

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LV

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A Merry Christmas, or a Picnic in the Rockies

A PICNIC in the Rockies, at an elevation of seven thousand feet, on Christmas day, may seem to some of our readers like a fairy tale, or at least a chilly affair; but such was not the case with the one at Boulder, Colorado, Dec. 25, 1906, of which I shall tell you.

At dinner, December 24, Dr. Place announced to the sanitarium family that we would have our regular Christmas picnic in the mountains, and all helpers who could be spared, and all guests who were able, were invited to be ready at ten o'clock Christmas morning. This caused no little excitement in the dining-room, and furnished a new topic for conversation, also the extra task of preparing a picnic lunch.

Accordingly at ten o'clock next morning a large tally-ho, drawn by four black horses, drove up to the door of the Place Sanitarium, and was very soon filled to its capacity. It was one of Colorado's bright, beautiful mornings, and we were as hopeful and happy a company of patients and helpers as could be asked for, as we started for the entrance of Boulder Canyon. On the way the doctor went into a store and bought the largest tin horn he could find, which proved to be a small one, troubled with asthma, and more of a "patient" than any one in the load. Its weak falsetto voice, however, sometimes high, and sometimes low, and always unreliable, furnished cause for additional merriment, as we occasionally heard it between the songs of the company, and above the jingle of the bells.

The first impressive experience was that of leaving the city of Boulder and entering the canyon of the same name. This is one of the many beauty spots of Colorado. Every turn in the road which lies by the side of the winding stream, is a surprise bringing forth exclamations of delight even from those who have been over the way before. Occasionally we could see the



new large water-pipe which now brings Boulder's water-supply from the shores of Silver Lake, near the summit of Arapahoe Mountain. This pipe was laid by the side of the old one which took its water from Boulder River, about seven miles above the city. The latter will be kept as an emergency pipe in case anything should happen to the new line. Another feature of interest to the tourist is the large irrigating ditch which is built along the north bank, beginning at the level of the river about seven miles above Boulder, and gradually rising till, at the mouth of the canyon, it is one hundred feet or more above the river. This ditch follows the windings of the canyon, and much of the way it is cut in the solid rock, and in one or more places it passes through tunnels cutting across a short, sharp curve. This helps furnish the water which enables Boulder and its vicinity to look so fresh and full of life during the long, dry, cloudless



"THE WHOLE CLOUD WAS ENCIRCLED WITH A BAND OF PRISMATIC GLORY"

summer. For four miles up this canyon runs the wonderful railroad, "The Switzerland Trail of America." In adding these man-made blessings to humanity in this canyon, nature has been disturbed as little as possible.

A trip over this trail constitutes one of the never-to-be-forgotten experiences of life, and I wish every reader of the INSTRUCTOR could take the trip in July or August. One of the characteristics of the road itself, aside from the wonderful scenery which it brings to the eye, is that it never follows a straight course, and one can truly say of it, "All sorts of twisting and turning done here." The weakness of human language is never felt more than when describing, or trying to describe, I had better say, these mountains and canyons with their kaleidoscopic changes of beauty. At times the way is so narrow that wagon road, stream, and railroad seem to hug each other, the former and latter press closely against the rocky wall which hangs threateningly overhead and rises many feet above. Then a sharp turn is



made, and there is room enough for fifty or more roads, with the mountains on either side stretching away in the distance, their sides broken by smaller canyons and deep wooded ravines.

Four miles above the city is "Four-Mile Canyon," where the Switzerland Trail leaves Boulder Canyon, and follows it as far as Sunshine. There one branch takes the tourist to Ward, and the other to Glacier Lake and Eldora, reaching an elevation of about nine thousand feet above sea-level. During the summer the trains over these lines are crowded daily with tourists and sightseers. We followed Four-Mile up as far as Knox Mine (about two miles) where we branched to the right once more, and began the steep zigzag climb from Four-Mile Canyon to the summit overlooking Sunshine Canyon. All who were able to walk began climbing the steep mountainside to avoid the zigzag of the wagon road. We had gained quite an elevation, when, looking down, we saw the team at a standstill, and knew that something was wrong. The driver had found a large boiler, which had been brought up for use in one of the mines ly-

ing in the road in such a position that it seemed impossible to pass. The road was so narrow and the lower side so steep, that it seemed out of the question to turn around. A council was at once held. It was impossible to get above the boiler, and to go below it meant that we must go down a steep embankment about ten feet, where there was a narrow road, and below that an abrupt drop of one thousand feet or more, hence this seemed out of the question, so what should we do? Finally my brother told the driver that we could all take hold of the up-hill side of the tally-ho to keep it from tipping over, and he could turn his horses down that embankment and make it all right. Finally the driver became converted to the plan, and then came the work of converting that four-horse team. They came to the brink all right, but there they stopped, pranced, and pawed the ground, as much as to say, "No, sir!" Happily our driver was a patient, persevering man, and he quietly took his time, and kept talking gently to the horses, calling them by name, and urging them forward a step at a time till finally the leaders stepped over

and began the descent in a diagonal way, and when the wheel horses stepped over he turned all straight down the hill. It was an exciting time, but the real excitement came when the wheels of that great wagon left the road; however, every man stood at his post and did his duty. The brake was tightly set so as to make the rear wheels slide and hold back as much as possible, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the wheels had reached the level spot below, the horses had swung around in position, and nothing but some blankets and a box of lunch fell out or was in any way injured, and we went on our way rejoicing.

I could but think of the experience as one worthy of careful consideration, not only by the members of our party, but by any young man or woman climbing the difficult mountains of life. It brought forcibly to my mind the following thoughts: Do not be discouraged and give up climbing because you find an impediment in the way. However impossible seems the way forward, do not consider the question of going back till the last resort has been tried. Till some fixed purpose and decision is reached "stand still," look, and *search* for the salvation of God. Do not get excited, it unfits you for the use of your best faculties which are always needed in time of trial. Keep cool, and quietly study and think—then act. Remember the patience and perseverance of that driver of four. When the time comes to go forward, be ready to do your part without flinching. The old saying is, "Fortune favors the brave," but I would like to put it this way, The divine blessing and help rests upon any man who faces duty bravely and perseveringly. In the face of every difficulty it is well to remember, "It is better farther on."

Climbing has its difficulties, but every victory gained brings its rejoicing. Every step *up* lends new beauty to all things earthly, and awakens in the soul a deeper, broader reverence for the Infinite One.

Several of our party entered one of the mines, but no one found a nugget of gold, though we went into a dark hole for a distance of two hundred feet or more, from which we were all glad to come out once again into the sunshine. We had now reached an elevation of about six thousand feet, and another thousand was before us, so we took off our coats, and one lady, who decided to take the climb with us, left her wraps, and on we went once more. I would like to describe to you the beauties and grandeur spread out before us on every side. Even the sun up there seemed more affectionate and grand as its bright rays kissed crest and chasm, rock and shrub, and seemed to say, "I love this old straying world; I still love to help lighten and gladden the sad hearts of its inhabitants," and as I listened and saw, I said "Thank God for the sunshine."

Every hill or mountain, no matter how high, has its highest point, and so with our climb that day. Our time had been taken up with calling attention to this or that beautiful view, or listening to another's call, and almost before we knew it, we heard the doctors who were in the lead, cry out, "The summit! Look toward the east!" We did look, and between two mountains we could see the great plain stretching far away to the eastern horizon. To the north we had a fine view of Long's Peak, about sixty miles away, but it seemed almost at our feet, and only a short walk would be necessary to enable us to shake hands with that white-haired giant. To the south in full view lay the mountains Flagstaff, Green, and Bear; and to the west, Arapahoe was standing out as a great father of the long snow range stretching far to the south and north.

What a place to halt for rest and lunch! The weather was almost like a summer's day, and we sat on the moss and rocks, and sang, talked, and threw stones down the mountainside, and took

several snap shots with the kodak. But all such experiences must end, and before any one was half ready, the cracked, falsetto-voiced horn began to pipe, "Home, sweet home," and soon we were once more seated in the wagon, and the descent of about two thousand feet was begun. As the grade increased, the thoughts of nearly all turned toward the wagon brake. "Say, driver, is the brake all right?" we asked, for while there are dangers going up hill, there are sometimes more when going down, and here again we appreciated our patient, steady driver, and good horses. In answer to our question the driver pressed his foot a little harder on the brake lever, and instantly the wheels stopped turning, and began sliding, bringing the wagon almost to a stop. This took the tension from the nerves of the trembling ones, so they could once more enjoy the scenes of Sunshine Canyon. How important that every wagon in this kind of country be provided with good motive power, and a good brake, and how important, too, that every young man and woman be provided with all necessary apparatus for the ups and downs of life. While Sunshine Canyon is not equal in grandeur to Boulder, it is, nevertheless, full of interest. A new road is now almost completed through the most dangerous portion of the way, so that the trip can be made much more easily and comfortably.

"I Do Set My Bow in the Clouds"

We were destined to have our trip crowned with an entirely unexpected cloud of glory, although some who read my description of it may be inclined to think that I am stretching the truth. That would be impossible.

About half an hour before we came out of the canyon our attention was attracted to a large white cloud which was hanging over Green and Bear Mountains. The cloud of itself was a well-formed emblem of heavenly dignity. The sun was just back of and near the upper edge. The first especially impressive appearance was a peculiar lacelike fleeciness of the upper edge of the cloud. These edges began slowly to take to themselves all the tints of the rainbow, most delicate at first, then increasing in beauty and brightness. This gradually spread across the whole top, then down the ends and finally across the base line till the whole cloud was encircled with a band of prismatic glory, most beautiful to behold. This band seemed to be about two feet in width. After a few moments, we began to notice little puffs of fleecy white clouds shoot up from the main cloud, and, far beyond the thrilling effects of the most perfect stereopticon, with its unfolding and dissolving views, the rainbow effects would unfold around these clouds, then gradually work inward till the whole surface would be flecked with colors more beautiful than any pearl I ever saw. Gradually this would fade away, and the cloud would itself fade or dissolve into ether and be gone. Then another would shoot up and seemingly try to eclipse in beauty the one before it. It is useless for me to try to picture to you the varying shapes and ever-changing colorings; pen or brush is not equal to the task. It was a sight to be seen only once in a lifetime, and it was worth living years to see but once.

After a time the lower edge of the large cloud began to show new signs of life and activity. Suddenly there was a breaking into fragments, which could best be described as small coral islands in a sea of deepest blue. Each of these islands was soon skirted with all the most beautiful colors imaginable. Then the large cloud once more took on its tints, and presented the appearance of a great continent, whose shore line rose from the sea, terrace above terrace, each beautified with rainbow beauty, while the inland was here and there flecked with what one could easily imagine to be lakes, with surface like mother of pearl. Do you wonder that we

lost sight of the mountain and canyon? Do you wonder that we cried to our driver to stop, and with open mouths, as well as eyes, watched the ever-changing panorama of glory? After about thirty minutes the glory began to fade away, but a portion remained till after we had once more reached the sanitarium. All could truthfully say, "This has been a delightful and glorious Christmas day."

I have many times pictured to myself scenes which Christ would present to those who will follow him "whithersoever he goeth." I have pictured cloud effects in which the changing of color would give forth the music of the angelic songsters, but I never expected to see anything in this world equal to what I saw that Christmas day. I recently wrote the following to a friend: "This was the grandest and most gorgeous display of dissolving views that I ever pictured in all my day-dreams of heaven when under the most sensitive inspiration. I have often thought to myself how the Lord would bring ecstasies to his children in the ages to come as they follow him from world to world, and the experience I have just related has deeply impressed me with the wonderful possibilities for the accomplishment of all he desires."

It seemed sad to see the beauty of this cloud fade away, but with its fading came the thought, so is it with all things earthly. The beautiful things of earth are given as a foretaste of the heavenly. Doubtless the disciples of Christ while in the mount were sad to see the vision pass away, but it went and with it went Moses, Elijah, and the glory, and they "saw Jesus only." Well, that is enough. When the glories of earth fade away, Jesus is always left, and blessed is the young man or woman who can see him "yesterday, and to-day, and forever." It was not the glory that shone round about him on the mount that made him Jesus. The glory was but a momentary bursting forth of that which he *laid aside* that he might walk, talk, and work with men. When we see him glorified, the gorgeous glory of his exterior will be lost sight of in the thought of his inward glory wrought out among sin and sinners. With his children around him, as trophies of his sacrifice and grace, I think of him as represented by that great continent cloud, and we his children, like the little coral islands, ever near him, and ever bathed in the great ocean of his love.

What a blessed Christmas day! A day of real pleasure and recreation, a day of drinking in of the beauties with which a loving Father has clothed the world, a day closing with a blessed call to look up to the skies whence cometh all help, all beauty, all glory,—a day crowned with physical and divine beauty and blessing. Christmas day for 1906, farewell! Thy presence and glory has passed away. It has faded as does all things earthly; but *Christ remaineth*. Blessed friend of sinners! Blessed bow of the covenant! Blessed star of eternal hope! May each INSTRUCTOR reader be cheered with this thought, and also with the fact that "he ever liveth to make intercession for us," and is not only able but willing to give us all the help we need to climb the steepest, most rugged mountains between here and paradise. He is also willing to go with us down into the deepest valley of humility, and if we are willing to go with *him*, and see him, cloud or no cloud, glory or no glory, in the deepest valley he will cause the bow of the everlasting covenant to shine above, with resplendent beauty. Then, when the last day of earth has faded and gone, he will take us upon the glorified mountains of deliverance, where the vision will never pass away, and we shall no more come down to sorrow and disappointment. Till then, may each Christmas day, and every day of each new year be made to resound with the music and song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will to men." A. E. PLACE.



An Astronomer's Work

SIR JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, only son of the astronomer, Sir William Herschel, was born at Slough, 1792, and educated at Cambridge. In 1822 he applied himself especially to astronomy, using his father's methods and instruments in observing the heavens. As early as 1826 the Royal Society had voted to him a gold medal for observations on double stars, but by 1833 his pre-eminence was beyond the necessity of being marked by acknowledgments. In 1836 appeared his *Treatise on Astronomy*. At this time Herschel was at the Cape of Good Hope, where he arrived in January, 1834, with the intention of completing the survey of the sidereal heavens, by examining the southern hemisphere, as he had done the northern. Here he established his observatory at a place called "Feldhausen," [in which identical house this extract is being copied] six miles from Table Bay. On March 5, 1834, he began his observations; and in four years, working all the time at his own expense, he completed them.

Quoting Herschel's own words on his work in Africa: "I resolved to attempt the completion of the survey of the whole surface of the heavens, and for this purpose to transport into the other hemisphere the same instrument which had been employed in this (the northern) so as to give a unity to the results of both portions of the survey, and to render them comparable with each other." In accordance with this resolution, he and his family embarked for the Cape on the thirteenth of November, 1833; and on the night of the fourth of March he began a regular course of sweeping the heavens with his telescope.

To give an adequate description of the vast mass of labor completed during the next four busy years of his life at "Feldhausen" would require the transcription of a considerable portion of the "Cape Observations," a volume which probably is not surpassed in varied interest or astronomical importance by any scientific work in existence. It was published at the sole expense of the late duke of Northumberland, but not until 1847, nine years after the author's return to England, for the very cogent reasons assigned by himself: "The whole of the observations, as well as the entire work of reducing, arranging, and preparing them for the press, have been executed by myself." There are one hundred and sixty-four pages of southern nebulae and clusters of stars. There are then careful and elaborate drawings of the southern appearance of the great nebula in Orion, and of the region surrounding the remarkable star of Argo.

The labor and the thought bestowed upon some of these objects are almost incredible; *several months were well spent upon a minute spot in the heavens*, containing 1,216 stars, but which an ordinary spangle, held at a distance of an arm's length, would eclipse. He confirms his father's hypothesis that those wonderful masses of glowing vapors are not irregularly scattered, without apparent law, hither and hither in the visible heavens, but are collected in a sort of canopy, whose vortex is at the pole of that vast stratum of stars in which our solar system finds its position.

Then follows his catalogue of the relative

positions and magnitude of the southern double stars. The double stars and their stately revolutions, and lustrous colors dismissed, in the next chapter he proceeds to describe the observations which he had made on their varying and relative brightness. The variations from time to time, he remarks, in the luster of our sun to the extent of half a magnitude, would account for those strange alterations of a semiarctic and semi-tropical climate, which geological researches have disclosed as having occurred in various regions of our globe.

Herschel returned to his English home in the spring of 1838. He died May 11, 1871, and after his death appeared his catalogue of 10,300 multiple and double stars.

In private life, Sir John Herschel was a firm and most active friend; he had no jealousies; he never discouraged, and still less disparaged, men younger than or inferior to himself. It was said of him by a discriminating critic "his was a life full of the serenity of the sage and the innocence of a child.

His remains are interred in Westminster Abbey, close to the grave of Sir Isaac Newton.

We are indebted to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* for the foregoing sketch. G. A. IRWIN.

A Fortune by Way of the Bath-Tub

ROCHFORD MAGUIRE, who succeeded the late Alfred Beit as president of the British South Africa Company and as the head of the greatest diamond-mine syndicate in the world, attributes his success in life to a bath. The story is told by a writer in the *New York Tribune*:—

It was in the days when the late Cecil Rhodes sent him on a special mission to King Lobengula for the purpose of securing certain valuable concessions from the all-powerful ruler of the Matabeles. It was rather a perilous mission, as quite a number of white men had met with death at the hands of Lobengula and his chiefs. However, Rochfort Maguire arrived at Lobengula's kraal, was received fairly well, and then proceeded to cleanse himself of the dust and grime of his voyage by means of a bath in his traveling bath-tub. This created a tremendous amount of excitement on the part of the natives, and a considerable part of the Matabele nation assembled to witness the proceedings.

Maguire is not a man who loves publicity, but he is a bit of a philosopher, and nothing could be cooler or more deliberate than the way in which he stripped, folded his clothes, and then slipped into the water. The Matabele nation looked on, commenting freely, but, as he could not understand a word, that did not matter to him. Presently he produced a tooth-brush and a box of tooth-powder and started brushing his teeth. There they drew the line. The man who puts strange

things into his mouth, who foams at his lips, and turns water to milk, must necessarily be a "mtagati," or magician. Yells of astonishment rent the air. A party went off to tell the king, taking the Irishman's paraphernalia, and, what is more, his clothes, Maguire followed, wrapped in philosophic calm, and nothing else beyond his hat, which had been left to him.

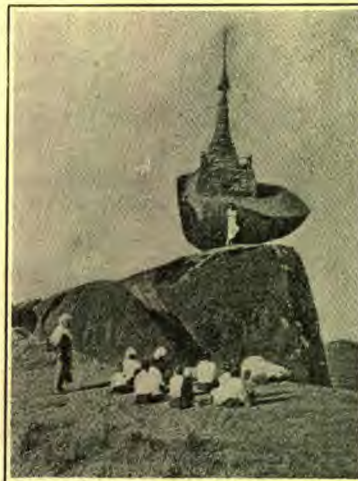
The king's belief that Mr. Maguire was a magician was further confirmed by a number of conjuring and sleight-of-hand tricks which that gentleman had picked up at Oxford and afterward in the Orient, and the king took him into such favor that he not only granted him all he asked, but many other unexpected concessions which proved of immense value to Cecil Rhodes, and founded Mr. Maguire's fortune.—*Literary Digest*.

A Rocking Temple

ONE of the curiosities of boulders which rock, oscillate, or move at the touch of the human hand, or simply in the wind, is the rocking stone of Cheyteyo, Burma. The superstitious natives have made of the stone a religious temple, in which they worship their idols, as can be seen by the illustration.

This stone which rocks in a violent gale, has been surmounted by a small pagoda, or boat, which is called the Pagoda of Sampan on account of the general appearance. We do not know the character of the rock, but the smooth and softened outlines would indicate that it is granite.

One of these strange rocking stones is Logan Rock, near Lands End, Cornwall. It is of granite, and weighs nearly seventy tons. In 1824 an English naval officer, Lieutenant Goldsmith, thought to try to upset it. He succeeded in moving it only a few inches, but it cost him ten thousand dollars to put it back as near to its former



position as possible. This he was obliged to do by the Admiralty, which took no liking to what they thought a depredation inflicted on the coast of Britain. D. P. ZIEGLER.

India's Sabbath-Keepers

IN the south of India a company of five hundred or more persons keeping the seventh-day Sabbath has been found. They must be remnants of the old Sabbath-keeping Christians whom the Portuguese navigators found on the southwest Malabar coast when they rounded Africa and discovered India in the sixteenth century. They were astonished to find Christian churches in heathen India with a hundred thousand or more Christians worshipping in them.

The Portuguese priests said, "These churches belong to the pope." "Who is the pope?" said the Christians. "We never heard of him. Whoever the pope may be, we are Christians. Our fathers came from Antioch, in Syria, where Christ's followers were first called Christians."

They had never heard of any pope of Rome, nor of any change of the Sabbath to Sunday, and were keeping the Bible Sabbath.

The pope established the Inquisition in Goa, India, and in the course of years, fifty of these Christians were put to death. They were persecuted until Rome got hold of their churches and people. Since then, shattered and turned from the Sabbath truth, many have broken away from Rome, having a service resembling that of the Greek Church, it is said.

But about 1844 there came in a revival of inquiry and study on the Sabbath truth, among some of the Tamil-speaking native Christians, through the efforts of an old teacher who found the true Sabbath and began to keep and teach it. Now we hear by this letter of hundreds keeping it, and calling to us for help. Let us pray that these representatives of the ancient faith may be confirmed in the old and eternal Sabbath truth as it shines with brighter luster in the new setting of the third angel's message. The Lord is preparing the way for a quick work in these vast lands where the millions wait.—*Monthly Missionary Reading*.

Winter Days

"If every little snowflake
Declared it would't fall,
And if every little sunbeam
Wouldn't shine at all,
Perhaps the little children
Would forget the way to smile,
And winter days would surely last
A weary, dreary while."



Herschel's monument at Cape Town. Tents of our recent camp-meeting can be seen behind the monument.



Our Field — The World
South Africa — No. 3
 Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.
 Scripture Reading: Gen. 12: 1-10.

LESSON STUDY: Matabele.

General Description.
 Opening the First Mission.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

General Description

Lying between the Matopopo Mountains and the Zambesi River is Matabele land. Buluwayo, the capital city of this country, is just about half way between Victoria Falls and the Limpopo River.

The great province of Rhodesia which includes Matabeleland has been proclaimed British territory, and the development of its resources has been entrusted to the British South African Company. This country is rich in minerals, and its animal life is abundant and varied. Elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, giraffes, ostriches, hippopotami, antelopes, zebras, and gnus, abound here.

The native inhabitants belong to the Bantu family; the chief tribes are the Matabele and Mashona. The latter tribe is unwarlike, docile, and industrious. They are skilful in smelting and manufacturing; but the Matabele are a wild race, made into a nation by Moselekatsi, the great Zulu chief who fled from Tshaka into this country. They live in small villages enclosed by a strong fence, along the inside of which are packed meanlooking huts and cattle kraals.

Lobengula, the son of the Zulu chief, was for many years their ruler. He resided in Buluwayo,

and he and his warriors persisted in making destructive raids in the neighboring tribes, keeping them in constant terror. The Mashona tribe was the chief sufferer at the hands of the Matabele. Finally in 1893 a well-equipped force under the command of the officers of the British South Africa Company entered Matabele territory for the purpose of stopping these raids. The Matabele were defeated, and Buluwayo was occupied by the British. Lobengula fled toward the Zambesi, and on the way died of fever.

Since Lobengula was driven away from Buluwayo, a town has been laid out by the British. Churches, hotels, and newspapers have sprung into existence. Telegraphic communication has been established, and a message can pass from Buluwayo to London in five hours. A railway connects this town with Mafeking where it joins the Cape railway system.

Opening the First Mission

More than ordinary interest centers in Matabeleland, as it was our first mission established in a really heathen country. For some time the Mission Board had desired to open up a mission center in the interior of Africa. The Cape Colony Conference contributed \$2,500 toward the enterprise. On May 7, 1894, a company of five brethren met with the little company of Sabbath-keepers in Cape Town for consultation and prayer before starting on their long trip to the interior to seek for a mission site. The congregation accompanied the party to the station; and even the trainmen became interested and wished them success. Those taking this trip were A. Druillard, F. J. B. Wessels, F. Sparrow, E. J. Harvey, and L. Guoff.

At Vryburg, about seven hundred and forty miles from the starting-point, they reached the railway terminal and proceeded with wagons, mules, and oxen for the remainder of the long journey. The monotony of the trip was constantly broken by exciting chases after their straying oxen, heroic exertions in extricating their wagons from muddy pits which seemed to have no bottom, by the work of repairing or

replacing axletrees broken in the strain, and by searching for water and game to augment their slender stock of provisions. Each Sabbath day was a season of rest and of spiritual refreshing. They held their little Sabbath-school at the same hour their home school was held, and the Lord came very near as they studied the precious lessons of trust from the life of Christ as given in the book of Luke. After the Sabbath-school, they held a prayer service, and the remainder of the day was spent in reading, singing, and talking of the blessings the Lord was giving them.

July 4, almost two months from the date of starting, they reached the town of Buluwayo, their objective point. To their surprise they found the stars and stripes floating to the breeze in the city; as about thirty Americans were there, determined to celebrate the day.

A letter of introduction to Dr. Jameson enabled our brethren at once to make known their desires to the authorities. When they laid their plans before him, he stated that he would aid them if they would make their mission self-supporting, and teach the natives how to work and be cleanly, to let rum alone, and to build houses and plant gardens for themselves. He offered them twelve thousand acres of land for a mission farm, in any direction where the land had not been taken.

The hearts of these faithful workers were greatly cheered by this bright prospect, and they earnestly sought the Lord for guidance in the selection of the proper location. With light hearts they gratefully accepted the guides offered them by Dr. Jameson and started on the last part of their journey. They were obliged to travel very slowly, as they were not following even the semblance of a road. At every kraal the guide would tell the natives the object of their visit. Without a single exception, the chief would urge them to locate there. After a careful search a location was decided upon thirty-five miles west of Buluwayo, near the Guye River. Eagerly they returned to Buluwayo, fearful lest some more fortunate one had secured the tract of land

(Concluded in page six)

Summary of the Young People's Work for Quarter Ending September 30, 1906

Name of Conference	No. Societies	Membership	Isolated members	Miss. letters written	Miss. letters rec'd	Missionary visits	Bible readings	Subscriptions taken	Papers sold	Papers given away	Books sold	Books loaned	Pages tracts sold	Pages tracts given away	Hours Christian Help work	Persons fed Clothing given	Used in Home Missionary Work	Given to Mission Fields
Alabama	1	17	...	8	8	16	34	...	6	1	16	16	40
Alberta	1	25	...	5	6	134	91	139	540	\$ 10.00	\$ 7.45
Australasian Union	53	1003	36	764	67	1375	443	62	15448	57143	565	67	1742	36018	573	207	226.21	581.70
British Union	1	17	...	6	3	7	4	...	6	6	5	2810
California	9	329	9	71	34	276	198	6	3784	4042	1911	66	1502	5237	326	30	88.50	48.05
Central New England	1	1	22	...	2	...	3100	8	1	.10	.45
Chesapeake	2	78	...	23	3	26	13	...	428	70	1	13	3380	10	7	4.00
Colorado	19	468	5	154	57	136	46	15	371	1505	7	9	...	9068	131	11	9.00	164.44
Cumberland	3	75	14	108	37	523	83	4	948	2512	10	16	818	519	106	34	14.55	69.71
District of Columbia	2	55	46	12	1402	3374	22.12	18.00
Eastern Pennsylvania	3	38	...	12	9	307	25	1	36	241	1	3	954	988	108	6	...	8.50
Florida	5	16	17	70	...	1	5	142	5	2	...	954	...	1	.50	50.74
Georgia	2	3	1	76	3	13	69	37	...	1	20
Greater New York	2	37	...	14	5	36	26	28	543	191	36	8	16	94.52	7	2	8.88	7.22
Hawaii	1	7	30	41	1769	427
Indiana	3	85	15	217
Iowa	11	133	14	75	29	99	38	3	103	738	19	7	...	12632	222	103	14.91	11.05
*Jamaica	11	179	10	45	24	183	104	138	508	217	34	72	778	1669	61	95	.90	1.32
Louisiana	4	74	3	56	36	134	191	338	684	1726	231	30	74	5063	75	157	13.10	6.60
Maine	2	46	...	68	51	20	...	5	...	119	...	3	...	338	...	1	4.26	...
Mississippi	6	59	6	23	30	365	48	2	302	1250	2	5	304	12275	18	22	3.30	1.25
Missouri	5	107	...	116	16	301	93	195	7747	2349	217	33	2060	11424	122	6	117.62	5.00
New York	5	58	8	18	7	25	1	21	140	96	72	10	6	175	163	10	7.55	2.10
North Carolina	3	53	...	11	3	8	41	84	36	4	...	72	5	1	.84	...
North Michigan	17	208	7	44	14	74	31	1	...	701	6	25	130	1674	150	91	4.41	1.85
Ohio	9	179	...	59	23	762	355	26	443	8781	23	20	437	99847	130	113	12.39	136.71
Southern California	4	136	...	154	35	137	144	26	3012	21840	1282	747	1751	8318	307	658	6.13	14.42
South Carolina	1	30	...	2	...	172	1	3	1000	...	25.00	...
Southern Illinois	7	91	11	61	4	42	16	12	46	296	211	2	...	700	74	9	2.04	1.25
Tennessee River	3	40	2	24	11	13	40	...	216	263	215	9	...	9274	26	5	4.09	5.44
Texas	4	98	...	31	14	164	44	...	437	118	53	6	...	1768	90	1	1.95	12.75
Upper Columbia	3	148	38	12	5	8	4	1	4	421	16	6	...	477	4	1	1.35	18.44
Utah	2	29	3	28	16	60	...	8	62	219	4	19	...	641	76	4	3.30	...
*West Michigan	14	166	...	55	20	147	14	2	816	2047	4	28	819	5444	347	23	18.72	10.17
Western Oregon	3	96	5	11	1	1063	34	1	...	600	2034	15	...	852	...	2	17.28	2.00
West Pennsylvania	7	108	10	11	5	21	12	37	1500	5	...	6.00	...
Western Washington	1	52	6	47
Totals	222	4294	204	2086	585	6586	2097	917	36334	111517	7140	1232	14807	246656	4581	1594	\$645.00	\$1190.61

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER,
 Secretary Young People's Department.

* For two quarters.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"It Doesn't Take God Hard"

ONE sultry Sabbath afternoon
While shone the July sun,
Three little girls went out to see
Some things that God had done.

Down past the corn-field's rustling green
They romped in childish glee:
Free as the breeze that shook the leaves
Their spirits seemed to be.

One was a sweet-faced four-year-old,
With blue eyes and dark brown curls,
And rosy, sunburned, dimpled cheeks,
And teeth that gleamed like pearls.

She looked down at the hard-caked earth,
So lifeless and so dry,
And then across the waving corn,
Up at the cloudless sky.

And then she said, "What lots of corn!
How very hard 'twould be
If we should have to water it—
Such lots of work!" said she.

"But then, it doesn't take God hard
To water it, at all;
He blows the big clouds through the sky,
And lets the rain-drops fall."

'Twas long ago. That little maid
To taller years has grown.
I hope she feels the same sweet faith
In God that then was shown.

Ah, sometimes yet, when troubles seem
My progress to retard,
I hear that childish voice sing out,
"It doesn't take God hard."

ARCHER WRIGHT.

Azubah Smith's Party

"You may go and play," said George's aunt, shading her eyes to look at the sun as she followed George out to the porch, "until half-past five, and then you will have to run all the way home to get here before supper."

"O, I'll be back," George answered, "in plenty of time. You see if I'm not."

Aunt Annie shook her head.

"I am more likely to see you coming in late with an excuse, 'They hadn't finished the ball game,' or, 'It was too interesting to leave.' Don't you remember saying such things to me, and pretty often, too?"

George blushed, for he did remember. He was quick to promise, and equally quick to forget.

He wondered now what made Aunt Annie seem so serious. She seated herself on the veranda bench, and looked off across the garden as if she were thinking of something far away. "I believe," said she slowly, "that I will try with you what my mother tried once with me; if you are late again to-night, I shall lay down this rule: you can't go anywhere outside that gate, after school, for a whole week."

George had been scared by her solemn look, but now his face brightened. He did not think that sounded as if it meant much. Not to go outside the gate for a week was no great punishment.

His aunt saw how he took his sentence. "I ought to warn you," she said, "that you may be very sorry if you bring this on yourself. Sometime I'll tell you what happened to me when I was a little girl and I was kept at home."

George dearly loved to listen to a story. "O, tell it now," he begged, seating himself beside Aunt Annie on the bench.

"You want to go to play ball."

"Not yet. I'd rather hear the story, first. I'll

have time afterward to go over to the ball ground, and yet not be late for supper."

"Perhaps," said his aunt with a wise smile, "if you have heard it, you may not be so likely to be late."

So she took up the piece of sewing that lay upon her lap, and, while she talked, she set beautiful, small, even stitches in her work. George fumbled with the lining of his cap, and listened eagerly.

"I was only a little child," she began, "when this happened, not more than seven years old; but it all comes back to me as plainly as if it were yesterday. I never could forget it. I have often heard my mother say that she had more trouble with me than with any other of her family, just because I was so heedless and she could not depend on me.

"You know I have told you we had to walk about a mile to school. Well, when my brothers and sisters came home at night, very likely I would not be with them, and no one would have any idea where I was. I never did stay out after dark; I hadn't much sense, but I had enough



ARE YOU GOING TO PLANT A MISSIONARY GARDEN THIS SPRING?

for that. At twilight maybe I would come running in and begin my excuses: I had been playing coop with Helen Sofield and Priscilla Brown, or I had gone home with Sally Locke to see the new baby, and I didn't guess it was so late —"

Here Aunt Annie looked at her nephew, who turned away his head. He knew how to give such reasons for not coming home on time.

"One night," his aunt went on, "when this had happened over and over, I opened the house door, smiling, thinking it would all be the same as usual; I should have a scolding, and nothing more would come of it. But, instead, I was surprised to hear mother say:—

"'You may hang up your hat and coat in the entry, Annie. You won't need them right away again.'

"That sounded awful to me, as if I were going to die.

"'Why, mother,' I said, 'why not? I'm well.'

"'No, you're not,' she said. 'You're bad enough. I'm discouraged. I've tried kindness with you, and now I am going to try hardness. You can't go away from the house again for a week.'

"I didn't think much of that at first. I had been so frightened by the way she spoke that, when she said this, it seemed to me I was let off, very easily. But it was lonesome to see my brothers and sisters start off in the morning, and run together down the road to school, and I standing by the picket fence, looking after them, those lovely spring days; for mother would not let me even go to school. I was working for a prize, too, and it was a trial to give that up; but, 'I can't trust you out of my sight,' she said.

"Well, I did little things about the house and garden. I weeded the strawberry bed, and I sewed on my patchwork. I was too proud to fret, though I did miss the walk to school and the play and the study. I saw mother watched me, looking so sorry all the time. But of course she didn't give in.

"My week would be up on Thursday. It was Monday when they all came home from school, so eager to talk that every one spoke at once. There was a great hubbub.

"'O mother,' said my youngest sister louder than any one else, 'there's going to be a party at Azubah Smith's, and she has asked us all!'

"We hardly ever had company for children in those days, and our family lived so far out in the country that there was less going on than in town. I had never been to a party.

"I ran up to mother, as excited and happy as the rest, and then I saw her look at me—and I remembered.

"'When is this party?' she said. 'What night will it be?'

"You may believe my heart beat fast then.

"'To-morrow,' they called in a chorus. 'And Annie is asked, too. Azubah asked Annie.'

"Nobody remembered—nobody but mother and me.

"We were in the sitting-room. I flew around like a crazy thing, and ran out to the kitchen. I felt as if I must be alone. I threw myself right across the stove —"

"O Aunt Annie!"

"The fire was out. I lay there, and cried and cried. I didn't want ever to lift up my head again. By and by mother came out to see where I was. She laid her hand on my shoulder, and tried to soothe me.

"'Annie, dear,' she said, 'don't take it so hard. One would think you had lost a friend.'

"'O mother,' I said, 'I don't believe I could feel worse if I had.'

"She told me after I was grown to be a woman, that she never was so tempted to break her word. I am glad now that she kept it. Of course I could not be then; that is too much to expect of a child. But, glad or sorry, I did not go to Azubah Smith's party. Maybe you can guess how it seemed when I went back to school on Thursday to hear them all talking it over, and I the only one left out. It was the hardest thing, I do believe, that ever happened to me in all my life. But it cured me of carelessness."

It cured George. He came home that night from the ball ground in time for supper. He never was late again.—*Ruth Hall in the Junior Christian Endeavor World.*

Bible Questions in Instructor Dated Jan. 8, 1907

THE following persons sent in a correct list of answers to the twenty-five questions given by Mr. G. C. Robinson:—

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Eula F. Roberts | R. R. Tichenor |
| Lula Marshall | Flora Maxim |
| Elmer Anderson | Nellie Ross |
| Bessie Stanfield | Inez Williams |
| Bertha C. Lea | Bethel Hunt |
| Pearl T. Stafford | Lela Warner |
| Emily M. Wilson | Frank Bennett |
| Leslie J. Spicer | Ilone Bennett |
| Eva Sammer | Lizzie Bennett |
| Vesta Sammer | Mary A. Houghtaling |
| Glenn Willhelm | Josephine Smith |
- Imo Abbee

Master Charles Sterling sent in an excellent list of answers. One question, however, he failed to answer. Miss Annie Roedel answered all except the seventh correctly. Arthur Wheelless and his grandma sent in a good list. All the answers of their list were correct, but there were one or two omissions.

The answers given were not all the same as those given by the author, but were equally correct. Mr. Robinson's references follow:—

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. 2 Kings 19 and Isaiah 37 | 13. 2 Chron. 32:31 |
| 2. Num. 13:24, margin | 14. 2 Kings 3:19 |
| 3. Deut. 34:3 | 15. 2 Kings 4:1-7 |
| 4. 2 Kings 19:28 | 16. 2 Sam. 14:25 |
| 5. 2 Chron. 26:19 | 17. Gen. 32:26 |
| 6. 2 Kings 20:7 | 18. Gen. 40:5 |
| 7. 2 Chron. 22:10-12 | 19. Gen. 42:38 |
| 8. 1 Chron. 28:2, 3 | 20. Gen. 28:17 |
| 9. 2 Kings 5 | 21. Gen. 29:11 |
| 10. 2 Kings 4:8-10 | 22. Gen. 49:9 |
| 11. 2 Chron. 31:21 | 23. Deut. 25:17-19 |
| 12. Joshua 9:20, 21, 23, 24 | 24. Ex. 23:28-30 |
| | 25. Joshua 5:15 |

Correct Solution of Bible Enigma in Instructor of February 5

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| Bartimæus | Mark 10:46-52 |
| Ahimelech | 1 Sam. 22:9 |
| Rechabites | Jeremiah 35 |
| Nineveh | Jonah 3 |
| Assyria | 2 Kings 19:35 |
| Bow | Gen. 9:12, 13 |
| Arabia | Gal. 1:17 |
| Shalmaneser | 2 Kings 17:3 |

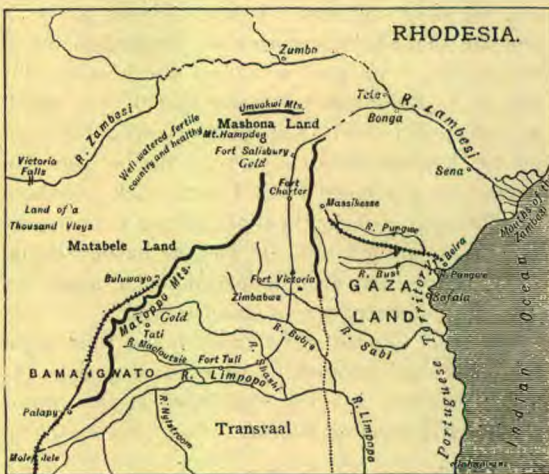
Those who sent in correct answers are:—

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Glenn Willhelm | Lizzie F. Bennett |
| Hattie Rosser Hickok | Elmer Anderson |
| Ilone Bennett | Bessie Stanfield |
| Frank Bennett | Inez Williams |

Goldie Dingman, Edith Affolter, and Lela Warner, answered all correctly but the seventh.

Our Field—The World
(Concluded from page four)

they desired. To their delight, not only was this large tract given them, but they were each offered a farm if they would settle there as self-supporting missionaries among the natives. Two of the brethren took up claims near the mission farm.



One hundred head of cattle were purchased, the mission farm was staked off, and Brother Sparrow was left in charge.

The next call was for workers from America.

(To be continued)

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Earnest Work for You

FOR nearly two years Miss Newcomer has been giving you short Bible Readings on different points of Bible truth. Now will not some of you make up a reading on the Sabbath question or the state of the dead and send it in to the editor? The readings must be short, and we want no one above sixteen to send in readings. If there are some really good ones sent, they will no doubt find their way into the INSTRUCTOR.

Power from Sunshine

ELECTRIC power from sunlight appears more wonderful than harnessing the streams or wind. Yet we know something of the vast heat of the sun.

Solar engines for operating pumps have been in use in different parts of the earth for several years now, and their value in warm climates where the number of days of clear sunshine averages high, must steadily increase. One of the most successful of these solar machines is located near Los Angeles to irrigate fruit-land. An automatic stand carrying great reflectors follows the course of the sun as regularly as the best telescope ever made, and the sun's rays are thus reflected on a central point where the boiler of a small engine is located. Within an hour after sunrise the heat of the sun raises the temperature of the water to the boiling-point, and thus creates steam; and the pumping machinery begins its day's work and keeps it up until sundown.

The power of the sun for heating has been only faintly appreciated by scientists in the past, but the prediction is made now that if all the coal should give out we would soon be able to run much of our machinery from the power of the sun. With five hundred mirrors properly arranged to focus the rays upon one point, a temperature of more than a thousand degrees has been obtained. This almost equals one fifth the highest temperature recorded by the electric furnace, which is considered to-day the most powerful heating apparatus ever discovered. As there is no limit to the number of mirrors that may be employed, and as the intensity of the heat increases in proportion to the number of rays reflected by the mirrors, it is conceivable that a temperature may be obtained in time that will surpass anything ever dreamed of in the past or present.

Hitching the sun to run electric motors for furnishing light and power for our homes and factories is the very latest achievement of the modern work of harnessing the elements to do man's work; and one square yard of sunshine in the tropics may represent, on the average one-horsepower.—George Ethelbert Walsh, in St. Nicholas.

Great Moments Reveal Men

No man, in any great crisis, shows a gift for speech or action or heroism, unless the germs of those things were already in him. Great moments do not put great qualities into the souls of men; they simply reveal what is already there.—The Outlook.

Letters Sent in for Criticism

AFTER Mr. Henry Rose closed his excellent series of articles on letter writing, the editor asked the young people to write letters, allowing the criticisms to be made in the INSTRUCTOR for the benefit of others. Only a few have had courage or interest sufficient to do this. An honest, fair criticism upon one's work is something that the most learned men and women are anxious to receive; so those who are just beginning to climb the ladder of knowledge ought to be very glad for any suggestion along any line that will help them to mount the ladder most successfully.

The letters that appear this week have not been carelessly written. The authors have been quite painstaking and thoughtful, but not enough so; for the standard is perfection.

HOLLY MICHIGAN Dec 13 1906

DEAR CHUM—

I will now try and answer your kind and welcome letter, in regard to our young people's society

We organized our society eight weeks ago next Sabbath.

We thought it would be best to have our meetings separate.

The young ladie's meeting is held in the parlor of the girls home, and ours in the chapel. Our meetings commence at three o'clock and last until four. We have three speakers to talk to us on any subject they choose, each is supposed to talk fifteen minutes.

Every four weeks the societies meet in Union meeting, and have two speakers from each society and we commence our meetings, at two thirty.

We organized our society so as to get practise in public speaking and being able to think what we wanted to say on our feet. We expect to bring in some missionary work in the near future.

We elect our officers, President & Secretary, every four weeks, to take their office the first meeting after the union meeting.

Well I must close and study my Bible lesson.
As ever your chum

HOWARD.

Master Howard Dix has given us an easy, straightforward description of the work of the Young People's Societies, and I think his friend would be glad to get his letter. It is said that in one of the great insurance suits after the San Francisco fire, the company lost four and one-half million dollars, because of the position of a comma. Our government, too, once lost several thousand dollars because of an error in punctuation; so it may sometime be worth much to the author of this letter to be able to punctuate well what he writes. A period and comma should follow the abbreviation Dec.; a comma should follow 13, and a period should be placed after 1906.

The salutation "Dear Chum" should be followed by a comma and dash at least. Some use a colon.

"I will now try and answer" should be "I shall now try to answer." The apostrophe should follow the s in ladies, and there should be an apostrophe after the s in the phrase "girls' home." The word commence is all right; but begin is considered better than commence, if there is no reason why the substitution can not be made. At the close of the fourth paragraph it would be better to say "at half-past two o'clock" instead of "at two thirty."

In the fifth paragraph the sentence would be balanced better if it read, "to get practise in public speaking and power to think what we wanted to say while on our feet." In the seventh paragraph the word and should be used instead of the sign.

Master Howard likes new things, I know, especially if they are better than the old, so does his friend, therefore let him find some new way to end his letter instead of saying, "Well, I must close and study my Bible lesson." The idea of laying aside the writing of a letter for the study of a Bible lesson may be new to many persons, but the first part of the sentence is familiar to every one.

HOLLY, MICH.
12 | 12, 1906.

Miss Lillian Rose,
Loma, Linda, Cal.
MY DEAR LILLIE:—

I have told you about this school and the work here but do not think I have yet told you about our Young Peoples Society and I am sure you will be interested to know what we are doing along that line.

We believe that we have a message to give to the world and we know that the burden will soon fall on us who are now young people; because of this we have banded ourselves together, believing that the training we will receive in our "Self-culture Society" will render us more efficient to co-operate with Christ in the work of spreading this message.

Each Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock we have our meeting. For officers we have a Leader and a Secretary. Each Sabbath we have two or three of the students present a subject, the object being to make them able to "think on their feet."

We have two divisions to our society,—that is, the young men and young women hold their meetings separately and once every four weeks we have a union meeting.

As this society is still in its infancy we have seen no marked results as yet, but we are trying to get a training in order that we may be efficient workers and we are praying to grow spiritually so that when the time comes for us to step out in active service for our Master we can enter into the work whole heartedly.

Asking you to remember the work here, I remain,
Yours with kindest regards,
BEATRICE HARTER.

In Miss Harter's letter there should be a comma after the abbreviation "Mich." It is better to write the name of the month instead of its number. The apostrophe is omitted in the word "People's"—Young People's Society. A comma should follow the word "society," because of the relation of the two co-ordinate clauses. The expression, "but think I have not yet told you," would be preferable to "but do not think I have yet told you."

"To think on their feet" is a common expression, and perhaps its meaning is usually understood; but since it is not intended that "on their feet" shall tell upon what subject they are to think, but rather to suggest that persons are to be trained to think clearly and quickly while standing before an audience, would it not be better to state simply that fact, or at least say "think while on their feet?"

The fourth paragraph would be improved by saying: "We have two divisions to our Society, the young men and women having separate sessions. Once a month a union meeting is held."

Wouldn't the thought in the fifth paragraph be more directly expressed, if the sentence read, "but we are trying to get a training that will make us efficient workers. We are also praying that we may grow spiritually so that," etc?

If Miss Harter would sprinkle in a few more commas, in the right place of course, and omit in one or two places the conjunction *and*, making a new sentence, her letter would merit the word—dear to every true student's heart—excellent.

And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

7. "And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years."

8. "And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

Questions

1. Where do we learn how the earth was made? What did God do in the beginning?

2. What was the earth like at the first? With what was it covered? What did the Spirit of God do?

3. Tell how light was created. What did God then do with the light and with the darkness? What did he call the light? What name did he give to the darkness? What did the evening and the morning make?

4. When was the firmament made? What does the word firmament mean? What did God call the firmament? What did the second evening and the second morning make?

5. What did God say to the waters on the third day? What did he command to appear? What did God call the waters that were gathered together? What name did he give to the dry land? What did he see concerning his work?

6. Tell how God made the dry land beautiful on the third day. What did the third evening and the third morning make?

7. What did God say should be in the firmament of the heaven? What would they divide? Of what other use were these two great lights?

8. By what name do we call the great light that rules the day? What do we call the lesser light which God made to rule the night? What other lights did God cause to appear on this day? How did God regard the work of this day? When was the sun made to rule the day. What did the fourth evening and the fourth morning make?

Suggestive Thoughts on the Sabbath-School Lesson

GEN. 1:3: "And God said." Before I could read well enough to study my own Sabbath-school lesson, my sister, May, was one day helping me with it, the subject being "Creation." As she came to these words, she seemed to feel impressed by the great power of God to bring worlds into existence by merely speaking. Without seeming to be especially teaching me, she dwelt upon these words and his power, which left such an impression upon my tender mind that I never fail to recall when that chapter is read. Evolution will never find good soil in my mind, thanks to the early instilling of this great truth.

Gen. 1:14: "Let them be for signs." This was fulfilled in a way perhaps not included in the text, in my own Christian experience. I was canvassing for "Great Controversy" in Hillsdale, Michigan, with but little success, and as this was my first experience in the Lord's work, and I had previously dedicated my life to his work, I felt very much discouraged and tempted to believe that God had not accepted me as a worker. About this time a class of nine were preparing to be baptized, and a strong desire came over me to be re-baptized with them. I stated my case to the administrator, Elder R. C. Horton, and was accepted. Sunday forenoon was the time appointed, and it began with a

drizzling rain. In my secret devotions that morning I prayed that I might have a definite assurance of God's acceptance of me, and asked that the sun might come out and shine upon the baptismal scene. We went to the water, and eight had been baptized, I having been left till the last, and I went down calm and trustful, though the sun had not once shone through. But as I rose from the watery grave, it broke through the clouds in all its glory,—for me, a testimony from God himself that I was accepted in the Beloved. It meant so much to me! And how many times that scene has stood out in my memory to cheer me in hours of trial and discouragement in my later years devoted to Bible work. But God graciously gives me assurance day by day that I am still accepted of him, so that I do not have to depend upon that experience of long ago.

HATTIE ROSSER HICKOK.

Gen. 1:15: "And let them be for lights . . . to give light upon the earth." The lovely things of the material world are not seen until the sun, dispelling the darkness, floods them with its light. And so with the treasures of God's Word; they are not appreciated until they are revealed by the Sun of Righteousness.—Mrs. E. G. White.



I — The Calling

(April 6)

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God." 1 John 3:1.

Questions

1. What is every Christian urged to do? 2 Peter 1:10.

2. To how many does God's call to repentance extend? Isa. 45:22; Rev. 22:17.

3. Some would have us believe that God has chosen a few whom he will save. What class are we told that Jesus came especially to call? Matt. 9:13.

4. How many are included in this class? Rom. 3:23; John 3:16.

5. Through what medium is the call extended? 2 Thess. 2:14.

6. To what relationship are we called? 1 John 3:1.

7. What fellowship does this afford? 1 Cor. 1:9.

8. What change is brought about in the condition of those who accept the call? 1 Peter 2:9; note 1.

9. What change will be seen in the character? 1 Thess. 4:7.

10. What, therefore, are we called to be? Rom. 1:7; note 2.

11. How much is included in this call? 1 Tim. 6:12.

12. What is the climax of our calling? 1 Peter 5:10.

13. What is the character of him in whom we are called? Rev. 19:11.

14. Then how confident may we be that God will bring to pass in our lives all to which he has called us in his Word? Rom. 4:21.

Notes

1. We are called from all that is unlike Him who calls us from all things natural to us. We are not by nature good, or pure, or righteous. Do not be deceived in placing humanity on a higher plane than God places them, for in doing this we minimize the work of the Saviour. But take comfort in the thought that God calls us from all this evil to better things.

2. The word "saint" means a holy one. But while God calls us to be saints, and by his Spirit calls his children saints, we never find the devoted servants of God calling themselves saints. Their choicest title seems to be "servants."



I — The Story of Creation

(April 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 1:1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Gen. 1:1.

Lesson Story

1. The first chapter of the Bible tells us the story of how the earth was made. This story begins just where we would like to have it—at the very beginning. "In the beginning," we are told in the first verse, "God created the heaven and the earth."

2. "And the earth was without form, and void (that is, empty); and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

3. "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

4. "And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." The word *firmament* means "an expanse of space; the sky." It is the space filled with air that surrounds the earth. "And God called the firmament heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

5. "And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good.

6. "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind. . . . And it was so.



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MISS FLORRIE SCOTT from Balbarrup, West Australia, recently sent in three new yearly subscriptions to the INSTRUCTOR, and one renewal. We wish there were a hundred more who would follow Miss Florrie's example. Who will be the next?

"MISSED it at last," was the dying exclamation of a young man who had a short time before been convicted of sin, but had said to the Spirit, "Go thy way . . . when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." He intended, *some-time*, to yield to the Spirit's entreaties, but now voluntarily put off the day of salvation. As he realized this in his dying moments, he could only exclaim with horror, "Missed it at last!"

The Morning Watch

THERE is no surer way, it seems to me, of gaining and keeping an earnest Christian experience than by having a regular early morning hour for study and prayer. Theoretically it seems the proper way for the Christian to begin each day, and practical experience has proved it to be a wall of defense round about the Christian, and a source of great joy and comfort.

"The Morning Watch" gotten out by the Central Union Conference for its young people provides a Bible study for this early morning consecration hour for each day of the year 1907. It also suggests a topic for special prayer on each day. "The Morning Watch" can be obtained from the Young People's Department Central Union Conference, College View, Neb.

Who Will Do It?

MANY of our churches last year held Ingathering services. Hundreds of dollars came to the Mission Board treasury as the result of these meetings.

Will not those who had these services in charge, pass on to others the best features of their program? Please write to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR telling what helped the most to make your service interesting. These letters are not desired for publication, but as a help in making suggestions for this year's program. If you had recitations, dialogues, or songs that seemed especially appropriate, can you not send a copy to the editor, or tell where they may be obtained?

Will not some of our friends write a poem or an exercise in poetry, embodying stanzas of hymns to be sung for the Ingathering service?

The Prairie on Fire

ALICE CARY in her poem entitled "The Prairie on Fire" relates the following incident: A traveler with his family was crossing the prairie in their "white, tent-like wagon," when one day at the hour of noon they observed that the sky had grown suddenly red, and the dull, tramping

tread of horses in the distance could be heard, and presently their horses were rearing and snorting, and over the prairie came "flying the deer, with hot smoking haunches, and eyes rolling back as if the fierce hunter were hard on their track."

"The mother clasps closer
The babe on her arm
While the children cling to her
In wildest alarm;
And the father speaks low,
As the red light mounts higher:
'We are lost! we are lost!
'Tis the prairie on fire!'"

The boys, except one, were terror-stricken. Quickly he lighted the grass, and set the flames leaping on before them, while the fire behind rushed on in power. When it reached the place where the travelers first heard its awful roar, there was nothing left but the scarred smoking earth for it to devour.

Reverently the family kneel under the lurid sky, with hearts "too thankful to speak what they feel; but the father in silence is blessing his boy, and the mother and children are weeping for joy."

This incident suggests the thought of God's wrath against sin, which is like a devouring fire. But this wrath was expended on Calvary; our Saviour bore it for the sinner, and if we stand

A Glorious Dawn

WHAT a world without a Saviour!
Midnight brooding on the plain—
Midnight in the stifled city—
Deep unbroken! Life in vain!

Noble instinct, noble ideals,
High endeavor, dying, dead;
Hope? No hope; O wild despairing!
Not a star-gleam overhead!

Strife, and lurid hate, and havoc,
Jeering madness, in each breath;
And before—a yawning chasm,
Vast, vast silence, endless death!

Hist! a rushing—as of tempests—
And a radiance floods the night;
Clang on clang of harps, exultant,
Throngs of gracious beings bright.

Lamp of Israel! Prince of Judah!
'Neath whose eye the lightnings quail;
Star of realms of burning brightness—
Glorified Redeemer—hail!

ELVIRA A. WEBBER.

beside the cross, we shall be safe from the fires that are soon to destroy sin from the earth, and all sinners, who have not thus taken refuge in the shadow of Calvary's cross.

To the Letter-Writers

THERE are enough letters on hand to last until September; so our little friends would all better leave off writing until the leaves begin to fall. You can keep your eyes and ears open during the beautiful spring and summer days, looking and listening for interesting things; you can keep your hands busy planting missionary gardens and helping your parents, and then when the autumn comes, you will have something new and interesting to tell us.

You can spend the time you would use in writing a letter in solving some of the Scripture enigmas, or answering the Bible questions. Then by sending in your name, we shall know you are still interested in the INSTRUCTOR, and are trying to learn all you can.

Remember the Letter Box is full, and will be for six months, even though no one else writes.

Word from China

ELDER J. N. ANDERSON in writing from China, says: "There is, indeed, I am fully convinced, no better way in which to enlist the hearts of our

people in the home land than by frequent communications to our periodicals. And I am sure that the INSTRUCTOR deserves a generous proportion of contributions from us foreign missionaries, since it speaks to our young people who are the prospective workers in the foreign lands."

We like to have our foreign missionaries feel this way, and we wish that our canvassers and Bible workers would sometimes tell us the interesting experiences and encouraging omens they have in their work.

Answers to Correspondents

"MANNERS are not idle, but are the fruit of noble natures and of loyal minds."

If one is writing to another, is it well to say, "I am so very busy I can't take time to write more this time"?

It is possible for one to make some such statement in a way that may not cause the recipient of the letter to feel that the writer regards it a burden to write; but such a statement is quite likely not to carry with it the idea that the correspondence is a pleasure; therefore it is well to avoid all such statements. If pressing duties forbid a long letter, the short one with a little effort may be made doubly interesting, and so no apologies will be needed.

If asked by a servant or any one at the drawing-room door, "What name, sir?" (or madame), what should be the reply?

The proper reply is not *Smith* or *Mary Brown*, but *Mr. Smith* and *Miss Brown*, or *Mr. John Smith* and *Miss Mary Brown*.

How should olives be eaten?

They should be conveyed to the mouth by the fingers, never should a fork be used. Specially prepared olive forks or spoons may be used in helping one's self from the main dish.

When a gentleman calls, is the lady receiving him expected to take his hat and coat, also his cane, if he carries one?

A gentleman carries his hat and cane into the drawing-room with him in making a visit. His hostess should no more offer to relieve him of them than she would take the fan and handkerchief from the hands of her lady guests, so says an eminent authority on proper decorum. If the gentleman wears an outer coat, he leaves that in the hall; if there be no hall the hostess may ask him to put it on a chair, or in another room. His hat and cane he either holds if he chooses, or places beside him on the floor, never on a chair or other articles of furniture. If he intends spending the evening, he may, if he choose, leave hat and cane in the hall.

To make life really worth the living what are some of the most important things to which one must give care?

Miss Louise Waddell not long since gave such a beautiful and comprehensive summary of the things that enter into the formation of the ideal character that I think I can not answer your question better than to quote her words. She said that her endeavor for herself was: "To be happy, hopeful, buoyant, kind, loving from the very depths of my heart; considerate and thoughtful regarding the peculiarities and eccentricities of human nature, adjusting myself to each so as to produce harmony and not friction; to be pure in word, thought, and deed; broad-minded and liberal, not given to petty denunciation of my fellows; moderate in methods of life; never adding a burden or sorrow where a little forethought would give pleasure; not hasty in speech or action; sincere, candid, and truthful in every detail; conscientious in the execution of every duty; composed, unpretentious, and simple, keeping close to nature's heart, and always relying upon Him I most earnestly strive to serve; keeping ever before me that exemplary life as my rule of conduct toward men."