

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 24



AN EGYPTIAN GROUP



ONE billion twenty-six million dollars is the amount appropriated by the present Congress for the business of the government.

A PHILADELPHIA physician is using an X-ray machine to turn the negro white. After the tenth treatment the complexion of a very black negro, it is said, turned to a light chestnut color.

"A FINE quality of rock suitable for grindstones has been uncovered in large quantities in Colorado. The stones, cut to factory sizes, will be put on the market at once."

OVER three thousand Protestant missionaries are at work in China, nearly all of them English or American. Less than seventy years ago there were only six Chinese Christians; now there are over one hundred fifty thousand communicants.

THE May number of the *Bulletin*, the organ of the Takoma Park Young Men's Literary Society, is a Religious Liberty number. It sounds the principles of religious liberty in certain tones, and is therefore well worth reading. A copy of this number can be obtained for five cents.

"AFTER five years' work, Australia's great trans-continental rabbit-proof fence has been completed. Its length is two thousand thirty-six miles, and the cost of its erection has been nearly one million two hundred fifty thousand dollars. It is furnished at intervals of five miles with systems of traps, in which hundreds of rabbits are captured and destroyed daily."

BLAU gas is an illuminating gas that can not be used for suicide. It is liquified, and sold in steel flasks. It can be used in lamps in place of kerosene, and can be stored in tanks to be used on railway trains for both lighting and cooking purposes. Germany has for several years been using Blau gas on her railways and steamboats.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, an English scientist of fame, has introduced into Parliament a bill to check the wholesale destruction of plumage birds. He claims that during 1907 there were sold, in London alone, 19,742 skins of birds of paradise, 115,000 of white herons, and immense numbers of the feathers or skins of almost every other known species of plumage bird, including the tails of lyre-birds.

"By the invention of an Illinois woman, it will be possible for dressmakers and tailors to cut a piece of goods and baste it at the same time—if it works. The basting mechanism is attached to an ordinary pair of shears and consists of a needle and looper, and a spool which carries the thread. As the shears are closed the needle descends; and when they open, the needle rises, thus making a stitch."

THE climate of Nyassaland is very favorable for African fever, and so weakens a foreigner, that to preserve his health he must avoid exposure or over-exertion. While it is not as hot as some of our other

mission fields, it is never invigoratingly cool. It sometimes rains for weeks, and the air is humid, steamy, and warm. Within a few hours there may be fog, clouds, sun, and rain. A person may be about his work one day and down the next, with a temperature of one hundred four or five degrees.

WANTED.—Clean copies of the *Signs of the Times*, *Review and Herald*, *Life and Health*, *Liberty*, *Watchman*, and the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* for use in reading racks in Oakland, Berkeley, and in their vicinity. Address all publications to James Harvey, 1055 Brush St., Oakland, California.

THE problem of how to put on a shirtwaist that buttons in the back, and button it without the aid of a maid or other assistance, has been solved by a New York girl. This is how she does it: She puts the waist on with the opening in front, without putting her arms through the armholes. Then she closes the neck and pins it evenly. Next she buttons down about three buttons, and then turns the garment around in its proper place. Lifting the waist up about her neck she slips her arms through into the sleeves, pulls it down at the waist, and by reaching up the back she very easily closes the remaining buttons. This sounds complicated, and on the face of it it doesn't seem as if it could be accomplished, but as a matter of fact, the inventor of the method declares that it is just the easiest thing in the world.—*Washington Times*.

Government Balloons for Meteorological Research

Two more hydrogen-gas balloons have been received at Washington for government service in meteorological research. These balloons are to be operated from Mount Weather, Virginia, as captives, rising to great heights and carrying automatically operated instruments for observing variations in temperature, moisture, pressure and direction of wind currents, barometrical pressure and other points of value for weather predictions. The balloons were manufactured on Carl E. Myer's balloon farm at Frankfort.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Young Aeronauts Fly One Hundred Balloons

"MEMBERS of the Junior Aero Club, an organization of boys who are interested in the study of aeronautics, recently had their first lesson in the manufacture and use of hydrogen gas, and incidentally liberated one hundred pilot balloons from the roof of Leo Stevens' balloon factory. Under Mr. Stevens' instruction, the boys did the actual work of filling the little balloons and sending them up. Most of the balloons were sent up in threes, looking like aerial pawnbrokers' signs."

A Stamp-Licking Vending Machine

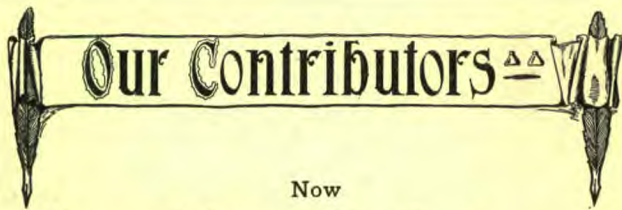
STAMP licking is to be made unnecessary by a machine which places the stamp on the letter by the simple pressing of a lever connected to a stamp slot machine. At the bottom of the machine is a long narrow slit in which the envelope is inserted. One, two, or three pennies, according to the amount of postage required, are pressed into slots and the lever is pulled down. The envelope is withdrawn with the stamps upon it. The turning of a dial causes stamps of any value to be stuck onto the envelope. Counterfeit or foreign coins are weighed on a balance in the interior, and if found wanting, back they come through another slot.—*Popular Mechanics*.

The Youth's Instructor

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Now

WE crown the brow with fairest flowers,
That rests in death's profoundest slumber;
Who turned to cheer the living hours?
Their cares and trials who can number?
A few have smiled upon the face,—
Have smiled, passed on, forgot the story;
But who has sought with greater grace,
Why soon, so soon, the head grew hoary?

Nay, grieve not for the one who lies
At rest and safe in God's own keeping;
Turn now, and wipe these tearful eyes,
These living eyes, that pain with weeping;
Not only where the grasses grow
Bring lilies white and wreaths of roses;
Thy gentle words and gifts bestow,
Where life its wayworn face discloses.

MAY G. COLE.

A Perfect Heart

AFTER relating some of the varied experiences of God's ancient people, Paul says, "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come."

Of King Amaziah it was written, "And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, but not with a perfect heart." As I pondered over this text to find what there might be in it for me, this question came forcibly to my heart: If the inspired penman were writing of me, would he not say, "She was sixteen years old when she began to serve God, and she did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, but not with a perfect heart?"

Our deeds in themselves may be right, even in the sight of the Lord, but his all-seeing eye looks beyond the acts to the motives which prompted them, and it is by these that we are to be judged. "For the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." This teaches that we are to be rewarded not for what we appear to be, but for what God sees us to be.

As far as possible it is the duty of every Christian to avoid even the appearance of evil, but we must never forget that what others think or say never changes what God knows of us. Our friends may think that because we do that which appears right, we surely must be Christians, but God knows the heart. Let us continually live with an eye single to the glory of God, and then every action will spring from a pure motive.

The world is full of things that are not genuine, and thinking men and women, from only a worldly view-point, recognize this fact, and from time to time, by voice and pen, seek to raise the standard. But while the fountain-head remains impure, they will look in vain for a change of conditions. When the heart is right, then will their hopes be realized.

"Real success in life lies, not in surpassing others, but in bringing out the very best within ourselves. This can never be done while we attempt to push another behind us, or while we rejoice at another's misfortune. The best in us must be reached by overcoming, not ourselves, but the baser qualities within ourselves. . . . The very first great truth which every young woman and young man should absorb is that it is not what the world thinks of us or calls us, but what we are, that counts." "There is no fame or admiration or popularity which can result in anything but misery to us eventually, unless we have the qualities and gifts which produce it legitimately; and to a noble nature there is tenfold the happiness in being more than the world appreciates than there is in being praised for qualities one does not possess." Christians should even go beyond this. If we have ability in any line, it has been given us of God, that we may use it for his glory. "For who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?"

We sometimes wonder that with so large an army of young people among us, to say nothing of the older workers, God does not more quickly finish this work. Doubtless we have experienced an intense longing to do more for Christ, and ask, When so many are waiting and anxious to work for him, why does not God do a greater work through these willing hearts? Perhaps the motive of service is such that their effort would glorify self instead of Christ.

"Desire of Ages" says: "There is no limit to the usefulness of one, who, by putting self aside, makes room for the working of the Holy Spirit upon his heart, and lives a life wholly consecrated to God. If men will endure the necessary discipline without complaining or fainting by the way, God will teach them hour by hour and day by day. He longs to reveal his grace. If his people will remove the obstructions, he will pour forth the waters of salvation in abundant streams through the human channels." Does this not answer our question? Is there not a reason why God can not work more through us? When we have succeeded by his help in putting self aside, there will be no limit to our usefulness.

L. M. SPAULDING.

The Unseen One

THERE is somewhere a legend that tells of the Emperor Charlemagne's return every spring to bless the German land; that he walks yearly up and down the Rhine, scattering his blessings on gardens and vineyards, thus making the seed spring up, and multiplying the harvest. So, as the peasant sows his seed, he thinks that the unseen emperor will bless the labor of his hands, and trusting in this belief, works hopefully and happily. Here is a thought and a lesson for us, dear friends. We are to sow the seed at all times, beside all waters; and our King, our unseen One, "walks up and down always by our side, ever caring for the seed, and scattering the life-giving bless-

ings of his Spirit on the gardens of human hearts." And this is no fabulous legend. This Presence, though unseen, is felt.

We know our King is ever near us, and will always bless us. We hear his gentle voice whispering, "Feed my lambs." Again, he declares "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please." When we are faint and weary, as we often are, fearing the seed will never spring up, let us listen to that loving voice saying, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." If we feel inclined to murmur at the long-delayed harvest, we hear him say, "In due season we shall reap if we faint not." Let us ever remember this watchful, unseen one, who walks constantly by our side to help,—the one who is sympathetic, experienced, and strong. This is the one whom Jesus sent to take his place, the Comforter. How significant the name, which means, "one called alongside to help; a conductor." "His presence unrestrained, means power unlimited." Let us heed his cheering words, and, encouraged by them, work hopefully in the Master's vineyard, knowing if we reap not here we shall in the hereafter.

ERNEST LLOYD.

A Sabbath Amid Green Temples

FAR above to-day arches the radiant blue sky, and the mellow light of the sun pours down through the vast aisles of space in rich streams, gilding the green fields, and the dark foliage of the trees along the old farm road. The clouds have nearly all vanished, swept away by the cool, strong winds of this glorious July day. The long field of timothy, which should have been harvested weeks ago, bows its whitening head to the breeze that flows down the valley from the uplands of the massive hills, away to the north.

Up in the top of yonder rugged pine a bluejay is screaming, and down in the woods we hear the call of the little titmouse, and the harsh cry of a solitary crow. Close by, in the undergrowth of the chestnut wood, where we now rest, a cheewink calls its mate. This is the day of God's rest, and each breeze that blows across the fields, starred with daisies, seems to whisper of the surcease from labor; and the dawn of earth's first Sabbath; when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

How fair the world looks to-day! Never was ocean as quiet as is the blue deep above us. The few clouds lie at anchor, drifting a little here and there; and only the far-off murmur of a stream or the bird-song from an overflowing heart, breaks the deep silence of the grove. And amid the quietness the Spirit of God moves with his stately stepplings, and our hearts hear the soft footfalls as he comes and whispers to us, "Peace be with thee, perfect peace, O children of God!" Across the fields the breeze wafts the mournful notes of a bird in the forest. It sounds like a dove's call, and bears our minds back to other days, and —

The friendships old, and the early loves,
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

Down in the green glens the golden light falls upon the growth of tender shrubs like a pure thought upon a tender mind; or a benediction upon the heart of a child of God. Now we hear the jubilant chorus that rings through the green-roofed temples, whose gold-gleamed columns remind us of the temple of old,

where once dwelt the radiant presence of the Creator of all things, visible and invisible. Over on the steep hillside we found, this morning, a gold carpet of wild marguerites, fit for a king to walk over; yet God had spread it out for us, his children. So we strolled upon it up to the dim old forest hall, where the wild Robin Hoods, the free-hearted birds, were holding high carnival amid its ringing arches.

During the morning hours we had strolled down to a stream that flowed through the woods whose banks were lined with beautiful ferns. We stopped at one place, where the stream flows over the lower end of a flat rock and forms a silver cascade, striking the rock below with a roaring sound. We rested a while upon the upper part of the flat rock, and studied the Word of God.

After that we listened to the trees as they whispered to one another. Can it be true that the leaf-crowned forest kings whisper to one another of the legends of earth in its prime, when their forefathers, from whose stock they sprang looked serenely down upon the happy vales where dwelt together in peace the lion and the lamb? Farther down, the darkling stream flowed in silence beneath the long rows of gnarled Spanish oaks; and seemed to sleep beside the gray old rocks that lined the hillside.

God has filled these Sabbath days with blessings for his children. Yet these days are but foretastes of the glad days of eternity, when the family of God will gather each Sabbath day around the great teacher, the Redeemer of men. There we shall assemble in that fair garden, where the tree of life will yield its wondrous healing leaves and fruit for the immortalized children of dust, and hear from the lips of the Saviour the words of wisdom that he alone is able to impart. Then the trees and rocks, yes, and the starry heavens, shall unfold their secrets, hidden for ages from the sin-blinded children of earth.

To-day I shall treasure up the memories of these happy scenes and sounds, and amid the great noise of the city, with its endless tramp, tramp, tramp, I can close my eyes for a little moment, and hear as on this quiet day, amid the beautiful things of nature, the chiming bells of musical brooks, that flow from the cool forests, down through flower-gemmed meadows, over rippling keys of rock, and end in a final chorus of deep voices down the rocky walls of shattered cliffs. So shall I be glad, and praise God for all the mercies that crown my days; for truly, to me, "the lines are fallen in pleasant places." GEORGE E. TACK.

Now Is the Time

WHEN a thief is arrested in the act of robbery, his first attempt is to throw away the stolen articles, as they are the strongest evidence of his guilt. Many persons who now hold tenaciously to sin, will in the day of judgment seek earnestly to become free from it, but in vain. They will be compelled to meet the Judge of all the earth loaded down with sin, and will be obliged to suffer the consequence — eternal death. Confess sin now to God, yield it to him, to be removed as far as the east is from the west, and be found in that day, not with sin, but with the righteousness which is of faith, and which will "entitle us to the blessings of the everlasting covenant."

JOHN N. QUINN.

"WHEN love speaks, life obeys."



THE HOME CIRCLE



Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world.— *Chesterfield.*

“Push — Don't Knock”

UPON a door I saw a sign;
I cried, “A motto, and it's mine!”
A wiser thing I never saw;
No Median or Persian law
Should be more rigidly enforced
Than this, from verbiage divorced,
Its logic firm as any rock,—
“Push — don't knock.”

'Twas simply meant to guide the hand
Of those who wished to sit or stand
Within the unassuming door
This weight of sermonry that bore;
'Twas never meant to teach or preach,
But just to place in easy reach
The ear of him who dealt in stock,—
“Push — don't knock.”

But what a guide for life was that,
Strong, philosophical, and pat:
How safe a chart for you and me
While cruising o'er life's restless sea;
Push, always push, with goal in view,
Don't knock—avoid the hammer crew;
This rule will save you many a shock,—
“Push — don't knock.”

When on that door I see the sign,
I say, “Great motto, you are mine!”
No stronger sermon ever fell
From human lips; no sage could tell
The hothead youth more nearly how
To point alway his vessel's prow;
There are no wiser words in stock,
“Push — don't knock.”

— *Baltimore American.*

True Friendship

THE most beautiful picture to me in the life of William McKinley, is the picture of his inauguration as president of the United States. He sat on the platform with his old mother and his invalid wife, and an old man whom nobody knew. When people began to wonder who this old man was, you will remember that McKinley turned and introduced him as “the friend of my boyhood days.” This friend was a man so poor that the president had to furnish him with a railroad ticket to enable him to attend his inauguration. “The friend of my boyhood days.” It takes a big man to remember like that. A little bit of Lilliputian would never do it. And yet I tell you, that is the friendship that is divine.

If you wonder why I call this divine friendship, look at the greatest exemplification of it. See Jesus Christ, though exalted to the right hand of God the Father, remembering the man who lies in the gutter, and the woman full of sin, and degraded to such an extent that her own people will not speak to or of her.

David's friendship was not affected by death. You remember, after the death of Jonathan, that tragic death, that awful death, when a whole dynasty was wiped off the face of the earth, and David was seated upon the throne of Israel,—you remember that David sent messengers to inquire if there were yet living any of the house of Jonathan. The messengers came

back with the report that there was one living, a cripple, Jonathan's son, who was dropped when a small babe by a nurse during flight. He was a helpless cripple, who could not care for himself. Hear David as he says, “For the sake of the friendship which I hold for his father, bring him in my place, and give him a seat at my table. Give him the best that this country affords.” No wonder it is said of David that he was a man after God's own heart.
— *The Golden Age.*

Respect for Women

WHEN a man habitually speaks slightly of any woman, or of women as a class, he betrays himself in attempting to injure women. It is said that at a dinner recently given in New Orleans, at which no women were present, a man of this kind was called upon to respond to the toast, “Woman.” He dwelt almost entirely upon the weakness of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the difference being simply in the surroundings.

At the conclusion of his speech, one of the guests arose and said: “I trust that the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, and not to ours.” This answer turned the weapons of the slanderer upon himself with a vengeance.

A celebrated author says: “The criterion of a man's character is the degree of respect he has for women. I am more grateful to God for the sense that came to me, through my mother and sisters, of the substantial integrity, purity, and nobility of womanhood, than for almost anything else in the world.”

Such golden memories cover the book of life with the beauty of God.— *The New World.*

While There Is Time

“THERE'S father, girls.”

“Yes, and he looks tired.”

“We'll soon get him out of that. Poke up the fire, Marg.”

Hester ran to the door, and it was open before father had begun to feel for his latch-key. Margaret had stirred up the coal in the grate, coaxing it into a cheery blaze by the time father was kissed and helped off with coat and hat.

“Well, well, this is good.” He came in the door rubbing his hands, his face reflecting the brightness of the fire. “Miss Emily,” he said, turning with a cordial hand-shake to a young girl who had come in from a neighbor's, “I sometimes say that four girls are just enough,—exactly fitted to my needs; but if you belonged to me, I am sure I should feel that I couldn't get along with less than five. But I shouldn't want to steal you away from your father.”

“There comes Uncle George,” said Janet. She

handed father the slippers she had been holding to warm, and went to open the door for him.

"Dear me! dear me! Now, if this isn't homelike! You would realize it, Allen, if you were a desolate old bachelor like me. Always being waited on, happy man," he said with a laugh as a younger girl came carefully carrying a glass of hot water.

"O, yes, yes," father's face beamed as he took it, "it's all nonsense, you know — the rankest kind of nonsense; but these silly girls and their mother have lately built up a theory about me that I am not quite as strong as I used to be, and need a most ridiculous amount of coddling. Nothing at all in it except that in these years you have been away, we have both been getting older, and," a laugh and a pat on the head of the daughter who chanced to be nearest him, "I must say I rather like it."—*Selected.*

Rome and the Christians

WHEN ancient Rome was in her pride and grandeur, rich with the spoils of conquered nations, wise with the culture of a tributary world, and resplendent with the ornaments of sculpture and architecture, the church of Christ was just struggling into existence; and the rottenness of Roman morals was equaled only by the cruelty of their manner, and the madness of their fury against those who followed the pure and holy precepts of the Saviour of mankind.

It is hard for us, reared under the influences of the gospel of Christ, to go back and imagine ourselves in a Roman amphitheatre, where people gathered by the hundred thousand to see men fight with wild beasts, and with each other. Yet ruins and records still remain which show that in Europe alone there were nearly one hundred twenty of these slaughter pens, besides others in Asia and Africa, and wherever the power of Rome extended. The coliseum at Rome could contain more than a hundred thousand people, the great circus is said to have had room for three or four hundred thousand spectators; and in such places captives and gladiators were forced to fight with lions, tigers, serpents, crocodiles, and all kinds of beasts; gladiators were compelled to hack and stab and slaughter each other by hundreds for the amusement of the Roman people; and the priests and rulers and aristocrats and rabble of Rome assembled to see Christians flung to the lions, and martyr blood poured out to drench the arena's sanded floors.

Yet in those awful days of trial there was a consciousness of strength and victory and triumph. Christianity was a reality then; faith was the substance of things not seen, the evidence of things hoped for; and while men suffered reproach for the name of Christ, the spirit of glory and of God rested on them. In the presence of tens of thousands of spectators, maidens went to their death as calmly and as gladly as they would go to a bridal feast, fearing not the reproach of men, but holding fast the faith as it is in Christ Jesus. Sometimes persons, seeing their confidence, would be won and conquered to Christ, and brought to confess that they too were believers in the Lord, and were ready to share with others the honors of martyrdom; and again, mingling in the crowd of spectators might be seen true believers, calmly observing the triumph of a faithful martyr, and contemplating the time when they too might be called to take the cross, and follow in the footsteps of their Lord.—*H. L. Hastings.*



The Meadow-Lark

SWEETING o'er the fields and meadows,
Trilling notes so wild and free;
Restless as the fleeting shadows
On the rolling prairie sea,
Little creature, ever winging,
By the gentle breezes borne,
Ceaselessly thy song is ringing
All this cloudless, golden morn.

Is thy heart so full of gladness,
That thou fliest o'er the lea?
Is thy heart so full of sadness,
That thy notes fall plaintively?
Earth is clad in summer's splendor,
Blossoms scent the morning air;
Bathed in radiance soft and tender,
Knowest thou of grief or care?

Yea, thy heart may thrill to sadness,
But its depths thou canst not know;
Dimly glimpsed 'mid scenes of gladness,
Future weal or future woe,
Winging o'er the rolling prairie,
Gladly, sadly floats thy call;
Fly on pinions light and airy,
God shall mark when thou dost fall.

J. FRED SANTEE.

A Glimpse at Alaska

ALASKA is about ten times as large as Illinois, and more than eleven times as large as Pennsylvania. It has a coast-line of nearly eight thousand miles, and a river more than two thousand miles long. It was once thought of as a region of ice and snow, without advantages. But, while the ice and snow are there, the forests and the furs, the copper and the gold, make it a rich territory.

The scattered people are of various races. The Innuits, or Eskimos, live on the coast. The Aleuts live in the Aleutian Islands as well as on the mainland. Indians are everywhere. Dr. Sheldon Jackson says of these people: "The Eskimos are barbarous, and with the exception of those in South Alaska have not had civilizing, educational, or religious advantages. Five seems to be the basis and almost the extent of their mathematical knowledge. Polygamy prevails among the Alaskan Indians, and wives are taken and discarded at pleasure. The husband buys his wife, frequently a mere girl, from her parents."

The first missionaries were Russians, sent in 1793, to the descendants of the original inhabitants who had crossed over from Asia. It was, however, nearly a century before American mission stations were established. Eight churches now have missions.

At Sitka there is a famous industrial and training-school, where girls and boys study half the day, and work at various trades the other half. There is also here a mission hospital.

With the discovery of gold came an influx of miners, to whom the gospel had to be sent. So a number of the churches united in dividing the territory, to avoid useless duplication of men and equipment.

Some of the stations are cut off from all communication with the outside world for from four to six months of each year. Point Barrow, the most northern inhabited point on the continent, four hundred miles within the arctic circle, has been called the most lonely and desolate mission station in the world. Hoo-

nah Island is another lonely spot. Yet the missionaries are eager to remain at their posts. Some years ago a mission secretary spent an hour with the missionary and his wife at Hoonah. When he left, he asked if there was anything that he could do for them. "Yes, just let us stay here!" was the answer.

The Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Episcopalians, and the Moravians are conducting thriving missions in different sections. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, himself a Presbyterian, is doing work far outside of denominational lines. As an agent of the United States government he has been instrumental in accomplishing much, especially in the educational field, and in importing and domesticating reindeer for the use of the natives.

H. R. Thornton, a Congregational missionary, was murdered in 1893, while in his field. The Moravians have on their roll of heroes a young man who lost his life while going to establish the Bethel mission. But the work goes on for both churches, in spite of discouragements. The self-denying efforts of the workers are bearing fruit.

Slowly but surely the men and women of "the silent land" are being won to Christ. Natives have been ordained as church officers and ministers. Frances Willard, a Thlinkit girl, educated in the United States, has succeeded in devising a written language for her people, and is preparing a dictionary. An Eskimo boy from Point Barrow was sent to the Sitka school, and from there to college. Another lad, begging to be permitted to attend school, was angrily thrown by his uncle from his canoe into the sea. He swam to the shore, entered the mission school, became a Christian, completed his education in the United States, and returned to be a missionary in his native land.

In the joy of some such results, and in the hope of still greater results in the future, heroic missionaries are willing to endure cold and privation and loneliness.—*Selected.*

Denmark and Iceland

ICELAND is a large island, having about as many square miles as Kentucky, but having a population of about only eighty thousand; that is, about that of Des Moines, Iowa, or Lynn, Massachusetts; and yet it has large political ambitions, which are likely to be gratified so as to make it a kingdom, independent, yet not separated from Denmark. In 1871 Iceland was allowed a separate governor-general, and two houses of parliament, or Althing, half of the members of the upper house being nominated by the king. In 1903, the governor-general was withdrawn, and replaced by a minister for Iceland residing at Reykjavik, while the Althing consists of forty members, of whom six are appointed by the crown. Yet this approach to autonomy does not satisfy the people, and a committee composed of members of the Danish and Icelandic parliaments have agreed on a new plan that is likely to be adopted. Under it Iceland will be a kingdom, as independent as Denmark, but under the same king, just as Austria and Hungary are under one emperor. The bill provides that Iceland shall constitute a free, autonomous, and independent country, united to Denmark by a common king and common interests, and forming with Denmark a state federation—the United Danish Empire. If the bill passes, King Frederick will be entitled to call himself king of Denmark and king of Iceland. Various con-

cessions have been granted to Iceland, giving a greater degree of independence. The Icelandic treasury will contribute to the king's civil list, and Icelanders and Danes will enjoy equal rights in both countries. It is provided also that the law may be revised after twenty-five years if either party objects to its continuance, but not so as to affect the union with Denmark or a common ministry of foreign affairs. When approved, Iceland will be even more independent of Denmark than Canada is of Great Britain; for she will have no governor-general.—*The Independent.*

Work on Panama Canal Stupendous

EVERY fifty working days the toilers who are digging the Panama canal are removing an amount of material equal to the great Pyramid of Cheops, which consumed the labor of one hundred thousand men for twenty years in the building, and the services of the same number for ten years in constructing the road connecting the work with the quarries.

"The earth which was taken from the canal during a single month if spread in any city in the Union would have buried ten solid city blocks under forty solid feet of earth," says the *Philadelphia North American*.

Truly, the work accomplished since the army engineers took charge is stupendous and awe-inspiring, but the forerunners who prepared the way under overwhelming obstacles and drove the mosquito and the yellow fever from the canal zone must not be forgotten. Because of their work the whole force can now put its shoulders to the wheel, and defy the climate, which ten years ago was death to the white man.—*Popular Mechanics.*

The Graveyard of the Deep

FAR out in the South Atlantic Ocean, between the sunny shores of the Bermudas and the Canary Islands, just out of the sweep of the Gulf Stream and away from the vigorous northeast trade-winds, there is a sea whose waters mariners never cruise, and about which the grisled sailor tells grotesque and gruesome tales: it is the cemetery of the ocean, the Dead Sea of commerce.

If a ship is carried to this sea by unlucky chance or gross negligence, she first encounters floating patches of yellow gulf-weed, then drifting planks, spars, and bits of wreckage; and if not turned from her course, she will soon be lost in the silent morasses of the Sargasso Sea. Here there is no current to carry her out, no wave to wash her sides. Overhead the air hangs heavy and lifeless,—a deadly calm.

One look, at this ocean charnel-house, burning in the equinoctial heat, causes the stoutest heart to faint and shudder; for it tells a grisly tale of the wrecks of four hundred years which have floated into its slimy, miasmatic waters. There are dead men and dead ships, battered by winds and tempests; sails and masts gone, spars shattered and broken by the storms and hurricanes of all times and climes.

Often the ocean currents sweep in a perfect ship, yards all set and sails trim,—perhaps a deserted plague-ship, or the silent witness of some grim and ghastly ocean tragedy. Once within the boundary of this silent sea, its doom is sure. Here it lies in the sickly green of the seaweed until the idly flapping sails mildew and rot; until the paint blisters and peels

from its sides, and its decks grow soft with verdure; until the copper hulks are green with verdigris and thick with barnacles, and the chains rust and drop off; until the masts decay, and topple over upon the crumbling decks, and old Father Time gathers his toll of man's presumption by ultimate ruin, letting in the oozy and slimy waters until she sinks below the surface to join the innumerable hosts of the lost.

In the ocean of life, also, is a Dead Sea, whose waters are treacherous and forbidding, and where no life-giving breeze stirs the deadly calm. It is the sea where founder the barks of lost hope, perished ambition, failure, wrong habits, and all the various proclivities to which mankind is heir. We are each the captain of our own ship of life, and it rests with each one of us personally to decide whether we shall make life a success, and with all sails set, and with the fruits of earnest effort on board, reach our destination in safety; or whether, by instating a weak will as pilot, we shall recklessly ruin a worthy ship, and perish in the sickly waters of the dead men's sea.

Life is what we make it. We may overcome difficulties, resist temptation, make our failures stepping-stones, or, as supine, powerless souls, sink beneath our opportunities. Let us take the Master Pilot aboard our ship, and in spite of hostile circumstances, steer our barks past all dangers, and gain at last the heavenly "haven of rest."

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep;
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

UTHAI V. WILCOX.

Forty Bibles a Minute

THE Oxford Bible is widely known, but few are aware of the tremendous scale on which it is produced. From *The Caxton Magazine* we glean the following data:—

"The Bible publications of the Oxford University Press have been issued for three hundred years and can be published in one hundred fifty languages and dialects. Every year fully six hundred tons of paper are used for this purpose alone. Orders for one hundred thousand Bibles are quite common, and the supply of printed sheets is so great that an order for half a million copies can be readily filled. On an average, from thirty to forty Bibles are furnished every minute, and this number can readily be doubled. There are no fewer than one hundred ten different editions of the Oxford Bibles in English, varying from the magnificent folio edition for pulpit use to the "brilliant" Bible, the smallest edition of the Scriptures in the world. Of the Revised Version, fourteen editions are published. More than a million copies of the revised New Testament had been ordered before the day of publication in May of 1881, and it is claimed that the workmen of the establishment refused a bribe of some four thousand pounds to furnish a copy of the book before the day of issue. At the banquet held at the four hundredth celebration of the beginning of the art of printing in England by Caxton, Gladstone took into his hands and exhibited to those present, a copy of the Bible which had been printed and bound entirely since midnight of the preceding day."—*Selected*.

HE who knows most grieves most for wasted time.
—Dante.



Jottings on Texts

"LAIN AMONG THE POTS" (Ps. 68:13): There are many references to the dove in the Scriptures. Thompson says: "When traveling in the north of Syria some years ago, I noticed in certain villages tall square buildings without roofs, whose walls were pierced inside with numerous pigeon-holes; in these nestled and bred thousands of these birds. Their foraging excursions extended for many miles in every direction; and it is curious to notice them returning to their 'windows' (Isa. 60:8), like bees to their hives."

In Kitto's encyclopedia is a suggested explanation of the passage at the head of these notes: "No ancient houses had chimneys. The word so translated in Hosea 13:3 means a hole through which the smoke escaped; and this existed only in the lower class of dwellings, where raw wood was employed for fuel or cooking, and then there was an opening immediately over the hearth to let out the smoke."

"Round this hole in the flat roof, probably in one corner of the roof, some little guard of broken tiles or pots would be set; and into this corner the dust and dirt that gathered on the roof would be swept." Some travelers tell us of observing heaps of broken tiles and earth thus collected. "Among these tiles or pots, hiding away from the intense heat of the sun, the pigeons, or doves, are accustomed to gather during the heated portion of the day. Then when the coolness of the evening comes, these doves would venture forth out of their hiding-places, and fly hither and thither in the sky; and to those who watched them from the flat roofs their feathers looked like the yellow gold or the burnished silver, as they caught and reflected the rays of the descending sun." This seems to suit well the idea of the psalm. "The text is one of several metaphors crowded together with a kind of poetic exuberance; all the metaphors carrying the suggestion of deliverance from some condition of degradation and suffering, and subsequent exaltation to a state of high honor and felicity." Very possibly the psalm expresses the gladness of Israel in the restoration of the ark of God. Very beautifully does it suggest the great hope of the Christian. The past may have been a lying among the earth pots; the future is to witness a time, when, shining in the full light of God, the Christian shall be as "the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

ERNEST LLOYD.

A FACTORY in Amsterdam cuts four hundred thousand diamonds every year.

THE Sahara is not such a barren place after all. Some time in the past there were nine million sheep in the Algerian Sahara alone, besides two million goats and two hundred sixty thousand camels. It is said that the oases of this desert contain one million five hundred thousand date palms.



The Wise Crow

SAID Madam Crow to Mr. Crow, one lovely summer day, "I've had a dreadful fright; I think we'd better move away."

"Caw, caw!" cried jolly Mr. Crow; "why, what's the matter, dear?"

"Of all the country round about, you liked it best right here."

"Quite true," gasped trembling Mrs. Crow, "but in that field,—just see!

Last night there came that awful man! Whoever can it be?"

I've watched him there while you were gone; he's standing very still.

But see those ugly wings and claws, and what a horrid bill!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed jolly Mr. Crow. "My precious little wife,

I never heard a richer joke in all my long crow life! The man you see across the way is made of sticks of wood. Instead of harming us, my dear, he does us lots of good.

"The farmer hides the grains of corn in yonder field, and then,

Because he likes a funny game, he makes the wooden men, To show us where he hid the corn; he's sure we like to know.

It's just a game of hide-and-seek. I'm hungry now; let's go."

They found a hearty breakfast of the newly planted grain, And then flew back to work upon their cozy nest again; And Mrs. Crow, while dreaming of that field of golden corn, Said, "My husband is the wisest crow that ever yet was born!"

—Olive A. Smith.

Across the Continent by Goat Team

PROBABLY one of the most unique methods ever used for crossing the American continent is this little conveyance, drawn by four Angora goats, which recently started from San Diego, California, to make the trip to New York. Only three weeks prior to the start across the continent, the outfit completed a four-thousand-mile overland trip from Hastings, Nebraska, by the way of Portland, Oregon, to San Diego, begun in May, 1907. The little animals plod steadily along over the ground, and, while they do not cover nearly so much territory in a day as would a team of horses, they can make a daily average of fifteen miles. The owner and driver is Vivian Edwards.—*Popular Mechanics*.



A Little Jewish Girl

ONE little girl, who has been coming to our Jewish mission often, was at the mission the evening before the passover. Every time she comes, some of the workers endeavor to implant the seed of truth in her heart, and she greatly enjoys the talks. This particular evening, being just before the holiday, there was read to the nine-year-old child the story of the last passover which Jesus held with his disciples. She listened with deep interest, and when she heard how Peter denied his Lord that night, she seemed to feel very sad. Turning to the worker, she remarked: "I am so sorry, for I am afraid I am like Peter." She

was asked what made her think so. She said: "My mother sometimes asks me if I believe in Jesus, and I tell her I do not, but I really do. Now this is doing as Peter did, and I am so sorry. Will Jesus forgive me?" Being assured that Jesus would, she asked the worker if she was going to have prayers soon. When they knelt together, the child asked Jesus to forgive her.

Thank God the truth has been planted, and we believe it will bring forth fruit, and it has, as the following will show. While telling her something of our work of carrying the gospel to other children in every part of the world, that they, too, might learn of Jesus, the worker told her that we send pennies and dimes for the work among these children, so that they can hear about this Messiah. A few evenings later she came into the mission, and calling the worker aside, said, "Here I have brought two pennies, and I want you to take them, and send them to those children who do not know about Jesus." And she said she was going to bring some pennies every week.—*Good Tidings of the Messiah*.

The Barnyard Circus

ARTHUR, the farmer's little boy, was playing circus in the farmer's back yard.

Sister Annabel and little Brother Claire sat on a log near by and clapped their hands whenever he turned a handspring or did anything else that they thought very hard to do.

He made the best kind of bear, and lion, too. Annabel and Claire were sure of it because they had seen a real bear dance, and had heard a real lion roar, when the circus parade passed their house.

But Annabel and Claire were not the only spectators at the circus, though Arthur thought they were. Some of them looked over the barnyard fence, and

some peeped through the cracks of the fence.

"Mew," said puss, who watched from the limb of a tree overhanging the fence, "I may not be able to walk a tight-rope as well as Arthur, but he should see me walk the branch of this tree. Me-ow!" and she walked back and forth without the least fear of falling.

"Mew!" she said again, "he makes a very good monkey, for a boy; but I can show him a better way than that to climb a tree." So she raced down the tree and up again before the dog could think to bark.

"Bow, wow!" said the dog. "Arthur growls quite like a bear, but a dog can growl much better than a boy. Gr-r-r! I wonder what he would think of that; and, as for dancing on hind feet, I can do that, too." And he walked back and forth, resting his front paws often on the fence.

"Ba-a-a!" said the leader sheep, "let us form a procession, and have a parade, too. Ba-a-a!" And he started across the barnyard.

"Ba-a-a!" said all the big sheep, and "Ba-a-a!"

said all the little lambs, "we must follow the leader sheep. Ba-a!" And they walked away after the leader.

"Ba-a-a! let us jump the fence," said the leader. "One, two, three, go!" and over the fence he sprang. "Ba-a!" said all the big sheep, and "Ba-a!" said all the little lambs, "we will follow the leader sheep." So over the fence jumped all the big sheep, and all the little lambs jumped after.

"E-e-e-e!" neighed the horse, "see how Arthur prances and trots and gallops and runs. Who would have thought that a boy could do so well! I believe I will gallop a while, too." So around the barnyard galloped the horse.

"Quack, quack!" said the ducks. "Gobble, gobble!" said the turkeys. "S-s-s!" said the geese. "Cluck, cluck," "Peep, peep," and "Cock-a-doodle-do," cried the hens and the chickens and the rooster all at one time, "the horse should have told us that he intended to race. We must keep off the track." And they scampered and flew to right and to left.

Once round raced the horse and back under the tree where puss stood leaning far out to watch the show.

"Mew!" she cried as she slipped and fell on the horse's back, "did ever a monkey in a circus have such a ride as this!"

"E-e-e-e!" said the horse, "I will give puss a fast ride. Hold to my mane, puss." And away he ran.

"Bow, wow!" said the dog, "I will join in the race." And he bounded after.

"M-o-o!" said the cow, "the show in the barnyard is better than the one in the back yard. M-o-o, the horse will win the race, I know."

"Mew!" cried puss; "E-e-e-e!" neighed the horse; "Bow, wow!" barked the dog; "Quack, quack!" said the ducks; "Gobble, gobble!" said the turkeys; "S-s-s!" said the geese; and "Cluck, cluck!" "Peep, peep!" and "Cock-a-doodle do!" cried the hens and the chickens and the rooster.

"Come quick!" cried Arthur, as he sprang from the ring and ran to the barnyard gate. "Come, Anabel! come, Claire! climb up on the fence and look! The animals in the barnyard are having a show.

"Hurrah for the barnyard circus!"—*Edna Everett, in Kindergarten Review.*

Mother Humming-Bird

SUCH a tiny, tiny nest was that in which Mother Humming-bird and her two babies lived, hidden away in a bush so carefully that only Betty knew where it was, and she kept the secret to herself.

But one day Betty began to think. Suppose it should rain, what could such wee birdies do; for a drop of rain would be almost enough to drown one of them?

Mama only smiled when Betty told her. "Wait until it rains, little daughter," she said. "Little Mother Humming-bird will know what to do." Sure enough. The next day it rained, and what do you think the mother bird did?

A good-sized leaf grew at one side of the little nest. Mother Humming-bird took hold of the tip of the leaf and bent it over the nest. Then she fastened it to the other side to a little twig which happened to be on the nest. There the birdies stayed, quite dry under the leaf roof, until the storm passed. Then Mother Humming-bird unfastened the leaf again. — *Primary Education.*



William Carey, and the New Epoch in Modern Missions

AMONG the many missionaries who have given themselves to the noble work of saving the heathen, perhaps no name deserves to be uttered with more tenderness and gratitude than that of William Carey. When he offered himself for a foreign field, the difficulties to be met were very great, and many of his contemporaries thought that what he proposed to do impossible, remarking that if the Lord should "make windows in heaven, then might this thing be."

At that time missionary efforts had been comparatively few. The present century of world-wide missions was definitely inaugurated in 1792, when the Baptist Missionary Society was formed, and Carey became the first foreign missionary going out under this organization.

Of humble birth was this epoch-making man, who was born in England in 1761. In his youth he worked with his father, who was a weaver; but at the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, working at this trade twelve years.

At a very early age he manifested an intense desire for knowledge, eagerly devouring books, especially those of science, history, and travel.

When a boy, he possessed that indomitable will and resolute perseverance which were conspicuous characteristics in his after-life. At the age of eighteen he accepted the religious views of the Baptists, and soon began preaching. His congregations being very poor, he supported himself and family by teaching and shoemaking, at the same time acquiring knowledge in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

To be a missionary to the heathen seemed to be his only object in life. While preaching, teaching, or cobbling shoes, to which dire necessity drove him, he was consumed with the one thought of Christian service to the heathen. It is said that in his shoe-shop there hung on the wall a large map composed of several pieces of paper pasted together, on which he had drawn with a pen every known country with memoranda of what he had read as to its population, religion, and other points of interest.

Accordingly when the call came for some one to go to a foreign country as a missionary, he willingly offered to go. Andrew Fuller remarked that "there was a gold mine in India, but it seemed almost as deep as the center of the earth." When he asked, "Who will venture to go down?" Carey instantly replied, "I will venture to explore it, but remember that you," addressing his brethren in the work, "must hold the ropes."

He reached India in 1793. Believing it to be the duty of a missionary to support himself, Mr. Carey relinquished his salary. After seven months of hardships unknown to any other missionary in India, he took charge of an indigo factory. There for five years he perfected his knowledge of Bengali, wrote a grammar of that language, translated the New Testament into it, set up a printing-press, and planted new missions, all at his own cost.

In 1799 the factory was closed, and he moved to an

indigo plantation at Serampore, where he continued teaching and preaching to the people.

That which gave Carey his greatest fame was the translation of the Bible into twenty-four Indian languages. He also prepared numerous works consisting of grammars and dictionaries in these languages.

He it was who laid the foundation for the great work to be done in giving the gospel to this heathen land, and whose enthusiasm helped to arouse a general missionary spirit throughout the world. His great and noble work in his chosen field has won for him the titles, "Friend and Benefactor of India, and Founder of Modern Missions."

EMMA CHRISTENSEN.

Letter to Our Young People

I MUST first tell you the reason for so long a delay in answering letters from home, and this may also help to give you a better idea of the mission and its work. Do not forget that your letter travels two months before reaching us, and ours two more months going back to you. The mission is twelve to fifteen thousand miles from you—or half way around the world. Every day of the week and each hour of the day is filled full of duties. I am writing this letter from two to four in the morning, as I awoke early. There is no "program" at the mission—just work from rising to sleeping time. On the top of a live tree in front of our grass schoolhouse (and church) is a common farm bell, made in America, and bought in Cape Town. It is rung for morning worship at daylight. The worship is now arranged so one of our five native teachers reads an appointed lesson from the native Bible, and another teacher calls the roll of about sixty boarding boys. Before roll-call a hymn is sung in the native language, followed by the Scripture lesson and prayer. I find it quite hard to train the teachers so they will not preach a sermon at the morning worship. They are natural *talkers*, but not natural *teachers*.

When worship is over, all come to me to be assigned their work for the day. Of course some have regular work, which does not change, such as caring for the cows, getting the boys' food, and cooking it. But about half of the boys must have work assigned every morning, according to the weather and the work that needs to be done. When the boys are off to their work in the fields, Mrs. Rogers rings a small bell for the girls' worship. We have only five girl boarders, as many girls are married and live in their own houses near the school. The married men and women all come to school. Many of the women have babies, which they carry on their backs to school.

After the girls' worship, Mrs. Rogers looks after many things about the mission house and the girls' work, while I look after the boys' work outside. The girls work at sewing and preparing their own food; the boys hoe in the fields, cultivating corn, beans, sweet potatoes, and peanuts. We can not sell any of the things grown on the ground, as the mission is fifty miles from any town, and all natives raise their own food in their village gardens. We sell five or six dollars' worth of butter each week at Blantyre, fifty miles away. A boy carries it to market in a box on his head.

At half-past eight in the morning the bell rings for our native school, where children and some adults are taught only in their own Mang'anja language, by three

native teachers. This native school "keeps" only one hour, but with three teachers the work done is equal to three hours. This school has about twenty-five pupils, mostly from the nine villages on the two thousand acres of mission land. At ten o'clock the forenoon English school begins, Mrs. Rogers being in charge. She has five native teachers, who have learned English, to help her. The native school remains to her opening exercises and Bible study. This school lasts from ten to twelve. When all the five or six classes are reciting aloud, or reading at once in concert, the school has a hum that makes the native learn *very fast* (*msanga-msanga*). Reading, arithmetic, spelling, and writing are the main things taught, besides the Bible, which takes the lead in everything.

At noon all go to their breakfast-dinner. The native lives on the two-meal plan, eating any food in sight between meals. At half past one come the advanced grades of the English school, including the native teachers of the morning school, and all in the second, third, fourth, and fifth grades. I have charge, teaching Bible, a class in doctrines, or Daniel and Revelation, reading, and arithmetic. Mrs. Rogers teaches one grade, and Peter Nyambo, a native trained in our London school, teaches another grade. This school closes at four o'clock. Then comes preparation for supper, eaten just before sunset.

On Sabbath all are called to the schoolhouse-church for morning worship at seven o'clock. At ten o'clock is Sabbath-school, followed by preaching. At one o'clock all the teachers go to the villages to hold meetings. When they return, about four o'clock a meeting is held for the Bible class,—those preparing for baptism,—and another meeting for all others. All come to the church again for closing Sabbath worship.

The boys live in three separate houses, called *gowellos*, meaning "a sleeping house," close to the mission house where we live. We can not afford lamps in these houses, so we have a night school in the church for study and learning words in the lessons. After this hour for study a general Bible lesson is given. About half past eight all go to their houses, except the teachers, who are kept for some special instruction.

After this, if no one is sick and if he is not detained by some other emergency, the missionary may write a letter or read an article in a paper, provided he is not too tired or sick himself. More often he feels obliged to go to bed at once. You can see that this is a **busy** life, but we are working for Jesus and for souls, and so we love it. The most encouraging thing is that these boys and girls, as well as men and women, are anxious to learn. And the book most sought by them is the Bible. A man or boy who has hardly enough cloth to form a simple garment will gladly pay a month's wages for a Bible. I often wish we had many Bibles, which we could sell for a few cents each. As a rule it is better to sell them than to give them away.

If I only knew just the things you want most to know, I would gladly tell them, but this letter is long enough. We are very glad to hear from our teachers and their pupils in America, and especially to believe that you are praying for us. If you mention our names to the Father of all nations, we think he will help us better to teach these sin-stained and sin-darkened people, and help to prepare some of them for God's bright, beautiful kingdom soon to come.

Your brother and friend,

JOEL C. ROGERS.

Malamulo Mission, Nyassaland.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Program for the Missionary Volunteer Society, Sabbath, June 27

Our National Holiday and How to Celebrate It

Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.
Scripture Reading: Romans 13.
Prayer.

GENERAL EXERCISES:—

Song.
The Meaning of Independence Day.
Song: "America."
Relation of Seventh-day Adventists to the National Holiday.
Recitation: Celebration of American Independence.
Song.
Benediction.

Note

Next Sabbath will begin a series of studies for our Missionary Volunteer Societies on the subject of Religious Liberty. These lessons will alternate with the Foreign Mission Studies. The lesson for Sabbath, July 4, is on "The Fundamental Principles of Religious Liberty."

The Meaning of Independence Day

IN the month of July, 1776, a small group of men, about half a hundred, gathered in the old State House in Philadelphia, as they had gathered day after day for weeks. This, however, was no ordinary day. Before its closing shades fell over the city, a new nation had sprung into existence,—“The child of the world's old age.” It was the fourth of July—our nation's birthday.

Those men wore a look of care and anxiety. The people whom they represented were at war with their mother country, their sons were dying that liberty and justice might live. No mistake must be made at that critical time. Yet something bold and courageous must be done and that soon. To cut loose from England meant a death struggle which endangered the life of every member of that assembly, known as the Continental Congress. Yet, in the face of all these dangers, in the closing hours of that day, they declared, “These truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,” and, further, “That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.”

Two days before, on the second of July, Congress had declared the colonies free and independent, and not until the second of August was the Declaration of Independence signed. But when the fathers of the nation were choosing the nation's great holiday, they chose not the day when independence was declared, nor the

day of signature, but rather the day on which was adopted the principles, the righteousness of which made the declaration necessary,—the fourth of July.

The following words from John Adams voice the feelings of many of the resolute patriots of those days: “It may be the will of heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting and distresses yet more dreadful. If this is the case, the furnace of affliction produces refinement in states as well as in individuals; but I submit all my hopes and fears to an over-ruling Providence, in which, unfashionable as the faith may be, I firmly believe.” He and his fellow countrymen were willing to pass through the fires of affliction, suffer privation, and die if need be, to secure for future generations the blessing of civil and religious liberty.

The fathers of the nation are no more; their deeds are now only history; but with each return of the nation's birthday we are reminded of the debt we owe for the righteous principles for which they sacrificed and dared to die. And what should this day mean to us? Should it merely bring to mind the great lives of the past? “Not so,” you say, “it is intended to make us more patriotic.” And this surely is not far wrong; for true patriotism is unselfish and akin to righteousness. This, however, is not the superficial patriotism which is heard on street corners talking about how “my country can whip all the rest of the world together,” which finds its greatest glory in the country's army or navy; neither that so-called patriotism which preys on the country's enemies in time of war and on his fellow countrymen in time of peace. All such sentiments and motives are unworthy of the name. True patriotism is made of sterner stuff.

Our country is rapidly approaching a crisis; it is about to repudiate the principles for which the fathers lived and died. The lamblike beast will soon speak like a dragon, and in this, its hour of trial, though few realize it, the nation's greatest need is true patriots,—men and women who will stand firmly to stem the tide which is sweeping the country far from the moorings of our forefathers; who are willing to sacrifice popularity, and be scorned and ridiculed in defense of righteous liberty regarding government.

This is the call that the nation's great holiday issues to all its loyal sons and daughters in these times. The closing stanza of our national hymn should be the prayer of every patriot who truly loves his country and his country's God.

O. J. GRAF.

The Relation of Seventh-day Adventists to Our National Holiday

IN the providence of God, America was prepared as a refuge for the persecuted from other lands. The principles of liberty upon which our government was founded, and upon which its future depends, were formed in the mind of One mightier than man. They are God's gift to this nation; in fact through these very principles God called this nation into being on July 4, 1776.

It is fitting and proper that we should show our appreciation and gratitude for the blessings of both civil and religious liberty. But the popular method of celebrating our national holiday,—the firing of cannons and firearms, the explosion of torpedoes and firecrackers,—leaves out the true meaning of the day, and in no way develops patriotism; neither does it cause us to think of, nor be thankful for, the privileges

that are ours. In many cases it is in direct opposition to the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Too often the demonstrations indulged in at this time are the means of depriving many of life, and causing others to go crippled and maimed the remainder of their days. The *Outlook* for June 22, 1907, gives the following statistics:—

“On July 4, 1906, one hundred fifty-eight persons were killed outright or fatally hurt, and five thousand three hundred eight were injured. Of the one hundred fifty-eight who lost their lives, seventy-five died of tetanus, or lockjaw. Of the remaining eighty-three, thirty-eight were killed by gunshot wounds, of which fourteen were caused by stray bullets from the reckless use of loaded firearms on the part of others; eighteen persons, mostly young children, were burned to death by fire resulting from fireworks; eighteen persons were killed by the explosions of powder, dynamite, and railway torpedoes; three were killed by giant firecrackers; three by cannon; one by a misdirected skyrocket; one by a fall in an effort to avoid a giant cracker, and one in a runaway where the horses were frightened by the explosion of a large cracker. . . . Of the five thousand three hundred eight who were injured twenty-two suffered complete loss of sight, seventy-two the loss of one eye, fifty-six the loss of legs, arms, or hands, and two hundred twenty-seven the loss of fingers.”

Aside from these direful results, the vast amount of money spent each year “for that which satisfieth not,” is worse than simply burned; for it leaves behind it suffering and sorrow.

Every thoughtful Seventh-day Adventist must admit that we can not take part in these dangerous amusements: it is neither showing loyalty to our country nor recognizing the rights of others, to do so. In Volume I of “Testimonies for the Church” we are told, however, that our holidays should not be passed by unnoticed, but that in place of evil influences and dangerous pastimes we should give our young people wholesome pleasures. It is suggested that several families together spend a day at the river or by some beautiful lake or in a grove, and that all, both young and old, throw aside care, and enjoy a day of recreation.

The next memorial of our nation's independence comes upon God's memorial, the Sabbath. Man's decree, at least by custom, is, “Celebrate the fourth of July;” God says, “Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.” How appropriate that upon this day we review the blessings that civil and religious liberty have brought us; that we consider how the freedom we enjoy has helped to spread God's glorious gospel to the world; and that we light anew in our hearts the fires of loyalty to our country and our God.

ROBERTA ANDREWS.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course — No. 32

“Pastor Hsi,” pages 202-307

CHAPTER XVII: Was the request of the Christians at Chao-ch'eng granted? Explain. Speak of Stanley Smith's work in Hung-tung. Who was Si? What shows his earnest desire to live a better life? How did the conference, held in April, 1887, show that great progress had been made during the preceding winter?

CHAPTER XVIII: How was it possible for Hsi's Sunday sermon to precipitate trouble? Contrast the spirit manifested by those involved. What definite answer do you find to prayers during this trying

time? What blessing did the trouble bring to Hsi personally? To the work?

CHAPTER XIX: How do you explain, “The Lord knows how to open fresh springs of encouragement”? How did Messrs. Stevenson and Ewing help in aggressive missionary work? Tell how an opium smoker became the founder of the refuge at P'ing-yao. What experience led to the plea, “We, too, want to be cured, and believe in Jesus”? How were the prayers for Si-an answered? Who was Botam? the Moham-medan Mandarin? Chang? Fransen? Holman? How did Ch'eng win the confidence of the people at Huai-k'ing?

CHAPTER XX: Show how Hsi earnestly sought God's guidance in the refuge work. Relate the experience of the refuge at Hoh-chau. Tell the story of the “fifteen ounces of silver.” How did Hsi improve his opportunities? Why? Do you see anything in Hsi's life that interprets the text, “The just shall live by faith”? Explain. What called Wang and later Hsi to Yung-ning? How do you account for their deliverance from the robbers? Relate the story of the founding of the women's refuge work.

A Suggestion

THE rendering of select readings in our young people's societies is good, but do we get the good from them we should? Do we not sit and listen and say to ourselves, “That is good”? When we leave the place of meeting, have we some thought well fixed in the mind that will affect the after-life? Would not the compilation of brief statements applying only to one phase of some subject be better than that which is often done, the reading of a number of pages or even whole chapters, of our denominational books? Of course it means work and application to produce such an exercise, but how much greater the blessing to the one who searches it out, and how much more interest is likely to be shown by the listeners. There is a great difference in the enthusiasm of a person who reads a selection which he has only casually glanced over, and of another who has examined it thoroughly, and brought out one by one the pearls which perhaps were buried beneath an abundance of uninteresting if not useless terms.

D. D. FITCH.

Celebration of American Independence

FREEMEN, we our chartered rights
Hold from men who lived as lights,
And as bulwarks on the heights
Of their country stood.

Tyrants' threats and bribes they spurned,
Back the oppressor's host they turned,
Freedom for their sons they earned
By their toils and blood.

Be their names immortalized,
Who their life-blood sacrificed
That a boon so dearly prized
They for us might win.

Yet in vain our freedom, Lord,
Bought with blood in battle poured,
If, unfranchised by thy Word,
We are slaves to sin.

Freedom without self-control
Is but leave to wreck the soul,
Passion-driven on pleasure's shoal,
To the future blind.

Freemen, then, by right of birth,
Teach us, Lord, to prize the worth
Freedom of the mind.
Of that richest gem of earth,

— Selected.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII — Review

(June 27)

Lesson Outline

1. DURING the year that Israel stayed at Mount Sinai, God gave them the ten commandments; he also gave them many other laws. The people promised to obey these laws. They also built the tabernacle. Each day a cloud rested above the tabernacle; at night there was an appearance of fire above it. When the cloud was lifted, the people knew that the time had come to start on their journey to Canaan.

2. The children of Israel soon began to murmur. They despised the manna, and longed for the things they had eaten in Egypt. Then the Lord sent them quails to eat. Because of their sin he sent a great plague among them, and many died.

3. Eleven days after leaving Mount Sinai, the people came to Kadesh-barnea, on the southern border of Canaan. Here twelve men were chosen to spy out the land of Canaan. But Caleb and Joshua gave a good report, and said, "We are well able to overcome it." The people believed the evil report of the ten spies. Because of their unbelief, the Lord turned them back to wander in the wilderness.

4. Thirty-eight years later the people came again to Kadesh. Here they murmured for water, and Moses became impatient, and spoke and acted in a way that dishonored God. For this the Lord told Moses that he could not lead Israel into the land of Canaan.

5. From Kadesh-barnea the people turned back again to the desert, this time to travel around the land of Edom. At Mount Hor Aaron died, and Eleazer his son became high priest in his stead. A little farther on the people murmured again, and the Lord sent fiery serpents among them, and many were bitten and died. The Lord told Moses to make a serpent of brass, and put it on a pole. All who looked at the brazen serpent when they were bitten, were healed.

6. At last the children of Israel camped by the River Jordan near the borders of Moab. The king of Moab was afraid that God's people would take his land. So he sent men to ask Balaam to come and curse Israel. Three times Balaam tried to curse Israel, but each time he blessed them instead.

7. When Moses was one hundred twenty years old, he left the people camped in the plains of Moab, and went "unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah." Here Moses died and was buried. Then he was raised from the grave, and taken to heaven. Before Moses died, he told the people that Joshua had been chosen by the Lord to lead them into the land of Canaan.

8. Not long after this the Lord told Joshua, "Arise, go over this Jordan, thou and all this people." When the word of command was given, the people followed the priests as they went toward the river. As soon as the feet of the priests touched the brim of the water, the waters from above ceased flowing down; and the waters below flowed on to the Dead Sea. Thus God made a way for his people to pass over Jordan.

9. Jericho was a strong city near the River Jordan. The Lord told Joshua how to take the city. Once every day for six days the men of war, with the

priests carrying the ark of God, marched around the city. On the seventh day they marched around the city seven times. Then the priests blew a loud blast on their trumpets, the people gave a great shout, and the walls of the city fell down flat. The city was burned, and its people were destroyed.

10. God commanded Israel not to take any of the spoil of Jericho for themselves. Achan disobeyed this command, and hid the things that he had stolen in his tent. When an army was sent to take Ai, it was driven back, and a number were killed. This was because of Achan's sin. So Achan and all belonging to him were stoned. After this Ai was taken by the Israelites.

11. God had told the children of Israel not to make a league with any of the people of Canaan. But the Gibeonites deceived Joshua, and he promised to be their friend. Five kings of Canaan gathered their armies together, and went to fight against Gibeon. The king of Gibeon sent to Joshua, and said, "Come up to us quickly, and save us, and help us." So Joshua took all the men of war, and went to help Gibeon. In the battle Joshua saw that the night would come before they gained the victory; so he commanded the sun and the moon to stand still. And the sun stood still in the midst of heaven "about a whole day." The Lord fought for Israel, and gave them victory over these five strong kings of Canaan.

12. After Joshua had taken the chief cities of Canaan, he divided the land among the tribes of Israel. The men of the tribe of Levi had been appointed to serve in the tabernacle; therefore they were not given any inheritance in the land, but forty-eight cities were set apart for them to live in. When Joshua was an old man he called the people together, and urged them to fear the Lord, and to love and serve him. They answered, "We will serve the Lord." Not long after this Joshua died, being a hundred ten years old.

Questions

1. How long did the children of Israel stay at Mount Sinai? What laws did God give to them there? What did they build? What rested above the tabernacle by day and by night? How did the people know when the time came to start again on their journey?

2. What did the people do soon after leaving Sinai? What did they want? How did the Lord give them flesh? How was their sin of murmuring punished?

3. To what place did the people come eleven days after leaving Sinai? How many men were sent to look at the land of Canaan? What did ten of the men say when they came back? What did Caleb and Joshua say? Whose report did the people choose to believe? How was the unbelief of the people punished?

4. How long did the people wander in the wilderness before coming again to Kadesh? For what did they murmur? How did Moses dishonor God? What did the Lord tell him he could not do?

5. Around what country did the children of Israel now travel? What sad event occurred at Mount Hor? Why were fiery serpents sent among the people? What did the Lord tell Moses to do? How did this help the people?

6. By what river did the children of Israel finally camp? Who was Balak? What did he wish to do? Why? How many times did Balaam try to curse God's people? What was the result each time?

7. Tell all you can about the death of Moses. Be-

fore Moses died, what man did he say the Lord had chosen to take his place?

8. What command did the Lord give to Joshua after Moses was dead? How did the people show their faith in God? When the priests' feet touched the river, what strange thing took place?

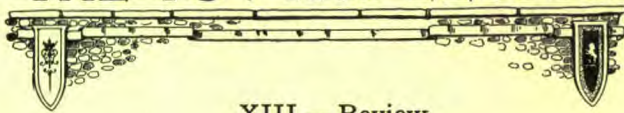
9. What was the first city taken by the children of Israel? Tell how it was taken. What was done to the city and its people?

10. What command had the Lord given Israel before Jericho was taken? Who disobeyed this command? What was the result of his sin? What was done to Achan? After this how did God show his approval of his people?

11. With what people did Joshua make a league? Not long after this who went to fight against the Gibeonites? What message did the king of Gibeon send to Joshua? What strange command did Joshua give during the battle that followed? What was the result? Who fought for Israel?

12. After Joshua had taken the chief cities of Israel, what did he do? Why were the men of Levi not given a part of the land, the same as the other tribes? How many cities were set apart for them? What did Joshua do before his death? What did the people promise? How old was Joshua when he died?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



XIII — Review

(June 27)

MEMORY VERSE: "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." Prov. 18: 10.

Questions

1. What is revealed in the gospel? Rom. 1: 16, 17.
2. What brought salvation to Noah and his family? and what did he preach in view of the impending destruction of the world? Heb. 11: 7.
3. When the gospel was preached to Abraham, how did he relate himself to it? Gal. 3: 8; Gen. 15: 6.
4. How did Abraham express his faith? Heb. 11: 8.
5. Upon what is based the promised inheritance, and the new earth? Rom. 4: 13.
6. What will give one the right to share in the benefits of this promise? Gal. 3: 6, 7.
7. What was manifested on the part of the people of God in the deliverance from Egypt and the conquest of Canaan? Heb. 11: 23-30.
8. What caused the downfall of ancient Babylon? Dan. 5: 18, 20, 22-24, 30, 31.
9. Upon what opposite experience was the deliverance from Babylon based? Hab. 2: 4.
10. What was the work of John the Baptist? Luke 1: 17.
11. How is it shown that his message demanded personal faith in Christ and his righteousness? Matt. 3: 9; John 1: 29.
12. In what movement is the message of John the Baptist again proclaimed and his work completed? Isa. 40: 10; Rev. 22: 12.
13. What fundamental gospel principle was the foundation of the reformation from popery in the sixteenth century? See Lesson IX.

14. What work is carried forward while the last gospel message of Rev. 14: 6, 7, is going to the world? Dan. 8: 13, 14.

15. What warning constitutes a part of this three-fold message? Rev. 14: 9, 10.

16. To whose worship is the world called by the preaching of the everlasting gospel? Verses 6, 7.

17. Since there is only one gospel, what must be revealed in the preaching of the last gospel message? Rom. 1: 16, 17.

Notes

In the history of the gospel there have been seven great reform movements: (1) the flood and the preaching of Noah; (2) the call of Abraham; (3) the deliverance from Egypt; (4) the restoration from Babylon; (5) the message of John the Baptist; (6) the Reformation of the sixteenth century; and (7) the great second advent movement. Each has been a movement to present the gospel of righteousness by faith in its purity and power.

This series of lessons ought to make it clear that this last gospel message is in line with the preaching of the gospel in all the great crises of history in the past, and that it must necessarily be a proclamation of righteousness by faith. In this generation the everlasting gospel is to be presented according to the outline given in Rev. 14: 6-12, and in view of the impending destruction of the world and the setting up of the everlasting kingdom of God at the second advent of Christ. This will give a freshness and power to this great doctrine, and enable it to meet the needs of this time in restoring and placing in their proper setting all the truths which have been either perverted or set aside altogether in the great apostasy.

A Forgotten God

ISRAEL had *forgotten God*. They had him. He belonged to them for all the needs of their life. He had given himself to them, and to be with them. He was right there in their midst. But he was practically a forgotten God. They knew him. They had had very close touch with him in Egypt, and since leaving there. But they forgot both his love and his overwhelming power, and their privilege of letting him overcome their difficulties and whip their enemies. Strange how they could, isn't it? No; is it so strange? For strange means unfamiliar, and this thing seems rather familiar in some neighborhoods. The giants could not be worse than the tyrant Pharaoh. The worst of Canaan's uncleared land would supply luxurious work after those Egyptian slave-days. Taking walled cities would not be more difficult than making bricks with a stinging whip cracking overhead. But they forgot God. Most men seem to have forgotten God. Even Abraham forgot him in Egypt, and Moses, too, at this same place of encampment a little later, and rugged Elijah at the foot of Carmel. Most of us do. We have God. He has graciously given himself to us for all the difficulties and needs of life. But we do seem to forget both his presence and power, and our privilege of counting on him constantly. Nobody yet seems to have remembered God fully.—*Sunday School Times*.

AND as the glowworm that, itself unseen,
Glads with the luster of its tiny lamp
Its little neighborhood of blade and flower,
So grant, O Lord, my love of thee may shine.
—W. Calvert.

The Youth's Instructor

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Grandpa's Interesting Bible

"COME, let us study the Bible lesson," said an older sister to a younger one as she reached toward the table for her Bible.

The little girl said, "Let's study it out of grandpa's Bible." "Why, what difference can it make what Bible we use?" said the older sister.

"Grandpa's Bible seems so much more interesting than yours; he reads it nearly all the time," was the explanation of the little observer.

The question can but be suggested, What impression have we given others of the Book of books? Has our personal interest been such as to awaken in others a desire to read and study the Book that points all to the way of life? or, is it to them an unattractive book because of our negligence in its study? These are not idle interrogations.

The Man Who First Burned Hard Coal

WILLIAM FELL, proprietor of a country tavern, discovered on Feb. 11, 1808, that "stone coal," as anthracite coal was termed in those days, could be burned. He called in his friends to spend the night, and observe the wonder.

The news was carried throughout the country rapidly, and the little country tavern became a very popular place, drawing sightseers from hundreds of miles away. It finally became necessary to keep the fire burning summer and winter, but not without profit to the tavern keeper.

The site of the old tavern is now marked by the Wilkes-Barre Historical Society building. Here "have been gathered hundreds of relics of the birth and growth of an industry now producing over seventy million tons of fuel a year."

Cutting the Rope

THE little book, "Passion for Souls," emphasizes strongly the thought that we are responsible for the welfare of those about us, that we should ever be watching for opportunities to be of personal help to those who will go down to perdition, unless rescued by some friendly hand. The following incident with comments is given by the author: —

"On the veranda of a hotel in one of the summer resorts in Switzerland one afternoon sat a woman with a spy-glass in her hand. It was turned toward the

summit of the highest mountain peak. She was looking at four little black specks which stood out against the snow. Suddenly the glass dropped from her hand, and she fell to the floor in a dead faint. One of the men took up the glass, and turned it back. The specks were men. They were fastened with ropes. A desperate effort had evidently been made to reach the summit, but one of the men had slipped, and was dragging the others toward the precipice. While he looked, the man ahead seemed to make a final attempt to get a foothold, then the rope parted, and three of them were hurled to their death.

The next morning the mangled bodies were brought in, and toward evening the man who had saved himself appeared. As he came up the steps, several persons whom he numbered among his friends turned and walked hurriedly away. He went to the hotel, but everybody shunned him. He came to a group of men in the office, and tried to engage them in conversation. They had not a word to say. At last he drew some of them aside and said, 'I insist that you tell me what is the matter. Have I merited your ill will? Why do you treat me so?' After a little hesitation one of them said, 'If you must know, it is simply this: When they brought in the dead bodies of your comrades this morning, it was plain that the rope had been cut.' I leave you to judge the man by his deed. This is my point: We are bound together by the cord of influence. No man liveth to himself. The welfare of souls is in our keeping. If we fail to do our utmost to bring them to the cross, they may be lost. Are we ignoring this responsibility? Then what is it but cutting the rope?"

The Eagle and the Humming-Bird

I RECALL a picture I once saw in a public gallery. It was a scene in the higher Alps. A noble eagle was in flight, and scores of birds were pursuing him. The hawks and other larger birds he could keep at a distance; for whenever they came near, he tore them with his claws, or struck them with his beak. Some humming-birds had joined the others in an attack on the eagle; one of them, scarcely visible in the picture, so tiny a thing is it in comparison with the king of birds, was sitting on his head, pecking away, and scattering the feathers as the eagle soared higher.

Naturalists tell us that sometimes the humming-bird will so peck the head and injure the brain of the eagle as to cause his death, while seldom if ever in a fair fight with larger birds is he injured. The humming-bird is small, and has a small beak and but little strength; but sitting on the vital part, and constantly teasing, he very frequently accomplishes his work of death. The eagle can not bite or claw him, and he has not the presence of mind to dip his head in the sea, and thus drown his pursuer.

How often it is that we allow little things to annoy us, to destroy our peace. Great troubles we bravely meet and conquer; but little things — humming-bird troubles — get near our heart, and we know not how to shake them off. So do what we are pleased to call little sins, and they sometimes succeed in destroying a life that has successfully battled long against giant evils. — *The Preacher's Homiletic Commentary.*

If we are not active in the service of Christ, we are ranking with those who are in positive hostility against him; for we are in the position of stumbling-blocks. — *Mrs. E. G. White.*