

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR
IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

How the Man of Prayer Conquered Yellow Fever

ASK any intelligent physician in Europe or America what is the greatest scientific achievement of the last quarter of a century, and the prompt answer would be, "Dr. Walter Reed's discovery of the real cause of yellow fever."

The story of how God permitted this praying



DR. REED

DR. LAZEAR

DR. CARROLL

man to wring from nature the secret that had been hid for ages has been a real inspiration to me. Yellow fever had from time to time visited our land, and had spread terror and dread to the hearts of men. In the United States its victims had reached the stupendous figure of nearly one hundred thousand persons, nearly one half of whom died in the ill-fated city of New Orleans alone.

One hundred years ago this plague reached as far north as Philadelphia, and one fourth of its population perished in a short time. Riot, terror, and panic reigned supreme in the stricken city, groaning under what seemed to be God's special curse.

Frequently such crises reveal human character not only at its worst, but also at its best. Every well-informed person knows something about the Girard Institute in the very heart of the city of Philadelphia. Its broad acres are almost covered with the stately school buildings, yet few are acquainted with the sublime lesson of devotion to duty in the face of greatest danger that was once manifested by its founder, Stephen Girard.

During the terrible confusion that existed, a few level-headed men assembled to try to restore a semblance of order in the city. The management of the pest-house on the hill had fallen into the hands of a few rogues who ran it merely for plunder and for prey.

The presiding officer asked, "Who will volunteer to go up and take charge of the pest-house?" and Stephen Girard, who was present, arose and said, "I will take charge of the pest-house." Stephen Girard at that time was the wealthiest citizen of Philadelphia. He owned ships on the high seas and a bank in Europe, and yet at the close of that meeting he did not even go home to bid his wife and children good-by, but went directly up to the house of death, and for more than sixty days he wiped the death sweat from

the brows of dying men. With his own hands he cleansed them from the black vomit. When they died, in his own arms, he carried them out into the back yard, and himself dug their graves. He might have given of his great wealth, but he gave himself.

I read this inspiring story in detail when I was only ten years old. It planted in my youthful mind an ideal of devotion that I am now glad for an opportunity to pass on to others.

But to return to the conquest of yellow fever. When our government came to the relief of oppressed Cuba, the subject of yellow fever became at once a live question; and although every reasonable precaution was taken, nearly two thousand of our soldiers were very soon stricken with the disease. It was then that the United States appointed a committee of which Dr. Walter Reed was chairman.

A physician in Cuba had already suggested the probability that the mosquito was the real means of conveying the yellow fever, but this had never been demonstrated, and the prevailing notion was that it was the clothing, personal contact, etc., that spread the disease from person to person.

To test the truthfulness of the mosquito theory Drs. Lazear and Carroll, both members of the yellow fever commission, allowed themselves to be bitten by mosquitoes which were known to have bitten yellow fever patients. Both of them promptly took the disease. Dr. Lazear became very ill. Between his attacks of vomiting he wrote out the details of his experiments until he became delirious and died,—the first martyr to the cause of science in this investigation.

Dr. Carroll recovered, and died only a few weeks ago, his life unquestionably being prematurely cut short as a result of what he suffered. Then a call was made for volunteers to make further experiments. Kissinger and Moran, of Ohio, offered themselves. They were told that a definite sum of money would be paid them, but both the young men declined it, stating that they wanted to make the experiment "solely in the interest of humanity and for the cause of science." Dr. Reed, in writing of this, says: "In my opinion this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the army of the

United States." After being bitten by the mosquitoes, they promptly took the disease, but both recovered.

After the close of the war Kissinger married, but recently he has begun to suffer from a spinal disease that keeps him confined to a wheel-chair. His wife takes in washings to support herself and her invalid husband. He is struggling to secure a pension, but so far it has not been allowed. We trust the Lord has a greater reward in store for this young man in the next world than the government has seen fit to grant him in this world.

But it also had to be demonstrated that yellow fever could be conveyed in no other way. For this purpose a small, poorly ventilated hut was erected, and screened so that the mosquitoes could not get in, and some of our soldier boys volunteered to sleep in this hut for twenty successive nights on the bedding in just the condition that it had been removed from the Havana yellow fever hospital; some of it was stained with the black vomit of some yellow fever patients.

Some of the soldiers even wore the very night shirts just as the yellow fever patients had used them during their entire illness, and yet not a single one of them took the disease. This proved absolutely that yellow fever could not be conveyed by clothing or contact, but that it was conveyed *alone* by the bite of the infected mosquito.

At the conclusion of this experiment Dr. Reed wrote to his wife: "It has been permitted to me and to my assistants to lift the impenetrable veil that has surrounded the causation of this most wonderful and dreadful pest of humanity, and to put it on a rational and scientific basis. I thank God that this has been accomplished during the latter days of the old century. The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way, or at some time, to do something to alleviate human suffering has been granted."

It is important to note that the man whom God used to shed light on the cause of this great pestilence had been praying for twenty years that he might be used in some special manner to accomplish good. Do not forget that God is no respecter of



A view of the interior of the infected clothing house. Some of the bedding can be seen hanging on the wall with the black vomit of the yellow fever patients upon it. Mr. Kissinger sits in the corner.



Courtesy of the Mc Clure Co.
Camp Lazear, where the experiments with yellow fever were first carried out.

persons, that he is just as willing to hear *your* prayer.

This discovery made it evident that the real way to stamp out yellow fever was either to avoid or to destroy the mosquito, and then yellow fever could not propagate itself. Practical measures were immediately instituted, and within ninety days yellow fever was entirely wiped out of Havana, where it had wrought its deadly work as far back as records had been kept.

Two years ago this summer yellow fever invaded New Orleans. Although the health officials and leading physicians were acquainted with Dr. Walter Reed's work, they were rather slow in putting the new truth into practical operation, so in a short time yellow fever was in every part of the city.

Then the city began to arouse itself from its stupor. Meetings were held in different parts of the city to preach mosquito extermination. As the mosquitoes breed on the surface of water, the seventy thousand cisterns in the city were screened. Coal-oil was poured on every pool of water, houses were fumigated to destroy the mosquitoes that might be lurking about. Finally an appeal was sent to the United States government to assist, and it took the situation in hand.

Just as they were winning out, a terrific storm came, flooding everything, washing the coal-oil away, giving the mosquitoes another excellent opportunity to propagate. As the discouraged citizens woke up in the morning, they felt that fate was certainly fighting against them. But when they got down to the street, they found tens of thousands of these placards greeting their eyes at every turn: "Wear a smile upon your face, and a flower in your buttonhole."

A writer in *McClure's Magazine* describes the effect of this unique placard, in the following words: "It was like a trumpet call to the fighting men. In it was embodied the unconquerable spirit of New Orleans under fire. And the work went on until the fever was routed from the infected district, and New Orleans was herself once more."

Ordinarily when yellow fever invaded the South, it never left until frost came. It was said that frost killed the yellow fever; but we now know that frost killed the mosquito, and then the disease had to stop.

Strong, courageous men, armed with true science, did for the mosquito what nature used to do with the frost. Weeks before the frost came, yellow fever was entirely driven from New Orleans, and the President visited the city.

In conclusion, I will quote Dr. Howard Kelley's helpful words concerning this Christian soldier: "The inspiration of Reed's life lies to me in the fact that, though a man of war, he ravaged no distant lands, he destroyed no tens of thousands to make his reputation, but by quiet methods, when there was no strife, he saved countless lives, and swept away a hideous plague which from time immemorial had periodically visited our shores, devastated our fair land, and too often snatched from the years of peace and plenty all their blessings."

I pray that the Lord may impress upon the heart of every reader the truth that he has plenty of other great things to be done for humanity between now and the close of time; and undoubtedly he will entrust them in his own time and way to the hands of those who, like Walter Reed, are earnestly praying to be used in behalf of humanity.

Have you lost your interest and faith in prayer? If so, be assured something of tremendous importance has dropped out of *your* life, and you really are not getting by a long way all that properly belongs to you in this earthly pilgrimage.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



A Geyser Clock

ONE of the most curious clocks in the world is said to be that which tells the time to the inhabitants of a little American backwoods town. The machinery, which is nothing but a face, hands, and lever, is connected with a geyser which shoots out an immense column of hot water every thirty-eight seconds. The spouting never varies to the tenth of a second. Every time the water spouts up, it strikes the lever, and moves the hands forward thirty-eight seconds.—*American Home Monthly*.

Results at The Hague

AFTER a session of four months, at an estimated cost of \$1,300,000, the second Hague Peace Conference closed its work.

In summing up what it accomplished many will feel keen regret over its leaving undone much that was hoped for. Among the positive beneficial results are measures tending to prevent war and to enforce the rights of neutrals, as well as to moderate the savagery of war. Force is not to be used to collect a debt from a nation until arbitration has been tried, if that method is acceptable to the debtor. Hostilities must not begin until there has been a distinct declaration of war. Neutral states, the postal service, and fishing-boats are to be inviolable. The Red Cross Convention is applied to naval warfare. Unfortified ports and towns must not be bombarded; explosives are not to be dropped from balloons; and limitations are placed on the use of floating mines. An international prize-court is to take the place of national courts in deciding on the lawfulness of captures at sea.—*The Christian Endeavor World*.

Women Inventors

WOMEN are stepping at a lively gait into the field of invention. There are many successful devices patented in the names of women, and a few of these have made large returns to their inventors.

One woman had offered to her as soon as it was patented, twenty thousand dollars for her device of a satchel-bottomed paper bag. The glove fasteners which have almost superseded the old-fashioned buttons and button holes are the invention of a woman.

Domestic utensils naturally attract the ingenuity of women, and there are flat-irons, pie tins, ovens, stoves, and baking dishes which are paying their originators well from every-day-in-the-year sales.

But women are not confined to any field. "No pent-up Utica contracts their powers."

A letter-box with a signal for the postman when there is a letter in the box is one of woman's inventions. Another woman has invented an embalming fluid for undertakers—gruesome thing to think about. There are pages of women's names in the patent-office reports. There are wheels, locks, brakes, alarm-clocks, fire-escapes, and all sorts of patents issued to women.—*Chicago Journal*.

Postage

COUPONS, enabling persons to send return postage to foreign countries, or pay small accounts without the trouble of procuring money-orders, were issued October 1 by the postal departments of the United States and nearly all the civilized

countries of the world. Hitherto this has been impossible because the stamp of one country is useless on a letter starting its journey from another country.

These coupons designated as "International Response Coupons," cost six cents, and will be exchangeable in any country which has signed the agreement for a stamp equivalent to a United States five-cent stamp. The design of the coupon bears the two hemispheres, an artistic figure of a woman with arms outstretched connecting them, and lettered words explaining its nature. The sender places the coupon, which is printed on bond paper, three by four inches in size, in the envelope, and the recipient exchanges it at the local office. All canceled coupons will be sent to an international clearing house located at Berne, Switzerland.

Although the scheme adopted by delegates of most of the civilized nations at the postal congress held in Rome, is not made compulsory, the following nations have signed the agreement: The United States, Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Spain, Japan, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Greece, Bulgaria, Crete, Luxemburg, Rumania, Siam, Hungary, Korea, Mexico, Costa Rica.—*Popular Mechanics*.

The Fate of the "Goddess of Reason"

IN the Paris papers of Aug. 1, 1817, we find the following announcement among the obituaries:—

"Died within these few days, in the hospital of pauper lunatics of Salpêtrière, where she had lived unpitied and unknown for many years, the famous Theroigne de Mericourt (the Goddess of Reason), the most remarkable of the heroines of the Revolution."

At the time of the French Revolution, this woman was seated on a throne by Fouche and Carnot in the Champ de Mars, being hailed alternately as Goddess of Reason and of Liberty.

The last years of Theroigne de Mericourt's life are not without their suggestion of the irony of fate or of the awful providence of God. She, who was taught publicly to blaspheme her Creator, was, for the last twenty years of her life, subject to one of life's greatest calamities—the loss of her reason. It is said that she repented of her horrible sin, and that the few rational moments she had were filled with the most pathetic lamentations. She died at the age of fifty-seven.

MRS. WALTON C. JOHN.

Heaven's Gift

LOVE's wondrous plan
Is ripe, as grapes that burst with wine,
And down through starry depths of song
Descends the gift divine.

Jesus is born!
O joy! too full for heaven to hold.
The song of triumph swells afar—
Wakes every harp of gold.

But earth is hushed.
With unbelieving heart she hears;
A wound is bleeding in her breast,
Her eyes are dim with tears.

This feeble child—
He can not be the promised King;
To heal her wound that little hand
No leaf of balm could bring.

That humble child—
O, heart of pride, you needs must break!
This day Jehovah takes the form
Of childhood for thy sake.

That nursling weak
Shall nourish thee with bread divine,
And health and life are in the touch
Of that small hand in thine.

The little heart
That struggles in that infant breast
Shall bear thy woe, shall break, and bleed,
For thee to purchase rest.

—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry.

"ALL habits gather by unseen degrees."



THE HOME CIRCLE

The Cradle

In the attic is a cradle,
Old and worn and scarred,
But 'tis prized as something precious,
Though 'tis hacked and marred;
For the lips that smiled within it
Smile no more in mirth,
And the foot that swayed that cradle
Treads no more the earth.

But the greatest of all cradles,
Was the manger in the East,
Where the wise men dropped their incense,
Counting self as least.
O'er that cradle rang an anthem,
Sweet and soft and low:
"To our Saviour be the glory,
Peace, good-will below."

O, the Sacrifice of ages,
Cradled in this world!
All the hate of men and demons
At the Saviour hurled!
From that cradle to Golgotha
Was a weary way,
But it led straight up to heaven
On ascension day.

Christ is bending o'er the cradle,—
Cradle of his love,—
Longing for the glad reunion
In the courts above.
When the conflict all is over,
There before his throne
He will claim, and claim forever,
All his blood-bought own.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

Corrupting the Innocents

[The following article by the famous writer and nature lover, Mr. John Burroughs, though written especially for parents, contains suggestions of general interest.—Ed.]

ONE of the most familiar practises of our modern American democratic life is the way we load our children up with toys. A modern house where there are several children is a perfect chaos of toys, from picture-books of every description to all types and sizes of dolls in all stages of decomposition, and all manner of mechanical devices. And still they come, new and ingenious contrivances to catch and hold the jaded attention of our offspring, and make them forget for a moment the tedium of life. It is the crime of the age; it is a sin against our children; it corrupts their simplicity; it stimulates their destructiveness; it sates and blunts their curiosity, and hastens the time of their general discontent with life. We try at the outset to destroy their interest in the plain and wholesome things of life by the multitude of strange and startling devices we shower upon them. We would have them believe that the world is one great toy shop made simply for their amusement. We create a false taste, a craving for ceaseless novelty, everything new every day, every hour. The last surprise only sharpens their appetite for a greater, till they go from blond dolls to brunette dolls, or to Japanese or negro dolls, and from jumping-jack to jumping-jack, with utter weariness and disquiet. It is like feeding a child only condiments and sweetmeats. A sane and joyous interest in simple things is killed. We give them milk to drink and bread to eat. Why not provide as few and as common things for their amusement? Why sophisticate them? Why foster a craving for novelty and variety that life can not satisfy? By and by they will cry for the moon or the stars. What are we going to do then?

'Tis a pity the whole army of toy inventors

and toy makers can not be banished from the land.

Lucky is the child that has but few toys, and those home made. Let it have such things as will help educate its senses and prepare it for life. Let the boy have his blocks and his ball and his cart, and let the girl have her home-made rag doll.

Christmas is fast becoming a positive curse. What between gorging ourselves with rich foods, bestowing upon each other useless and senseless gifts, and corrupting our children with a multitude of toys, the day is of evil omen. It is a day of overindulgence all around. The Christmas tree becomes a deadly upas if we are not careful. Nothing is so salutary with children as to keep them living on a low key and close to common things. Let them find joy and entertainment, as they surely will, if you give them a chance, in the simple and near at hand. Do not seek to excite and intoxicate them with the strange, the bizarre, the extraordinary. Let them alone. If their craving for novelty is stimulated, there is danger that they will find life flat, stale, and unprofitable.

I doubt if I had one boughten toy when a child. I had a ball when I got old enough to go to school, but I made it myself. I made many balls out of the yarn of old stockings, and covered them with leather. I had kites, but I made them myself. A boy learns many things in making a kite. I had sleds, carts, stilts, strings, pin boxes, darts, crossbows, tops, puzzle blocks, etc., but I made them all myself. I made most of my own slate-pencils by cutting them out of soft pieces of slate that we used to get one and half miles from school. I earned my playthings, and they never surfeited me. They each meant something.

Look into any of our wealthy homes at Christmas time where there are several children, and see the wicked extravagance in the bestowal of toys. It is a regular toy debauch. The children become sated and lose their interest before half the presents are distributed. In a few days most of them are discarded; the boy contents himself with some simple thing, like a wagon or a cart, and the girl with something equally simple and commonplace. Let us stop this wicked corrupting of the innocents.—*John Burroughs.*

Christmas in Different Lands

CHRISTMAS in Porto Rico is a church festival of much importance, and the celebration of it is made up chiefly of religious ceremonies intended to commemorate the principal events in the life of the Saviour. Beginning with the celebration of his birth, at Christmas time, the feast days follow one another in rapid succession. Indeed, it may justly be said that they do not really come to an end until Easter.

One of the most popular of these festival days is that known as Bethlehem day. This is celebrated on the twelfth of January, in memory of the coming of the magi. The celebration consists of a procession of children through the streets of the town. The foremost three, dressed in flowing robes to represent the wise men of the East, come riding along on ponies, holding in their hands the gifts for the infant King; following them come angels and shepherds and flute-players, all represented by children dressed in pretty costumes and carrying garlands of flowers.

The Shakers observe Christmas by a dinner at

which the men and women both sit down at the same table. This custom of theirs is the thing that serves to make Christmas different for them from any other day. During all the rest of the year the men and women eat their meals at separate tables.

At sunset on Christmas day, after a service in the church, they march to the community house, where the dinner is waiting. The men sit on one side of the table, and the women on the other. At the head sits an old man called the elder, who begins the meal by saying grace, after which each one in turn gets up, and, lifting the right hand, says in a solemn voice, "God is love." The dinner is eaten in perfect silence. Not a voice is heard until the meal comes to an end. Then the men and women rise and sing, standing in their places at the table. As the singing proceeds, they mark time with their hands and feet. Then their bodies begin to sway from side to side in the peculiar manner that has given this sect its name of Shakers.

When the singing comes to an end, the elder chants a prayer, after which the men and women silently file out and leave the building.

For many days before Christmas the Moravian housewives in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, are busy in their kitchens making good things for the holidays—mint cakes, pepper nuts, *Kimmelbrod*, sugar cake, mince pies, and, most important of all, large quantities of "Christmas cakes." These Christmas cakes are a kind of ginger cooky, crisp and spicy, and are made according to a recipe known only to the Moravians. They are made in all sorts of curious shapes—birds, horses, bears, lions, fishes, turtles, stars, leaves, and funny little men and women; so that they are not only good to eat, but are ornamental as well, and are often used by the good fathers and mothers as decorations for the *Putz*.

Every Moravian family has its *Putz* at Christmas time. This consists of a Christmas tree surrounded at its base by a miniature landscape made up of moss and greens and make-believe rocks, and adorned with toy houses and tiny fences and trees and all sorts of little animals and toy people.

On Christmas eve a love-feast is held in the church. The greater part of the service is devoted to music, for which the Moravians have always been noted. While the choir is singing, cake and coffee are brought in and served to all the members of the congregation, each one receiving a good-sized bun and a large cup of coffee. Shortly before the end of the meeting, lighted wax candles carried on large trays are brought into the church, by men on one side and women on the other, and passed around to the little folks—one for each boy and girl. This is meant to represent the coming of the Light into the world, and is but one of the many unique customs observed by the Moravians.—*St. Nicholas.*

The True Test of Christianity

"And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments. He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby know we that we are in him. He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked." 1 John 2: 3-6.



Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN - - - - - Chairman
MATILDA ERICKSON - - - - - Secretary

Australasia — No. 6

Program

THE AUSTRALASIAN MISSION FIELD.

PITCAIRN:

History.

General Description.

Life among the Islanders.

Earliest Missionary Efforts.

Developments of Our Work.

THE SHIP "PITCAIRN."

The Australasian Mission Field

"And other sheep have I, where fringed palms
Wave over islands in a sunny sea.
I am their shepherd too; with outstretched arms
Bid them a loving welcome unto me.
Tell them my name of Love, and call them home
From sin's dark distance, where they, blindly
roam."

Thousands of islands are scattered in the Pacific between eastern Asia and the Americas. Their fifty or sixty millions of peoples are pagans, Mohammedans, savages, or cannibals. Long years the isles of Oceania have waited for His law, but to-day they are hearing the gospel of salvation. The Australasian Union Conference is concentrating her efforts on the ripened fields of the island world. Her key-note is, "Advance, enter new territory, lift up the standard in every land. 'Arise, and shine; for thy light is come.'" Her workers are advancing into these dark regions. The missions established have been permanent; our literature is being circulated; health principles are gaining recognition; and some schools have been opened.

Pitcairn

HISTORY: At a point due east of Brisbane, and almost due south of San Francisco, Pitcairn lifts her lonely but sturdy head out of the surging waves. After her discovery in 1737, she sinks again into oblivion, to remain unknown for many years. Then comes the dawn of her history, over which hang dark clouds of mutiny.

It was in 1789 that the British ship "Bounty" was sent to transplant a cargo of bread-fruit from the Society Islands to the West Indies. Strife arose among the sailors. The purpose was abandoned. One night the tyrannical captain was dragged out of bed, and setting him and his loyal men to drift in an open boat, the remaining members of the crew returned to Tahiti. Some of them remained here, but nine of the sailors, exchanging their bread-fruit for six native men, and some women who were willing to accompany them as wives, steered out over the trackless Pacific. They landed Jan. 23, 1790, on the rugged shores of a lonely island. This place of refuge they named Pitcairn, in honor of the young man who first descried it.

Realizing that they were outlaws, the company sought to remove all means of identification. With much reluctance they burned the ship which had long been their home. For many years they were left unmolested, but disease and strife made inroads into their little company. Soon only two white men remained, and in 1829 John Adams, the last of the mutineers, passed away.

The peace and prosperity of this colony has had interruptions. Twice the island family has outgrown its quarters. Occasionally men, coming in and usurping authority, have placed the

inhabitants under tyrannical rule. In 1840 the first written laws were framed, and eight years later, the Pitcairnians showed allegiance to their British sovereign by celebrating the queen's birthday.

The first problem of the rapidly increasing population caused the little colony to embark for Tahiti, shortly after the death of the last mutineer. Here some of their number soon succumbed to the fever, and in a few months the survivors returned to their home. The island again becoming overcrowded, the British government in 1856 made arrangements for all the inhabitants of Pitcairn to move to Norfolk Island. Some with tear-dimmed eyes, others with buoyant hope, stepped on the ship that was to carry them away from their childhood's home. Conditions in Norfolk were very satisfactory, yet some still longed for Pitcairn, and finally two companies returned. The forsaken homes were repaired, and the Christian community then established, has been maintained.

The annals of the now divided family are brief. Seldom did those on Pitcairn hear from the loved ones across the waters; but one day in 1866 a British ship brought sad news from Norfolk. Pitcairn was made to mourn a son,—a missionary who had been killed by the natives of Santa Cruz. But his dying message, "Tell my father I died in the path of duty," sweetened the bitter cup.

Ever since the discovery of the mutineer community in 1808, the island has enjoyed yearly communications with England. Sometimes a passing ship breaks the monotony of the life of the Pitcairn family, and now and then a shipwrecked crew finds refuge among her hospitable people.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION: This mere dot in the Pacific measures only five and one-half miles in circumference, yet its highest point rises eleven hundred nine feet above the sea. The rocky shores, blending their varied colors with the verdure of the scattered trees, arrest the weary eyes of voyagers. Bounty Bay, which indents the coast, is fringed with beautiful palms. Many of the trees are very large. Banyan trees thrive wonderfully, but the absence of song-birds fills the woods with a nervous stillness. Only one little brown and white bird claims the island for its home. Occasionally a sea-bird migrates there. Goats, dogs, and cats are the chief animals. Sheep and cattle have been imported, but these have become extinct (1905). The principal products of the island are oranges, pineapples, melons, figs, bananas, and sugar-cane. The trees begin to blossom in July, and sometimes a double crop of fruit is gathered.

LIFE AMONG THE ISLANDERS: Simplicity characterized the home life in the early career of the Pitcairn community. Their houses, with thatched roofs drooping gracefully over wooden walls, formed a good protection against the heavy rains and the intense heat. The primitive oven was simply a hole in the ground provided with a cover. Later, stone ovens have come to be more generally used. The cloth used for garments was made from the bark of trees. By the women, a piece about a yard wide and two yards long, was fastened around the waist, and another yard of the same material was thrown across the shoulders. On Sunday a Mother-Hubbard frock was worn. The men wore a waistcloth through the week, and on Sunday donned their knee trousers. The garments worn by the inhabitants to-day show that the needle has begun its work in Pitcairn.

Contact with ships has borne numerous kinds of fruit. Civilization is leaving its footprints in this distant island. But thus far, isolation has spared the people from the intense spirit of commercialism so prevalent in the world.

EARLIEST MISSIONARY EFFORTS: Seeking to drown their feelings of self-condemnation, the

mutineers at first abandoned all forms of religion, and led careless, unclean lives. But days of hardship revived the nobler elements, and repenting of their past lives, the two men who survived the bloodshed, became the first missionaries and educators. Death soon left John Adams to struggle alone in behalf of the twenty-three children and youth now found on the island. A Bible and a prayer-book saved from the "Bounty" were the only books the community possessed. But by God's blessing, the humble efforts of John Adams gave the island a rising generation that was peaceable, industrious, happy, and strictly moral. The work was continued after his death, and about 1840 the first missionaries visited the island. They remained only four days, but left Bibles enough to supply each family with one.

DEVELOPMENT OF OUR WORK: In 1886 the "Pelican," a British ship, by the courtesy of the captain, brought our first missionary to this romantic ocean gem. Ten years before this a large package of literature, accompanied by letters from Elders White and Loughborough, had been received by the islanders. The letters had been read, but the tracts and pamphlets were at first regarded with suspicion. Further study, however, convinced four fifths of the people that according to the Bible, the Sabbath was the day of rest; yet none began the observance of it till the "Pelican" brought Brother Tay to them. When he left the following November, they had accepted other points of faith, and the whole island was observing the Sabbath.

The following year, the British war-ship made its usual annual visit. It was Sunday. The guests noticed that the day was not being observed. They learned the story of the change. An excerpt from an article which soon after appeared in an English periodical shows the attitude at least of its writer: "It will be a matter of regret, however, to many who are interested in the little community, to hear that within the last year or two their principles have undergone a revolution, and they have enrolled themselves among the Seventh-day Adventists."

A few years after Brother Tay's visit, Elder Gates and wife came to the island. Miss Andre soon joined them, and she and Mrs. Gates opened a school. Then a paper was also published. The work had just been established, when a shipwreck brought the fever epidemic to the island. Twelve souls, including some of the active Christian workers, were taken away before the hand of death was stayed. Since then the island has had varied experiences. Workers have come and gone. Some of the native youth have gone away to obtain a Christian education, and have taken up missionary work in other islands, and elsewhere.

The Ship "Pitcairn"

Early in 1890, after the island had celebrated the centennial of the "Bounty's" landing, news came that a missionary ship would soon sail on its cruise to the Pacific Islands. This ship was the "Pitcairn," which had been built from the Sabbath-school offerings. On its first voyage, Pitcairn Island was its first stopping place. "On Oct. 20, 1890, the 'Pitcairn' passed out through the Golden Gate to the Pacific Ocean, on its first voyage to the South Sea Islands. Captain Marsh was in command. The missionaries on board were Elders E. H. Gates, A. J. Read, John I. Tay, and their wives. November 25 Pitcairn Island was sighted. Here the ship's passengers and crew were heartily welcomed by the islanders. Before the vessel left, eighty-two had been baptized. On this tour the 'Pitcairn' visited the Society Islands, the Tonga or Friendly group, the Cook, Samoan, and Fiji groups, also Norfolk Island, leaving literature for English- and French-speaking people. They left Sabbath-keepers in many of the islands. On her return to Pitcairn Island, en route to California, two of the out-

(Concluded on page six)



CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Working of God's Power in Common Things

"SCIENCE needs no God," declared a handsome, proud young university student the other day. "We account for all natural phenomena nowadays without bringing him into the question at all."

By way of answer, the minister with whom he was chatting set a microscope on the study table, together with a glass of water, some little bottles of salt, alum, and other chemicals, and some slips of glass.

In a few drops of the water he dissolved a pinch of salt. In a few drops more he put some alum; and so on till he had a number of different solutions. Then he took a tiny drop of the salty water on a toothpick, and therewith moistened the center of a slip of glass in the microscope.

"Now," he said, "look, and explain what you see."

The young fellow tried the solutions, one after another; and this is what he saw: the tiny drops of water soon dried away; and as they dried, the chemicals crystallized into most beautiful forms

— some like little pansies, some in little cubes and hairlike lines, some like moss, some in spires, some like ferns, but no two alike. Another drop of salty water was placed by the first, and it crystallized in the same way it had before. It could not be mistaken for any of the other chemicals, any more than President Roosevelt's face would be mistaken for Abraham Lincoln's. There were the crystal pansies, the crystal ferns, the crystal lines, every one declaring the chemical that made it.

Chemists enjoy watching the process of crystallization, even though they have seen it a thousand times; for it is one of the most marvelous things in the world. So with the young skeptic. He forgot to answer the minister's question for some time, but finally he said, "I see here the beautiful crystallization of salt, alum, potassium bichromate, lithic acid, salicine, and a number of others I can not name. It is very interesting to me."

"Yes," replied the other, "it is interesting. But tell me why the salt always forms in those short, chunky pieces, with just so many faces; why the lithic acid makes variegated plates; why the salicine gives little round discs,— can you?"

"Why, of course," said the young fellow, "that is easy enough. Each chemical element or combination has characteristic properties, governed by laws; and in crystallizing it simply obeys those laws, and comes into the shape they direct."

The minister smiled at the answer. "Now, my friend," he said, "just lay aside your 'characteristic properties' for a moment, and your 'governing laws,' and think of this little drop of salty water. Here are countless millions of little lumps of salt floating around, grinding together, mixing up— what happens? The water begins to dry. Those particles begin to arrange themselves like well-drilled soldiers. There is motion, there is just enough motion, there is

intelligence to take each one of those little particles to just the place it belongs; and you look at it, and say: 'Yes; those are salt crystals.' But tell me, if you can, what governing law there is to take each one to its right place in combination with millions of others. Each one shapes its action according to the action of all the others. Can it see them? Can it see what they are doing, and reason with itself that there is need for it in just such a place—a place it has never been before, and then move into that place? Does it know beforehand that it is to be part of a cube or a fern crystal or a pansy? Can science explain it?"

The young fellow thought awhile, with a puzzled expression on his face, and finally said: "No, it can not. I have never before thought of it in just that way, but I see you have the argument, plainly enough. There is an Intelligence behind the crystals, and I suppose I might as well recognize that it is the wisdom of the God of order. What an incomprehensible thought it is, that the great Maker of worlds is working right here under our very eyes to-night!"

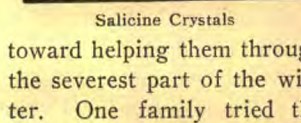
EDISON DRIVER.

Why not Have a Christmas Tree like This?

DURING the winter when snow covers everything, it is difficult for the birds to find food; and a little thoughtfulness on the part of their human friends will do much



Lithic Acid



Salicine Crystals



Sulphate of Cadmium

toward helping them through the severest part of the winter. One family tried the plan of giving the birds a Christmas tree, and it seemed to afford so much pleasure to the children of the village as they watched the birds enjoying their generously laden tree that the plan was repeated more than once. This family "lived in the suburbs of a northern city, and a large lawn with trees and shrubbery contributed to its success. The tree was placed on the roof of a veranda, and fastened to the narrow strip dividing a large double window, so that it was easily seen from the room. Small berry baskets containing sunflower and hemp seeds were fastened on the limbs, also festoons of pumpkin-seed strings and suet were tied to the branches. Loosely woven cord bags, resembling the traditional stocking, were hung on the tree. These were filled with cracked nuts. Suet and bones were hung on all the trees around the house. The birds enjoyed the royal feast. They came in large numbers, especially in the morning and late afternoon. The gay company was composed of chickadees, woodpeckers, brown creepers, golden-crowned kinglets, blue jays, tree-sparrows, and others."

A little Brookline, Massachusetts, girl each year prepares a Christmas tree for the birds. The boughs of a handsome spruce tree standing near her home are hung with pieces of toothsome suet, bread, marrow bones, and little boxes containing various kinds of seed, with here and there a shining red apple. This tree, too, is liberally patronized by the birds.

If you can do nothing more than hang a piece of suet in a near-by tree, your effort will be well

rewarded in watching the little appreciative visitors as they take meal after meal from your simple gift.

Who Will Be the First?

THE *Junior Christian Endeavor World* is authority for the following incident:—

In an English country town a building lot was given to a struggling little church that met in a hall in a dingy street. None of the members had any money to amount to anything, and instead of being glad of the gift, some even began to grumble. "We can't ever build a church on it," they said; "what is the use of trying? Where ever shall we get the money?"

Well, nothing was done, until one day one of the members, passing the lot, saw a little boy with a toy spade and a toy wheelbarrow busily engaged digging in it.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the man.

"I am wheeling bricks for the new church," answered the boy, pointing proudly to a little heap of bricks in a corner. "When I find one," he continued, "I get my barrow and wheel it here. By and by we shall build."

The man was amused at first, and then he thought, "If all of us got to hauling bricks to the church, or doing what we could, the building would soon be completed." So one evening he took his spade and measuring-tape and set out for the vacant church lot, and when he arrived there, he began to measure and to dig.

"What are you doing here?" asked a neighbor, passing.

"Digging for the foundation of the new church," he answered. And that set the neighbor a-thinking, too, and he resolved that he would do what he could; and thus in a short time a number of persons were working on that lot, and the church walls began to rise, and everybody was pleased and happy because everybody had something to do and a spirit to do it.

This is not the first time when a child by leading out himself in some good work, has encouraged older people to take hold and accomplish a work for God which they would not otherwise have done. Without doubt many thousands more of the special "Truth" number of the INSTRUCTOR would be circulated if those who love to read the Children's Page would take hold and sell or give away papers. Wouldn't it pay to take some of your Christmas money and buy papers to place in the hands of those who know nothing about our truth?

You wouldn't hesitate a moment if you were very sure that each paper would bring some one into the truth, would you? Well, our Father has told us to sow the seeds of truth, and he will water them, and see that they bear fruit. Just one paper has often brought several persons into the truth. Who will go to work and do something? Send in your orders quickly.

A Letter from India

RANGOON, BURMA, Sept. 29, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and I hope it will be printed. I go to the Diocesan Boys' High School, and my schoolmaster is Mr. Ludowyck. I am twelve years old, and am in the seventh standard. Besides English, I learn arithmetic, geography (both political and physical), geometry, mensuration, algebra, history of England, and Burmese. I am now enjoying a week's autumn holiday.



I live in town, but hope to move in a few months to Insein, nine miles from Rangoon.

I have two sisters and one brother, all older than myself. My mother is an invalid, and so my oldest sister has to keep house for mother. My other sister and brother are still in school. We have as a pet a little grey spotted cat named Jimmy, which my oldest sister is very fond of.

My two sisters are Seventh-day Adventists; my brother belongs to the Church of England, and my father and mother are Baptists. My father and I hope to become Seventh-day Adventists soon. I attend Sabbath-school, which is only a few minutes' walk from our home.

I get the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and like reading it very much. This paper is a boon to all boys and girls. I hope to meet you and the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

WALTER MARTIN.

We hope Master Walter and his father have, ere this, decided to honor the Lord in the observance of his Sabbath, and that we shall meet them when the Saviour comes in glory.

Ezra Meeker in New York

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

— Shakespeare.

Nor long ago, New York was treated to an interesting and unusual spectacle. A pioneer of the far West, a man not without some celebrity in that section, drove his ox-team down Broadway, after having piloted them back along the route followed by those adventurous spirits, our countrymen, in their journey to the Pacific Northwest—the "Oregon trail." Slowly, the aged traveler from a far land, made his way down the thronged thoroughfare, embodying memories of a day long past, and, perhaps, of a time soon to be forgotten. New York had the opportunity of looking upon one of "nature's noblemen," and his "chariot" as well; for the wagon was the identical one in which the pioneer had crossed the plains nearly threescore years ago. But what homage did New York pay him? What welcome gave she the stranger within her gates?—Naught but jeers. The Gothamite is accustomed to having his romance made to order in the shape of the vapid novel or the hectic play; hence, for him, there is no glamor in real life.

But New Yorkers are not alone in this. All dwellers in great cities become, or stand in danger of becoming, calloused to the better and finer things of life. There is that, in the "madding crowd's ignoble strife," which destroys the finer grain of manhood, for it is only, as Pope has it, "remote from public haunts" that we "find tongues in trees, sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything."

J. FRED SANTEE.

Where It All Centers

THE whole Sabbath question centers around the simple question of faith in God's Word. The record of the institution of the Sabbath is plain; the commandment is plain; the words of Christ that the law can not be changed in one jot or tittle are plain; the evidence is clear that Christ himself gave the Sabbath, and honored it by calling himself its Lord. All these facts are expressly revealed in God's Word. Jesus kept the Sabbath, and he says, "Follow me;" "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" And the Father says, "Hear ye him." It matters not that good men have kept the Sunday; the question of faith is, "What does God say?"—*Signs of the Times*.

Australasia—No. 6

(Concluded from page four)

going company were missing, Brother Tay having fallen asleep at Suva, Fiji, and Captain

Marsh at Auckland, New Zealand. Elder A. J. Read and wife remained in the Society Islands, and Elder and Mrs. E. H. Gates on Pitcairn. The vessel returned to San Francisco in November, 1892."

The missionary ship made four subsequent voyages among the islands, but in 1890 the "Pitcairn" was sold, and sent to the gold-fields of Cape Nome, Alaska.

(NOTE.—A map of the South Pacific will be almost indispensable in the study of the missionary's work in its scattered islands.)

MATILDA ERICKSON.

A Christmas Hymn

(Tune: Greenland's Icy Mountains.)

WITHOUT the night is veiling
The storm-scarred form of earth;
But though the wind be wailing,
We'll keep our feast with mirth.
We'll banish ev'ry sadness,
And tell the tale again,
How angels sang with gladness,
"Sweet peace, good-will to men."

Though murky clouds hang o'er us,
And darksome is the night,
We'll sing a happy chorus
Around our hearth-fires bright;
For once were heaven's portals
Wide-opened in the sky,
And angels sang to mortals
An anthem from on high.

While sleeping flocks were tended
By shepherds in the night,
An angel throng descended
From realms of endless light.
They told the wondrous story
Of our dear Saviour's birth,
While shone around a glory
Above the dream-wrapt earth.

FRED SANTEE.

Some Vivid Contrasts

Unbelief

I WOULD give worlds, if I had them, if the "Age of Reason" had never been published. O Lord, help me! Christ, help me! Stay with me; it is hell to be left alone!—*Thomas Paine*.

I am abandoned by God and man! I shall go to hell! O Christ! O Jesus Christ!—*Voltaire*.

Give me more laudanum that I may not think of eternity.—*Mirabeau*.

O, that I was to lie upon the fire that never is quenched for a thousand years, to purchase the favor of God, and be reunited to him again! O eternity, eternity! forever and forever!—*Sir Francis Newport*.

What blood, what murders, what evil counsels have I followed! I am lost; I see it well!—*Charles IX, King of France*.

Faith

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." Ps. 37: 37.

Eternity rolls up before me like a sea of glory.—*Margaret Prior*.

O, how beautiful! The opening heavens around me shine.—*Philip Heck*.

Can this be death? Why, it is better than living! Tell them I die happy in Jesus.—*John Arthur Lyth*.

I am in perfect peace, resting alone on the blood of Christ. I find this amply sufficient to enter the presence of God with.—*Trotter*.

O that I could tell you what joy I possess! I am full of rapture. The Lord doth shine with such power upon my soul.—*Mrs. Mary Frances*.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.—*Paul*.

I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.—*Stephen*.



A MILLION immigrants came to this country last year. Italy sent 230,622 persons; Hungary 206,000; Russia 136,093.

THE British Parliament has passed a law providing for a loan of \$3,893,200 to Jamaica, for the purpose of restoring Kingston from the effects of the earthquake.

MR. EDISON now promises an invention whereby an indestructible cement dwelling three stories high, twenty-five feet wide, and forty-five feet deep, can be built for \$1,000, and in twelve hours.

"RUSSIAN police statistics show that during September thirty-four persons were executed, while two hundred seven were murdered, including seventy-three officials. That comes close to anarchy."

"A REMARKABLE canvass of Toronto has resulted in a list of about twenty thousand petitioners for the union of all Protestant denominations. Plans are on foot to increase the list to at least one hundred thousand."

"ALL the czars of Russia have been crowned in the kremlin in Moscow, the treasury of which contains the most historic jewels and the choicest plate now owned by the Russian crown. There is \$600,000,000 worth of gold, silver, and precious stones in that treasury. Among the more notable items are basins of gold as big as a small bathtub, and two card tables built entirely of solid silver."

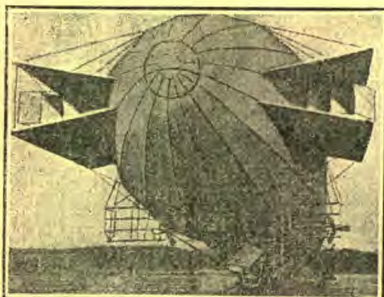
THERE are 2,000,000 childless homes in America, and thousands of homeless children. New York City alone, it is said, has 25,000 children that do not know what home means. The *Delineator* has started a child-rescue campaign, a campaign to bring the homeless children into childless homes. Already hundreds of homes have been opened to these friendless little ones in response to the *Delineator* call.

"ABYSSINIA is the latest country to follow the example of China and Persia in adopting modern institutions. Emperor Menelik has published a decree providing for the establishment of a cabinet, and has appointed five ministers to have charge of the departments of foreign affairs, justice, finance, commerce, and war. The political institutions of Abyssinia are of a feudal character, and the king has practically absolute power."

ACCORDING to a circular of instructions issued by the War Department, medical officers should reject applicants for admission to the volunteer military companies if there is a difference of less than two inches in their chest measure when their lungs are full of air and when they are empty. The minimum chest measurement allowed is thirty-two inches. Every healthy boy ought to be able to expand his chest more than two inches, whether he intends to enlist in the national guard or not.—*The Youth's Companion*.

"A NEW YORKER has designed an attachment for phones which makes them sanitary at all times. A hollow casing is placed above and below the mouthpiece. A roll of antiseptic paper leads from the upper casing to the lower. It is operated by a handle. After talking in the phone a person turns the handle, and the piece of paper which was in front of the mouthpiece is drawn into the lower casing, so that a new section covers the mouthpiece. The paper, being thin, does not interfere in the slightest with the transmission of sound, while the talker is protected from harmful germs that have lodged in the mouthpiece."

"COUNT ZEPPELIN broke all records recently by remaining aloft in his aluminum air-ship for seven hours, during which he traveled the distance of 220 miles. The air-ship in question is nearly 150 yards long, is of rigid aluminum, contains rather over 10,000 cubic meters of gas, and is driven by two eighty-five-horsepower Daimler motors. Enclosed in the aluminum shell are sixteen globular isolated gas bags. The ship carries ten persons, and it is thought that the inventor will be able to undertake his projected overland journey from Friedrichshaven to Wilhelmshaven, on the North Sea, next spring. Count Zeppelin, it may be noted, is sixty-nine years of age, and has given the last nine years to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation. His earlier attempts exhausted his private means, and his present air-ship was built with the aid of funds supplied by his friends and by subsidies from the German and Wurtemberg governments."



Sunshine and Lemonade

THE hygienic qualities of lemonade have long been popularly celebrated, and recent scientific research shows that this pleasing summer drink deserves its reputation. Monsieur Riegel, writing in the *Archives of Hygiene*, says that in a lemonade containing six grams per liter of citric acid the bacillus of cholera is killed in half an hour, and that of typhoid in twenty-four hours. But when the same lemonade is permeated with sunshine, the cholera bacillus perishes in five minutes, and the typhoid bacillus in two hours.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

Review

(December 28)

MEMORY VERSE: "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" Ps. 107: 15.

Questions

1. To whom did Joseph's brothers sell him? Where did they carry him? Who bought him when they reached Egypt? How did the blessing of the Lord rest on Joseph in Egypt? Into what place was he cast because he refused to do wrong? Tell about his experience in prison. Who else was cast into prison? Relate the two dreams which Joseph interpreted. What did he say they meant?

2. How long did Joseph remain in prison after the butler was released? Who had a dream at this time? Why did they come to ask Joseph to interpret it? Relate the dreams. What did Joseph say they meant? What was the Lord doing for Pharaoh? What did Joseph advise Pharaoh to do? What honor was shown Joseph?

3. Tell what Joseph did during the seven years of plenty. How did the earth yield during this time? Where was the food laid up? How many sons were born to Joseph? What were their names? What did these names signify to Joseph? What immediately followed the seven years of plenty? To whom did the people come for food? How extensive was the famine? Who came to buy corn from the land of Canaan?

4. Before whom did Joseph's brethren bow themselves? How did he treat them? What

came into his mind as his brethren bowed down before him? When he called his brethren spies, who did they say they were? What did Joseph finally do? On their way home, what did one of the brothers discover? Who was responsible for this? What did their father say when they told him their experience?

5. When the corn was eaten up, what did Jacob ask his sons to do? What did they tell him? What did Judah offer to do? What did Jacob finally tell them to do? When Joseph saw Benjamin, what did he say to his steward? What did the brethren think of this? What did they say to the steward? What was his reply? Tell about the meal with Joseph.

6. What did Joseph order his steward to do when his brother started home? When he sent the steward after them, what did he tell him to say? Where did the steward find the cup? What did they all do? Tell how Joseph made himself known to his brethren. Who did he say had sent him into Egypt? What message did he send to his father? How did this message affect Jacob?

7. What did the Lord say when he appeared to Jacob on his way to Egypt? What promise did he make? How many members of Jacob's family went into Egypt? Tell about Joseph's meeting with his father. What did Pharaoh offer Joseph for his father's family? Tell about the meeting between Jacob and Pharaoh. Where did Israel locate? How long did Jacob live in Egypt? What promise did he require of Joseph before his death?

8. What did Jacob do just before he died? How long did the Egyptians mourn for him? What request did Joseph then make of Pharaoh? Tell who went with him to Canaan to bury his father. After Jacob's death, what did Joseph's brethren fear? What word did they send to Joseph? Give his reply. What did he do for his brethren? What request did he make of them before his death?

9. What occurred after the death of Joseph? What did he say of the children of Israel? What did they do? When Israel still increased in numbers, what did he order his people to do? Who saved their little son alive? Why? How? Who found him? Whom did she hire to nurse him? When he was taken to his royal mother, what did she name him? Why?

10. What did Moses do after he had grown to be a man, when he saw how his brethren were treated? What made him flee from Egypt? Where did he go? Why did Jethro invite him to his home? Who became his wife? What was Moses' occupation? Who appeared to him? Where? What did the Lord say to him? What did he tell Moses that he should do?

11. What reply did Moses make? What signs did the Lord give him so that he might know that he would keep his word? After all of this, what excuse did Moses make? How did the Lord answer him? When Moses still begged not to go, what did the Lord say? What were Moses and Aaron to be to each other? When Moses and Aaron went to Egypt, how did their brethren receive them?

12. What did Moses and Aaron say to Pharaoh? Give his reply. What command did Pharaoh give that same day? Where did the people now find straw? How were the officers of the children of Israel treated? What did they say to Pharaoh? What was his reply? What did the officers of the children of Israel say to Moses and Aaron? Tell about Moses' next meeting with Pharaoh. How was the sign given by Moses repeated by Pharaoh's magicians? What did the Lord finally tell Moses to do? What was the result?

13. Repeat the memory verse. What have you learned from these lessons to help you in your daily living?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XIII—Resurrection, Ascension, and Heavenly Ministration of Christ

(December 28)

MEMORY VERSE: "For we have not an high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Heb. 4: 15.

Questions

1. What was done with the body of Jesus after his death? Mark 15: 42-46.

2. What had Jesus said concerning his resurrection? Matt. 17: 22, 23.

3. How and when was this fulfilled? Matt. 28: 1-6; Mark 16: 1-6; note 1.

4. Who among the dead were resurrected with Christ? Matt. 27: 51, 52.

5. What did these do? Verse 53; note 2.

6. How long did Jesus remain on the earth after his resurrection? Acts 1: 1-3.

7. What did he do during this time?

8. What work did he leave to his disciples? Acts 1: 8; note 3.

9. From what source were they to receive power to accomplish this work? Luke 24: 48, 49.

10. To what place did he lead his disciples preparatory to his ascension? Luke 24: 50.

11. While he was speaking, what took place? Verses 51, 52.

12. Who accompanied him? Eph. 4: 8, margin; note 4.

13. Where is Christ now? What is his work? Heb. 8: 1, 2.

14. What kind of priest is he? What are we urged to do in view of this fact? Heb. 4: 14-16.

Notes

1. Christ could not be holden by death, because he was the prince of life. Acts 3: 15. Death could not retain dominion, because the eternal Spirit had power over him. Rom. 8: 11. Death could not hold him because his righteousness is life. Rom. 8: 10. And as surely as Christ arose from the dead, so certainly will all the dead who belong to him come forth from their graves.

2. "As Christ arose, he brought from the grave a multitude of captives. The earthquake at his death had rent open their graves, and when he arose, they came forth with him. They were those who had been collaborators with God, and who at the cost of their lives had borne testimony to the truth. Now they were to be witnesses for him who had raised them from the dead. . . . These went into the city, and appeared unto many, declaring, Christ has risen from the dead, and we be risen with him."—"Desire of Ages," pages 943, 944.

3. The work of teaching the gospel to the people of this world is still in progress, and the injunction to pray for the Holy Spirit is yet an imperative need. "The outpouring of the Spirit in apostolic days was the 'former rain,' and glorious was the result. But the 'latter rain' will be more abundant. All who consecrate soul, body, and spirit to God, will be constantly receiving a new endowment of physical and mental power. The inexhaustible supplies of heaven are at their command. Christ gives them the breath of his own Spirit, the life of his own life. The Holy Spirit puts forth its highest energies to work in heart and mind. The grace of God enlarges and multiplies their faculties, and every perfection of the divine nature comes to their assistance in the work of saving souls."—"Desire of Ages," page 993.

4. It was appropriate that the Redeemer should take some of the trophies of his victory to heaven with him when he ascended. Those who came out of their graves when he arose were representatives of his kingdom, who had lived in different ages of the world. Rev. 5: 9, 10.



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"We may live so long below our best as to lose the power to reach it."

THIRTEEN thousand copies of the little book "His Glorious Appearing" have been distributed in the State of New Jersey by one person. Such effort must bear fruit to the glory of God.

EIGHT years ago there were twelve Sabbath-keepers in Hungary; now there are over four hundred. A conference is to be organized this month. The five principal nations of Hungary are now receiving laborers; so that the prospect for a rapid growth in membership is good.

Borrowed Institutions

The New World, a Catholic paper, last year said: "If the full influence of the Catholic Church has ever been realized in one institution, it is in the festival of Christmas. We need not pause to show that the sects have all borrowed it." This admission is not a very good recommendation for the festival. The Catholics make the same boast, and truly, too, in regard to Sunday. It is strange that all Christendom should so fully adopt two institutions for which neither the Bible nor history gives any authority. The time of the Saviour's birth is not known with certainty; but it is evident that it was not in the cold of midwinter; for not at that time were the shepherds keeping their flocks in the open fields at night. The time was doubtless in the autumn days.

But Protestants are not the only ones who have borrowed; for the Catholics did not originate the Christmas-tide. They borrowed it from the heathen; for it is nothing but the old heathen Saturnalia of December 25 combined with the Norse idolatries of the Yule log and holly wreath.

The day that Bethlehem's Babe was laid in a manger was a sacred day; and that Gift made every day a sacred, joyous day. Let us celebrate the Saviour's birth by consecrating every day to his service.

The Sure Standard

"If it is right, there is no other way!"
Brave words to speak, and braver still to live;
A flag to guide the battle of each day,
A motto that will peace and courage give.

"If it is right, there is no other way!"
Wise words, that clear the tangles from the brain;
Pleasure may whisper, doubt may urge delay,
And self may argue, but it speaks in vain.

"If it is right, there is no other way!"
This is the voice of God, the call of truth;
Happy the man who hears it to obey,
And follows upward, onward, from his youth.

—Priscilla Leonard.

Protestant Testimony on the Change of the Sabbath

DR. WATSON, Methodist: "There is not on record any divine command to the apostles to change the Sabbath from the day on which it was held by the Jews to the first day of the week."—*Watson's Theological Dictionary.*

Dr. Fausset, of the Church of England: "The Lord's day [meaning Sunday] superseded the Jewish Sabbath without our having express command for the transference."—*Bible Cyclopaedia*, art. *Baptism.*

Dr. Coleman: "No law or precept appears to have been given by Christ or the apostles either for abrogation of the Jewish Sabbath, or the institution of the Lord's day, or the substitution of the first for the seventh day of the week."

Something for Everybody to Use

I HAVE just seen a copy of the special "Our Truth" number of the INSTRUCTOR, and am very much pleased with it. I think it one of the best numbers ever gotten out. The cover design in color is neat, and very attractive. Best of all, the paper is brimful of truths which millions should know.

This special number is a most excellent one indeed, and its beautiful appearance will make it easy to sell. Many thousands of this "Truth" number should be sold. Here is a splendid opportunity for all our youth. Every company of Missionary Volunteers should engage in its sale. I certainly hope that all will respond, and that it may have the circulation which its merits demand.

G. B. THOMPSON.

Be a bold, brave, true, honest man. If you know a thing is right, do it. If you have a solemn conviction, dare to utter it in the fear of God, regardless of the wrath of man.—John B. Gough.

It is marvelous what a man of comparatively little ability can do if all his powers are inspired by love of God and man, and consecrated to a given purpose. Dissipation of one's powers is destructive of one's possibilities. An invincible determination becomes irresistible action. When a man's heart is wholly set on God's service, neither man nor devils can thwart his purpose or resist his energy.—Rev. Robert MacArthur.

Interesting Personal Incidents

SOME years ago while laboring in the mission field, I was called one Sabbath to visit a sick woman. After ministering to her as best I could, I started to leave the house, when I was met by her daughter, with the question, "Mr. Eastman, why do you keep Saturday?" I sat down and gave her a short Bible reading. Not long afterward she began keeping the Sabbath, giving up friends and home for the truth. She has since attended one of our sanitariums, completed the nurses' course, and has been a successful nurse for a number of years.

While visiting one of our churches in a certain city several years ago, I was called over the phone by a sister who had married out of the truth, asking me to visit her. Her husband was a staunch Baptist, and was rather prejudiced. The next morning while engaged in conversation, he asked me what the "mark of the beast" was. After satisfying myself that it was an honest inquiry, I sought with a prayerful heart to lead him carefully through the Scriptures, endeavoring to make plain every point. Finally he said, "Why, Sunday is the mark of the beast!" I began to show him further, when he broke down with weeping, and throwing his arm around his

wife's neck, said, "I've been wrong, I've been wrong; forgive me." He asked us to pray for him. We did, and the Holy Spirit came in with power, converting his heart to the truth. He gave up his position as stenographer and typist, and later was baptized and joined the church. He has been a consistent member ever since.

The following is the story of a young man's experience as told me by himself: After leading a most reckless life for a number of years, a desire for something nobler came over him, and he decided to lead a better life if he could find the way. He returned to his father's home, and when searching for something to read, he found some copies of the *Signs of the Times*, but somehow these did not seem to give him the desired help. He went to the popular churches for relief, but found none. Finally he visited his brother, who was an Adventist, and the brother persuaded him to read the book "Daniel and the Revelation." Through the study of this book he was converted to the truth, and after attending one of our schools for two years, he has spent one summer in selling the same good book that brought him into the truth. His success has been remarkable. He has taken nearly seven hundred dollars' worth of orders in the same place where he led such a reckless life. After making a successful delivery, he has returned to school to further fit himself for usefulness in this cause. His life during the summer among his old friends, to many of whom he has sold a book, has been a living testimony to the power of the gospel to transform the life.

W. W. EASTMAN.

A Laugh that Memory Held for More than Twenty Years

THE following letter was recently received by the editor. The writer says: "I greatly enjoy the Personal Incident column of your paper. May I digress by giving an example of an influence for evil where none was intended? It may serve as a warning to others, as it has been to me.

"In talking about religious matters with a very dear relative who has passed threescore and ten years, and who has a sunny, helpful, and benevolent disposition, she told me an incident which she said disgusted her with the teachings we hold so dear. This lady has never professed Christianity, and I fear has not been born again, though her life is a continual round of loving, helpful ministry to the needs of others.

"She said that about twenty years ago, when she was first brought in touch with a family of our faith, she was inclined to investigate our doctrines by reading, etc. One evening during her stay in the family, the host was talking on various matters with the elder of the church, and the elder told of his experience in building a church. He said that on Sundays, when the people were passing by on their way to church, he 'pounded the nails harder than ever,' at which both men (to use her expression) laughed as if at some barroom joke. This so offended her that she never after cared to listen to teachings which, as it appeared to her, made persons so indifferent to the feelings of those who observed Sunday, and manifested their approval of such things in so coarse and boisterous a way.

"I endeavored to explain to her, but it seemed unavailing, and with tears I besought her not to allow such a thing to keep her from a knowledge and love of God's truth. I am praying that she may realize her need of a personal Saviour and yield to him. The experience seems to me to hold for us all a lesson in courtesy, refinement, and watchfulness lest we offend one of these little ones. It may be possible that her views of the incident are somewhat overdrawn on account of her own regard for custom in Sunday observance. When shall we learn not to do anything whereby our brother 'stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak?' 'Let not then your good be evil spoken of.' Rom. 14:21, 16."