

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

### Thy Pardon, Lord

DEAR Lord, forgive each unkind word  
And unkind deed that I have done,—  
For telling unkind things I've heard  
Worse than they were begun;  
Forgive the saddened, faltering hearts  
That I have sadder made to be,—  
For false conceit and false deceit  
I pray thou'lt pardon me.

And more than all, dear Lord, I pray  
Forgiveness for the heedless wrong  
That I have done to thee, each day,—  
For silencing the throng  
Of prayerful words I might have said  
To glorify and honor thee,—  
For selfishness and laziness  
I pray thou'lt pardon me.

BENJAMIN KEECH.

### A Word to the Young People

THE Lord has wonderfully blessed us as a people; and in view of the fact that he has so greatly blessed us, I wish to ask our young people, What is our duty to him? Shall we, to whom has been revealed the glorious light, place ourselves as it were under a bushel? God forbid! We, to whom the light has been given, have power to shine, and this is our duty as well as our privilege.

Too often we feel that it is a burden to perform the duties that God in his infinite love has assigned us. God's commandments are not grievous; and we are told "to make the work of God appear joyous, as it really is."

Never in the world's history has there been

made for the pleasure of this life, I have not been able in it all to see a single expression of the hope of a soon-coming Saviour.

My brother, my sister, when we see these things all about us and *know* what they mean, let us ask ourselves the question, Are *we* ready? Is there time for more delay? Do we see in the world to-day a fulfilment of Luke 21:26? Have these awful calamities that have come upon the earth in the past few months aroused fear and unrest in the hearts of men? O brethren, the voice of God is speaking to us in every way possible. Shall we harken to his voice?

In view of the conditions that exist in our own country, where so many have a knowledge of God, what must be the condition in foreign lands where the glorious light of the gospel has never yet shone? To-day thousands of precious souls are going down to destruction, starving, as it were, for the Living Bread.

May God help us to arise and let our light shine forth that souls may be turned to the Lamb of God, and the words of Matt. 24:14 will be fulfilled.

SILAS DAVIS.

### Chats on Letter-Writing —No. 9

It may be thought that a special gift or talent is necessary in order for one to become an accomplished letter-writer. No doubt some are born with greater ability in this direction than others, but the fact remains that correspondence is a pleasure attainable by any one who will devote time and effort to acquire skill in it. Indeed, letter-writing might be called an art, a fine art; and perhaps but very few persons reach a high degree of attainment in it. No one will deny that the ability to write a really good letter is most desirable. To be able to write thus one must, of course, think accurately and be able to set thoughts in their proper and natural

sequence, with clearness and precision. Unless the thoughts are thus marshaled, it is useless to attempt to present them in a straightforward manner on paper. There are many possibilities in training the mind to think clearly and accurately. The great benefits of such effort are well worthy of considerable attention.

The ability to compose a good letter implies skill in other directions; and equally so, inability

to write a letter indicates a lack of capacity in other things.

To be able to write down thoughts, we must have words at our command. We get them by reading, by talking intelligently with educated persons. A mental habit of constant alertness will help wonderfully in acquiring ability in letter-writing. And the faculty of observation must



THE BUILDING WITH SIX PILLARS WAS THE OLD INQUISITION BUILDING OF LISBON

be brought into daily, hourly use. The mind must be stored with material that will be serviceable when we wish to give out to others the thoughts that come to us. Facility in stating a thought so that all who hear it stated, or read it when written or printed, will know instantly what is meant, is far from being as common as it might and should be.

If properly approached, correspondence will prove a wide field for mental improvement. It will open endless channels of culture, afford unlimited opportunities of giving pleasure to others, and it will be a means of delight that will exert a beneficial influence on the mind of the one who strives after perfection in it.

The person who can write an entertaining, sensible letter usually has qualities of mind and heart which enable him to be a power for good; for the possession of the qualifications which make one capable of writing a creditable letter, argues, of itself, a degree of culture, ability, and skill in other ways, that may well be coveted, and earnestly striven for. Effort wisely directed and perseveringly made, is sure to produce a harvest of ample reward.

HENRY W. ROSE.



DEPOT OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY OF LISBON

a greater call for young men and women who are willing to lay all on the altar and take up the cross and do the bidding of the Master.

As I have gone from house to house during the summer vacation, trusting that by the aid of the Holy Spirit I might be able to unlock the door of some soul that the Spirit of God might enter and dwell there; as I have gone from town to town and have seen the great preparations being



flattered by a repetition of the request. Perhaps there would be less of such conduct were the Quaker act made a part of the entertainment.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.



### Kalamazoo Burglars

A CITIZEN of Kalamazoo, Michigan, has a valuable parrot. On three different occasions he has saved the house from being burglarized. The last time was on a recent night. The burglar got the door unfastened, but when he opened it, the parrot asked, in a stern voice: "Hello there! What's the matter?" The burglar did not stop to answer.—*Dumb Animals.*

### Which of These Two?

"How much will you take my goods to a safe place for?" asked a man during the San Francisco fire of another sitting idly in an automobile. "Twenty-five dollars," was the reply. "But I haven't twenty-five dollars." "Well, then, your stuff can burn." A little farther on was a colored man with a wheelbarrow, and he was asked, so the story goes, what he would take for the same service. "Bress yo' heart, massa, nothin'. Dis yer ain't no time for makin' money."

The man in the automobile was white, and the man with the wheelbarrow was black, but which showed himself the better neighbor and did the white deed?—*The Wellspring.*

### When the Work "Didn't Show"

I HAVE read of a prominent judge who, wishing to have a rough fence built, sent for a carpenter and said: "Mend this fence to keep out the cattle. As it is out of sight of the house, these unplanned boards will do, and I will pay you only a dollar and a half." Coming to look at the work, the judge found the boards planed, and the work finished with excellent neatness. Thinking, of course, that greater pay would be demanded, he said: "I told you this fence was to be covered with vines, and I do not care how it looks." "But I do," said the carpenter. "How much do you charge?" asked the judge. "A dollar and a half," said the man. "Why did you spend all that labor on the job if not for the money?" "For the job, sir." "Nobody would have seen the poor work on it," said the judge. "But I should have known it was there, sir," and taking his one dollar and a half, he went away. Ten years afterward this carpenter obtained a large contract from the judge when a great crowd of competitors failed. "I knew," said the judge, "we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made him a rich man." Soon or late, in things sacred and things secular, the one who is faithful over a few things is made ruler over many things.—*Herbert E. Thomas.*

### Poverty of a Millionaire

Most persons, in the opinion of the Rochester *Post-Express*, would be willing to chance unhappiness for an income of \$2,284,000, but one man, we are told, finds it impossible to pay his bills on this amount. King Edward VII, who receives from the state this stipend, has trouble to "make both ends meet." The *Post-Express* tells us of this sad case:—

"Out of this amount he has to maintain a number of castles and royal residences, support

a small army of retainers and flunkies, and pension old and faithful servants. Consequently, when the year's bills are paid, his majesty has no money to put in the bank against a rainy day. Recently the king petitioned to have his salary raised to \$3,000,000 a year, but owing to the already heavy taxation the government refused the request. Compared with the other rulers, Edward VII is poorly paid. The czar of Russia has a total income of \$20,000,000 a year. The sultan of Turkey manages to get along on \$10,000,000. Emperor William supports the royal family on an income of about \$4,000,000. The king of Italy exists comfortably on an income of \$2,859,500, while the emperor of Austria-Hungary pegs along on \$3,700,000. Other sums paid to European sovereigns are: Bavaria, \$1,242,726; Belgium, \$665,000; Denmark, \$240,000, and \$28,000 to the heir apparent; France, \$288,000; Greece, \$260,000; Netherlands, \$246,000; Portugal, \$567,000; Rumania, \$201,482; Saxony, \$628,460; Spain, \$1,430,000; and Württemberg, \$403,438. Compared with these sums, the yearly salary of the president of the United States is very modest indeed. Furthermore, the president earns his salary, which can not be said of many of the rulers mentioned in the list.—*Selected.*

### The Boy Who Is Faithful

It is all right to be smart, but it is all wrong to be smart in the wrong way. I have seen boys who think that they are smart in ordering others around and boasting of what they are to do. If I had any work to be done, I'd never hire a lad like that to do it.

It is true that some employers are in need of smart boys, and are ever on the outlook for them; but there are thousands of positions where boys of only ordinary ability are wanted. Boys that are too smart are often not desired, since they too often want to dictate and can not be dictated to; they try to run the business to suit, not their employers, but themselves.

There is a greater demand for faithful boys than for smart boys. There is nothing that one more appreciates in one under him than faithfulness. I once heard a gentleman say that he asked a friend why he paid his secretary such a very large salary when he could secure one for a much smaller sum. He replied that he could secure one for a less amount, but not one who would do the work as did this one. "When I am gone," said the friend, "everything goes on just as if I were here." Now if this secretary had been smart, rather than faithful, his employer might not have been able to say of him what he did. He might have been obliged to have said, "I can't leave him, for when I'm gone, he tries to run matters to suit himself and to improve upon my methods, and it is not a partner that I want, but a secretary."

Where one succeeds because of his smartness, ten succeed because of their faithfulness.

And not at the boy's faithfulness alone does a would-be employer look; he desires a boy who is an all-round moral boy. He knows that it is of no use to hire one who smokes cigarettes, for these muddle the brain, cause heart trouble, and kill the smoker at so early an age that he will soon be obliged to secure another lad. Nor does he care for a boy who gambles, for his funds would be too handy for such, and the temptation to borrow them too great. Nor does the employer desire a boy who drinks intoxicants even in the slightest degree, for he thinks there will be possibility of his making a mistake.

It may be that the man who is thus critical himself indulges in all these vices, but he wants the boy he employs to be free from them. He knows more than any other to what they will lead, and it is probable that a boy who is inclined to them would obtain a position with a good man rather than from a man like this, for a good

man would think that he might assist the lad to give up his evil ways.—*Alice May Douglas, in American Boy.*

### What Some Great Men Say of the Bible

"God is light." So is the religion of the Bible. It has no fellowship with darkness. Not one of its graces springs from stupidity or ignorance, but all of them from a knowledge of God. False religions are founded in darkness. The religion of the Bible, like its Author, dwells in light. God also is love, and so is the religion of the Bible.—*Gardner Spring.*

The Bible is the book of all others, to be read at all ages and in all conditions of human life; not to be read once, or twice, or thrice through, and then laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters every day, and never to be omitted unless by some overruling necessity.—*J. Quincy Adams.*

We count the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy. I find more marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever.—*Isaac Newton.*

I have read the Bible through many times. It is the book of all others for lawyers, as well as divines, and I pity the man who can not find in it a rich supply of thought and rule for conduct.—*Daniel Webster.*

It is a belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as a guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested and richly productive of interest.—*Goethe.*

Within this ample volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries;  
Happiest they of human race  
To whom their God has given grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, to force the way;  
And better had they ne'er been born,  
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.  
—*Walter Scott.*

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—*Milton.*

MAY S. COLE.

### There Remaineth a Rest

OF clouds with their gloom hover o'er us,  
And tired are journey-worn feet,  
But the promise of God is before us,  
Foretelling a rest long and sweet,  
For though earth is full of life's crosses,  
And hopings are often in vain,  
There is joy to reward all earth's losses,  
There's a recompense sweet for all pain.

The shining ones, high up in glory,  
Regard us with pitying eyes,  
And softly they tell the glad story  
Of a home in the radiant skies,  
Of the city of God with its splendor,  
Just over life's evergreen hills,  
Of a love that is holy and tender,  
A life that is free from all ills.

My loved, with their sweet, holy faces,  
I shall greet where the streets are of gold;  
With rapture and sweetest embraces  
Will the wonderful story be told  
"Of the Saviour," so meek and so lowly,  
Of Jesus, the "Wonderful" One,  
Of sins that were dark and unholy,  
Washed away by the blood of the Son.

L. D. SANTEE.

### Young Men, Tried and True, Wanted

IN a conversation with a man who was rescued in boyhood from a slum life by a Sunday-school teacher, and who is now at the head of a large manufacturing establishment, the editor wished to know what chance there was in his line of business for an industrious, faithful young man. He promptly replied: "If you will find me a young man who has the patience to go through a short course of training, and who will treat my business as if it were his own, it will not be long before



he will earn his two thousand five hundred dollars a year." He then added that there was a great scarcity of just such men, because it had become the fashion to ask good wages at once, and to give as little service as possible.

I have since noticed how true this is in almost every vocation of life. The first thought when men and women hire out is, "How much do you pay?" Of course, that is not an unimportant question, and men in business expect to have it asked; but when it is followed up by other questions showing that the laborer is not anxious to do faithful, unselfish service, the case is different. *Fidelity* is the word. There is not a business firm that will refuse to recognize valuable service when an employee has proved that he is worthy of trust, that he labors for the interests of his employer as if they were his own. Let our young readers remember this.—*Selected.*

#### Smile It Down

EVERY one who loves you  
Loves to see you smile,  
Loves to see you cheerful  
And happy all the while.

Smiling comes so easy!  
Do not wear a frown;  
If you feel one rising,  
Always smile it down.

—*Selected.*

#### Household Hints

To remove the smell of onions or fish from the frying-pan, put a little vinegar in it immediately after using, and set it over the fire a few minutes. Then wash again in soapy water.

For washing bottles or vinegar cruets, save egg shells in a paper bag; crush them fine, put in the cruets with warm, soapy water, and shake well. This will clean and not scratch the finest glass.

In making iron-holders a sheet of asbestos should be spread between two pieces of denim to make an iron-holder that is light, easily held, and impervious to heat.

A very satisfactory way of washing flannels is by means of an ordinary scrubbing or vegetable brush. Take the article to be washed and place it upon the wash-board; rub over with soap, and brush it until clean. This will be found a much easier way than the old one, and the clothes will last longer. It is equally as good for fine laces and silk gloves.

To use gasoline without leaving a ring, fold a small Turkish wash-rag once, and make of it a tight roll, winding together with a stout twine. Use the folded end of this as a swab. Place a small quantity of gasoline in a saucer, dip the swab in lightly, avoiding too much fluid. Stroke the spot gently until it disappears. Never pour gasoline on a grease spot. The ring is caused by too free use of gasoline.

For mending hard substances like metal or glass there is nothing more satisfactory than melted alum. Simply melt the alum over an intense heat, and apply while hot. An ivory handle to a knife which was loosened was mended in this way forty years ago, and has been in use ever since without breaking or loosening.

Court-plaster pasted on the inside of the fingertips of silk gloves will make them last much longer.

The contents of the inner vessel of a double boiler will cook much more rapidly if the water in the outer compartment is salted in the proportion of half a cup of salt to two quarts of water.

To remove tea, coffee, or chocolate stains from table linen, sprinkle with borax and soak in cold water. Then stretch the stained part over a bowl and pour boiling water directly upon it. The stains will soon vanish.

Be sure to place a pad under the oilcloth cover of your kitchen table, as it lessens the noise, renders it easier to clean, and doubles its wearing qualities.

Very often death from lockjaw results from the wound of a rusty nail in some part of the body. There is a perfect and simple remedy for such wounds. As soon as possible, smoke the wound well with a woollen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke will take the pain out of the worst inflammation arising from such a wound. This has been frequently tested.—*Selected.*



#### Our Field — The World

##### Portugal Program

#### OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.  
Scripture Reading.  
Prayer.

#### LESSON STUDY: Portugal.

General Description.  
Its Cities.  
The Language.  
Industries.

#### Beginning Work in Portugal.

##### General Description

PORTUGAL is one of the oldest countries and one of the newest mission fields for Protestant propaganda. It is a small country in the extreme southwest of Europe. It is about 362 miles in length by 140 in width, having about 34,420 square miles, and a coast line of nearly 500 miles, with excellent harbors. To this country belong two groups of islands, the Madeira and the Azores, situated a few days' distance by steamer from the mainland. It also has large possessions in both east and west Africa, where, including natives and Portuguese, the population is about 14,000,000. Counting the population of Portugal on the continent, and the islands, and a small possession in India as 5,500,000, the 140,000 Portuguese in the United States, and 21,000 in Brazil, we have 40,000,000 to whom we must teach the third angel's message in a language known by a very few workers.

The government is a monarchy; though a majority of the people desire a republic, the influence of the priests of the state religion, which is Catholicism, keep under subjection freedom of thought, speech, and action. In the last few months there has been brewing a wave of revolutionary ideas, but in a country where only twenty per cent of the people can read or write, it is difficult to start a republic.

The climate is quite good, and is recognized as being healthful. The center of the country is of the same latitude as that of New York, Philadelphia, Des Moines, Denver, and San Francisco. The climate is like that of California. Nearly all the fruit grown there is produced here, although not so plentifully, and of what there is, a lack is felt of ways to preserve it. For a person in poor health there can be no better place in the world to regain his health, or at least to hold his own against the inroads of disease. Though nature's laws are little heeded, many persons live to a ripe age.

The diet of the people is quite varied, partly from the money standpoint; that is, those that have more money, have a greater variety. For the poorer classes, it is codfish, potatoes, and bread. The majority drink wine, and many eat fish, clams, and snails. But very few among those whom we have met have eaten stewed fruit.

#### Its Cities

Lisbon is the capital and largest city, having a population of probably four hundred thousand. No city in Europe has a nobler position. It climbs steep hills on the north bank of the Tagus for fully five miles along the river, with a string of suburbs extending even farther. The houses, rising tier above tier, with roofs of snow-white tiles shining in the sunlight, are an imposing sight. Lisbon has an air of a modern city, but this is because of the rebuilding after the great earthquake of 1755. It was up the Tagus that the tidal wave ascended after the earthquake.

Sixteen miles northwest of Lisbon is the beautiful old town of Cintra, where wealthy families from the capital city have their summer villas. Huge oak trees, plane and cork trees, well-kept gardens and pleasure grounds, are on all sides. Mexican palms, Brazilian shrubs, groves of orange, lemon, and fig fill the air with perfume.

Oporto, situated at the mouth of a large river, is next in size, with about two hundred thousand inhabitants. Coimbra is another town, where is located a large university. Setubal, to the southern part, is situated among large groves of almond, walnut, orange, and lemon trees.

The capital city contains many edifices of a historic nature, such as convents and churches. On many churches are seen the marks of the great earthquake. After the expulsion of the Jesuits by the Marquez de Pombal in September, 1759, the religious orders were suppressed; that is, no more persons could become nuns or monks, but those already existing were allowed to remain until the last one died, when the property was to be turned over to the state. By such sales, old paintings were thus collected, and exposed to view in an art museum, with privilege given to certain ones to copy. Old books, manuscripts, and relics in general, in the same manner were collected and exhibited.

Lisbon was the seat of the Inquisition in Portugal. The building in which this terrible work was carried on is now a theater, and many of the convents are used as public buildings, such as libraries, government offices, schools, storage rooms, etc. In one convent is the British and Foreign Bible Society's office and storage rooms. In the dark rooms of the monks, Bibles are piled to the ceiling. In another part is a hotel, in another is a Protestant chapel with a day-school near by. Thus God's Word overthrows the machinations of evil hearts, bringing to light the hidden things, and knowledge to the ignorant.

#### The Language

The Portuguese language is a modification of the Latin. While it is known that formerly the language was a mixture of that used by the barbarian tribes, the Roman rule gave it its Latin construction. It seems to be more closely akin to the Spanish and Italian, although many grammatical constructions and nasal sounds are similar to the French. I would like to suggest to our young people who are planning for foreign missionary work, that in lieu of not having the Portuguese language in our schools the next best thing is the Spanish, and I hope some student will be impressed to prepare for the work among the forty million Portuguese. The construction of this language is very similar to the Spanish, and in many words there is only an extra letter or two. For an example, John 1:1, 2: "No principio era o Verbo, e o Verbo estava com Deus, e o Verbo era Deus. Elle estava no principio com Deus." Spanish, "En el principio ya era el Verbo; y el Verbo era con Dios, y Dios era el Verbo. Este era en el principio con Dios."

The Portuguese pronounce the *c* as in English, *a* as in hat, *e* as in jet, *i* as in machine. The consonants are the same.

#### Industries

The farms are poorly tilled; large tracts of land are left as waste land; mines are not thor-



oughly worked; manufactories are few, and most of the industries which do flourish are conducted by Englishmen or Brazilians. Wine making is one of the principal industries. In and around the cities many have small gardens to raise vegetables for city consumption. These are taken to a large open market, whence they are bought by men and women hawkers, who carry large baskets full, either on the shoulders or on the head, about the street, supplying those who can not go to the market to buy.

Fishing occupies the attention of quite an army. A very pretty sight it is to see the fishing fleet of small sailboats standing out to sea, where they catch the finny tribe. These fish are unloaded at the fish market, to be in turn bought by retailers, who are men, women, and children. The retailer sells from house to house, or in small shops. Many in these parts are in the trades, or work as servants for the rich and the foreigners. Some of the rich are called "Fidalgos," or "men of leisure." These may or may not have a title; they perhaps own a small farm with an income sufficient to allow them plenty of leisure.

Another interesting thing is the cork industry. In the latter part of July and August this valuable product is gathered. When the bark is taken from the tree, no more can be gathered for seven years. It is piled and loaded on cars to be shipped to some place for cutting. From this bark comes our corks for bottles, cork limbs, insoles for shoes, life-preservers, and many other useful articles. The illustration of the cork workers shows them as they gathered at mid-day for lunch. Their traveling blankets, a necessary thing to the Portuguese, are hanging on poles strung to the limbs of a cork tree. Almost any time on the beach, one can see blocks of cork which have floated down the river Tagus, and finally landed on the shore. This reminds me of the stream of literature which is, and should be, flowing out to the great sea of humanity, where some here and there finds lodgment in a secure place,—an honest heart.

#### Beginning Work in Portugal

The twenty-sixth of September, 1904, we landed at Lisbon from the steamer "Magdalena" coming from Southampton, bound for Brazil. Our first work was to learn the language. Beginning with a teacher, we studied for five



CORK WORKERS OF PORTUGAL

months. Not making the progress we desired, we changed location as well as teacher. The second knew how to adapt herself to our circumstances, and we made progress so that by November, 1905, we began to conduct Bible studies in homes of friends. By the beginning of 1906 I began to preach in our own house to an audience of from ten to twenty-five persons, besides having singing once a week for the purpose of attracting some to the gospel.

Having been able to translate some readings from *The Family Bible Teacher*, helped by kind friends and authorized by our Latin Union Com-

mittee, with funds supplied by friends of the cause living in California, I published two of three thousand copies each. Of these and some English tracts I distributed about seven thousand pages.

One day, while distributing in a neighboring village, I handed a copy to a gentleman, who directed me to some working men, saying to them, "Accept, accept, this is very good. It is from the Bible." As I was about to depart, he called, saying, "Is this Catholic?" I replied, "No." He then said, "If it had been Catholic, I would not have anything to do with it." After a conversation, I learned that he had never talked with a Protestant, but for years he had known that the Catholic religion was false. He had practically left the church, and is desirous of something better. He bought a Bible and a copy of "Gospel Primer," and has the Portuguese paper to read, also a number of tracts. We pray that this man may lose his fear of the Jesuits and walk in the light.

From Lisbon, a young man wrote me, asking for literature, saying that maybe the Lord would shed new light on his life. Another man bought copies of everything we have printed in the language, and is desirous of still more when ready. He is also selling "Gospel Primer" and "Steps to Christ" as he has opportunity. Because of seeming obstacles, I have not been able to hold continued Bible studies with either, partly owing to the work of one, and the illness of the other's wife. These are hopeful cases.

About seven or eight months ago I began sending *The Signs of the Times*, a club of which was supplied by a dear old sister in Grinnell, Iowa, and a Portuguese brother in California, to an English lady in Lisbon. Once I sent a number of *Present Truth*, and finally a set of the *Signs of the Times* leaflets. One day while in the city I called at her place to see how she liked the papers. Of course, she liked them very much, and especially those on the Sabbath. After a short study and prayer, I left her, after asking her to study carefully and seriously the importance of keeping holy God's day. During the week, I received a card in response to a letter I

wrote, saying that we were welcome to spend Sabbath afternoon in study at her house. Then, during a study on "Who Changed the Sabbath?" she said, "Well, I shall try to keep the Sabbath." How we did rejoice to hear this, the first fruit of the truth in Portugal! Will not those who furnished the papers receive their reward?

A usual thing seen in converts to this truth is a readiness to spread this message. This lady is a widow, and has one son of twenty-three years, who was reared a Catholic, while she was an Episcopalian. She has two nieces, young ladies, whom she says will keep the Sabbath, for she

has told them of her change, and the reasons for it. They are Catholics, yet this truth about the Sabbath appeals to them strongly.

You would all have enjoyed a social service which we had last Sabbath. After a Bible study on confessing Christ before the world, in which a family of Portuguese engaged,—father, mother, two sons, one married son with his wife,—together with our English sister, opportunity was given to testify. The oldest and youngest sons spoke of their thankfulness to God for this blessed truth, and desired to spread a knowledge of it among their countrymen. The young woman who came out of Catholicism, said her husband had begged her to attend Protestant meetings, but she never desired to go. Now she thanked God for this truth that had attracted her.

The father, who just lately accepted the truth, told how he had been bowing down to images of



MAIN STREET IN CARCAVELLOS, PORTUGAL

wood, stone, gold, and silver, which have ears, but do not hear; eyes, but do not see; mouths, but do not speak; but now he was thankful he could worship the true God, and keep his law and the Sabbath. One son has said, "This Christian life is good, but in the work I have chosen, I can not keep the Sabbath." His desire and ambition is to be a pilot. The father is a furniture maker, and his shop is closed on the Sabbath. The youngest son is working in the Department of Justice, but so far has the Sabbath free. We desire to educate this young man of eighteen years and his older brother to be workers. In this family, of which only one was a Protestant, we have seen the special working of God's power. Some time ago the father did not care to know anything of Protestantism, but now he is all aglow with the truth.

Now, let me appeal to our young people, students, Young People's Societies, Society leaders, and others young and old, to please remember the mother country of the Portuguese language and people. In remembering the fountainhead of the people, the branches will receive their share of attention. If there is a Society that wants to assist in educating Portuguese workers, please open correspondence with the Mission Board.

Our need here is literature published in the country. For this, money is required, of course. Who will take to heart the needs of the natives in Portugal, in East and West Africa, and in the isles that wait for his law? Forty million Portuguese cry aloud for freedom from Catholicism, darkness, and sin. Who will help? May God lay the burden on students to study the language, on some to supply funds, and others to pray. May he put his Spirit upon the people to bring them to him, and his power upon his representatives of present truth already here and in other places.

C. E. RENTFRO.

THE hardened soul can not be courageous.





### The Pebbles' Lesson

How smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!  
But, do you know,  
The ocean worked a hundred years  
To make them so?

And once I saw a little girl  
Sit down and cry  
Because she could n't cure a fault  
With one small "try"!

—Selected.

### Work Among the Jewish Children

WE are sure that the young people would like to know how the work is progressing at the mission in Boston, and among the Jews in general. While the superintendent was obliged to be absent from the mission much of the time during the summer, the blessing of God attended the efforts put forth by the workers who remained, and several of the Jews became much interested. One feature is of special interest, and that is the influence of the work among the children.

Our sewing school for the children was started very soon after the mission was opened; for the Master said we must feed the lambs as well as the sheep. Part of the exercises of the school is to sing hymns and to have Bible stories. When we began to teach the children the songs, as soon as they would hear the name *Jesus*, they would place their fingers in their ears. After a little they would take them part way out, and listen whether that name was again mentioned. As soon as they heard that sweet name sung, their fingers would quickly close their hearing. This was embarrassing to the teachers, and a very peculiar experience to overcome. But the grace of the Lord Jesus has power sufficient to overcome every obstacle.

The little people continued to come for a few weeks, and what a change! We promised to take them for an outing, and we did so the last part of July. The Melrose (Mass.) Sanitarium very kindly granted us the privilege of coming to their grounds, and spending the day there. We chartered a car, and took with us an organ and hymn-books. It would certainly have made your hearts rejoice if you could have seen these same children as they rode through the Jewish Ghetto of greater Boston, singing the blessed gospel songs of the Lord Jesus, with the name of Jesus and Saviour in them, the same as any Christian child. Many of them learned to love not only to sing, but to sing the name of Jesus.

The accompanying picture was taken during the exercises of the afternoon at the picnic ground. It would doubtless surprise some to know that it was the first time that a number of these children had ever seen a wild flower or many cultivated flowers. The influence of that

gathering we feel sure will bring good results.

We have begun our school again this fall. We have been hindered thus far on account of lack of teachers; but we expect that some of the sisters in the churches near by will come to the rescue, and teach these children, that they may learn to love Jesus.

One little girl, eight years old, came into the meetings the other Sabbath. She told one of the teachers that her sister had gone to the theater, but she did not want to go, as she preferred to come to the mission to hear about God. She said she loved God, and wanted to go to that beautiful home the man was preaching about.

We are glad for the interest the young people have taken in this work, and we can assure them that any assistance they can render toward ma-

While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt a light touch on my hair, and as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me, it had an awful suggestiveness.

"I shall have to cut, and cut deep," I said to her keeper. He said a few words in some lingo, evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, "Cut away!"

Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not ungently. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me, and I hesitated about going on.

"Shall I cut again?" I managed to call out.

"Cut away!" came the response.

This stroke did the work. A mass of fetid matter followed the knife; the abscess was lanced.

We sprayed out the foot, packed it, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp of my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long sigh.

A year and a half after this I was called to western Massachusetts. Barnum's show was there. You may be sure I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"Hebe's well and hearty, sir," the keeper answered me. "Come in and see her; she'll be glad to see you."

For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk and laid it caressingly on my hair, and then she lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me.—*Youth's Companion*.



king the sewing school a success will be greatly appreciated. May God help all to pray for this branch of his cause.

F. C. GILBERT.

### Helping an Elephant

A VETERINARY surgeon who had won reputation was once summoned by P. T. Barnum to come to his stables to attend Hebe, a favorite elephant that had hurt her foot. She was a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune. The surgeon tells the story of his experience and its results in *Our Dumb Animals*:—

Hebe had stepped on a nail or a bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She was in intense agony—almost wild with pain.

Long before we reached the enclosure in which she was kept, we could hear her piteous trumpeting; and when we entered, we found her on three legs, swinging the sore foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering loud cries of anguish. Her keeper said, "Don't you be afraid, sir. Hebe's got sense." But I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

The men employed about the show came round us curiously as I bent down to examine the foot.

He was by no means handsome; he had a turned-up nose, and a little squint in one eye; and Jennie Mills said you couldn't stick a pin anywhere on his face where there wasn't a freckle. And his hair, she said, was carrot color, which pleased the children so much that they called him "Carrotty" "for short." O, nobody ever thought of calling Tommy Carter handsome! For that matter, no one thought him a hero; yet even then he had some of the qualities which help to make heroes.

For instance, he was brave enough to go to school day after day with patched knees and elbows, the patches of quite a different color from the trousers and shirt-waist, and to say not a word at home of the boys who shouted "Hello, Patchey!" or of Jennie Mills's asking whether she should not bring him a piece of her yellow cashmere for patches, to match his hair and freckles.

He had shed a few tears in private that day. The boys yelled and shouted so over what Jennie said that he couldn't help it. The scholars were used to laughing at Jennie Mills's sayings, and she was spoiling her character by always trying to think of something to say that would make people laugh.

### Tommy, the Hero

#### A True Incident of the Earthquake



But on his way home Tommy stopped at the fountain on the square, and gave his eyes a good wash, so his mother would not suspect tears. Tommy knew that he had his mother to think about; she had been left in his care. Tommy was only seven when his father, Tom Carter, was crushed between two engines. Nobody seemed to know just how it happened; only the man who had charge of the other engine had been drinking; anyway, it *happened*. They took Tom Carter home on a stretcher; and just before he died, he said: "Good-by, Tommy. Father trusts you to take care of mother and Sissy." After that would Tommy say anything to his mother about patches or teasing, or let her see tears?

There was another thing that Tommy had courage to do; that was to take constant care of Sissy. All day Saturday and all day Sunday, and on school-days just as much time as he could spare, Tommy gave to Sissy. It was he who fed her, and washed her face a great many times a day, and coaxed her to sleep, and took her to ride in her little cart, or walked very slowly when she chose to toddle along by his side, and changed her dress when she tumbled into the coal-box or sat down in a mud puddle. And he had been known to wash out a dress and a nightgown for Sissy when his mother was ill. There was really nothing too hard or too "girlish" for Tommy to do for his little sister. Once, somebody who saw him trying to mend a hole in the baby's petticoat called him "Sissy," and the name clung; for a while the school yard rang with shouts of "Sissy Carter." But not a word of this did Mother Carter hear.

"Did you have a good time to-day?" his mother would ask, and Tommy, with Sissy in his arms, crowing with delight that she had got him again, would answer, cheerfully: "A first-rate time. I got a big 'A' for spelling, and teacher said I had improved in my writing;" and not a word would be hinted about the nicknames or the jeers.

But better school-days came to Tommy before that last thing happened by which people found out that he was a hero.

A new little girl came into the fourth grade. She was a pretty girl, and wore pretty dresses and a fluff of brown curls about her face. She was "smart," too, the boys said; they said she could say "lots funnier things than Jennie Mills." Then her name pleased them very much. It was Angela.

Whether or not she was "smarter" than Jennie Mills, it is true that Angela said some things that Jennie had never thought of.

"Tommy Carter is real good-natured," she said one day. "And he isn't one bit selfish. Don't you know how he gave the best seat to little Eddie Cooper this morning, and stood off in a corner where he couldn't see much? I like Tommy."

The scholars stared. Somehow it had never occurred to them to "like Tommy;" but, when it had been once mentioned, they seemed to wonder that they had not thought of it. Tommy *was* good-natured and very obliging. Not a day passed when he did not in some small way prove this. As for his patches, Angela did not seem to notice them at all; and, if she didn't, why should anybody? So in a few days a queer thing happened. The boys stopped teasing Tommy, and began in little ways to be kind to him. Some of the older ones, when they happened to have an extra apple or pear, fell into the habit of saying, "Here, want this?" and would toss it to Tommy. And when they discovered that he saved a piece of everything for Sissy, they did not laugh at all, for Angela said, "How nice in him to do that!"

Soon they began to save up bright little things themselves for Sissy—bits of paper, half-worn toys, once a new red ball. None of them real-

ized it, but this was really the influence of the new little girl, with brown curls.

In that way it came to pass that Tommy lost many of his chances for being a hero, but a new one was coming.

Tommy lived in a large tenement-house on one of the back streets of San Francisco. Seven other families lived in the same house. One Monday evening Mrs. Carter told the woman who lived across the hall that she had done the hardest day's work of her life, and was so "dead tired" that she felt as if she should like to go to bed and never get up.

At five o'clock the next morning, she, with Sissy close beside her and Tommy in a little cot at the far end of the room, were all sound asleep. Suddenly the walls of the big tenement-house began to sway from side to side in the strangest manner, and there was at the same second a terrible crashing noise; and the kitchen table in the corner tipped over, and the dishes in the corner cupboard slid to the floor and went to pieces, and the big wardrobe that was a bureau and a clothes-closet all in one moved out into the middle of the room, and the stove fell down. All these things happened so fast, and the earth was full of such strange, wild noises, that for a second nobody knew what was the matter.

Tommy Carter had got to his mother's side before the noise was over, but he found that she could not stir; her bed was covered with bricks, and there was a great hole in the wall. Tommy did not know it then, but he understood afterward that the chimney had fallen on his mother's bed.

"Tommy," she gasped, "it's an earthquake! Take Sissy and run!"

"But, mother!" he cried, "O mother! I can't leave you."

"Never mind me, Tommy; take her quick! She isn't hurt. Maybe there'll be another. Tommy, you take care of Sissy! RUN!"

And Tommy ran, with just the little shirt on in which he had been sleeping, and with an old quilt that his mother's arms had wrapped about the sleeping baby.

What an awful street was that into which he ran! What an awful road he had to go to get to it! Part of the side wall of the house was gone, and the stairs swayed from side to side as he stepped on them; but he reached the street, and it looked as if everything on it had tumbled down, and all the people in the world were running about, wringing their hands and crying. Then suddenly an awful cry arose, "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

"Mother! O mother!" Tommy screamed, and he tried to scramble back over the fallen walls by which he had come. He must take care of his mother. But a strong hand held him.

"Keep away, youngster. Don't you see that the wall is falling! Run!"

But where should he run? The whole city seemed to be burning, and everywhere was horror and terror. In trying to cross a street, Tommy was knocked down, and was for a second under the feet of a plunging horse. But he got out, and reached the sidewalk with Sissy still safe, and he did not know that his arm was broken.

"Wasn't it lucky that Sissy was on the other arm?" he said, speaking to nobody.

That *awful* day! Nobody who lived through it will ever forget it. Tommy Carter spent it struggling, pushing, panting, tugging, trying to get somewhere with Sissy. And Sissy cried for food, and then for water; and there was none of either to give her; and then she lay back still, and he thought she was dying. The crowds swarmed and surged about him, crying, groaning, praying, cursing, yelling orders; and above all that awful din arose the awful roar of the fire. The city was burning up! Oh, *where* was mother? And where was a safe place for Sissy? And why did his arm hurt so? What was the matter with him? His head was whirling round and round.

Was he going to die and leave Sissy? He never would!

Suddenly he roused to fresh energy. Somebody was trying to take Sissy.

"Don't you touch her!" he cried, fiercely. "Don't you *dare*! Let her alone, I say;" and he fought like a wild animal.

"But, my poor boy," said the doctor who was bending over him. But Tommy was insane with pain and fear.

"Let her be, I say!" he screamed. "Mother said I wasn't to let anybody take her, and I won't! I'll kill you if you touch her! I'll, I'll——" and then Tommy fell back in a dead faint.

When he waked up, he was in a large, quiet room in a clean bed. "Where is Sissy?" he called out in terror. A woman in white bent over him, and spoke low.

"Hush, dear; don't try to move. Sissy is safe and well and happy."

"Where is she, ma'am?" said Tommy. "I must have her right here by me. I can take care of her as well as not; I always do; and—I promised mother, you see; and she's awfully scared of strangers."

"She isn't afraid of us; she is very happy here. I have sent for her to come and see you. Ah, here she comes this minute."

And there was Sissy, smiling, in the arms of a woman in a white gown and cap, herself in the prettiest of white dresses. She laughed for joy at sight of Tommy, but was quite willing to stay in the young woman's arms.

"Little darling!" said the nurse. "She wasn't hurt a bit; and she is *so* sweet!"

"And where is mother, ma'am?" asked Tommy. "Was she hurt so that she can't take care of Sissy? I'm feared she was. When can I go to her? I have to take care of mother. Does she know that I kept Sissy safe?"

The two nurses looked at each other, and seemed not to know just how to answer so many questions; but the doctor, who had come up a moment before, stepped forward and spoke cheerily.

Tommy smiled gratefully.

"And when can I go and take care of her, sir? Was mother hurt? I remember all about it now. Is mother safe?"

"You have been very ill, and did not know what was happening. You did not even know Sissy when we brought her to see you."

"Oh!" said Tommy with a faint smile. "How queer! Didn't know Sissy! It's so nice that she takes to the pretty lady, and that mother is safe. I'm very sleepy, sir. Would it be right to go to sleep if the pretty lady can take care of Sissy for a little while?"

"Quite right, my boy. We will take the best possible care of Sissy." The doctor's voice was husky, and he turned away soon, as Tommy's heavy eyes had closed, with his own eyes dim.

"O doctor!" said both nurses. But the doctor smiled.

"He is going, the brave little hero!" he said. "And we, you and I, will take care of Sissy for him."

"Yes, indeed!" said the pretty nurse, with a sob; and she kissed Sissy.—*Mrs. G. R. Alden, in Junior Christian Endeavor World.*

A FLEET of eighty merchant ships, each carrying one thousand three hundred and forty tons, would be required, it is estimated, to transport all the Bibles now in circulation.

A FOREIGN jeweler has made a tiny boat formed of a single pearl. The sail is made of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. It weighs less than half an ounce, and is valued at five thousand dollars.



## BIBLE READERS COURSE

### Bible Questions from Oregon

NAME the person who made each of the following remarks, and tell the circumstances that called forth the saying:—

1. "Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord."
2. "My punishment is greater than I can bear."
3. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."
4. "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee."
5. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"
6. "All these things are against me."
7. "If I perish, I perish."
8. "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"
9. "Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them."
10. "There shall not a man be put to death this day: for to-day the Lord hath wrought salvation in Israel."
11. "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord."
12. "It is I; be not afraid."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.



UTICA, Mo., Oct. 17, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I like to read it. I go to Sabbath-school. My teacher's name is Alie Guthrie. I attend school at home. I went to the public school last winter. I have two sisters and one brother.

WARREN CAMPBELL.

LAKE VILLAGE, ARK., Oct. 30, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR and its readers. There is no Sabbath-school here, so we have Sabbath-school at home. I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR. I am thirteen years old. I am the oldest boy in our family.

WILLIAM EDWARD BROWN.

OSWEGO, KAN., Oct. 19, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I think the INSTRUCTOR is the most helpful paper ever published for the youth. I like to read it, and I get many valuable lessons from it. An intermediate church-school has just been started at this place in a new, two-room building, and I am attending it. We have an excellent opportunity to receive the necessary training to become workers in Christ's vineyard.

HAZEL BALDWIN.

LAKE VILLAGE, ARK., Oct. 30, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I wish some of the INSTRUCTOR readers would write to me. We take the INSTRUCTOR, and I love to read it very much. I have five brothers and three sisters. We have Sabbath-school at home every Sabbath. I am nine years old. I live in the country. I have read "Easy Steps" and "Bible Stories." I would like to go to school. There is no school near us.

MARY C. BROWN.

PROCTOR, VT., Oct. 26, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have not seen any letters from Proctor, I will send one. I am thirteen years old, and I have four brothers and one sister. My school is three miles from here; we ride in a wagon that has seats along the sides, and steps at the end to go up into it. We live on a farm, and have fifty-four cows, besides many calves. I want to be found faithful to the end.

MARY BARTON.

CHEBOYGAN, MICH., Oct. 17, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is the first letter I have written to the INSTRUCTOR. I thought you would be interested to know about our company of Sabbath-keepers here. We have a Sabbath-school of twenty, known as the Hebron Sabbath-school. We have Sabbath-school at our house. Sister Irene Dingman is my teacher, and I like her very much. I am fourteen years old, and am in the seventh grade. I have to go to the public school. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR, it has so many good things in it. I like the new lessons for the intermediate class; they are easily learned. I would like to see my letter in print if it would not crowd out any others. I am trying to be a good boy, and want to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in the new earth.

ADRIAN CAMPBELL.

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### XII—Events Connected with the Coming of Christ

(December 22)

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." 1 Cor. 15:51.

REVIEW.—The last days will be days of —. Men's hearts will fail for —. Joel says —. Plowshares will be beaten into —, and pruning-hooks into —. This takes place just before the —. In the last days the time will be — because —. As the days of — were, when people were —, so will also the —. Likewise as it was —. They —, but the day — went from —, it rained —, and all were —. When we see all these signs, we may know —. The words of the Lord are more sure than —. The day of the Lord will come as —. Therefore we should —.

#### Questions.

1. How many who sleep in the grave will rise again? John 5:28. What will waken them? When they hear that voice, what will they do?
2. Who will descend from heaven at that time? 1 Thess. 4:16. What voice will be heard? Who is the archangel? Who will rise from the grave first?
3. When will the wicked dead be raised? Rev. 20:5.
4. What does Paul say about this time? What will happen to those who are living when Jesus comes? 1 Cor. 15:51.
5. How long will it take to make this change? When will it take place? How will the dead be raised? 1 Cor. 15:52.
6. From what will the righteous be redeemed? Hosea 13:14.
7. As the dead awake, what will they do? Isa. 26:19.
8. What song will they sing? 1 Cor. 15:55.
9. Where will the righteous go after they are made immortal? 1 Thess. 4:17. Who will go with them at the same time? Whom will they meet? Where will the meeting take place? How long will they stay with their Lord?
10. For what other purpose does the Lord come? Isa. 26:21.
11. How will the wicked be destroyed? 2 Thess. 2:8.

#### Lesson Story

As Jesus comes in the clouds of heaven, "all the righteous that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth."

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first." "The rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished."

Some of the righteous will be living when

Jesus comes, for "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye [as quickly as you can wink your eye] at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. . . . Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

The Lord says: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death. O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction; repentance shall be hid from mine eyes."

"Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

As the righteous awake, they will sing, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

The Lord also comes "to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity;" and they "shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and be destroyed with the brightness of his coming."

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### XII—The High Calling

(December 22)

MEMORY VERSE: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things." Rom. 10:15.

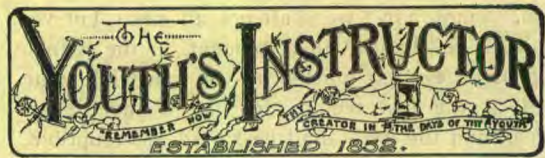
#### Questions

1. What is the experience of the minister called of God? 1 Cor. 9:16.
2. What is he to preach? When is he to deliver his message? 2 Tim. 4:2.
3. Whom alone should the minister endeavor to please in his preaching? 2 Tim. 2:15.
4. What is he to give to the people? Verse 15.
5. What solemn responsibility rests upon the gospel minister? Eze. 33:7, 8.
6. What does God say of him who fails to deliver his message? Verse 8.
7. What is true when the message has been faithfully delivered? Verse 9.
8. In this case what does the messenger become to the two classes that hear him? 2 Cor. 2:15, 16.
9. Since this is true, whom alone must he preach? 1 Cor. 2:2.
10. How diligent should the ministry be in the exercise of their gifts? Acts 6:4.
11. With whom does the minister labor? 1 Cor. 3:9.
12. How will his reward be reckoned? Verses 7, 8.
13. How has the Lord ordained that they who preach the gospel shall be supported? 1 Cor. 9:14.
14. What promise is made to those who turn many to righteousness? Dan. 12:3; note.

#### Note

It is said of Jesus that "for the joy that was set before him," he "endured the cross, despising the shame." That joy is in seeing the blood-bought throng before the throne, "filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory," and of knowing that all this bliss could not have been experienced, had it not been for his sacrifice. Isa. 53:11. The faithful minister will share in the joy of his Lord, when he himself stands before the throne, and sees around him the vouchers of his ministry—the flock he has nourished, fed, and saved.





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

"God does not always pay at sunset, nor at the end of the week; but at last he pays."

SIDNEY LANIER, our Southern poet, was a knightly and clean-tongued boy. Why should not every boy merit the same reputation?

NINETY-EIGHT thousand two hundred and twenty-five Bibles in the Spanish and Portuguese languages have been circulated among 1,129 towns and villages of South America by representatives of the American Bible Society.

ONE who has obtained within the past year thirty yearly subscriptions to the INSTRUCTOR says: "Every one is greatly pleased with the paper. It is a genuine joy to secure readers when I know it will prove a blessing. May the good work go on."

THERE are in Greater New York nearly one million Jews, and nearly every State of the Union has a large representation of this people. Massachusetts has one hundred thousand, and the rest of New England has as many more. Almost without exception these know nothing of the joys of a personal Saviour. They are in need of help.

MISS PEARL STAFFORD is the first member of the Reading Circle to report having completed the work. She says:—

I have finished the five books of the Reading Circle since the first of the year. They are "Christ's Object Lessons," "Our Paradise Home," "Steps to Christ," "From Eden to Eden," and "The Coming King." I have received much good from them. Thanks to the Reading Circle, which encouraged me to read them.

The Missing Piccolo

SIR MICHAEL COSTA was once leading a rehearsal. There was a very large number of players, and away off in one corner was a man with a piccolo. He stopped playing, thinking it would not be observed, since his instrument was so small, and there were so many others playing. Suddenly he was surprised by the leader's stopping the whole orchestra and calling out, "Where is the piccolo?" In the world's great orchestra, our Father has given to each of us his part. Not one can drop out without marring the harmony of God's plan. Let us be faithful, however small may be the work given us to do.

The Ingathering Services

IF your church has held its Ingathering service, why not send a report of the amount of the offerings to the INSTRUCTOR. All are interested to learn what amount was given throughout the country. The offering of the church at Bauer, Michigan, was \$17.25; of the church at Decatur, Illinois, \$5.80. One isolated sister who raised ground cherries sent in \$6.10. One little fellow at Clinton, Iowa, earned one dollar for an offering. The church at Takoma Park, Washington, D. C., held their services Sabbath, November 3, and made an offering of \$50.70 to the mission fields. The church at Wilmington, Delaware, gave \$9.56. The State of Iowa received, and has sent to the Mission Board, \$181.46 from the various churches that held the Ingathering services. Let us hear from all who have made similar thanksgiving offerings.

Edythe's Prayer

A MOTHER had gone up-stairs with her little girl to prepare her for bed. Just as she was

Reign of Evil

THE city of Pittsburg has been afflicted for some time by an epidemic of crime. More than one hundred robberies and burglaries in one month, the murder of several leading citizens by midnight assassins, and the crucifixion of one young woman, has been the city's fearful record. The streets are unsafe, and one's own home offers little security.

An increase of forty per cent has been made in the police force, vigilance committees have been formed to patrol the streets at night, and large rewards have been offered, yet the mystery of the dark crimes is still unsolved.

"San Francisco's Second Crisis"

The foregoing words recently formed the head lines to an article in one of our leading magazines, and they refer to the plague of greed and corruption with its legitimate fruit of vice and crime, that is to-day afflicting the stricken city.

The responsibility for the city's present humiliation and travail rests upon her own citizens. Insurance companies, industrial corporations, and municipal officials have all taken part in this shameless proceeding. Blackmailing, graft, extortion, mulcting, looting, cheating, are said to be the order of the day. Even the relief fund has been tampered with.

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. . . . Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse." One who keeps at all in touch with current events can but know that there is abundant evidence that we are in the last days. Let us be awake to the hour, and do what we can to stem the tide of evil.

A Passing Art

AMONG the cherished memories of a certain charming old lady is that of a teacher of her childhood, whose theory of life was reduced to a simple principle: "Learn to read well, young ladies—to enunciate distinctly, to modulate the voice pleasingly, to interpret the words of the author with sympathy and understanding. Learn to read well, and all other virtues will follow."

It is possible that the acquirement of all the virtues seems a slightly more complicated matter than it did to the old lady of seventy years ago. Nevertheless, the advice is not to be laughed away, if only because it recalls the days' when reading aloud was counted one of the most desirable of the fine arts of life.

Many a gray-haired man or woman who never heard of "round tables," and never discovered that authors had early or late styles, yet knows his Scott or Thackeray or Shakespeare as few young people of to-day ever know them. In part, this is due to the fact that the field of reading now covered by young people is much larger than it was half a century ago.

A deeper cause lies in the decline of the habit of reading aloud. We have no time now to read aloud, we say. Perhaps not; yet before we decide, might it not be well to consider whether any other recreation offers more permanent pleasure or greater enrichment to the life? Books read aloud winter evenings about the fire, with the whole family sharing the interest and the discussions, will hold a warmth of color which time will not dim. Between their pages will lie countless happy memories—a treasure whose value will deepen through all the years to come.—*Youth's Companion*.

### A Christmas Hint

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If you are going to make a Christmas present to friends or relatives, why not give them the INSTRUCTOR for a year? Can you think of a more desirable present for the expenditure—fifty-two gifts in one, for only seventy-five cents? Think of this suggestion, and decide to make some one happy during every week of 1907.

ready to listen to the child's prayer, she was urgently called to go down-stairs. As she arose to go, she said, "Now darling, mama must leave you for a little while. You will say your prayers by yourself to-night, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, mama, I'll try," the little one answered, as her mother left the room. On her return, Mrs. B stopped at the door of the bedroom and listened. She heard little Edythe say: "Now Lord Jesus, I have told you a great deal about myself. I wish you would tell me something about yourself." A moment of perfect silence followed, then the child sweetly lisped, "Thank you, Jesus. That was very nice you told me."

The secret of all true communion with our Saviour is given by little Edythe. Many of us, no doubt, lose much by not waiting in silence at the altar of prayer to hear the Saviour tell us of himself. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

"EVERY word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him."