

**Sunset**

ABOVE us the light is fading,  
 'Twill soon be eventide;  
 And the purple shadows of evening  
 From mountain and forest glide,  
 And the west is a mingled glory  
 Of blue, and brown, and gold,  
 Like a curtain of many colors,  
 'Tween the day and the night unrolled.

The care of the day is over,  
 And rest for the weary is near.  
 And see! beyond valley and mountain,  
 The sun is sinking clear;  
 And the calm and peace of eventide  
 Are on the hill and plain,  
 And dusk clasps hands with silence,  
 As evening comes again.

The beauty of earth and heaven  
 Has a voice that can touch the  
 heart,  
 And the crimson and gold of eve-  
 ning  
 An influence can impart  
 That quiets our throbbing heart-  
 strings  
 Like the melody of song,  
 And speaks to the soul a rest from  
 The crowding cares that throng.

If aught you would say to another  
 Which never forgotten should be,  
 Then speak when the beauty of  
 sunset  
 Lies over the land and sea;  
 For few can forget what's spoken  
 At the closing of the day,  
 When the last of the sunset's tinting  
 Is merged in the heaven's gray.

Whenever I see the sunset,  
 With its wonderful golden glow,  
 I think of that better country,  
 Where darkness we shall not know,  
 For the Lamb is the light of that country,  
 Who once was the light of men,  
 And we may behold him in beauty  
 In the New Jerusalem.

ALBERT OLESEN.

**La Fiesta del Senor de Tampico Alto**

EVER since we moved to La Rivera de Tampico Alto, a little village on the lake side fourteen miles south of the port of Tampico, Mexico, we had heard of the *Fiesta* of Tampico Alto. Naturally we were curious to witness the long-planned-for festivities. In the meantime we conversed with the natives, whenever we had an opportunity, about the approaching fiesta, and learned many of their strange beliefs and superstitions.

They tell the story that many years ago some men who went to the beach to look for timber and wreckage that might have drifted in, saw a large box being carried in by the waves. They succeeded in dragging it ashore, and found it to

be marked in large letters, "For Tampico Alto, Vera Cruz." Upon opening it, they saw, to their amazement, that it contained an image of Christ nailed to the cross. They notified the priests, who told them to take it to its destination. There was a narrow range of sand hills to traverse, the lake to cross to La Rivera, where the image was put upon the back of a burro and carried the mile and half to Tampico Alto; here it was placed in a church, some say hastily constructed especially for this purpose. Upon being relieved of its burden, the burro lay down and died, having accomplished its work upon earth. The natives

and tried to carry the image bodily from the church. To their dismay, they were utterly unable to pass through the wide doors or the window, so in despair they left the image. Later, when the church burned, the image itself ran to a place of safety! Many and varied are the stories told of the miracles performed by this particular *Santo* (saint), and hung upon the wall are tablets of different sizes and descriptions, with pictures of those healed, and accounts of their experiences. One of our neighbors is an old French soldier who remained here after the French were repulsed. He claims he was among those sent to protect Tampico Alto, and indignantly denies the report that the church was looted.

The week preceding the appointed day all highways, and waterways as well, were crowded with pilgrims. We counted fifty large boats in front of our house, and a stream of people passed all day and all night. They were laden with a few cooking utensils; the women had bundles containing their best clothing upon their heads and carried their shoes, while the older children carried the babies. We had prepared a large quantity of Spanish tracts, papers, and Bibles to take to the fiesta. As we neared Tampico Alto, we scarcely could believe this bustling, crowded place to be the same sleepy village we visit weekly for our mail.



MEXICAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

were then told that this image had been miraculously sent from heaven, and possessed the power to perform miracles, and that when in special need of God's help, they should make a vow to the image that if it would aid them, they would make a pilgrimage to Tampico Alto to worship and give thanks to it. This pilgrimage, which is in the month of May, is a movable festival, and has been celebrated with more or less fervor ever since.

During the French invasion in 1863 the soldiers looted the church, and endeavored to take the gold spikes out of the hands and feet and the gold crown from the head, but try as they might, they could not get them loose. Another soldier, passing by, said, "Why are you bothering with these copper spikes?" and sure enough they had turned to copper before their very eyes. Laden with their spoils, the soldiers were leaving the church when one of their number looked back at the image, and the golden spikes and crown were fairly dazzling in their brightness. Determined not to be outdone, the soldiers returned,

The yards and houses had had a wonderful cleaning, and all were in gala attire. There had sprung up a veritable city of booths of fan-palm leaves and poles. (An American said that it was a city of booths and "booze," but that is a digression.) There were all the adjuncts usual to such fiestas—gambling of all kinds; stands for fruits, knicknacks, drinks, besides the eating booths. The cockpits were somewhat retired, where an admittance fee was charged. Every available space was utilized, and even in the narrow passageways the women were bending over charcoal fires, preparing food for sale. A merry-go-round was in full sway near the church. One girl won three dollars at the gambling table, and spent the whole sum in tickets for the merry-go-round. She was riding a huge lion when we passed in the morning, and was still sleepily making rounds when we left in the evening.

We edged our way through the dense crowd about the gambling tables and places of diversion, to the church, where we were told a ceremony was going on. The church was enclosed by a



high wall with three gates, in front of which were stands with candles of various colors and sizes for sale. The faithful bought all they could afford. Vendors were also offering little silver "images," as they said, representing arms, legs, eyes, and all parts of the body, fastened to a bit of ribbon. We asked a man what they were for, and he, pitying our ignorance, informed us that when the "Señor" healed one of an infirmity, he bought an image corresponding to the part, and offered it to Señor as a thank-offering. My friend spied a cow and burro, and asked if Señor healed them also. The man replied that if an animal strayed away and its owner prayed and made a vow to the Señor, and he returned the animal, its owner offered this *animalito*. The church was packed with the kneeling throng, each with one or more lighted candles in his hand or fastened to the floor by his side. The heat and odor were indescribable.

We found it impossible to enter, so went around to a side door to try to get a glimpse of the image. The church was furnished, as they all are, with the usual images, but the Señor, a life-size wooden figure representing the crucified Christ, stood upon a pedestal nearly in the center of the church, surrounded by a low railing. The wounds in the head, sides, hands, knees, and feet were realistically painted. The people walked on their knees to the front of the pedestal, kissed the feet and wiped them reverently with handkerchiefs, which they passed slowly over the face, kissed, and put carefully away to carry home as sacred relics. They believe that many miracles are wrought by laying these handkerchiefs upon the sick. A gentleman told us that he saw, several years ago, some pilgrims get off the train in Tampico, walk on their knees to the boat landing, remain in a kneeling posture one hour and a half, or during the passage across the lake to Pueblo Viejo, and then actually walk on their knees the six miles of rocky, rugged road to Tampico Alto, with the tropical sun pouring down upon their unprotected heads, and leaving a bloody trail behind them.

We are told that of late years the religious part of the festival has become much less noticeable, and that most persons come to make money and spend it in dissipation. The government has suppressed public religious processions. Mass was being celebrated, and we stood quietly looking on, much impressed with the earnestness of the worshipers, and thinking what a power for good it would be if only rightly directed.

When the people began to file out, we distributed papers, and offered Gospels for sale. They bought them as fast as I could make the change. When it was possible for us to do so for the press, we passed on into the church, where we were at once besieged for books. I passed them out and received the money, until suddenly it struck me forcibly that it was not exactly our prerogative to enter the very church building to sell the forbidden Bible. At this moment I saw a black-robed priest dash out of a side door, and I imagined he was after us; so we made our way outside where he was, but he paid no attention to us. All day long we went about among the crowd, mother in one direction, and I in another, and long before night we had disposed of all our literature.

When I could get no one to listen to me, I would stand up in an open space and begin to read from the Bible. A crowd would soon gather, when I would pass out the Gospels and show them where to find the places to follow me in the reading. All those who had money usually bought. When I was in the midst of explaining the miracle of feeding the five thousand, I looked up and saw four American gentlemen standing on the outskirts of the crowd, evidently making sport of me. I was embarrassed, for I do not consider myself a thorough Spanish scholar, but

I was doing my best, and had earnestly asked the Lord to put the words in my mouth. A feeling of shame passed over me that I should care for the ridicule of the world when I was trying to enlighten these poor, ignorant, deceived people. I smiled at the gentlemen, and holding up the Bibles, said, "Do you not wish to buy a Bible? They are in Spanish, and will help you learn the language." They bought two, and I turned again to the Mexicans.

It was very warm; and, nearly exhausted, we sat down to rest where we had opportunity to talk to the crowd and answer their questions. One woman asked if we had the Gospel of the Lord of Tampico Alto. The predominance of Indians among the worshipers attracted our attention. Some, in their scanty provincial attire, could speak only their own dialect. When we visited the church later in the evening, there was a group of Indians that interested us very much. The men knelt devoutly on the rims of their tall hats, set their candles in front, and proceeded to sing a song, the refrain of which was, "Blessed be the Lord of Tampico Alto." There were variations in the tune, and the song recounted the miracles that had been performed. Around the image's waist was a blue silk skirt trimmed with wide lace, and to that were pinned countless little thank-offerings. One poor old woman was so tired, and the air was so foul and heated, that she went to sleep over her prayers, and her candle set fire to her clothing, which was quite badly burned.

We returned to our home very tired, but thankful that God had used us as the means of placing so much literature containing the precious truth in the hands of those who know it not. They are seeking after light, and listen gladly and earnestly while we try to explain the Scriptures to them. They are especially interested in the signs of the times and the significance of the recent earthquakes. Friends, are you not also interested, knowing that the time in which to warn the nations is short? What are the few missionaries in Mexico compared to the population of fifteen million? Can one sit in ease while these our brethren are eager for the truth?

MAY L. CARR.

### Livingstone's Vanity

THE Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River in southeastern Africa, form the largest cataract in the world. They were discovered in 1855 by Dr. Livingstone, the great missionary and explorer, and were found to be twice as high and three times as broad as Niagara. Carved upon a tree near by, the initials "D. L." are still discernible, and in his book the missionary confesses that this was the one occasion in his life when he was guilty of this form of vanity. These initials are carefully preserved by the officials of the British South Africa Company, to whom they were pointed out by the native who saw them carved. Mrs. Livingstone Bruce, daughter of Dr. Livingstone, recently left Southampton, England, for Rhodesia to visit the wonderful falls which her father named after Queen Victoria. The railway from Cape Town is now completed to the falls, and a fine hotel has been erected. The number of travelers visiting there is very large.—*The American Church Sunday School Magazine*.

### Did Not Know It Was There

A WELL-TO-DO deacon in Connecticut was one morning accosted by his pastor, who said, "Poor Widow Greene's wood is out. Can you not take her a cord?"

"Well," answered the deacon, "I have the wood, and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?" The pastor replied: "I will pay you for it, on condition that you read the first three verses of the forty-first Psalm before you go to bed to-night."

The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth: and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

A few days afterward the pastor met him again. "How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?"

"Oh!" said the now enlightened man, "I do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the poor widow's wants."—*Selected*.

### Good Sense

If you work for a man, work for him.

If he pays you wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man, I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of his time, but all of his time.

I would give him an undivided service or none.

If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you vilify, condemn, and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, condemn to your heart's content. But I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it.

And don't forget—"I forgot" won't do in business.—*Elbert Hubbard*.

### Little Things

THE qualifications you may possess, and the opportunities you may find for usefulness, will generally be among those things which the world calls *little*. You can do good and be useful without being prominent. A poor man once said, "I have no more influence than a candle." "Well," was the sensible reply, "a candle can do a great deal of good, or a great deal of harm. It can set a haystack on fire, or burn down a house; or it may enable some poor creature to read the Word of God." Some of the greatest deeds the world has ever known have been performed by persons whom no one thought capable of anything of the kind. Think of Grace Darling and others of whom you have read.

Little sins impair our usefulness. A gentleman who once purchased a very expensive watch, discovered, after a little time, that it would not go properly. On taking it to the watchmaker he at once exclaimed, "Oh, I see what is the matter! There is a little grain of sand between two of the wheels." Suppose the gentleman had said, "If that is all the matter, let it alone;" what would you say to him? Suppose he had pleaded that the sand might be allowed to remain, and had said, "Is it not such a little grain that it can do no harm?" Would the watchmaker have left it there? Would he not have declared that it must come out, or the watch would be rendered useless. So with your sinful habit. Perhaps, like Lot you plead, "Is it not a little one?" But away it must go, or you can not be useful.

I was reading the other day about the value of gold-dust or filings that fall from the work in jewelers' shops. The writer said an old waistcoat would be worth more than a new one. That, in fact, the story of Aladdin and the magician who offered to exchange new lamps for old is paralleled in modern times by second-hand clothes-men, who give new vests for old ones, because of the quantity of fine gold which accumulates in the cloth, and which is collected again and sold. Spare moments are the gold-dust of time. Of all the portions of our life,



spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul. And they also afford the most precious opportunities for doing good. Yet, how much we lose of this gold-dust, scattering it not in single grains, but casting it away by the handful. Men of business say that time is money; but it is more: the proper improvement of it is self-culture, self-improvement, and growth of character. "Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or treatment, but lost time is gone forever." Learn to improve the time until it becomes a *habit*. Hundreds of eminent characters attribute their success, not to genius, but simply to the careful employment of those invaluable fragments of time called "odd moments." The hours perish, and are laid to our charge. How sad to think that such a gift from God should be wasted in thoughtlessness. "Only a few minutes; only a few hours; only a few days;" only a few days,—why the whole of man's life is but "a few days;" and he has to prepare in them for eternity. Let us not rob God any longer. Let us strive to redeem—make the most of—the few that may still remain.

ERNEST LLOYD.

### Barber Poles

In ancient times barbers performed minor operations in surgery, and in particular when bleeding was customary, it was to the barber that patients applied to be bled. To assist this operation it became necessary for the patient to grasp a pole or stick, and one was kept by the surgeon-barber together with the tape or bandage he used for tying the patient's arm. When not in use, the tape was fastened to the pole, and in this state the pole and tape was hung at the door for a sign. At length instead of hanging out the identical pole used in the operation, one was painted with stripes around it in imitation of the real pole and bandage, and thus came the sign we see used to-day.—*Selected*.

### Read Law in a Smithy

THAT the trade of a smith was an honorable and a lucrative one in primitive communities is shown by the immense number of "smiths" in the world to-day, all descended from those who once served their communities in that line. Nowadays, of course, machinery has largely retired the ordinary blacksmiths to the background. Still, cases exist where they have risen to high importance.

That is what Mial E. Lilley, Representative in Congress from the Fourteenth Pennsylvania District, has done. He was a country boy who, after attending the country schools for a while, decided on the village smithy as his future field of action. Meanwhile, he read law, and one day, with sufficient savings to warrant the risk, he laid down his sledge and entered a law office. After being admitted to the bar, he had the confidence of the poor as well as of the rich, and became the chairman of his county committee. In 1900 he was nominated for prothonotary of Bradford County, Pennsylvania, but the whole ticket was defeated as a result of a division of the party. Later he was nominated and elected prothonotary, and re-elected, and in 1903 was appointed Assistant United States District Attorney for the middle district of Pennsylvania. In 1904 he was further honored by a nomination, and was elected to Congress and took his seat last fall—the only blacksmith in the national legislature.—*Young People's Weekly*.

### Spiders Grown for Science

THE cultivation of certain species of spiders solely for the fine threads which they weave for scientific uses has an important bearing upon

astronomy. No substitute for the spider's thread has yet been found for bisecting the screw of the micrometer used for determining the positions and motions of the stars. Not only because of the remarkable fineness of the threads are they valuable, but because of their durable qualities.

The threads of certain spiders raised for astronomical purposes withstand changes in temperature, so that often in measuring sun spots they are uninjured when the heat is so great that the lenses of the micrometer eyepieces are cracked. These spider lines are only one fifth to one seventh of a thousandth of an inch in diameter, compared with which the threads of the silkworm are large and clumsy.—*Selected*.

### Household Hints

IN baking juicy pies, try putting in each pie a teaspoonful of fine tapioca. It prevents the juice from running over, and also imparts a rich flavor to the pie.

Make a paste of rye bran stirred into boiling water, and add a handful of silver sand and a little vitrol. Rub the zinc articles with this paste, rinse with water, dry and polish with a cloth.

A brilliant polish may be given to tarnished nickel by immersing in alcohol and two per cent of sulphuric acid from five to fifteen seconds. Take out, wash in running water, rinse in alcohol, and rub dry with linen cloth.

A cheap and easy way to clean the clock is to saturate a little cotton, egg-size, with kerosene, and put it on the floor of the clock. Shut tight. In four days the works will be as clean as if new, and the cotton will be black with the particles of dirt which have been loosened by the kerosene fumes.

A set of pockets tacked to the inside of a closet door in the kitchen will be found a great convenience. Take a piece of denim measuring about twenty by twenty-seven inches for the foundation. Make a row of three pockets nine inches deep at the bottom, and a second row near the top, using white tape to bind all edges. Place three loops of tape to hang it up by. Use the top row of pockets, one for bits of clean white cloth, one for a ball of twine or pieces of string, and one for pieces of clean white paper, such as lines cracker boxes, etc. The bottom row of pockets use for different sizes of paper bags, placing the large sizes in one pocket, the medium in the second pocket, and the small ones in the third.

## Education Department

### The Purpose of Education

EDUCATION seeks to make character vigorous without making it harsh or boisterous, patient without indifference, conscientious without being hypercritical, efficient without ostentatiousness, symmetrical and impressive, noble and self-reliant, but sympathetic with the less worthy, rich in itself, but without selfishness. The problem of education is to create men of strength, of self-restraint. Education seeks to make the individual of resource, of the power of initiative, of honesty and honor, in whom the vision of truth is united with the power of doing one's duty, in whom tenderness of heart for the suffering is justly joined with capacity for moral indignation. It seeks to train leaders—intellectual, ethical, religious, civil. It seeks also to lift the whole level of the race to broader and clearer seeing, to finer thinking and nobler appreciation.—*Charles F. Thwing, President of the Western Reserve University.*

### Expanding Our World

SOME people live in a very small world indeed, and some in a larger one; and however much we may try to extend our world, we every one of

us live in a world which is quite atomic in proportion to the actual world in which God has placed us. If we spend all our days trying to expand our minds, yet we shall not succeed in covering anything like the actual world which is before us, that is, the world which we might know, the world in which we might dwell. We shall continue only to live in a pitifully small bit of it. Still the true pleasure of knowledge consists in feeling continually that we have taken another step forward into the large world, that our horizon has grown wider; and just in proportion as our horizon grows wider, I think we shall begin somehow to understand how God looks upon the world. Remember this, the only source of happiness, the only source of contentment, that can be given to any one of us comes when we acquire, by some means or other, the sense that we are looking at the world in some dim way as God looks upon it.—*Mandell Creighton*.

**"Of all the institutions in our world, the school is the most important."—Special Testimony on Education.**

### The School of Preparation

THE days of preparation are not wasted time. Often they may seem to be. The average young man tugs at his tether, and is anxious to reach the wage-earning mark as soon as possible. He frets to be out of school and quit of his apprenticeship. He would do well to study the ancient fable of the grasshopper and the ant, and ponder the worth of foresight, and learn the sanity of preparation. The value of preparation is proclaimed by all preachers, from all pulpits, in all tongues. The seasons sing it. Every farmer who drives a plow into the soil, and, dropping a seed, waits to see it push aside the clod, preaches the value of preparation. Every ship that fills its bunkers with coal, and turns its prow toward the open sea; all commerce, glancing with shrewd calculations from the present to the future; every war waged and constitution adopted; all scientists, economists, philanthropists, reformers, preach preparation. It is one of the cardinal lessons of life. Whoever would make the most of himself must matriculate in this school.

List your assets. You are a human being. That is considerable capital to begin with. You are a citizen of no mean country. That increases your capital. You have a mind that can think, a heart that can feel, eyes that can see, hands that can lift, feet that can run, lips that can speak, and days crowded with limitless opportunities. Your hand is capable of marvelous dexterities; your mind can be trained to the intricacies of thought, your tongue to the charms and powers of persuasive and compelling speech. What man has thought, man can think; what the human hand has wrought, the human hand may still achieve. Why should you not be ambitious? But your assets are like crude coal in the undeveloped bank. To have value they must be mined and marketed. Every life needs training. Greatness is never accidental. Edison did not happen; Paderewski is not a freak. Genius is never a stranger to hard work. The day of trial and testing comes soon or late to all of us. You are crying for your chance; you shall have it. Precisely in what form it will come can not be certainly foretold, and it will call for all that you can muster. When your opportunity arrives, the use you make of it will be determined largely by the character of your preparation.

The man who is "on the town" is usually a man who can do nothing in particular. He has neglected the day of preparation. He is living on his wits. Probably he has sense enough, but he has not acquired the art of using it in a definite way. He has never harnessed his ability to a useful vocation.



The successful man is the prepared man. There is no such thing as extemporaneous success. When such seems to be the case, either the success is fictitious, or its extemporaneousness only apparent. Success is never an impromptu program. All great men have gotten ready for their work. Moses spent eighty years getting ready to do forty years' work. God believes in preparation. In his vast plans there is no room for luck or chance or fate. Intelligent laws sweep the universe, and for every effect there must be a sufficient cause. Even the celestial world must recognize the importance of preparation. To his disciples the departing Christ said: "I go to prepare a place for you." Heaven, no less than earth, is "a prepared place for a prepared people."

#### Religious Preparation

Paul writes of being "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," which means that religion is a part of the preparation for life. Since man is a religious animal, a godless school of preparation is about as sane an adventure as a factory without motor power. Let the young man who wants for his life a higher horizon enter the school where Christ is head-master. Let him sit at the feet of that Teacher who said, "Learn of me," for his is the school without whose curriculum no course of preparation is complete; who graduates here matriculates with a call to service, whose interest in the work is life's most winsome motive, and whose approval of the work is the certain token of its success.—*Cunningham Geikie*, in "Entering on Life."



#### Our Field — The World Australasia — No. 1

##### Program

##### OPENING EXERCISES:—

- Music.
- Scripture Reading.
- Prayer — Sentence prayers.

##### LESSON STUDY:—

- General Description.
- History.
- Early Missionary Efforts.
- Beginning of Our Work.
- Poem: "Pass It On."

##### General Description

Leaving Africa, the Mission Class crosses the "Sea of Pitchy Darkness," to the great southern continent. Her area, nearly equal to the United States proper, rises above the ocean waves, and like a queen she sits among the myriad of islands that dot the Southern Pacific. A chain of mountains skirts the eastern coast. This highland, after allowing a depression through the central portion, merges into the western plains, where many lakes and some rivers are found.

Much of the vegetation found here is peculiar to Australia. The continent is rich in minerals, and yields one fourth of the gold produced in the world. It leads the nations in the production of wool. Here is the home of the marsupials (kangaroo is one species); and many birds enjoy its temperate climate.

The entire continent is an English colony, and while its government is similar to that of the United States, its chief executive is appointed by the monarch of Great Britain. It enjoys nearly all the modern inventions. Its cities are prosperous. Education is making advancement. A national literature is springing up. Melbourne

contains one of the largest libraries in the world. No state religion exists; however, the English Church is well represented. Episcopalians, Lutherans, and Roman Catholics are most numerous.

##### History

Australia was unknown to the ancients, and a stranger to medieval Europe. Her history is the discovery of a new continent, and the rise of a new empire. Yet her annals are brief; for though good proofs attribute the discovery to the Portuguese prior to 1540, Great Britain early secured the continent through peaceful means.

The aborigines found in Australia when it was discovered, were of a nomadic type, very low in the scale of human life. The influence of witchcraft, tradition, and their religions corrupted them. They practised cannibalism, and infants were often put to death or abandoned. Little was done to civilize these natives previous to 1814. Probably this may be attributed to the fact that England early used Australia as a place of exile for convicts. The native races are now rapidly becoming extinct, and strangers inherit their land. In 1830 the population was less than 400,000; in 1860 it numbered 1,500,000. The discovery of gold was the magnet which has attracted Europeans to this continent; and under their influence Australia has made very rapid progress in civilization.

##### Early Missionary Efforts

The first missionary efforts in Australia were those of the London Missionary Society in 1825. After struggling for six years, and reaping only barren results, the missionaries abandoned the station; but it was continued by the colonial government until the tribe for which it was established had become almost extinct. In 1832 another mission was opened. Here the missionaries also met great difficulties. The natives were capricious, and could be taught only as gifts of food would induce them to study. Often the influence of some foreigners would nullify the noble efforts of the missionaries. However, they composed a grammar and a vocabulary, and translated portions of the Scriptures. About 1840 several other missionaries entered the field. Regardless of inadequate support and discouraging results, some of them continued in the benevolent work for eighteen years. Of the efforts that followed, none were more successful than those of the Moravians. This church began its work about 1850. Their thirty-two years of strenuous efforts gave the mission work a good impetus, and many natives were converted. Other denominations began work there. Stations were established, and the missionary enterprise became aggressive among the representatives of the "decaying race." Successful missionary work has also been done among the many Chinese and Polynesians who have flocked there either to work in the mines or to cultivate the soil.

##### Beginning of Our Work

The bounty of God's providence is inexhaustible. For centuries he left Australia in the sea beyond man's horizon; then he guided the sailor's boats to its coral shores, and settled it with thrifty people; and finally, "when the fulness of the time was come," he sent his servants there to proclaim the third angel's message.

Hannah Moore had charge of a mission in Africa. In 1861 she visited New England. Here she heard the truth, but did not accept it until some time after returning to her station in the dark continent; and under her influence Alexander Dickson, a missionary in Melbourne, embraced the Sabbath. Later "at a meeting held in Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1874, Sister E. G. White said that there were many nations that would receive the present truth, and that she had seen presses running in many countries, printing papers and books on present truth." When asked what countries they were, she said that Australia was the only name she remembered. If the work in Australia had been begun twelve

years ago (1874), there is no doubt that we should have found many persons interested in the Sabbath truth. Mr. Dickson and others aroused more of an interest in its favor than they were aware." These two incidents show how the attention of our denomination was called to Australia.

In 1885 the first company sailed. In this group were Elders S. N. Haskell, J. O. Corliss and family, M. C. Israel and family, and Brethren Henry Scott and William Arnold. Upon their arrival, they found that halls suitable for holding meetings in were from five to twenty-five dollars an evening; so they began their missionary work by house-to-house Bible study. The personal efforts met with bitter opposition from ministers, people, and press. However, the Lord, who had called his servants to Australia, and who had protected them on their long voyage, not only rendered the work of the opposing element nugatory, but again he proved that "the wrath of man shall praise thee." Tent-meetings were held in Melbourne. Among the first to embrace the truth was a Presbyterian deacon. An attempt to convince him of his error resulted in the conversion of twelve of his relatives.

In January, 1886, the first number of the *Bible Echo*, now known as the *Signs of the Times*, appeared. A few months later the first church was organized, with eighteen members; but before the year closed, it had one hundred. A missionary society was organized, which did active work with our papers; and during the first four months Brother William Arnold sold one thousand copies of "Daniel and the Revelation." Thus the Word went forth in power. The corps of workers increased. For ten years Sister White remained among the laborers engaged in this new, but rapidly growing work. After some years of waiting, a school was established in Cooranbong, where the youth could be educated. The medical work began by opening treatment rooms in Sydney; and soon a medical journal was printed.

From this small beginning, the work in Australia has spread over the entire continent. It has sent the gleam of truth across the waters to the islands that surround it, and are waiting for his law.

Less than a quarter of a century ago, the field was unentered. To-day Australia and the islands about it constitute a strong union conference. The proceedings of its meeting, Sept. 13-23, 1906, form a seventy-page pamphlet. The president's address contained the following items:—

In organized conferences there are ninety churches, with a membership of 3,001; and thirty-seven unorganized companies, with a membership of 298; also 303 isolated believers. Besides these, the mission fields in that union conference report sixteen organized churches, with a membership of 282; seven unorganized companies, consisting of seventy-one believers; and forty-one isolated believers.

These statistics enable one to better comprehend the marvelous growth of the work in Australia, and constrain us to exclaim again, "What hath God wrought!"

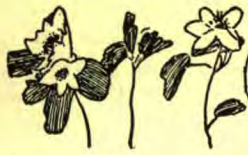
##### Pass It On

"Have you found the heavenly light?  
Pass it on;  
Souls are groping in the night,  
Daylight gone;  
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,  
Be a star in some one's sky,  
He may live who else may die;  
Pass it on.

"Be not selfish in thy creed,  
Pass it on.  
Look upon thy brother's need,  
Pass it on;  
Live for self, you live in vain;  
Live in Christ, you live again;  
Live for him, with him you reign —  
Pass it on."

MATILDA ERICKSON.





# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## A Bird Choir

OVER in Florence, in the beautiful chapel of St. Peter, there is a choir of birds. It is the only one of that kind in the world. There are over three hundred birds in it. Each bird is in a cage by itself. The cages are in rows on both sides of the altar. The birds have been trained by a girl who has spent more than two years teaching them their part of the service.

When it is time for the birds to sing, the leader raises her hand and starts each hymn by whistling softly the first few notes of the music. Then the birds take up the air and sing their part. Their singing rings clear and sweet through the chapel. Thus the tiny songsters sing their praises to their Maker.—*Selected.*

## The Missionary Ball Players

THE days of spring were inviting us out into the enjoyment of the tempered breezes and bright skies, and the children of our church-school were greeting the invitation with joy by finding happy exercise in the open air.

In order to get much of the pure air, with lungs and blood oxygenized, a frolic with the ball interested the older and the younger, and led them on in happy exercise. The little people were getting the eye trained to catch the ball, and all were alert to watch its movements.

Could it be that the missionary motto of our young people had been forgotten, and that this was only selfish enjoyment? Another picture at their side will give the test whether "the love of Christ constraineth us" had really found a place in their hearts.

Not many rods away lived an aged Scotch woman from whose home came no more the voice of youth and childhood. A pile of wood with the appearance of having been thrown near to her shed door was, at this particular moment of the ball game, receiving her attention. Will the children who love Jesus see an opportunity?—Yes, a whispered word to one, a glance and signal circled round; and in a twinkling, a school of eleven, teacher and pupils, with bat and ball motionless in the public highway, were working like bees on the swiftly vanishing wood pile.

The radiant expression left upon the face of the one so surprised was ample reward as the players returned to the ball play, refreshed with the spirit of peace from that act of helpfulness.

EFFA G. GILBERT.

## The Sergeant's Cat

"THE veteran First Sergeant of Troop D," writes Mr. C. D. Rhodes, in *St. Nicholas*, "had a cat which during the summer camping of the troop at the Lower Geyser Basin, made her home within the sergeant's tent. Here, curled up on a pair of army blankets, she defied the world in general, and dogs in particular. When the latter approached, she would elevate every bristle on her brave little back, her eyes would glow like live coals, and her tail would swell up threateningly. If the dogs approached too near, she would hiss and exhibit the usual signs of hostility until the intruders had vanished from her neighborhood.

"One day, when the camp was bathed in sunshine, and every soldier in camp felt lazy, an inquisitive black bear came down the mountain-side, and, whether because he was in search of adventure or because attracted by a savory smell from the cook's fire, began to walk about among the white tents of the cavalry command.

"Suddenly the cat caught sight of him. Dogs by the score she had seen, but this particular

'dog' was the largest and the hairiest dog she had ever seen. But she did not hesitate. It was enough for her that an enemy had invaded her special domain. Hissing forth her spite, while her little body quivered with rage, she darted forth at the bear. The onslaught was sudden, and one glance was enough for Bruin. With a snort of fear, Bruin made for the nearest tree, a short distance away, and did not pause until he was safely perched among the upper branches! Meanwhile the cat stalked proudly about on the ground beneath, keeping close guard over her huge captive, her back still curved into a bow, and her hair still bristling with righteous indignation, while her tail would now and then give a significant little wave, as if to say, 'That's the way I settle impertinent bears.'

"The soldiers, who meanwhile had poured forth from their tents, could scarcely believe their eyes; but there was the bear in the tree and the cat below, and there were those who had seen the affair from beginning to end.

"And perhaps the strangest part of all was that the bear would not stir from his safe position in the branches until the cat had been persuaded to leave her huge enemy a clear means of retreat! Then he slid shamefacedly down from his perch, and ambled hastily off toward the mountain."

## A Good Watchman

SCIENTISTS pay but little attention to crows; by that I mean they have not investigated the species as carefully as they should. Of course they have it classified, and all that, but then few of its quaint characteristics are studied, and little is known about its domestic side. Mr. Henry Benson told the following story of a pet crow belonging to the Roberts family, who lived in the sawmill district near Lake Maurepas. In fact, he was the pet of little Walter, the only son of the hardy farmer and his wife.

Walter was a wanderer in the woods and fields, and one day in his father's corn field he found a little crow flapping on the ground in front of a long black snake, which was about to crush and devour it. The crow was not under a spell, but it must have been hurt in learning to fly, and was unable to escape. Walter, with the big, long stick he had in his hand, promptly killed the snake, and picking up the badly frightened crow, carried it home with him.

Walter's parents were very indulgent, and when the boy appeared at home with the crow, carried tenderly in his arms, his mother and father smiled, and of course offered no objections to the lad's keeping the bird.

Well, that crow from the very first seemed to appreciate that Walter had saved his life, and he showed a genuine affection for his little master. He grew rapidly, and learned to fly well, but, although his wings were never cut, and he was allowed to course about in the air as he pleased, he was sure to come home in time to go to roost in his little barricaded pigeon-house, which stood on a long pole just behind the kitchen. Jack was given the pigeon-house as a protection against owls, hawks, and such birds of prey, and frequently, when a fierce chicken-hawk was hovering near in the daytime, Jack would speed home to his refuge, and peeping from the narrow entrance, would scan the blue distance and watch with his sharp little eyes for the dreaded enemy. When the crow was satisfied that the hawk had departed, he would leave his refuge and come forth for another fly.

When Jack had developed from a little chap into a full-fledged adult, he had mastered many

funny tricks, and would allow himself to be harnessed to a little cart, and would drag the kitten about the floor in the abbreviated vehicle, to the delight of the whole family. Jack seemed to know when people were laughing at his antics, and he would flap his wings playfully, emit the deep "caw" peculiar to his kind, and often his exercise would take such a violent turn that the kitten would be sent sprawling from the wagon, growling and spitting.

But Jack proved his real value as a protection to the Roberts' corn field. Mr. Roberts, of course, kept the conventional bogie man with straw head and a body made of old clothes stuffed with various objects, and the bogie stood out in the corn field on long poles. Jack was just a little bit afraid of the scarecrow at first, being naturally backward with strangers, and thinking that the grotesque object belonged to the human race, but soon his timidity entirely vanished, and one of his favorite perches was on the bogie's ragged head. The wild crows learned to laugh the bogie to scorn, and they gathered thick in the field and helped themselves to the corn until Jack was the means of getting rid of them. Jack was well fed at the kitchen door of the house by his young master, and his regular bill of fare consisted of a variety of things. He learned to eat anything and everything, and his appetite was so well catered to that he never thought of stealing a piece of corn from the field.

When the wild crows, with whom Jack associated but little, began to treat the bogie with contempt, Mr. Roberts, to protect his corn, would have to make repeated trips to the field to shoo the black robbers, and by the arrangement lost much of his time. The crows would take wing as soon as they saw him approaching, but once he had turned his back and gone to some other quarter, the thieves would resume their meal. Mr. Roberts was afraid to use his shotgun on the band, for sometimes Jack consorted with the vandals, and had he shot Jack, either by accident or by design, he would have made trouble at home.

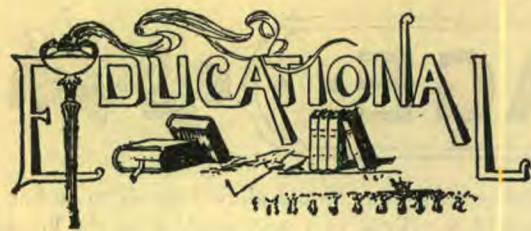
By some process of reasoning, Jack somehow figured it out that his wild brothers and sisters were burglars of the worst type, and that they should be kept off the place. Of course, he felt no doubt, that his own weak strength opposed to such an army would not be sufficient to repel the attacks on the corn field, but he concluded that if there was a watchman close by, who would give the alarm whenever the bandits drew near, the farm-hands could come and chase them away.

Jack constituted himself a watchman, and took his roost on the bogie man's hat. One morning Mr. Roberts heard a terrific screeching and cawing, and, turning from his work in the hayloft, saw Jack flying back and forth before the window. Mr. Roberts looked out the window toward his corn field, and saw the vandal crows at work on his budding crop. As he quickly climbed down the ladder and hastened to rescue his corn, he saw Jack flying in a straight line ahead of him, still cawing and screeching, as if showing him the way and bidding him follow.

Of course, when Mr. Roberts reached the corn field, the crows took flight. Day after day Jack gave the alarm, and either Mr. Roberts or the hired man ran at the tame crow's bidding; and so persistent were the repulses they sustained, that the crows gradually left the locality to seek pastures new and easy.

In time the crows came to know Jack as the watchman; and before they finally departed altogether from the district, they were so afraid of Jack that they would take wing the minute he began his screeching, without even having tasted of the juicy corn.—*Washington Post.*





### Accidental Discoveries and Inventions — No. 2 Electrolysis

IN the year 1800 two men, Nicholson and Carlisle, discovered by chance that when two wires of a voltaic battery were dipped into water, bubbles of gas rose from them. They also found by experiment that the gas from one wire was oxygen, and from the other hydrogen; but whether these were produced by electricity or came from the battery or from the water, they could not determine. Besides the oxygen and the hydrogen which came off, there also appeared an acid of some kind at the positive pole, as was shown by damp blue litmus paper turning red, and an alkali appeared at the negative pole. Many chemists at once set to work to solve the problem suggested by the chance discovery of Nicholson and Carlisle, and Sir Humphry Davy six years later succeeded. He found that the electric current decomposed the water, or separated it from its elements, hydrogen and oxygen. Thus was established a wholly new method of analysis, known as electrolysis, and it is a method in some ways more convenient and more certain than the method of tests.

Mr. Davy then proceeded to analyze some substances that were thought to be elements. He chose first common potash and soda. Heating some of the first substance in a spoon until it was quite liquid, and fastening the two ends of the spoon to the wires of the battery, he sent an electric current through it. After a little while the potash began to be agitated and to rise in bubbles, and then there came to the surface beautiful silver-like globules, some of which burst into flame, while others remained covered by a sort of white film. Analyzing these, he found them to be composed of a metal then wholly unknown. He gave to it the name of potassium. In a few days he succeeded by the same means in procuring the metal sodium out of common soda.

#### Robert Symmers and His Hose

One of the most valuable and distinct additions to electrical knowledge in its infancy is due to Robert Symmers's stockings. One evening on removing them Mr. Symmers observed that as he crushed them in his hand, a strange, crackling sound and many bright sparks plainly visible in the darkened room were produced. Just at that time the wonders of electricity were challenging widespread and thoughtful attention, and this strange freak of his hose Mr. Symmers at once regarded as an electrical phenomenon. With the true spirit of investigation, he began to experiment. Woolen hose, silk hose, black hose, single hose, double hose, and all sorts of hose, together with other necessary apparatus, were at once made to give their testimony in the explanation of the unusual occurrence that he had observed. Finally from his research he deduced the following theory of electrification: That all bodies contain an equal amount of electricity, and that a body in its natural state exhibits no electrical manifestations because the two kinds of electricity, being present in equal quantities, counteract the influence of each other, and that a body is positively electrified when it contains an excess of the positive, and negatively electrified when it contains an excess of the negative electricity.

#### Mr. Goodyear's Gift

Cloth, shoes, and other articles first made from rubber proved failures on account of the effect produced upon them by heat and cold. Charles Goodyear discovered by accident that sulphur mixed with the gum hardened it so that it would

not stiffen by cold or melt in summer heat. After receiving this initial idea, Mr. Goodyear's relentless energy made possible the thousand uses to which rubber has been put. Art, science, and humanity are indebted to him for a material which serves the purposes of them all, and serves them better than any other known substance could do. James Parton in the *North American Review*, says, in speaking of the incalculable value of Mr. Goodyear's discovery: "Some of our readers have been out on the picket line during the war. They know what it is to stand motionless in a wet and miry rifle pit, in the chilly rain of a Southern winter night. Protected by india-rubber boots, blankets, and cap, the picket man performs in comparative comfort a duty which, without that protection, would make him a cowering and shivering wretch, and plant in his bones the latent rheumatism to be the torment of his old age. Goodyear india-rubber enables him to come from his pit as dry as when he went into it, and he comes in to lie down with an india-rubber blanket between him and the damp earth. If he is wounded, it is an india-rubber stretcher or an ambulance provided with india-rubber springs that gives him least pain on his way to the hospital, where, if his wound is serious, a water bed of india-rubber gives ease to his mangled frame, and enables him to endure the wearing tedium of an unchanged position. Bandages and supporters of india-rubber avail him much when first he begins to hobble about his ward. A piece of india-rubber at the end of his crutch lessens the jar and the noise of his motions, and a cushion of rubber is comfortable to his armpit. The springs which close the hospital doors, the bands which exclude the air from doors and windows, his pocket comb and cup and thimble are of the same material. From jars hermetically sealed with india-rubber he receives the fresh fruit that is so exquisitely delicious to a fevered mouth. The instrument case of the surgeon and the storeroom of his matron contain many articles whose utility is increased by the use of it, and some that could be made of nothing else. In a small rubber case the physician carries with him and preserves his lunar caustic, which would corrode any metallic surface. His shirts and sheets pass through an india-rubber clothes-wringer, which saves the strength of the washerwoman and the fiber of the fabric. When the government presents him with an artificial leg, a thick heel and an elastic sole of rubber give him comfort every time he puts it to the ground. In the field this material is not less strikingly useful. During war armies have marched for weeks and slept through as many nights and come out dry into the returning sunshine, with their artillery untarnished and their ammunition not injured, because men and munitions were all under india-rubber."

#### Tunnel Boring

The Thames Tunnel, which is considered one of the most wonderful triumphs of engineering skill in the world, was executed by Sir Mark Brunel. That wonderful little shellfish, the pholas, which is found in all sorts of situations — sometimes at the bottom of the sea, sometimes hidden away in lumps of earth, sometimes lodged, shell and all, in the heart of the hardest marble — suggested to Mr. Brunel by its own unique prowess of boring the way to make the famous tunnel. Its method also served as a model for the machines that bored the Mt. Cenis Tunnel through the Alps.

#### The Quill Pen Superseded

The steel pen, which has given to the world during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries so much of worth from minds and hearts, came as the result of an accident. Mr. Gillott, an English jeweler who lived in Birmingham, one day accidentally splitting the end of one of his fine steel jewel tools, peevishly threw it onto the floor. An hour later he wanted to write a let-

ter, and being unable to find his quill pen, his eyes fell upon the split tool. "I wonder if I couldn't make a shift to write with this?" he said as he picked up the tool. It fulfilled its new rôle perfectly, and by doing so led to quill pens being entirely superseded by steel ones.

#### The Recoil of a Gun

Many American boys have been knocked out by the recoil of a gun; but one boy, Hiram Maxim, found in such an accident an inspiration for a new discovery. This Maine boy rose bruised and shaken, but with a fixed idea in his inventive mind that the recoil of a gun was wasted energy, which could be used in reloading and firing instead of knocking down the man behind it. From this inspiration came the Maxim gun, which has revolutionized modern warfare. It can, reloading as it goes, fire six hundred bullets into the air before the first one has had time to reach the ground.

F. D. C.



BETHEL, WIS., Jan. 20, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I am a little girl eleven years old. I like to study my Sabbath-school lesson very much. I saw some Bible questions in the INSTRUCTOR, and I thought I would answer them. I like to study the Bible. Pray for me that I may be a good girl.

IMO ALBEE.

CAPRON, OKLA., Jan. 15, 1907.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: As we have seen no letters from here, we thought we would write. We are sending money to pay for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for one year. Our brother is taking the *Little Friend*; he is eight years of age. My sister and I are writing; we are eleven and ten years old. We all keep the Sabbath. As there is no church-school here, we go to public school. We live two miles from Sabbath-school. There are twenty members in our Sabbath-school.

INA AND IRENA GISH.

COUDERSPORT, PA., Jan. 18, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and get the INSTRUCTOR. I love to read the paper. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Mr. Fred Shaw. My mother and I have been keeping the Sabbath for three years, and we find great pleasure in it, and I think that in time my father and sister will keep it. I want to do all I can for the Lord. I am fourteen years old. I hope to meet you all in the earth made new.

FRED G. TRIMM.

GENTRY, ARK., June 8, 1907.

EDITOR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: In the INSTRUCTOR of May 21 I saw a letter from Carrie Dorsch, San José, California, with a list of names for the Reading Circle, and in the list was the name of Ida Eastman. Now I think this is the name of my cousin whom we had lost track of, and are desirous of finding. Her older sister's name is Bessie Myrtle. Will they please write to me, and will Miss Dorsch please pass this request on to them? We have not heard from them for years.

CLARA NELL EASTMAN.

PRAGUE, OKLA., Jan. 4, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: We are attending school near Prague, Oklahoma. We have a large school-house. It was built last summer. Our teacher's name is Miss Beulah Henry.

We have learned the names of the counties of Oklahoma. We live in Pottawatomie County. The capital of Oklahoma is Guthrie. The governor's name is Frank Franz. Cotton, corn, wheat, and oats are raised here. The people are mostly whites and Indians.

Your friends,

DAISY TURNER,  
CHARLIE KOUTVIK,  
EARLY TURNER,  
PAULINE DAY,  
LEMMY TURNER,  
BLANCHE SNYDER,  
JOE BARTOSH.



### The Old Brick House

It is only an old vine-clad stable, but it has rested many a weary eye, and brought cheer to many a despondent soul. It is true that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," and so this crude old structure stands for decade after decade, and the Maker of all visits the secluded spot and beautifies it with a mantle of his own exquisite handiwork. We have forgotten the original use of the old brick house, in realizing each time we approach the window that a divine hand has come near and left a manifestation of his presence. It is a very restful picture; the beautiful vines have crept up to the roof, and have run along the slanting tin to meet some others which are making their way slowly and gracefully up a telegraph-pole. At the front hundreds of tendrils bend over the wall and laugh in the spring breezes. The windows have long since ceased to be regarded as such, for nothing remains but a tiny aperture encased in richest foliage, and here the robin comes to sing his hymn of praise. 'Tis a wondrous song, full of reality. Every muscle in his little body vibrates with a sense of thankfulness. His throat swells because of the soulfulness of his theme; he droops his wings in obeisance to the Creator of all things. But a call from an old maple-tree near by arrests him, and our beautiful redbreast joins his little family. Their nest is in the heart of this old tree, and such a cozy nook it is. The great strong branches make its foundation, the little twigs round about form a breastwork of defense for their young, the drooping leaves give shade and seclusion; and as they sway, they sing a morning anthem or an evening lullaby. The choral strains from a church near by float through the air, and bring us inspiration. We listen, we look, and lo, the robin, the tree, the vines, have joined the chorus, and life seems new again.

EDITH M. IRVINE.

### The Lord's Day

How sweet the opening Sabbath hours,  
At setting of the sun!  
Six days we've toiled for daily bread,  
And now our rest has come.

O holy day, the seventh one,  
The same God sanctified!  
Receive our praises in his name,  
He who was crucified;

For he is Lord of Sabbath, too;  
He made the day for man,  
That in it man might find delight,  
A sheep of his own hand.

From even until even stretch  
The blessed hours of rest;  
Enter his courts with gifts, and praise,  
And know that he has blessed

The seventh day, which saw his work  
Complete, and *very good*;  
And we may safely stand on ground  
Where Christ and prophet stood.

We need these blessed hours of rest;  
Filled with his true presence;  
'Tis rest, and peace, and truth, and love—  
Bloom of his sweet fragrance.

S. A. MARDEN.

8. Job 6:6.
9. Neh. 13:26.
10. Eze. 24:1, 2. Ninth year, tenth month, tenth day.
11. Eze. 28:3. Prince of Tyrus.
12. Jer. 22:19. Jehoiakim.
13. Jer. 21:7. Eighty-three words.
14. 2 Chron. 26:15. Uzziah.
15. Psalm 136.
16. Jer. 22:29.
17. Ps. 107:8, 15, 21, 31.
18. 2 Chronicles 25.
19. Amos 7:14. Amos.

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### VIII — Jacob's Dream

(August 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 27:41-46; 28:1-5, 10-22.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am with thee, and will keep thee." Verse 15.

#### Review

What were the names of the two sons of Isaac and Rebekah? For what did Esau sell his birthright? Tell what the birthright was. What blessing went with it? Tell how Jacob deceived his father, and obtained his blessing.

#### Lesson Story

1. Esau was very angry because Jacob had obtained the blessing of his father, and planned that when Isaac died, he would kill his brother. Rebekah knew what Esau meant to do; so she asked Isaac to send Jacob to his Uncle Laban, in Mesopotamia, that he might live there till Esau's wrath should be past.

2. Then Isaac called Jacob to his side, and blessed him again, and sent him away. And Rebekah never saw him again; for when, after many years, Jacob came home, his mother was dead.

3. "And Jacob . . . went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

4. "And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

5. "And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. . . .

6. "And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land. . . .

7. "And Jacob awakened out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

8. "And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Bethel. . . .

9. "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God: and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

#### Questions

1. How did Esau feel toward Jacob? What did he plan to do? Who knew this wicked plan? What did she ask Isaac to do?
2. What did Isaac do before he sent Jacob

away? How was Rebekah punished for her part in deceiving Isaac in order to get the blessing for Jacob?

3. Toward what place did Jacob go? How did he prepare to sleep one night on his journey?

4. What did Jacob see that night as he dreamed? Where was the top of this wonderful ladder? Who were ascending and descending this ladder?

5. Who stood above this ladder? Whom did he tell Jacob that he was? How would this encourage Jacob in his loneliness and grief? What had the Lord done for Abraham and Isaac? What had he promised them? What did he now say he would give Jacob and his seed?

6. Tell three other promises that the Lord made to Jacob at this time.

7. What did Jacob say when he awakened out of his sleep? How did Jacob feel, when he thought about his dream? What did he say the place was?

8. What did Jacob do with the stone on which he had slept? What did he pour upon it? What did he call the name of the place? What does the name Bethel mean?—It means *the house of God*.

9. What vow, or promise, did Jacob make to the Lord in that place?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### VIII — The Covenant of Bondage

(August 24)

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah." Heb. 8:8.

#### Questions

1. What are all the followers of Christ urged to do? Gal. 5:1.

2. What term signifies the opposite of liberty?—Bondage.

3. By what experience are these two conditions illustrated? Gal. 4:21-24.

4. By what are each of these two conditions brought about?—By the two covenants. Verse 24.

5. What promise had God made to Abraham? Gen. 12:2, 3; 13:16.

6. What question arose in Abraham's mind concerning God's promise? Gen. 15:2, 3.

7. How did God repeat the promise? Gen. 15:5, 6.

8. How did the Lord regard Ishmael, whom Abraham hoped might be the fulfilment of God's promise? Gal. 4:23.

9. What did Ishmael represent? Verse 24.

10. How will the children of the covenant of bondage feel toward the children of the covenant of liberty? Verse 29.

11. What will be the final result? Verse 30.

12. What lesson may we draw from this illustration? Note 1.

13. What does God say of the covenant confirmed at Sinai? Heb. 8:7.

14. What is the nature of the covenant of liberty? Verses 8-10; note 2.

#### Notes

1. From the illustration here given we learn (1) that this covenant is after the flesh; (2) that it is a substitution of man's works for God's works, or man trying to help God fulfil his promise; (3) that it is an effort on the part of man to provide for his own salvation.

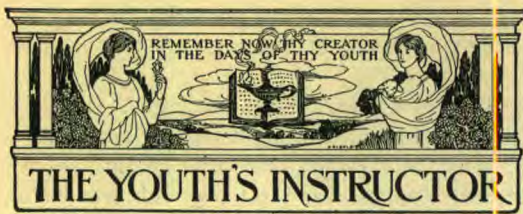
2. The promised results are the same in both covenants, but the compliance on the part of the people in the first covenant rested upon the promise of the people. In the second the compliance rests upon the promises of God. These are the better promises. All we have to do is to accept them, and we find them to be yea and amen in Christ Jesus.

## BIBLE READERS COURSE

### Answers to Last Week's Questions

1. 2 SAM. 13:28-38; 14:28. Absalom.
2. Eze. 1:1-3. Ezekiel.
3. Matt. 1:17. Forty-two.
4. Zech. 14:5. Uzziah.
5. Amos 6:4.
6. Jonah 4:11. Nineveh.
7. 2 Chron. 26:10. Uzziah.





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A UNIQUE calendar has just been received from the Southern Training-school of Graysville, Tennessee. This school certainly offers very desirable educational advantages to our young people of the Southern Union Conference. A calendar can be obtained by writing the principal, Marshall B. Van Kirk, Graysville, Tennessee.

#### Reading Circle for 1907

THE following names have been added to the list of readers since the former list was printed:—

Alice J. Pickering	Willis Wright
Averil Dewsbury	Cora L. Potts
Alta M. Hilliard	Olive Leonard
Forrest Washburn	

#### Learning Texts

SOME Societies and church-schools are making an effort to get every member to learn five texts on every one of the fundamental doctrines of Seventh-day Adventists.

To see whether this plan is a wise one or not, just test yourself. Set down all our main points of belief, and then see if you can repeat and give the reference of five conclusive texts on each point. If you can not, would it not be well to join those who are endeavoring to fix in the mind at least five strong texts on each point of doctrine?

#### Interesting Experiences

WE are bidden by the Lord to sow the seeds of truth beside all waters; for we can not tell which will prosper, this or that. Our Father waters the seed; we are only to sow.

When the Ethiopian eunuch's heart was turning toward the Lord, he needed instruction in regard to the way of life. Philip was bidden to join himself to the eunuch's chariot. His responsiveness to God's commands resulted in the salvation of the eunuch. Readiness to act upon the quiet personal suggestions and directions of the Spirit of God will always be the Christian's surest way of helping others. It is not for us here always to know the full results of our work for the Lord, and often the simplest word or effort accomplishes far more than we ever hoped it would.

One of our ministers and his wife once called upon a young woman who was sick. During the visit she spoke of the severe pain she had around her heart. The minister remarked that when she reached the new earth, there would be no pain of any kind.

A few weeks after this visit, a camp-meeting was held by our people not far from where the young woman lived. She attended, embraced the truth, and was baptized. She asked the minister afterward if he knew what it was that led her

to be a Christian. He said he supposed it was her attendance at the camp-meeting. She replied that it was the words he spoke that night he reminded her that in the new earth there would be no pain. Surely one can not tell whether this or that will prosper.

Another of our ministers was led to the Lord by the following means: When a young man, full of skepticism, not alone concerning our truth, but also concerning the Bible and Christianity, he received a letter from our first corresponding secretary. She had never met the young man, but had secured his name in some way, and knew that he did not have the opportunity of associating with our people, so wrote him. In the letter she asked him if, living alone as he did, the Spirit of God had not at times impressed him that he should prepare for service in the Lord's work.

The young man never answered the letter, but it made an impression upon his mind. It led him to attend a meeting that was soon to be held about twenty miles from his home. At the meeting the minister told how the Lord had rescued him from his infidelity and skepticism. Through these means the young man was led into the light, and for years has been one of our most devoted and successful laborers.

#### Harvest Ingathering

THE next number of the INSTRUCTOR will contain the Ingathering program. We hope every church will plan to hold an Ingathering service, and that there will be hundreds of dollars brought in for the mission fields as the result of the effort of the children throughout the country to increase their pennies and nickels. There are many missionary gardens being faithfully and enthusiastically tended by the children of our churches, and there are scores of busy little people who are making and selling things for the purpose of getting money for the Ingathering service. We hope all are of good courage, and are reaping abundant fruit from their effort to "increase their talent."

#### America's Grace Darling

GRACE DARLING, or Ida Lewis, of the Lime Rock Lighthouse, near Newport Harbor, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her arrival at the lighthouse, on the first of July of this year. She is now seventy years old, but is well, and exceptionally active for one of her age. Her father was the official keeper of the light, but Miss Lewis took almost full control of it from the first. At the time of Mr. Lewis's death, twenty-eight years ago, Congress made her the official keeper.

The records show that she has saved eighteen lives during her stay at the lighthouse; but she has rescued scores of others who were very near drowning.

She has received medals from Congress, the Humane Society of Massachusetts, and the Life-saving Benevolent Association of New York, and gifts from various sources. President Grant once visited her, and personally thanked her for her heroic work. Senators, congressmen, foreign statesmen, and many other famous persons of America have been her guests. Her register shows that in one year she received ten thousand callers in three months.

Miss Lewis has saved thirteen more lives than the daring English girl of Farne Islands' light, from whom she received the name "Grace Darling."

#### The Oyster and the Tract

A PROFESSIONAL diver said that he had in his house—what would probably strike a visitor as a very strange chimney ornament—the shells of an oyster holding fast a piece of printed paper. The possessor of this ornament was diving on the

coast, when he observed at the bottom of the sea this oyster on a rock, with a piece of paper in its mouth, which he detached and began to read through the goggles of his headdress. It was a gospel tract, and, coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so impressed his unconverted heart that he said, "I can hold out against God's mercy in Christ no longer, since it pursues me thus." He became, while in the ocean's depths, a repentant, converted, and (as he was assured) sin-forgiven man—"saved at the bottom of the sea."—*The Silent Evangelist.*

#### Not an Ornament

THE following thoughts on the importance of religious education are given by an Episcopal clergyman: "Can any one say that religious education is something that may be added on to other education? Is it possible to assert that we can go on with other education quite distinct from religion, and at the last moment summon some one to hang on religion as though it were an ornament? Some people say so, but they say it because they misunderstand human nature and the contents of the gospel. Religion is not merely so much instruction or information that can be added on. *It is the inspiration of all education, for true education must be founded on love.* What we are engaged on in education is the formation of character, not the cultivation of certain aptitudes for reading, writing, and doing sums. These are not the things we would put before the child as the be-all and end-all of life. This is not the message which the twentieth century must offer to the child. What we want to pass on to the child is the desire to be what we ourselves have striven to be, only better, stronger, nobler, and purer. We know what religion has done for us, how it has saved us from temptation, raised us when we fell, guided us to greater heights, allured us to nobler endeavor. If we have realized this, let us do our best that the same impulse and the same power shall be handed on to those who are just beginning to climb the pathway of life, regarding religion not as an ornament, but as the *very foundation of life on which character must be molded.*"

#### Answers to Correspondents

*If a young man escorts a young woman on the street-car, should he pay her fare?*

Yes, he should do so, if he has invited her to accompany him; but if he chanced to meet her on the street or on the car, and is thrown in her company simply because they both happen to be going the same way, she should pay her own fare.

*Is it breaking the Sabbath to go for a drive on that day in a buggy or an automobile?*

The Sabbath was given to man for his pleasure and instruction. The spirit of prophecy says that the Sabbath "bids men open the great book of nature, and trace therein the wisdom, power, and love of the Creator." It was given to keep one in touch with the Lord through his created works. "During a portion of the day, all should have an opportunity to be out of doors." Parents are urged to walk out with their children in the open air, and to sit with them in the groves and in the bright sunshine. But the *object of all this is to interest the children in the works of God;* if the walks do not accomplish this end, they have not met the purpose of the Lord. Everything that is done on the Sabbath should be of a character to direct the mind and heart to God. Buggy-riding and auto-riding as mere pleasure drives, are of course wholly opposed to the true spirit of Sabbath-keeping. These conveyances may, like the cars, be put to a legitimate use on the Sabbath; but a legitimate use does not mean riding out for mere selfish pleasure.