**Morning**

WAKING the mountains
Cometh the morning;
Night with its darkness swift fleeth away.
Sparkle, O fountains,
Hillsides adorning;
Hail with glad greetings the ruler of day!

Breezes are blowing;
Green boughs are swinging;
Bright cloudlets gaily besprinkle the sky;
Swift streams are flowing,
Bird songs are ringing,
Nature's sweet anthem is swelling on high.

Over the mountains
Breatheth the morning;
Night, with its darkness, swift fleeth away;
Sparkle, ye fountains,
Hillsides adorning,
Greeting your monarch, the ruler of day!

J. FRED SANTEE.

Notes by the Way—No. 8

NIGHT has once more settled down upon the world. This time no moon in queenly grandeur can be seen smiling down a heavenly benediction. Not even one lone star can find a pinhole in the blackness through which it can twinkle its ray of light and cheer to this part of the world. Nothing relieves the black darkness, except the occasional glimmer of light from a window in a farmer's cottage, and now and then a flash of lightning which cuts its crooked pathway from zenith to horizon. At times it seems to fulfil the words of Christ, "cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west." Here is the mighty power of the electric light displayed. How it almost blinds the eye! Then suddenly the darkness seems more intense. A few seconds pass, then above the roar and rattle of the on-rushing train we can hear and feel the rolling wheels of the thunder chariots of the sky. The rain comes down in torrents. What a thrillingly spectacular night!

An occasional curve in the road shows that the bright eye of the locomotive is doing its best to penetrate the darkness and light up the track ahead, and seeming to say to the engineer at the throttle, "All is well." What a grave responsibility is resting upon this one man to-night! What feelings must pass through his mind as he strains his eyes to peer into the darkness to be sure that the switch signals are right. What if in a moment he should see a gap in the road caused by a washout? His own life and the lives of all on board would tremble in the balance. If I were there, would I drive so fast? Whatever his thoughts may be, one thing is certain, that notwithstanding the darkness and the storm, our train is plunging forward with unabated energy.

It is useless to fear. "Fear hath torment," "but perfect love casteth out fear." What use to fear the washout, the misplaced switch, or the train-wreckers' loosened rail, the dark night, or the lightning's flash? The only thing we need fear is the settling down of the dark night of sin upon our souls,—the lightning flash of an angry heart, the thunder of selfishness, the misplacing of the switch named "confidence in God," the washout of spiritual life by the storm of sin. With "on earth peace, good will toward men," in the heart, there is naught in this world to fear, for "no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." This peace is the peace of God. It passeth all understanding. Thanks to him who hath washed me in his own precious blood, I dare to claim this peace as mine to-night, and without fear I will once more say to you and to the world "Good night."

A. E. PLACE.

**Accidental Discoveries and Inventions—
No. 1**

SOME inventions have been conceived only after years of profound research; others have come to the inventors almost intuitively, though solicited; and still others have come wholly by accident. The accidental circumstances that have given to the world some of its best inventions and discoveries are novel, interesting, and instructive, and it is to these that this series of articles directs attention.

The principle of determining the specific gravity of substances, which is their weight compared with the weight of an equal bulk of some standard substance, usually by water or hydrogen, was discovered by a unique observation made by Archimedes when taking his bath. Hiero, king of Syracuse, had given a lump of gold to some workmen to be made into a crown. When it was returned, he suspected that they had kept back some of the gold and made up the weight by adding more than the right amount of silver; but he had no means of proving this, because they made the crown weigh as much as if it had been pure gold. Archimedes, one of the greatest geniuses of the time, puzzling over this problem, went to his bath, which happened to be filled to the brim with water. As he stepped in, he noticed the water which his body displaced pouring over the edge of the bath, and, greatly to the astonishment of his servants, he sprang out and ran to his room, crying, "Eureka! Eureka!" (I have found it! I have found it.) He had discovered that any solid body put into a vessel displaces its own bulk of the liquid; and therefore, if the sides of the vessel are high enough to prevent the water's running over, it will rise

in the vessel. He then got one ball of gold and one of silver, each weighing the same as the crown. The balls of course varied in size, since silver is lighter than gold, and therefore more of the silver would be required to make a ball equaling in weight the gold one. He then secured a vessel of water and marked on its side the height to which the water arose when the gold ball was immersed, and then the height when the silver ball took the place of the gold one. This ball, being larger, though of the same weight, made the water rise higher than the mark made by the gold one. Then he removed the silver ball and inserted the crown, which caused the water to rise to a point between the other two marks. These observations proved conclusively that the manufacturers of the crown had done what the king had surmised. This was the first attempt to measure the specific gravity of substances, and the principle is known in all our text-books on physical science as "Archimedes' principle."

The seventeenth century was not many years old when Galileo startled the world with his astronomical discoveries. These were made possible by a report that chanced to come to him one day when in Venice. He heard that a Dutch spectacle maker, Jensen, had invented an instrument which made distant things appear near. This discovery, which others had foreseen, was made at last in Holland. The children of Jensen were playing with two strongly magnifying glasses, and they happened to place them one behind the other in such a position that the weather cock of a church opposite the house seemed nearer and larger than usual. When their father's attention was called to this, he fixed the glasses on a board, and later gave them as a curiosity to Prince Maurice of Nassau. When Galileo heard of it, he at once thought of the invaluable aid such an instrument would be in the study of the heavens. He therefore set to work immediately to produce the telescope. And it was his telescope, the result of an accident, that established the Copernican theory, and made possible present astronomical knowledge.

Galileo's cathedral observation, which resulted in the evolution of the laws of the pendulum and the subsequent manufacture of clocks, is familiar. The regularity of the oscillations made by the swinging chandelier in the cathedral attracted his attention. Timing the oscillations by his pulse, he observed that, whether the lamp is swinging in a long or a short arc, the time required for an oscillation is the same.

Count Rumford's Discoveries

Benjamin Thompson, afterward Count Rumford, was born in the United States in 1753. He spent his early life fighting in the English army against the Americans in the War of In-

dependence. He afterward settled at Munich, and became aide-de-camp to the Elector of Bavaria.

Rumford's inquiry into the nature of heat began in a curious way. He was anxious to make the poor people in Bavaria happier and more prosperous, and to accomplish this he persuaded the elector to forbid all begging in the streets. Those who did not care for themselves were given a home in a kind of workhouse, where they were required to work to pay for their support. When this law was passed, there were no less than twenty-five hundred beggars to be provided for. Count Rumford felt himself obliged to calculate closely how food, clothing, light, and heat could be supplied for the least money. Accordingly he studied how fireplaces could be built to best prevent the wasting of coal. He also invented a lamp which gave a brilliant light without burning as much oil as other lamps. He even went so far as to make exhaustive experiments on different clothing materials, to determine which best prevented the radiation of body heat. It was in this way, and especially in using steam for warming and cooking, that he first began to study the properties of heat, and to become interested in the different ways of producing it.

It happened one day, when he was boring a hole quickly with a gimlet in a piece of hard wood, that on withdrawing the tool he found that it was hot enough to burn his hand. Rumford examined carefully the instrument and chips, and found both to be very hot. This led him to consider how if heat were a fluid, as was believed at that time, the mere rubbing together of two hard substances could produce it. He therefore tried many experiments to learn whether the gimlet, chips, or borer lost anything in consequence of having given out heat. He could not discover that any of these suffered change, and he found further that by continuing the boring, heat would be given out indefinitely. He then began to think that Bacon and Locke, who had advanced new ideas on heat, might be right, and that the rubbing together of two metals perhaps set the particles vibrating in some peculiar way so as to cause what is called heat. If this were so, then by great friction one might be able to produce any amount of heat; and to test this inference he tried the following experiment: He took a large piece of solid brass, shaped it like a cannon, and scooped out one end. Into this he fitted a blunt steel borer which pressed down upon the brass with a weight of ten thousand pounds. Then he plunged the whole into a box holding about a gallon of water, into which he put a thermometer. Then, fastening two horses by proper machinery to the brass cylinder, he made them turn it round and round at the rate of thirty-two times a minute, so that the borer worked its way violently into the brass. When he began, the water was at sixty degrees Fahrenheit. In one hour it stood at one hundred and seven degrees, in two hours it stood at one hundred and seventy-eight degrees, and at the end of another hour it actually boiled. "It would be difficult," wrote Rumford, "to describe the surprise and astonishment of the bystanders on seeing so large a quantity of water heated and actually made to boil without any fire," and he added that he himself was as delighted as a child at the success of the experiment. And we do not wonder, for he had proved the grand fact that *motion can be turned into heat.*

There quickly followed, as a result of Rumford's accidental discovery and subsequent deductions, a new research by leading scientists into the nature and properties of heat. The idea of latent heat was soon developed, also Dr. Joule's mechanical equivalent of heat; and later came the discovery that heat could be converted into motion, and then the great, comprehensive idea of the conservation of energy.

F. D. C.

Song of the California Mocking-Bird

OFTIMES in fragrant dawning day,
When the mountain mists slip softly away,
Just outside my casement window there,
A burst of song rises sweet and clear.
A response in my heart the melody finds,
And I almost read between the lines,
Composed of turbulent runs and trills,
The story of bird life among the hills.

'Tis told in a fashion something like this,
A kind of musical "hit and miss:"
"The cherokee, cherokee, cherokee rose
Peeps over the blind as the soft wind blows,
While we merrily sing our roundelay,
A bit of prelude to dawning day.
Just listen now to the swells and chimes,
All measured off in rhythm and rhymes.

"I'm just out here with my pretty mate;
It's getting late, too late, too late.
To the hills we're off at break of day,
Beyond the valley, away, away.
The morn's brimful of the breath of flowers,
Of orange blooms and blossoming bowers.
Kerchee, kerchee, good cheer, good cheer;
The day is coming; 'tis almost here.

"We pitch our voices in chord and chime
To the milkmaid's song of merry rag-time,
And the clatter and din of the tinware bright;
And the cowboy's whistle is our delight.
We echo the laughing mountain stream,
As it tumbles down the rocks between.
We stop but a moment to drink our fill,
And return our thanks with hearty good will.

"We join them all as swift we go,
Free as the wind, while we catch the glow,
Through the mountain gap, far, far away,
The first bright gleam of on-coming day.
The golden poppies, in sheer delight,
Unfold their cups in the shimmering light,
And the Mariposa lilies, too,
Nod their dainty heads all wet with dew.

"Then on through the canyon deep and dark,
Where the sleeping echoes wake and hark,
Then answer back and call and call,
Up the winding trail where the shadows fall.
The world's awake, 'tis morn, 'tis morn;
Another joyful day is born.
All nature joins the chorus grand,
In this happy, golden, sun-kissed land."

MRS. C. L. THEW.

"And That Ain't Near All!"

THERE is a sign in a Western city which dashes its quaint suggestion into the eyes of every passenger on the "elevated." It has become a familiar saying of the town, "Joe Timmer, the tinner, and that ain't near all." The man has branched out in a characteristic American way from his original single "line" into the cognate trades, until now the whole hardware business is included, and perhaps a great deal more. In this familiar fashion he would convey an idea of the extent of his stock.

Many and many a time it has set me thinking. It ought to be true of more people than "Joe," "That ain't near all." Whatever our business, whatever the phase of our life people are considering, the thought ought to flash over them, "That ain't near all." This man is larger than any of these things; this is only one side of his life. To be a tinner, or a tanner, or a talker, or even a thinker, can not, and ought not to, take all a man's energies. This is a "butcher, a baker, a candlestick-maker;" that is the way he earns his living. But he is much more than that; he is an heir of all the ages; he is a friend of the great and good, an ambassador of God, a force whose influence is felt throughout the world. There is no man nor woman nor child of whom all these four things may not be true. It is in that undefined margin that our largest possibilities often lie, the things that are called the fringes, but which constitute the real and the permanent essence. The world of influence and the world of need are so vast that it would be a reproach to any man to have it said, "Joe Timmer, the tinner, and that's all!"—P. W. Crannell, in *Young People*.

A Singer and His Story

THIRTY years ago a lady stopped to speak to four neglected boys, who, barefoot and poorly clad, were playing marbles in the streets of Mendota, Illinois. "Are you in Sunday-school?" she asked.

"No! got no clothes," replied one.

"Would you come if you had clothes?" she asked.

"Yes," was the boy's emphatic answer.

"What are your names?" she asked.

"Peter Bilhorn," replied the first boy, and the others in turn gave their names. Peter was a German lad, the son of a widow. Clothes were provided, and they all kept their promise.

It was a warm Sunday, and the lady who had invited them, and who was to be their teacher, sat, all in white, telling her class of boys the story of the lesson. Almost or quite the only thing they remembered of it, as appeared afterward, was the way the teacher looked, and one thing she said and did. On the back of a card she drew a cross with the name "Jesus" above it. "Boys, Jesus suffered to help us in our troubles. If you ever have any trouble, look to him for help."

One day a terrific storm swept over the prairie town. The streets were all flooded, and the little stream that flowed through the town, usually but a mere trickling of water, was a raging torrent. Boxes, barrels, and the boards from a lumber yard were swept away. The boys were there to see what work the storm had done, and Peter fell in.

He grasped at weeds on the bank, but they pulled out. He tried to get hold of a board, but it slipped away from him. He was carried under two bridges, on each of which futile efforts were made to rescue him. Toward a third bridge, and the last, he swept, the roar of water in his ears.

"In that moment," he says, "the vision of that teacher, all in white, and her words about looking to Jesus in time of trouble came to me. I put my hands together and prayed."

It was that gesture of the sinking boy that saved him, for two men on the bridge seized the uplifted hands and pulled him out. For a time he was unconscious, and when he came to, after much rolling and rubbing, they asked him how he happened to have his hands up as they were, pressed together.

"I was ashamed to say that I was praying," he says, "and I asked, boastfully, 'Didn't you know I could swim?' but I kept thinking I had told a cowardly lie. I had learned in Sabbath-school about the other Peter, the one in the New Testament, and it seemed to me I had denied the Lord just as he did."

This awakening of a tender conscience was the beginning of a Christian character in the lad. His interest in the Sabbath-school grew with his growth. He became a Sabbath-school singer, studied music, and composed tunes of his own. His name now stands at the head of many Sabbath-school songs, and he is known as a gospel singer of influence and strength. In a recent meeting he told this story of his early life.

The teacher, whose influence was instrumental in his rescue so many years ago, is still living, the wife of a prominent Chicago merchant. Many have rejoiced in the former street boy's life of usefulness, but hers is a peculiar joy. His consecrated service is one of her rewards.—*Youth's Companion*.

SAD will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking, and the deeds he is doing—when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God.—*Phillips Brooks*.



"Worship Him"—No. 9

(Concluded)

IN stating that the hour of God's judgment is come, the angel adds, "and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." Here attention is called to the true worship of the Creator. This call would not be made were it not needed.

Every person worships something; it is natural to worship, but the true service of the Creator has been almost entirely left out of man's reckoning. After the earth was created, and our first parents were placed in the garden of Eden, they were given a memorial of God's wonderful works.

We shall now study what this memorial is, and how it has been lost. Six days were employed in the creation of our fair earth, but on the seventh day God rested; he also blessed and set it apart for a holy use. If men had been as careful in the celebration of God's memorial as they are in observing the fourth of July, there would be no infidels nor atheists in our world; for every seventh day as it rolled around would have brought the attention of mind and heart to the wonderful working of the Power that had brought all things into existence. Man's adoration would never have been turned from the Creator to the degrading worship of the things of nature, for God himself would have been seen through all his works. And again, the Sabbath was especially ordained and given to the first family of our race, showing that it was made for all men.

Twenty-five hundred years passed by, and we find a sad condition existing in the world. Many were worshipping the sun, moon, and stars; some worshiped the great ocean, some bowed down to fire, and in Egypt a large number of the animals were revered as gods. Here the children of Israel had been serving as slaves for several generations; now they are freed by many miracles, and at last cross the Red Sea, and journey as far as Mount Sinai.

Upon this mount the Lord came down in a cloud of flaming fire, and delivered to them the ten commandments. In the heart of his law is found the fourth, which says, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." The children of Israel had been compelled to work upon that day while in slavery. Now the Lord again calls upon them to remember it, and as a reason he adds, "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Further information was given that it would be a sign of their loyalty forever. Ex. 31:17.

Again and again was their attention as a people called to the sacredness of the day of rest. At one time they were told that if they would keep the Sabbath holy, the city of Jerusalem would stand forever. Jer. 17:25.

We now pass to the time of Christ, and find that while the Jews were keeping the seventh day with outward form and show, they had forgotten its true meaning and signification; but Christ came to show the people that it is not the act which God regards, but the motive which prompts the act; thus he heals the sick, and firmly asserts that it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath.

Christ in no wise set aside the law. Matt. 5:17, 18. He kept the Sabbath (Luke 4:16), and we find that his apostles ever regarded it with great reverence. No hint is given in the Sacred Volume of the change of even a jot or tittle of the law.

But a power is pointed out in Dan. 7:25 and

2 Thess. 2:3, 4, that should think to change the times and the law of God. It can be clearly shown that this power is the Roman Catholic Church. From history we learn that the change from the seventh day to the first day of the week came about from the second to the fifth centuries after Christ.

The Christians thought it would be easy to convert the heathen if both kept the same day, and that day was the one upon which the sun was worshiped. The first Sunday law was issued by Constantine in the year 321 A. D., by which the people were enjoined to worship upon the "venerable day of the sun."

The Church of Rome glories in having changed the Sabbath, and for a number of years one priest has been offering a thousand dollars to any one who will give him one text of Scripture that will excuse Protestants for keeping Sunday. That text can not be found. Although the Protestant churches in the great Reformation did break away from many traditions and follies practised in the Church of Rome, they did not return to God's great memorial which he himself has never set aside.

The first angel's message calls upon all to worship the Lord, who says, "In vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

It was not long after the disappointment in 1844 that some began the observance of the Creator's rest day. Some time later God gave to his servant, Sister White, a vision of the heavenly sanctuary. There the ark was opened and the ten commandments were seen. The fourth was enshrouded by a halo of glory, and the angel told her that God's law still read as it did when given upon Sinai's mount.

For more than half a century the message to honor Jehovah's Sabbath has been going to the world. Thousands have rejoiced in the blessedness of obedience to the Sabbath of the Lord our God. May the Lord especially bless the youth in the faithful and careful observance of his great memorial. "Worship him."

R. F. COTTRELL.

Su Hai-Ching—A Chinese Convert

THE power of God to touch the heart steeped in the darkness of heathenism is beautifully illustrated by the experience of a Chinaman who was converted just before the Boxer outbreak, being one of the first to be baptized after the missionaries returned to the province of Shansi. It is reported in *China's Millions*:—

Su Hai-ching was converted not long before the Boxer rising. During that awful time, by the grace of God he bore a good testimony. At fifteen his father died, and two years later his mother, and he was left alone in the world. For some years he was a shepherd, then a peddler, and latterly a grain merchant. In this last business he prospered for a time. When all was going well with him, thinking to do still better, he made a handsome offering at the Temple of Wealth, and in addition bought three earthen idols. He tells with shame of having spent a considerable sum in dressing up these gods with finery and paint, for worship in his home. He dates the decline of business from this time. Finally he was a ruined man through the embezzlement of his five assistants, who conspired to fleece him. The shop was closed, and he went forth with his wife, penniless. He then found employment with a farmer, near to a Taoist temple, where he worshiped much, and practised the Taoist rites for making his spirit "immortal."

Not long after this, owing to an action for assault against another party, he had occasion to go to the city of T'uen-lu. There it was that the gospel was first preached to him, by a Mr. Han, of that church. Han, to our view, might be called one of those "foolish things" which God uses "to confound the mighty." Although Su paid little attention, Han subsequently visited him, prayed with him and for him, until he was converted. God has his own ways of calling his chosen; so it was with Su. Again and again he resisted, until first his wife was laid low with

typhus, and soon after, himself. His illness left him nearly blind; his eyes gave him such pain that to bear it, he says, he resorted to the expedient of hitting his head with a stick. During his wife's illness he had destroyed the three earthen idols already mentioned, and had been induced to go to the chapel, where he purchased one of Dr. Wilson's pictures of the "Prodigal Son." This he had nailed up in his home, and often, as he ate his food, he had thought on the prodigal eating the husks in the far country, as not unlike himself. Now in his extremity, distracted with pain, weak with illness, ruined in business, in the dead of night the Spirit of God spoke to his heart, and he determined to "seek his Father." The next day he surprised a Christian, who lived in the same court-yard, by saying he wanted to be taken to worship. Being asked why, he said, "I am going to seek my Father."

He staggered along to worship, his friend leading him by a stick, as he was unable to see. Arriving at the river, they were preparing to carry him over, when he discovered that his eyes were better, and that he could cross by himself. As he neared the chapel, neighbors asked him where he was going. He replied, "To seek my Father." What joy it must have given God to see this forlorn, thirsty soul "seeking his Father." Other Christians spoke to him as he approached the chapel, saying he must remove the red cloth from his queue and coat, if he was going to chapel. This red cloth had been ordered by a sorceress, to be worn as a protection from devils. His wife had gone to her for advice on her husband's behalf. He readily tore it out now; nothing should hinder him in his quest for his Father.

Dr. Hewett, who was conducting the service, seeing Su there for the first time, called on him publicly to testify. Questioned as to his intentions concerning the gospel, he said, "I am seeking my Father." He asked him if he was willing to keep the Sabbath, and he replied, "Yes; ten shoes of silver would not tempt me to break it." He was in earnest. He went home after the service, and in the presence of some of the Christians burned the remaining idol and ancestral tablet. He was able to eat now, and his eyes became rapidly well, which he believed was his Father's goodness to him. Six days after, when reflecting on the love of Christ and the believer's privilege of yielding all to his Lord, as it is written in 2 Cor. 5:14, 15, the Lord gave the seal of the Holy Spirit, and he has since been filled with joy. In 1900 he did much to preserve Dr. Hewett's life at great risk to his own. He delights to tell of God's protecting hand; although his life was sought from seven villages, the Lord hid him. Four men determined to slay him; these four would-be murderers are themselves dead, while he is preserved.

"I'll Do What I Can"

WHO takes for his motto, "I'll do what I can,"
Shall better the world as he goes down life's
hill;

The willing young heart makes the capable man,
And who does what he can, oft can do what
he will.

There's strength in the impulse to help things
along;

And forces undreamed of will come to the aid
Of one who, though weak, yet believes he is
strong,

And offers himself to the task unafraid.

"I'll do what I can" is a challenge to fate,
And fate must succumb when it's put to the
test;

A heart that is willing to labor and wait,
In its tussle with life ever comes out the best;
It puts the blue imps of depression to rout,
And makes many difficult problems seem plain;
It mounts over obstacles, dissipates doubt,
And unravels kinks in life's curious chain.

"I'll do what I can" keeps the progress machine
In good working order as centuries roll;
And civilization would perish, I ween,
Were not those words written on many a soul.
They fell the great forests, they furrow the soil,
They seek new inventions to benefit man,
They fear no exertion, make pastime of toil—
O, great is earth's debt to "I'll do what I can"!

—Selected.

THERE is no man whose interests the liquor traffic does not imperil. There is no man who for his own safeguard should not set himself to destroy it.—Mrs. E. G. White.



Our Field — The World Africa — XI

Program

OPENING EXERCISES: —

- Music.
- Scripture Reading.
- Prayer.

LESSON STUDY: —

- German East Africa.
- An Unwritten Language.
- Algeria.
- Uganda.
- Abyssinia.
- Closing Words.

German East Africa

To-day Germany owns in Africa a section of country probably five or six times as large as the area of the German empire in Europe, with a population of ten million. Among these colonies, German East Africa is the largest. The believers in Germany realized that the gospel ought to be carried to that portion of Africa by German people, because it is difficult for any other nationality to do missionary work there.

With plans for opening a mission in German East Africa well in mind, Elder L. R. Conrad had an opportunity of a personal interview with the governor of German East Africa, who was in Berlin on official business. His first words were, "Mr. Conradi, I am glad to meet you. The mission work of your people has been highly recommended to us, and I can but say, I welcome you to come to East Africa." Later, a reply to a petition which had been presented to the German Colonial Department was received, granting our people the same privileges in Africa which are enjoyed by any other missionary society. Having thus received the favor of the government, an appeal was made to the German believers for means. A fund of three thousand dollars was raised before the work was undertaken, and the First-day offerings were devoted to that mission.

Brethren J. Ehlers and A. E. Enns, the latter a trained nurse from America, were our pioneer workers in that field. They arrived at the capital, Dar-es-Salaam, about twenty-five miles south of the island of Zanzibar, Nov. 12, 1903. They called upon the governor of the colony the next day, and he suggested that they establish a mission in the Pare Mountains. He also gave them a very kind letter of introduction to all the military stations, and asked that they be granted whatever assistance they might need, either by way of counsel in selecting a station, or with guides and carriers, or with soldiers to protect them in case of necessity. November 25 a cablegram was received in Hamburg, announcing that a mission site had been secured in the Pare Mountains, among the Wapare people. The following description of the mission property will be of interest: —

"The mission property consists of thirty acres of land, almost all under cultivation in maize. It is thirty-six hundred feet above the sea-level. The buildings are erected upon the most elevated part of the land. It is considered a very healthful location. The site selected has been known as Momba, but the government permitted the brethren to change it to Friedenstal — the Valley of Peace. This station, when opened, was the only mission in the South Pare range, which is fifty miles long. But the Leipsic Lutheran Mission, laboring in the North Pare range, has since

opened a mission about eighteen miles from Friedenstal. The leading language in this district is the Swahili. It is used by the government officials, spoken by the coast people, and understood by the carriers. It is somewhat related to the Arabic. The Bible and considerable other literature has been translated into it."

In the spring of 1904, Elder Conradi, with four additional laborers, visited this mission. Immediate preparations were made for the erection of a four-room dwelling and a school and meeting house. Timber for building was obtained a short distance from the mission farm, and the farm itself contained sufficient stone for the foundations, and clay and sand for sun-dried bricks. They now have at Friedenstal a schoolhouse on the top of the hill; a little lower down, is a place for the black boys; then comes the dwelling for the missionaries; and finally the stables for the cattle and donkeys are lowest down the hillside. A good road has been constructed down to Kihuiro, the main settlement at the foot of the Pare Mountains, a distance of ten miles. Plans were also laid for opening a school in Kihuiro. The chief promised a nice building, free of charge, and he not only promised help in the erection of the building, but also gave assurance that the native youth would attend the school.

Three missionaries were sent from Germany in May, 1905, to open up the work at the new station in Kihuiro. At the dedication of the school building about six hundred natives were present. A year ago there were one hundred and sixty pupils in regular attendance.

A third station has now been opened, located on the other side of the mountains. There the natives secretly worship snakes, hyenas, and other animals. Some of the chiefs are influenced by Mohammedanism, and they have from ten to thirty wives.

The following letter, by a native youth of fourteen, shows some of the results of this school: —

"Kisauheli: Mimi mwanafunzi Senamwaye bin Semboia nataka nifuate maneno ya Muungu ni-kuwe Mkristo na mwanafunzi wa Yezo."

When translated, this letter reads: "I, pupil Senamwaye, son of Semboja, will now follow the words of God, becoming a Christian and disciple of Christ."

Brother Enns, who is in charge of this third station, writes: "The work here is threatening to overflow. I now have about one hundred pupils in the school, and fifteen in the boarding-school. Thirty have applied, but for lack of room they must wait. We must enlarge soon. They are pressing and begging, asking if they may not stay. To-day one kept on until I could not refuse him. The boys are bright, and are doing well in their studies. Most of them are the sons of chiefs, who will succeed their fathers.

"We are not here without our conduct's being watched by the natives. May God grant us grace that we may live a life worthy of imitation on their part, so that we can say with Paul, 'Follow me.' What else can these poor heathen do? They can not read Moses and the prophets. What they see, however, will influence them. They do not trust men's words. They are used to boasting and lying. Every word they hear they take as a fable and a lie. Many times they have said to me in so many words, 'You lie.' When they do not say it, because of their fear of white men, they often think it in their hearts. And when something has been told them which comes to pass, they do not forget to tell the person, 'You told the truth when you said that.'

"The following letter Chief Kilango wrote me from the way, when he left: 'Sir, as I have this chance to send this letter to you, because I met this man who goes to you, I tell you again: In two weeks I come back to see my son. Teach him the great Word. If he does not follow, punish him. Don't spare him till he knows every word. Teach him thoroughly. I love you with

all my heart and body. Kilango, Chief. When I shall send you a letter again, you know that in three days I will follow. Till we meet again.'

Brother G. Sander, a student of our Friedensau school is the latest worker sent to strengthen the force in the German East African Mission field.

In the east, as on the west coast of Africa, the establishment of the work has cost sickness, suffering, and death. Brother and Sister Ehlers returned to Germany in 1906, on account of failing health, with no hope of being able to return. Brother Wunderlich became very ill, and also returned, hoping to recover quickly and go back to Africa. He died about two weeks after his arrival in Germany.

An Unwritten Language

Brother Conradi thus describes one of the difficulties our missionaries must encounter in that and similar fields: —

"When the missionary finds himself among an uncivilized and uncultured people, whose language is unwritten, and who have no literature, it is one of his hardest tasks to learn the native tongue, and commit its crude sounds to writing. The only way in which the work can be accomplished is for one to go among the people, asking them the name of this and that in their dialect, and then writing down the sounds as nearly as possible, and reading the words to them, to ascertain if they are written correctly. I myself thus acquired the knowledge of a large number of things and words. I gradually learned to put the words into sentences. One of the best ways to accomplish the desired object, is to associate with you a number of bright young men, who will work with you and for you. However, one other difficulty has to be met — the natives themselves often do not know whether the word they have just used belongs to their own or to another tongue. It requires quite a while to learn the characteristics of a heathen language. Again, it is hard to get the grammatical construction. The native can not tell you about the grammatical laws of his language. You yourself must learn what are the nouns, and what are the adverbs, and what are the pronouns, and how a sentence must be put together correctly. The native can not explain it to you any more than a little child could tell you why he speaks as he does. One must carefully observe the forms of expression they use, and construct his own grammar and dictionary."

Algeria

Aug. 8, 1905, Brother S. Jespersson and wife, medical missionaries, arrived in Algeria, the extreme north of Africa. They are under the support and direction of the Latin Union Mission. They are located in Algiers, which contains one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants. The medical work proved the "opening wedge," and with no especial facilities, and by the administering of only such treatment as can be given in an ordinary room, the work gained a foothold. There is now a small company of believers in that field, and the interest is deepening.

Uganda

In September, 1906, Elder A. A. Carscallen, of England, was appointed by the British Union Conference to open up the work in Uganda, or British East Africa. Peter Nyambo, of Nyassaland, who has been a student in our school in London, was also assigned to this field. These brethren secured a mission site on Kavirondo Bay, near Kisumu, on the eastern shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Elder Carscallen wrote that from the place where their tent was pitched, they could count two hundred native villages. The language spoken in the district has never been reduced to writing, and so far as we know, our missionaries are the first among that people.

Abyssinia

The Scandinavian Union Conference, comprising Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, has under-

(Concluded on page seven)



Storm Fiends and Fire Sprites

THE storm fiends are out in their might to-night,
And they rage and they riot and mutter and
moan,
As they gather around my small dwelling secure,
Where I sit in the firelight alone.

They rattle the doors with impalpable hands,
And their tauntings through every crevice are
hurled,
For they like not my shelter secluded and sweet,
In the midst of a turbulent world.

But the sprites of the fire still work undismayed,
And their quaint shadows dance on the wall,
Seeming to mock at the impotent wrath
Of the storm fiends who seek to appal.

They are throwing out beams which they drank
from the sun,
In some long ago age of delight,
For they prisoned them deep in the heart of a tree,
And treasured them up for to-night.

Now the spirits without, with a last fusillade,
Bombard with their bullets of hail
My roof, and depart; and the din of the storm
Dies away in a last mournful wail.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

Grandmother's Roses

"BELLE CONVERSE, you'll never do it."

"Won't I? Just wait and see! O, I know all your objections beforehand! 'I can not afford it,' 'It's too extravagant,' 'A waste of money.' But while the rest of you may get what you please, good, sensible presents, and I'll not say you nay, my present to grandmother is to be roses—great, creamy beauties—which shall fill the room with fragrance and her heart with delight at the same time."

"But, Belle, they are so expensive! and they will last so short a time; it does seem that a more substantial present—something that would be a benefit to her all winter—would be far more sensible, and I'm sure grandmother would say so if you asked her."

"Now, Grace, I know that I have no money to waste, and all the sensible things you would say, but I shall not listen. For many years grandmother's birthdays have brought presents of plain, comfortable clothing that she must have had, even if there were no birthday to be taken into account, and though it may be unwise, I have decided to give her just a sweet, lovely present, such as I might give a dear teacher or friend whose necessities I do not need to consider. If she is vexed, I shall be sorry, perhaps, that I did not buy stockings instead, but I am going to take the risk."

In the home of her daughter, Grandmother Girwood sat quietly knitting a dark-brown sock, thinking gratefully of the many blessings that were still hers, though her own home had gone into the hands of strangers, and she had for many years been at the fireside of another. She knew the girls, as she delighted to call them, would be in soon with some little gift for the day.

Presently they came—Belle, Kate, Grace, Molly, and Dorothy, and laid their offerings in her arms. They were useful, sensible gifts, made thrice welcome because she knew they were

prompted by love in their hearts. Tears filled her eyes, but they were tears of joy.

Half timidly Belle handed her the long box from the florist, hardly knowing what reception it might receive; but their astonishment was great when Mrs. Girwood burst into tears.

"For me, Belle! for myself—the roses! O, my dear, I have longed for pretty things all my life, but there has never been enough of anything for luxuries. Belle, they are the first, the very first flowers I ever had bought for me. I——" and she struggled with her sobs. She kissed the soft, creamy petals, and then held them off at arm's length and brought them slowly back, inhaling their perfume, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and the smiles chasing them swiftly away. "May the roses of life garland all your path, dear. O, I am so glad you thought of it!"

"These will fade, we will try to get you some more."

"They will never fade from my heart." Then, turning to the others, she said, tenderly: "Your gifts were lovely, my dears; they will make me comfortable in days to come, but those—those roses—they have made me so happy!"

And Grace, turning to Belle, with a tearful smile, said: "You were keener of sight than we; something must have told you how true were the poet's words: 'A rose to the living is better than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.'"—*The Round Table*.

Why the Arrow Sped True

"FINE!"

"Such a good shot!"

"Right in the center of the target! It could not have been better!"

So we say when the arrow speeds true to the mark. Who of us but enjoys a shot like that? We say it tells so much for the skill of the friend who makes the center hit.

But stop a moment and think just what made that shot possible. Pass by the bow with its cord. Forget for the moment the arm that drew the string back to the shoulder and sent the bit of wood whizzing toward the target. See only the arrow, and think of nothing just now but the lessons it teaches.

What are the characteristics of a good arrow?

Point. A dull arrow will not cut the air true.

Careful fitting of the feathers at the end for the proper guidance of the arrow.

Straightness.

Without these qualities no arrow ever hit the mark, no matter how true might be the aim of the one who sent it on its way, nor how strong the power behind it.

Here are the lessons then:—

The young man who would win must have point in everything he does. What is it that makes us enjoy listening to some men as they speak? Why do we like to read what certain men write? It is because their words are pointed—no waste anywhere, the right choice of words. Straight to the mark every sentence flies. The man who has not the gift of making his point rarely interests us very long at a time, be his subject as charming as it may.

We may expect the man who has the ability

to say what he means in a clear and convincing way to do all he does with the same directness of purpose. There is point in every act of his life. He knows the value of time, energy, and effort. The man who possesses this power can scarcely fail of making his mark in life. We can do no better than to cultivate a quality so admirable as pointed action.

Again, we shall look for self-control in the man that wins. Just as the feathers are fitted to the arrow in such a way as to direct it in its flight through the air without being deflected from its course, so the successful man is guided in whatever he undertakes by a fixed principle. The higher that principle, the more sure he is of reaching the best in life. If he takes the opinions of every man he meets and tries to shape his life by them, who does not know that he will make a failure? There is something of worth in the opinion of every man we meet; but back of all, and underlying everything else, there must be a certain guiding power better than any that man can possess—a power that will not fail, let the pressure be as great as it may. That guiding power is within the reach of us all. Do we need to be told what it is?

And then, we shall not find true success in any man who is not straight in all he does. Rectitude is a long word. Strip it of the many letters that go to make it up, and we come down to the short word "straight." That is perhaps the most marked characteristic of a good arrow. What would a needle-like point amount to in and of itself? Will any one say that feathers alone, properly adjusted at the end of the arrow, will carry it true to the mark?—No. The arrow itself must be absolutely without curve from one end to the other. The slightest bend at any point will spoil the arrow. It might as well be thrown away first as last, if it be not straight.

It is the same with a man. He must be perfectly straight in all he does. You know what men mean when they say, "I am afraid he is not just straight." They put you on your guard against the man, and you never can quite trust him if convinced that the verdict is a true one.

If there is anything in the world men long for in their fellows, in these days when those who have been trusted are falling on every hand like great trees in the woods before a mighty wind, it is this quality of being straight. We need straight men everywhere. Straight men are loudly called for in the shops, in the offices, on the farms, in the State legislatures—everywhere: and we must have them, for there can be no real success, no genuine safety on the part of individual or nation without them.

But with these three essentials in his make-up,—point, a trustful guidance, and straightforwardness,—pushed by the power that will always be behind the man who possesses them, there can be no such thing as failure.

It is not an uncommon thing every day to hear young men asking, "How can I win success?" Take the lesson of the arrow—point, dependence on the guiding hand that never leads astray, and unswerving fidelity to the right. They are a trinity which will win.—*Edgar L. Vincent, in Young People's Weekly.*

Personal Work

THE character of one's work depends largely on the prompting motive. The life of the world's most successful Worker demonstrates this. His life was purely unselfish, and the needs of mankind daily appealed to his sympathetic and loving nature. He had not taken a course in any school, nor did he work for money. His life was filled with acts of benevolence, simply the improvement of opportunities. A few examples are recorded in the Word for the encouragement of young people. Joseph did not seek position, but Providence placed him in a position of great usefulness and honor; not because of a brilliant intellect, or an acquired education, but because he was true to the right. He would not compromise principle to shield himself, but stood in defense of truth under all circumstances. For this reason the Lord promoted him, bringing him into personal work, not only for individuals, but for a nation. The same is true of Daniel. His temperance principles were brought to the test. His faithfulness gave him favor with God, and eventually made him prime minister of Babylon. This quality, faithfulness, will give opportunities for young people to do successful personal work for the Master in these days.

If the youth among us are faithful in obeying the Word of God, they will be very different from the young men and women of the world. They will not use tobacco, spirituous liquors, tea, coffee, nor any injurious article of diet. They will not attend theaters, operas, horse-races, nor any questionable places of amusement. They will not indulge in pride of dress, in evil or vain conversation, or in the reading of novels or trashy literature, in short, they will be so peculiar, so different from other young people, that they will be living epistles, and thus unconsciously will be doing personal work for the Lord. But this unconscious influence for good will sometimes give opportunity to explain the truth to persons whom the Spirit of God has impressed. When the Bible is modestly explained by a young person whose life is recognized as in harmony with its principles, the Spirit of God further impresses the inquiring mind, using the youthful agent as a sower of gospel truth—all because of his faithfulness in obeying the Word. If children and youth are lights, they will shine, and their light will dispel at least a little darkness from some soul. Perhaps, in a word, I may say that we as young people may accomplish more personal work for the Master by really being good than by trying to do some great work: simply because by being good, the Lord is represented in our lives, and he gives us opportunity to make known the saving power of his Word. If we will be candlesticks, he will supply light. If we will be agents, he will supply the power. If we will abide in him, he will cause us to bear fruit.

MARY STEELE.

Religious Liberty Department

Outline of State Governments — No. 4

THE State governments are modeled after that of the United States. There are the three departments — legislative, executive, and judicial. The State legislature is composed of the State Senate and the State House of Representatives. The legislatures of most of the States hold biennial sessions. The legislature is the lawmaking body. It also chooses the United States Senators.

The State executive is called Governor. In most of the States the governor is chosen at the fall election, for a term of two years. His duties in the State correspond very closely to the duties of the chief executive of the nation, with the exception of the treaty-making power, which no State possesses.

Each State has a supreme court, composed in most cases of five justices; several circuit courts,

according to its size and population; and many justice's courts.

The State officers vary in the different States, but the list given in the diagram may be taken as fairly representative. The usual term is two years, and they are chosen in the autumn.

County and township officers vary greatly in the different States, and only the most important are given in the diagram. Most county officers are elected at the fall election, and township officers are usually chosen in the spring on "town-meeting day," which occurs on the first Monday in April.

The board of supervisors, composed of the supervisor of each township in the county, is the county legislature.

The lawmaking power in the township is vested in all the people, who express their desires upon "town-meeting day," thus making the township a democracy in a restricted sense.

STATE OFFICERS:—

Governor, duties already enumerated.
Lieutenant-Governor, presides over senate.
Secretary of State, publishes laws.
Treasurer, holds State money.
Auditor-General, audits accounts against State.
Attorney-General, lawyer for the State.
Commissioner of Lands, controls State lands.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, conducts examinations; issues certificates.

COUNTY OFFICERS:—

Sheriff, executive officer; keeps jail; carries out orders of court.
Clerk, keeps records of county and court.
Treasurer, holds county's money.
Prosecuting Attorney, prosecutes criminals.
Commissioner of Schools, visits schools; conducts county examinations.
Probate Judge, settles estates; makes wills.
Surveyor, surveys land.
Circuit Court Commissioners, help in sessions of circuit court.
Coroners, investigate suspicious deaths.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS:—

Supervisor, assesses property for taxes.
Clerk, keeps township's records.
Treasurer, holds township's money.
Commissioner of Highways, oversees highways and bridges.
School Inspectors, separate township into school districts.
Board of Review, reviews assessment of supervisor.
Justices of Peace, hold justice's court.
Constables, arrest disorderly persons.

CLIFFORD A. RUSSELL.



CASS CITY, MICH.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my second letter to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and I hope it will be accepted. I am seven miles from any Sabbath-school. We sometimes go to the meeting. I hope, when Jesus comes to make up his jewels, that all the INSTRUCTOR readers will be of the number. I hope my letter is not too long to be printed.

LIZZIE PARKER.

WICHITA, KAN., June 5, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I have three brothers, but no sisters. We go to Sabbath-school. We went to church-school, but it is out now. I am in the fifth grade. We have a nice church. I study the intermediate lesson. I am twelve years old. My hope is that I may see you all in the earth made new.

FLOYD DURHAM.

UNION CITY, MICH., July 29, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for some time, and like it ever so much. I thought possibly if I wrote and gave a history of my life, it might do some one good who was discontented with his life. I am an invalid, and have been a shut-in, confined to my bed for twenty-three years, not able even to hold up my head or to sit up in bed; and in all those long, weary years, I have not been free from pain

one hour, but I try to be patient and make the best of my lot. The dear Lord knows what is best for me. It is for some wise purpose that I am afflicted so. It won't be long at most until I shall be where there will be no more pain or suffering; all tears will be wiped away. No one ever hears me complain, although I have to be alone much of my time. We have not much of this world's goods, so can not have much with which to make me comfortable. I often wonder why it is I am afflicted so. I would be so glad to have the readers of this paper give me a letter party; write me bright, cheery letters.

MRS. JOSEPH STRICKLAND.

ST. MARYS, OHIO, Jan. 17, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: Having often heard of the taming of crows, we fancied that it would be nice to have a pet crow. One day my brother announced the fact that he knew where a crow's nest was, and that he would watch the nest until the baby crows were almost ready to fly, and then he would bring them home, planning to sell them for pets. One morning early in the spring my brother started for the birds, returning with four. They were given quite a change in the way of a home, being taken from a tall tree, and shut up in a building. They were christened immediately, Jim, Jet, Zeke, and Joe. Joe was the baby, being a little, weakly bird. A few days later Joe was found dead. The birds were inspected by every visitor, and poor Zeke got his leg broken by being handled a little too roughly. My brother then performed an operation on him, but he died in a short time. We fed them bread and corn soaked in water, until they were able to search for food. Jim was given to my little sister, and Jet to my little brother. They grew and thrived, and seemed to be quite proud of their fine black feathers. By this time they had grown to look alike, and it caused discussions as to which was which. One day an uncommon noise was heard in the yard, and then some one stepped to the door to investigate. There was an old rooster whipping Jim. He was badly disabled from this encounter, and never fully recovered. Not long after he died also.

Jet was then the humored pet. He was never taught to stay in the house, and after a while could not be induced to come in. By this time all idea of selling him was abandoned, as we had become quite attached to him. He would often visit flocks of wild crows, but always returned home. We often found large piles of sticks and other rubbish that he had gathered together, but he never took any valuable articles. He was not long in learning to pay attention when his name was spoken. One day I was walking through the yard, and noticed Jet making queer noises and movements, resembling choking. Having read an article in the INSTRUCTOR a short time before, about a crow's acting in that manner when it was learning to speak, I was not alarmed. At dinner I triumphantly announced the fact that Jet was learning to talk. I had to suffer the humiliation of being laughed at. I then simply waited for further developments. A few days later my sister, when up-stairs, heard a queer noise, and looked out only to see Jet. She watched him a little while, and found that he had succeeded in cackling like a hen. Of course from that time forward Jet was crowned with laurels. He would not let any one see him at first, and then he grew bolder until he would try to get some one to notice him. His powers increased until he was imitating a cat, a turkey, and chickens. He would follow the children to school, and then return home. Once or twice he followed almost to the church. He made neighborly calls frequently, which, alas, caused his death. Some would welcome him for his new mode of speech, which-amused them very much. He never could bear the sight of a fowl's being killed. He would fly to the chicken yard as soon as he heard the slightest disturbance, and there set up a great caw, caw, caw. He would make a great fuss at the finding of a pile of feathers. He lived to see snow fall, at which he was surprised and indignant. One day Jet did not appear. Two days passed, and we heard that a man had shot him about half a mile from home.

I intend joining the Reading Circle for 1907, and have chosen the Bible, "Great Controversy," "Patriarchs and Prophets," "The Story of Daniel," and "Historical Sketches of Seventh-day Adventist Foreign Missions." I am in church-school, preparing to become a church-school teacher. I am sixteen years of age. I think the INSTRUCTOR a fine paper, and would not want to do without it. I want a speedy preparation for work in the harvest-field.

CORA L. POTTS.

Our Field—The World

(Concluded from page four)

taken to establish the work in Abyssinia, dedicating its First-day offerings to this work. Elder Carl Jensen and wife, formerly of Iowa, but of late years workers in England, are now on their way to that field. Abyssinia comprises an area of one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and has a population of about four and one-half millions. The Bible has been translated by the British and Foreign Bible Society in the tongues and dialects of Abyssinia.

Closing Words

This completes the series of studies on our work in Africa. The history of any field is always incomplete, for we are now making it. We can all rejoice for what has already been accomplished in the Dark Continent. The little lights representing our missions grow brighter and brighter amid the darkness, and all heaven rejoices to see the kindling of others. It will not take long for the message to go when once the witnesses are placed throughout the earth. "In all the darkest and most populous lands news passes swiftly from lip to lip. Rumor sweeps over dark Asia as on the wings of the wind. In Africa information travels through the wilds from village to village and tribe to tribe. When caravan meets caravan, every man asks his neighbor, 'What have you heard?' 'What do you know?'" Our message will be talked about in all Africa one day, and God's Spirit will convict honest hearts. In the meantime, let us remember that—

"They are waiting in the wild,
Sick and weary and defiled,
And the Saviour's healing word
They have never, never heard;
Ever hungry and unfed,
Left without the living Bread—
Waiting! Waiting!"

L. FLORA PLUMMER.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VI—The Marriage of Isaac

(August 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 24.

MEMORY VERSE: "He shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6.

Review

Who was Lot? To what place did he go to live? Why? What became of Sodom? How much was Lot able to save of all his riches? Who was Isaac? How old was Abraham when Isaac was born?

Lesson Story

1. When Isaac was nearly forty years old, his mother died, and Abraham buried her in the cave of Machpelah. Isaac loved his mother, and mourned deeply when she died. When he was forty years old, Abraham planned that he should have a good wife. He did not wish Isaac to marry one of the idol-worshipping women of Canaan; so he called Eliezer, his trusted servant, and told him to go to Haran, in Mesopotamia, Abraham's old home, and bring a wife for Isaac. Abraham himself did not choose Isaac's wife; neither did he trust the choice to Eliezer; but God's holy angel was to go before him, and show him the one whom the Lord had chosen to be Isaac's wife.

2. And the servant took ten camels, and went to the city of Nahor, in Mesopotamia. "And he made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening, even the time that the women go out to draw water."

3. As Eliezer waited by the well, he prayed: "O Lord, God of my master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day. . . . And let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I

may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give the camels drink also: let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast showed kindness unto my master."

4. While Eliezer was still praying, Rebekah, a beautiful young girl, came out of the city to draw water. Eliezer ran to meet her, and said, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher." Rebekah answered, kindly, "Drink, my lord;" and when he had drunk, she said, "I will draw water for thy camels also." So she drew water for all the camels.

5. Then Eliezer gave Rebekah some beautiful presents. "Whose daughter art thou?" he asked; "is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?"

6. Rebekah answered that she was the daughter of Bethuel, and that there was room enough for all, and plenty of straw and food for the camels. Then she ran home, and told all that had happened.

7. Rebekah had a brother whose name was Laban; and when he saw the presents, and heard the words of his sister, he ran out to the well, and said to Eliezer, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; . . . I have prepared the house, and room for the camels."

8. When Eliezer came to the house, he would not eat until he had told his errand. He told Rebekah's mother and brother all about Abraham,—how the Lord had blessed him, and given him flocks and herds, and silver and gold, and servants; and Abraham had given all that he had to Isaac, his son. He told them all that had happened at the well, and asked them if they would give Rebekah to be the wife of Isaac.

9. "Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said, The thing proceedeth from the Lord. . . . Behold, Rebekah is before thee, take her, and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken."

10. When Eliezer heard this, he thanked the Lord. Then he brought forth silver and gold and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah; he gave also to her brother and to her mother precious things.

11. In the morning they asked Rebekah if she was willing to go away so soon, and she answered, "I will go." So Rebekah said good-by to her home and friends; and taking only her old nurse, went with Eliezer to become Isaac's wife.

12. "And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide: and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming. And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel. . . . And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife; and he loved her: and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death."

Questions

1. How old was Isaac when his mother died? Where was she buried? Why did Abraham not wish Isaac to marry one of the women of Canaan? Where did he send his servant? Who was really to choose Isaac's wife?
2. What did the servant take with him? What time was it when he came to Nahor? What did he do? Who came out to the well every evening?
3. How did Eliezer ask God to show him the woman who should be Isaac's wife?
4. Who came out to the well while Eliezer was praying? What did Eliezer ask her? How did she answer? What did she do?
5. What did Eliezer give Rebekah? What did he ask her?
6. How did Rebekah answer these questions? Where did she immediately go? What did she do there?
7. Who was Laban? When he heard Rebekah's story, and saw the beautiful presents,

what did he do? What did he say to Eliezer?

8. What did Eliezer do when he came to the house? What did he say the Lord had done for Abraham? How had he blessed him? To whom had Abraham given all his riches? What else did Eliezer relate? What did he ask?

9. How did Rebekah's brother answer this question?

10. What did Eliezer do when he heard these words? What did he give to Rebekah? What to her mother and brother?

11. How soon did Rebekah start on her journey to Canaan? Was she willing to go so soon? Who went with her?

12. What did Rebekah do when she saw Isaac? Where did he take her? Who directed Eliezer in this undertaking? Who will direct us, if we commit all our ways to him? Memory Verse.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VI—Letter and Spirit of the New Covenant

(August 10)

MEMORY VERSE: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Rom. 8:14.

Questions

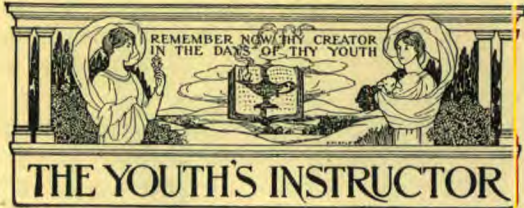
1. Of what are we made ministers? What two things are comprised in the new covenant? 2 Cor. 3:6.
2. Upon what was the ministration of death, or the letter, written? Verse 7.
3. What, then, is the letter of the new covenant? Deut. 4:13; 10:4; note 1.
4. What is the primary object of the law? Rom. 7:10.
5. What has it proved to be to the children of men? Why? Rom. 7:10; note 2.
6. As collaborators with Christ, what are we to minister to the children of men?—Life. Luke 9:56.
7. Then of what use is the law in preaching the gospel to sinners? Rom. 3:19; Matt. 9:12, 13.
8. When men acknowledge themselves sinners, what can be administered to them? Rom. 8:2.
9. What law is this? Verse 7; note 3.
10. Where will that law now be written which before was written on tables of stone? 2 Cor. 3:3.
11. In what covenant will these then be? Heb. 8:8-10.
12. What will be the experience of each individual under the new covenant? Rom. 8:1.

Notes

1. The letter of any covenant is that which defines the terms of the covenant. The letter of a covenant for the building of a house is the plans and specifications of the house, together with the reward or penalty for the compliance or failure. The letter sets forth that which the contracting parties are to perform. To one who has failed to comply, the letter points out that failure, and can bring only condemnation, and under God's covenant, death. Hence the letter ministers only death to the sinner.

2. The object of the law is life; but life can result only from perfect obedience to it. Prov. 12:28. Hence the law describes a perfect righteousness. But we have all sinned, so that the law which was ordained to life, we find to be unto death. A perfect law can only condemn imperfection.

3. Christ was baptized with God's Spirit (Matt. 3:16), by whose power he kept for us God's law while here with us in human sinful flesh. And it is through his obedience we are enabled by God's Holy Spirit to also keep the same law that Jesus kept. Then this same law which before ministered death, becomes the law of life—"the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus."



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FORTY seconds is the precise time that an eminent chemist spent in answering a telephone call, but the work of days was ruined by that small amount of time, for he had to begin all over again in order to arrive at the result which he had almost achieved. Seconds do count in life's work.

A DECISION was rendered recently in a court of Little Rock, Arkansas, that "it is not unlawful to sell a man food on Sunday, as food is a necessity; but that coffee is a luxury, and when sold, even with the food, subjects the seller to punishment for violating the law." This savors very strongly of the fine discriminations of Puritanic times.

THE interest of some of our young men in attending our training-school in Jamaica must be real for they are hard at work, earning the means for their board and tuition, at *two cents* an hour. I wonder how many young men and women in this country prize an education sufficiently to be willing to work for the same remuneration.

It is now proposed to connect the mouth of the Rio Grande River with the Mississippi River at Donaldson, Louisiana, by a canal. This waterway would unite the various navigable rivers of Texas with the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio Rivers, and all their tributaries. The canal could be built for four million dollars, and would join together eight thousand miles of streams and canals in one vast system.

HELION, or sun light, is the name of a new light recently discovered by two scientists of Columbia University. For seven years these men have endeavored to discover a filament that would be superior to Edison's carbon filament in the incandescent light. Their effort seems to have been handsomely rewarded, for the new filament produces a light like that of diffused sunlight, having none of the common characteristics of the incandescent light, and it can be produced at less cost.

WHETHER it is necessary or not, it evidently would be convenient and satisfying at times for a manufacturer to sit at his desk and be able by pressing a button, as it were, to look into every room on every floor in his immense manufactory, and see just how things are moving along. A bank official also might enjoy peering into the bank vault just before retiring, to assure himself that all is safe. Mr. Dana Dudley, of Massachusetts, has invented a machine that promises to be a popular and practical accessory of the telephone, favoring the manufacturer, bank official, and other employers, in the way suggested.

THE farmer's long-fought battle with weeds promises to be materially decreased in the future through a recent discovery made by the Agricultural College of the University of Wisconsin. If the crop is sprayed early in its growth with a solution of iron sulphate, one hundred pounds dissolved in fifty-four gallons of water being required for an acre of grain, the weeds will be wholly destroyed. The solution should be used on a calm, dry, sunny day, and after the dew has evaporated. The solution should be strained through a fine sieve before using. Mustard, yellow dock, cockle-bur, smartweed, ragweed, and Spanish needles have been found unable to resist the foregoing treatment.

DR. PAULSON, when a boy, had to herd cattle on the Western plains. Others engaged in the same business had ponies, which made the work much less burdensome. His parents were too poor to furnish him the pony, so the little herder, feeling deeply his need, prayed that the Lord would give him a pony. He knew God answered prayer; he had answered his; but somehow the prayer for the pony never brought any material answer. The Doctor said he could never understand until a few years ago why he never got the pony. But it came to him one day that the Lord wanted the muscles of his legs to get strong for his future life-work. And he says they did. He seldom gets tired of walking, though he is on his feet almost steadily for the larger part of every day. The Lord gave him something better than he asked for, and we may be assured every prayer of faith receives its direct answer or something infinitely better.

It Is Worth While to Get an Education

A LIFE which is left simply at the mercy of the crude opinions which are floating around is no true life at all. The great object of education is not knowledge, but the gathering of principles by reference to which we can test the great shifting mass of beliefs among which we are compelled to live. This capacity for judgment, like all other gifts of God, will not come to us unless we take the trouble to fit ourselves for it. But if our young people will take advantage of all that our training-schools offer them, they will become "rooted and grounded" in the truth, having had wrought into their lives principles that will surely anchor them to the eternal rock of truth amid the deceptive and fascinating doctrines of the last days. They will then be able under God to lead others away from false doctrines that will bring only eternal ruin into the clear light of "this gospel of the kingdom." Isn't it worth while, young men and women?

Miles of Peas

LONGMONT, Colorado, has an agricultural novelty, a garden of peas consisting of three thousand acres. Planting, cultivating, harvesting, and canning the peas are all interesting operations, an army of workers being required for each process. When the peas are ready to harvest, the vines are cut by machinery just beneath the surface of the soil, and loaded into wagons.

It is said that it is not an unusual occurrence for two hundred wagons a day to bring their loads to the threshers, which hull the peas as satisfactorily as a housewife would in preparing them for dinner, and the operation is much more deftly done. Frequently twenty loads an hour are fed into the threshers.

By an automatic device the peas are carried to a tank of water, where they are washed and afterward sorted. When ready to can, the cans are automatically delivered to the filling machines, where each one puts itself into position to receive the peas, which are delivered in just the amount necessary to fill the can. The solder-

ing machine then arranges the can in position for soldering, pours on the solder, and then applies the soldering iron. So admirably is every want met by the wonderfully devised machinery, that sixteen thousand cans are put up in an hour.

The surrounding towns and cities use the vines and pods as ensilage for their cattle, so that every part of this immense garden is utilized.

The First Thing

THE Mount Vernon (Ohio) church recently held a Young People's Day. A paper entitled "What Young People Can Do" was read by Miss Steinbaugh. The author, at the beginning of her paper, expressed the following thoughts:—

"The first thing that a young person should do is to get a preparation for service; that is, an honest, Christian education. Young people who are planning to enter the broad field of labor should first receive a suitable degree of mental training, as well as a special preparation for their calling. Those who are uneducated, untrained, and unrefined are not able to enter a field where the most powerful agencies of the world are combined to war against the truths of God. Neither can they successfully expose the strange errors in the many different forms of religion followed to-day without a good knowledge of scientific truth.

"The educated young men and women carry with them a certain dignity and command that uneducated persons do not; they command respect from the world that others do not. As a result, they are capable of entering a broader and higher plane in life than the uneducated person. A carpenter, a stone mason, a machinist, or a blacksmith might as well try to accomplish the tasks before him with no tools as for a young man or woman to go out into the battle-field of life with no preparation; for it is their words and actions, and the control they have of them, that determine their success in any undertaking. Then let the mind and heart be disciplined and brought into the control of the tender Spirit of God; then the possessor will be fitted for service anywhere in this dark world."

Answers to Correspondents

"HER voice was ever sweet, gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman."

Should both gentlemen and ladies remove their overshoes before entering a home?

Yes, if they wish to retain the good will of their hosts. To wear muddy shoes into a parlor is boorish.

Is it proper to clean one's finger-nails in public?

It is highly proper to clean one's nails, but only in one's own private apartment.

On what occasions should a young man lift his hat?

Mrs. Margaret Livingston gives the following summary of the occasions that require the lifting of the hat by a gentleman: "Whenever a woman bows to him; when he recognizes a clergyman on the street, or an elderly gentleman, or one who has attained distinction; when he meets a man of his acquaintance who is accompanying a lady; when some stranger shows a courtesy to the lady with whom he himself is walking; when he gives answer to a request for information concerning a right direction, a street or number, or any similar inquiries from a lady; when he offers her his seat in a car or omnibus; when he moves aside to make way for her in a narrow or crowded place; and when he shows her any passing courtesy."

BE true to duty as Christ was true to duty, and you can no more fail in life than Christ himself could fail.—J. W. Bashford.