



VOL. LV.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 11, 1907

No. 24

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Notes by the Way—No. 4

DOUBTLESS thousands of men, and among them many who claim to be strong advocates of temperance, vote for either high or low license, instead of voting for temperance. One of their reasons for this is the claim that "prohibition" does not prohibit; that more liquor is drunk in towns that are "dry" than in towns where either high or low license is in force. But suppose I tell you that nearly every schoolboy knows that brewery men, distillery men, in fact, all men interested in the liquor business, fight every measure looking toward the closing of the saloon. They also know that if prohibition, so called, brought more liquor into a town than the license system, these men would shout themselves hoarse in favor of prohibition. This *fact* proves that while prohibition does not entirely stop the liquor traffic, it DOES to a certain extent LIMIT it. And *anything*, in any town, county, or State, which, *in any way* chokes liquor channels, works for the salvation of men and the honor of the State from every ethical standpoint, and is therefore worthy of the sympathy and the SUPPORT of every American citizen, and emphatically every Christian.

I have many times asked myself this question, Why does not every Christian, yea, every one who loves his home and family, rise up in the might of his God-given manhood or womanhood, and with a cry that would reach both oceans demand that this awful curse be driven from our fair land? Every one who thinks and observes, *knows* that the saloon business is a deadly menace to every home in the land. It is sweeping to untimely graves thousands of fathers and brothers, yes, and mothers and sisters too, whose intellect and power might otherwise be used in building up the best interests of the church and the nation. We know that it has taken and is taking, from time to time, our brightest and best business men from their business, and from their homes, and breaking every fond tie that binds to purity and right, it takes them down, down surely, sometimes swiftly to ruin.

Three Vipers

The saloon, the gambling den, and the harlot house stand among the mightiest weapons which are being used by the devil to decoy and destroy men, both body and soul. And yet, good men, Christian men, look upon, or close their eyes to, the crimson traffic; and so long as the curse does not cross our thresholds or break the sacred

circle of *our* home and family, we are not very much stirred.

I place the saloon first among these satanic weapons because I believe it to be largely to blame for the wickedness practised in the other two. How many men, either old or young, think you, ever found their way into the last-named places who did not go there by way of the saloon, and while under the influence of alcohol? I think it is safe to say, *not one per cent!* Therefore, stop the liquor traffic, and the foundation-stones of thousands of haunts of vice must immediately crumble.

Three Pillars

Let us now take just a peep at the antithesis. The three great bulwarks for the safety of our land are the *home*, the *church*, and the *school*. We should not allow these pillars of strength to be undermined. Their best interests ought to be safeguarded at any cost. But none of these can be safe so long as the sale of alcohol is legalized, for we all know that the saloon and the saloon business are positively against every interest of home, church, and school.

An Illustration

What true husband or father or brother would refuse to assist in hunting down and placing behind prison bars any man who with knife and pistol has been seen prowling around our homes to steal our *money*? But think of the fathers and mothers and brothers who, year after year, go to the polls and vote to grant licenses to men to take not only our money, but to entice and bewitch our loved ones, our young men, yes, and even boys just developing into manhood, and steal from us their heart's affection and love, place mortgages upon our little homes, and take these loved ones to ruin for time and for eternity. How many, many times have we seen the saloon place its deadly leech upon good men and sap away not only their glow of health, and their money, but also their manhood and their all! We have seen young men, a little way on the road, loaded, not with knife or pistol, but with the fumes of alcohol and tobacco (partly disguised perhaps with this or that) finding their way into the homes of purity, seeking to lead away young women to a ruin worse, far worse, than death. Some are enticed and entrapped, and leave father, mother, home, and God.

The father and mother whose son has just been brought home dead, killed in a drunken brawl in a saloon, or whose daughter has been stabbed in a brothel, wring their hands and cry bitterly for the accursed business to be stopped. But does it stop?—No, indeed! And why?—Because the law says, *Grant licenses*. Why does the law say this?—For several reasons. One of these is

because the majority of those who voted, *voted that way*. Another is because many who call themselves Christians *did not vote at all*. I deeply regret to say that for years I have stood among the latter class. Possibly the very father whose child is dead voted for the saloon, and thus helped to ruin his own child. Remember, "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap." If men sow saloon-license seed, they should expect saloon-license fruit. It comes as surely as effect follows cause. It is a sad, sad thought that the church of Christ has in any way assisted in the making of these wicked laws, either by vote or by failure to vote; by word or by a failure to speak a word; by pen or by failure to use the pen.

But what about the wailing cry of the father and mother crushed in the presence of their dead? It passed by unheeded of course. What *was done*? O, another saloon or two were licensed, and the city, county, and State took the much-needed money and with it built additions to its almshouses, its prisons and insane asylums! Why not name these institutions, "Saloon Hospitals"? It is in these, very largely, that the wounded, bleeding cripples taken from the saloon battle-fields are placed to finish their miserable existence.

License Money

What thinking man or boy in this land does not *know* that every dollar of license money from saloons, as it falls upon the official platter, tolls the death-knell of purity, soberness, and manhood—the three great sinews of a man or a nation? Why does it not curdle the very blood in our veins as we think of the thousands of bright boys and girls who a few years ago were the pride and joy of kind, loving fathers and mothers, who to-day are bereft of parental affection, and with every fond, cherished hope for this world or for the world to come blighted and cut asunder, and they themselves pushed or kicked out into the street to cry their pitiful song:—

"Out in the gloomy night, sadly I roam;
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home.
No one cares for me, no one would cry,
Even if poor little Bessie should die.

"Weary and tired, I've wandered all day,
Asking for work, but I'm too small they say.
On the damp ground I must now lay my head—
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead."

I call upon every Christian mother, yea, every American mother, "*Behold your child!*" Do you say, That is not my child? I answer, It may be your child ere long unless a more strenuous effort is put forth to curb the cigarette habit, lock the saloons, and fire the rum barrels.

Young Men

I wish to speak especially to the young men to-day, who love purity, temperance, who love father, mother, and home, and who abhor the saloon and its output. I wish to ask you each personally, What are you doing toward changing present conditions? I speak to you, young men, because you are young and strong. To a large extent the weal or woe of this wicked generation hangs upon the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of our young men. Know you not that he who does not make an effort to seek out the despairing cry of the wronged and oppressed child, wife, or mother, who does not endeavor in every reasonable way to check the cause of the soul-destroying woe which is eating the vitals of a neighbor, is liable to have a sword pierce his own soul also? Would you pass quietly on to your home, unmoved by the cries of a child whose clothing was being torn, and whose legs and arms were being gnawed by a blood-thirsty dog? What would you do? A. E. PLACE.



Life's Sunshine

LET in a little sunshine
Each day on some dark life;
The world's in need of lights; let thine
Gleam brightly through the strife.

A gentle word is better
Ofttimes than gift of gold;
A smile may break the fetter
That long some heart did hold.

Few rarer gifts are ours
Than hand-clasps warmly given;
And kind deeds are the flowers
That make of earth a heaven.

So let each passing day
Record some kind deed done;
Go smiling, giving, all thy way;
Be of thy world the sun.

—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

Kindly Words

FEW estimate the power of kindly words and deeds; and yet what mortal being has not felt their benefit and sweetness? Many a weary lot has been cheered and brightened by their gentle sunshine. What music there is in a kind expression of sympathy! what radiance in a gentle smile! And how little do these heaven-entailed duties of life cost the giver, and how much do they confer on the receiver! — *Selected.*

From a Missionary's Bible

SEVERAL years ago I visited a missionary family that had seen long pioneer service in the heart of Africa. From the title-page of the mother's Bible, I copied the following:—

"A Sevenfold Consecration

- "1. My eyes are to be upon Jesus. Heb. 12:2.
- "2. My feet are to be in the race-course. Heb. 12:1.
- "3. My hands to minister to others. Eph. 4:28.
- "4. My mind to be set on things above. Col. 3:2, margin.
- "5. My heart to be established in grace. Heb. 13:9.
- "6. My body to be a living sacrifice. Rom. 12:1.
- "7. Myself — spirit, soul, and body — blameless at the coming of Jesus Christ. 1 Thess. 5:23."

I pass on this outline to our young people;

for this sevenfold consecration described is what we all need for service, whether at home or abroad.

W. A. SPICER.

How They Wrote

BURNS committed his poems to memory as he composed them; and when he sat down to write, he had before him no labor of composition, but only the task of writing down what he had already finished.

Thomas Moore often composed a short poem almost impromptu. He consumed over two years in reading and preparing material for "Lalla Rookh," and two years more in writing that poem.

Gibbon devoted over twenty years of his life to the labor of reading for and writing the "Decline and Fall." It is one of the most stupendous literary feats ever accomplished by the work of one man.

Emerson is reported to have often spent from six months to a year in the composition of one or two short essays. His object was the condensation of the greatest possible thought into the fewest number of words.

Washington Irving wrote the first one hundred and twenty pages of "Bracebridge Hall" in ten days; the "Alhambra" was mostly written during the three months he spent in that palace. His "Life of George Washington" required nearly five years.

Cruden labored nineteen years on his Concordance to the Bible, and immediately after its publication was sent to a lunatic asylum. He never entirely recovered from the mental disease induced by this gigantic undertaking.

Dickens says in the introduction to "David Copperfield" that he spent two years in writing that novel. He did not usually require so long, many of his novels being finished in less than a year, and most of his shorter stories in a few days. — *Selected.*

Balloting in Peru

A MOST ingenious way of balloting is provided in the Peruvian Senate, and one which I never saw in any other deliberative assembly.

Behind the speaker's chair are fifty-six round glass disks about as large as the palm of one's hand, each one corresponding to some senator's chair. When a vote is to be taken, each senator presses one of two buttons under his desk, and an electric light is switched on to one of the disks. A white light indicates a yea vote; a red light, a nay vote. In a moment the vote is taken; in another moment it can be counted and recorded.

As it is difficult to find out or to remember which disks correspond to the respective seats, the ballot is practically a secret one, and no senator need be intimidated by having his vote known by his constituents.

Such a method has its advantages and its very obvious disadvantages, for it is difficult to put a slippery senator on record with such a method of voting. — *Francis E. Clark.*

The Cost of Faith

THE REV. JOHN M'DOWELL told at Northfield last summer of an express-train which started out from Chicago for the Pacific Coast. On board was the president of the road. As they rushed along in the darkness of the night, the train was wrecked. The president of the road hurried to the front. The engineer was pinned beneath the engine. As the president stood looking at the prostrate form, he saw his lips move, and, leaning down, he heard the dying man say, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." "Jim," said the president, "I would be willing to give my life with all that I have for such a faith as that."

"Mr. President," said Jim, "that is just what it costs." — *Selected.*

Seen in a Mirror

"O, you beautiful gilt-framed old mirror! I can see my whole length in you!" The fair guest did indeed see a charming vision, as she revolved gracefully and gaily in front of the family heirloom that had just been sent to little Sue's mother. But when little Sue, who was pale and stoop-shouldered for lack of the exercise she would forget to take, revolved also before that mirror, the vision was not so fair. The child turned, and running to get her tiny dumbbells, cried out, "Now I *will* be straight!"

And she was straight in a very few months. Seeing herself daily in the great mirror did for her what mere admonition had never done.

In order to awaken a desire for improvement we need to see ourselves as we are. If many only could realize what a hideous moral impression they make on others, they would try to straighten up. What we need is a mirror which will faithfully reveal our faults. A faithful friend, or a wise father or mother, is such a mirror, but the Word of God is one still better. Look in that carefully, and with the determination to be unsparingly honest with yourself, and see how manifest your defects will be! — *The Wellspring.*

AND as the flowing of the ocean fills
Each creek and branch thereof, and then retires,
Leaving behind a sweet and wholesome savor;
So doth the virtue and the life of God
Flow evermore into the hearts of those
Whom he hath made partakers of his nature,
And when it but withdraws itself a little,
Leaves a sweet savor after it, that many
Can say they are made clean by every word
That he hath spoken to them in their silence.

— *Longfellow.*

Thoughts for the Reader

ABRAHAM LINCOLN early formed the habit of writing out a synopsis of every book he read, so as to fix the contents in his memory.

When a man is a genuine lover of books, untoward circumstances have little power to annoy him. The famous Dr. Harvey was the attending physician to Charles I. During the fight at Edgehill, he withdrew under a hedge, took a book out of his pocket, and became lost in its contents. Not until a bullet grazed the ground close beside him did he remove to safer quarters.

"I am going to my bank to draw a draft," laughingly said a young fellow to a friend, who had asked him where he was going. Knowing him to be very poor, the friend watched him. He went to the public library.

Two young men who worked in the same shop expressed desires to secure an acquaintance with great books. One spent a great deal of time lamenting that he had no opportunities, and playing checkers and other games. The other always carried a book in his pocket, and utilized every moment on a car, or in a station, or waiting for his lunch. In the course of a few years he became one of the best-read young men in his circle, and because of his general intelligence was promoted to a position that gave him more leisure.

Some one asked Dwight L. Moody if he had read a certain book. He replied, "No, I believe there is poison in it; at least, I have heard so, on good authority." The friend said, "But wouldn't it be well to read it for yourself?" "No," said Mr. Moody. "If I take poison into my stomach, the doctor has to come with a stomach-pump and take it out. Why should I take poison into my mind? I might never be able to get it out." — *Christian Endeavor World.*

Somabula, Gwelo, Africa

AMONG those who have become interested in our work at the mission and have professed to believe in the true God, is an old queen. Although no one knows her exact age, she must be nearly one hundred years old. She has a village, and is head, or chief, over it. She was placed there by the old king Mosilikatsi. She is the last and only queen living of the king.

She says she has seen many changes and strange things in her days. What she considers the most wonderful thing is that her ears have heard the words of life, and that her eyes have seen messengers of the Most High, who have brought to her the word of the eternal God.

When we first opened the work in Somabula, she did not come herself, but sent her maidens to hear what the strange teacher was teaching. The girls soon became interested in the Sabbath meetings, and began to attend the mission school. They took to the queen faithful reports of their school, and what they were taught each day. These reports were carefully listened to by the queen. Soon she came to see and hear for herself what the teachers taught about a God that loved all alike, both black and white.



THE QUEEN AND HER MAIDENS

Her heart was touched, and she listened to all that was said. She does not know a letter, nor can she read a word, still she believes all she hears read from the Bible, or the Word of Life as she calls it.

She lives far from the mission, and often would get very tired walking over. One day I asked her if she did not get tired. She replied, "Yes, my feet are old and sometimes refuse to carry me. I am tired and long to lie down to rest, but these feet must carry me a little longer, for I must learn all about God and eternal life before I lie down in the grave. I am old now, and must soon die, but I must have eternal life. I long for it. I must find my Saviour."

She often spoke in the Sabbath meetings of her hope in God. She has given up many of her old habits, such as eating blood, raw flesh, beer dances, and she really seems in earnest.

She seldom comes to our meetings now, as she is getting too feeble, and can hardly see. But she seems to be very happy, and now has no fear of death. The last time she was over, Elder Hyatt took a snap-shot of her and two of the girls that first brought to her ears the word of God. We hope to see the queen saved.

God has many jewels in Africa, and I often wonder how many of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will become missionaries to this dark land. If you want a life of ease, never become a missionary to the heathen of Africa. To be a true missionary means hard, steady work. Who will say, "Here am I; send me," no matter how hard the work nor how great the sacrifice? God has blessings for you, my friends, if you work for him.

MARY C. ARMITAGE.

The Miracle of Twenty-six Letters

THE Duke of Argyle, walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of Newton's "Principia" on the grass; and supposing it had been taken from his library, called for some one to carry it back. Edmund Stone, however, the son of the duke's gardener, claimed it as his own. "Yours," asked the nobleman. "Do you understand geometry, Latin, and Newton?"

"I know a little of them," replied Edmund.

"But how," asked the duke, "came you by the knowledge of all these things?"

"A servant taught me to read ten years since," answered Stone. "Does one need to know anything more than the twenty-six letters, in order to learn everything else that one wishes?" The duke was astonished.

"When I first learned to read," said the lad, "the masons were at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased an arithmetic and learned it. I was told that there was another science called geometry; I bought the necessary books and learned geometry. By reading I found that there were good books on those sciences in Latin, so I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I understood also that there were good books of the same kind in French; so I bought a dictionary and learned French. This, my lord, is what I have done; it seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the twenty-six letters of the alphabet."—"Winning Out."

Freak of Figures

Put down the number of your living brothers. Double the number.

Add three.

Multiply result by five.

Add number of living sisters.

Multiply result by ten.

Add number of dead brothers and sisters.

Subtract 150 from result.

The right-hand figure will be the number of deaths.

The middle figure will be the number of living sisters.

The left-hand figure will be the number of living brothers.

Strange freak of figures, isn't it?—Dixie Home.

Religious Liberty Department

Lincoln's Respect for Conscientious Principles

WHEN the question of courage is once settled, it hardly makes a difference what kind it is, whether it is on the battle-field or in the tent. In 1861, says *Lippincott's Magazine*, the great-grandson of a Quaker, who had settled on an island in Lake Champlain, was drafted.

"It will be no use," said the young man. "I shall never fight. My mother taught me that it is a sin. It is her religion, and my father's, and their fathers'! I shall never raise my hand to kill any one."

The recruiting officer took no notice.

"We'll see about that later," he said.

The regiment went to Washington, and the Quaker boy drilled placidly and shot straight.

"But I shall never fight," he said.

Word went out that there was a traitor in the ranks. The lieutenant conferred with the captain, and all the forms of punishment devised for refractory soldiers were visited on this lad. He went through them without flinching, and then he was taken before the colonel.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer. "Don't you know you will be shot?"

The Quaker smiled a little. He had steady eyes and a square chin.

"That is nothing," he said. "Thee didn't think I was afraid, did thee?"

The prisoner went back to the guard-house, and the colonel sought out President Lincoln.

"Why, that's plain enough," said the president. "There's only one thing to do. Trump up some excuse and send him home. You can't kill a boy like that, you know. The country needs all her brave men, wherever they are. Send him home."

So the Quaker went back to the island, to life and duty as he saw them, and his children tell the story.—Selected.

Thoughts on True Liberty

RELIGIOUS liberty was defined by Mrs. Hemans in her poem on "The Landing of the Pilgrims" as "freedom to worship God." If one were compelled to worship according to the creed or code of another, the element of freedom would be absent. Before the apostle Paul had seen the "light," he was consenting unto Stephen's death, making havoc of the church, and committing men and women to prison. In the days of his moral renovation, when he wished to paint a dark background to his picture, "in Christ, a new creature," he wrote the humiliating confession which seems to have wrung his heart: "Who was before a persecutor." He was convinced that nothing short of infinite "long-suffering" could pardon his dastardly and fratricidal crime. For such forgiveness, the apostle wrote, for the world to read, his ascription of "honor and glory" unto the "King eternal, immortal, invisible."

Henry Ward Beecher, in his essay on Paul, gives some expressive and pertinent thoughts on the question of religious liberty. He writes:—

"And Paul says: 'As touching the law [I was], a Pharisee.' But he was not a tame sort of Pharisee; he was a man intensely in earnest. He says, 'Concerning zeal, persecuting the church.' I believed that I was doing right, I believed that other people ought to do the same thing that I did, and I was not only willing to be what I was, but I was willing to compel others to be it too. 'But if any man say unto you, This is offered in sacrifice unto idols, eat not for his sake that showed it, and for conscience' sake: for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof: conscience, I say, not thine own, but of the other: for why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?'"

"I believe there is no other book which inculcates the duty of courtesy of conscience. We have learned, in social life, in regard to ordinary affairs, not that we are to stand for ourselves, but that we are to have respect for the feelings of others. The child is taught to give up the best chair, although he has it, and it is his. We train children thus to yield their rights for the sake of others. There is one thing, however, which men have always been taught to stand for perpendicularly, without slips or graduations; and that is conscience. Conscience, we are told, is a thing which must not be bartered, nor sold, nor compromised. It must be maintained at all hazards.

"Paul, therefore, is the boldest man in literature, because he says that you must respect another man's conscience. No matter if you think he is wrong, you must do so. But, you say, my conscience tells me that it is the other way. That has nothing to do with it; his conscience tells him that way; and no matter what your conscience tells you, you are to respect what his tells him. Be courteous in this as in other things."

W. H. ALLISON.

"If ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin." James 2:9.



Our Field — The World

Africa — No. VIII

Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Music.

Scripture Reading: A few missionary texts.

A Prayer for Africa.

LESSON STUDY:—

Africa (a poem).

The Barotse.

Our Work in Barotseland.

The Latest Reports. (See *Review*, June 13 and 20.)

Africa

All thy realms in midnight shrouded,
Crushed beneath oppression's weight,
Are thy sons by spoilers rifled,
Victim of a bitter fate.
Land of sorrow!
Drear thou wert, and desolate.

But the curtain now is lifting
From thy mountains and thy lakes;
O'er thy peopled valleys gleaming,
Now for thee the daybeam wakes.
Lake of darkness!
O'er thy hills the morning breaks.

— Samuel Wolcott.

The Barotse

Barotseland is bounded on the south by the Zambezi and Chobe Rivers. Mr. Fred S. Arnot, who spent seven years—1881 to 1888—in pioneer mission work in Central Africa, describes the Barotse as a very strange people. He found them guarding their boundary lines very strictly against the white man. The chief said that neither he nor his people wanted white men in their country.

The Barotse believe in one supreme God, whom they call "Nambi," and they have diviners, seers, and magicians who use beads, human bones, speaking horns, and claws of wild animals in their ceremonies. The only difference they see between the Christian religion and their own is that the white man uses a book with a confused mass of little black marks on paper, while they use substantial things, which they consider as more sensible.

Human Victims

Mr. Arnot says: "Nothing of importance can be sanctified without a human sacrifice, in most cases a child. First, the fingers and toes are cut off, and the blood is sprinkled on the boat, drum, house, or whatever may be the object in view. The victim is then killed, and thrown into the river. The burning of men for witchcraft is carried on to a fearful extent; not a day passes but some one is tried and burned. The details of scenes that I have been forced to witness in this line are too horrible to put on paper. A few hundred yards from my hut there lies a perfect Golgotha of skulls and human bones, fearful to look upon."

The boiling-pot ordeal is the most common means by which the guilt of a native accused of witchcraft is determined. It is thus described: "A small company gathered in front of my hut, and began an animated discussion, which grew hotter and hotter, and shortly a large fire was kindled, and a pot of water set on it. I was told that this was a trial for witchcraft, and that the two persons charged had to wash their hands in the water, and if, after twenty-four hours, the skin came off, the victims were to be burned alive. First one, then the other, dipped his hands in the fiercely boiling water, lifting some up and pouring it over the wrist. Twenty-four hours

told its tale, and I saw the poor fellows marched off to be burned before a howling, cursing crowd. Such scenes, I afterward found, were almost of daily occurrence."

Afterward when this missionary had gained influence in that country, he endeavored to get this custom changed, so that the accusers as well as the accused should put their hands into the boiling water. The king favored the proposal, thinking it would have a strong tendency to stop the wholesale murder, but the natives themselves were such believers in this practise that nothing could be done.

Manners and Customs

The customs of the negroes in the interior of Barotseland remind one of many things mentioned in the Scriptures. When they make offerings or pray, they retire to a tree, bush, or grove planted for this purpose. See Gen. 21:33.

There is a city of refuge among the Barotse. Any one committing a crime may find safety by fleeing to this town. See Num. 35:6, 13.

When a man of much property dies, his nearest kinsman takes his wives, and their children inherit the dead man's property. See Deut. 25:5, 6.

When a man returns to his home after an absence, a servant waits upon him with a vessel to pour water on his hands.

Traces of a few of the cleansing ceremonies observed by ancient Israel are also seen. Circumcision is practised to some extent.

The Barotse have such names as "Child of Sorrow," "Child of Joy," "Born by the River," and others suggested by events.

Mr. Arnot, after spending much time with this people, says: "Apart from the distinct revelation given by God in the first chapter of Romans, there is much to prove that the heathen African is a man to whom the living God has aforetime revealed himself." "O, my heart goes beyond these tribes to the tribes upon tribes, nations upon nations, extending north, west, and east, living to kill and be killed, unknown and knowing nothing—millions of our fellow beings, who do not know that there is a God, a Saviour! When told in their old age the precious gospel message of life, they marvel at the fact that they have lived so long without having heard it. The heathen wonder,—they are surprised,—they can not understand how it is that those who have known these things, and have believed in God and in his Son, have never come to warn them, and tell them of the true God. These words came from the very heart of Africa; they are not the words of one man only, but of many."

Our Work in Barotseland

In 1903 Brother W. H. Anderson, of the Matebeleland Mission, pioneered the way into Barotseland. He was favored in securing five thousand acres of land for a mission near Kaloma, two hundred miles north of Victoria Falls. In 1904 Brother Anderson was given a furlough to the States. While here, he assisted in raising a fund to open the work in that new field, and early in 1905 returned to that field accompanied by his wife and little girl, and his mother. He chose some of the native boys from the old mission station near Bulawayo, to accompany him to Barotseland. Two hundred miles of the distance must be made by ox wagon. Of their experiences, Brother Anderson wrote:—

As the oxen were not trained, it was no pleasure trip. Several times we heard lions, and once they followed us four or five miles. We kept them off by setting grass fires. Again one passed within thirty feet of the wagon while we were asleep. I believe the angel of the Lord cared for us. We always kept fires around us. Mrs. Anderson and I slept on the ground, that mother might have the bed on the wagon. One night our bed caught fire and burned four of our blankets. Another night we got stuck in a river, and spent most of the night trying to get out. A lion was roaring near us all night, so we did not get sleepy.

At one place we had seven miles of heavy sand. We had to unload the wagon and carry the load, three thousand pounds, on our backs, then return and bring up the wagon with the oxen. Not much like riding in a chair-car on an American railroad, is it? I have heard people complain of that. Don't send them to interior Africa as missionaries.

We arrived at our new station Sept. 5, 1905. We soon had our house up and were quite comfortable. The house is built of poles stood on end, and is plastered inside and out with mud. The walls are eight feet high. It is ceiled with muslin, and has an iron roof. Several times since the rains began, the walls have washed down. Of course this lets in the rain, but as soon as it is dry enough, we plaster up again, and are all right until the next rain. This is not conducive to health, but it is the best we can do.

One building, twelve by twenty-four feet, was made to serve as church, schoolroom, study-room, dining-room, and bedroom, for thirty students. School opened with ten present. The number rapidly increased to thirty-two, and others had to be turned away on account of the scarcity of food. None of those in attendance had ever looked at a book before entering the school. They quickly learned to read the Bible. They were also given instruction in spelling, writing, arithmetic, and geography.

A Sabbath-school was organized the first Sabbath. About two months later the attendance had increased to forty, with many visitors each Sabbath. Five regular classes were formed. These were taught by boys and girls from the Matabele station. Once a month a collection was taken, and when the purpose of it was explained, the pupils in the school expressed a desire to have a part in it, but they had no money, and no way of earning any. It was suggested that they donate part of each Friday afternoon to the cultivation of some land, and that half the proceeds from the products go to the Sabbath-school, and half to a fund for the establishment of a new mission farther north. This was agreed to by all.

When the Barotse Mission had been open six months, Brother Anderson wrote:—

Last week our first boy finished his small book, and began to read in his Bible. It was a day of joy to us here to see the time when we could place the first copy of God's Word in the hands of this people, and one be able to read it. As far as I know, he is the only boy of this tribe who has learned to read sufficiently to read the Bible. I have two more who will begin next week, and seven more who will be ready by the first of March. How is that for six months from heathenism?

Brother Anderson here found the parents of Jim, the boy who had been carried away as a slave when a child, by the Matabeles, and whose history is familiar to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. He then asked that Jim be released from the Matabeleland station, and return to his native tribe to help give the truth to his own people. This was accordingly done.

Late in the year 1906 word was received from Brother Anderson that he had planned a four-year course of study for his school, with a practical experience of a few months each year in working in the native villages. After the completion of the course of study, the students will go out to the native villages and settle as workers, returning during vacation to the central station for additional instruction. Fifty pupils are all that can be accommodated at the Barotse Mission. The same letter contains the following interesting paragraph:—

I have written to Elder Hyatt, superintendent of the field, asking permission to go north to look out a new mission station. I also asked for two hundred dollars to pay the expenses of the trip, which means two months' time, and four hundred miles on foot. He gives consent for me to go, but says that they can do nothing toward paying the expenses. Those natives speak the same dialect spoken in Nyassaland. From there we can reach across to the east, to

(Concluded on page six)



Busy Night

IN summer, when the night comes,
It has a lot to do,
To put the weeds and flowers to sleep,
And sprinkle them with dew.
It has to let the millers out,
And tell the frogs to peep,
And send the little Sandman
To make the children sleep.

It has to watch the starlets,
And see how many fall,
And help the little crescent moon
To make its monthly call.
It has to cool the nice white sand
The sun has made so warm,
And tell the spiders where to build
Their lace tents on the lawn.

It sometimes brings mosquitoes,
And puts them in a swarm;
Night has a thousand things to do,
And all before the dawn.
When day appears, night is so tired
It has to take a rest;
I think it goes and hides away,
Where no one can molest.

For, if you peep and poke about
At any time of day,
You can not find a single place
Where night is hid away.
But, on the minute that day goes,
Wherever night may lurk,
It wakes right up, and comes straight back,
All ready for its work.

—Joshua Crowell.

A Girl Who "Queered" Herself

LEONE EASTMAN and Fanny were cousins, neighbors, and schoolmates, and the intimacy between them seemed likely to be increased when together they entered Palm Heights Seminary, for they had no acquaintance there except each other.

They found at "The Heights" influences which they had not before encountered. Instead of the simple forms of recreation to which they had been accustomed, there were "spreads," "jinkses," and diverse entertainments. It was apparently expected that the cousins would as a matter of course join in these diversions; but Fanny courteously declined to do so, because of the character of the amusements, and also because of the outlay of time and money they involved.

If Leone had any scruples on the subject, she did not evince them; and she endeavored to dissuade her cousin. "Of course, Fanny," she reasoned, "the program may not be just what we would choose; but we can not expect to dictate to the whole school."

Fanny replied that though they would not assay to dictate plans for the other pupils, neither need they allow others to dictate to them, especially in matters in which conscience was involved.

"Oh, don't attempt heroines!" Leone exclaimed, impatiently. "We are not obliged to go, certainly; but it would not be very gracious of us to spurn the girls' invitation, nor very modest of us to set ourselves up as criterions for the school."

Fanny asked, in response, "What of our brothers, when they are invited to drink wine?" But Leone was not disposed to acknowledge that the cases were parallel.

Little more was said on the subject, as discussion seemed unavailing; but Fanny spent many hours alone, while her cousin was at student parties. In sooth, Fanny's absence from

such places was often a source of relief to Leone, who preferred that her cousin should not know how strong was the non-Christian factor there.

But another vexatious question soon arose. A fund was to be made up to defray the expenses of an enterprise which Fanny did not approve. Leone urged her to contribute to it, in order not to appear niggardly. Certainly Fanny was very loath to seem penurious; yet she did not see how she could be justified in aiding a work which she thought wrong.

Leone insisted that to quibble over so small an amount was absurd; albeit the amount was more than she herself could well give for any purpose, and her gifts to commendable objects had decreased of late because of needless outlay. Moreover, jollifications had made heavy inroads upon the time which should have been given to other interests.

Few, if any, of the seminary students took so radical a position as did Fanny in reference to amusements, though some would have done so but for fear of criticism. A few had been emboldened by her course to abstain from some of the most frivolous pastimes.

Fanny was always companionable, and was not unpopular among the pupils. In truth, she was on the more amiable terms with them because of being exempt from the rivalries and disagreements incidental to their many pleasure projects.

Her refusal to assist in a "benefit" was a source of great chagrin on the part of Leone. "Fanny," her cousin exclaimed, "you will queer yourself and all your friends by your tactless conduct! How can you expect to have any influence with people, if you hold aloof from all their interests? You know that the object of this entertainment is good."

Fanny replied, "And the object of the horse-racing was good on hospital days; but we are not to 'do evil, that good may come.'"

The discussion ended as had all similar ones between the cousins,—Leone was irritated, and Fanny was somewhat depressed, and both were unyielding. The former, thinking to avoid the disgrace which she expected would result from her cousin's course, disclaimed sympathy therewith to some of the students.

A dominant spirit in the school was Adah Campbell, a girl active in school sports, and seemingly not trammelled by religious principles. At the first disparaging remark about Fanny's conduct, Adah astonished Leone by protesting: "Fanny North is all right. I would disown an acquaintance who would disown her own convictions."

A girlish voice sang, "Dare to be a Daniel;" and Adah added, "Even if you 'queer' yourself!"

MRS. ADA D. WELLMAN.

The Story of Scaggles

SHE was the most homely little creature I ever saw. Not a single feather on her breast, and those on the upper part of her body were all ruffled and ragged, and seemed as if they were moth-eaten, so that we all exclaimed at her "scaggledly" appearance, and instinctively called her "Scaggles." She was a tiny baby song-sparrow, and I first saw her one day as I went home from the office. She was trying to make her way through the tangle of dandelion and clover stems on the edge of the sidewalk to reach her mother in the middle of the road. When she saw me watching her, she renewed her efforts, but no sooner did she reach the

mother bird, than the latter flew off and left her. For a few moments the poor little creature stood as if she were trying to understand this desertion. She raised up and down on her toes, then tried to fly in the same direction, but there was something the matter with her wings, and finally she gave it up. Then it was that the thought occurred to me: "If I leave her here, she will soon be caught and swallowed by some predatory cat. Had I not better take her home until she can fly; then she will be able to care for herself when she is turned loose."

No sooner thought than done. I pursued her, and though she struggled desperately to get away, I caught her and took her home. There were two tender hearts there, and they were soon interested with me in feeding the little baby bird. When she was hungry,—which was often,—she would eat from our fingers, but no sooner was her appetite appeased, than she resented any attempts at familiarity, and fought bravely and pluckily for her freedom if we tried to catch her. For fully a week she kept up this spirit of resentment; then I found the way to her confidence. I had some piñon nuts, one taste of which convinced her that my friendship—combined with such nuts—was worth having. It was not long before she and I became inseparable friends. A snap of my fingers would call her from any part of the room, even from her dearest hiding-places, and soon she learned to jump into my hand to be lifted to the desk where piñon nuts always awaited her. Little by little she became familiar with my "desk habits." She knew when I was reading and when writing, and whether it was the scratching of the pen or the glisten of the golden point that excited her, she again and again would seize the point of my pen as I wrote, and desperately hang on to it as I persisted in writing. Her beak was so strong and her hold so tenacious that when I would lift up the pen, she would hang on for a few moments. Then when she dropped and I resumed my writing, she would begin the fight afresh. Sometimes I would place my left hand, with fingers outspread, as a barrier to prevent her reaching the pen. Then for half an hour at a time it would be a strategic fight between us. She would try to dodge through my open fingers or slip around them, and when, finally, she learned that she could leap over them and seize the pen, her delight in her victory seemed to know no bounds. Eagerly she darted at the pen and pecked savagely at it, hanging on as it would move across the paper.

When she was tired of this kind of fun and wanted to rest, she would flutter into my left hand as if it were a nest. Then, if I did not "hover" her with my fingers, she would peck at them, one at a time, until I covered her completely. As soon as this was done, she would give herself a little shake, nestle down snugly into my hand, put her head under her wing, and drop off to sleep.

Soon after we got her, my daughter and I decided that we must take her out-of-doors for the fresh air, and we did so, guarding her most carefully that she did not escape from us and get lost in the entanglement of weeds. But we soon found that this was not necessary, as when we did become friends, she showed no desire to go away far from us. So I took her out every day, sometimes in my hands, and at other times letting her go where she would. Then I began to dig worms and slugs for her, and she would

stand, making a very cute little picture, with her head on one side, peeping occasionally at me, and then at the ground where I was digging, ready to dart upon any dainty morsel that my knife happened to turn up. One day I thought it would be pleasant for her to have a sand pile in my library so that she could take a dust bath, as I had seen the sparrows do in the streets. So I got a large box lid, filled it with sand, and placed it in the room for her. At first she evidently thought the shining bits of mica, etc., in the sand were to be eaten, and she made such quick and energetic pecks at them that the sand filled her beak and flew into her eyes. Then it was exceedingly funny to watch her quick little motions to get rid of the sand from bill and eyes. She would shake and flutter and scratch with her foot and shake again, while we looked on and laughed ourselves tired. So I taught her how to take a sand bath by sprinkling the sand over her. It was not long before she learned how to nestle down in the sand and throw it up under her wings; but when I was in the room, she would always call me to help her, and many a time I've sat on the floor for half an hour sprinkling the sand over her and watching her curious little antics as she fluttered and hopped away from me, only to come back, wait for her handful of sand, and go through the whole operation again.

When I was so occupied with my writing that I could not take her up and place her upon the desk, her desire to be near me was so strong that she would sit on my foot. This she has done for many hours at a time; and when I left the room, she would appear so disconsolate that I left a pair of my old shoes for her to companion with. She would sit on the toe of one of these shoes, or, when night-time came, roost on the edge, and thus feeling a sense of nearness to me in being on one of my shoes, would quietly go off to sleep.

My bedroom was next to the library, and I generally left both doors open. As a rule I was up very early, long before she was ready to awaken, but sometimes she was awake first. Then she would come hopping and fluttering into my bedroom, and talk to me in her quick, querulous little way until I put my hand down to the floor for her to jump into to be lifted to the bed. There she would play hide-and-seek in my beard, sometimes trying to find a dainty morsel in my lips,—for she had long ago learned to take food from me in that way,—and sharply pecking at my teeth when I gave her nothing. She enjoyed it immensely when I suddenly raised my knees and made a high mountain, and she fluttered merrily down into the valley. Then I lowered my knees and made a level plane, only to surprise and please her by creating it into a mountain again.

But the thing that perhaps pleased me more than anything else was when she learned to follow me. I had gone down the long hall to the bath-room to fill her saucer with fresh water, when I happened to hear her chirp, and looking down, there was the tiny creature at my feet, she having hopped and fluttered after me all the way. Thenceforth wherever I went, she wanted to follow. When I went down-stairs, she would come to the landing and there stop and look and talk with such evident reproach that I could not leave her, and again and again I went back and took her down to the dinner table with me, where (under ban, of course, from the ladies) she snuggled close in my napkin on my knees, and ate the few crumbs I purposely let fall for her.

She used to go out for a walk in this same fashion, and would follow me on the street as devotedly as a pet dog or cat. Of course, I never took her far, but our neighbors soon became almost as much interested in the cunning little ways as we were, and used to watch for our daily goings out together.

The poor little creature was never well, and always seemed to be hungry for affection. So I made a little bed for her in the drawer of my writing desk, and often when I sat writing at night, I would "put her to bed" there.

Some days it seemed cruel to make her leave me. She wanted to be on or in my hands every moment, and I have written for hours with her perched on the finger of my left hand, her head under her wing, sound asleep, except when, in moving a book or something of that kind, I made more noise than she thought seemly, when she would straighten her little head up and give it and her whole body a nervous, quick, little shake, utter a querulous chirp, as much as to say, "You're making an awful racket here," and then settle down to sleep again.

Poor, sweet, affectionate, little darling! We had her for about three months. She never learned to fly. Her death was accidental and tragic, and the result of her absolute and complete confidence in me. When my daughter and I dug a tiny grave for her, and lined it with the exquisite and lace-like blossoms of what the children call "the bird's nest," we were neither of us ashamed that our tears fell fast. We covered her with the blossoms and then the earth, and there left her.—*George Wharton James, in Good Health.*

Largest Leather Belt

IN the equipment of the Dempsey Lumber Company's new sawmill, at Tacoma, Wash., is the largest single leather belt in the world. It is eighty-four inches in width, three-ply in thickness, and weighs just twenty-three hundred pounds.

The belt is one hundred and fourteen feet long. It took the centers of the hides of two hundred and twenty-five steers to make it, and each piece of this leather was separately stretched before being placed in the belt. In putting the belt together, no pegs, rivets, or fastenings of any kind were used, except cement of the best quality, and the plies were cemented together under a hydraulic pressure of two hundred and fifty tons.—*Woodcraft.*

Our Field—The World

(Concluded from page four)

clasp hands with Brother Branch. In July I hope to open two out-stations here. So we are trying to let our light shine at home, as well as giving to the fields afar off.

The Latest Reports

Elder G. A. Irwin has just returned from a trip to Africa, and an account of his visit to the Barotseland Mission will be given in the REVIEW, June 13 and 20. MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Outline of the Book of Genesis

ONE of the English classes in the Washington Training College was asked to give a brief summary of the book of Genesis. Some of the responses to this request are given herewith:—

THE book of Genesis covers a period of about twenty-five hundred years. This period may be divided into three divisions; namely, (1) From the creation to the flood; (2) from the flood to the call of Abraham; and (3) from Abraham to Joseph. In the first division an account of the fall of man, and his continual wickedness until the flood, is given. The second division gives the record of Noah's posterity, and the call of Abraham; while during the third period, Jacob and his family go down into Egypt; Jacob dies, and is carried by Joseph to Canaan to be buried. The death of Joseph marks the close of the record. WALTER L. ADKINS.

GENESIS, or the origination, is the divine record of the history of this earth for about two thousand five hundred years from the time that the Lord said, "Let there be light: and there was

light." It brings to view the existence of God; his relation to creation before man sinned; the effect of sin; the flood, for the punishment; and the peopling of the earth anew. It also brings to light the mystery of God in the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent; and the origin and annals of the nation that was especially instrumental in bringing the way of salvation to man.

W. L. GENTHER.

THE first two chapters record creation; the third records the fall; the fourth, the murder of Abel; the fifth, the generations from Adam to Noah; the sixth, seventh, and eighth tell of the flood; the ninth and tenth, the re-peopling of the earth; the eleventh recounts the confusion of tongues; the twelfth to the twenty-fifth chapters record the life of Abraham; the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth, that of Isaac; the twenty-seventh to the thirty-fifth, the life of Jacob; the thirty-sixth chapter gives the generations of Esau; and the remainder of the book, or chapters thirty-seven to fifty, tell of Joseph.

W. A. COLCORD.

God made the heavens and the earth,
And all that in them be:
He created man without birth,
And all from sin was free.

But Satan succeeded to entice
Mankind to yield to sin;
Led thus was man from paradise,
Nor more to walk within.

Hence, sin grew deeper in man's heart,
Until at last a flood
Was sent by God that it might part
The evil from the good.

Now, eight good souls the flood survived,
Yea, good as righteous Abel,
Till, by sin again, of light deprived,
They built the tower of Babel.

With tongues confused, they now depart,
And scatter through the land;
Abram and his seed are called apart
To be a pilgrim band.

To Joseph now the line we trace,
Who, by his brothers sold,
Became a leader of his race,
A shepherd of the fold.

EUGENE EDWARD McCaULEY.

Revelations of the Microscope

THE eyesight of man, marvelous as it is, is very limited in range and in the power to distinguish small objects. But the mind of man has been able, by the invention of the telescope and the microscope, to extend the field of human vision, on the one hand to the infinitely far, and on the other to the infinitesimally small bodies and particles of the universe. With the telescope we probe millions on millions of miles into the depths of space, and with the microscope we explore worlds within worlds which are not so wide as the point of a needle.

There is no more fascinating study than the microscopic examination of both strange and familiar things. Almost any commonplace object, magnified under a good lens, will reveal astonishing and unsuspected form, structure, and life. For instance:—

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with branches, leaves, and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs are tubes filled with pith and ornamented on the outside with scales.

In recent years, the presence of hosts of microbes—both useful and harmful—in the human organism have been revealed, and the microscope is indispensable in the diagnosis of many diseases, the existence of which is proved by the discovery of their bacilli in the blood or secretions.—*The Circle.*



WHITEHEAD, I. T.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have not seen any letters from this part of the country, I thought I would write one. We live a mile and a half from Whitehead. I am trying to do as near right as I can, so I may meet all my loved ones in the new earth. If we are faithful in keeping the commandments of God, we shall have a right to the tree of life. Love and best wishes to the editor and friends of the INSTRUCTOR.

JESSIE B. CARTER.

ROCK HALL, MD., Feb. 3, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I love to read it very much. We have a Young People's Society here. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I also go to church-school. Miss Lulu I. Tarbell is my teacher. I like her very much. I am nine years old, and in the third grade.

I have three little brothers and no sisters. My mother and father keep the Sabbath, and grandma also keeps the Sabbath. My grandpa is not an Adventist. I will close with love to all the INSTRUCTOR readers.

EDNA BLACKISTON.

SUTTON, QUEBEC, CANADA, Feb. 4, 1907.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: I feel like calling you an old friend since you have visited me weekly for several years. I wish to express my sincere thanks through your columns to your various contributors who combine to make you what you truly are,—an instructor.

I have been especially interested in the Scripture enigmas, Bible questions, and problems which have appeared in your columns. I send the answer to Ammi King's problem in the INSTRUCTOR of February 5. I also send one which I have made up.

FLOYD JONES.

IROQUOIS, S. D., Feb. 3, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a reader of the INSTRUCTOR, and like it very much. I saw the enigma in it and tried to work it out right. I am eleven years old. I have two brothers and a papa and mama. We live on a farm eight miles southwest of Iroquois. We are the only Adventists in this community. We have a union Sunday-school out here, and papa is the superintendent. We have an interesting little school.

NELLIE EDGERTON.

LEBANON, PA., Feb. 3, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: I am much pleased with my INSTRUCTOR, and it is very interesting. I go to Sabbath-school. I have only two squares to go. In my Sabbath-school the superintendent gave some money to us boys, as the Lord gave the talents. I took ten cents and bought five Life Boats at two cents apiece, and sold them for five cents apiece to double my money, and I must return the money to the church in three months.

WILLIAM BEATTIE.

made homes, and began to till the ground, and to raise cattle and sheep.

2. Day and night came, just as before the flood. Spring followed winter; then came summer and autumn; then winter and spring again, just as the Lord had promised. Little children were born, and grew up to be men and women. And as often as they saw the bow shining in the cloud, their parents told them the story of the flood, and of God's promise that he would not again destroy the earth in that way.

3. For a time all was peace and happiness in the earth. But after a while one of Noah's own sons did a very wicked thing; and many of Noah's grandchildren and great grandchildren began to turn away from serving the Lord, and to choose their own way. And so, as men again increased on the earth, sin increased also.

4. Noah and his sons had made their homes near the mountains where the ark rested. But as their children and grandchildren grew up, and wished to make homes of their own, they went in little companies to other places. This was the Lord's plan. He did not want all the people to live in one place, but to go to distant places, and fill the earth.

5. There was one large company of men and women who did not wish to follow the Lord's plan. They wished to stay together, and build a great city, and live for their own pleasure. The story of this company is told in the first nine verses of the eleventh chapter of Genesis.

6. "And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech.

7. "And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there.

8. "And they said to one another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar.

9. "And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." They thought that if they made the tower high enough, they could go into it, and be safe if another flood should come. This shows that they did not believe God's promise that he would not again destroy the earth by a flood.

10. "And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they can not understand one another's speech.

11. "So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city.

12. "Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth."

Questions

1. What did Noah and his sons do after they came out of the ark?
2. What had the Lord promised should not cease so long as the earth should remain? How did men see this promise fulfilled? How did the children learn the meaning of the rainbow?
3. What did some of Noah's descendants do? What did they choose?
4. Where had Noah and his sons made their home? As their children and grandchildren grew up, where did many of them go? Was this what the Lord wished them to do? Why do you think he did not wish them all to stay in one place?
5. What did one company of men and women decide to do? Where do we read about them?
6. How many languages were spoken in the

world at this time? How many are spoken now?

7. As a certain company journeyed from the east, what did they find? What did they do?

8. What did they say to one another? What did they use for stone? What did they have for mortar?

9. What did they say they would build? What would they make for themselves? Why did they wish to make a high tower? What does this show?

10. Who came down to see the city and the tower? What did the Lord say about the people? What did he say he would do?

11. Why could the people no longer work on the tower and other great buildings when their language was changed? What became of them?

12. What was the name of the tower called? What does the word Babel mean?—It means confusion.

13. Why was it wrong for these men to build the tower?—Because it showed their unbelief in God's promise. Who is our sure Refuge in every danger? Memory Verse.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XII — Important Gifts

(June 22)

MEMORY VERSE: "But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ." Eph. 4:7.

Questions

1. Name some of the more important gifts. 1 Cor. 12:28.
2. What is an apostle? Note 1.
3. How many were there in the early church? Note 2.
4. Mention other gifts that are to be found in the church. 1 Cor. 12:28; Eph. 4:11.
5. What is the gift of teaching? Note 3.
6. What is the significance of the other gifts mentioned?
7. What is the measure by which these gifts are bestowed? Matt. 25:15.
8. What is said of the source of every gift? 1 Cor. 12:4.
9. May one by education acquire any of these gifts? 1 Cor. 12:11; note 4.
10. How futile is the attempt to purchase them with money? Acts 8:18-22.
11. What gift must be possessed by all?—The gift of service. Mark 13:34.
12. What is necessary if we would render acceptable service? Rom. 8:9.
13. What follows the presence of the Spirit in the heart? Rom. 5:5.
14. What will ability amount to without this? 1 Cor. 13:1.
15. What then should each one strive to do? Eph. 4:30.

Notes

1. Apostle means a delegate, a messenger, an ambassador, a commissioner, "one sent forth."
2. Jesus expressly called the twelve apostles. But these were not all who were spoken of as apostles in the Bible. See Acts 1:26; 14:14; Gal. 1:19; Phil. 2:25; 2 Cor. 8:23. Jesus was spoken of as the Great Apostle. Heb. 3:1.
3. There is ability to teach, and there is the art of teaching, which may be acquired. But these are sounding brass and tinkling cymbals in God's cause unless the teacher is spiritually endowed.
4. No gift of the Spirit of God, without which we can do no acceptable work for him, can be acquired. No labor can secure it; no committee can bestow it; no money can purchase it; it can not come by any inheritance of the flesh. It is the gift of God. Education may help to develop the gift, and discipline make more effective its exercise; but it can do no more.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII — The Tower of Babel

(June 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 11:1-9.

MEMORY VERSE: "God is a refuge for us." Ps. 62:8.

Review

How did God warn the world that a flood was coming? How many persons were saved of all who lived on the earth when the flood came? Tell all you can about the flood. What was the first thing that Noah did when he came out of the ark? What promise did the Lord make at this time? Gen. 8:21, 22. What token, or sign, did he give to Noah that he would never again destroy the earth by a flood?

Lesson Story

1. After Noah and his family came out of the ark, Noah planted a vineyard, and began to make a home for himself. His three sons also



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	.40
THREE MONTHS	.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25
CLUB RATES	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " " " "	.50
100 or more " " " " " "	.45

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

How the Young People Are Working The Temperance Number

NEARLY *forty-five thousand* copies of the special INSTRUCTOR have already been ordered. Every mail brings in so large a number of orders that the edition has been increased to over *fifty thousand*. Even this number can be doubled if the young people say so.

Many persons speak highly of the character of the special number, and say it came at an opportune time. We hope God will use it to accomplish much good. It has at least proved that the young people can be depended upon for earnest work. We hope they will not relax their efforts until the paper has visited every person who can be benefited by it. Courage is our watchword.

Good Words for the Temperance Number

I BELIEVE the extra effort put forth in getting up this special number and circulating it, will be repaid many times. ARCHER WRIGHT.

I think the Temperance number is good, readable matter of vital interest. Our junior division is to sell it in Walla Walla during our camp-meeting, at the same time inviting the people to the meeting. MINNIE G. CADY.

I am proud of the Temperance number.

IDA BOWEN BROWN.

It is a great, good number, and will do a great number good. A FRIEND.

I believe the contents of the Temperance number are presented in such a way as to be of help to every one that needs the paper. I hope every Society in this land of "surfeiting and drunkenness" will appreciate the worth of this paper.

E. C. SILSBEE.

I wish to congratulate you on the fine appearance and well-filled columns of the Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR. As it fell into my hands this morning, I looked it through with a sense of satisfaction and pride. I am sure that it will do much good for the cause of temperance, and that it is a move in the right line just at this time, and that it will arouse the interest of our young people in the cause of temperance in a decided way. No one need feel ashamed to take this number of the INSTRUCTOR to his friends and ask them to buy it. The young people are taking hold of the Temperance number in our conference, and I sincerely hope that a large number will be sold.

E. K. SLADE.

Statistics of Victims of the Russian Revolution

MANY attempts have been made to count up those who have suffered death or imprisonment, during the reign of the present czar, for the

cause of political liberty. The most complete and accurate enumeration which has yet appeared is that furnished by Mr. Below, who gives the following striking statistics:—

"However frightfully numerous were the political victims who suffered during the whole reign of Nicholas I, Alexander II, and Alexander III, their aggregate is quite insignificant in comparison with those who shared their fate during the last two years of the Russian revolution. According to the calculations of an editor of the *Birzheva Vedomosti*, 14,654 were killed and 18,052 wounded in Russia between January, 1905, and February, 1906. It is quite certain, however, that the actual numbers were far beyond this estimate, which must be considered to represent at most merely the minimum total. From February, 1906, to the close of the year, as high an average is to be found, if not higher. The journal *Perelom* gives, in a statement based upon official returns, the number of victims during the revolutionary movement as 26,000 dead and 31,000 wounded."

This writer proceeds to quote from the *Tovaristch* (St. Petersburg) to the effect that 1,650 victims were executed during the same period at Riga, as officially reported. There were 9,412 penally sentenced, for political offenses, between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31, 1906. Among these, 1,252 were condemned to death at drumhead court-martial, of whom 934 were executed. About 275 political prisoners were sentenced to life imprisonment with hard labor, 1,755 were sentenced to shorter terms of imprisonment with hard labor, and 186 were sent to Siberia. In January of the present year (1907) 713 political prisoners were sentenced as follows: To death, 148; actually executed, 90; to hard labor, 90; to Siberia, 50. The rest received various sentences of imprisonment in jail or fortress. Of this class of victims Mr. Below says:—

"With regard to the number of those put into confinement (in 1906) we know nothing positive, but an idea how great it must be may be derived from the fact that in the citadel of Warsaw alone, on the month of July, 9,000 were imprisoned, and this calculation does not include those who were already in the jails. The *Riech* calculates the number of political prisoners of the last year to be 1,500,000 persons. It was difficult to find a prison in Russia which was not crowded two-fold above its normal capacity."—*The Literary Digest*.

Familiar Quotations of the Bible

THE common use of many passages of Scripture make it desirable that all should know whence they came, and under what circumstances they were originally written or uttered. A list of thirty familiar quotations will be given, ten each week, as an exercise in "searching the Scriptures." Every one can know for himself when he has met the requirements of this exercise. Those who take time to read the circumstances that called out the remark will be doubly interested.

1. Where will you find the common phrase, To "make a man an offender for a word"?
2. Where the wise reminder, "The fear of man bringeth a snare"?
3. Where the familiar metaphor, "An arm of flesh"?
4. Where the solemn warning, "Be sure your sin will find you out"?
5. Where the humane injunction, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast"?
6. Where is Jehovah described as "glorious in holiness, fearful in praise, doing wonders"?
7. Where is it said, "Them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed"?
8. Where is there first found the command "to love the Lord your God, and to serve him with all your heart and with all your soul"?

9. Where the command to "love the stranger"?

10. Where to "love thy neighbor as thyself"?

If you have knowledge, let others light their candles by it.—*Thomas Fuller*.

Answers to Correspondents

"RUDENESS is not frankness nor sincerity, but selfishness personified."

Is it wrong to play dominoes, checkers, and flinch, when the young people of the neighbors come in to spend the evening? We have no instrument, so can not play nor sing.

Some things are wrong in themselves, and some are wrong under certain conditions, or because of their tendencies or associations. These games are not in themselves an evil, that is, if a person chanced to play a game of dominoes, he would not be committing a sin the same as he would if he stole property belonging to another. This fact makes the question a difficult one to answer, for the right and wrong must depend somewhat upon the circumstances, and must therefore be answered by those concerned, and no rule can be laid down by one person to govern another in such matters. The spirit of prophecy, however, gives some suggestions on this subject. We must all admit that the intensity of the times in which we are now living, and the responsibilities resting upon our people, young and old alike, leave but little if any room for game playing. Mrs. E. G. White in "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, says: "There are amusements, such as dancing, card-playing, chess, checkers, etc., which we can not approve, because Heaven condemns them. These amusements open the door for great evil. They are not beneficial in their tendency, but have an exciting influence, producing in some minds a passion for those plays which lead to gambling and dissipation. All such plays should be condemned by Christians, and something perfectly harmless should be substituted in their place."

Should one butter a slice of bread at table, and then bite off pieces to eat?

A more inappropriate table act is seldom observed than for one to place a large slice of bread on the table-cloth or in the hand or plate, and then energetically set about the task of spreading the upper surface with butter; yet it would seem that to some persons the relish of the meal depends chiefly upon the satisfactory performance of this initiative operation. The better way, and only allowable way, is to break off (never bite off) a small piece of bread from the slice, and butter it just before placing it in the mouth.

Will you give some further suggestions on table manners?

Cake is broken and eaten like bread or crackers, or if sticky, it should be eaten with a fork. Never cool food by blowing upon it. Wait until it becomes cool enough to eat.

An "unwritten law obliges men and women of gentle breeding to be agreeable and amiable at table."

Don't break bread into pieces, or soak it in gravy, milk, or coffee. Don't put crackers or bread into soup. Eat crackers or bits of bread dry.

Celery tops, olive or other fruit stones, banana peelings, and skins of radishes should not be laid upon the table-cloth. Lay them on the plate, at one side if the plate is covered with food.

Grapes and small plums are eaten from the fingers, and the stones or skins taken into the hand and carried to the plate, never dropped from the lips. Prune seeds should be pressed out with the spoon before the fruit is eaten.

Don't heap food upon the fork. Be content with small mouthfuls.