

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Open the Door

OPEN the door of your heart, my lad,
To angels of love and truth;
When the world is full of unnumbered joy
In the beautiful dawn of youth,
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong, "Depart!"
To the voices of hope that are calling you,
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide,
To the holy thoughts that light your soul
Like the stars of eventide.
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours, if you only give them room;
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class or creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a child in need,
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends
You need no map or chart,
But only the love the Master gave;
Open the door of your heart.

— Edward Everett Hale.

Notes by the Way — No. 6

THE day is well-nigh passed. Once more the sun is on the downward side of the heavens, but still I feel no inclination to cease my note taking. The boundless prairie is now behind us, but still all around are fertile fields. More than eleven hours have passed since I saw the glory of the rising sun, and it seems almost impossible that all this time, with all our speed, we have been rushing through boundless fields clothed with living green, but so it has been. How great is this world in which we find ourselves! How great is our God, who, sitting at the great center of the infinite universe, can look out not only upon this little speck, when compared with the whole, and say, My hand hath formed all this; for the pleasure of my created ones it is and was made. How beautiful would be this world if intemperance, selfishness, and wrong could be banished. This thought makes me long for it all to be taken out of my heart and life. What a glorious hope is set before us in the gospel—to be like the Redeemer.

For some time signs of a great river have been seen, and now the muddy waters of the Missouri are flowing below us. A few minutes more and we shall say farewell to this great State which has brought so many good things to me to-day, cross the line, and enter Kansas City. How strange that one must cross over into Missouri in order to enter Kansas City!

"Kansas City is the next stop! All change cars!" is the cry of our trainman, and in a moment we swing around a curve and are cross-

ing the river. On reaching the station, I found it thronged with people of various nationalities. Every one seemed to be in a hurry, and there was more or less excitement in every direction. The mercury stood in the nineties, and this was reason enough for restlessness, even though there was no anxiety about trains. With effort I started on my way toward the ticket office. Meeting a trainman, I asked, "How soon can I get a train over the Santa Fé for Chicago?" Without answering me, he turned to another official and shouted, "Has No. 2 left the yard yet?" The answer was, "No, but she will leave in a minute." Turning to me, the first man said, "Get a hustle on you, and I think you can get her. She is on track 5. If you miss that train, you'll have to wait three hours." It is useless perhaps to say that I "hustled." I lost my desire to see Kansas City, and bent all my energies in the direction of "track 5." Just as I was within a few feet of the train, it started, but with the assistance of friendly trainmen my grips and myself were soon aboard, moving eastward once more toward the sick parent whom no experience has caused me to forget.

It came to my mind that train No. 2 is the one I lost back at La Junta last night. I made inquiries, and found that this is the same train. It had been delayed by a hot box and other hindrances, and here I am permitted to finish my journey to Chicago in the train of my choice. Well, I thought, here is a good place to apply the scripture, "The race is not to the swift." It is not so much a question of how fast we go while going as how steadily we keep going. How many times we fret and worry because circumstances do not favor our plans and wishes; and why? Largely because we lose sight of the fact that there is an eye which never sleeps, and a hand that is never shortened, but grasps the end from the beginning; because we can not see the end of the journey, and see how things will come out if we have our own way. This brings several illustrations to my mind, and I will mention one or two. When my brother, Dr. Place, was returning to America from Calcutta, India, he came by way of China, planning to take the steamship "Reo" at Hongkong. But by a delay in reaching Hongkong he and his party missed that boat, and came on later on the "Peking." This was quite a disappointment to the home-comers. On the way between Honolulu and San Francisco they met a returning steamer, and news was exchanged. Judge of his feelings when he read in a San Francisco paper that the "Reo" struck a rock in a fog just after passing the Golden Gate, and went down immediately with all on board except one man. Then he chided himself for his disap-

pointment in Hongkong. How glad we are many times, after the fog rises, that we did not have our way.

The great apostle says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The Lord through Jeremiah also says, "For I know the thoughts I think toward you, . . . thoughts of peace, to give to you the fulfillment of your expectation." How many times we would entirely fail of reaching what we expect if our Heavenly Father allowed us to have things our way. We desire that which will be the best for us. This is just what the Lord has in mind for us. But to bring it about he is obliged often to burst some of our bubbles and demolish some of our air-castles. Happy is that young man or woman whose god is the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.

A. E. PLACE.

The Spirit of Prophecy and the Civil War

THERE are many evidences of the truthfulness of the spirit of prophecy, which have been so faithfully given, encouraging, warning, and rebuking the people of God for the past fifty years or more, that we do not refer to the following incidents in connection with events taking place during the Civil War as proof of their validity; yet it may be interesting to put side by side some statements published before the war broke out, and a narration of some experiences of those in charge of national affairs at that time, which show how accurately all that was predicted was fulfilled.

At a meeting held in Parkville, Mich., Jan. 12, 1861, just three months before the first gun was fired on Fort Sumpter, Mrs. E. G. White was shown events soon to take place in the nation, which affected, in common with all others, God's people. After the view was presented, she arose, and stated to a large congregation the following:—

"There is not a person in this house who has even dreamed of the trouble that is coming upon this land. People are making sport of the secession ordinance of South Carolina, but I have just been shown that a large number of States are going to join that State, and there will be a most terrible war. In this vision I have seen large armies of both sides gathered on the field of battle. I heard the booming of cannon, and saw the dead and dying on every hand. Then I saw them rushing up engaged in hand-to-hand fighting. Then I saw the field after the battle, all covered with dead and dying. Then I was carried to prisons, and saw the sufferings of those in want, who were wasting away. Then

I was taken to the homes of those who had lost husbands, sons, or brothers in the war. I saw their distress and anguish. But it was because of the terrible curse of slavery, its guilt resting to some extent on both South and North alike, that the affliction was permitted to come upon the whole nation."

Aug. 3, 1861, still at the very beginning of the war, this was written: "It looked to me like an impossibility now for slavery to be done away. *God alone can wrench the slave from the hand of his desperate, relentless oppressor.* I was shown that many do not realize the extent of the evil that has come upon us. They have flattered themselves that the national difficulties would soon be settled, and confusion and war end; but all will be convinced that there is more reality in the matter than was anticipated."

The conflict raged. Three years of persistent fighting followed, until nearly one half of the Southern forces mustered out were lost in battle, either by fighting or sickness; while terrible losses were encountered by the Northern forces. Finally, after being defeated upon Virginia soil, the scene changed, in that the Northern forces were driven onto Northern soil—southern Pennsylvania. Then Washington itself, the national capital, was imperiled.

Of this time, when God turned the tide in favor of the right, the following incidents, written by Gen. Horatio C. King, upon the subject as to whether President Abraham Lincoln was a Christian or not, become intensely interesting:—

I have been surprised by some recent doubts as to the Christianity of Abraham Lincoln. If it is necessary to be a church-member in order to be a Christian, then he was not a Christian; but judged by other standards,—by his conduct, by his exalted ideals, by his humanitarianism, his love for his fellows, his conscientious devotion to Christian principles, and his regular attendance upon church worship, then he was a Christian.

Upon Lincoln's faith and trust in an overruling Providence, none are better qualified to speak than his zealous historians, Nicolay and Hay, for four years his private secretaries, and in daily intimate association with him. They say of him, in substance, that he was a man of profound and intense religious feeling. They do not attempt to formulate his creed, and doubt if he himself ever did so. His only published utterance I give in his own words:—

"I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statement of Christian doctrine which characterizes their Articles of Belief and Confession of Faith. Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church I will join with all my heart and all my soul.

"When I left Springfield, I asked the people to pray for me; I was not a Christian. When I buried my son, the severest trial of all my life, I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg, and saw the graves of thousands of our soldiers, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ. I do love Jesus."

Here is the testimony, too, of one of the most distinguished survivors of the war, Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, who, at eighty-one, still retains his brilliant faculties unimpaired. No more delightful conversationalist is numbered among my friends and acquaintances, and his store of reminiscences seems well-nigh inexhaustible. In the second day's fight at Gettysburg, the General was desperately wounded just above the knee. Fearing the demoralizing effect upon his hard-pressed troops, he required the surgeon to staunch the flow of blood with tourniquet. Then, upon a stretcher, in a semi-recumbent position, he was borne along his lines. This gave encouragement to his men, who received him with wild demonstrations of affection and confidence. The wound was considered mortal, and he was removed to a hospital in Washington, where Mr. Lincoln visited him. I will tell the story as I had it from the lips of General Sickles:—

"After my wound at Gettysburg, on Thurs-

day, July 2, 1863, I was taken to Washington, arriving at the capital on the following Sunday, soon after daybreak. Soldiers carried me on the same stretcher on which I was placed after the amputation of my leg. I was accompanied by Dr. Sim, my surgeon, and by my aides-de-camp, Major Tremain and Captain Moore. Arriving at the house where lodgings had been taken for me, we found that the landlady had not yet risen; after we had waited a while, the good woman appeared. Seeing a handkerchief over my face and my outstretched and motionless form on what seemed to her a sort of bier at her door, she exclaimed:—

"'He is dead!'
"'O, no,' I replied, removing the handkerchief; 'only dozing a little.'

"Soon after I reached my apartment, President Lincoln came to see me. After he had given touching expressions of his sympathy, we talked about the battle. Lieut.-Col. J. F. Rusling, Chief Quartermaster of the Third Army Corps, joined us. When we had answered many inquiries made by the President, I said:—

"'Mr. Lincoln, we heard at Gettysburg that here at the capital you were all anxious about the result of the battle; that the government officials packed up and got ready to leave at short notice, with the official archives.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'some precautions were prudently taken, but, for my part, I was sure of our success at Gettysburg.'

"'Why were you so confident?' I asked. 'The Army of the Potomac had suffered many reverses.'

"There was a brief pause. The President seemed in deep meditation. His pale face was lighted up by an expression I had not observed before. Turning to me, he said:—

"'When Lee crossed the Potomac and entered Pennsylvania, followed by our army, I felt that the crisis had come. I knew that defeat in a great battle on Northern soil involved the loss of Washington, to be followed, perhaps, by the intervention of England and France in favor of the Southern Confederacy. I went to my room and got down on my knees in prayer. Never before had I prayed with so much earnestness. I wish I could repeat my prayer.

"'I felt that I must put all my trust in Almighty God. He gave our people the best country ever given to man. He alone could save it from destruction. I had tried my best to do my duty, and found myself unequal to the task. The burden was more than I could bear. God had often been our Protector in other days. I prayed that he would not let the nation perish. I asked him to help us and give us victory now. I was sure my prayer was answered. I knew that God was on our side. I had no misgiving about the result at Gettysburg.'

"'How do you feel about Vicksburg, Mr. President?' I asked.

"'Grant will pull through all right. I am sure of it,' said Mr. Lincoln. 'I have been despondent, but am so no longer; God is with us.'

"Rising from his seat to leave me, Mr. Lincoln took my hand and said, with tenderness: 'Sickles, I am told, as you have been told, perhaps, that your condition is serious. I am in a prophetic mood to-day. You will get well.'

Among the papers left by Lincoln and first given to the world by Nicolay and Hay is this:—

"The will of God prevails. In the great contest each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be and one must be wrong. God can not be for and against the same thing at the same time. In the present Civil War it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party; and yet the human instrumentalities working just as they do are of the best adaption to suit his purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest, and wills that it shall not end yet. By his mere great power on the minds of the now contestants, he could have either saved or destroyed the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began. And having begun, he could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds!"

In the light of history, is it not clear that it was God's purpose to continue the war until, by the complete subjugation of the South, the destruction of slavery was made certain and irrevocable?

These incidents are all in perfect accord with the statement made by the spirit of prophecy, that "God alone can wrench the slave from the hand of his desperate, relentless oppressor."

T. E. BOWEN.

Perseverance and What It Will Do

"PERSEVERANCE is the key to success." No person yet has become great or has accomplished any worthy object without this quality.

A good example of this truth is Mr. Thomas Edison. Ever since childhood he has been diligently and perseveringly studying and experimenting, with the result that to-day he is widely known and distinguished for his electrical achievements.

There is an old saying to the effect that nothing is impossible to a determined man. And although this can not be taken in an unlimited sense, yet there is much truth in it. Determination begets perseverance, and it is this which brings the result. So we can truthfully say that there are few things which perseverance can not accomplish.

NORMAN KIMBLE.

AN old negro preacher is reported to have said to his congregation one day: "Bredren, you must persevere. Maybe you don't know what that means; so I will tell you. To persevere is to take hold, hang on, and not let go."

This is what all men have done who have accomplished anything in the world. When Cyrus W. Field determined in his mind to connect the Old World with the New, by means of a cable, he was laughed at, called a fool, and reported by the people about him to be fit for the lunatic asylum; but he had taken hold, and he was determined to hang on, and not let go until he had accomplished the end in view. He met with many disappointments, but he believed that an all-ruling Providence was leading, and would help him to accomplish his purpose. Perseverance in this case wrought a miracle! Cyrus W. Field by his cable brought to us one of the greatest blessings that could come to mankind. The Old World and the New are no longer widely separated, but are next-door neighbors.

In order to persevere, we must be patient. He who perseveres is frequently hindered in his work. He often has to stand still and wait, but perseverance knows no retreat. The man who perseveres sets his mark, and though he sometimes has to stand still and hang on in order that he may not be beaten back with difficulties, he waits and works till the obstacles give way; then he goes right ahead as if nothing had happened.

A good example of this kind of perseverance is found in the life of Christopher Columbus. Eighteen years passed after he conceived of his enterprise before he was able to carry it into effect, and during this time he was the object of severe rebuffs and ridicule; and though these years took the prime of his life and left him nearly sixty years of age, his purpose was not changed. When he was able to set out on his expedition, he was just as determined and persevering as if he had been permitted to start eighteen years before.

Such examples ought to fill us all with courage and perseverance in whatever we undertake. Though we do not expect to discover another America, nor span the Atlantic with a cable, yet we have a work to do greater than either of these. We have the work of sounding the gospel of a soon-coming King to the ends of the earth. In this work we need intense perseverance. Without it our work will be a failure; with it our work will triumph and be a glorious success.

BENIAH E. MANUEL.

Memory Text

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Isa. 55:2.



Japan's Flag Festival

ON the fifth day of the fifth moon (June 5), occurs the fête called the "flag festival." This holiday has been, perhaps, the most potent factor in fostering the spirit of patriotism which is characteristic of the mikado's people.

On the eve of this festival, in every Japanese home, a chest is brought forth containing articles that at one time belonged to the forefathers of the family. Placing the heirlooms before him, the father recites tales of their quondam owners. This naturally inspires the boys of the family with a desire to emulate the deeds of their ancestors.

On the great fête day, every boy is on the *qui vive*, for will he not to-day receive gifts from his relatives and friends? And will not many ceremonies take place?—ceremonies dear to the Japanese heart, but things incomprehensible to the foreigner.

To begin with, before each house a tall pole is placed. To the top of this, the eldest boy of the family draws paper fishes by means of a pulley—one for each of his brothers and for himself. These paper fishes, made in imitation of carps, are hollow, and present a very lifelike appearance when floating in the breeze. As the carp is able to swim against strong currents and to surmount obstacles, so the Japanese parents wish their sons to be strong in adversity.

The entire day is spent in games and junketings, and in the evening there is a parade, each boy carrying a pole with a paper lantern attached. As every one in the streets carries a lantern also, the effect is somewhat fantastic.

Returning home, each family repacks its chest of heirlooms, and places it in the storeroom awaiting the next flag festival.

J. FRED SANTEE.

In Touch with a Planet

PRAYER opens a whole planet to a man's activities. I can as really be touching hearts for God in far-away India or China through prayer, as though I were there. . . .

A man may go aside to-day, and shut his door, and as really spend a half-hour in India—I am thinking of my words as I say them, it seems so much to say, and yet it is true—as really spend a half-hour of his life in India for God as though he were there in person. *Is that true?* If it be true, surely you and I must get more half-hours for this secret service. Without any doubt he may turn his key and be for a bit of time as potentially in China by the power of prayer, as though there in actual bodily form. I say *potentially* present. Of course not consciously present. But in the *power exerted upon men* he may be truly present at the objective point of his prayer. He may give a new meaning to the printed page being read by some native, down in Africa. He may give a new tongue of flame to the preacher or teacher. He may make it easier for men to accept the story of Jesus, and then to yield themselves to Jesus—yonder men, swept and swayed by evil spirits, and by prejudices for generations—make it easier for them to accept the story, and, if need be, to cut with loved ones, and step out and up into a new life.

Some earnest heart enters an objection here, perhaps. You are thinking that if you were there, you could influence men by your personal contact, by the living voice. So you could. And there must be the personal touch. Would that

there were many times more going for that blessed personal touch. But this is the thing to mark keenly both for those who may go and for those who must stay: no matter where you are, you do more through your praying than through your personality. If you were in India, you could *add your personality to your prayer*. That would be a great thing to do. But whether there or here, you must first win the victory, every step, every inch, every foot of the way, in secret, in the spirit-realm, and then add the mighty touch of your personality in service. You can do *more* than pray, *after* you have prayed. But you can *not* do more than pray *until* you have prayed.—*S. D. Gordon, in "Quiet Talks on Prayer."*

Vryheid

VRYHEID is the name of a little country town on the northern borders of Natal, South Africa. The name is pronounced Fray-hait, which is the Dutch word for "freedom." Some years ago, this little place gave promise of becoming an important independent center of a new state. The native chief, Dinizulu, was having a dispute with another chief, and certain Boers assisted him to settle matters, for which he conceded them a large area of land, on which they formed a settlement. But the British government was not willing to create another independent state, and the district became a part of the Transvaal Colony. After the late Boer War, Vryheid was



united to Natal, much against the wishes of the local population, who are mostly of Dutch extraction, and prefer to be under a Dutch government. Mr. Louis Botha, the new premier of the Transvaal government, has his home, a beautiful farm, in this district.

About four years ago, the wife of a member of the Natal legislature and her daughter were staying at Brother Beissner's institute, at Sweetwaters, Natal, and the writer held some meetings there, in which they saw the truth, and began to keep the Sabbath. On their return, they worked among their friends, and created an interest in the truth. Brother F. C. Ernst then happened to visit the place, settled down to farming, and in his spare time assisted the work until eleven persons were keeping the Sabbath there. Mr. Birkenstock very kindly gave nearly an acre of land for the site of a church, and the accompanying print shows the new church building that has just been erected there. The building was full at the opening service, and Brother W. H. Haupt has gone there to follow up the interest that is awakening.

During the last few months coal and iron have been found in rich deposits in Vryheid. The Natal government is building a railroad for the purpose of developing the country, and Vryheid now promises to become a flourishing commercial center. The climate is healthful, and the soil fertile. We hope in time to see a good work done in this district. HERBERT J. EDMED.

"EVERY youth who would prove worthy of place or position in the world must defy fear when moral courage is demanded."

"Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice"

ANNA LAETITIA AIKIN was a wonderful little girl. She was born in Leicestershire, England, June 20, 1743. Her father was John Aikin, a Presbyterian minister who became a school-teacher. Before the girl was two years old, she could read sentences and short stories without spelling her words, and in half a year afterward she could read as well as most women. When she was five years old, her father was talking one day with a friend about the condition of angels in heaven, and was remarking that, since joy meant additional happiness, they could not experience joy, because they were perfectly happy already. "I think you are mistaken, papa," Anna piped up, "because in the chapter I read to you this morning from the New Testament, it said that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine persons that need no repentance." The gifted child soon became acquainted with many of the best English authors, and by the time she reached the age of twenty, she had become familiar with French and Italian, besides learning a great deal of Latin and Greek.

But Anna Aikin's life was a very sad one, because of an unhappy marriage. In 1774 she was wedded to Rochemont Barbauld, a Unitarian minister, who also, like Dr. Aikin, became a school-teacher. Mrs. Barbauld was his assistant in his school. He was a man of violent temper, which in time developed into insanity. He attacked Mrs. Barbauld with a knife, and she was obliged to put him in an asylum. He escaped, and committed suicide by drowning in 1808. Mrs. Barbauld continued to live in her husband's home, and reached a good old age, dying March 9, 1825, greatly honored by all.

Mrs. Barbauld wrote twenty-one hymns, the most famous being "Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes," "Again the Lord of life and light," "How blest the righteous when he dies," and "Praise to God, immortal praise." The following hymn is entitled "The Gracious Call." It was written about 1792, and is based, of course, upon Matt. 11:28: "Come unto me, . . . and I will

give you rest." It consists of four stanzas:—

"Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

"Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

"Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

"Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

Probably the most famous bit of writing done by Mrs. Barbauld are the following lines, from a short poem written about twelve years before her death:—

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away; give little warning;
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning!"

—*Amos R. Wells, in Junior Endeavor World.*

Religious Liberty Notes

A BARBER'S Sunday bill was passed by the recent Indiana Legislature, prohibiting all barber work on Sunday. An exception clause to the bill exempts those who religiously observe the

seventh day. This law has been violated for the purpose of testing its constitutionality upon the ground of class legislation. If necessary, it will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

A. L. MILLER.

BAVARIA granted religious freedom to our people while the General Conference Committee was in session at Gland, Switzerland. Until then the people were not allowed to sing a hymn, or offer a prayer in public. After freedom was granted them, they held a service of thanksgiving. More than one hymn of praise was sung, and grateful prayer was offered.

At a meeting in Gland, representatives from various countries were recounting the difficulties they had to meet in their work, and the restrictions the government imposed. A worker from Russia arose and said, "Brethren, we have no difficulties, no restrictions in Russia. We can believe what we wish, preach what we want to, baptize whoever desires baptism, circulate our literature freely, and hold meetings where and when we please. We have no difficulties in Russia." The speaker meant no difficulties compared with those they have had until the government granted them liberty. It is marvelous what God hath wrought in Russia for his people.

How to Meet Christian Science

No amount of attacks on "Christian Science" will prevent those who are fascinated by its teachings and practises from joining in it. In fact, "Christian Science" has flourished on attack, as all such movements do. It is not attack that is needed; it is rather a more genuine religion in our own church, and a higher type of spirituality. Any who leave the churches to join the "Christian Science" movement do so because they find something there which they lack. Now, what are the things about "Christian Science" which (in spite of its errors in theory) attract people and draw them away from the churches where they have been brought up? There are two characteristics of "Christian Science" that deserve especial consideration.

Its Attitude of Joy

That "Christian Scientists" have learned the secret of being joyous, full of hope and sunshine, is not questioned. They have arrived at it, however, by very bad logic, by denying the reality of evil and pain; but the noteworthy point is that they have arrived. They do not talk about troubles and difficulties, they do not dwell in a state of dumps; they experience a calm joy which permeates their lives, and this is the reason that the movement is so contagious.

There is only one way to meet that situation, and that is to surpass them on the same line. Our religion has decidedly lacked this aspect of triumph and joy. We have moaned and lamented, we have had an air of gloom and solemnity which has often made the Christian life forbidding. This is fundamentally wrong. Pain and evil, sin and sickness, are no illusions. They are real. The way to meet them is not to deny them, but to find a Source of power and strength which will enable us to rise above them and to triumph. This is the great note of primitive Christianity: "I have overcome the world;" Jesus' prayer for his disciples in reality was, "I pray not that ye be taken out of the world, but that ye overcome in it;" "that my joy may be fulfilled in you." This mighty note of peace, of joy, of triumph, of well-grounded hope, is essential to true religion. We need to learn the secret of overcoming the world and of living with a shine on the face.

Its Message of Health

Christ plainly had a message of health. It was a part of his mission to deliver men from disease. We have been learning during the last quarter of a century, as in no other age, that the state of mind, the attitude of faith, has a powerful effect upon the condition of the body.

Suggestion, either of health or disease, works wonders upon the body. "Christian Science" has seized upon this fact, and has carried it to an unwarrantable extreme. But the fact is, hosts of persons have been made whole and sound by its methods.

Well, how shall we meet it? There is a principle which every physician recognizes; namely, that the attitude of faith and hope has a powerful control over the condition of the body. It is not true that there is no disease, it is not true that any and every sickness can be banished by mental attitude; but it is true that, within certain limits, our health is a matter of faith and expectation.

The church of Christ ought to make more than it does of the healing power of faith, and it ought to emphasize everywhere the fact that our Lord is a complete Saviour, a Saviour of body, soul, and spirit, and that those who find him as he is, receive a new energy, a positive incoming virtue, which affects the entire life.

The only way by which we can meet movements which embody half truths is to exhibit, not some other half truth, but the whole round truth, and to show those half truths in their true meaning and balance. Our advance must not be by attacking our religious neighbors, but by presenting all the truth they have, and a great deal more, too.—*American Friend.*



Our Field — The World

South Africa — No. IX

Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

- A Song of Praise.
- Scripture Exercise.
- Prayer.

LESSON STUDY:—

- The Kafir Mission.
- The Cost of a Continent.
- Dollars for Self and Cents for Christ, page six.

Scripture Exercise

- What are missionaries? 2 Cor. 5:20.
- Are there enough missionaries? Matt. 9:37.
- What, then, is our duty? Matt. 9:38.
- What is the state of the heathen world? Ps. 74:20.
- What can take away its darkness? John 8:12.
- Why do the heathen not worship God? Rom. 10:14.
- Where are the believers to bear witness? Acts 1:8.
- Who sends these witnesses? John 20:21.
- What have missionaries suffered? Heb. 11:37.
- What has Jesus promised? Matt. 28:20.
- When will missions end? Matt. 24:14.

The Kafir Mission

For some time the Cape Colony Conference had Brother R. Moko, a native laborer, working among the Kafirs of the colony. This section was one of the first in South Africa to be entered by missionaries. The natives have schools, literature, church organizations, and other products of civilization and Christianity. There are also a large number of heathen natives even in the most favored parts. These are called the "red Kafir" because they paint their faces with red clay, making them hideous in appearance.

In 1904 the calls for labor among the Kafirs were such that Elder G. W. Shone was appointed to this work, and he and Brother Moko began a permanent effort. Chief Kama promised to give them land for a mission site, and the Sabbath-

schools in South Africa gave liberally for the establishment of a mission. After repeated disappointments it became evident that the desirable portions of the country (except small portions reserved for natives), had been taken by farmers, and that the government would not give a farm for mission purposes. It was then decided to purchase a farm, and the brethren in South Africa raised over two thousand dollars for this purpose. Elder Hyatt writes thus of the development of their plan:—

"Learning that Brother Charles Sparrow had bought a large farm twenty-five miles northeast of Grahamstown, lying near some of the reserved land where there are a large number of natives, we were led to consider whether this might not be a good place for a mission. Accordingly we interviewed Brother Sparrow, and found him quite willing to furnish us with a small farm on very reasonable terms. In fact, he had been impressed that we might want a portion of his farm for this purpose. A committee was chosen to visit the place, and after careful consideration thought it was best for us to open work there.

"The mission farm contains about four hundred and fifty acres. We have taken it on a lease of ten years, with the privilege of renewing it if we so desire. We are to pay twelve pounds (a little over fifty dollars) the first year, and twenty pounds each year thereafter. Then, too, Brother Sparrow offers to graze twenty head of cattle and twelve ostriches for us on his pasture lands, as a continual gift toward the support of the mission. If we can invest the amount of two years' rent in ostriches and cattle, then the cost of the farm is assured to us, as the income from the cattle and birds will return this to us under ordinary circumstances.

"This mission is but a few miles from the coast of the Indian Ocean, and the country is very healthful. On the hill above the house several miles of ocean coast can be seen. There is an abundance of good water, also building stone and firewood."

Brother Shone is in charge of the mission and the work of building, and crop raising is going on. Several educated natives have accepted the truth, and the knowledge of the message is spreading among the Kafirs.

The Cost of a Continent

"At a cost beyond all reckoning, the continent of Africa has passed from prehistoric darkness to twentieth-century daybreak. It is estimated that of explorers over six hundred died as a direct result of the death-dealing climate and the consequent hardships of travel. Of missionaries the number is unknown, but in 1902 seven of the leading missionary societies in the United States furnished lists showing that the average length of service of the missionaries under their auspices had been eight years, and that since 1833 these seven societies had given one hundred and ninety-five lives for Africa. When it is remembered that these are but seven of the ninety-five societies working in Africa, one can form some idea of the cost in the lives of missionaries. The roll of honor of those who, through the centuries, as conquerors, geographers, explorers, colonizers, missionaries, soldiers, statesmen, have contributed, bit by bit, here a little, there a little, to the sum total of knowledge concerning Africa, or to its present state of development, represents almost matchless achievements."—*Daybreak in the Dark Continent.*

John 3:16

Portions of the Bible have been translated into about one hundred and twenty African dialects. John 3:16 follows in the Kafir:—

"Ngokuba Utixo walitanda ilizwe kangaka, wada wanika unyana wake okupela kwozelweyo, ukuze osukuba ekolwa kuye angabubi, koko abe nobomi obungunapakade."

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"I'll Take Care of You"

"I'll take care of you, little sister;
This whole morning long, you and I
Will play on the steps in the sunshine,
And watch all the things that go by:
See that boy with the little red wagon;
And, O, there's a horse running, too!
But don't be afraid, little sister,
For I will take care of you.

"That good old black man will not hurt
you;
He's bringing some coal in that cart:
And that mooring old cow's left her baby,
And it's nearly breaking her heart.
And, my, my! how that doggie is barking;
But he's nothing better to do;
If he wants to keep barking, just let him,
For I will take care of you.

"There's a bumblebee down in those flowers,—
The white ones,— just look! there he goes,
To buzz from that big silky poppy
Straight into the heart of that rose:
He might take your sweet mouth for a
rosebud,
Your eyes for two pansies of blue;
But if he comes near, don't be frightened,
For I will take care of you."

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

The Mystery of the Telegraph Office A True Incident

MR. WILLIAMS looked up from his desk in the village railway station to see a round, pleasant, but rather anxious young face gazing down at his.

"What can I do for you, Birney?" he asked, briskly.

"I heard you wanted a hand," answered the boy, eagerly. "Don't you think I could fill the place?"

Mr. Williams smiled. Birney Thompson was only a boy; but the young man who had been learning telegraphy and doing "odd jobs" had left, and Mr. Williams wanted some one in the office badly. He knew that Birney was pleasant and willing, and needed the little money the place would pay.

"When do you want to begin?" asked Mr. Williams, half in fun and half in earnest.

"Now," was the ready answer.

"There's a broom, you may sweep the waiting-room."

Birney seized the broom and went to work. Then there was a telegram to be delivered three blocks away; there was freight to weigh, and mail-bags to be carried to the post-office. Birney's quick feet and willing hands never seemed tired. He bade Mr. Williams a cheerful good night, and appeared next morning still eager and smiling.

Mr. Williams began to wonder how he had ever kept the office without him. Even when a new man came in to learn telegraphy, he decided Birney could not be spared.

He watched with interest the change which soon appeared in the Thompson home. Some pretty porch boxes went up, flower beds were laid out, and finally in the freight one day he saw a shining new lawn-mower. How Birney's eyes sparkled as he told Mr. Williams that the hardware dealer had ordered that for him.

But one morning Mr. Williams wore an anxious look when Birney arrived at the station. The first thing he noticed was that Birney had on a new bright-blue necktie. "Is the boy becoming extravagant?" he thought. "It does seem as if he spends a large amount of money, considering what he earns."

Day by day the anxious look deepened on the station agent's face. The truth was, some money was missing from the office till. One day a two-dollar bill was gone, then a one, and finally a five. Where could it have gone? Had he trusted Birney too far? He had let him come and go freely, and even take money for passenger tickets.

He sat thinking of it in a lull of business one warm afternoon. Birney was tying shipping tags to some asparagus crates. Suddenly the telegraph key began to click. Mr. Williams and Birney looked up at the same time, and quick as a flash Birney threw a bundle of shipping tags across the room. He was after them in an instant.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Williams.

"Didn't you see that mouse?" cried Birney. "He jumped out of the money till; and see what he had in his mouth!" Birney held up a dollar bill.

"As sure as I'm alive! If he isn't the thief! Where did he go?" cried Mr. Williams, in such



"He might take your sweet mouth for a rosebud,
Your eyes for two pansies of blue."

excitement that Birney laughed as he pointed out a hole where the mouse had disappeared.

"Get a hammer and chisel!" Birney did as he was told, and in a minute Mr. Williams had pulled up a board in the office floor. There, in the corner, was a cozy mouse nest, and its soft lining was made of United States bills.

The next Saturday night there was an extra dollar in Birney's envelope. "The one you saved from the mouse," Mr. Williams told him. It was not until several years afterward, when Birney was a telegraph operator in Mr. Williams' office, that he learned of the worry those lost bills had given his employer, and appreciated the feeling of relief that prompted Mr. Williams to put the extra dollar in his envelope.—*Selected.*

The Boyhood of a Sculptor

ON Jamestown Island, in the James River, the little spot where the first Virginia colony struck its first roots three hundred years ago, there will be unveiled in September a statue of Captain John Smith, the English soldier, gentleman, and adventurer, who was the most prominent of the early Virginia colonists, and is generally looked upon as our first American hero. There is little need of going over his history; most of the boys

and girls who read these pages know it very well indeed.

This statue of John Smith is the first ever put up to his memory. It is the work of Mr. William Couper, and is being erected by the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. Some time perhaps I shall have the space to tell you some interesting things about this society. It has done much to preserve the memory of the heroic men and women who have helped to make Virginia one of the proudest and noblest States in our Union.

But it is not of this society nor of Captain John Smith himself that I would tell you to-day, but rather it is of the boyhood of the sculptor who has made this statue.

Mr. Couper himself is a Virginian. One evening, when he was but a lad, he was sitting at the supper table of his father's home, listening to his father tell about some prominent sculptor and cameo cutter of the day. The talk was of some cameos he had cut out of conch shells, of their great beauty and delicacy. Not only did the figures and faces have great charm, but the very cheeks had a lifelike flush on them. It was not only beautiful, but almost marvelous.

The boy listened attentively, and reasoned the matter out for himself. To him this fact of the flush on the cheeks of the cameos did not seem so wonderful. In carving a face on a conch shell, if he were doing it, he would simply leave the pink of the shell to represent the flush on the cheeks. Surely that was not so very difficult. He looked up brightly.

"Why, I could do that!" he said.

Perhaps the lad's father thought him a little boastful, a little too sure of himself, and so it may have been a little severely that he answered:—

"Well, my son, suppose, then, that you do it."

The boy had not meant to boast, but his father's answer put him on his mettle. He told his father he could do this thing; and he would do it.

His brother had a conch shell. This he begged the next day, and set to work to make a cameo. But the surface was so hard and slippery, and the penknife would make little or no impression on it. He finally got the design of a head drawn on it. But how could the hard shell be cut? He must have some kind of tools. He went to a blacksmith near by and got him to make him a few crude tools to work with. Even with these the task of cutting the shell was very difficult. The lad worked and worked with patience and determination. He had that good American pluck that conquers difficulties and overcomes obstacles. His hands became blistered by the work, but this did not daunt him. He cut a piece of leather from the leg of an old boot, made it into a shield for his palm, and continued his work.

There were times when it seemed nothing would come of all his effort, yet he had made a promise to himself to do this thing, and he would do it. Several days went by. There was plenty of discouragement, but he stuck to his task. At last the head he had been trying to carve seemed to take on quite a good deal of beauty. He had done what he said he would do, and he took the work to his father and laid it down without a word, for him to see. His father took it up and looked at it.

"Did you do this, my son?"

The boy nodded. His father looked at it more critically.

"Well," he said at last, turning and looking at the lad approvingly, "you *did* do it, didn't you?"

This in itself would have been praise enough perhaps, but there was more and better to follow. "I like it so much that I think I will take it down to the jeweler's and have it mounted for your mother."

Proud and glad, the boy went with his father to the jeweler's, carrying the precious shell.

Now, it happened that the jeweler was a man who knew well the sculptor and cameo cutter who had unwittingly been the inspiration of the lad. He remembered well the first cameo of this man, and he declared that the cameo which this boy had made surpassed the early cameo work of the sculptor. He looked at it carefully.

"Yes," he said, "it is better than his first work was."

This was indeed better praise than the boy had dreamed of. Could he, too, be a sculptor? That was what he had dreamed of being while he had worked away at the conch shell, but now his mind was made up. Yes, he would become a sculptor. He, too, would study and work hard and succeed.

From that time on it was of no use to try to dissuade him. His mind and his heart and his good boyish determination were all set on this thing. It was not long before he left Virginia for New York, with the definite purpose of studying art there. He studied at the Cooper Institute for quite a while, but his talent and progress were such, and he showed such a will to work hard and earnestly, that his father came to him with the good news one day that arrangements had been made for him to go to Germany to study. There the boy worked harder than ever, carrying his splendid American pluck and purpose with him. From Germany he went later to Italy to study with a prominent sculptor there. He planned to remain only three months in Italy, but before he left it, twenty-three years had passed by. In that time many changes had come. He had worked hard, and had won success for himself. He had fallen in love with and married the daughter of the sculptor with whom he studied. The lad who had started out with only a conch shell, a few crude instruments, and a boy's will and determination was a man now prominent among the prominent sculptors of his day. He had three sons of his own now. As they grew into young boyhood, the recollection of his own boyhood was strong in him. American ideals, American training, American surroundings, had made his boyhood the fine, plucky, ambitious thing it had been, and he wanted his sons to have an American home and American surroundings, too. So he returned once more to his own land.

It is here in America to-day that he works, here that he has modeled the "John Smith" and many other pieces that make us proud to claim him among our foremost American sculptors. It was here in his interesting, big New York studio that he told me the story of his boyhood, and here that I begged him to let me tell the story over again for the benefit of the thousands of American boys and girls who read these pages. I am sure many of you will want to thank him as I thanked him for letting us know the first boyish beginning of his success.

Like nearly all beginnings of success, they were rooted in pluck and perseverance and determination and patience. And these are characteristics that I like to think are found very often in boyhood, and especially often in the boyhood of American boys.—*Laura Spenser Portor, in Woman's Home Companion.*

THE greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—*R. W. Emerson.*

Dollars for Self and Cents for Christ

"YES, I always give for missions and everything else," said Phil. "I give something every Sabbath; don't you?"

"Why, no; I give five or ten cents when I think I can spare it, when I have a good deal of money, and don't want it for anything," said Tom.

"I give whatever papa and mama give me for it," said James.

"O, I always give my own money!" said Phil. "I don't think it's any giving at all unless you do that."

"Yours is the best way, I'm sure," said Tom, soberly. "They say it's the regular giving that counts."

"And then, of course, what you give is just so much out of what you'd like to spend on yourself."

"Yes," said Phil, feeling very self-denying and virtuous.

"I'm going to try your way," said Tom. "And I'm going to keep an account and see what it will amount to."

The three boys were on their way home from Sabbath-school, where they had heard from a missionary some very interesting accounts of his work. He had treated his subject with all the power which comes of a heart glowing with zeal in the grand work to which he had devoted his life, and as heart always awakens heart, he had succeeded in deeply stirring the sympathies of his young hearers as he told of lives wretched and degraded in this world, and hopeless as regards any other.

Many of them went away with the solemn feeling that they should, in some sense, be held answerable if they did not strive to hold out a helping hand to those in such sore need. For the present it was plain that missionary interest was at its height, and little societies were formed among the children, they believing it would be pleasanter to put their gifts together than to offer them separately.

Several boys came to Phil's house on the next afternoon to talk it over, and Phil brought his account-book to put down their names as the first members of their society, with a preamble in which occurred many high-sounding words setting forth their resolves and intentions.

"What's this, Phil?" asked his uncle, picking up the book on the same evening after tea.

"O, that's my account-book, uncle, I brought it down to take names and draw up resolutions for our missionary society."

"May I read it, or is it a secret organization?"

"Certainly you may. I am simply, you know, trying to work up the idea of liberal giving among the boys."

"A most excellent idea," said his uncle, concealing his amusement at Phil's rather pompous tone. "Let me see—bananas, twenty-five cents; soda-water, ten cents; peanuts, twenty-five cents; bat, thirty-five cents; candy, fifteen cents; base ball cap, seventy-five cents; Sabbath-school, six cents —"

"O stop, Uncle George; that isn't in it! That's when I was visiting at Cousin Tom's, and I promised mama I'd put down every cent I spent."

But Uncle George seemed not to hear, and went on—

"Peanuts, fifteen cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; getting shoe mended, forty cents; soda-water, ten cents; missionaries, five cents; getting bat mended, fifteen cents; lemonade for the boys, fifty cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; collection in church, two cents."

"Please give me the book, uncle."

"I am glad you don't forget your charitable duties, Phil," said his uncle, giving up the book with rather a mischievous smile.

Phil took it in some confusion. He had heretofore thought but little more of his spendings than to remember his mother's wish, that he should keep an account of the money with which

she kept him liberally supplied. Now, in looking over his hasty entries, he was astonished.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he added up one page; "two dollars and ninety cents for eating and play, and seventeen cents for giving, and I bragging to the boys what a good thing it is to give regularly!"

He was a conscientious boy, and his heart smote him as he ran over the long list, and thought, with his newly awakened feelings, of the bread of life which that money might have carried to starving souls. If his mother had aimed to teach him a lesson through his account-book, she had not failed.

He got up at last and stood before the glass.

"Now, my young man," he said, shaking his head very threateningly at the boyish face he saw there, "you know very well that a quarter for peanuts doesn't look any larger to you than a pin's head, and that a quarter for *giving* looks as big as a cart wheel—but that's got to stop. This book isn't going to hold any more accounts of dollars for trash and cents for missions."—*Selected.*



NESTER, MICH., Feb. 4, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS OF THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I like to read the INSTRUCTOR very much. I go to church-school. My teacher's name is Miss Clara Stephens. I like her very much. I have three brothers and one sister. I am ten years old; my sister is seven. We have Sabbath-school at home. The church is ten miles from our place, so we do not go very often. I will close, hoping to meet all the readers in the earth made new. ANNIE MCKENNEY.

UNDERWOOD, MINN., Feb. 4, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have not seen any letters from this part of the country, I thought I would write one. We have only one family of Sabbath-keepers near here. The nearest Sabbath-school is about fifteen miles away, so we don't very often go to Sabbath-school. We have our Sabbath-school at home. I have taken the INSTRUCTOR about one year, and I like it very much. I like to read the stories. I will be fifteen years old on Valentine's day. I have two brothers and four sisters. I hope you will all pray for me that I may be faithful till the Lord comes to gather his children home. AUGUSTA A. HEYER.

ROKEBY PARK, CAPE COLONY, AFRICA.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: We have never seen many letters from this part of Cape Colony, so we thought we would write one. We live on the farm. The church is about three miles away, and we attend Sabbath-school nearly every Sabbath. We are all three in the same class at Sabbath-school, and also in one class in public school. We are in the seventh standard. Our ages are sixteen, fifteen, and fourteen years.

The young people of the Rokeby Park church have formed a Young People's Society, and we belong to it. There are ten members belonging to our Society. Every Sabbath afternoon we have a meeting, and study the lessons given in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, which we all think are very interesting. Every other Sunday afternoon the members get together to send out papers, and do other work, such as sewing and knitting.

Most of the farmers about here are pineapple growers, and own very large pineries. In summer the pines are plentiful, and then the farmers are very busy loading the wagons and sending them off to Grahamstown, which is about sixteen miles away.

A native mission station is being established near the Peddie District, about fourteen miles away. We hope that a good work will be done there, and that the natives will want to learn of Jesus. We must close now. With love we remain,
Your true friends,

OLIVE DAVIES,
EDITH WILLMORE,
EMMIE STAPLES.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

I — Abraham — The Friend of God
(July 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 12:1-10; 15:1-7.

MEMORY VERSE: "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." Rom. 4:3.

Lesson Story

1. After the work of building the tower of Babel stopped, the people moved to different parts of the earth. A few families would form a little company, and travel until they found a good place to live. There they would stop, and make themselves homes. As years passed, these little companies increased until they became great nations.

2. About two hundred and fifty years after the building of the tower of Babel, there lived in the land of the Chaldees a good man whose name was Abram. Nearly every one in that land worshiped idols, but Abram loved the Lord and served him faithfully.

3. The Lord knows those who love him, no matter where they are. He knew that Abram was faithful, and he chose him to be the father of a people who should keep his Sabbath and honor him in all their ways. And the Lord said unto Abram, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee: and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

4. "So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him: and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran. And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance, . . . and went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came."

5. "And Abram passed through the land . . . unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land. And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land: and there builded he an altar unto the Lord."

6. "And he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, . . . and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord. And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the south. And there was a famine in the land: and Abram went down into Egypt to sojourn there."

7. "After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."

8. Three times the Lord had talked with Abram, and promised to make of him a great nation. But as yet Abram had no son. Now, when the Lord said, "Fear not, Abram," Abram thought of the Lord's promise, and he asked, "What wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless?"

9. It was night when the Lord talked to Abram this time, and the sky was bright with stars. The Lord took Abram out where he could look up into the shining depths of the sky, and said, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be."

10. "And he believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness."

Questions

1. What did the people do after the work of building the tower of Babel was stopped?
2. When did Abram live? Where was his home? How did Abram's relation to the Lord differ from that of the people about him?

3. What did the Lord choose Abram to be? Why? What did he tell him to do? Where was he to go? What did the Lord promise to make of Abram? How many other promises did the Lord make to him at this time? Repeat them.

4. What did Abram do? How old was he when he left Haran? Whom did he take with him? To what land did they come?

5. What people lived in Canaan at this time? Who appeared to Abram at Moreh? What did the Lord say to him? What did Abram build at Moreh?

6. What did Abram build at Bethel? In what direction did he still journey? To what land did he finally go? Why?

7. After these things who spoke to Abram again in vision? What did he say?

8. What special promise had the Lord three times made to Abram? What question did Abram now ask?

9. What was the promise the Lord made to Abraham one night?

10. How did God regard Abram's belief?

Suggestive Notes on the Sabbath-School Lesson

Directions When Needed

ABRAM didn't know exactly where he was going, and he didn't know what the next step was to be. It was enough for him that God had started him on his journey; he would take care of the further steps of the way. A tourist was taking a bicycle journey in Scotland. It was not always easy to follow the roads. Turns and crossroads were frequent. Often it was necessary to ask for other guidance than that furnished by the route book. Sometimes the directions given were puzzling because of the multiplicity of details. He was told to turn to the right here, to the left there, to take the third road to the south after crossing the second main road beyond, and so on, till he was so confused that there was danger of forgetting even the first turning. But once a man told him how to proceed for two or three miles, and added: "I sha'n't burden you with any more. That is as much as you can remember. When you reach the point to which I have directed you, ask at the blacksmith shop for further directions."—*John T. Faris, in Sunday School Times.*

God's Promise to Abraham

The Lord's message to his servant was in reality, "Get thee out of thy country, and I will be with thee." However uncertain and dark the future appeared to Abraham, he must have rested trustfully in that promise of the Lord, "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing." At one time I was in much perplexity in regard to accepting a position which I had been asked to take. I was already engaged in what seemed very important work, and in the line for which I had taken special training. Now I was requested to take up an altogether new line of work. I could not tell which path duty bade me take, so I prayed earnestly over the matter. I feared that I should not be able to fulfil the new tasks acceptably, so was loath to give up the work I then had for the untried.

But one morning I took my Bible, and as I sat down to read, I asked the Lord to direct my mind to some text that would give me help and courage in my perplexity. I immediately opened the Bible to the one hundred and twenty-first psalm. Every text seemed especially pertinent to the situation; but the last verse came as a special direct message from my Father to me: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore." I went to the new duty, and marvelously did the Lord keep his promise. And Abraham, too, saw many marked evidences of the Lord's special direction and blessing in fulfilment of the promise made to him, "I will bless thee."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

God's Everlasting Covenant
I — One Universal Covenant
(July 6)

MEMORY VERSE: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Joshua 24:15.

Questions

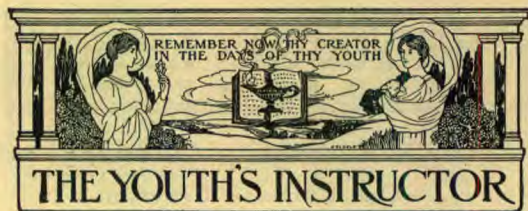
1. Of what was man formed? Gen. 2:7.
2. How did God impart life to man? Verse 7.
3. Upon what condition was this life to be continued? Gen. 2:17.
4. What shows that this was fully understood by Adam and Eve? Gen. 3:2, 3.
5. Did God give man the power of choice? Gen. 2:3, 16, 17.
6. What exercise did man make of this power? Gen. 3:6.
7. What did this act of disobedience bring? Rom. 5:12.
8. From what was Adam shut away by this act? Gen. 3:22, 23.
9. What conclusions may we draw from these facts? Note 1.
10. Were the angels given the power of choice? Jude 6.
11. How did some of them exercise this power? Jude 6.
12. By making this exercise of their power, what did they commit? 2 Peter 2:4.
13. What is to be the final result to them? 2 Peter 2:4; Matt. 25:41.
14. What conclusions may we draw from this? Note 2.
15. Are there other worlds? Heb. 1:2.
16. For what does the Lord create a world? Isa. 45:18.
17. What kind of service only will God accept? Eph. 6:6, 7.
18. What conclusions are we warranted in drawing from these scriptures? See note 3.

Notes

1. From the foregoing scriptures the following conclusions may be drawn: (1) That God made man a free moral agent; (2) that the tree of knowledge of good and evil was a test set before man; (3) that his continued existence was dependent upon his choosing in harmony with God's will; (4) that his act of disobedience was a known, willing sin; (5) that the compact or covenant under which Adam began his existence was that God promised life only upon condition of Adam's obedience; (6) that Adam fully understood this condition. See "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 48, 49.

2. We are safe in concluding that the angels were placed on probation, and that some of them voluntarily left the station assigned them. By this act they sinned, and so are destined to share the fate of sinful men. Hence the angels must have lived under the same covenant as man, namely, "Obey and live." All character must be placed under trial. In harmony with this we read in "Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, page 10: "They [the angels] were created beings and probationers." And in "Great Controversy," page 673: "In the cleansing flames the wicked are at last destroyed, root and branch,—Satan the root, his followers the branches. The full penalty of the law has been visited."

3. "Early Writings," page 32, shows that the inhabitants of other worlds are on probation, and that the test placed before them is the same as that placed before us; and that to fail to endure that test would be sin, and would bring upon them all the sad consequences, including death, which the same act has brought upon man. Thus obedience, or righteousness, and life go together, while disobedience, or sin, and death are inseparable.



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

How many copies of the Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR have you sold? One boy told me he had disposed of thirty-six. Have you done as well?

Word from Spartanburg, South Carolina

"LAST Sabbath the Spartanburg church," writes Mrs. Elizabeth Hugh, "decided that our city should be seeded down with this excellent Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR, and voted to have one hundred and fifty copies to start with. We expect to have our camp-meeting in August, and thought this would be a good preparation for it."

How to Keep Pupils in the Sabbath-School Class

HERE are six rules that have proved very successful, when carried out:—

Keep yourself there. The class scatters when the teacher is absent. They will lose interest when you do not manifest interest enough to attend. Where you find a class without its teacher, you will soon find a teacher without his class.

Know your lesson. Understand it so well that you can make it interesting. To attract others, have something with which to attract. If you would draw the iron, there must be power in the magnet. Let each one feel that you are interested in him personally. An empty teacher will empty his class seat.

Keep the scholars by keeping the parents. Call at the homes of your class. You help secure the attendance of the scholar when you can interest the parents. Be friendly.

Have an interest in everything affecting their welfare. Interest yourself in whatever interests them. Notice their health. Appreciate whatever they do that is praiseworthy. By loving and serving your class, you keep them.

Keep your scholars by asking God to help you to help them. Pray for their conversion; try to get each one in harmony with the law of God. It is the converted boy or girl who makes the permanent scholar.

Be sure that your own motives are pure in all your dealings with them. Give to God the full measure of your duty, doing intensely, persistently, thoroughly all you can think of to make your work a success. L. D. SANTEE.

Don't Fear—God's Near

Feel glum?	Trials cling?
Keep mum.	Just sing.
Don't grumble—	Can't sing?
Be humble.	Just cling.
Stop whining—	Don't fear—
Keep trying!	God's near!

Money goes —
He knows.

Honor left —
Not bereft.

Don't rust —
Work! Trust!

— Ernest Bourner Allen.

What Our Friends Say

THE INSTRUCTOR is very, very interesting, and we all enjoy it."

"The INSTRUCTOR is improving with each issue. One would wonder where all the good things come from if one did not understand the goodness of God."

"We have had the INSTRUCTOR in my parents' home for nearly thirty years, and consider it a valuable aid to the youth; indeed, we would not be without it."

"I must tell you that I think there is nothing that could take the place of our INSTRUCTOR."

"We enjoy the new department of questions and answers, and know that it is of benefit to many. All of the INSTRUCTOR is very educational. No Adventist young person should be without it."

"I do enjoy the INSTRUCTOR. I can hardly tell which part I like best. There is one department I am very thankful for, and that is 'Answers to Correspondents.' There is a department something like it in many worldly papers, and I have often wondered why we could not have such a department in our paper. I was very glad to see it appear. I have taken the INSTRUCTOR for two years, and I could hardly get along without it now. It gets more precious every week."



No one will be sorry to learn that some one has invented a whistle for automobiles that produces a pleasing musical sound.

THE French government, desiring to connect all its African possessions, has planned to construct a telegraph line across the Sahara Desert.

SPRUCE pulp is a new clothing material. Waistcoats, or vests, are already on the market. Such clothing is said to have the durability of leather.

ELECTRICITY is now being successfully used to fell trees. A platinum wire heated to a white heat by an electric current takes the place of the saw. Ease, speed, and lack of sawdust are the advantages offered by the new method.

THE Jamestown Exposition has issued a booklet giving the names and addresses of more than one thousand hotels and private residences where the visitor to the exposition can obtain lodging and board. The ordinary daily rate for rooms varies from seventy-five cents to two or three dollars.

COMMANDER GERARD of the French navy, has invented an instrument or spy-glass for determining the distance of objects whose height is known. It is called the telemeter. The distance of a vessel at sea or of an army may be ascertained from the proper manipulation of the telemeter, which is of very simple construction.

MORE than 3,000,000 alligators were killed in Florida alone from 1890 to 1900. Because of this great annual slaughter, naturalists have for some time predicted the extinction of the species; but the incubator has come to the rescue, so the fulfilment of the prophecy will at least be delayed. A man in Hot Springs, Arkansas, is successfully helping to supply the demand of manufacturers for the hides by means of the incubator.

WASTE paper is now being converted into stopples for bottles. These are said to be superior to the common cork, being less affected by acids and oils.

If boys could only get the coins to count, they would enjoy watching a new English machine at work; for it automatically counts coins and wraps them securely in paper. It would require six expert men counters to keep up with it. It can not make a miscount, and is run by an electric motor.

To tell the age of an egg, place it in a tumbler of water, and observe the position it takes, says *Popular Mechanics*. "A fresh egg will sink and rest on its side; if three weeks old, it will incline slightly, with the small end down; if three months old, it will stand on the small end; and if older, it will float with large end out of water more or less according to the age."

THE dangers of raw, or un-Pasteurized, milk have been strongly emphasized by the annual convention of consumption experts recently held at Atlantic City. The leading speakers claimed that milk is the chief source of tubercular infection, but that the peril of tuberculosis could be absolutely removed by Pasteurization. When it is known that in the last five years there were in New York City alone 87,767 new cases of tuberculosis of the lungs, and that thirteen per cent of the deaths from all causes were the result of tuberculosis in some of its forms, it is evident that the utmost care should be taken to prevent the spread of the disease. If the simple task of Pasteurizing the milk offers even a partial solution of the problem of prevention, it would seem that no one would neglect to take the precaution.

Answers to Correspondents

"We can not always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly."

Is it good form to say, when introducing one person to another, Let me make you acquainted with —?

This form of introduction is awkward, and deservedly is now obsolete in good society. The simplest accepted form is, "Mrs. Edwards, let me present Mr. Vincent." Since all of us have frequently to introduce persons, it may not be amiss to add a suggestion in regard to making an introduction effective. Miss Emily Holt in her "Encyclopædia of Etiquette" says, "The common fault is to gabble or mumble names in careless haste or foolish embarrassment, thereby leaving the persons presented in total ignorance of each other's identity, and robbing the ceremony of its usefulness and meaning. Deliberation and distinct enunciation are essential to the adequate performance of this very important social rite." The same author makes another suggestion worthy of being passed on: "Let no one ever make the mistake of leading a lady about a room full of guests and introducing her to as many as possible." All who have once been subjected to this embarrassing ordeal will, I am sure, be kindly disposed to this counsel.

Should one look straight at the person who is talking to one?

The person speaking to another always appreciates the constant, voluntary, sincere attention of the listener. It is helpfully inspiring to the speaker. The attentive, direct look establishes a sympathetic relation that is necessary to spirited, enjoyable conversation. One should be taught early in life to look fearlessly and confidently into the eyes of the person addressing one. The shifty eye has come to stand for deception and insincerity, so for this reason one should cultivate the habit of looking the speaker "straight in the face." It must be remembered, however, that *shyness* and not untrustworthiness is responsible in many cases for the averted glance.