOL FACILITIES IN SAN FRANCISCO

me to solve," and immediately left the room.

The paper was eagerly unfolded, and there, instead of a question in mathematics, were traced the lines, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

With a gesture of impatience he tore the paper up, and turned to his books again. But he tried in vain to shake off the impression of the solemn words he had read. The Holy Spirit pressed home his conviction of guilt and danger, so that he could find no peace until he found it in believing in Jesus. He subsequently became a minister of the gospel he had once despised, and his first sermon was from the words that had been so blessed to his own good: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—*St. Augustine*.

## Unwise Persons

THOSE persons are foolish who carry no reserve. Some people live on the edge. They save nothing from their salary. They keep no margin between themselves and the border lines. There is no balance of rectitude and honesty. They do not pay down full measure running over. They do not lay up surplus strength and character against the time of testing. Accordingly when any surprise comes, when exceptional strain is put upon them, they are unprepared and break in disaster.

It is folly not to be ready to seize opportunity. Seizing opportunity is not a simple matter of grasping it when it comes. Most opportunity comes to those who have got ready for it. They have known where it was likely to be found. Thither they have gone, and there they have



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waited; and when it came, they were prepared to use it.

And persons who never look ahead are foolish. Organizing ability is simply the ability to look ahead and plan in advance for things as one would wish he had planned when the conditions actually arise and close in upon him. The most successful man is the one who can see most accurately farthest ahead, and has the faith to act upon his foresight.

The foolish presume that of course things will be all right. After all, they say, things will turn out comfortably. Not for the foolish. God does not conduct an immoral universe. Sin meets its inevitable punishment, and judgment follows upon folly. The cross of Christ was not meant to erase the lines of eternal distinction between sin and righteousness, impurity and faith. The wise realize that God is holy and just, and that he will not allow men to play with sin or think lightly of his judgment.—*Sunday School Times.*

### Work with Sharp Tools

SOME excellent lessons may be learned by contact with the practical every-day toil of common labor. Many a person can remember his first experience of mowing grass with a scythe.

The improved mowing machinery of recent years has so crowded out the general use of the scythe that it is called into service only to mow around the fences, in the orchard, or when a small amount of mowing is required. When a boy of our day is asked to mow with a scythe, he usually finds it rusty and dull.

I know a boy who experienced the chagrin of attempting to mow with a dull scythe. To make the matter worse, an old friend, who was an expert with a scythe, came along and asked why he made such hard work of it, and why he did not stand erect. He related experiences of former days when he and his companions would each mow from three to five acres a day with the scythe or cradle. He then passed on, leaving the young man to his own meditations of the extremely hard work they must have endured if it mowed in those days as it does now. This young man then tried to practise standing more nearly erect, with the hope that that would make the grass cut better. He soon found that although he wielded the scythe vigorously, it would still slip over the grass and leave the haggled meadow behind as an evidence of unskilled workmanship.

At last he asked one of these skilled instructors to take the scythe and teach him the art of mowing. After a few labored swings of the scythe which gave evidence of skill, yet left too much grass uncut, he said, "The scythe is too dull." This reminded him of the scripture, "If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength." He refused to waste any further energy with a dull scythe.

The young man knew no more about grinding a scythe than he did about mowing with it, so after an unsuccessful attempt to grind it, he toiled on until one day he chanced to be thrown into company with an old gentleman who came to mow some grass at his home. He saw the ease with which he performed his task and the evenness of the stubble behind the scythe, and he asked him to let him examine his scythe. He found the edge almost as keen as a razor, and this gave the boy the secret of successful work with a scythe. After that he secured some one who understood the business to help him grind his scythe. When he resumed his work, the scythe cut so easily and did the work so well that he worked a half day without even touching the edge with the scythe-stone, lest he should spoil it. He enjoyed mowing so well with a sharp scythe that he could scarcely be induced to stop

when wanted for other work. He soon learned to grind the scythe himself, and he has never since been content to work with dull tools.

He learned the use of the scythe-stone, and the value of sharpening the scythe with the stone while resting. The same principle applies in the case of all other tools.

I am sure, from the instruction the Master always gave in thoroughness, that his carpenter tools were kept sharp and oiled, so that he could always turn out the most skilled work with the least exertion.

There is character in the care of tools. A boy who keeps the tools sharp and oiled will keep the fences in repair, the weeds out of the garden, the grape vines on the trellis, the orchard pruned, and the lawn mowed.

This lesson is applicable also in spiritual work. Laborers in the cause of God often work with dull or rusty tools, greatly to the disadvantage of the work and their own discouragement. They toil hard, but they do haggled work. I often think of the dull scythe and the hard labor and haggled grass, and I find myself thinking they would better grind the scythe.

Then when they stop to rest after a period of hard work, I think, as I see no books in their hands from which to fill their minds with fresh, keen points of truth, how much better work they could do, and how much more they could accomplish, if, while they rest, they would use the scythe-stone and sharpen the scythe.

Canvassers who succeed use sharp tools. They keep sharpening them whenever they stop to rest. Nurses and physicians who are successful among us, keep "brushing up" while they rest. They keep their minds keen for their work, and the rust of indifference never gathers on their well-oiled and brightly burnished instruments. Teachers and editors who succeed keep grinding their scythes and using the scythe-stone while they rest in the intervals interspersed throughout their weekly toil.

The Bible workers and ministers who succeed in this message must give themselves "to reading" and "study" to show themselves approved unto God, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." In fact, we must all break with the commercial spirit of the time and the love of ease and pleasure so common about us, and give ourselves wholly to the Master's work. To have all training in education and oratory so that one can speak with the tongues of men and angels, avails nothing if it is not oiled by the love of Christ; it is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

It is highly important to keep the tools oiled as well as sharp.

R. C. PORTER.

### Chats on Letter-Writing—No. 3

WHILE many books are published which profess to give assistance and guidance in letter-writing, most of them are limited in their usefulness. They may not be altogether devoid of helpfulness, but it is not a wise policy to model one's letters after those found in any such book. Those given in these volumes often are extremely artificial, shallow, lacking entirely in the spirit of whole-heartedness that is a characteristic of every true and sincere communication. Slavish imitation of printed effusions is to be studiously avoided; merely copying what others have written, with a few alterations according to the circumstances, will never accomplish the training and aid in corresponding which is to be derived from personal effort at original writing. Hints are useful to a certain extent; suggestions will do much; but to rely on models when writing a letter is most unwise and highly unprofitable, if not actually injurious.

If you have decided what you wish to say, sit down and proceed to place your thoughts and

ideas on paper, with perfect freedom, and as far as possible, write as you would talk. That is, be easy, familiar; be open, plain, frank, whole-hearted. Imagine you are looking at the one to whom you write. Then write out what is in your mind and on your heart. By so doing you will necessarily steer clear of the suggestion of artificiality which is inseparable from the letter written in close imitation of a model in a "Handy Letter-Writer" or similar publication. Of course, while being free and frank, open and honest, you will take care to be discreet as well as candid, and wise as well as confidential.

Do not attempt long sentences nor long words. Short ones are infinitely better, as well as easier. Make your thoughts clear, write so that the reader will catch your meaning the first time, and not have to go over it again to learn what you meant.

Try to give your real self expression. Sincerity is of priceless value in letters. Say what you mean, and write what you honestly feel. Tell the truth, but never forget to do so with a spirit of kindness. Make your sentences definite, clear-cut, and to the point. Don't use four or six words when three would do as well or a great deal better. In brief, know what you want to say, say it, then leave off, and begin about something else.

Writers seldom err in being too condensed in their expression of thoughts. Strange though it may seem, it is nevertheless true that it takes more thought and care to make ten words convey an idea than to express yourself in thirty words. Make every word count, and your sentences will be short but pithy. A good rule is, trim down wherever possible.

Be simple, rather than elaborate. Never try to write in a pompous style. Better be direct, straight-forward, and clear, than try to reach a high standard of literary skill which is beyond you.

HENRY W. ROSE.

### The Trees of the Lord

(Concluded)

OF all kinds of forest vegetation, the pine tribe is the most widely diffused, and the most generally useful. Some species or other may be found from the snows of Lapland to the hottest regions of the Indian Archipelago, and from the level of the sea to the highest limit of trees on the great mountain ranges. Figuratively it is said of the cedar that its branches shall cover the earth; literally we find its range of distribution coextensive with the surface of the globe. But though thus mingling with the box tree and the myrtle tree in their chosen haunts, and there beautifying the place of God's sanctuary, and making the place of his feet glorious, there are special regions where the pine forms the sole arboreal vegetation. As the palm is the symbol of the tropics, so the pine is the symbol of the north temperate zone. The palm flourishes in the summer of the world; the pine tree in the winter. Beauty and fruitfulness are represented in the one; strength and patient endurance in the other. The pine is eminently typical of a bleak and inhospitable climate. It is associated entirely in our minds with the gray skies and the rude winds of the North. It forms an essential element in the grandest mountain scenery, and enters into the composition of some of the most magnificent scenic pictures which the great Artist has painted on the canvas of this world, for the admiration of his creatures. In it we have the highest moral ideal of trees, which is dependent upon their right fulfilment of their appointed functions amid the greatest difficulties. Not in rich soil, and amid soft breezes and warm sunbeams, and with the blue smile of unchanging skies resting upon it day after day, does it grow up in pampered and luxurious selfishness; but on the bare steep sides of rocks, where the soil is of the scantiest, amid the rack of gloomy, homeless

clouds, and the howling of bitter winds, poverty-stricken, hunger-pinched, and tempest-tortured, it maintains its proud dignity, grows strong by endurance, and symmetrical by patient struggle. It seems intended and created by God for the covering of those wild and lonely spots where no other tree could live.

To the offices which, in such bleak and elevated situations, the pine performs, may be traced much of the beauty and fertility of the earth, and much even of the happiness of man. Standing on the mountain tops, its fringed forests catch and condense the passing clouds, which distil from their branches into the shaded soil, and, percolating through moss and grass into the heart of the rocks, flow down by an appointed channel—a rejoicing stream into the valleys. The pine is, therefore, the earth's divining rod, that discovers water in the thirsty desert,—the rod of Moses, that smites the barren rock, and causes the living fountain to gush forth. When the pine forests on the mountain heights are cut down, the springs and rivulets of the low grounds are exhausted, and the climate is rendered hotter and drier. The destruction of the grand pine woods that once clothed the Apennines, has rendered the Papal States a region of poverty, disease, and wretchedness. In Greece the traveler looks in vain for the old legendary fountains, rivers, and lakes, with which the classic poets had made him familiar. Palestine has become a parched and sterile land on account of the disforesting of its mountains and hills. Not more poetically than truthfully, then, did the old Chinese philosophers say that "the mightiest rivers are cradled in the leaves of the pine." On the mountain heights, too, in the united strength of



its serried phalanxes, the pine is a natural fascine or fortification against the ravages of the elements. The ban forests of Switzerland stay the progress of glaciers, and arrest the headlong fall of the avalanche, protecting the inhabitants of the valley from the fearful ice bolts of the mountain. On the Norwegian hills, the pine forests wage successful war with the bitter winds of the pole; and in their sheltered rear the fruits of a milder climate ripen, and the toils of a happier land are carried on. Against the fierce storms of the Bay of Biscay, the pines of the Landes offer an effectual barrier; and meadows and pastures, forming the support of an industrious peasantry, now appear where sand-dunes once filled the air with their choking clouds, and spread desolation over the far horizon. The pine is, therefore, necessary to the equilibrium of nature. If ignorantly and wantonly removed from the situations where God has so wisely and graciously placed it, his beneficent arrangements for the good of man would be frustrated.

And most admirably has God endowed the pine with strength and capacities of endurance unequalled. Every part of its organization bears testimony to the favor with which he regards it. The peculiarities which attach to the tribe, in their manifest intention and actual result, plainly bespeak a plan or purpose in the mind of the Creator. The whole framework of each species is molded to suit the unfavorable conditions amid which it grows. Its roots adapt themselves to the shallowness of the soil, which usually rests on very hard rocks; for, instead of going down vertically, like the roots of other trees, they extend more in a horizontal direction, under and over

the ground, which they clasp with an intricate network of extremely strong, knotted fibers, composed of threadlike cells. They thus make up for want of depth in the soil by the extent of it which they embrace; and by this contrivance the trees are securely rooted, and capable of growing even in the bleakest situations—on the ledges of precipices, and on the most barren mountain heights. The trunk is protected from the keen cold to which it is exposed, by the thickness and roughness of its bark, and by the resinous substances, richly productive of caloric, with which all its parts are strongly impregnated. And it is a remarkable circumstance that the bark is always thicker and rougher in the direction of the prevailing storms. On their northern sides the trees are also covered—on the same principle as arctic animals are furnished with warm furs—with a thick coating of gray lichens; and a knowledge of this curious provision of nature has often been taken advantage of, as a compass to guide the lost wanderer through the pathless primeval forests.

The pyramidal form of the pine is also admirably adapted to its exposed and stormy haunts, as it gives less resistance to the force of the wind than the round, cushioned shapes of trees growing in sheltered places. It is besides designed to catch the falling snow, and by thus investing itself with an ermine robe during the severe and

long-protracted frost, to prevent the very rapid loss of heat which its dark verdure would otherwise occasion. It has, moreover, an esthetic significance, reminding us of order in the midst of disorder, and formality in the midst of the rudest chaos. Its regular conical growth affords a pleasing contrast to the wildness and irregularity of the scenery in which it abounds, and introduces an element of education and precision into those outer regions of nature, that seem to have got beyond, or overgrown, her orderly control. Rising tall and straight, "in serene resistance, self-contained," from the rifts of inaccessible peaks; marshaled in stern and serried ranks on the ledges of perpendicular precipices; standing lonely and unawed—like the Wettertannen of the Swiss Alps—in the midst of fearful horizons of snow mountain and glacier, over the far-off edges of which, where the sunshine lingers behind on the green uplands, the oak and chestnut timidly peer, as if afraid to venture farther,—in such circumstances it speaks of law where all seems lawlessness, and of a conserving power where everything seems to yield to disintegration and ruin. Especially is the traveler struck with the formal, educated look of the tree in the Araucarias that cover the wild slopes of the Chilean Andes, and in the Norfolk pines, whose branches, all of the same length, grow thickly out all around the trunk from the root to the top, appearing like stately columns resting on rifted rocks, perpetually dashed by the fierce spray of the Southern Ocean.

The leaves of plants which grow entirely under water are cut into long linear segments, in order that the flow of the stream may pass through them without injuring them; so in like manner the leaves of the pine tribe are exceedingly tough and

narrow, in order that the wind may blow freely among them without separating them from the tree, or tearing them in pieces. In aerial as well as in aquatic currents, we find the same modification of form and structure in the organisms that grow in them. Though the leaves of the pine are thus smaller and narrower than those of any other kind of tree, they are compensated for this by their immense number and persistent nature. They cling to the tree through summer's sun and winter's frost; and thus each branch bears upon it always the accumulated foliage of five or six summers. By this immense and continuous multiplication of leaf-surfaces, working day and night, summer and winter, those subtle processes by which, through the agency of the leaf, air, dew, and sunshine become changed into solid wood are carried on more rapidly in the pine than in trees whose individual leaves are broader, but less numerous, and liable to the interruption of winter's desolation. No tree, for the reason above assigned, grows more rapidly than the pine; and, liable as it is to continual accidents, such a provision is necessary to make up for its losses, and to keep its ranks always unbroken in the guardian battlements and watch-towers of the world. Such modifications are strikingly expressive of ideas in the Creator's mind, embodiments of his thoughts and purposes. By these wonder-

ful modifications of form and structure, then, have the pine trees been planned to flourish on the barest soil, in the coldest atmosphere, on the stormiest heights. Noble Gothic spires, they tower up in arborescent music to heaven, and carry up the religion of the landscape in unfading verdure, and unceasing fragrance, and untiring patience, to the throne of Him before

whom the mountains and the hills break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands.—Hugh MacMillan, in "Bible Teaching in Nature."

#### God's Plans or Ours

WHEN Ethel Day was twenty, her mother became an invalid, and Ethel left college to go home and be with her.

"Of course it is a disappointment to give it up," she said, lightly, "but it doesn't compare with being away from mother for two years longer when she is shut in."

At first it was not so hard; mother and daughter were the closest of friends, and Ethel went to the city for music and joined the Twentieth Century Club, and had little outings, to which her mother urged her; but as the years passed, she began to go out less and less. "Mother misses me so if I am away," was her excuse, or, "Mother worries if I am out late."

Finally Ethel's friends became indignant. "She is losing not only all her girlhood, but all her opportunities," they declared; "and Ethel had so much talent. It isn't fair. Nobody has any right to rob another of her own life. We have just made up our minds that it must be stopped some way."

The one to whom they were talking—an older woman—asked simply, "Do you dare?"

"Dare?" the girls cried; "wouldn't we do anything for Ethel?"

"But suppose that God wants to give Ethel something better than 'her own life'? Are you

wise enough to know? Would it not be safer to leave it to Ethel — and God?"

The girls looked at each other in silence. Did they dare, after all? — *Selected.*

### Jack's Apple Core

It lay unnoticed and despised in a corner of the porch, where Jack had thrown it when he finished eating his apple. He knew better than to do it, but it was an easy way to dispose of the core, so he did it. He knew somebody would have to pick it up after him; therefore he should have been more thoughtful. Let the apple core do some thinking for Jack: —

"Pretty soon the sun will strike around the corner and beat down upon me, and its heat will cause me to turn sour and smell very offensive. Some one will come and sit down in this hammock, and turn up his nose and say: 'Whew! There must be a rotten apple around here.'

"And there's the pig squealing over yonder, hungry for his dinner. If Jack had only carried me to the slop-pail, as he should have done, I might have accomplished some good in the world by helping to feed that hungry pig.

"Or if he had only thrown me out in the garden, where I would have been out of sight, my seeds would have dropped down into the soil, and by and by, perhaps next year, four or five tiny apple-trees would have sprung up, which might have been transplanted to some other place, and grown up to bear fruit for coming generations." — *Selected.*

### A Spelling-Bee

"I AM going to have a spelling-bee to-night," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can spell 'man' best."

The children turned and stared into one another's eyes.

"Spell 'man' best, Uncle John? Why, there's only one way!" they cried.

"There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I'll leave you to think of it a while;" and he buttoned up his coat and went away.

"What does he mean?" asked Bob.

"I think it's a joke," said Harry, thoughtfully, "and when Uncle John asks me, I'm going to say, why, m-a-n, of course."

"It's a conundrum, I know," said Joe, and he leaned his head on his hand and settled down to think.

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys, for all their fun that day. It seemed as if "after supper time" would never come, but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate runner peeping out of his coat pocket.

Uncle John did not delay; he sat down and looked straight into Harry's eyes.

"Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"

"Yes — n-o," said Harry, flushing. "I did something Aunt May told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that got to do with spelling 'man'?" he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John had turned to Bob.

"Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob, stoutly. "It's all Joe's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came, we'd clear them off. But Joe, he —"

"I think this is Joe's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"

"Why," said Joe, "I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys, so I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so, too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat the girls that way."

There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket;

the next minute the skates were on Joe's knees.

"The spelling-match is over," said Uncle John, "and Joe has won the prize."

Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

"Boys," he answered, gravely, "we've been spelling 'man,' not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think it over, boys, and see."

— *S. S. Evangelist.*

### The Accuracy of the Bible

MANY evidences are being found to-day which prove the authenticity of the Old Testament. Some are seemingly of small importance, yet they demonstrate that the Word of God is correct even in minor detail.

For instance, in Gen. 41:42, we find this information: "And Pharaoh . . . arrayed him [Joseph] in vestures of *fine linen*." The margin says "silk linen," which would seem to indicate cloth of very fine texture. Fragments of Egyptian cloth have been discovered that were woven with one hundred and forty threads to the inch.

Investigations of late years have proved that at the time of the building of the great pyramids the Egyptians were masters of the arts of masonry, sculpture, metal working, carpentry, pottery, weaving, and dyeing. It is said they had saws made of copper with which they could cut the hardest stone. This seems more wonderful when we remember that the tempering of copper is not known even to-day. It is one of the lost arts.

It is said that the mastery of mechanical detail which was manifested in the quarrying of the vast blocks of granite, and the sculpturing into obelisks and columns of such noble proportion, astonishes the engineers of the present day.

Some of the statues found were carved out of hard diorite, one of the most difficult of materials to work, yet they are equal to anything made in that material at a later period.

Thus we see that the land of the Pharaohs in the days of its glory was one of the greatest kingdoms in the world, and harmonizes readily with the Bible description of Egypt in the days of Moses. This is a strong argument against the popular idea of the evolution of man intellectually. How much better it is to believe God's Word in preference to men's word before it is actually demonstrated to be true, than to believe only what we have to because of proof from which we can not escape.

C. E. HOLMES.

### Worshipping a Scarecrow

RECENTLY I stopped in a barber shop in Temuco, a city in Chile, and a boy about sixteen years old served me. I asked him the question, Do you know Christ, the Saviour? He responded that he did, but after a little conversation he said that he knew him only as he had seen him represented by an image.

That is really all that many of the inhabitants of this country know of Christ. The great majority here know nothing of him as a personal friend and a loving Saviour, and yet they want to be saved, and are looking for help and salvation by means of images. The following incident is said to have actually occurred here in Chile: —

A rich woman made a stuffed man and put him in her garden to scare the birds away from her vegetables and fruits; and in order that he might not disfigure the garden too much by his appearance, she clothed him very neatly. After a few days a heavy rain swept him away, and another woman found him on the bank of a river. She took him to her house, thinking that she had found a saint.

Her neighbors soon heard of her discovery, and came to worship the saint, and great cures were reported to have been produced by faith in the

image. The images in the church were all put in the shade by this new one, and the priests became jealous; so they visited the widow who found the image, and told her that it was not right to keep a saint in a profane house, but advised that he be put in a holy place, in the church.

They took the image and put it in the church, and its fame as a mighty miracle-worker spread more and more, until the woman who made the image heard of its great healing power. She was very feeble at the time, and with her servant traveled a long distance to worship the idol, in the hope of recovering her health.

After she had given a large offering, she began the repetition of her prayers to the new image. She repeated her prayer several times, when her servant discovered that the image was the bird scare that she had put in her garden, and which had by some means gotten into the church.

The servant said, "Madam, this image is your bird scare that disappeared during the heavy rains." The sick woman would not believe it, but continued her prayers. After a few minutes the servant repeated that it was the bird scare, and pointed to some of the garments as evidence. The woman examined the matter, and found it so. Ashamed and disappointed, she returned to her home.

Many thousands who worship images do not discover their mistake so easily, but continue in such worship until their eyes close in death.

While time is passing so rapidly, and millions are dying, we should use every moment of the time in trying to save souls from this great darkness. May the true missionary spirit fill the hearts of all the true and loyal, and may the sound of the third angel's message soon reach all the dark corners of the earth.

F. H. WESTPHAL.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. Jer. 8:20.

"HELP the fellow who tries to help himself." When this is done, hunt up some other fellow who is not trying to help himself, and help him to try to help himself."



"HAD Moses failed to go, had God Granted his prayer, there would have been  
For him no leadership to win;  
No pillared fire, no magic rod,  
No wonders in the land of Zin;

No smiting of the sea; no tears  
Ecstatic, shed on Sinai's steep;  
No Nebo, with a God to keep  
His burial! Only forty years  
Of desert-watching with his sheep!"

### The Mission Studies

THE lessons on the various mission fields are expected to begin the second week in November. One or two lessons will doubtless be omitted each month, in order that the Societies may give attention to some special Bible study or other work that seems desirable and important.

From the testimony of many Societies that have taken up the Studies regularly, the lessons have proved both interesting and helpful.



### Pledge with Wine\*

"PLEDGE with wine! pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine!" ran through the brilliant crowd. The beautiful bride grew pale,—the decisive hour had come,—she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge, in a low tone, going toward his daughter; "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette." In your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a very lively young man, sometimes sipping from the ruby glass, but of late his friends had noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits; and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as, smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing cry, "O, how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as if it were some hideous object. "Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot; lofty mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds. But there a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form—his cheek, how deathly! and his eyes are wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins! O! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look, how he throws the damp curls! See him clasp his hands; hear his thrilling shriek for life; mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. O! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their

faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat, "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! Hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little, troubled red waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet distinct. She still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

"It is evening now, the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice, to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder, and he is dead."

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so impressive her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping. "Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth,—the only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison."

"Father!" she exclaimed, turning suddenly while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?" The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, and in a smothered voice he faltered, "No, no, my child, in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly drop to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The judge left the room, and when

an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour foreswore the social glass. — *Selected.*

### A Story of a Mocking-Bird

#### True Stories from the South

AUNT PUSS, Uncle Byrd's wife, leaned back in her rocking-chair, and closing her eyes—a habit she had when in a mood for story-telling—said: "Father's telling you about the hawk and the crow he had, reminds me of a pet I once owned, and for which I mourn even to this day. I shall always believe it was my carelessness that caused its death, and I can't help sorrowing about it.

"It was a beautiful mocking-bird, and I kept the cage in my sitting-room, and as I sewed or worked, I would talk to it, and watch its play. Often I would see it go to the end of the cage and look out over the fields and woods, watching the birds and listening to their songs, and I always believed it was pining for its freedom.

"So, many times I went to the cage, as I saw the bird looking out of the window, and opened the door to let it go, but for a long time it made no attempt to gain its freedom.

"One day it came to the door of the cage and peeped through, then ventured out on the table, and finally flew up on top of the cage, where it remained for an hour or more.

"Some birds out among the trees began singing, and then the mocking-bird lit down on the window-sill, and looking carefully around in every direction, spread its wings, and flew off into the nearest tree.

"Here it remained the rest of the day, and I allowed that when night came, it would go to the woods to roost, but, no, sir! at sundown, back it flew to the window-sill, and into the room it came, and instead of going back to its cage, it roosted on the foot of my bed all night.

"Each morning after this I would let it out at the screen door, and in the evening I would find it there, waiting to be let in, and after playing around the floor for a while, it would perch on the foot of my bed to roost.

"This thing kept up for many days, until father and I began to look on it quite natural like, though we used to wonder how it would be when winter came again.

"One evening, just as my bird came to the screen door to be let in, a neighbor called me, and I turned to wait on her, intending to open the door as soon as I was at liberty; but when I came back, the mocking-bird was nowhere to be seen. It had disappeared, and I never saw it again. Father and I think that some cat or owl caught it while it waited at the door.

"Dear me! How I did grieve over this, and how condemned I always feel when I think of my carelessness that cost the life of this poor innocent bird."

W. S. CHAPMAN.

\* Reprinted by request.

Simplified Spelling

ON August 24 President Roosevelt announced from Oyster Bay that the three hundred simplified spellings advocated by the Simplified Spelling Board would in future be followed in documents, messages, and correspondence emanating from the White House. The order was not, as it has been generally represented, for phonetic spelling. The following is a list of the three hundred words, showing the old and the new form. A careful reading will develop some interesting facts, says the *Maryland Journal of Education*:—

abridgement	abridgment	epaulette	epaulet	pedagogue	pedagog
accoutre	accouter	eponyme	eponym	pædobaptist	pedobaptist
accursed	accursr	æra	era	phœnix	phenix
acknowledgement	acknowledgment	æsophagus	esophagus	phænomenon	phenomenon
addressed	addrest	æsthetic	esthetic	pygmy	pigmy
adze	adz	æsthetics	esthetics	plough	plow
affixed	affixt	æstivate	estivate	polype	polyp
although	altho	æther	ether	possessed	possest
anapest	anapest	ætiology	etiology	practice	practise
anæmia	anemia	exorcise	exorcize	prefixed	prefixt
anæsthesia	anesthesia	expressed	express	prænomen	prenomen
anæsthetic	anesthetic	faggot	fagot	pressed	prest
antipyrine	antipyrin	phantasm	fantasm	pretence	pretense
antitoxine	antitoxin	phantasy	fantasy	preterite	preterit
apothegm	apothem	phantom	fantom	pretermit	pretermit
apprize	arbor	favour	favor	primeval	primeval
arbour	arbor	favourite	favorite	professed	profest
archæology	archeology	fervour	fervor	programme	program
ardour	ardor	fibre	fiber	prologue	prolog
armour	armor	fixed	fixt	propped	propt
artisan	artizan	flavour	flavor	purr	pur
assise	assize	fulfill	fulfil	quartette	quartet
axe	ax	fullness	fulness	questor	questor
banns	bans	gauge	gage	quintette	quintet
barque	bark	gazelle	gazel	rancour	rancor
behaviour	behavior	gelatine	gelatin	rapped	rapt
blessed	blest	guild	gild	rase	raze
blushed	blusht	gypsy	gipsy	recognise	recognize
bracen	brazen	glose	gloze	reconnoitre	reconnoiter
brasier	brazier	glycerine	glycerin	rigour	rigor
bunn	hun	good-bye	good-by	rhyme	rime
burr	bur	gramme	gram	ripped	ript
calibre	caliber	gripped	gript	rumour	rumor
calliper	caliper	harbour	harbor	sabre	saber
candour	candor	hearken	harken	saltpetre	saltpeter
caressed	carest	heaped	heapt	saviour	savior
catalogue	catalog	hæmatin	hematin	savour	savor
catechise	catechize	hiccough	hiccup	sceptre	secenter
centre	center	hough	hock	septette	septet
chapped	chapt	homœopathy	homeopathy	sepulchre	sepulcher
cheque	check	homonyme	homonym	sextette	sextet
chequer	checker	honour	honor	sylvan	silvan
chimæra	chimera	humour	humor	scimeter, scimitar	simitar
civilise	civilize	hushed	husht	sinned	sint
clamour	clamor	hypothénuse	hypotenuse	skillful	skilful
clangour	clangor	idolise	idolize	scythe	siythe
clapped	clapt	impressed	imprest	skipped	skint
clasped	claspt	instill	instil	slipped	slint
clipped	clipt	gaol	jail	smoulder	smolder
clew	clue	judgement	judgment	snapped	snant
coæval	coeval	kissed	kist	sombre	somber
colour	color	labour	labor	spectre	specter
coulter	colter	lachrymal	lacrimal	splendour	splendor
commixed	commixt	lapped	lapt	steadfast	stedfast
compressed	comprest	lashed	lasht	stepped	stept
comprise	comprize	leaped	leapt	stopped	stopt
confessed	confest	legalise	legalize	stressed	strest
comptroller	controller	licence	license	stripped	stript
coquette	coquet	liquorice	licorice	sulphur	sulphur
criticise	criticize	litre	liter	suffixed	suffit
cropped	crost	lodgement	lodgment	sulphate	sulfate
crossed	crusst	looked	lookt	sulphur	sulfur
crushed	crusht	lopped	lopt	sumach	sumac
queue	cue	lustre	luster	suppressed	supprest
cursed	curst	mamma	mama	surprise	surprize
cutlass	cutlas	manœuvre	maneuver	synonyme	synonym
cyclopædia	cyclopedia	materialise	materialize	tabour	tabor
dactyle	dactyl	meagre	meager	tapped	tapt
dashed	dasht	medieval	medieval	teasel	teazel
decatalogue	decalog	metre	meter	tenour	tenor
defence	detense	missed	mister	theatre	theater
demagogue	demagog	mitre	miter	though	tho
demeanour	demeanor	mixed	mixt	thorough	thoro
deposite	deposit	mould	mold	thoroughly	thoroly
depressed	deprest	moulder	molder	through	thru
develope	develope	moulding	molding	throughout	thruout
dieresis	dieresis	mouldy	moldy	tipped	tipt
dyke	dike	moult	molt	topped	topt
dipped	dipt	mullein	mullen	tossed	tost
discussed	discust	naturalize	natyralize	transgressed	transgrest
despatch	dispatch	neighbour	neighbor	trapped	trapt
distill	distu	nitre	niter	tripped	tript
distressed	distrest	nipped	nipt	tumour	tumor
dolour	dolor	ochre	ocher	valour	valor
domicile	domicil	odour	odor	vapour	vapor
draught	draft	offence	offense	vexed	vext
drachm	dram	omelette	omelet	vigour	vigor
dressed	drest	oppressed	opprest	visor	vizor
dripped	dript	orthopædic	orthopedic	waggon	wagon
drooped	droopt	paleography	paleography	washed	washt
dropped	dropt	paleolithic	paleolithic	whipped	whipt
dullness	dulness	paleontology	paleontology	whiskey	whisky
æcumenical	ecumenical	paleozoic	paleozoic	wifful	wifful
ædile	edile	paraffin	parafin	winked	winkt
ægis	egis	parlour	parlor	wished	wisht
enamour	enamored	partisan	partizan	woe	wo
encyclopædia	encyclopedia	passed	past	woeful	woful
endeavour	endeavor	patronise	patronize	woollen	woolen
envelope	envelop			wrapped	wrapt
Æolian	Eolian				
æon	eon				

THE difference between man's work and the Lord's work is aptly illustrated with the microscope. Place the most common flower under a high-power microscope, and beauties of tint and form will be seen, beside which the most delicate object of man's devising is not to be compared. This great truth holds good in everything. God's thoughts are as far above our thoughts as the heavens are high above the earth. So he bids us place our ideals high—even to heavenly perfection.

C. E. HOLMES.

The Punishment of the Wicked

1. *What time has been set for this punishment?*  
 "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished." 2 Peter 2:9.
2. *What besides the wicked will be burned?*  
 "But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." 2 Peter 3:7.
3. *Who besides the inhabitants of the earth will be brought to judgment?*  
 "For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them unto chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment." 2 Peter 2:4.
4. *How complete will be the destruction of Satan?*  
 "Therefore will I bring forth a fire from the midst of thee, and it shall devour thee, and I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee. . . . Thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more." Eze. 28:18, 19.
5. *When will this destruction take place?*  
 "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up. 2 Peter 3:10.
6. *What definite statement have we as to the time of the burning of the earth and the wicked?*  
 "And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison. . . . And they [Satan and the nations of earth, verse 8] went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them." Rev. 20:7, 9.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

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**Contrition**

THE night is here, and we are sore at heart, and all  
 The weariness of sin is in the throat: for we  
 Have spent this day unto ourselves, nor heard  
 the call  
 To sacrifice. This day we've failed to live for  
 Thee.  
 The kindly word, the loving deed, the tender tear  
 Of sympathy—in all we've failed, and now  
 we can  
 But cry aloud to thee, dear Lord, that we may  
 hear  
 Those tend'rest, sweetest words e'er came to  
 ear of man,  
 When weak and sick with guilt and shame, in  
 sorest need  
 Of help from thee, "I will not break the bruised  
 reed."

—Clyde Tull, in *Service*.



**The Other Twenty Bible Questions from Africa**

21. WHAT man wept when his enemy forgave him?
22. What king admitted that he had played the fool?
23. What two men were swifter than eagles and stronger than lions?
24. How long did the clothes of the children of Israel last in the wilderness?
25. Where do we read of the smith's working with his tongs in the coals?
26. Where that the carpenters used a rule?
27. What king did God name over one hundred years before he was born?
28. Where do we read of covered wagons being used?
29. What king saw an angel standing between earth and heaven?
30. What people took bread for their lunch?
31. What king slept on an iron bedstead?
32. How long was it?
33. When did a woman judge Israel?
34. Where did she live?
35. What king had nine hundred iron chariots?
36. How many are the chariots of God?
37. What people wore gold earrings?
38. What king was afraid to have it known that a woman killed him?
39. What was the bird to which David compared Saul and Jonathan in his lamentations for their death?
40. In what province and city was St. Paul born?

MRS. INEZ MASON.

SECRETARY TAFT is governor of Cuba. All attempts to restore peace having failed, the Secretary established a provincial government on the twenty-ninth of September, with himself at the head. President Palma and Vice-President Mendez Capote resigned, and Congress was unable to fill the vacancies thus made. It is expected that Mr. Taft's successor will be Mr. Beekman Winthrop, now governor of Porto Rico.



**V — Evil Angels**

(November 3)

MEMORY VERSE: "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." 1 Peter 5:8.

REVIEW.—The angels are all ——. They are

sent to ——. They encamp about ——, to ——. When in the lions' den, Daniel said ——. When Elisha's servant was afraid, the prophet said ——, and he prayed, saying, ——. Then the servant saw ——. The chariots of God are ——. Peter was delivered from —— by ——. An —— stood by when on ——, and said ——. When Jesus comes, he will send ——, and they will gather —— from ——.

**Questions**

1. Give the name of a chief angel who once lived in heaven. Isa. 14: 12, 14.
2. What does this mean? See margin of Isa. 14: 12.
3. Why was he dissatisfied? What did he say in his heart? Why did he become proud? Eze. 28: 17.
4. To whom did he make known his discontent? How did the angels feel as they listened to Lucifer?
5. What then took place? Rev. 12: 7-9. Who led the loyal angels? Who commanded those who sympathized with Lucifer? Who gained the battle? What other names does Lucifer bear? To what place was he cast? Who were cast out of heaven with him?
6. What has been Satan's work since he fell? Who are his helpers? Whom did he first deceive and cause to sin?
7. Why should we be sober and watchful? 1 Peter 5: 8. What is an adversary? What is Satan said to be like?
8. In what form does Satan sometimes come? 2 Cor. 11: 14.
9. What special danger besets those living in the last days? Rev. 12: 17.
10. When will he be very angry? Verse 12.
11. Where will Satan and his angels be destroyed? Rev. 20: 10, 15.

**Lesson Story**

At one time all the angels in heaven were holy and happy. But one of the chief angels wanted a more exalted place than God had given him. His name was Lucifer. He became proud because he was so beautiful and bright, and he said in his heart, "I will exalt my throne above the stars of God. I will be like the Most High."

The stars of God are the holy angels. When this world of ours was created, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

After a time Lucifer began to talk with the angels, and he found fault with God and his government. This was sinful, and Lucifer was the first sinner. Some of the angels as they listened to Lucifer thought he must be right for he was such an exalted angel; they thought God had not given him all the glory he should have, and they sympathized with him, and felt as he did. The other angels tried to show Lucifer that he was wrong, and that God knew what was best.

"And there was war in heaven. Michael [Christ] and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him."

Since Satan fell, his work has been to deceive others, and make them wicked like himself. He and his angels delight in tormenting and destroying men.

For this reason the Lord tells us to "be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

Satan and his angels sometimes come to us in a very pleasing form. They appear as angels of light, and pretend to be very good. They do this that they may deceive us. They, "by good words

and fair speeches, deceive the hearts of the simple." We should pray that God will keep us from the power of evil angels.

We are in special danger in these last days, for "the devil is come down to you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." He has gone out to make war against those who "keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus."

Satan and his angels will be destroyed in the lake of fire which will be prepared for them.



**V — The Holy Spirit, and Receiving Its Seal**

(November 3)

MEMORY VERSE: "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Eph. 4: 30.

**Questions**

1. What promise does Jesus make to those who open the door of the heart to his presence? Rev. 3: 20.
2. Through what agency does Jesus come into the heart to abide? Eph. 1: 13, last clause.
3. What is this indwelling of the Spirit called? Eph. 1: 13.
4. What is one meaning of this presence of God's Spirit in the heart? Eph. 1: 14.
5. If his presence is retained, what power is brought into the life? Eph. 3: 16, 17.
6. What promise similar to this did Jesus make when he was about to leave his disciples? Matt. 28: 18-20.
7. What evidence do you find there that this promise extends even down to our day?
8. For what should we therefore pray? Ps. 51: 11.
9. What will the Holy Spirit bring to our hearts? Rom. 5: 5.
10. What are some of the gifts of the Spirit? 1 Cor. 12: 8-11, 28.
11. What must first appear in the lives of God's people before they can be trusted safely with these gifts? Gal. 5: 22, 23.
12. What did God's Spirit cease to do in the days of Noah? Gen. 6: 3.
13. In view of this of what are we warned? Eph. 4: 30; note 1.
14. What should be our constant prayer? Ps. 51: 11; note 2.
15. In what is the last church to be complete? 1 Cor. 1: 6-8.

**Notes**

1. In every age there is given to men their day of light and privilege, a probationary time in which they may become reconciled to God. But there is a limit to this grace. Mercy may plead for years and be slighted and rejected; but there comes a time when mercy makes her last plea. The heart becomes so hardened that it ceases to respond to the Spirit of God. Then the sweet, winning voice entreats the sinner no longer, and reproofs and warnings cease.—"Desire of Ages," page 587.

2. Light comes to the soul through God's Word, through his servants, or by the direct agency of his Spirit; but when one ray of light is disregarded, there is a partial benumbing of the spiritual perceptions, and the second revealing of light is less clearly discerned. So the darkness increases, until it is night in the soul. Thus it had been with these Jewish leaders. They were convinced that a divine power attended Christ, but in order to resist the truth, they attributed the work of the Holy Spirit to Satan. In doing this they deliberately chose deception: they yielded themselves to Satan, and henceforth they were controlled by his power.—"Desire of Ages."



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### The Response of the Missionaries

OUR foreign missionaries were recently requested to send often, direct to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR, some interesting item regarding their work or the field in which they labor. Some have responded so promptly and acceptably that I want to thank them heartily, and also request that they favor us as often as they can. A paragraph will be very acceptable, when there is not time for more. Doubtless all feel a responsibility to report to the Mission Board; but such reports seldom if ever find their way to the INSTRUCTOR; but our young people are interested in the work of our foreign missionaries, and I know they would appreciate hearing from our workers across the waters. We thank them for what they have done, and ask that they still remember the INSTRUCTOR.

### San Francisco Schools

FOUR hundred teachers and over twenty thousand children of San Francisco were left without school accommodation by the earthquake and fire, thirty-four school buildings being destroyed.

But before the fire was quenched, Galveston had sent a telegram to the stricken city that its school children would aid in restoring the public schools of San Francisco. Portland, Oregon, sent word that her citizens would build for them a school building to be named the Portland School. Many other generous offers were made.

The first cash contribution received was sent by the Indian boys and girls of Broken Arrow, Indian Territory.

Tents furnished by the United States military authorities now answer very well for schoolrooms, but the cold winds of the winter season and the driving rains will make other accommodations imperative. See the illustrations on first page.

Soldiers are serving as truant officers; a drill-sergeant gives drills to the boys. Stow Lake furnishes opportunity for swimming lessons, so the old saying, "There is no loss without some gain," seems true in the experience of the school children of San Francisco.

### A Brighter, Cleaner London

A PLAN has been proposed by Mr. Arnold Lupton, a member of the British Parliament, to substitute electricity for the burning of fuel in London. The *Electrical Review* says:—

"The plan contemplates the use of electric power for heating, lighting, and cooking in London, the power to be brought from the coal fields of the Midlands. In this way all furnaces and smoke producers will be driven from the city. It is estimated that the smoke nuisance causes actual damage every year amounting to about ten million dollars, and this does not include any allowance for the personal discomfort which it

causes. The idea is not only to do away with this nuisance, but to supply the power on such a scale that it will be a cheap substitute for the present source of light, heat, and power. The plan proposed contemplates the transmission of electrical energy from the Midland coal fields, one hundred and twenty miles away from London, at sixty thousand volts. The average power to be supplied is about one million kilowatts. Mr. Lupton estimates that, if done on this scale, power could be delivered in the city at one-half cent per kilowatt-hour, and could be delivered in small quantities at a rate of two cents, and in larger quantities for less. It is also estimated that it will cost about seventeen million dollars to make a beginning. Mr. Lupton thinks that this would make London one of the sunniest cities on the globe, as well as the most beautiful city in the world."

### Fireless Cook-Stoves

THE fireless cook-stove is a novel idea, but a very practical one. It is inexpensive, easily made, and does its work well. It saves fuel, time, and much inconvenience. It prepares the breakfast grains handsomely. These need only to be cooked on the stove about five minutes, and then put into the cooker. If this is done in the evening, the grain will be ready to serve at breakfast.

A well-made wooden box or a large lard can may be used for the fireless cooker. This is to be lined with paper, hay, cotton, or woolen goods. The one I find very satisfactory has one or two layers of newspapers, a layer of excelsior, then cotton, and finally an old woolen blanket. The lining is pressed together very firmly, and a space is left in the center just large enough for the can, pail, or earthen jar that is to be used for holding the food. I use a quart tin fruit can, because the top seals, preventing the escape of the steam. A two-quart can of the same style can doubtless be obtained. After the vessel containing the food is put into the cooker, it must be covered over quickly with padding of the same character as the lining of the box, and then a cover which fits tightly put on the cooker.

Let potatoes, rice, beans, oatmeal, cream of wheat, etc., boil about five minutes before being placed in the cooker. Cabbage needs to be put to cook the night before it is to be used. Beans require several hours.

Only a little time will be required for the housewife to learn how long a time is required for the various articles she wishes to serve.

The manufactured cookers usually are heavy boxes prepared as window-seats, and large enough for three vessels of varying size. But the home-made cooker answers every purpose, and can often be made without any extra expense.

### The Mystery of Life

At the gateway of life is the anchored water-lily. We love this flower, with all its kindred, because its beauty and fragrance please us, and because we know and feel that its life, like our own, comes from the source of all life. On one side of the plant world is the lifeless mineral, on the other side is the living, active animal; yet the plant is in touch with both. It reaches down and by its mysterious power takes the mineral elements up into its own life, making the mineral the plant, and it afterward yields itself to the higher animal life.

The touch of life gives to the living cells of tree or child the unerring wisdom, the nicety of discrimination requisite for the formation of the perfect leaf or the delicate tissues of the human body. With unvarying precision animal cells choose from a vital current coursing by them just the material needed for a given organ. They make no mistakes, filling in adipose cells with

lime or substituting muscle for brain tissue. The linden leaf is always one sided, the oak lobed, the glossy birch thin and tapering, the aspen stem so flattened that the gentlest zephyr sets it trembling.

Life changes flinty rock into living tissue. It makes out of the black, decayed roots of our pine woods those Indian wax bells, white as the snow. I give two seedlings the same dark earth and the same water, yet one selects from them that which will make for it a juicy, sweet orange, while the other produces a spicy clove bud. "The cocoa among the palms sucks its milk from the same dry dust from which the date summons its rich fruit." Such miracles, however, can not be wrought until that handful of earth feels the touch of life. And who can place his ear so low, or make his eye so penetrative, that he can discern the secret between the earth and the rootlets? Even a Cuvier can not tell how life, out of the simple elements, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, fashions fish, bird, leviathan, or Agassiz. Before the simple polyp he must bow, as did Linnæus before the flower of the field, and worship Him who moves mysteriously. Yet these wonders all are known by the infinitesimal cells. Man in search of their secret may dissect, vivisect, use the strongest lens, and even tempt the cells by the X-ray, yet he is none the wiser. Life is still a mystery.

### Life Wonders

HERE is a problem, a wonder for all to see.  
Look at this marvelous thing I hold in my hand.  
This is a magic surprising, a mystery  
Strange as a miracle, harder to understand.

What is it?—Only a handful of earth: to your touch  
A dry rough powder you trample beneath your feet,  
Dark and lifeless; but think, for a moment, how much  
It hides and holds that is beautiful, bitter, or sweet.

Think of the glory of color. The red of the rose.  
Green of the myriad leaves and fields of grass,  
Yellow as bright as the sun where the daffodil blows,  
Purple where violets nod as the breezes pass.

Think of the manifold forms of the oak and the vine,  
Nut, and fruit, and cluster, and ears of corn:  
Of the anchored water-lily, a thing divine,  
Unfolding its dazzling snow to the kiss of morn.

Think of the delicate perfumes borne on the gale.  
Of the golden willow catkin's odor of spring.  
Of the breath of the rich narcissus waxen-pale,  
Of the sweet pea's flight of flowers, of the nettle's sting.

Strange that this lifeless thing gives vine, flower, tree,  
Color and shape and character, and fragrance, too;  
That the timber that builds the house, the ship for the sea,  
Out of this powder its strength and toughness grew;

That the cocoa among the palms should suck its milk  
From this dry dust, while dates from the self-same soil  
Summon their sweet, rich fruit; that our shining silk  
The mulberry leaves should yield to the worm's slow toil.

How should the poppy steal sleep from the very source  
That grants to the grape-vine juice that can madden or cheer?  
How does the weed find food for its fabric coarse,  
Where the lilies fair their blossoms pure up-rear?

Who shall compass or fathom God's thought profound?  
We can but praise, for we may not understand:  
But there's no more beautiful riddle the whole world round  
Than is hid in this heap of dust I hold in my hand.

—Celia Thaxter.