

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 11



On the Shore of Manila Bay — No. 1

THERE is always something inspiring as well as restful in the sight of the sea, and, no doubt, Manila recognized the fact when she built her famous Malacon Drive, the favorite thoroughfare for vehicles outside the city. Certainly no more complete and therefore refreshing change from the heat and dirt of the town, with its narrow, uneven streets, could be found than is afforded by a drive along this smoothly paved roadway, on a breezy day, with the southern skies smiling overhead, and the warm blue sea shimmering and dimpling in the distance, or dashing close at hand in full tide against the rocks of the embankment.

Malacon Drive follows the shore of the bay from the Pasig, onward, in a beautiful, perfect curve. One side is open to the sea, but the side next the walled city is bordered by a row of young cocoanut trees whose trunks are just beginning to form, and whose tall plumy leaves show a general tendency to lean landward, trained by the persistent forces of the never-ceasing sea breezes. The Drive ends at the Pasig River, where one takes boat for river or sea, while in the other direction it leads to the Luneta, that most popular of Manila's pleasure resorts, where the band plays each evening, and the people congregate to listen to the music. The well-to-do roll along the shore in their carriages; numerous pedestrians pass up and down; while, now and then, perhaps a slow-stepping *caraboa* may be seen with a Filipino on his back, or hauling a jolting cart loaded with cocoanuts or bananas.

Here, as in all tropical countries, evening is the time of the people's greatest activity, and at that hour Malacon Drive puts on its liveliest air, presenting a scene of ever-changing, never-flagging interest. All the varied types of Manila's cosmopolitan population are represented in the evening frequenters of this particular thoroughfare, and a motley lot it is. Americans of many stations, from soldier to diplomat; Filipinos, male and female, dark-skinned and picturesque; Spaniards, from priest to peasant; Chinese, Japanese, Malay, are always in evidence; while a sprinkling of visiting representatives of other nations are



"THE CARABOA IS A USEFUL BEAST"

never lacking to add their portion of interest to the throng.

There are few sights or scenes along its entire stretch to detract from the attractions of Malacon Drive itself, as it makes its long, unbroken sweep, with the sea on one side and the city wall on the other. But various gateways provide easy access to old Manila, while at its opposite end the Drive connects just as conveniently with the new town. Here one can drive about among well-built buildings of wood and tile, having quite an up-to-date air, and occupied principally by the foreign resident population. In fact, as a whole, this portion of Manila impresses one as decidedly modern, and in some ways, as occidental rather than oriental.

Scattered about among the better buildings, however, in back yard and back street, like the ever-present sheds and shanties in the out-of-the-way places of American towns, can be seen almost anywhere the quaint homes of the Filipino, structures which, judging by appearances, are



"MALACON DRIVE FOLLOWS THE SHORE"

scarcely more substantial than birds' nests, of which they remind one in their style of architecture. They are built of split bamboo poles covered with *nepa* in overlapping rows like shingles; a thatch of *nepa* forms the roof; the windows consist of holes, closed with shutters of bamboo and *nepa*, or of plaited bark; and the floor is a platform of split bamboo, which is usually raised several feet above the ground as a protection from reptiles and insects. Housed in such dwellings, the Filipino might possibly fall a prey to the maladies resulting from undue exposure to the elements, but he certainly would never suffer from the effects of poor ventilation nor lack of germ-destroying sunshine.

Nor are these houses as frail as they look. When well made, they endure the jostling of tropic wind and storm in a manner truly wonderful, often standing season after season without rebuilding, even when, as is commonly the case, not a single nail or board enters into their construction. The *nepa* thatch sheds ordinary rains perfectly.

In a drive about Manila, in the vicinity of Malacon Drive or elsewhere, there is no more picturesque and interesting sight than these Filipino houses. They are often grouped in clusters in odd nooks and corners, with banana-trees in the angles, a



"THE QUIANT HOMES OF THE FILIPINOS"

tangle of tropic growth before the doors, and perhaps masses of bamboo, with a cocoanut-palm here and there, forming a background. The soft browns and grays of walls and thatch blend delightfully with the green of luxuriant verdure, while the golden sunlight of the South Sea islands adds the finishing touch to this typical scene in the Philippines.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

Our Little Friends in British Guiana

MRS. M. E. KNEELAND, Sabbath-school Secretary of the British Guiana Conference, writes a very interesting letter concerning the work of the children in Georgetown, British Guiana:—

"The children of the Mission Band here in the city recently rendered a very interesting program. It came in as a sort of conclusion to their four or five months' work in raising money for India. The program consisted of recitations and songs, especially touching on India and her needs. Some of the East Indian children from our day-school also took part in the service, and sang 'Jesus Loves Me,' in their own tongue. It had been the aim of the band to raise one pound for India, and when the offerings were brought in by the children, and the collection made, it was found, on counting the money afterward, that there was just one cent over the amount they had determined to raise, making a total of \$4.81. Most of this money was raised by the children in the sale of the *Caribbean Watchman*, and from missionary hens. It did the older ones good to see the zeal and enthusiasm of the children, and I am sure they too were greatly benefited by their sacrifices. And now that one of our workers from this field (Elder Enoch), with whom most of the children are somewhat acquainted, is soon to make that his field of labor, I am sure they will ever after have a greater interest in the work in that field, and we trust that some one of the children of the band may in time to come give himself to the work in that far-off land."

HATH thy heart sunshine? shed it wide;
The wearied world hath need of thee.
Doth bitterness within abide?
Shut fast thy door, and hold the key.

— Priscilla Leonard.



Opportunity

THERE is a gray-bearded maxim, honored on account of its venerable age, which runs thus: "Opportunity knocks once at each man's door." John J. Ingalls once wrote a sonnet on this proverb, and some say it is the finest sonnet ever written by an American. I am inclined to think this is so; and if it is, it proves for us that truth is one thing, and poetry another.

The actual fact is that in this day Opportunity not only knocks at your door, but is playing an anvil chorus on every man's door, and lays for the owner around the corner with a club. The world is in sore need of men who can do things. Indeed, cases can easily be recalled by every one where Opportunity actually smashed in the door and collared her candidate and dragged him forth to success. These cases are exceptional; usually you have to meet Opportunity half-way. But the only way you can get away from Opportunity is to lie down and die. Opportunity does not trouble dead men, nor dead ones who flatter themselves that they are alive.

Let no man repine on account of lack of early advantages. "If I had my say, I would set all the young folks to work, and send the old ones to school," said Socrates in 420 B. C. What Socrates meant was that after you have battled a bit with actual life and begun to feel your need of an education, you are for the first time ready to take advantage of your opportunities to learn. Education is a matter of desire. An education can not be imparted, it has to be won, and you win by working. And this fact, also, holds: the best-educated men are those who get their brain development out of their daily work, or at the time they are doing the work. Quitting work in order to get an education was the idea of a monk who fled from the world because he thought it was bad, an idea we have happily outgrown. It takes work to get an education, it takes work to use it, and it takes work to keep it. The great blunder of the colleges is that they have lifted men out of life in order to educate them for life. All educated college men know this and acknowledge it. In his last annual report President Eliot, of Harvard, made a strong appeal to parents to get their children into the practical world of life as soon as possible, and not expect a college degree of itself to insure success.

Those who want to grow and evolve should not give too much time to the latest novel and daily paper. Don't spread yourself out thin. Concentrate on a few things; the very best-educated men do not know everything. Choose what you will be, and then get at it. You'll win.

If you quit, it simply shows you did not want an education; you only thought you did—you are not willing to pay the price.

Why, in the Michigan State penitentiary at Jackson, I saw in a convict's cell three architect's designs tacked to the wall, and on a shelf were several books from the International Correspondence School at Scranton, Pa. "Is it possible," I asked Dr. Pray, the prison doctor, "is it possible that a convict is taking a correspondence course in architecture?"

"Not only that," was the reply, "but a great many of our men are studying hard to better their mental condition. This particular man has gotten beyond the amateur stage. You see he has been working at this course for three years. He draws plans for us, and is doing work for persons outside."

Then we hunted up the man and found him in the marble shop. He seemed pleased to know

that I had noticed his work. "You see," he said, "I work only six hours a day for the State, and after that my time is my own, and I try to improve it; there are no bowling alleys, pool rooms, nor saloons here—no place to go!"

And he smiled. I tried to, but couldn't; my eyes were filled with tears. A convict getting a practical education, and so many of us who think we are free frittering away our time!

If, in its anxiety to present itself, Opportunity will break into jail, surely those outside can not complain of Opportunity's lack of persistence in hunting out the ready and willing.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

The Price of Success

THERE is an interesting story told of the Duke of Wellington and a sculptor who was fashioning his statue. The artist wished his model to look warlike, but all his efforts were in vain, for the Duke seemed naturally to assume a pose that would be highly gratifying to the Peace Commission. At last the sculptor lost all patience, and said, despairingly: "As I am going to make this statue of your Grace, can you not tell me what you were doing before, say, the battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the field, and cheering on your men to deeds of valor by word and action?" "Bah!" replied the Duke, with unmistakable scorn, "if you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then represent me crawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand."

In the latest and one of the best works on the campaign of Waterloo by Henri Houssaye of the French Academy, we read that, the day before the famous battle, Napoleon, after pursuing the British calvary for three hours in the afternoon on the road from Quatre Bras to Waterloo, under a heavy rain, at breakneck speed, took shelter at sunset in a cottage at Le Caillou. He was streaming with water, and was as thoroughly drenched as if he had come out of a bath. After dictating orders to the army, and reading his Paris letters, he threw himself on his bed at nearly midnight, rose at 1 A. M., and under the rain, which was still pouring, made the entire round of his outposts. Returning at three o'clock, he listened to the reports of his scouts and spies, dictated fresh orders, and at 9 A. M. was on the battle-field again.

We see by this plain statement of facts that the general whose name rings in every ear, and whose victories thrill a nation with pride, does not become a hero by lofty conceptions alone, but by patient grapplings with difficulty, and endurance of hardships and disagreeable things, and by incessant, businesslike attentions to petty and vulgar details. As we have said elsewhere, a thousand tedious trifles attended to—a thousand orders given, and disappointments borne—go to the making up of a triumph. "See, the conquering hero comes!" is an inspiring tune; but, before this is played, he has to march in the rain and mud, do with snatches of sleep, pore over crumpled maps, and work sums after midnight, by a flickering lantern in a gusty tent.

So in every other worthy calling. Almost every successful man has fought his way up-hill, in the face of wind and sun. It has been justly said that the statue does not come to its white limbs at once. It is the bronze wrestler, not the flesh-and-blood one, that stands forever over a fallen foe, with the pride of victory in his face. The best and most valiant men have had their hours of failure, when they have been tempted to cast themselves down like Elijah under the juniper tree, and say, "It is enough, O Lord." Michael Angelo, who won the highest renown in three different branches of art—who reared the dome of St. Peter's church, executed the great statue of Moses, and covered the walls and ceiling of the Sistine chapel with masterpieces of painting—was so poor that, when he was working on

the statue of Pope Julius II, he could not receive a visit from his brother, because he had but one bed, in which he and three of his assistants slept together.

Few persons who enjoy the fruits of James Watt's genius, dream, as they travel fifty miles an hour in a luxurious car, of the thousand discouragements he encountered while toiling at his invention of the steam engine. Inheriting an exceedingly fragile constitution, he had with it a shrinking sensitiveness which unfitted him for the hardships and rough battles of life. All his days he was subject to violent headaches, which often confined him to his room for weeks together. Sometimes he was so overcome by these pains, which were the bane of his life, that he would sit by the fireside for hours, with his head leaning on his elbow, scarcely able to utter a word. While working many weary years at his great conception, he had to make and sell quadrants, make and mend fiddles, flutes, and other musical instruments, measure mason work, survey roads, and to seek employment as land surveyor and as civil engineer, in order to earn his daily bread. Often depressed and discouraged, he would have sunk under his disappointments but for the encouragement of friends. In April, 1769, when his invention had been plagiarized by one Moore, of London, he wrote to a friend, "Of all things in life, there is nothing more foolish than inventing." In his fiftieth year his despondency reached its climax, and he wrote to Mr. Boulton, his partner, "In the anguish of my mind, and the vexations occasioned by new and unsuccessful schemes, I, like Lovelace, 'curse my inventions,' and almost wish, if we could gather our money together, that somebody else would succeed in getting our trade from us." At a later day he wrote more sadly still, "I have been quite effete and listless, neither daring to face business, nor capable of it—my head and memory failing me much; my stable of hobby-horses pulled down, and the horses given to the dogs for carrion."—*William Matthews, in The Wellspring.*

The Habit of Diligence

WHEN John Wesley called his followers Methodists, he meant no more than this—that they were a people who lived upon a method. They lived by rule, and the rule applied to their time, to their thought, and to the general disposition of their life.

Wesley himself was the example of what he taught. He found that by the wise use of time he could get through an enormous quantity of work without fatigue. Some of his maxims are wise enough to be far better known than they are. For example, "Never be unemployed, and never be triflingly employed."

It is a matter of perpetual wonder to the biographers of Wesley that one man was able to accomplish so much. He not only governed with wisdom and personal vigilance a vast and growing community, but he preached regularly from three to four times a day, traveled yearly many thousands of miles, read all the current literature that was worth reading, engaged in public controversies, wrote with his own hand an immense number of letters every year, and finally published about one hundred books, including many departments of literature not immediately connected with his religious work, such as grammars, histories, treatises on physics, and even abridgments of works of fiction. How was all this done?—By making diligence a habit.—*William J. Dawson.*

The Heart Makes the Wish

Two little Indian boys, to whom the missionary, going back and forth across the plains on his errands of love, was a familiar figure, were talking the other day as to what they would like

to be and to do when they were men. One exclaimed: "I wish to be a preacher. Then I'd go and tell everybody all the good things I know."

The other hesitated for a while. It seemed to him the very best wish had been made. But suddenly his face brightened, and his shrill little voice rang out with a note of triumph: "I wish I could be a horse and buggy; I'd carry the preacher to tell the good things."

Those who heard it didn't laugh. They knew the earnestness of the heart from which it had come—a heart willing to be anything or to do anything so that the "good things" might "go" to others—willing to be even the preacher's horse and buggy if he couldn't be the preacher.—*Selected.*

Favorite Texts

THE text which I believe has been the greatest blessing to me was quoted to me by my mother when I was leaving home for the first time to attend school at South Lancaster, Massachusetts.

When bidding me good-by, she asked me to remember this text: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." The tender words of parting, and the great love I felt for my mother, doubly impressed the words of the text, and I have tried to profit by them during the succeeding years.

A few years later the same thought was impressed upon me by a lesson in psychology given by one of our teachers at South Lancaster. It was concerning the importance of the spiritual and mental man controlling the physical man; and the thought was emphasized by the common phrase, "I control myself," which seems to indicate that the thoughts, the convictions, the conscience, and the other, spiritual powers of a man should control the passions and tendencies which clamor for ascendancy in the flesh.

These two lessons, the first from my mother, and the second from a faithful teacher, have made a constant monitor of the words, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

E. R. PALMER.

The text of Scripture that has probably given me the most comfort is found in Isa. 41: 10, 13: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God." Many times while I was in South America, surrounded by dangers on every hand, this text came to my mind with special power. I call to mind particularly an instance when I was called to visit a certain tribe of Indians. I was advised not to go, as my life would be in great danger, but I felt impressed that it was my duty to go, or our future work among them would greatly suffer. As I traveled along alone on horseback for a distance of about twenty miles, that text kept ringing in my ears: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee."

If a young person should ask my advice as to his future, I would say: "Set your aim high, and work for it. Be determined that you will not let anything separate you from this work any sooner than you would be separated from the love of God." When I started in the work, I was a carriage painter by trade, earning good wages. I left that work, and began canvassing. I said, "I will never go back to painting buggies again." When I left home, I told my mother that I expected to remain in the work until the Lord should come. I have not changed my mind since.

H. F. KETRING.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9.

It was a beautiful Sabbath afternoon when a company of gospel workers entered the county jail in a Western city, to "preach deliverance to the captives, . . . to set at liberty them that

are bruised." Soon the corridors and dimly lighted cells were filled with melody; the Word of God was read, and the Holy Spirit came very near as the story of the cross was told to these sin-burdened and sin-hardened hearts. In response to the request of the leader for those who desired God's peace, to raise the hand, a poor outcast, with tears of penitence streaming down his face, expressed a desire to receive the Lord Jesus. Was his desire sufficiently strong to lead him to get on his knees before his fellow prisoners?—Yes; and there, on the cement floor, by the side of a rough wooden bench, the promise contained in the text was received into the heart, and he was translated from the kingdom of darkness into that of God's dear Son. As his hand was clasped through the bars of the cell, he told his story, the old story of sin, and said how great would be the happiness of his dear wife, an earnest Christian worker, when the glad tidings of his conversion reached her. And I imagine that when they met a few weeks later, and the story was repeated, the forgiveness and cleansing promised in the text made it a precious one to both.

It has long been so to me. For days before my conversion, I knew nothing but conviction and a feeling of awful oppression because of sin. Ministers of the gospel labored with me without success; but that was a glorious moment when the Spirit of God made real to me the promise, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And many times since that first experience has the text been made even more precious, when, through the weakness of the flesh, or neglect of prayer, or manifold temptation, sin was yielded to; but the promise accepted always brought peace and sweet communion with the God of all grace.

Many, many times have I seen a spirit of despondency vanish from some sinning believer as the precious promise was received by faith. Like the rainbow around the throne of God, "in sight like unto an emerald," ever fresh, ever verdant, never growing old, so the above promise is to me; it never waxes old, never loses its brilliancy. So may it become to all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

JOHN N. QUINN.

The Music of the Life

DR. MCKENZIE, in his book, "Getting One's Bearings," tells this good story:—

"When Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, was assailed with hostile criticism, the New York Herald offered him its columns for his reply. But he answered in his broken English, 'I t'ink, Mr. Bennett, it is best t'ey writes against me and I play against t'em.' 'You're right, Ole Bull, quite right,' was the editor's response."

"I play against t'em." Most suggestive utterance! Well could the great performer allow his music to speak for him. The music of the life—that will ever win its way. The best argument for Christianity has ever been the true Christian character.—*Selected.*

"Sink Like a Man"

A MAN came to Sir Andrew Clark complaining of depression, inability to do his work, and that he was tempted to rely on stimulants. Sir Andrew saw the perilous state and forbade resort to stimulants; and when the patient declared that he would be unequal to his work and would sink, he replied, "Then sink like a man." We need to have done with the servile creed that we must follow our impulses, and give in to every overmastering temptation. Strength is obtained through the strain. Each life has its own besetting temptations, its own share of trial; but "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."—*Selected.*

A Little Hero

"NEVER mind, mudder. Don't cry. Lots of kids gets jobs setting down." This actual utterance of a little child worker when taken to a hospital to have his legs amputated after a bad street accident illustrates better than any words of mine the prevailing spirit of the poor. The boy was writhing in agony. He saw his mother crying bitterly at his bedside. He mistook entirely the reason for her tears. With boylike unselfishness, he looked upon himself only as the wage-earner of the family. It actually never occurred to him that his mother could be concerned about his personal pain. He saw only the loss of income, supposed his mother was crying for that, and did his best, in his crude, brave boy way, to comfort her.—*Selected.*

Not Looking

THE story is told that a man trained his dog not to touch meat put before him when the master said, "No." When these trying times came, the dog's way of being obedient was not to trust himself to look at the meat, but always to look steadfastly at his master.

Isn't that a pointed object-lesson for humans? In one of the Bible temperance lectures we read, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red." Not looking at temptation, not letting the mind be filled with the power of its attraction, never letting it come to look more enticing than anything else, but turning away and looking toward the Master's face—that is a sure way of making one's self strong and safe when temptation of any kind lies before one.—*Editor of The Well-spring.*

The Milking Machine

MANY boys and girls of olden times would have rejoiced at sight of a milking machine, a thousand of which are now in use in this country. A cow can be milked clean with a machine in about two minutes, so it saves much time, and instead of injuring the cows as was predicted, it has proved to have a stimulating effect, the yield of milk being increased by a daily use of the machine. The cows themselves seem to take kindly to this new innovation, chewing their cuds as contentedly as though some soft-handed young woman were performing the operation.



The Power of a Laugh

THE tiny one-year-old of the family had fallen from his chair and lay so still and quiet that for minutes it seemed uncertain whether he might not be fatally injured. Presently, however, his eyes opened, and a smile began to move across his face—he had forgotten the hurt. Whereupon his little sister, only a year or two older than he, said delightedly to her mother, "O, he's going to laugh, so he won't die."

The saving power of a laugh! A good laugh has been known to save many a situation, and has proved better sometimes than argument or medicine. The worst is over when a laugh will come, and an effort to laugh will always help, even when the worst is still upon one. The brightening up of one's spirits acts invariably as a tonic that strengthens, stimulates, and comforts. Hearty, honest, healthful laughs are encouraging signs of one's being sound at heart, and there is some truth in this philosophy, which may be applied in many ways: Laugh and it won't hurt.—*The Well-spring.*



Our Field — The World South Africa — No. 2

Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song: No. 1055, "Hymns and Tunes."

Reading: From "Gospel Workers," page 378, second paragraph.

LESSON STUDY:—

Review.

Africa in the Bible.

First African Exploration.

Our Work in Africa.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Review

By what means was the Sabbath truth first made known in South Africa? Name several workers sent there from this country. What institutions have been established there? What is the population and area of the Cape Colony Conference? How many believers are now there? What noted missionary and his wife devoted their lives to teaching the gospel to African natives? Relate incidents in their work worth remembering.

Africa in the Bible

The man whom Philip met and baptized was "a man of Ethiopia." Acts 8: 26-40.

Ps. 68: 31 speaks of a time when Ethiopia shall "stretch out her hands unto God."

"A man of Cyrene, Simon by name," was compelled to bear the cross upon which the Saviour was crucified. See Matt. 27: 32. Cyrene was then an important seaport on the coast of Tripoli, between Carthage and Egypt.

The Apollos mentioned in Acts 18: 24-28 was "born at Alexandria," a city in Egypt.

The very name of Egypt recalls many incidents in the lives of the patriarchs. It is interwoven with the story of Joseph. It was the scene of the bondage of the Israelites for four hundred years. It was there that God wrought by "signs and wonders" to deliver his people.

First African Exploration

The first attempt to explore Africa was made by Mungo Park, a Scotchman. He was sent out by the African Society of London to explore the Niger River, and reached Africa in 1795. He remained there almost two years, suffering much from sickness and the cruelty of the people. At one time he was imprisoned by a Moorish king. Often his life was in danger from wild beasts. At various times he was robbed of all his possessions, except his pocket compass, to which the natives attributed supernatural power, and which they were afraid to touch. Many times he was on the very verge of starvation. He returned to England without having accomplished his mission. He made a second expedition to Africa, and was either killed by the natives or drowned in attempting to sail through a channel of the Niger, as he was about to embark when last heard from. Although he did not find the source of the river, his narratives have facilitated the work of later explorers.

The Natal-Transvaal Conference

Until November, 1902, Natal and the Dutch republics were mission fields of the Cape Colony Conference. At that time this territory was organized as an independent mission field, and at the next annual meeting was organized as a conference. The believers then formed two churches, two companies, and a few scattered members. G. W. Reaser was the first president of this conference. The latest reports show that there are

now four churches and about one hundred and fifteen members. The headquarters, book depository, treatment rooms, and school are located at Pietermaritzburg. Our work has representatives at Durban, Maritzburg, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, Pretoria, and other points.

A "Ripe Field"

At a meeting of the General Conference in 1901, Elder Haskell was called upon to present the needs of Africa, as he had recently returned from two years of labor in that country. In introducing the subject, he remarked: "God's fields, like a man's farm, do not all ripen at the same time. Some fields ripen sooner than others. Finally all the fields become ripe, ready for harvest. There are two ways set forth in the Bible by which God especially reveals the conditions of the fields. One is by the light of prophecy, and the other by indications of providence. The two will work together."

Elder Haskell then pointed out the fact that the many scattered believers on the various coasts of Africa, virtually made of it a surrounded country, adding, "That is the way a wise general captures an army. He first surrounds the enemy, then takes it. The Lord has nearly surrounded Africa."

A Sound Conversion

During the time Elder Haskell was in Africa and laboring in company with Elder A. T. Robinson, he reports this interesting experience:—

"We held meetings in Kimberley, where there was a Brother Moko. He was not a brother then, but he came where we were holding meetings one Sunday afternoon. He was a native teacher, understanding several languages. Strange as it may seem, he was converted right there at the first meeting. He was taken home by some of the brethren who could talk with him in the Dutch language. He came back later and accepted the whole truth.

"Since that time Satan has done everything he could to drive him out of the truth, but he has clung to it. He has been offered large salaries if he would only connect with others and preach their doctrines, and give up the Sabbath. But he has remained firm to the truth, and has passed through the bitterest kinds of persecution. His wife turned against him, but afterward, she, too, was converted. He desires greatly to carry the truth to his own people."

Selling the Printed Page

The distribution of literature has been a very prominent feature of our work in South Africa. It has been a good field in which to sell our publications. "Bible Readings," "Daniel and the Revelation," "Patriarchs and Prophets," "Great Controversy," "Steps to Christ," "Christ Our Saviour," and many smaller publications in the Dutch language have been sold extensively to the Dutch-speaking people.

Considerable difficulty was experienced at first on account of the law requiring a canvasser to take out a license costing fifteen dollars in every district that he entered. Cape Colony is divided into districts, as our States are divided into counties. This took largely from the profits of the poor canvasser, and made this very effective method of labor especially difficult on account of the sparsely settled condition of the country, requiring extensive traveling. By the special province of God this difficulty was wholly overcome. The nature of our work was presented to the authorities, and complete exemption from the requirement was obtained, so that throughout South Africa our publications may be sold without this tax.

There is a small but well-equipped printing plant at Kenilworth. Two papers are published, the *Sentinel*, devoted to an exposition of present truth, and the *Missionary*, a four-page paper similar in purpose to the conference papers of this country. The *Sentinel* was for a time published in the English and Dutch languages. Dur-

ing the Boer War a large edition of a special number was prepared and sold freely among all classes, but especially among the soldiers.

The value of this special number is shown by the effect it had upon a gentleman who had quite made up his mind to join the army. A copy of the *Sentinel* came into his hands. After reading it carefully, it changed his mind completely. He did not go to the war, because he felt that it would not be right. The paper awakened an interest in him to know more of the truth, and he wrote a letter to Elder I. J. Hankins, then at Cape Town, asking whether the seventh day was really the Sabbath. He soon fully accepted the truth. The *Sentinel* now has a circulation of about four thousand.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Work for the Young People

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." This is the plan of God. He ordered it so, and no matter how much we would like to draw into the shell of our own house, and live unto ourselves, we can not do it. Whether we will or not, we are ever preaching, teaching, influencing, like a painter leaving our touches on many a life, to be remembered with joy or sorrow. We are ever making paths and footprints that others will be certain to follow. Even when death shall set his cold seal on our lips, his indelible stamp on our brow, we can not die to ourselves; "for no man dieth to himself."

There is the ever-present memory of our lives, made up of deeds and words. The little seeds we have sown have sprung up in life's pathway, and others are now repeating and reproducing the things we were wont to say or do. Each one must give account of himself to God, and not for self alone, but for his ever-widening influence which takes in other lives; and we can make the influence of our lives very helpful or harmful.

"Wherever in this world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lovely love to do
For Him on whom I wait."

This is true in every life, but more especially true in that of the youth. Their influence is far reaching; and who can work for the youth like the young people themselves? For young people sometimes resent the labors of those who are older, thinking older persons do not understand them, while the youth must understand, as they are daily passing through like experiences.

One young person in a community who dares to do right anywhere and always, would be a power for good. The influence of such a life would carry conviction with it, and other young lives would be drawn to the Saviour. The Original Designer saw down through the history of all things, and he ordered that the thread of each life should be interwoven with the thread of many another life. A single thread is easily broken, but where many are woven together there is strength. If there is power in the combining of threads, must there not be power in the binding together of young lives for the Lord's work?

A work of organizing our youth for service in the closing message seems to meet the call of the hour. Their first work should be for the unconverted youth among them, then they should reach out to others not of our faith.

If the army of youth in our churches to-day could be trained to rightly represent the truth, what a working force they would make! They can do a work no one else can do, and we are glad to see the strides that have been made in this direction. They are taking hold with energy, and a grand work is being done. Let the young people throughout our denomination stand strong in faith, strong in purpose, ready for every service.

CARRIE M. FARNSWORTH.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Correct English in the School

I LIKE to go to school this year,
Upon my word, I do;
I wish the term would keep ahead,
And run the summer through.
Of course, I have a reason,—
One I'm sure you'd never guess;
You'd likely think it's on account
Of playing at recess;
The reason's really funny
For a boy; but I'll explain:
We've got for once a teacher
Who can make our grammar plain.

The way the teacher traps us,
Takes us wholly off our guard;
Because she comes among us
When we're playing in the yard,
And every time we say, "That's him,"
Or—"don't you see?"—"It's me,"
She acts as if our grammar
Makes her angry as can be.
We're certain, then, when school takes up,
She'll tell us how we erred,
And write us out a rule like this,
To master word for word:—

"RULE.—Any word used as the subject of a sentence is in the Nominative Case. Knowing this, you will at once perceive that the proper forms are, 'That is he,' and, 'It is I,' because the pronouns are used with the copula to form the predicate, hence must be in apposition with the subject of the sentence, therefore in the nominative case. In like manner, you would say, 'It was we,' 'You are he,' 'These are they,' and 'That is she.'"

To-day the teacher heard me,
I was talking to a chum,—
A boy that thinks a lot of me,
And loves my sister some,—
He says to me, "Say, Abel,
Tell me where's your sister Belle;"
I said, "She's home to-day, I think,
Ma said she wasn't well;"
I saw at once my grammar
Gave the teacher great concern,
And pretty soon thereafter,
I was given this to learn:—

"RULE.—In the sentence, 'She is home,' *home*, which follows *is*, does not denote the same person or thing as the pronoun *she*, which precedes *is*, consequently, the preposition *at* is required to show the relation between the noun *home* and the verb *is*. Therefore, one should say, 'She is at home.'"

Last Friday in the afternoon,
The teacher thought it well
To let a boy and girl choose sides,
And give us words to spell.
Each scholar missed "cir-cu-i-tous,"
Except May Sharpe and me,
And then at last she spelled me down
On "as-a-foet-i-da."
"You can't spell half as well as I,"
I told her after school,—
Of course, in fun,—but teacher heard,
And posted this new rule:—

"RULE.—Remember that you must not use *as* after *not*. You should say, 'You can not spell so well as I.' Bear in mind that *as* follows *as* in the comparison of equals, and that *so* follows *not* in the comparison of unequals. One should say, therefore, 'You spell *as* well as I,' or, 'You do not spell *so* well as I.'"

At first I didn't like Miss Smart,
She seemed so very cross,
But that was just put on, I found,
To teach us who was boss;
Soon afterward I told her that
I cared not where they were,
There never was a teacher who
Was tenderer than her.
She thanked me for the compliment,
But said I had to pay,
Then laughingly she wrote this rule
To say by heart next day:—

"RULE.—Remember that the conjunctions *than* and *as* should always be followed by a noun or pronoun in the Nominative Case. The noun

or pronoun is in the Nominative Case because it is the subject of another sentence whose predicate is either expressed or understood. One should say, therefore, 'There never was a teacher who was tenderer than *she* (is),' also, 'You are as gentle as *I* (am).'"

Dear me! school closes now in June,
Then Miss Smart goes away;
I wonder if she'd write to me,
And what she'd have to say.
My full name's Abel English,
And she said, in all her days,
She never heard a name so sweet,
Or worthy so much praise;
So on the day that school lets out,
I'll give her my address,
And liking Abel English so,
She ought to write, I guess.

But don't you know, I wish that school,
Would run along for good—
I'd like it if Miss Smart would teach.
I'm really sure I would.
Some little boys and girls I know,
In writing and in speech,
Say, "How I *would* like this or that."
Now, mark me, I beseech:
That form is wrong; *would* should be
should,
And what one ought to say
Is, "How I *should* like this or that."
Go look it up, I pray.
—George Gray, in *Correct English*.

Betsy Brandon's Guest

It was a bright spring morning in 1791, and the sun shone as bright over the Brandon plantation as it did in the county town of Salisbury. Yet little Miss Betsy Brandon, sitting lonely and disconsolate on the piazza of the great plantation house, did not think of the sunshine, did not notice the gay tulips nodding good morning, did not listen to the merry songs of the birds, for her thoughts were in Salisbury, and she longed to be there.

For not more than an hour ago all the family had driven to the town to see General Washington, who was to be received there with great honor, and with as handsome a demonstration as the brave, patriotic folk of the town and country could make for him.

It was a wonderful thing, this Southern tour of the General—now President of the United States. He had traveled in his family carriage all the way down from Virginia, through the Carolinas and Georgia near the coast to Savannah, and was now returning through the "up-country," stopping at Augusta, Camden, Charlotte, and other towns. All along the route people united to honor him, and war-worn veterans who had followed his standard pressed near to grasp his hand.

And now that he was coming to Salisbury, great things were to be done! Capt. John Baird, in command of the "Rowan Light Horse Company," had gone to meet him at Charlotte and escort him to Salisbury. A company of boys—one of whom was Betsy's brother—were to meet him half a mile from town and march as his escort with the men. And the boys were to be in uniform, and were to wear buck tails in their hats. And Betsy's sister was to be one of the little girls, all dressed in white, to scatter flowers before the General when he entered the town. O, it would all be beautiful! Yet Betsy must stay at home.

Was it not a little hard? And was it altogether strange that twelve-year-old Betsy, in spite of the self-control taught by the strict old-time discipline, must, from time to time, wipe away the gathering tears?

Yet not every one had gone to Salisbury, for, after a while, Betsy was surprised to see two gentlemen riding up the avenue. On reaching the house they dismounted, and one—a gentleman of very grand and handsome appearance—bowed low to the little maid, and asked if she would be kind enough to give breakfast to two tired wayfarers.

Betsy courtesied, in a pretty, old-fashioned manner, and said that as all the grown people had gone to town to see General Washington, she was afraid the breakfast might not be very nice, but she would have something ready in a little while, and would they please be seated on the piazza.

"I am a plain old man," said the gentleman who had spoken, "and want only a cup of milk and piece of corn bread." The "plain old man" was very dignified and courteous, and there was something in his bearing so noble that somehow his little hostess felt that here was a man fit to stand with the greatest. "I promise you," he continued, "that you shall see General Washington before any of your people do."

How that might be Betsy did not know, nor did she question. For there was something about this unexpected guest that won her trust from the beginning. So she hastened away to the kitchen to interview old Dinah. Then, while Dinah was making ready the hoe-cake, and Cindy was setting the table, Betsy herself ran down the hill to the spring-house for the milk and butter. In a little while the simple repast was ready, and the guests were bidden to partake of it.

Betsy was pleased, as any hostess would have been, to see how the breakfast was enjoyed. Encouraged by the kindness of the gentleman who had promised that she should see General Washington, she talked freely of what was to be done in town that day. There was to be a grand reception in the afternoon and a ball at night. Her mother had the most beautiful gown for the ball, and no doubt all the other ladies had beautiful gowns. But her father would wear his old uniform. And then she told of how her father honored and loved General Washington, and of how he said that he was the greatest man and the best in all the world.

But now the guests rose, and he who had asked for the breakfast, thanked Betsy for it. "The milk you gave me," he said, "is the best I have drunk for many a day, and the hoe-cake is delicious. I thank you for your kindness. I must bid you farewell and go on my journey."

"Farewell, sir," said Betsy, courtesying. "But when—" for now the question would come—"when do I see General Washington?"

She raised her eager eyes to meet those of the stranger who had given her the promise. With a kind smile he answered simply: "I am General Washington."

Like other wonderful things it had all come about very naturally. The General was fatigued by his journey, and knowing that he would have little opportunity of rest during the day, left his party for a while, and, with one attendant, rode on horseback to the Brandon house for some refreshment before going on to Salisbury, six miles farther. And so it came to pass that the little girl in the North Carolina farmhouse not only saw the great man, but entertained him at breakfast.—*Caroline Mays Brevard, in February St. Nicholas.*

"WHAT others say of me matters little. What I myself say and do matters much."

The Sand-Blast

JUST as the pneumatic process, that sucks the dust out of a carpet, has taken the place of the broom that scratches it out, so the sand-blast is taking the place of the paint brush in renewing the brightness and cleanliness of the outer walls of buildings. The sand is driven by air-pressure, through a hose, against the stone walls that have become sooty and dingy, and cuts away all the outer portion, exposing a fresh, bright surface that gives the building a new look. Maybe sand-banks will begin to pay dividends, now that the wind is harnessed to our house cleaning without as well as within. Anyway, the boy who used to beat the rugs now watches the air doing his hard, dusty job.—*Selected.*

God's Greatest Gift

THE power to love,— God's greatest gift,—
Forget it not, dear heart. 'Twill lift
The weight of burdens heaviest,
When thou rememb'rest,
When thou rememb'rest that the best
He gives is thine,— thou still canst love!
—*Mary Putman Gilmore.*

An Experience in India

THE last man that I talked to as I was leaving India, represents a very large number, something like ten millions who are in the same condition. He was an old man with gray hair and an emaciated body. Around his body were heavy chains of iron, and on the calf of his leg was a hoop of iron bound so tight that it had cut into the flesh, and proud flesh had formed about it; and then around his ankle was a small chain of iron with a heavy carronade ball fastened onto it, and the old man was going along very slowly.

I stopped him and said to him, "My friend, where are you going?" He said, "Sir, for twelve years I have been going to different parts of India seeking peace, but I have not found it." And I asked him to tell me his story. He said that twelve years ago he had been convicted that there was peace for him. There is a light that "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." I have never seen a man in such darkness that he did not know right from wrong. Just fourteen miles from our home in the mountains are the wild men of Ascote. When they see us coming, they run and climb into a tree and look at us; yet those men know right from wrong. This man was convicted that there was peace for him, and he left his little home and his family, and started out to find peace. He said that he measured his life over on the ground. That is, he would stand erect, and then fall over face downward, make a mark on the ground, walk to that mark, and lie down again, and on and on and on to four different shrines of India; for five thousand miles that old man made his pilgrimage, seeking peace.

O, if you could understand the country through which he passed, the hot deserts, and the jungles filled with wild animals, and the miry swamps he waded through to find peace! Such earnestness would actually put us to shame; but he said that even after making this pilgrimage he did not find peace. Then he met another man who told him that if he would go to the hottest part of India and build a fire around him, and stay there in the center of it for twelve hours a day, that he would find peace, and he said he did so for one year, but peace did not come. Then he said, "I went to the coldest part of India, and stayed in a tank of water up to my neck." I have forgotten how long, but it was quite a long time, but he said that even by doing that peace did not come.

Then I said to him, "My friend, what about all these scars that are on your back?" He said, "Why, in my earnestness to find peace, I took a board and filled it full of spikes, and I lay on it every night; but peace did not come." Then

he said, "I started on my way home, thinking there was no peace for me; and I met another priest who told me if I would put these heavy chains on my body and this hoop of iron on the calf of my leg and this ball to my ankle and climb to the top of the highest mountain, that at the top of that mountain I shall find peace." And he said, "Sir, do you think I will live to get there?" I said to him, "O my friend, you don't have to go any farther! Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace is here, and he will come into your heart if you but let him." Then I took my Bible and read to him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

I would rather lead those heathen to the Lord Jesus Christ than to be president of the United States. I shall never forget the joy I had as I read to him the sweet story of the cross; and as I told him about Jesus, I noticed tears rolling down the old man's face, and he said, "Why, sir, that is what I want. That is what I have been seeking all this time. Shall I have to wear any more chains in order that I may get it?" And I said to him, "Why, no, man; just take off the chains that bind you; Jesus' yoke is easy, and his burden is light." And so with my own hands I took those chains from that man, and it seems to me to-night that I can hear them rattle as I threw them on the ground. Then I took from his limb that iron band that bound him, and the carronade ball that hung to his ankle, and I took off my shirt and tore it in strips to bind up the old man's wounds.

As I was doing it, he looked at me, and he said, "Why, you are this Christ;" and he got hold of my feet and began to kiss them and to pray to me. But I said, "Man, don't do that, don't do that; I am not Christ; I am simply a servant of Christ, and the Christ that I serve, you can serve also; he will come into your heart just as he did into mine." And after I remonstrated with the old man, I got him down on his knees, and in a little bit I got him to pray, to call upon God to have mercy upon him, and, do you know? in just a little while I saw the glory of God shine out in his countenance with the peace of God in his heart, and he said, "I have found what I have been looking for; it has come now." With the Bible in his hand, and the peace of God in his heart, and the glory of God shining out in his face, he said, "I am going home to tell the family about this Christ that I have found." —*Graham Tufts, in the Medical Missionary.*

Master King's Bible Problem

MISS HAZEL FARNSWORTH was the first to send in a correct solution of this problem. Others have been equally successful in correctly solving it, but their letters did not reach the office quite so promptly. Their names are:—

Ethel May Simonds	Baker Bradley
Agnes Murray	Dorris Davis
John B. Nicola	Clarence Dortch
Norah Boyle	Hilbert Kephart
Mabel Affolter	Faith Worth
Pearl Mitchell	Olive Glendenning
Bertha M. Hoffman	Ruth N. Osterbloom
Wilma Walter	Ethel A. Shipton
Lewis Roberts	Hattie Rosser Heckok
Trella Sellers	Floyd Jones
Ilone Bennett	Walter Murray
Frank Bennett	Stella M. Bowen
Lizzie Bennett	Lela Warner
Imo E. Albee	Nellie Edgerton
Irene Reisman	Millie Quick
Bulah Coley	Harold H. Fisher
Sarah V. Parker	Ruth Maxim
Adahlia E. Hahn	Gladys Robinson
G. M. Middleton	Bessie Hamsher
C. A. Van Cleve	Minnie Wells

The one whose name is missing from this list did not have the correct answer.

"THE high duties are the high duties."

"Science in the Bible"

PROF. M. E. CADY'S little book "Science in the Bible" is a compilation of the scriptures bearing upon science and nature, arranged in alphabetical order. It is designed as a help to teachers in nature study. The price of the book is thirty cents, and it can be obtained of the Pacific Press Publishing Association.

From Our Friends

"AFTER I read my INSTRUCTORS, I lend or give them away. I never destroy them; they are so full of good things it would seem almost like a sin."

"I HAVE sent to the office eleven new subscriptions for the INSTRUCTOR since the new year began, and I will as I can keep right at the work of interesting others in the paper. It seems to me that each issue is a little better than the one before."

A CHURCH-SCHOOL teacher writes: "Not only do I read the INSTRUCTOR every week, but my boys and girls and young men and women here and elsewhere are regular readers of this good paper."

BIBLE READERS COURSE

Destiny of Satan

1. *Why did Christ take upon himself flesh and blood?*

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." Heb. 2:14.

2. *Unto what are Satan and his angels reserved?*

"For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment." 2 Peter 2:4.

3. *Why do men fall under the delusions of Satan?*

"Because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." 2 Thess. 2:10-12.

4. *What will be Satan's last work?*

"And shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea." Rev. 20:8.

5. *While Satan and his host are thus gathering, what will take place?*

"And they 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. 20:9.

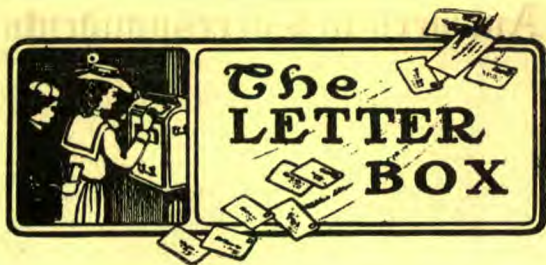
6. *How complete will be this destruction?*

"For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." Mal. 4:1.

7. *What is Satan's eternal doom?*

"Therefore will I bring forth a fire from the midst of thee, it shall devour thee, and I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee. All they that know thee among the people shall be astonished at thee: thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more." Eze. 28:18, 19.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



A Request

THOSE who send letters to the Letter Box, or who answer any of the enigmas or Bible questions, or who send manuscript, please address them to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR.

PORTIS, KAN., Jan. 2, 1907.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I wrote a letter to the INSTRUCTOR about two years ago, and I thought I would write another. I think the INSTRUCTOR is so nice! I go to church-school and Sabbath-school. We have a Young People's Society, and I am secretary, and Bella Dixon is leader. We have two children going to school who are not Adventists. I am fourteen years old, and I am in the seventh grade at school. I would be very glad to hear from some of the INSTRUCTOR readers. MARGARETTE MIDDLETON.

SHARON, VT., Jan. 24, 1907.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I saw a letter in this paper not long ago from Vermont, so that is what made me think of writing. We have a nice little church-school here of seven pupils, which is taught by my mother. I do enjoy going to school, also roaming around the hills of Vermont. Our Sabbath-school consists of eleven pupils, and we have meeting every Sabbath. I am sending you the answers given to the puzzle story in the INSTRUCTOR of January 29. I am thirteen years old. Pray for me that I may fit myself for the Master's use.

HAZEL FARNSWORTH.

SINGAPORE, MALAY PENINSULA.

DEAR FRIENDS: AS Mrs. Jones told me that you would like to hear how I came to learn of the truth, I will gladly tell you. When I came to Singapore, I went to the Church of England, and afterward became a Methodist. My brother still goes to the Bethesda chapel (Plymouth Brethren), and he took me there. So I used to go to two churches every Sunday.

One day Mrs. Jones saw my mother, and asked her if she would like to hear the Bible read, and my mother did not object to it. So we had our Bible lessons given to us every week, and after some time we were quite interested. We then went to Sabbath-school, and I was put in Mrs. Davey's class, but now I am in the senior division. I have four brothers and three sisters, and all of us keep the Sabbath except two brothers, but God will one day show them the truth.

I am gladder still to tell you that mother, my sister, and myself are baptized. I am thirteen years old, and am in the sixth standard, and with God's help hope to pass it. Pray for my brothers that God may bring them into the truth.

LAWRENCE FOX.

COLLEGE PLACE, WASH., Jan. 6, 1907.

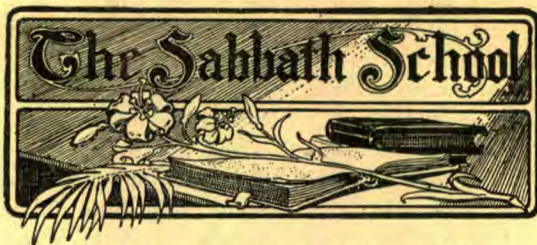
DEAR EDITOR: This is my second letter to the INSTRUCTOR. You remember the last time I wrote (in July) I said I was canvassing in Spokane, Washington. I had many good experiences. Canvassing is a very instructive work. One learns much from coming in contact with so many people. From one door to another one meets entirely different characters, and one has to be ready to meet them. It is surely a good work. If one intends to be in God's work, I believe it is a good way to start.

I am now in the eighth grade. Walla Walla College opened the last of September. It should have opened the sixth, but as many of the students were canvassers, the opening was postponed for two weeks. The canvassers were delayed in the delivery of their books by the Pacific Press fire. The college now has an attendance of nearly two hundred and fifty.

The week of prayer was very good here. Nearly every day the chapel exercises were lengthened, sometimes for the whole session, for devotional services. Every day we had a short season of prayer. The students separated into about twelve divisions, and the prayer season lasted about half an hour.

I am twelve years old. I am in the youth's, or junior, division of Sabbath-school. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

FLOYD W. SMITH.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII—The Nature of Man

(March 23)

MEMORY VERSE: "For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything." Eccl. 9: 5.

REVIEW.—A record of our lives is kept —. One of the books in heaven is called —. Another is spoken of as —. In the judgment — will be the judge. Jesus will be our —. Witness will be borne by —. Every one will be judged according to —. Some names will be blotted out of the —. Others will have — blotted out, and their names will be retained in —. God wants all to be ready, so he sent an — to tell when the — began. The judgment has been going on — years. All will be judged by —. Each case will be decided for —.

Questions

1. What test did God give man when he created him? What did he say would be the result of eating the forbidden fruit? Gen. 2: 16, 17.
2. What did the woman see in the fruit of that tree? What did she do? To whom did she give some of the fruit? What did Adam do with it? Gen. 3: 6.
3. What did God say Adam should do as long as he lived? To what did he say he should finally return? Gen. 3: 19.
4. What entered the world by the one man Adam? What came upon all because he sinned? Rom. 5: 12.
5. What is death often called in the Bible? Concerning what would the Lord not have us ignorant? 1 Thess. 4: 13. Why? Verse 14.
6. Where do the dead sleep? Dan. 12: 2.
7. How long will it be before they awake? Job 14: 12.
8. For what would Job wait while asleep in death? Job 14: 14.
9. What kind of house would he be in while waiting? Job 17: 13.
10. How much does one know when dead? How much can the dead see of what is taking place on earth? Eccl. 9: 5.
11. When a father dies, what is said of his knowledge concerning his sons? Job 14: 21.
12. What is said of his thoughts? Ps. 146: 4.
13. What perishes when a man dies? What portion has he in what is going on upon the earth? Eccl. 9: 6.
14. While we live, how should we work? Why? Eccl. 9: 10.

Lesson Story

When God created Adam and Eve, they were placed on trial to see whether they would obey God. "And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

But "when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat." She saw what Satan desired her to see, and she listened to his words instead of the words of God.

After Adam and Eve had disobeyed God, he visited them in the garden: "And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast harkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake: in sor-

row shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. . . . In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

So "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

In the Bible, death is often called a "sleep." Paul writes: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." Daniel says: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake." Job tells us, "Man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Job answers, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." He tells us where he would wait: "If I wait, the grave is mine house. I have made my bed in the darkness."

While asleep in death one knows nothing of what takes place on earth. "His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them." Of those who die, the psalmist says: "His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish."

"For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun."

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."



XII—The Condition of the Jews in Jerusalem

(March 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: EZRA 9.

MEMORY VERSE: "For we are bondmen; yet our God hath not forsaken us in our bondage, but hath extended mercy unto us." Ezra 9: 9.

Questions

1. What report was brought to Ezra soon after his arrival in Jerusalem? Ezra 9: 1.
2. What sin was especially mentioned? Who were chief in these trespasses? Verse 2.
3. How did this report affect Ezra? Verse 3.
4. Who assembled with Ezra while he was still wrought up over the condition he had found? Verse 4.
5. What did Ezra do at the time of the evening sacrifice? Verse 5.
6. How did he begin his prayer? Verse 6.
7. Why did this iniquity seem so great at this time? How had the Lord especially blessed this remnant of Israel? Verses 7, 8.
8. Even though they were bondmen, what had the Lord done for them? Verse 9.
9. In spite of all God's goodness, what had they done? Verse 10.
10. How had the Lord warned them against this very thing? Verses 11, 12.
11. How did Ezra look upon their captivity from which they had just been liberated in comparison with their transgressions? Verse 13.
12. What punishment did he feel that the Lord would be just in inflicting upon them for this transgression? Verse 14.
13. What appeal did he make in closing his prayer? How did he present Israel to the Lord? Verse 15.
14. What promise is made to all who seek the Lord in this way? Ps. 34: 18.



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Perfect Loyalty

It has ever been Satan's "purpose to wear out the forbearance of God, and to extinguish his love for man, so that he would abandon the world to satanic jurisdiction;" but O, holy promise! "Nothing can separate us from the love of God"! God is love; he is eternal; therefore his love is eternal. Let us trust this love, but not presume upon it. Let us rather express our appreciation by implicit obedience to every command that infinite love breathes forth.

Brevity Desirable

SOME papers now have a postal-card department,—a department for which all manuscript must be sent in on postal cards. This insures short articles, which every editor welcomes— if they are good ones; and short articles are more likely to be good than long ones.

The following suggestions were made by the editor of the *Bulletin* to his contributors, and they are worthy of being passed on to other writers:—

"Weigh your thoughts carefully before presenting them in any form."

"If you write an article, don't tell all you know; save a little for some other time."

"Boil down your ideas until they can be expressed in the fewest words possible and still retain the essential truths."

A Good Example

THE secretary of a Young People's Society recently sent in an order for six copies of the *INSTRUCTOR*, with the statement that the members of the Society were going to send the papers to their friends, accompanying them with missionary letters.

Why wouldn't it be well for many Societies to do the same? Some special numbers of the *INSTRUCTOR* are anticipated, at least a Temperance number and a Religious Liberty number. These will be gotten out with a special idea of being circulated among young people not of our own faith. Our Societies could do a good work for the young people throughout our country by widely distributing these special numbers of the *INSTRUCTOR*.

Bankrupt, Yet Rich

IN the face of some severe trial or misfortune, one is often inclined to feel that the light has gone out of the life, that all is darkness and trouble, forgetting to recount the light and blessings still left. A few years ago a merchant failed in business, and returned home in great agitation and with a look of despair on his face. "What is the matter?" asked his wife. "I am ruined; I am beggared; I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead. "All!" said the wife, gently: "no. I am left."

"All! papa," said the eldest boy, "here am I." "And I, too," said his little girl, running up and putting her arms about his neck. "I'm not lost, papa," echoed Eddie. "And you have your health left," said his wife. "And your hands to work with," said his eldest; "and I can help you." "And your two feet to carry you about, and your two eyes to see with," said little Eddie. "And you have God's promise," said the grandmother. "And a good God," added his wife. "The Lord forgive me!" said the merchant, as he wept. "I have not lost my all. What have I lost to what I have left?" He took comfort, began the world afresh, and prospered.

A Temperance Number of the Instructor

STRONG drink is to-day the chief evil of our country. The estimated population of the world is fifteen hundred million. Nearly as many dollars are spent in the United States for liquor in one year as there are men, women, and children in the whole world. This gigantic evil is ruining our country. Is there not something that we, who have the most light upon true temperance, can do in combating the liquor curse? Is there not something that God demands of us? It has been suggested that we have a special Temperance number of the *INSTRUCTOR*. Such a number would clearly show the people where we stand on the temperance question, and would give one an opportunity to have personal talks with many boys and young men relative to the evils resulting from the use of tobacco and liquor, as well as to give the people a clear, forceful presentation of the subject of temperance from a broader standpoint, perhaps, than they have been accustomed to looking at. It would also prepare the way for a Religious Liberty number, which will set before the young people very clearly the true principles of religious liberty.

To aid in deciding how large this special number shall be, and how many copies shall be printed, will not our Societies everywhere carefully consider the matter, and let us know what they think of the advisability of preparing a special number, and whether they will take hold heartily in the work of distributing the paper?

Noiseless Cars

ATLANTA, Georgia, it is said, owes its birth to the fact that the little town of Decatur objected to having its sleeping hours disturbed by the noise of trains; so the engineers who were building the Georgia Railroad from Augusta, changed their plans, and built the road six miles farther away, which fact gave birth to a new city, now one of the most prosperous of the South. But Mr. John Snyder, through the invention of a noiseless railway tie, has recently solved the noise problem more satisfactorily than did Decatur.

Millions of dollars have been spent by some companies to improve their road-beds in a way to lessen the noise of the trains. Attempts have been made to procure what is called a "singing track," that is, one that will cause the wheels to make a "humming noise instead of the rattle of bumpy sounds." But the train still stands first in the power to produce nerve-racking sounds; yet much is hoped for from the new invention.

Mr. Snyder's ties are steel cases filled with a composition of asphalt and stone. At the bottom the steel shell does not close upon the asphalt, but allows it to rest upon the ground. This arrangement is what greatly reduces the noise. These ties, he claims, will wear for seventy-five years. He also says that the same principle can be used in constructing the road-beds for trolley lines, so that "such a thing as a noisy street-car need not be known in any city in the country."

Answers to Correspondents

Since the tongue so often leads one astray, is it well to advise one to cultivate sociability?

Advice that applies to students, is quite likely to apply equally well to all young people, so I will quote from Mrs. E. G. White in "Testimonies to the Church," Vol. VI: "Students should be taught that they are not independent atoms, but that each one is a thread which is to unite with other threads in composing a fabric. In no department can this instruction be more effectively given than in the school home. Here students are daily surrounded by opportunities which, if improved, will greatly aid in developing the social traits of their characters. It lies in their own power so to improve their time and opportunities as to develop a character that will make them happy and useful. Those who shut themselves up within themselves, who are unwilling to be drawn upon to bless others by friendly associations, lose many blessings; for by mutual contact minds receive polish and refinement; by social intercourse, acquaintances are formed and friendships contracted which result in a unity of heart and an atmosphere of love pleasing to heaven.

"Especially should those who have tasted of the love of God develop their social powers, for in this way they may win souls to the Saviour. When students sit at the table, if Christ is abiding in the soul, there will come forth from the treasure-house of the heart words which are pure and uplifting; if Christ is not abiding there, a satisfaction will be found in frivolity, in jesting and joking, which is a hindrance to spiritual growth, and a cause of grief to the angels of God. The tongue is an unruly member, but it should not be so. It should be converted; for the talent of speech is a very precious talent. Christ is ever ready to impart of his riches, and we should gather the jewels that come from him, that when we speak these jewels may drop from our lips."

Should a boy or young man who expects to have a successful business career, allow himself to form the habit of excusing himself by saying, "I forgot to do it"?

A successful business man once said that when he was eighteen he learned two things which ever afterward proved invaluable to him. They were these: "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer placed in his hands an important document, with instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose that I should happen to lose it, what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it," said the lawyer, frowning.

"I do not mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence; you must not lose it."

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that a *strong purpose* was sufficient to prevent the usual mistakes caused by forgetting. If one's heart and mind are wholly given to the work in hand, if one does with his might what his hands find to do, he will not often be heard to say, "I forgot." It is our duty as Christians to make ourselves remember that which is intrusted to us to do.

I know a young man who felt it to be, at times, if not always, a sin to forget; so he imposed upon himself rigid discipline to correct the habit. He was once asked by a friend to get her a certain book at the library, which he was expecting to visit in the afternoon. He promised to do so, but returned without the book, having forgotten it. It was a mile or more to the library, but he insisted on returning for the book, just because he did not like the idea of *forgetting*.