

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER, NOW! THY CREATOR, IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Spring

WHEN Winter's tottering footsteps fail,
Then laughing, merry Spring we hail,
Who, joyous in his new-found grace,
Lays saucy claim to Winter's place.
The tyrant grim has had his hour,
And, though he struggles, Spring's soft power
Doth tell the victor, and the reign
That makes men glad begins again.
But, lest we do his strength despise,
With hurtling storms he shows his might;
Then, changing straight his wayward will,
He smiles, as if he'd done no ill.

And, quite unlike an earth-crowned king,
His later reign his best doth bring;
He lavishes with careless hand
Riches untold to fill the land.
The babblings of the unchained brooks;
Green furnishings of shady nooks;
The bursting of the sun-kissed flowers;
The mating birds in wooded bowers,
That fill the world with carols sweet;
The carpet soft beneath our feet,—
These are the treasures he doth bring.
We cease to sigh and learn to sing.

Beneath the cloud-capped dome of day,
The sun sends forth his warming ray;
And oftentimes in a playful mood,
Spring steals from autumn for our good,
And spreads with gorgeous tints on high
His glorious pathway in the sky.
Alone beside some joyous rill,
While noontide rests on vale and hill,
Fancy doth build her strange array
Of fairy concepts by the way.
The wind's soft breath our brow has fanned
Seems fond caress of loving hand;
The angel whisperings in our ear
Are only thoughts when men are near.

On one such day, delightful, fair,
By some strange necromancy rare,
The purple, crimson, and the gold,
And all the store that dawn doth hold,
Were builded by some elfin hand
In stately towers and castles grand.
And one that seemed, of all, the best,
Whose turrets high out-topped the rest,
Whose beauty told the owner's fame,
In gilded letters bore my name.
And, through the morning bright, I gazed
In rapture where those letters blazed;
Then waited for the westering sun,
And, resting, dreamed of brave deeds done.
But when the twilight sky once more
Its pageantry of color bore—
Castles were mists; and hopes, but fears;
Eve had brought ruin, and sad tears.

But springtime holds one pleasure more
For stalwart youth, or sad heart sore:
Labor, until the day doth close;
And then, when weary, sweet repose.
But, while we labor, all unknown,
Beneath our touch a thing has grown
That shapes itself to our intent
As willow to the wind is bent,—
A structure that, howe'er we will,
Is grand or mean, is good or ill.
And, if we see with wisdom's eyes,
We'll learn to watch it slowly rise,
Content to add each day a stone,
And vow that when at length 'tis done,
It then shall be no whit less fair
Than that grand castle in the air.

H. A. PEEBLES.

Notes by the Way

THAT beautiful morning in June, 1906, when I left the city of Boulder, Colorado, to hasten to the bedside of my aged father in Ohio was not an extraordinary one for Boulder, but it seemed that my Heavenly Father sought to comfort me with all the inspiration that his wonderful creation here can give when lightened and beautified by the rays of the morning sun, that thus the sadness of my heart might be made more bearable.

What a city is Boulder! nestling, as it does, at the grand junction between the mighty plain and the giant rocks, or foot-hills, from which it may have taken its name. No wonder that men and women love it, and sing its praise. The ripple and gurgle of its clear cold waters, ever coming, night and day, from the never-failing snows, giving drink and freshness to thirsty tree, plant, and flower, is a constant cheer and blessing. Its streams, flowing through every street, bring gladness and life to every man's door, and the remnant hurries onward to the plain to join the larger streams, and help to make that which formerly was a desert, "blossom like the rose."

"All aboard!" cries the conductor, and we leave the neat little stone depot, and our journey is really begun. We follow the streams of water, out upon the plain, till, looking backward, we see the great foot-hills rapidly dropping down, giving to the beholder that never-to-be-forgotten view of the hoary giants just behind and to the west—commonly called, "The Snow Range." The soul of the lover of nature can but thrill, and thrill again, as the eye beholds these majestic bodies, clothed in garments of whiteness, with here and there a snowy finger reaching up above the body as if feeling after the Mighty One who gave them being.

To one whose eyes have never feasted upon this apparently unlimited grandeur, the beauties of "The Rockies" especially hold the attention, and awaken deep admiration. Others, who have spent years in their canyons and their parks, on their rugged sides, and on their snow-crowned tops, while they can never fail to see the beauty and grandeur there, a new inspiration is realized as they look out upon the great plain, stretching away as far as the eye can reach. But, to those who are so favored as to live, as we have said, at "the grand junction" between mountain and plain, in that position where one-hour's climb causes one to feel as if one were almost where Moses stood, when he "viewed the landscape o'er," or a half-hour's ride out upon the fertile plain is sufficient to spread before the eye the far-reaching "Snow Range" with all its changing beauties to be seen under the rising, the noonday, and the setting sun, or the gentler light of the silver moon,—I say, such an one has a double cause for thanksgiving to the Creator, and giver of every good gift.

That June morning, as the train sped on its way, my eye went from mountain to plain, and from plain to mountain many times. I could see a storm-cloud forming on Long's Peak, sixty-five miles away, and knew that there the snow was rapidly falling, while in my car and all around me was the warmth of summer. By the

heat of the earth beneath, those cold white snows gradually melt, and the pure snow-water trickles along the mountainside, then runs in rivulets, and finally in larger streams it rushes down, down over jutting rocks and cascades, through ravines and shady dells, and finally through the great canyons till here it is at our feet still flowing laughingly onward, making glad the land.

There is a different hue to the green here than in the East. This is especially manifest in the fields of clover. For miles to the east from the mountains, the plain presents the appearance of one vast garden, dotted here and there with little lakes, also fed by the mountain streams.

Some odd scenes are sometimes witnessed in Colorado; for instance, here on our left is a woman plowing with two horses and a mule. Women vote here, and work, too. At least this one does.

Before reaching Denver we pass several large coal mines. Colorado furnishes quite good coal, all bituminous, and at a price below the Boston market. At Boulder we pay from \$3.75 to \$4.25 a ton for coal, delivered and carried into the house. Even at this price we use but little, as natural gas is piped into our sanitarium, and by it we heat the building, all the water used in the bath-rooms, and light all the halls. This gas comes from a well about one mile from Boulder, which registers seven hundred pounds' pressure to a square inch, and during the three or more years it has been furnishing an ever-increasing supply, the pressure has not perceptibly lessened. Possibly I will write you more about this at some future time.

When Denver is reached, we find ourselves about twelve miles from the foot-hills, and about eighty miles from Pike's Peak. The former seems but an hour's walk away, and the latter not more than twenty miles, or scarcely that. I had three hours to wait in Denver for my train East, and during that time I visited several places of interest. The State Capitol is located here, and is a fine building. Denver has many beautiful streets, and a park that vies with those in the great cities of the East.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, I am seated in a coach of the Santa Fé, making another start for the East. I look at my map and find that we have Palmer Lake, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and La Junta (pronounced Hunta) before us, and at the latter station we reach the main line of the Santa Fé between the West and the East.

Palmer Lake is a pretty little town, and the lake of the same name is especially attractive. Near by are to be seen "The Pulpit Rocks," a wonderful series of rock formations, which are some distance from the mountains, and rise abruptly from the plain. Their color seems to be a reddish brown, and their shapes vary from the grotesque to the grand and picturesque. Several of them have a semblance to an old-fashioned high pulpit, and from this they received their name.

While I was thinking about these wonderful formations, and the great variety in everything in nature, our train carried me away from Palmer Lake and the Rocks, to Colorado Springs,

which is a famous resort for people suffering from that dread disease, consumption. Nature is here prepared to do much for these sufferers, and is often successful in checking and controlling the disease. The Springs contain principally iron and soda,—good elements for advertising,—but the pure water from the mountains, the clear atmosphere, and the beauties of nature bring results.

A neat depot, built of stone, stands at the base of the mountain, overlooking the plain eastward and southward. The breeze from the mountains has lowered the temperature to seventy-five degrees, and more than once we hear the expression, "What a delightful atmosphere!"

Eight o'clock, and the train stops at Pueblo. It has been a decidedly pleasant trip thus far. O, that pen or tongue might picture in their true colors the gently changing scenes of mountain, plain, and sky, especially during the silent hours of closing day!

"Six minutes' stop," cries the porter, and I hasten out upon the platform, that I may breathe more freely the evening air. The night with its shadows, which, like a great curtain, has shut away once more the brightness of the setting sun, now some distance below the horizon, has quietly descended upon the world. "Night!" as Shakespeare said, "which always cometh when the day is not," is resting upon Pueblo and the plain. Walking to the rear of the train, I can see the dim outlines of mountain peaks to the westward, which form a ragged base line for a halo of glory which no artist of earth can ever paint. I am told that this halo is formed by the reflection of the sun's rays upon the great fields of snow beyond. What a beautiful crown for the close of an almost perfect day! Feasting upon the scene, the words of the sweet singer of Israel came to my mind, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Who but a fool could say these words in his heart? With head reverently uncovered, and heart up-lifted to "the hills from whence cometh my help," I give thanks to the One whose hands once "formed the dry land," for the little earnest given me even this day, of that which awaits the faithful lover and searcher after truth.

Turning once more to look out upon the plain. I saw the moon, fairest mistress of the night. In her brightness, she seemed to vie with her departed rival, as she sailed majestically along upon her heavenly way far above Pueblo and the plain. I wish you might have seen her, as with a full face she smiled down upon that little town. Ever and anon, as I looked up at her face that night, I seemed to hear that sweet benediction to the shepherds near Bethlehem, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Joined with this came the precious words of the Lord through the prophet Jeremiah, "I know the thoughts that I think toward you . . . thoughts of peace." The gentle breeze from the mountain as it fanned my face seemed to whisper in my ear, "This is the peace that the divine One wishes you to carry with you into every day of toil, into every sad experience of life."

"All aboard!" like a dull instrument cut short my reverie, and once more we were rattling onward. As the jostling chariots of Nahum hurried us past the last of the little low-roofed houses of the town, I felt inspired to breathe this petition to Him who hears prayer, "Pueblo, good night. May the peace, not only of the queen of night, but the King of eternal day rest upon thee. And in a vision of the night may he, as he did to Nebuchadnezzar of old, impress thee concerning things to come. May thy waking be to serve the Creator rather than the creature."

As we sped on, I thus soliloquized: "How wise and kind is our Heavenly Father in giving the hush and quiet of evening, and of night, to bathe the brow of worry and toil! How welcome the night, with its balm for wearied muscle and

brain, that in the morning man may go forth prepared to grapple once more with his part in the drama of life! O, thou heaven-sent night, bathe with rest and freshness not only the toilers of Pueblo, but the brow of my aged suffering father, toward whose bedside I now hasten. Yea, give rest and comfort to every suffering son and daughter of earth. Speak thine own peace, my Father, to every longing, trembling soul. And to thee, my God, I raise my eyes and my heart, yea, my very soul, that I may receive my portion of thy heaven-sent blessing through the stillness of this inspiring night."

"La Junta! La Junta! Those going to Chicago and the East will change cars at the next stop!" When the soul is truly in communion with God, such calls are not especially inspiring. I looked at my watch to find that it was half-past nine in the evening. One hundred and eighty miles from Denver! How short had seemed the time, but the memories born into those hours will never be forgotten. Looking out of the window, I saw that the mountains had been left behind, and on either side there was nothing but the broad plain as far as the eye could see. Houses, little groves of trees, fields of grain, seemed to be rushing past us toward the north and west. The good old moon, with her kindly smile, was still following the onward march of all things earthly. The engine whistled shrill and long, then the air-brakes began to hug every wheel; the doors opened and shut, and every one in the coach seemed astir. The whistle gave place to the clanging bell. All conspired to awaken a little baby, who began at once to demonstrate its entire freedom from the "white plague," when once more the trainman, who seemed to be the only one in the car who dared to vie with the baby, shouted once more, "La Junta! La Junta! Change cars for Chicago and the East! *Everybody* change cars!" We saw him no more, but the tone of his voice, or the volume of it, had quieted the baby.

I had telegraphed ahead for a tourist sleeper at this point for Chicago, and as I stepped off the train, I saw another train near by, and asked one of the men in uniform, "Is this the train for Chicago?" His only answer was, "All aboard for Kansas City, Chicago, and the East!" "Please, sir, does this car run a tourist sleeper to Chicago?" "Yes! All aboard!" I had just time to jump to the platform when the train pulled out. Passing through the chair-car I met the Pullman conductor. "Where is the tourist sleeper, please?" "This train does not run one. You should have waited for train number two." "What shall I do? I telegraphed for a berth, and one of the trainmen told me this was the train." "You can stay on, or jump off as you think best, but I would advise you to stay aboard." As the train had already reached a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour, I replied, "Well, sir, I think I shall take your advice, and remain on board." He said, "You are a wise man for once," and passed on.

So here I am in a "reclining chair-car," with three dollars more in my pocket than I expected, and now, as the day has been one of nerve tension both for eye and mind, I will close my journal till the king of day returns, and now say to the world below, and to the world above, "Good-night."

A. E. PLACE.

(To be concluded)

Martin Luther

(Concluded)

THE event at Worms, in 1521, is an important mile-post in Luther's life. Beholding the diet through the field-glass of its influence upon subsequent civilization, it presents one of the greatest scenes of modern history. With the invincible forces of truth behind him, the doctor stood firm and unwavering before supreme temporal and spiritual authority. Would he retract his books?

They fell into two classes. His books on Christian piety—how could he retract those that even the pope indorsed as good? His writings against individuals, although harsh, he could not retract: it would be compromising with impurity and despotism. When asked to retract those written against the papacy, he replied: "If then I shall retract these books, I shall none other than add strength to tyranny, and throw open doors to greater impiety . . . [which] will be still further fortified and established. What a cloak, blessed Lord, should I be for wickedness. . . . I can not choose, but adhere to the Word of God which has possession of my conscience; nor can I possibly, nor will I ever, make any recantation, since it is neither safe nor honest to act contrary to conscience! Here I stand; I can not do otherwise. So God help me! Amen." David again meets Goliath, and having left behind him the armor of Saul, he steps forth in the simplicity of the present truth, and flings the stone with David's skill. The troubled assembly sounded a forced retreat. The diet closed, and Luther turned his face from the battle-field.

But the anger of his accusers resulted in an edict against him at once. His friends trembled for his safety. Under the cover of night he took his departure for Wittenberg, but mysteriously snatched from the hands of his protectors, he was placed in concealment in an unknown castle. Here he translated the New Testament, and forever lifted Wartburg from obscurity into a place in the annals of history. Soon the disturbance of the restless reformers at Wittenberg fell upon his ears, and he rushed from his woodland haven of security into the tumult, and there, with the weight of his own personal influence, restored his home community to its former peace. But again the clouds lowered. The nation was agitated; and this time the storm brought the "Peasants' War" of 1525.

Third Period

The sun of the period of great activity now touched the western horizon, and Luther retreated into the college walls to spend his remaining days in more quiet warfare. Another event which marks his retirement, and paints to the world the gentler, the more loving side of the hero's life, is his marriage to Katharine Von Bora, and the happy, hospitable home which this brought.

The walls of the university vibrated with Luther's reformatory spirit. Students scattered it far and near. With Herculean efforts he worked for the advancement of the cause which had long been far beyond his control. He shook the world from his lonely cell. The emperor feared, the pope trembled, as Luther's words rang out like peals of thunder, every blow of which sounded victory. Here and there the people and rulers accepted it. Some of the northern princes in 1529 came out boldly in opposition to the papacy, and hence became known as Protestants.

The following year, the Confession, which today forms the chief doctrinal standard of the Lutheran Church, was presented by Melancthon at the Augsburg Diet. It expounded the principles of the Reformation and of justification by faith. Meanwhile Luther was at Coburg, where he wrote, "This is my Sinai, where I lift up my hands to pray as Moses did during the battle." The struggle at Augsburg was fierce. The situation of the Protestants was critical. The interview concerning the Lord's supper between Luther and Zwingli—the Swiss reformer—failed to unite them. Luther's frown upon Zwingli's tearful face and extended hand, his determined words, "This is my body," cut down all hopes of union; and now when met by a common enemy, they found themselves common foes. Prospects were dark. All seemed lost for a time. The gentle Melancthon was almost swept from his place. In stern rebuke Luther wrote him: "I understand that you have begun a marvelous work; namely, to make Luther and the

pope agree; should you succeed in your affair, I will follow your example and make an agreement between Christ and Belial." However, Melancthon remained faithful, and was cheered as well as rebuked by Luther's letters. The courage of the northern princes arose to the emergency. They formed the Smalkald League to meet the impending danger, which was somewhat checked by the peace of Nuremberg in 1532.

History now, almost silently, follows the Reformer through the closing years of his life. In 1546 he went to Mansfield on a mission of reconciliation. While there, with the sweat of service still heavy on his brow, he committed his spirit to Him in whose great purpose he had moved, and peacefully closed his eyes in death, on the eighteenth of February. He laid down the reins, and none seemed able to grasp them. Sword clashed with sword in the Smalkald war till the peace of Augsburg, in 1555, silenced all present controversy. But the germ of contention which it left, warmed in the bosom of Time, developed into the Thirty Years' War, and was not uprooted till the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648.

Characterization

Luther rests in his silent cell in the Wittenberg church. But, because of his mighty will, which knew no defeat even when facing physical illness; of his courage, which looked into despair unflinchingly; of his temper, which melted to tenderness at home, but fought like steel beyond the threshold; of his heroic faith, earnest prayer, and honest conviction which made him as true to divine purpose as the needle is to the pole—because of these elements, which endured the test of life's heavy sledge-hammer, the pulsation of his life continues to be felt in the social, political, literary, musical, and religious world.

His practical nature could reach the hearts of the people, and thus renovate the social fabric. His influence in the political element drew the sword from the scabbard and severed the northern Teutons from the southern Latins. His "works" form the basis of German literature. He translated the Bible, and the veins through which flowed the cold stream of humanism, throbbed with the warm current of animating truth. A relish was created for the good and pure, and his fertile pen long supplied the demand. He snatched music—his favorite art—from the place of obscurity, where the ecclesiastics had sunk it, and brushing the dust from its fair brow, he breathed into it the life from above. Then "A mighty fortress is our God," with a growing army of songs, heralded the Reformation, and went forth "conquering, and to conquer," till their unwearying voice shall be lost in the great harmony of the song of final deliverance.

These are the foot-hills behind which rises the mountain peak of his purely religious work, together forming the great chain of truth which the Reformation lifted from the medieval mist. With heroic faith, with almost unparalleled courage, the poor monk under ban of both emperor and pope, took up the work that councils and martyrs, with and without aid from emperor, had vainly tried to do for two hundred years; and with the blessing of God, he transformed this forlorn hope into a grand achievement. Truth, till then a melancholy captive, fettered by the church, arose to fall no more.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Spring

THE joyous springtime has returned. Everything in nature seems to be newly created. The grass is springing up fresh and green; the delicate spring flowers modestly raise their little heads above the ground; the apple blossoms spring out of the bare limbs of the trees, and clothe them with a dainty white dress.

The spring birds have come back to us, weary of their long absence. Their joyous songs tell us how glad they are to return to our woods

and groves to build their nests. They seem to say, as they engage in their little duties, "I am glad the springtime has come again." The brooks from which they drink, and bathe their little wings, are now loosed from the icy chains which bound them; and they find everything prepared for their enjoyment.

The sheep and cattle seem very grateful for the green pasturage, and for the privilege of roaming about in the pleasant meadows. Yes; the voice of nature is raised in gratitude and praise to her God.

Are the dear children as happy and as grateful for God's blessings as the little birds and tender lambs? God has given you power to think, to reason, and to consider all his ways; so you of all created things, should be most thankful for the blessings God bestows.

When this earth was first created, all was bright and fair, and more beautiful than our most joyous springtimes now. The merriest spring is as an unfruitful desert compared with the new earth. How very, very beautiful it must have been when it first came from the hand of the Creator. It was no difficult thing for him to paint the foliage and flowers. The glorious sunset, the silvery cloud, the bright blue sky, and earth's green carpeting, were all painted by the same hand. When the work was finished, the Lord pronounced it "good." But everything now comes far short of the glory it once had; yet enough remains beautiful to direct our minds upward to God the Creator of the beautiful.

Let us so live that God will be pleased to give us a home in that lovely land where Jesus dwells—where flowers never fade, and songs of praise will never cease.

E. VIVIAN BLACK.

Nature's Wonderland

O WONDROUS and grand are the mountains fair
That range away in the distant air,
Touched with the sun's own colors rare
In the sky fields of eve and morn.

And Alp-like some their summits raise
Their pinnacles and crowns ablaze
With glory-beams and purest rays,
As on temples old and grand.

And others, hill-like, stretch afar
By golden seas, whose rippling bar
Reflects, perhaps, the morning star
That gleams so pure and mild.

And here and there the mountains through
Are placid lakes of deepest blue,
And opaline, and crystal, too,
That waveless, tideless, gleam.

Then over all there softly grows
A crimson light, or chance of rose,
That flushes mount and lake, and glows
Through all the cloud land fair.

And oft through Wonderland away
I go at eve or break of day,
Where Nature holds her wondrous sway,
And charms my very soul.

Thus God doth grant me here at home
By mountain, sea, and lake to roam,
Till to Mt. Zion's sea I come,
And view his wonders there.

GEORGE E. TACK.

Word From Natchez, Mississippi

OUR Young People's Day here was a veritable feast of good things. Our hearts were filled with joy. It seems that the dear Lord is stirring up his people as never before. Every paper read was a gem, and full of the Spirit. It filled us with the Spirit. The duties and responsibilities of the young were pointed out with such beauty and clearness that it would seem that the very love of God would constrain us to rise up and go out and gather in all our neighborhood, that they too might come in and feast at this table of good things which the Lord had provided.

The wide range of reading-matter gave nearly

all our little company a chance to take part. I feel free to say that there were none who read their parts that did not lay them down with a deeper sense of God's claim upon them. And so when opportunity was given to testify, all responded. And one to whom our hearts were drawn out particularly was melted even to tears, and all received a blessing. Many will date a new experience from that meeting.

PAGE SHEPARD.

Young People's Day in South Woodstock, Maine

ON account of stormy weather and the illness of some of the members, the Young People's service was held two weeks later than the day appointed for it.

Nearly all had some part in the exercises, from the oldest ones to the tiny tots three and four years old; and as we met on this beautiful Sabbath day, a general spirit of expectation was manifest, and the children seemed especially happy and interested.

The older ones carried out most of the program given in the INSTRUCTOR, while the children had learned appropriate songs and poems, and there were several missionary exercises, one of which was especially impressive. It was the plea of four little girls representing Spain, India, China, and Africa, for the gospel of Jesus to be sent to their people, and the reply of the little "America" that she would send the gospel to them.

The three-minute papers showed careful preparation, and were much enjoyed by all.

We feel that the blessed spirit of Jesus rested upon our service, and we trust that much more will be done in the future to interest the children and youth than has been done in the past.

May Young People's Day come often, is the wish of many.

ROSIE B. THURLOW, Secretary.

The Young People's Society at the St. Helena (California) Sanitarium

THE young people were very enthusiastic in carrying out the program as arranged by the General Conference for Young People's Day. It was a beautiful Sabbath day; and the chapel at the sanitarium was filled beyond its seating capacity with earnest listeners. There were many patients present, who enjoyed the service very much. All on the program had well prepared their part which greatly helped in making the meeting interesting and impressive.

In our Society are many sincere young men and women who realize the times in which we are living, and the nearness of the coming of the dear Saviour, and are anxious to become earnest, proficient workers for God. Each week an interesting program is given, including Bible studies, studies of the mission fields, and selections from our books and papers. Every one of the sanitarium family is given an opportunity to improve the talents God has given him to become proficient laborers in his work. We have been much favored in having with us those who have been in foreign countries, to tell us about the work.

In "Christ's Object Lessons," page 327, there is this statement: "Not more surely is the place prepared for us in the heavenly mansions than is the special place designated on earth where we are to work for God." Could all the young people in this denomination realize the meaning of that statement, and the short time there is left to do the work designed for us, I believe there would be an awakening. With such an army of youth in active service, the work would soon be finished.

How beautiful the thought of soon seeing the dear Jesus who died for us, coming in the clouds, attended by all the host of heaven, to take his people back with him.

May God help us young people to live and

work as never before, using the talents he has given us, that the "great day" may be hastened.

ERNEST A. DUNN.



Our Field — The World

South Africa — No. 4

Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

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

LESSON STUDY:—

Matabele.

African Superstition.

The Slave Dealers.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Matabele

(Concluded)

A year after the exploring party first started to locate the mission in Matabeleland, Elder G. B. Tripp and family, of Virginia; W. H. Anderson and wife, of Indiana; and Dr. A. S. Carmichael, of North Dakota, were on their way from America to the mission farm. Since the first party had passed over the road, the railway had been extended to Mafeking, so eight hundred and seventy miles of the journey from Cape Town was made on the train. Brother Sparrow, with wagons, met the party at Mafeking. Almost seven weeks was spent in the overland journey. Day after day they were compelled to turn a deaf ear to entreaties from the chiefs of the villages through which they passed. Every worker could have been left in a different village, and all the appeals would not have been answered. They reached the mission farm July 26, 1895.

Gradually a little village grew. The houses were comfortable, although constructed of grass, mud, and crooked poles. The doors and windows were made from the boxes in which the missionaries had shipped their goods to Africa. A schoolhouse was erected. Thirty-five acres of land, covered with brush and stumps, was cleared and planted, and early in the new year abundant crops were growing. Sabbath services were held regularly, and from seventy-five to two hundred of the natives were attendants. Evidences were numerous that the power of the gospel was having its effect upon darkened minds.

The year 1896 was full of peril to the work and workers on the mission farm. In March a rebellion among the natives broke out, and although they had few guns and but little ammunition, they congregated in such large numbers, and their warfare was so savage, that the condition was very serious. An armed escort was sent from Buluwayo to accompany our missionaries to the city, where fortifications had been thrown up for protection. It was afterward learned that the night after they left the farm, a company of natives had visited it with the intention of killing the white missionaries. All the cattle were taken. Threats were made to return later and burn the buildings. For six months our workers were almost prisoners in Buluwayo, awaiting the cessation of native hostilities. They suffered from exposure, had little food, less money, no comfort, but their faith in God never wavered.

In September they were able to return to the farm. In all that territory our mission station was the only one that was not burned or completely ruined. About twenty-five bags of corn were found unharmed. Peace was restored, but another enemy threatened all the land—death

by starvation—for famine, with all its horrors, was rife. The road to Buluwayo was dotted with the bodies of natives who had started there in search of food, but had perished by the way. Parents came to the mission farm and begged the workers to take their little ones and save them from starvation. Deserted children were frequently found by the workers. A few were rescued after they had been buried alive. Children were gathered in until there were thirty, between the ages of four and eight years. Food was scarce, and the burden, perplexity, and anxiety were great, but God's word never failed, and actual necessities were supplied. Once, when breakfast was furnished, there was not enough grain for even one more meal. The children were anxious. The workers came together for prayer, and then assured the little ones that their God would provide. By dinner-time they had three hundred and eighty-five pounds of corn, a gift from the government to the children. The seeds of faith and trust thus sown in the hearts of these boys and girls have borne fruit in their lives.

In September, 1897, Elder F. B. Armitage and family, from Nebraska, joined the corps of workers. Far more precious gifts than silver and gold were required for Africa. Our beloved missionaries in the Dark Continent loved not their lives unto the death. Early in 1898 death invaded their ranks, and one by one our workers were laid away, until six graves bore mute testimony to the sacrifice of faithful lives. Dr. Carmichael died of the fever, February 28. March 7, Elder Tripp and Brother Sparrow's daughter were laid to rest. In less than a month the only child of Brother Tripp died, and a few days later the native teacher. Sister Armitage died May 1, en route to the Cape, whither her husband was taking her in the hope of saving her life. These deaths were attributed largely to the exposures and hardships during the war and the famine which followed. Brother Anderson was the only worker there who had not been compelled by the fever to flee for his life. For three years and a half he had stood at his post, faithfully picking up the work dropped by those who succumbed to disease, often by the sustaining power of the Lord bearing burdens far beyond his human strength. By June, 1898, the missionaries who had recovered from the fever had all returned to the farm, but the working force was reduced to such a small number that reinforcements were now imperative. To find the missionaries needed was no small task, and it was not until the close of the year that a party of eleven sailed from New York, bound for Matabeleland. Among the company was Elder F. L. Mead, with his family, who was to take up the work laid down by Brother Tripp. Other members of the reinforcing party were Brother J. A. Chaney, Dr. Green and wife, a nurse, a teacher, and canvassers. The party did not reach the mission farm until April. Of their arrival Brother Anderson wrote:—

"I can not describe the joy that filled our hearts when we reached the depot on the eve of April 4, 1899, and found so large a company to take up the work with us. I do not think I would have been more joyful if I had met my own father than I was to meet Elder Mead."

Two out-stations were now opened in response to urgent and repeated calls, and the work in various lines was strengthened.

In September, 1899, a disastrous fire at the mission farm destroyed the thatched house occupied by Brother Anderson's family. Practically everything was lost, and what this means to one in the heart of Africa can not be appreciated even in the most pioneer region in America. In spite of this loss, the workers were of the best of courage, as the results of their labors were beginning to show in the conversion of young natives who not only eagerly accepted the precious truths of God's Word, but manifested the

greatest energy and faithfulness in preparing for active missionary service. In 1901, Elder G. W. Reaser visited that field, and the first church among the Matabeles was organized, with a membership of twenty-nine, twenty-two of whom were natives. Some came from the kraals (villages) to be baptized, knowing that they must endure persecution on their return to their homes.

In October, 1901, Elder F. L. Mead, when apparently in health, and en route to a conference at Cape Town, was stricken with pneumonia, and died at Kimberley.

Brother M. C. Sturdevant and wife, of Georgia, went from America to take charge of the mission in 1902. The Matabele Mission is now known as the Solusi Mission, and it is a training-school from which native teachers are sent into the surrounding villages. The latest report gives the church membership as fifty-two.

African Superstition

The natives in the interior of Africa know nothing of God. They believe in spirits. The wind rustling in the tree tops strikes terror to the heart of the native, for to him it is the movement of evil spirits. Lightning, wind-storms, whirlpools, and floods are also supposed to be caused by spirits which must be pacified. Oftentimes the natives will throw all they own into a torrent of water, to prevent the evil spirit from doing them bodily harm. They wear bits of wood and stone around their necks to drive death away. When Robert Moffat visited the king of the Matabele people, making the trip in an ox-cart, the natives thought it was a huge monster that would eat them if they came close enough. They also thought that a sack of salt which the missionary had, caused the drought by frightening the rain away. They believe that every one who dies has been killed by a witch, and they will put to death any one who they believe has bewitched the person who died.

The Slave Dealers

About one hundred years ago a band of Mohammedans in Africa were engaged in the business of selling human beings. At night the peaceful African villages were disturbed by a mob of fighting men whose purpose was to drive the natives from their homes and sell them as slaves. If the poor black people resisted, their village was burned, and they were treated with the greatest cruelty. When a sufficiently large number of natives had fallen into the hands of their captors, they began the weary slave-march, over the dry, sun-burned plains, over great hills, and sometimes through streams filled with crocodiles. Of course the sick, the weak, the old, and the children perished on the march toward the coast. There were many traders from other lands at the shipping port, ready to pay the captors of the natives about one dollar apiece for them; they were then crowded into ships and taken across the seas to new masters. It is thought that about one hundred thousand Africans were thus taken from their homes in a single year. The negroes in our country are the descendants of slaves brought into this country from Africa by British ships before the Revolutionary War.

When Dr. David Livingstone was pushing his way across the Dark Continent, and trying to destroy the African slave trade, and to open up the vast interior to Christianity, after spending thirty years in unwearied toil and sacrifice, just before he died, at Chilambo's Village, near Lake Bangweolo, Africa, he wrote:—

"All I can say in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Two Indiana Societies are doing systematic house-to-house work with our literature.



They Didn't Think

ONCE a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze;
An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense," said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay;
She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half-grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Ho, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew and Kitty seized him,
Before he'd time to blink
"O," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety.
Where no danger shows,
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you are warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

— Alice Cary.

Youngest Railroad President in the World

THE youngest railroad president in the world is Carleton Kinney, nine years old, official head of the Venice Railroad Co., which operates in Venice, California, twelve miles from Los Angeles. Carleton has charge of the general management and operation of the line, and his brother Innes Kinney, thirteen years of age, is chief engineer. The road is two miles long, laid with light T-rail to 18-inch gauge. There are two locomotives built at Los Angeles, after the model

of the big standards. They are oil burners, carrying 160 pounds of steam; weight, 6 tons each; diameter of cylinders, 5 inches; stroke, 7 inches; 6 drivers, 20 inches in diameter; height to top of stack, 57½ inches; maximum speed, 25 miles an hour. Each engine will draw five cars, which, loaded, weigh a total of sixteen tons. Fuel consumption ¼ gallon of oil per mile.

The cars are twenty feet long, steel frames,



open type, reversible seats, accommodate twelve passengers. A round-trip fare is five cents. The father of the boys built the line and turned it over to them.—*Popular Mechanics*.

How Major Kept Guard

MAJOR was a beautiful shepherd-dog. Like all of that breed, he was intelligent and faithful. One of his duties was to keep the chickens off the lawn, and the feathered tribe fled before him as from a tornado, as they probably thought he was.

One day it was decided to make an exception to the rule, and allow an old hen with a brood of young chickens to have the freedom of the lawn for a time. Then the question arose, Would Major allow it? Could he be made to understand that it was right to allow that hen and her family the right of way, and still keep the rest off?

Some of the family thought that was rather beyond the limit of dog intelligence, but his master thought not. They were sitting on the lawn, the dog as usual on guard at a little distance. "Major, come here," said his master.

Major came, and laying his beautiful head on his master's knee, looked up into his face with eloquent eyes that expressed almost human intelligence and more than human devotion.

His master spoke to him slowly and distinctly. "Major, you must allow that hen and chickens," pointing them out, "to come on the lawn, and keep the rest off. Do you understand?"

Major nodded, flourished his bushy tail, and circling round his master's chair, went through a few physical-culture exercises, with staccato remarks, meaning: "Of course I do, and I'll do it with greatest of pleasure."

And he did. He not only made the desired exception in the case of the hen and chickens, but he allowed them to roost in his kennel!

Before Major's house was built, his headquarters were in a box in the wood-shed, a folded piece of carpet serving for a bed. When the spring epidemic of house cleaning began, it spread to the wood-shed. Major's box was taken out, his carpet shaken and hung on the line. The intention was to let him try sleeping out of doors during the summer, on the veranda or lawn.

But Major didn't understand. He came home from a business trip one day, and went to his headquarters as usual. His bed was gone! He seemed nonplussed, and sat down to think it over.

Then it seemed to dawn on him that an insult was intended. He was not wanted any longer. Those whom he loved so well, and who constituted his world, had ceased to care for him.

His head and tail slowly drooped, and with deep dejection in face and manner he crawled into the house, and lay down behind the kitchen stove, moaning as if his heart would break.

The boys found him there on their return from school, and on learning the details were very indignant. There was a rush for the wood-shed; Major's box and bed were replaced; and he was triumphantly reinstated, to his great joy.

He always did guard-duty when the family were away from home, and he liked to have his work appreciated, too. He could distinguish the sound of the family carriage from all others as it crossed the bridge near the house, and would always meet the family there on their return. With barks and yelps of joy he would fly before them to the gate, and, having told them, "Welcome home," he would proceed to report.

He would circle round the house and back to the carriage with various abrupt and fragmentary remarks that meant, "The house is all right!" Then he would run to the pig-pen, look in, and come flying back, barking his report, "The hogs are all there!"

Then he would go to the hen-house and back with the same report, and so on, till all the places he was expected to guard were accounted for. Then a final volley of barks, accompanied with many acrobatic performances, would say, "Everything's all right; I've taken care of everything." Then he would receive the petting, and words of approval that meant so much to him.

Major was a loved and honored member of the family for many years, but he finally fell a victim to poison at the hands of a superior(?) being, who probably objected to his faithful guardianship of the premises.—*Viola Gardner Brown, in Junior Christian Endeavor World*.

A Little Girl in Japan

MISS MAUD BONNELL, of Kobe, Japan, sends the following beautiful story, which, she says, is "a true incident in all its details:"—

It was a non-Christian family; but as there was a Sunday-school not far from their home, and the little daughter wanted so much to go, they allowed her to do so. The pretty cards, the songs, the other children, and the kind teachers with their interesting talks, all attracted her. She heard there about a God whom we can not see, but who is really very near to us and loves us dearly, who watches over and cares for us all, and who will deliver us in time of danger if we pray to him for his help. It was at the time when there was a great heathen festival to the idols, and the streets were full of people, and flags and lanterns were in sight everywhere, that the little girl was left at home to be home keeper while the rest of the family went out to see the big procession and watch the other sights. She was quite lonely, and as evening came on, and the lanterns in the street began to glow, she became more and more afraid to be alone. While she was growing more and more fearful, she suddenly remembered what she had learned at Sunday-school, and she turned trustfully to the loving One who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and poured out her trouble and fear to him. Just at that time a thief who had been watching to rob houses during

this festival peered into the room, and, seeing only a little girl there, concluded that this was his chance. But what was the child doing? His attention was arrested by her little voice earnestly entreating some one to take care of her and keep her from all danger. His heart was touched, and he resolved to quit his bad life. Going to the nearest police station, he confessed many past crimes; and his sentence being lightened by his confession, in due time he left prison a free man in more ways than one, for he had looked for some one to tell him about this One to whom the little girl had addressed her prayer, and, believing in him, had become truly free. And so God listens as gladly to the little brown-eyed Japanese girl as he does to her blue-eyed sister across the seas.—*Our Boys and Girls*.

A Little Home Missionary

AGNES MCBROOM is about eight years old. She lives at Wichita, Kan., in the suburbs of the city. Like many other little girls, she has others in the family smaller than herself to help; yet she sold thirty copies of the special edition of the *Signs of the Times* in a short time, principally to those who came to her home. Two men came from the city to mend the pump. Each one bought an Earthquake Special *Signs*.

People traveling, stop at her father's well to water their teams; while they are doing this, Agnes sells them one of her papers. Once I saw the milkman drive up as usual to buy the milk; she left tending the baby to go out to take his subscription for the *Little Friend* for one year, for his own little girl about her size. A few days before, she took two other yearly subscriptions for the same paper.—*Kansas Worker*.

A LADY was traveling through a dense forest in the South. She was overtaken by night, and lost her way. Her driver dismounted, and began to walk about among the trees trying to find the road. The lady noticed in the dim light of the stars that his face was turned toward the sky. She asked him why he was looking upward, when what he wanted to find was the road in the woods. The man answered, "If I can find the path in the sky, I can find the road on the ground." He knew that the only place in the forest where the sky could be seen through the dense branches was where the trees had been cut away in making the road. To find the opening overhead was to find the way on the ground.—*Sunday School Times*.

Wonders of Animal Sight

A WRITER in the *Chicago News*, mentioning the marvels of sight in animals, says:—

The greyhound runs by sight only. The carrier-pigeon flies its hundreds of miles homeward by eyesight, noting from point to point objects that it has marked; or so, at least, it is thought. The dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in its eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of its four wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or it would dash itself to pieces. No one can tell in what conformation of the eye this power consists. A thousand mosquitoes dance up and down in the sun, with the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong on the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are.

This is supplemented by the *Chicago Tribune* with these interesting facts:—

The sharp-eyed hawk can spy a lark on a piece of earth almost exactly the same color at twenty times the distance it is perceptible to man or dog. A kite soaring out of human sight can still distinguish and pounce upon lizards and field-mice on the ground, and the distance at which vultures can sight their prey is almost incredible.

Recent discoveries have inclined naturalists to the belief that birds of prey have not the acute sense of smell or of hearing that has hitherto been accredited to them. Their keen sight seems better to account for their action, and they appear to be guided by sight alone, as they never

sniff at anything, but dart straight at the object of their desire.

Their counterparts in the ocean doubtless smell and see, but are more guided by smell than sight. In both sharks and rays the eyes are good, and have a distinct expression, though since they scent their prey from a short distance and swim up to it with greatest rapidity, smell may be called their real eye.—*The Circle*.

How Many Rolls of Wall-Paper?

THE table given below is similar to those used by many paper-hangers. It gives a fairly accurate estimate of the number of rolls of paper for any room of which the dimensions are known.

The figures are in terms of American single rolls, which are eight yards long and eighteen inches wide.

French and German wall-papers are put up in rolls ten meters, or about eleven yards, long, and eighteen inches wide. Large rooms take one less French or German roll than the number given for American single rolls. English papers are chiefly twelve yards long and twenty-one inches wide; slightly less than two-thirds the estimated number of rolls should be bought.

Cartridge or ingrain papers are eighty yards long and thirty inches wide. About two-thirds as many rolls are needed as of ordinary wall-paper double rolls.

Borders and friezes come in rolls eight yards long. They are usually either nine or eighteen inches wide. Nine-inch borders come two to the width, to be cut so that there are sixteen yards of narrow border, called two-band, to each roll, and half as many rolls are needed as of eighteen-inch or one-band border.

Ceiling papers are usually cheap single-prints, in regulation rolls.

Here is the table:—

Number of feet around room	SIDE-WALL Number of single rolls required					BORDER No. of single rolls		CEILING No. of single rolls required
	For height of 8 ft.	For height of 9 ft.	For height of 10 ft.	For height of 11 ft.	For height of 12 ft.	9-inch border	18-inch border	
28	7	8	9	10	11	1	2	2
32	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	2
36	9	10	11	12	13	1	2	3
40	10	11	12	14	15	1	2	4
44	11	12	14	15	16	1	2	4
48	12	13	15	16	18	2	3	5
52	13	15	16	18	19	2	3	6
56	14	16	17	19	21	2	3	6
60	15	17	19	20	22	2	3	7
64	16	18	20	22	24	2	3	8
68	17	19	21	23	25	2	3	10
72	18	20	22	24	27	2	4	11
76	19	21	23	26	28	2	4	12
80	20	22	25	27	30	2	4	13
84	21	23	26	28	31	2	4	14
88	22	24	27	30	32	2	4	15
92	23	26	28	31	34	3	5	16
96	24	27	30	32	35	3	5	18
100	25	28	31	34	37	3	5	19
104	26	29	32	35	38	3	5	21
108	27	30	33	36	40	3	5	22

First measure the length and width of the room; add them together and multiply by two to get the perimeter. You have not got to calculate the wall area. Also measure the height of the room. Find in the first column of the table the figure nearest to the one you have for your perimeter. Follow this line across to the column headed by the height of your room. Here you will find the number of single rolls of paper that would be needed for the side-wall if there were no doors or windows. For each ordinary door or window deduct half a single roll. For mantels and fireplaces or other broad breaks in the wall-space, deduct one single roll for each thirty-six square feet of surface.

When the number of feet around the room does not correspond with any of the figures in the first column, it is safer to use the next higher number.—*Dalton Wylie, in Country Life in America*.

Reading Circle for 1907

Annie Carter
Curtis Mount
Bessie Mount
Howard Cobb
W. Harry Potts

Mary Moore
Mrs. Hattie Robinson
Glem Willhelm
Pearl F. Stafford
Myrtle Swearingen

Mary E. Allen
Nora Zendner
Leah Zendner
Mamie Zendner
Bennie Zendner
Ruth Geraldine Potts
Rilla M. Gooden
Otto Kahn
Mrs. S. M. Cobb
E. H. Cobb
Capt. J. L. Johnson
W. T. Hilgert
W. P. Barto
D. M. Cobb
E. W. Culner
E. Smith
L. W. Cobb
H. Barto
Naomi Ziecher
Beatrice Anderson
Florence Hughes
Frank Cobban
Mable Estell
Maude Fisher
M. E. Cobb
S. M. Cobb, Jr.
Mrs. Cobban
Mrs. Lucy M. Belding
Mrs. Margaret Lutz
Florence Lutz
Anna Lutz
Mrs. Minnie Henderson
Mrs. Bertha Rosecrans
A. Houghtaling
Mary A. Houghtaling

Alice Swearingen
Harold Cobb
Clarence Cobb
Chester Eaton
Hazel Brooks
Gladys Phupps
Effa C. Gilbert
Roy Towne
Myrtle Jenks
Hattie Rosser Hickok
Lela Warner
Charles H. Sterling
Corwin Pierce
Mrs. Nellie Hicks
Birdie Wood
E. G. Alverson
Mrs. E. G. Alverson
Hollis E. Nelson
Louretta Heacock
Emma Morrill
Claude Morrill
Myrtle Cordis
William Cordis
Orson Cordis
Bertha Cordis
Mrs. Edith Cordis
Goldie Morrill
Eddie Cordis
Lucy Maxim
Flora Maxim
Ruth Maxim
Ruth E. Swett
Willis Wright
Fay Felter
C. E. Holmes
Lula Marshall

The editor hoped to get one hundred members before giving a list of the names, but perhaps the list will serve as a reminder and inspiration to others, so that our number in time will be complete.

BIBLE READERS COURSE

The Judgment

1. Of what did Paul reason before Felix?

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." Acts 24: 25.

2. Is there a definite time set for the judgment?

"Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." Acts 17: 31.

3. Who is the judge?

"And the heavens shall declare his righteousness: for God is judge himself." Ps. 50: 6.

4. To whom has the Father committed all judgment?

"For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son." John 5: 22.

5. What kind of judge is he?

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. 4: 8.

6. What did the Saviour say of his own judgment?

"And yet if I judge, my judgment is true: for I am not alone, but I and the Father that sent me." John 8: 16.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

"God's silences may be long, but they are never the silences of forgetfulness."



WOODMAN, WIS., Dec. 16, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I like to read the letters from little friends so well I thought I would write one. We live on a farm. We have twelve head of cattle, and five head of horses. We have no Sabbath-school near, but we study our Sabbath-school lessons at home. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR very much. I am eleven years old. I have two brothers. I go to day-school every day.

SARAH FORTNEY.

MT. VERNON, OHIO, Jan. 13, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been wanting to send in the answers to some of these lists of questions, but this is the first time I have found time to look up all the texts. I have been reading the letters in the INSTRUCTOR, and they are very interesting. The Lord has been bestowing many blessings upon me this last year, and I am sure it is the same with all the readers. I had a missionary garden this last summer, and gave all the money to the missionary work. I am twelve years old, and go to church-school. Our teacher's name is Mr. Walker. I would like to have some of the readers write to me.

JOSEPHINE SMITH.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, ARK., Jan. 8, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I like to read the paper, especially The Home Circle, the Young People's Work, and The Letter Box. I will be sixteen years old next month. As I saw a letter some time ago describing the country the writer lived in, I will try to describe this country. It is hilly and stony, but it is very fertile. One can raise almost any of the vegetables, fruits, or grains peculiar to this zone. The chief occupation is farming and stock-raising, but farmers are coming from the North and East to see the possibilities of the country, and are raising fruits of all kinds. Lumbering is also carried on extensively.

There is no Sabbath-school near enough for us to attend, so we study at home. I have one brother, seven years old, at home, and one brother and one sister married. I was baptized at the Windsor camp-meeting. Pray for me that I may continue faithful. Love to all the readers.

EDNA BOAZ.

I like your letter, Edna.

Suggestive Thoughts on the Sabbath School Lesson

Use of the Sabbath

THE beauty that clothes the earth is a token of God's love. We may behold it, in the everlasting hills, in the lofty trees, in the opening buds and the delicate flowers. All speak to us of God. *The Sabbath, ever pointing to him who made them all, bids men open the great book of nature, and trace therein the wisdom, the power, and the love of the Creator.*—Mrs. E. G. White.

God would have us appreciate his blessings in his created works.

EVERY manifestation of creative power is an expression of infinite love.

In retired places, where we are farthest from the corrupting maxims, customs, and excitements of the world, and nearest to the heart of nature, Christ makes his presence real to us, and speaks to our souls of his peace.

In itself the beauty of nature leads the soul away from sin and worldly attractions, and toward purity, peace, and God.

God has, in the natural world, placed in the hands of men the key to unlock the treasure-house of his word.

As the sunbeam imparts to the flowers their varied and delicate tints, so does God impart to the soul the beauty of his own character.—*Special Testimonies on Education.*

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III — The Sabbath

(April 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 2:1-3; John 1:3; Mark 2:27.

MEMORY VERSE: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." Ex. 20:8.

Lesson Story

1. The work of creation was finished in six days. "The heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them." God's work of creation was ended. Then God rested. The Bible says: "And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made."

2. The Lord did not need to rest because he was weary; for his Word tells us that "the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary." He rested because his work was finished.

3. "And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." The word "Sabbath" means rest, and the seventh day is God's Sabbath, because it is the day on which he rested.

4. God made the Sabbath for man. In his Word he tells us plainly, "The Sabbath was made for man." When God made man, he gave him everything that he could need to make him happy; but the Sabbath was the most precious gift of all.

5. God made the Sabbath to be a blessing to man. On this day man was to rest from his ordinary work, and take time to think about God and his works. As he looked at the beautiful earth, and saw the grass and trees, the flowers, and fruit, he would think of God, who made all these things beautiful. The birds and beasts would tell him of God's wisdom and tender care. As he looked up at the stars, he would think of God's majesty and power. Thus the Sabbath would teach man of his Heavenly Father's love.

6. We are told that we should "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." This does not mean that we are to remember the Sabbath only on the seventh day of the week; but if we remember it as we should, we shall think about it all the week, and get ready for it. And when the Sabbath comes, we shall have all our work done, and all our thoughts will be such as God can bless.

7. God has told us how we should keep the Sabbath. We should not do our own ways, he says, nor find our own pleasure, nor speak our own words. But we should think of his works, and his goodness and love. And we should try to help those who are sick or in trouble or in need; for it is always right to do good to others on the Sabbath day. If we keep the Sabbath in this way, it will be a joy and a delight as it comes to us week by week, and will help to prepare us for a home in heaven.

8. The Sabbath will remain when this earth and everything upon it have passed away. In the new earth, which the Lord will prepare for those who love him, the Sabbath will still be honored. "And it shall come to pass, that . . . from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me." Isa. 66:23. Those who honor the Sabbath now will be among that happy company.

Review

Tell how the earth looked at first. What was made on the first day? What on the second? On what day were the trees and grass and herbs made? What else was done on this day? What was the work of the fourth day? What did God make on the fifth day? When were the cattle and creeping things and beasts made? What else

was made on the sixth day? Repeat each day's work.

Questions

1. What had God finished during the six days of creation week? What did he do on the seventh day?

2. Did God rest on the seventh day because he was weary? What does the Bible tell us about the Creator of the ends of the earth?

3. How did God honor the seventh day? Why? What does the word "sanctified" mean?

4. For whom was the Sabbath made? Who gave the Sabbath to man?

5. What did God make the Sabbath to be? What was man to do on this day? How would the Sabbath teach man of God's love and power?

6. What does the Memory Verse tell us to do? If we *remember* the Sabbath, what preparation shall we make for it?

7. What does God's Word tell us we should not do on the Sabbath? What should we do on that day? What will the Sabbath be to those who keep it in the right way?

8. How long will the Sabbath remain? In the new earth what will all do? To be among that number, how should we keep the Sabbath now?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III — The Purpose

(April 20)

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." 2 Tim. 2:1.

As to Character

1. According to whose purpose are those who accept salvation called? Rom. 8:28.

2. How early was God's purpose for man formed? 2 Tim. 1:9; Eph. 1:4.

3. How was God's purpose regarding the character of man shown in his creation? Gen. 1:27, 31; Eccl. 7:29; note 1.

4. What provision did God make that his purpose might still be carried out if man should fail? Col. 1:20-22.

5. What is necessary on our part? Col. 1:23.

As to the Earth

6. What did God say of the earth as it came from his hand? Gen. 1:31.

7. What came upon the earth in consequence of sin? Gen. 3:17, 18; note 2.

8. For whom had the earth been created? Ps. 115:16.

9. When man, its prince, yielded to Satan, who became the ruler of the earth? 2 Cor. 4:4.

10. What effect did this have upon God's purpose? Isa. 45:18.

11. What was one object in Jesus' coming to the earth? Luke 19:10.

12. To whom will the kingdoms of this world be restored? Rev. 11:15.

13. Who will share these with Jesus? Matt. 25:34.

14. What will be the condition of the earth? Rev. 22:3.

15. What will be the character of its inhabitants? Isa. 60:21.

Notes

1. Man was created in the image of God. This was not merely a physical image, but a moral image—a being capable of developing a character like his Maker. God had wrought everything in creation that he could do. All that was lacking was a developed character; but as this could be formed only by choice, man alone became responsible. He could refuse God's ways and die; he could choose God's ways and live.

2. The curse rested most heavily upon him who brought it; but as the prince of the earth under God, yielded to sin, he brought the curse upon everything in his dominion.



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Begin Now

YES, begin now to plan to go to school next year. It is none too early. Plan for it, and work for it all through the long summer days. You will never regret doing so. Ask any young person who had to work his way through school, however adverse the circumstances, whether he has any regrets because he did it. I venture you can not find one who successfully completed a course of study, who will not say that he would undertake the same again, knowing as he does now the practical value of an education, even if it required double the effort to obtain it.

On the other hand, you can find hundreds or thousands of men and women who are very ready to express strong regrets for not having made greater endeavor in youth to obtain an education.

It is wise to learn from the experience of others, and it is wiser still to follow the plain direction and admonitions of the Spirit of God. Our youth are all urged to attend our training-schools. The following quotations are important:—

"The youth should be encouraged to attend our training-schools for Christian workers, which should become more and more like the schools of the prophets. These institutions have been established by the Lord, and if they are conducted in harmony with his purpose, the youth sent to them will quickly be prepared to engage in various lines of missionary work."

"The highest of all sciences is the science of soul saving. The greatest work to which human beings can aspire is the work of winning men from sin to holiness. For the accomplishment of this work, a broad foundation must be laid. A comprehensive education is needed."

"Let the youth advance as fast and as far as they can in the acquisition of knowledge. Let their field of study be as broad as their powers can compass."

Light All the Jets

I HAVE in my study a gas stove with seven or eight burners, these burners being merely holes in a horizontal gas-pipe. When I let on the gas, turning the "spreader" over the pipe, and then light one end, the flame flies from one jet to the next, till in a flash they are all lighted—all except the last one. Sometimes that does not catch the flame at once, and I must wait a minute until it does, before turning down the "spreader."

Once, in my hurry, I did not do this, but hastened to my desk, not noticing that the last hole in the pipe was still dark. I went to work, and was soon absorbed in my task. It was winter, and the windows were shut; also, the door.

In about half an hour some good angel—I believe in angels, and that they do not stay up in heaven all the time—aroused me to what was going on. It was not an instant too soon, for I was nearly asphyxiated. I staggered to the stove

and turned off the gas; to the door, and opened it; to the window, and pulled it down. It was a long time before my head was steady again.

The episode taught me a lesson, you may be sure—several lessons, and one of them was to be in less of a hurry; but chiefly, to light all the jets: yes, and all the jets in my life as well as in my house. For whatever energy is given me, to heat and light withal, becomes poison if it is allowed to escape dark and cold. Turn it to some good purpose! Your conviction, my soul! Your zeal, your holy ambition, your prayers! They are not given thee merely to escape into thin air. Thus escaping, they will fill that air with death. Put them to service! Apply the match of decision! Light every jet!—*Caleb Cobweb, in Christian Endeavor World.*

What Jesus Did

HE lived to bless others.

From the first dawning of intelligence he was constantly growing in spiritual grace, and knowledge of the truth.

Jesus lived in a peasant's home, and faithfully and cheerfully acted his part in bearing the burdens of the household.

Apart from the unholy ways of the world, he gathered stores of scientific knowledge from nature. He studied the life of plants and animals, and the life of man.

Since Jesus gained knowledge as we may do, his intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures shows how diligently his early years were given to the study of God's Word.

He was never so full of worldly care as to have no time or thought for heavenly things. He held communion with heaven in song; and as his companions complained of weariness from labor, they were cheered by the sweet melody from his lips. His praise seemed to banish the evil angels, and, like incense, to fill the place with fragrance.

Jesus did not, like many youth, devote his time to amusement. He studied the Word till he became familiar with its sayings. Even in his childhood, his life and all his habits were in harmony with the Scriptures, and he was skilful in their use. Besides the written Word, Jesus studied the book of nature, finding delight in the beautiful things of his own creation.

—Mrs. E. G. White.

For Best Results

"Go to the seashore and notice the pebbles. Those that lie far back above the steady wash of the waves, are rough, sharp-edged, dull in color. Go down where the constant movement of the waves keeps the pebbles in action, and you find them rounded, polished, with the colors well brought out. 'As in nature, so in grace.' Constant action, constant rubbing against the conditions of life, give the rounded, lustrous character. God could not, because it would not be well for them, leave men up in the comfortable, quiet nooks of life. To bring them down where polishing must be their portion, is a manifestation of his love and wisdom."

Think of It!

If you should help convert one friend
This year, my precious brother,
And if, before the year should end,
He'd help convert one other,—
If each saved soul (or, so 't appears)
Should get one more diverted
From sin and wrong, in thirty years
This earth would be converted.

If you should get the right, brave heart,
To put off sin and shirking,—
If you should be the one to start
This wondrous leaven working,
You'd win sweet blessings and renown

As onward you go faring;
You'd win a glorious, bright-starred crown
In heaven to be wearing.

BENJAMIN KEECH.

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Answers to Correspondents

"We remain shackled by timidity till we have learned to speak and act with propriety."

In passing in front of a person several times in succession, should one excuse one's self each time or just the first time?

One could make some remark or explanation the first time, and obtain permission for the several times. If one's passing interrupted conversation, an apologetic look, or some further word might be necessary. But to repeat the request, "I beg your pardon," each time, would become unpleasantly monotonous to all concerned.

Does it make any difference which name one uses first in introducing a lady and a gentleman?

A gentleman is always to be introduced to the lady, never the lady to the gentleman, except in case of one greatly superior in rank or age; therefore the lady's name is usually given first. The common form is, "Mrs. B, allow me to introduce Mr. C; Mr. C, Mrs. B."

When one does another a small favor, such as handing a glass of water, and the person thanks one for it, what should one say?

One should say, "You are welcome," or "I am glad to do it," or at least should make by word or look some pleasant recognition of the expression of thanks.

When a lady and gentleman go for a walk, on which side should the gentleman walk?

The gentleman is expected to walk next to the curbing of the sidewalk, unless he can from the other side offer better protection, or more convenience to the lady in holding her dress skirt.

In speaking pieces and reading essays in public, should one bow to the audience when beginning or closing one's recitation?

The "recitation bow" has long since become obsolete. Leave all bows for the world-famed artist.

If those to whom one gives tracts thanks one for them, what recognition should be made?

Always acknowledge an expression of thanks in some way. You may in handing that little tract to a person, be conferring upon him the greatest blessing that has ever come into his life, so let your answer indicate that you are conscious that the gift is worthy of thanks. Say pleasantly and heartily, "You are very welcome, and I hope you will enjoy reading it," or some similar expression.