

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

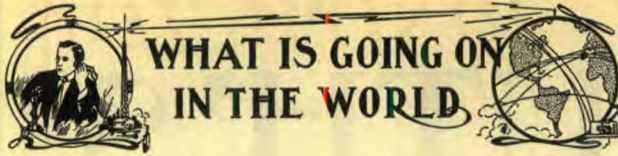
Vol. LVI

October 6, 1908

No. 40



SWEDEN'S GREAT BOTANIST, CAROLUS LINNAEUS



Now is the time to help the Huntsville (Alabama) School.

TO-DAY there are two hundred newspapers in China. There was only one ten years ago.

OVER forty heathen temples burning incense to foreign divinities are found in this country.

THE oldest Roman Catholic college in the United States is located at Georgetown, D. C.

THE Farmers' National Congress holds its annual meeting for 1908 at Madison, Wisconsin.

LI HUNG CHANG's biography is now on sale in the book-stalls of Shanghai. It consists of one hundred volumes. It is well for the readers that this illustrious gentleman was no greater than he was.

Two hundred sixty-five newspapers were established in Turkey within one month after the proclamation of the new constitution which granted freedom of the press. Evidently the Turks know how to improve their opportunities.

MUSIC is making dollars for the United States government in the digging of the Panama Canal. Laborers from the West Indies are accustomed to singing as they work, and it is found that overseers who are capable of leading a chorus have much greater success in getting good hard work done by the laborers than men who do not have that ability.

THE schools are asked to celebrate by appropriate exercises the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of our great lexicographer, Noah Webster, which occurs on Oct. 16, 1908. Mr. Webster, it is said, spent a score of years on his dictionary, and "won heroic success under many discouraging circumstances." He also rendered invaluable service to the country in the matter of text-books.

"THE shah of Persia has authorized a new electoral law, and has fixed November 14 for the opening of parliament; but these measures have produced no effect upon the revolutionary activities of the 'constitutionalists.' They have withstood the shah's troops for two months at Tabriz, and at Kerman have gained possession of the city and organized a temporary government. The revolt is spreading in the western and southern parts of the country."

"CONSUL TWELLS at Carlsbad reports that the Austrian government intends to establish a 'radium spring' at the imperial uranium mines in Joachimsthal. Within the past two years it has been known that the water in the mines contains radium, and medical authorities have affirmed that this water is of value for treatment of certain diseases. It is said that the water is sufficiently abundant for bathing purposes, and that the government will build and control hotels at the proposed spring."

Banishing the Horse

"THE horse must make way for the motor," says a writer in the May number of *Appleton's Magazine*. Some of the reasons given for declaring annihilation to horse service, especially in New York City, are of

weight. Six million dollars are expended by New York for its street-cleaning; much of this is necessitated by the horse, one hundred twenty thousand being in service. It is estimated that eighteen million dollars would be saved annually by substituting the auto for the horse, as one auto can do the work of from four to six horses.

It is said that New York loses yearly two hundred thousand victims to dust, and the menace of the horse as a creator of dust is recognized by bacteriologists. Congestion of traffic in cities would be materially lessened by the substitution of the auto for the horse. For these and others reasons equally imperative, it is decreed that our American cities must become horseless.

Interesting Items

IN a crevice of the tower of St. John the Baptist church, at Yardborough, Lincolnshire, England, an ivy plant established itself, and, slowly developing, gradually undermined the foundation, and lifted the stones out of place to such an extent that above three thousand dollars was recently expended in making the necessary repairs.

The late John Hay, who, according to President McKinley, was "the finest flower of our civilization," is to have a handsome two hundred fifty thousand dollar library erected to his memory at Brown University, Providence, R. I. Andrew Carnegie gives one hundred fifty thousand dollars of the amount, and twenty-five of Mr. Hay's friends have subscribed a similar sum. The building will be one of the most complete of its kind in America.

Some one has estimated that the cost of a first-class battle-ship about equals the valuation of all the land and the one hundred buildings of Harvard University, — a plant which that institution has been two hundred fifty years in accumulating. In addition, all the lands and buildings of Hampton and Tuskegee institutes might be added to the value of the Harvard plant. The comparison becomes all the more significant when we recall the vast amount of usefulness of these institutions along the years, and compare it with the fact that the life of a battle-ship is practically about fifteen years.

It takes eighteen tons of silver and about fifteen hundred pounds of gold to pay off the force now working on the canal at Panama. It requires five men three full days, working nearly eleven hours a day, to hand out the money required for the monthly payroll. The pay-days are from the twelfth to the fifteenth of the month. The vaults in which the money is stored are made of concrete, in which are imbedded all sorts of old iron, from steel rails to horseshoes, to add to the strength. The gold is American money; the silver, Panamanian, which is worth about half the amount in American coin.—*Young People*.

Transforming Grace

A WOMAN showed Mr. Ruskin one day a beautiful and costly handkerchief on which a careless hand had dropped some ink. The woman said that it was of no further use. Mr. Ruskin put it in his pocket, and carried it away. In a few days he returned it to her, having on it a beautiful picture in India ink, with the blot as its basis. In the same way God often transforms our mistakes and life-blots into adornments of character.—*Selected*.

The Youth's Instructor

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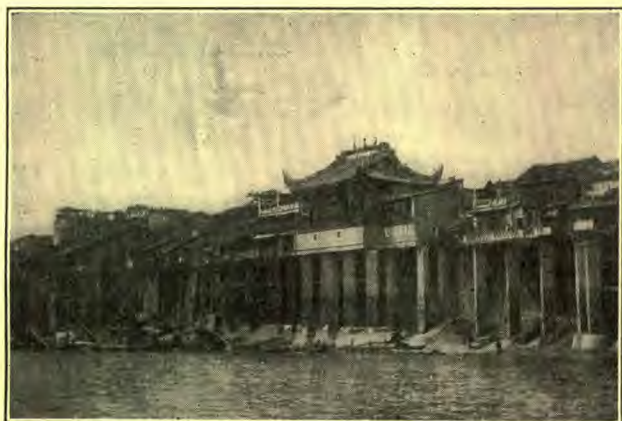
TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 6, 1908

No. 40



By Boat in South China

DESPITE the rapidly increasing facilities for travel in China, workers in the third angel's message will find for many years to come that those inland are often cut off from easy access by long, trying, and, at times, dangerous journeys. But if no range was too high, no plain too wide, no desert too barren for other religionists to cross, in order to make converts, shall not we find in our ranks those who, for Christ's sake and for the gospel, will go to tell the story of redemption?



A STREET SCENE IN PINGLO, KWANG-SI

We have already told of our trip to Shanghai by steamer. Honan friends have told of journeys by wheelbarrow, mulecart, and railroad. I will tell you of a trip by the ordinary passenger boat from Wuchow to Kueilin in Kwang-si. The former city of Wuchow can be reached by steamer from Hongkong or Canton in two or three days; where the passenger must change boats for the up-river passage. The distance is about two hundred miles. Chinese say there are more than three hundred rapids on the way. Our journey occupied thirty-five days, the same time as is required to go from England to Hongkong.

Having two women in our company, we decided not to take passages for each individual, but to hire a boat for our party. A house-boat was selected which had four bedrooms, a common room, kitchen, and over the stern, the skipper had a little bunk. The crew, who numbered about twenty-five, all told, slept either on the roof, or on the bow outside the front cabin door, with mats for protection from the weather. "According to custom,"—terrible word in China,—the captain gave us a written agreement to take us and our belongings safe to our destination. We had to pay most of the bargain price before we started, two parts on the road, and the remainder on arrival at our destination. A reminder that we were in Satan's territory was a phrase which ran, "Money for offering to gods by the way included." The agreement concluded with the expression, "May favoring breezes accompany you."

The large deposit, we discovered, had been largely

expended by them in buying salt in bulk, about fifteen hundred pounds of which was dumped loose in the hinder sections of the boat, and each sailor had one or more bags of one hundred thirty pounds stowed away in any nook or corner available. We protested that this was not right, and would retard our progress, but all to no purpose. "The boat was built for this purpose, and without such ballast would not travel well." It was rather humiliating, but there was no way out of the difficulty.

Later we discovered the reason the salt had been smuggled on board. Passing the salt custom-houses, we found it was not usual to search the boats carrying officials,—who have to go to Kueilin to obtain their official appointment to office in Kwang-si,—much less boats having foreigners on board. Hence the boatmen make quite a harvest by smuggling salt in this special class of boat. Now and again one is caught, and has to pay dearly for his wickedness. Unless sailors are scarce, they work their passage downstream for their board only.

Before starting out, a cock chicken was killed, and its blood sprinkled on the bows; crackers were fired, and various articles of food, with incense, were offered to propitiate the river spirits for a safe journey. O the sadness of it all!

On both sides of the boat were wide gangplanks. For propelling, long bamboos were used, having a long iron spike at one end, and at the other a cross-piece of wood shaped to fit into the shoulder when punting. Many of these were almost worn out ere we reached Kueilin. Then there were long heavy sculls made in two pieces, with a hole near the joint, which fitted on a hardwood peg, and carried out clear of the boat's side. The loom was secured to the boat by a cord loop. By working the scull from side to side with a twist at every stroke, it produced the effect of a screw propeller, and sent the boat along at a good rate. This method is used chiefly when crossing the river



A CHINESE RIVER GUNBOAT

to enable the trackers to get a better towing path, or when passing between steep banks. Going down-stream it is the favorite method.

As many as sixteen or eighteen would go ashore tracking. Each one had a small bamboo line fastened to a cloth thrown across his shoulders, and then attached to the main bamboo line from the masthead. It

is the quickest method of traveling, and the least trying to the passengers' nerves. The sail consisted of grass mats laced on bamboo poles, and hoisted on a bifurcated mast. It is all right in its way; but having a knack of getting stuck when needed to be lowered quickly, it would occasionally give the boat an uncomfortable lurch.

A wooden capstan and large bamboo cable were used to ascend rapids. At times two cable lengths were needed for the purpose. These were put on the tender, and three or four men would take it over the rapids. The end, fastened to their one-armed anchor or to a piece of wood, was commonly buried. Paying out the cable as the boat was being rapidly carried down on the hurrying waters, the tender would bring the other end of the cable on board, unless carried down-stream. Then she would have to return, and recover the lost end. Fastened to the capstan, it would begin to hum as it revolved. Then the sound of the rush of the waters, and the boatmen yelling as they put all their strength into their work of punting. When at last the crest was passed, each would pat the capstan and also his forehead. Then from the near-by temple would come a mendicant with a bag on the end of a long bamboo, for a thank-offering for a safe transit.

On one occasion some friends were shooting the rapids when a large bamboo raft came rushing down on them, crashing into their boat. The cable snapped, and the boat went spinning down the rushing torrent, pitching violently to one side and striking a rock, then bounding back to the other. On the one hand, fear seized them lest, if the boat capsized, they might be underneath, and again the water began to fill their boat, causing them anxiety for fear they might go over the rapids, and sink in the deep water below. But Providence caused the boat to ground in five feet of water, and they were safe.

Nearing Kueilin, we found ourselves in a plain of limestone bluffs. How fascinating and weird they were, assuming all sorts of shapes. In one place they came down to the water's edge, and appeared as sentinels reminding us of those unseen watchers and guardians of our lives. Then we would be encircled by them peering down as many tall giants. Eventually Kueilin was reached, and we were very glad for the mail that awaited our arrival.

Many years have passed since my first journey was taken, but its lessons are with me to-day. Year in and year out the sailors face and overcome those difficulties, and reach their destination. We can each apply these lessons to ourselves and our work. Like us, you may be in a hard place, where results seem never to appear; but be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Sooner than we expect, the last trumpet will sound, and we shall arrive at home. But O, we do not want to go empty-handed, so we entreat that you will remember these millions of people. Jesus said, "These also I must bring," "these from the land of Sinim." "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." His way must be the best.

PERCIVAL J. LAIRD.

Chang-sha, Hunan, China.

A Wise Lesson

ABUNDANCE is the blessing of the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies;
Learn this, ye men of wealth: a heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

—From the Greek.

A New Story of Livingstone

WHEN Sebitoane attacked Sechele's village (Bechuanaland), Livingstone was there on an evangelizing tour; he had come from Kuruman, where he was still residing. One morning, hearing a noise and an unaccountable agitation, he hastily left his hut. The village was infested by the Makololos (the name given by the Barotsi to Sebitoane's adherents). Livingstone, who had a *sjambok* in his hand, felt so indignant at the pillage that was going on, that, seeing a man crawling out of one of Sechele's huts, he brought down several blows on his back, which made the blood start, and made welts. It was Sebitoane himself. He stood up, seized Livingstone by the hair, and threw him down. The people ran up, and the assagais were about to pierce him, but Sebitoane interposed. "Let him go; he is a stranger, a white man." And looking straight at him he said: "You have courage; you are a brave man. Never before has any one dared to strike me." Livingstone understood whom he had attacked.

"You are strong," he said; and peace was made, once feelings had cooled down. Livingstone gave fifteen dollars as an *amende honorable* to Sebitoane, and Sebitoane on his part presented him with five men. When seven years later, they met at the Zambesi, they laughed and joked together over the incident. "You are strong," said Livingstone to Sebitoane, "to have taken me by the hair and thrown me down." And Sebitoane showed him the scar he bore on his back, and said: "And you are a famous warrior to attack Sebitoane all alone, who had conquered so many tribes. Look at this mark! You are the only one who has ever beaten me."—From Mackintosh's "Coillard of the Zambesi."

Going to School in Burma

SHORTLY after the native college was opened at Rangoon, says Dr. Marks, the head of the school, the king of Burma came to him, and asked if he would teach some of his sons. When he agreed, the king asked, "At what ages do you like them?"

"From twelve to fourteen."

The king turned to one of his assistants, and commanded: "Bring all my sons between twelve and fourteen to me."

Nine princes came in.

Four came to school the next day, each riding on an elephant, and with two golden umbrellas. Each, also, was escorted by forty soldiers. Afterward the whole nine came. So there were nine princes, nine elephants, eighteen golden umbrellas, and three hundred and sixty soldiers.

Unlike Mary's lamb, Dr. Marks says, the elephants stayed outside; but when the princes came into the schoolroom, all the other boys threw themselves flat down with their faces to the ground: it was forbidden for any one to stand or sit in the presence of princes.

Dr. Marks found this state of things very inconvenient, and put the matter to the princes. They talked the situation over, and made up their minds what to do. "You fellows may get up," one of the princes said. "You need not be frightened."

"After that," says Dr. Marks, "we had very little difficulty on the score of etiquette."

"The king took the greatest interest in the education of his sons, and they were among the most diligent and affectionate pupils I ever had."—Selected.



THE HOME CIRCLE



There are really no good manners without Christian souls.—*Spanish Proverb.*

Somebody Ought to Say It

A SMALL girl on the board walk of a popular sea-side resort was jostled by a woman hurrying to overtake some friends ahead. The child looked up quickly, and said, "Excuse me." The woman had not seemed to notice her carelessness, but now a color that was not sunburn showed itself, and she murmured something that might pass as an acknowledgment of the courtesy.

"Why, Prue!" indignantly exclaimed an older girl, addressing the one who had apologized. "You weren't to blame a bit. It was all her fault. Why did you say, 'Excuse me'?"

The small girl waited till the woman who was responsible for the discussion was out of hearing. Then she answered, very softly: "Well, Lizzie, I thought somebody ought to say it."

Sometimes a misunderstanding arises between two friends, and a reconciliation is long delayed because each one waits for the other to make the overtures. "It was all her fault," one thinks, while the other excuses her silence by saying to herself, "After the way she talked last time, she can't expect me to take the first step."

Now since it is clear that there is something that needs to be said, it is not worth while to waste time trying to decide whose business it is to speak first. Act on the principle of the small girl on the board walk. There is something somebody ought to say. If no one else takes the initiative, do it yourself.—*Young People's Weekly.*

What an Hour's Kindness Did

I WENT one day to the funeral of a good woman. She was the widow of a minister who had died some time before. She was not a brilliant woman, but one of those sweet, loving natures that go singing their way through all the burdens and sorrows of life, cheering up every one they meet. This is the story that a successful young man of business, with a brilliant prospect before him, told me of her on the day of her funeral. He said: "Three years ago I was out of work, out of money, and tired nearly to death. I came into town, and, hungry and worn out, I lay down in a yard in front of the village church. While I lay there resting in the shade, a sweet-faced, motherly looking woman came out on the porch of a little house across the street to water her flowers. Hungry as I was, I was hungrier yet to have some one speak kindly to me, and to come into friendly relations with some one. Obeying a sudden impulse, I got up, went across the street, and asked for a drink of water. She brought it to me in the most gracious manner possible, and then evidently seeing how tired I looked, asked me to take a seat. With great delicacy she drew out my story until I told her all that was in my heart. She took me into her dining-room, gave me a meal

as gently as she would have served her own son, and then after praying with me and for me, and encouraging me, she made me take a little help, and I went on my way like a new man. All that I am, and hope to be, I owe to that hour's kindness received from that good woman."—*Sunday School Times.*

Why the Sermon Was Dull

"THE dullest sermon I ever listened to!" exclaimed Sam, petulantly, as he came home from church.

"Yes," replied grandpa, a twinkle in his eye, "I thought so myself."

"Did you, grandpa?" exclaimed Sam, glad to have some one stand by him. "I mean to say I thought you thought so," replied his grandpa. "I enjoyed it because my appetite was whetted for it before I went to church. I noticed it was just the other way with you."

"Just the other way! How?" Sam demanded.

"Why, before you went," answered grandpa, "instead of sharpening your appetite for the sermon, you dulled it by reading that trashy paper. Then, instead of sitting straight up and looking at the minister, while he preached, as if you wanted to catch every word he said, and every expression of his face, you lounged down in your seat, and turned half-way around. I never knew any one who could hear a sermon from the side of his head."

"Then you let your eyes rove about the church and out the window. That dulled the sense. You dulled your ears by listening to a dog that was barking, and the milkman's bell, and the train that was puffing into the station. You dulled your mind and soul by thinking you were a terribly abused boy for having to go to church and stay through the sermon, and you made yourself a dull listener; and I never knew it to fail in my life that a dull listener made a dull sermon."—*Selected.*

The Pursuer Pursued

GRANDMOTHER TRUMAN was not eavesdropping, but she happened to be in the sitting-room when pretty Marie Dresser ran in, and asked to use the telephone because the one at her home was out of order; and it would have been difficult for any one to escape hearing what followed.

"Hello, Cliff!" Marie began, in a voice that would have been considered loud in grandmother's day. "What are you going to do to-night? Study? You're not, either! I know better. It's just an excuse to get out of coming to see me—O, yes, come on! I think you're mean if you don't. But I'm going to make fudge, Clifford. Doesn't that tempt you? Well, can't you come to-morrow night, then? Pshaw! I don't believe you want to come one bit. Then how about Wednesday evening? You horrid thing! What's that? Thursday? W-well, all right, but I

think you might come to-night. This sudden devotion to study is alarming. I'm going to be awfully dull and lonesome. Yes, I see you're terribly sorry. Thursday evening, then? Good-by!"

Then Marie hung up the receiver, called another number, and had practically the same conversation with a second boy, except that she finally succeeded in making him promise to call the next evening. After that she went home with a discontented look on her face; and when Morris Trueman walked into the sitting-room a few minutes later, his stately grandmother met him with an expression of incredulous dismay.

"Morris," she asked, "do young ladies nowadays get down on their knees and implore the young men to call on them?"

Morris laughed. "You've struck it, grandmother," he said. "The fellows were talking about that down at the frat house this very day. It's mighty hard to refuse a girl's invitation,—seems ungallant, you know,—but a man's got to be lively with first-class excuses if he wants to keep an evening or two in the week to himself. Tom Irwin told a pretty good joke about a man who was invited to call on a girl Monday night, and got out of it very neatly. Then she followed it up by asking him for Tuesday night, and he pleaded an engagement again. But she went right on through the week, and when she got to Saturday he couldn't think of any way to escape; so he blurted out, 'O, well, make it Monday night and have done with it!'"

But Morris's joke fell flat. "I think it's perfectly dreadful," said Grandmother Truman. "The girls ought to know how they're making you boys talk. Morris, I wish you'd go straight and tell that story to Marie Dresser."

"Marie Dresser! Well, I guess not!" was the horrified answer. "She'd think I was a perfect boor!"
— *Youth's Companion*.

"STRAIGHT is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first, and thou shalt see
The second ever following thee."

Man Sees Not as God Sees

I QUOTE this from an article by Theodore Waters in the *Circle*: "The dynamometer-car has been a potent influence of late years in making railroads safe,—not in itself, but in the curious record which it makes automatically of the general condition of the road. Most of the larger railroads maintain a dynamometer-car. The recording apparatus within the car looks very much like a small cylinder press, except that from the central mechanism, cams, cog-wheels, chain-belts, and indicators of various kinds reach down through the floor of the car and connect with the axles, the wheels, and even the rails themselves. When the car moves, these attachments telegraph the condition of the road-bed up through the floor of the car to a printing cylinder, where glass fountain-pens write an exact account of it all on long rolls of paper. In case there is any discrepancy in the road-bed, the apparatus not only records it on a paper, but also drops a large spot of yellow or black paint on the ties at the faulty spot, so that it may be easily found and repaired." The road-bed might seem in perfect condition to the glance of a passer-by, but the recording apparatus finds and records its defects. Our lives may appear all right to those about us, but God knows our every act, and even the secret thought of our hearts."—*Sunday School Times*.



Bermuda Onions in Texas

TEXAS BERMUDA ONIONS have increased the value of certain lands of the great State of Texas to the amount of two million five hundred thousand dollars. Two or three thousand carloads of these onions are raised annually by the onion-growers of the lower Rio Grande Valley; and the net returns to the farmers show the business to be exceedingly profitable. The realization of fifty thousand dollars a year from one hundred acres planted in onions makes the investment seem worth while, especially since the crop is one of the easiest grown.

The Public Cup

THE chief avenue by which disease germs are introduced into the body is the mouth; and the common drinking-cup has been found to be one formidable way of transferring through the mouth disease from one person to another. A physician in the city of Rochester, New York, traces an epidemic of diphtheria in that city unmistakably to the drinking-cup, which had been used by every one of the sick. Throat diseases of varied character are known to be more prevalent in those schools where a common drinking-cup is used. And why not, when a cup that has been used for only a few days will reveal to the microscopist a million or more germs clinging to its surface, besides the tens of thousands of human cells or bits of dead skin from the lips of the drinkers?

The germs taken from other school cups that had been in use longer, were injected into guinea-pigs, with fatal results to the animals.

The dictum of the laboratory, therefore, is that individual communion glasses and school cups should be insisted upon by all who have their own interests or that of others at heart.

Celery-Growing

KALAMAZOO, Michigan, is called "the Celery City," because its immediate vicinity is the greatest celery-growing territory in the United States, probably in the world. Over two million dollars' worth of this product was shipped from Kalamazoo in 1905.

The process of bleaching the celery is one of the most particular parts of the celery-growers' business. The *Technical World* describes this process, so well understood by the Kalamazoo growers, as follows:—

"To it are due the whiteness, the brittleness, the indefinable attributes, which make—and the absence of which unmake—the perfect celery. Bleaching begins two weeks before harvesting. It consists in boxing the growing stalks between boards so high that only the green tops are left visible. These boards are caught together by crosspieces, thus shutting out all light and air from the stalk of the plant. Two weeks the celery is encased in these boxes. Then the boards are taken down, and behold! the slim green stalks of two weeks ago stand bleached to a translucent whiteness. They have become, too, so tender and brittle as to require careful handling lest they break. Some people have supposed the white stalk to be grown underground, but that is not the case; the whiteness is due to bleaching."

Washing Cloth by Electrolysis

In certain processes of cloth finishing the operations of scouring and washing, after the material has been filled and bleached, require a long time, careful handling and a large supply of water. Moreover, through lack of practical means of recovering them, the oil and fatty acids or soap pass away with the waste wash-liquor, involving considerable loss. Often there are found in cloth traces of fatty acids or soaps which produce spots and stains when the cloth is being dyed. The fact that the cloth is kept for a long time under a rolling action when in the bath also entails considerable wear and a very noticeable loss in weight.

The invention of a Frenchman, J. M. Banrot, provides for the treatment of the cloth by an electric current, which is used for penetrating, reducing, and extracting the soapy film formed. It also recovers the fatty substances which compose most of the soapy wash-liquor,—the fatty acids and alkaline salts which resulted from the action of the electricity upon the soapy matters used in cleansing the cloth. These are purified and used again for the same purpose.

Thus it may be observed that the treatment by electricity economizes both the cloth and the materials used in its cleansing.—*Scientific American*.

Cocoa

THE common cocoa-tree is low, seldom exceeding sixteen or eighteen feet in height, but it is taller in its native forests than in cultivated plantations. It is a native of the tropical and subtropical regions of America. Spain and Portugal, it is said by some authorities, received their knowledge of it after the Spanish conquest of Mexico, in 1520, though others say Columbus carried to Europe the first news of this American beverage more than a hundred years before it was introduced into England. In 1674 the Spaniards carried the plants into the Philippine Islands, where its cultivation became very successful.



The scientific name of the plant is *Theobroma cacao*. The first, or generic, name is derived from two Greek words, *theos*, god, and *broma*, food; and was bestowed by Linnæus as an indication of the high esteem in which he held the beverage. Cocoa is supposed to be a contraction of the Portuguese word *macoco*, monkey, applied to the tree on account of the resemblance of the end of the fruit to the face of a monkey.

Its Chemistry

Various results have been obtained by chemists in the analysis of the cocoa bean, arising, doubtless, from the different conditions or varieties of the bean. One result gives for every one thousand parts the following table of constituents, as compared with those of milk:—

CONSTITUENTS	COCOA	MILK
Fat (cocoa-butter)	510	35
Albumenoids	210	50
Starch and sugar	220	40
Mineral substances	40	15
Theobromin	20	0
Water	0	860
	1000	1000

The theobromin is the same as the stimulating part

of tea and coffee. Tea also contains seventeen per cent or more of tannin, a substance injurious to digestion, while cocoa contains none.

The seeds, which are produced in pods seven or eight inches long, are roasted, crushed, winnowed, and ground. The cocoa of commerce consists of these ground roasted seeds minus some of the fat, which has been extracted by pressure. Chocolate consists of the ground beans made up into cakes, its own oil being sufficient to form the paste. Sugar and flavoring are sometimes added.

The island of Trinidad some years exports nearly fifty millions pounds of cocoa. Jamaica, Ceylon, and the Philippines also supply the market with large quantities of cocoa and chocolate.

The Extent and Purpose of Creation — No. 5
The Power of an Endless Life

THERE are many points regarding creation that must of necessity remain untouched in this series; but there is one thing in connection with it which, unnoticed, would rob the subject of its principal attraction. It would matter little to any one how accurately the minutest detail of creation was planned, were it not revealed that complete permanency for the thing created was included in that plan. Let us, then, carefully consider this feature of the subject.

Had no divine instruction been given in human speech, the heavens themselves, by their regularity of order, would reveal the glory of a power far above any display of human energy. But the precision of movement among heavenly bodies is regulated entirely by the *word of God's power*, a voice inaudible to human senses, yet speedily obeyed by heavenly agents in behalf of man.

This word is a *living* power, because it is an utterance from absolute life, dwelling in him who is ever the same, and whose years have no ending. Ps. 102: 27. Think of the character of such a being, whose power is unrestricted, and whose life is unlimited. Yet it was just such a being who made man in his own image, and breathed life from his own fountain of vitality into that likeness. Man was thus equipped to enjoy, with the Creator himself, the eternal benefits of all creation.

Had not this plan been disarranged by the entrance of sin, the life of God would have continued indefinitely in animate creation, and man's dominion over that first appointment could never have been diminished in any degree, because, without the entrance of sin, death could not have been known. Rom. 5: 12.

But did this thwart the plan of God to give eternal continuance to the work of his creative power? — No, indeed. Already, at creation, there was known to be disaffection among the angels, and the result of this upon man was foreshadowed in the mind of Jehovah. In view of this, provision for man's recovery from the trouble of sin, to the rest of everlasting life, was made a part of creation's plan. So immediately following creation, before sin came in to darken man's prospect, God set apart for man's observance a day of rest.

This rest was to serve a twofold purpose. First of all, when learning the origin of that day's sanctification, the mind was called to the infinite power of God in creating the world, and his reason for resting on the day following its completion. Inasmuch as we know that "the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary," we can understand that the Lord's rest from his creative work was not of a physical na-

ture, but rather a rest in mind,—a satisfaction with what had been accomplished.

We are told that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16. But did he withhold this gift until man had actually sinned, and so lost hold upon the original gift? How could he do so, when knowing at creation that man certainly would become subject to the temptation of creation's arch-enemy? Besides, to delay the gift until then, would mean a second plan by which to make man God's eternal companion, and a perfect creation a thing of continued permanence.

But this is not God's method of procedure. His word never fails; and when he gave man dominion over the works of his hand, it was intended to be forever. To make this sure, he gave the work of creation and redemption both into the control of his Son, who made the worlds and all things in them. 1 John 1:1, 3; Col. 1:15-17. By the acceptance of this arrangement, Christ became a "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Rev. 13:8.

By attempting the work of creation under the direct disposition of Jehovah, Jesus pledged himself, then and there, to redeem that which should fall under the curse of death through Satan's temptation. Hence when the creation of the physical universe was completed, redemption was assured by the pledge of the Lord Christ. Considering this, it is not strange that a day of satisfying rest was taken by the Creator, in celebration of an assured redemption of his beloved creation. But more. In order that man might have the same satisfaction through faith in the provided Redeemer, God set apart his day of rest for man, as a continuous memorial of creative power, not only of physical necessities, but of spiritual gifts as well, including the life first contemplated for man at his creation.

The apostle presents this thought clearly and forcibly when treating of the failure of Israel to enter the land of God's rest for them, from their Egyptian captivity. Their failure, he says, was a lack of faith. He then adds: "We which have believed do enter into rest, . . . although the works were finished from the foundation of the world." Heb. 4:3. In other words, the works, by which we enter into God's rest, were completed at the foundation of the world, at the time when Christ gave himself to become a sacrifice for the world's redemption. See again Rev. 13:8.

Thus it appears that at the end of creation week nothing remained undone by which the eternal purpose of God might be assured. Concluding his argument on this point, the apostle says that the seventh day was spoken of in a certain place on this wise: "And God did rest the seventh day from all his works." Verse 4. That memorable rest of God, then, was from all his works. Nothing more was needed on his part to carry out his eternal purpose.

It matters not how much they may have partaken of the benefits of creation in this life, unless they become re-created through Christ, to be made after his likeness, and to be animated by his life, they have tasted of life's pleasures in vain. Eternal rest from the perplexing plague of sin can never be theirs. The remedy to be applied is, however, very simple: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11:28. How strange that so few are willing to connect with Christ, and live forever, when the very thought of death seems appalling to them!

J. O. CORLISS.



A Prayer

TEACH me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propped with power,
Make as simple as a flower;
Let the dry heart fill its cup
Like a poppy looking up;
Let Life lightly wear her crown,
Like the poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father how to be
Kind and patient as a tree;
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent:
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grove—
Place where passing souls can rest,
On the way, and be their best.

—Edwin Markham.

"All Themselves"

"I SENT my love to you every day!" said a little girl indignantly to a sick friend who was beginning to be convalescent, and felt hurt because no word of remembrance had come to her. "They just took it, and kept it all themselves." The childish way of looking at it sets in a strong light the meaning of an undelivered message. Christ sends his love to men with each returning day—sends it by us. Do we deliver it? Or do we take it and keep it all ourselves? What does he think of us as messengers?—*Selected.*

The Singing Ring

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, who lived in the time of the French Revolution, recovered a ring that was a family relic. In it was a very delicate music-box, and whenever a little spring was touched, a beautiful tune was rendered.

The owner of this ring was arrested and imprisoned. During his lonely hours he could touch the spring, put the ring to his ear, and be cheered by its old sweet song. When his head was placed on the guillotine, the spring was touched, and the song began. Upon the death of the owner, the ring was lost, and long afterward, when recovered, it would not sing—the song had ceased. Sir Richard took it to a jeweler in London, who discovered a tiny blood-clot in the minute mechanism of the ring. This being removed, the song began again.

The Christian heart, filled with the love of Christ has its song of joy and peace. But sin—a very small sin—will silence that song. If we would have it begin again, we must bring our sinful heart to Jesus, who can remove the clot of sin.—*Homiletic Review.*

Numbering Our Days

THE narrow limit of the longest life is every day becoming narrower still. The story is told of an Italian prisoner of state, who, after some weeks' confinement,

became suddenly aware that his apartment had become smaller. He watched and saw, with horror, that a movable iron wall was gradually encroaching on the limited space, and that as the movement came on, it must soon crush him to death, and he could calculate the time of his doom to a day. But we have not that advantage. John Foster appropriately compares our time to a "sealed reservoir, from which issues daily a certain small quantity of water, and when the reservoir is exhausted, we must perish of thirst; but we have no means of sounding it to ascertain how much it originally contained, nor whether there be enough remaining even for to-morrow." Like the sands in the hour-glass, our days are swiftly running by. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The days remaining to us we can not number; for we know not but that our last sand is escaping while we try to compute; but the days that are gone,—O, what a testimony do they bear against us! We may have applied our time and faculties to the acquirement of wisdom, according to the general sense of the word among men: but our hearts,—our most ardent affections and secret desires,—how far have they been centered in the wisdom that is from above, and in "Christ the wisdom of God"? We readily confess that we still have to be *taught* this application of heart and concentration of mind to the purposes designed by our Heavenly Father. Solomon trod the whole round of carnal and intellectual enjoyments, having his fill of earthly wisdom; yet how late in his long and prosperous life did he sit down to write "vanity of vanities" upon it all, and apply his heart to the God from whom, *through the abuse of his abundant gifts*, the favored king had so deeply revolted! Let us number the days that are gone; and seeing how God has hitherto been robbed by us, let us strive to redeem the few that may still remain.

"A king for earthly wisdom prayed,
God gave the boon he sought;
That king God's laws still disobeyed:
He knew, but did it not.
Ask thou, my child, a better boon —
The wisdom from above:
Nor think the dawn of life too soon
To learn a Saviour's love.
Pray for what passeth human skill,
The power God's will to do;
Read thou, that thou mayst *do* his will,
And thou shalt *know* it too."

ERNEST LLOYD.

An Anecdote of Lord Hailes

THE late Rev. Dr. Walter Buchanan on one occasion related the following interesting experience:—

"I was dining," said the doctor, "some time ago with a literary party, at which a gentleman present put a question which puzzled the whole company. It was this: "'Supposing all the New Testaments in the world had been destroyed at the end of the third century, could their contents have been recovered from the writings of the first three centuries?'"

"The question was novel to all, and no one even hazarded a guess in answer to the inquiry.

"About two months after this meeting I received an invitation to breakfast with Lord Hailes. He had been of the party. During breakfast he asked me if I recalled the curious question about the possibility of recovering the contents of the New Testament from the writings of the first three centuries.

"I replied, 'I remember it well, and have often

thought of it without being able to form any opinion or conjecture on the subject.'

"'Well,' said Lord Hailes, 'that question quite accorded with the taste of my antiquarian mind. On returning home, as I knew I had all the writers of those centuries, I began immediately to collect them, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible.' Pointing to a table covered with papers, he said, 'There have I been busy for these two months, searching for chapters, half-chapters, and sentences of the New Testament, and have marked down what I found, and where I have found it, so that any person may examine to see for himself. I have actually discovered the whole New Testament, except seven verses, which satisfies me that I could discover them also.'

"Now," he said, "here was a way in which God concealed or hid the treasures of his Word, that Julian, the apostate emperor, and other enemies of Christ, who wished to extirpate the gospel from the world never would have thought of; and though they had, they never could have effected their destruction."—*Selected.*

Efficacy of the Cross

THROUGH all depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of Thy cross;
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound!

—John G. Whittier.

A Bible Study

[THE first good list of answers to the following questions that is sent to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR, will be printed in the paper.—ED.]

1. Where do we find in the New Testament a youth mentioned who was doing a good work for the Master?
2. Of whom was he a son?
3. How did Timothy first become acquainted with Christ?
4. Did Timothy keep the seventh-day Sabbath, and believe in the near coming of the Lord?
5. Did Timothy have any gifts of the Spirit?
6. What admonition concerning his youth did Paul give to Timothy?
7. What was it his privilege, though a youth, to be?
8. In what five things was Timothy to show himself an example?
9. What counsel do Bible writers give relative to our words?
10. What is said of the Lord's speech?
11. Where is the Love chapter in the Bible?
12. How important did Paul consider charity, or love?
13. What is love?
14. What does Peter give as the crowning grace?
15. In what points besides conversation and charity was Timothy to be an example?
16. What are the fruits of the Spirit?
17. What is faith?
18. What are we to do with the faith we have?
19. What must accompany faith?
20. What should one say when converted?
21. What will be the final reward of the faithful?
22. What other attribute did the apostle mention as becoming youth?
23. What rule did Paul give for insuring purity of thought?

IVOR F. WITTING.



The Sensible Toad

A LITTLE toad
Sat in the road,
To rest from many hops;
But to his pain
The cold, wet rain
Came down in great big drops.

But soon he spied
A toadstool wide,
And quickly hopped in under.
"Hurrah!" cried he,
"From rain I'm free,
And also safe from thunder!"

— Aunt Mary.

Jenny Lind's Rival

YEARS ago, in Sweden, lived a little girl named Jenny Lind. She loved to sing about her work and play, as other children do, never thinking then that she was to be famous when she grew up. When she was still a little girl, however, people who understood music happened to hear her sing, and saw that she was more than an ordinary singer. She had lessons from a master called Croelius, who helped her in every way he could; and before she was any more than a little girl she was working very, very hard, and singing a great deal. As she grew older, everybody loved to hear her, not only, I think, for her beautiful voice, but because she was a loving, sincere, unselfish girl; and all these things show, you know, in a person's singing.

She was a Christian girl, and when quite young became a member of the church in her native place, and was connected with it all her life. She loved to do good, and many stories are told of the lovely things which she did with the large sums of money which people paid for her singing. After she had sung all over Europe, and had won a good reputation, she had a long engagement in Sweden.

When this was filled, she offered to give a concert for the benefit of poor Swedish girls. It was a great success, and when she was told what a large sum of money her voice had earned for those girls in whom she was so interested, her eyes filled with tears and she cried out, "It is beautiful that I can sing so."

Perhaps your grandfather or your grandmother may have heard her. Ask them and see. She married a German gentleman named Goldsmith, and died only a few years ago in England. Her daughter still lives there, and there is a granddaughter who sings so beautifully that people are beginning to wonder if she will be a second Jenny Lind.

She was called "the Swedish Nightingale," and during her public life was probably without a rival in the hearts of people who loved music; but some one tells a pretty little story that shows that she not only knew when she was surpassed, but could acknowledge it, too:—

"One day she was riding in the country with some friends. A bird of brilliant plumage perched near by as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as astonished her. The coach

stopped, and, reaching out, she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side and listened deferentially, and then, as if to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstasy. Then quickly, as if she was before a critical audience, she gave Tyrolean mountain strains that set the echoes flying, whereupon the birdie took it up and sang and trilled, till Jenny, in happy delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly out-carolled 'the Swedish Nightingale.'" — *Selected.*

President Roosevelt's Message to Boys and Girls

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has written a letter to the boys and girls of Washington. The letter was sent to Dr. Curtis, superintendent of children's playgrounds, who had informed the President of the athletic skill of his charges. The President's letter follows:—

"OYSTER BAY, N. Y., August 8.

"TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF WASHINGTON: I believe in work, and I do not believe in sacrificing work to play; but I most emphatically believe also in play. A boy or girl who has a healthy body will be all the better fit for serious work; and if the health comes through vigorous sports, pursued in an honorable, straightforward manner, not only the mind but the character is benefited.

"To the boys I wish to say a special word. I emphatically believe in manliness, in courage, in physical address, but I believe quite as much in good comradeship and a spirit of fair play. I hope that whenever you enter a contest, you will do all that is in you to win, and yet you will remember that it is far better to fail than to win by any unfairness, by any underhand

trickery. Keep in mind that it is only by persistent effort in the face of discouragement that any of us ever do anything that is really worth doing.

"The fellow who gives up when he is once beaten, is made of mighty poor stuff; and if he thus gives up as soon as he is beaten in a sport, he does not stand much chance of success in the serious conflicts of after-life. The true spirit, the spirit which wins victories in after-life, is the spirit which fights hard to succeed, but which takes defeat with good nature and with the resolute determination to try again.

"It is a good beginning for this serious work of after-life if on the playgrounds you learn how to co-operate with your fellows, and to do your best to win, while at the same time treating your own interests with fairness and courtesy.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Boys as Inventors

It is not surprising that with all their alertness, their love of trying something new, and their large bump of curiosity, wide-awake boys should be numbered among the world's great inventors.



BENJAMIN GEORGE WILKINSON, JR.

That indispensable feature of the steam engine, the valve-motion, came into being through the mind of a bright lad named Humphrey Potter. He was employed once to work the valve-levers on an old-fashioned engine in a mine. As he was engaged in this task, he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, while others did not.

He procured a strong cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve-lever; and the boy then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after, the foreman came around, and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form, and made the steam-engine an automatic working machine.

The power-loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had it all done, he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the proceeds.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote the boy's father that he should visit him, and bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power-loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his own son was presented to the farmer as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year before.—*The Mayflower*.

Pollen for Our Brains

A PRESENT-DAY preacher, writer, and lecturer, in speaking about books and reading, to a large class of young women, said this: "We do not get enough pollen for our brains. You know very well that the pollen from the tassel must fall upon the silk, or the corn will not mature. Now the thoughts of others, as stored in good books, put pollen on our intelligence. For want of pollen on our brains, knowledge is inert. It must be fertilized; therefore, read, read, read, and think!"

We all know how stimulating is even one good, new idea, freshly put. It may cause a dozen to germinate and grow in our own minds, after the life-giving contact of suggestion. We might never have known our capabilities of thought, and what almost borders on invention, and at least can find individual expression, but for this vitalizing contact of "the pollen on our brains."

It will never do to rest in the self-satisfied, self-complacent conviction that we are "sufficient unto ourselves" in the matter of thinking. We are a composite, "a part of all we meet," whether face to face

or in print. God has thus ordered it, that we may come into close fellowship and help one another. Happily the "pollen" of good books is within easy reach.—*Young People*.

Keep Up on the Higher Ground

I WAS returning home from an evangelistic meeting in the gathering twilight. Melting snow covered with its soiled mantle the streets, and the gutters ran deep with filthy water, so that the snow and ice piled up beside the crossings afforded the only, if precarious, means of escape from the gutter's filth.

Ahead of me was a father who was performing the double duty of pushing with one hand a baby-laden go-cart, while with the other he led a sturdy little boy of perhaps three years.

The effort to cross the gutter safely with the go-cart caused the father momentarily to release the hand of the little boy, who promptly ran into the gutter filth, which came above the tops of his shoes.

A passing gentleman quickly rescued the little boy with the remark, "Keep up on the higher ground, little man."

Keep up on the higher ground! The simple, homely lesson, with its mighty truth, went to my heart.

Our spiritual and moral pathways are constantly beset with the filth and slime and the uncertain footings of temptation and vice, and the murky light of low associations, degrading environment, and vicious glamor are ever ready to blind our eyes and lead our feet into besmirching wanderings. Our only safety is in keeping up on the higher ground of spiritual living, and away from defiling temptations. It was only after he had dropped his father's guiding hand, that the little one got into trouble; and this he did at once, and before he knew it.

This is the sad experience of many of God's children. Self-trust means trouble. The Father's guiding hand is the Christian's only safe guidance. How much of solemn truth and wholesome warning does this simple incident teach to young Christians, those who are so apt to feel that their own strength and wisdom and judgment are quite sufficient safeguards to keep them from falling into the countless evil ways that beset and allure their self-guided feet!

But, alas! how many young people run deep into moral slime and filth before those who love them best, or even they themselves, are aware of their wanderings! Had they only kept firm hold of the Father's hand, and kept up on the higher ground of holy living, of prayerful endeavor, and of service for the Master, how many pangs of bitter repentance, how many tears and prayers of loving mothers, and heart aches of loving associates, would they have prevented!

Keep up on the higher ground of pure thinking; for as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he." Thoughts mold character. Think holy, pure thoughts; and it follows, as effect follows cause, that you will live lofty, pure, and holy lives.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

"IN living your life do not become so absorbed in the quality of the vase that you miss the perfume of the flower."

FAME is vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow; only one thing endures — character.—*Horace Greeley*.



M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman

Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

China — No. 3

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

GENERAL EXERCISES: —

Two Decades in China.

Gleanings From the Field.

Problems Before Our Missionaries.

SONG: "China's Call."

Two Decades in China

Millions in China are still waiting for the Saviour who so long has waited for them. As we realize this fact, we gratefully recall that for several years our workers have been in that benighted land, and we can but pray,—

Speed away, speed away, on your mission of light,
To the land that is lying in darkness and night.
'Tis the Master's command; go ye forth in his name;
The wonderful gospel of Jesus proclaim;
Take your lives in your hands; to the work while 'tis day —
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

"In 1887 Brother A. La Rue, [about sixty-five years old], who had worked in Honolulu, went to the British city of Hongkong as a self-supporting missionary, earning a livelihood by selling our English books on ships and in the city of Hongkong, and by the sale of imported dried fruits and health foods. Some Chinese were deeply interested in the truth, and translated several tracts which Brother La Rue printed. A number of young men in the British naval service accepted the truth in these years. Elder La Rue died in 1904.

"In 1902 Elder J. N. Anderson and wife, and Miss Ida Thompson, arrived in Hongkong to take up work for China proper. They were followed soon after by E. W. Wilbur and wife. These workers studied the Cantonese dialect, their headquarters being in Canton, where they established a boys' and a girls' school. Soon after Elder Anderson's arrival, the release of Elder E. Pilquist from the service of the British and Foreign Bible Society was secured. He began work in the province of Honan, and soon had Chinese workers and others with him, and a little church was formed. In response to his call for helpers, Elder H. W. Miller and wife and Elder A. C. Selmon, and wife, all physicians, and the Misses Erickson and Simpson, nurses, were sent out in the autumn of 1903. In March, 1905, came the death of Dr. Maude Miller. She urged the prosecution of the work with her last breath, and died with words of cheer upon her lips.

"In 1904 Elder R. W. Munson, of Sumatra, sent his native helper, Timothy, to Amoy, China, to perfect his knowledge of the Foo-kien dialect. While there, he taught the truth to a leading teacher in a theological school, N. P. Keh, and soon the work was spreading in Amoy. Early in 1905 Elder W. C. Hankins and wife arrived in that city to lead in the work."

So reads the history of our work in China. Splendid victories have been purchased at the price of hardships, of sufferings, and even of life. Still the work

goes on; for He who has all power in heaven and earth is with the workers alway. In 1905 a small printing-press was secured, but it was sold early in 1908, and a larger one established at Shanghai. In 1906 Brother and Sister P. J. Laird entered the province of Hunan and Brother and Sister B. L. Anderson joined the force at Amoy, where the work has spread until there are now four companies of Sabbath-keepers in that vicinity. Last year Brother Keh raised up a company at Swatow. In a place not far from there seeds of truth were also dropped. Later, when some of the brethren visited that place, they found over fifty persons keeping the Sabbath. Other new stations have been opened recently. "During the latter part of 1906, Prof. W. W. Prescott spent nearly three months in visiting the different mission stations; and at a general meeting held at Shanghai, the Chinese field was organized into a general China mission, with three local mission organizations."

Not long ago Australia sent Brother and Sister F. A. Allum to China. Among the workers who have gone from the States during the past few years are: J. P. Anderson, Orvie Gibson, Esta Miller, J. J. Westrup and family, Elder R. F. Cottrell and wife, B. N. Roberts and wife, Miss Pauline Schilberg, Mrs. Bother Moultrup and Mrs. Marie Miller.

Gleanings From the Field

Sister Ida Thompson has an interesting Chinese school. She writes: "The children can learn the Psalms in less than one third of the time it takes for me to learn them, so I have to study a long time before I begin to teach them. From sixty-five to seventy attend the Chinese Sabbath-school.

A terrific typhoon recently visited Canton, China, resulting in much damage to shipping, as well as to property on shore. A number of lives were lost, principally those of people aboard the vessels wrecked along the coast, the river, and in the harbor. In common with many other buildings, one of the girls' school buildings occupied by Miss Thompson was completely wrecked. Miss Thompson and three Chinese women left the building, and reached a place of safety just as the walls gave way, letting the tile roof fall. We rejoice that the Lord preserved the lives of the workers in the midst of this, one of the most terrific storms ever experienced in this section of China.—*Review, September, 17.*

In 1906 some of the workers prepared a little Sabbath calendar. It contained the ten commandments and other scriptures. This proved to be one means of spreading the truth.

Dr. Selmon writes from the interior: "It is no fun repairing an old Chinese compound. The walls are all cracked, and some of them have to be torn down. The workmen are new at the business. They not only have never made a door or a window, but they have never even so much as seen one. We have to be our own contractors and architects, and in many things must be our own carpenters.

"China in her deep poverty gave three times as much for her idolatry in 1894 as Protestants gave for their Christianity."

B. L. Anderson, shortly after entering China, wrote: "When I consider the great work there is to be done here, I am sorry we delayed so long, and wonder why China was not entered by the third angel's message at a much earlier date."

A notoriously wicked Chinese literati was converted by reading the first three chapters of John. His den

of infamy became a place of prayer, and what formerly had been the gate of hell became the gate of heaven.

Problems Before Our Missionaries

Opium is still robbing the Celestial Kingdom of manly men; gambling continues to be a fundamental element of society; while idolatry and superstition are holding millions in their benumbing embrace. These curses have long been hastening China on to ruin, but recent years have added other problems for our missionaries to solve. New forces are struggling for the mastery in China. Since the Russo-Japanese war, intensity has laid hold of every phase of Chinese life. Says one writer: "She wants the foreign, or Western, civilization without the foreigner. To effect this, forces are at work, some educative and reformatory, others revolutionary and destructive. China is honey-combed with secret societies crying, 'China for the Chinese, and death for the foreigners.'" A missionary who had been home on a furlough writes, "Over one hundred new schools were started in this one city of Fu-chan. It is new China I have come back to. Almost pathetic to me is this longing for Western ways."

Then at times it seems that the great reformatory wave is rolling back from the land. Reaction has called a halt to reform. Confucius has been deified. Buddhist schools have been established in most provinces, and old Chinese learning is considered a fundamental factor in the national education. China is a twentieth-century problem. Some of those best acquainted with her say that it is impossible to prophesy what will happen. The Morrison Centenary Conference, held in Shanghai last year, was attended by about fifteen hundred representatives of eighty-three societies, or agencies, working in more than five hundred cities throughout the empire. At that gathering the problem of education stood next in prominence to federation. Our workers are anxious to improve the present situation, and to enter the educational field at this critical time.

Another recent problem is that of church federation. The stress placed on this question forbids an attitude of indifference on the part of our workers. "We must be one in Christ, for China which is now out of Christ, that we may give her what we have received, do for her what has been done for us. We must not fall behind the general world movements toward federation and union. The strongest part of what we have to give China is what we hold in common; the weakest part that which separates us." Such was the argument presented at the centennial conference by Mr. Mackenzie of the Canadian Presbyterian mission in Honan. It would seem blessed indeed if streams of love could overflow denominational barriers, and all Christendom could sail forth unitedly to seek and to save the lost. The argument is powerful, and may well appeal to all save the King's servants, who are speeding on to herald his coming. Our workers are in the race. Their reports throb with courage, but urgently call for recruits; and the fact that millions in China are without the gospel is a Macedonian call to Seventh-day Adventists.

A debtor! for in shadows darkly lying,
Are countless souls for whom my Saviour bled;
That distant land in sin and sorrow sighing,
Waits for his message to be comforted.

A debtor! loyal messengers have started;
God sends them, helps them, speeds them on their way,
Accepts the service of the faithful-hearted,—
What am I doing my great debts to pay?

M. E.

China's Call

(Tune, "Christ in Song," No. 397)

Nearer fields, the reapers toiling
Gather in the golden grain,
Still the distant eastern borders
To the workers' skill remain.

CHORUS:

Lord of harvest, send forth reapers.
Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry,
Send them China's sheaves to gather
Ere the harvest-time pass by.

Long the shadows there have tarried;
Late the precious seeds were sown;
Now the world's great Light is shining
On a harvest fully grown.

China, with its teeming millions,
Souls for whom our Saviour died,
Knowing heaven, but not the pathway.
Lost, is waiting for a guide.

Now the Word from home has reached them,
Are there none to lead the way?
Ere the harvest-time is over,
Will you help as well as pray?

—Selected.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

"Great Controversy," Chapters I, II

Chapter I: Destruction of Jerusalem

1. READ the preface, also Matthew 24.
2. Relate several incidents showing how Jerusalem had been especially honored by God.
3. What marked the end of Israel's national existence?
4. In a paragraph draw comparisons between Jerusalem and the world.
5. Give briefly the history of the temple.
6. Apply the parable of the unfruitful fig-tree.
7. Show how disregard for God threatens the peace in a community.
8. How literally was Christ's prophecy concerning Jerusalem fulfilled?
9. What lessons does the experience of Jerusalem have for the individual? What warnings for the world?

Chapter II: Persecutions in the First Centuries

10. How did persecution affect Christianity?
11. How did Satan next try to corrupt the true church? With what results?
12. What different powers carried on persecution?
13. Does the absence of persecution to-day prove that the world is growing better? Explain.
14. How has the study of this chapter helped you personally?

Notes

POLITICAL CONDITION TILL 375 A. D.—The Roman empire was supreme, and held sway from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, from Scotland to the cataracts of the Nile and the Sahara. The golden age of literature was early in the first century. The Augustan house ruled till 68. In 69 Rome was taken by the Flavian army, whose emperors, together with the Antonines, ruled until 192. It was during the reign of these emperors that Jerusalem was destroyed, and the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. Before the close of the period, Rome's declining morals were at a very low tide. Wealth and slavery brought luxury, idleness, and immorality, and these in turn were bringing ruin to their possessors. The next period, lasting until 284, might be considered one of military license. The emperors were appointed by the soldiers. Those were stormy times. During the ninety-two years there were twenty-five emperors.

It seemed that the empire was on the verge of dissolution, but out of the chaos arose the absolute monarchy, which lasted until 375. Two events in this last period especially claim our attention,—the merciless persecution of Diocletian, and Constantine's indorsement of Christianity, which had by that time spread all over the then civilized world.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM (For Moses' prediction see Deut. 28:49, 52, 53).—In 135 Hadrian rebuilt Jerusalem, but not on the same site; and he issued a law that no Jew should enter the city, on pain of death. Luke 21:24 has also been fulfilled. Since its destruction, Jerusalem has never been in the hands of the Jews. First it was under the Romans, next under the Saracens, then under the Franks, after that under the Mamelukes, and now under the Turks. Julian, the apostate emperor, thought to nullify Luke 21:24. He determined to rebuild Jerusalem, and restore it to the Jews. But "balls of fire came out of the ground near the foundation. This happened several times, . . . and the undertaking was at last given up. How plainly is the providence of God seen in this." "The time of the Gentiles will be fulfilled when the gospel is finished."

THE SABBATH IN THE EARLY CENTURIES.—The primitive Christians venerated the Sabbath. Wm. Twisse, a First-day writer, tells us that for some hundred years the seventh day was observed by many Christians. Coleman, another First-day writer, says: "Down even to the fifth century, the Jewish Sabbath was observed in the Christian church." Numerous other testimonies might be given, but these will suffice. Sir Domville says: "Centuries of the Christian era passed away before the Sunday was observed by the Christian church as a Sabbath." It seems evident that Columba was a Sabbath-keeper.

PERSECUTION OF THE FIRST CENTURY.—Matt. 24:9, 10, was experienced early in the Christian era. See Acts 4:3; 6:10; 7:59; 12:2; 16:23. Ten bloody persecutions occurred during the first three centuries after the ascension. The last, 302-312, under Diocletian, was the most bloody. About two million Christians perished during the pagan persecution. "Every one was permitted to insult the Christians." A Roman governor said, "Let no one care for these Christians; they do not deserve to be treated like men." Words in the English language fail to describe the cruelty practised.

THE CATACOMBS.—They are fifty-four in number, and their labyrinthine galleries, if stretched out in one continuous line, would extend the entire length of the Italian peninsula. Many of the catacombs were destroyed at the time of the barbarian invasions.

The Real Touchstone

THE highest achievement of charity is to love our enemies; but to bear cheerfully with our neighbor's failings is scarcely an inferior grace. It is easy enough to love those who are agreeable and obliging—what fly is not attracted by sugar and honey? But to love one who is cross, perverse, tiresome, is not so pleasant. Nevertheless, this is the real touchstone of brotherly love. The best way of practising it is to put ourselves in the place of him who tries us, and to see how we would wish him to treat us if we had his defects. We must put ourselves in the place of buyer when we sell, and seller when we buy, if we want to deal fairly.—*Francis de Sales.*



III—Dedication of the Temple

(October 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: 2 Chronicles 5, 6, 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is in his holy temple, the Lord's throne is in heaven: his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men." Ps. 11:4.

The Lesson Story

1. "Thus all the work that Solomon made for the house of the Lord was finished: and Solomon brought in all the things that David his father had dedicated; and the silver, and the gold, and all the instruments, put he among the treasures of the house of God.

2. "Then Solomon assembled the elders of Israel, and all the heads of the tribes the chief of the fathers of the children of Israel, unto Jerusalem, to bring up the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of the city of David, which is Zion. . . . And all the elders of Israel came; and the Levites took up the ark. And they brought up the ark, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and all the holy vessels that were in the tabernacle, these did the priests and the Levites bring up."

3. "Also King Solomon, and all the congregation of Israel that were assembled unto him before the ark, sacrificed sheep and oxen, which could not be told nor numbered for multitude. And the priests brought in the ark of the covenant of the Lord unto his place, to the oracle of the house, into the most holy place, even under the wings of the cherubims. . . . There was nothing in the ark save the two tables which Moses put therein at Horeb, when the Lord made a covenant with the children of Israel, when they came out of Egypt."

4. When the ark had been brought into the most holy place in the temple, and the priests had come out, the singers stood at the east end of the altar, "being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries and harps." And there stood with them a hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets. "It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth forever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

5. "Then said Solomon, The Lord hath said that he would dwell in the thick darkness. But I have built an house of habitation for thee, and a place for thy dwelling forever. And the king turned his face, and blessed the whole congregation of Israel: and all the congregation of Israel stood. And he said, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who hath with his hands fulfilled that which he spake with his mouth to my father David." He said the Lord had chosen Jerusalem that his name might be there; that he had promised David that his son should build him a house; and that his word had been fulfilled.

6. "Solomon had made a brazen scaffold [platform] of five cubits long, and five cubits broad, and three cubits high, and had set it in the midst of the

court: and upon it he stood, and kneeled down upon his knees before all the congregation of Israel." The king offered a wonderful prayer for himself and for all the people. He asked that the Lord would remember his promise to David, and that he would hear the prayers of any who were in trouble, and that he would forgive all who would repent of their sins when they prayed to him, that he would make the temple he had finished building his resting-place, that he would clothe his priests with salvation, and that his saints might rejoice in his goodness."

7. "Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt-offering and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house. And the priests could not enter into the house of the Lord, because the glory of the Lord had filled the Lord's house. And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house, they bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshiped, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth forever."

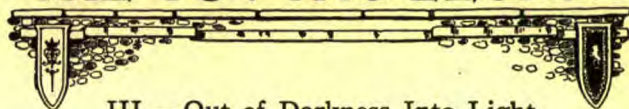
8. "Then the king and all the people offered sacrifices before the Lord. And King Solomon offered a sacrifice of twenty and two thousand oxen, and an hundred and twenty thousand sheep: so the king and all the people dedicated the house of God. . . . Also at the same time Solomon kept the feast seven days, and all Israel with him, a very great congregation, from the entering in of Hamath unto the river of Egypt."

9. "And on the three and twentieth day of the seventh month he sent the people away into their tents, glad and merry in heart for the goodness that the Lord had showed unto David, and to Solomon, and to Israel his people. Thus Solomon finished the house of the Lord, and the king's house: and all that came into Solomon's heart to make in the house of the Lord, and in his own house, he prosperously effected." Solomon was seven and one-half years in building the temple.

Questions

1. When Solomon had finished building the temple, what did he bring into it?
2. Whom did he call to assemble at Jerusalem? For what purpose? What did they bring to Jerusalem from Gibeon?
3. How many sacrifices did Solomon and the people offer? Where did the priests place the ark? What was inside this holy ark?
4. After the ark was in its place, and the priests had come out of the temple, what did they do? How were they dressed? How did they sing and praise the Lord? As they sang, what filled the temple? What could the priests not do? Why?
5. Then what did Solomon say? What did he do? For what did he say Jerusalem had been chosen? What did he say the Lord had promised David? How had his word been fulfilled?
6. Where did Solomon stand during the dedication service? In what attitude did he pray? For what did he ask the Lord?
7. When Solomon's prayer was ended, what took place? What filled the temple? How great was this glory? When the people saw it, what did they do? What did they say?
8. What great sacrifice was made at the dedication? How far did the people come to attend it? How long did the dedication and the feast last?
9. How did the people feel when they went home? How long was the temple in building?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



III — Out of Darkness Into Light

(October 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 2: 1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." Ps. 40: 2.

Questions

1. What declaration is made in the opening of this chapter? Eph. 2: 1.
2. From what are those alienated who are dead in trespasses and sins? Eph. 4: 18.
3. According to what do those who are dead in sins walk? According to whom? In whom does this evil spirit especially work? Eph. 2: 2.
4. How many of us formerly had our conversation (citizenship) among the children of disobedience? What desires were then followed? Who were we then by nature? Verse 3.
5. What has God's mercy accomplished for us? What moved the Lord in our behalf? When did he act? By what are we saved? Verses 4, 5.
6. With whom are we made alive? Where are we made to sit? Verse 6.
7. What is to be revealed? When? Through whom? Verse 7; note 1.
8. By what are we saved? Through what? From whom does this salvation not come? Through whom does it come? Verses 8, 9; note 2.
9. Whose workmanship are we? Unto what have we been created? What has God ordained? Verse 10; compare with 2 Cor. 5: 17.
10. How are we exhorted to walk? Col. 1: 9, 10.
11. What had these believers to whom Paul was writing once been? What were they called? Eph. 2: 11.
12. What was their condition at that time? Verse 12.
13. Through whom are those having no hope brought nigh? Verse 13.

Notes

1. The redeemed saints alone will possess the requisite qualification for acting the part of messengers, or heralds, in making known the story of redemption to the principalities and powers in all the heavenly places — unfallen worlds. Being themselves the monuments of grace, having on the blood-washed garments of salvation, and bearing in their very persons the marks of the grace of God, having learned by experience the wondrous depths of redeeming love and grace, they will be able to speak of salvation, and make known "the exceeding riches of His grace," as neither sinless angels nor unfallen beings can do.

2. Jesus when on earth said, "The Son can do nothing of himself." This expresses man's condition without God. He is helpless. He has no strength. By nature he is carnal, sold under sin. His resolutions to do good are like ropes of sand. The good we will to do is left undone, and the things we hate we do. But through faith there is help for every tempted soul.

"Jesus says, 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' There is a condition to this promise,—that we pray according to the will of God. But it is the will of God to cleanse us from sin."

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The Necessary Spark

THE following incident related by Mr. Edgar L. Vincent, in *Young People's Weekly*, and the lesson he impresses by its use, is worthy of repetition:—

"Why does not the engine start? There was threshing to be done at the farm. The engine stood in its place by the big barn. The separator had been drawn into the building, and leveled up. The hands were at their stations. The word 'Ready!' had been given, and yet the engine stood still. Why did it not start?"

"By the side of the engine stood a man bending over a strange-looking piece of mechanism. All at once he turned a little switch. Out from a point of metal a bright spark shot, like a tiny streak of lightning, which in fact, it really was. A moment later the machinery began to move, slowly at first, but ever increasing with each turn of the wheels. The work was under way at last. The little spark of electricity had done it all!"

"Why do not some persons set about their life-work? Have you not heard it said of more than one young man, 'He can not find anything he wants to do'? And so the beautiful, golden days of youth and young manhood slip away, like water running toward the sea, never turning a wheel, never grinding any grist, never doing anything to make the world better."

"A spark is needed to set in motion the life-machinery of us all. If the spark be missing, the wheels will stand, and life will be a failure."

"Sunshine in the Soul"—No. 1

OUR nature-lover poet, John G. Whittier, was once traveling by stage coach along a White Mountain road. As the stage came around a mountain, a glorious sunset scene was pictured before the travelers. Mr. Whittier asked the driver if he would not stop a moment. "O, that is nothing but those red-and-yellow sunsets: we have them every night, and you can see one at any time," answered the man, and drove on.

Perhaps gorgeous sunsets were every-day occurrences in that region, but evidently the disobliging driver had never really seen one, had never once yielded himself to the beauty and glory of such a view.

Thus do many pass through life. Bright, cheery, beautiful, and even gorgeous things, are unnoticed, while thought and energy are given to those things that depress, sadden, and vex the spirit. We may think this is inevitable; that the dark and disagreeable

are forced upon us by unhappy circumstances; but we must not overlook the fact that the poorest soil can be made to produce roses. A famous gardener once heard a nobleman say complainingly, "I can not have a rose garden, though I have often tried, because the soil around my castle is too poor for roses." The experienced gardener replied that any ground can be made fit for roses, if care is taken to prepare it. So no environment, nor any circumstance can shut out from one's life joy and happiness, if the heart and mind are rightly prepared to see the cheery, joyous things.

We must learn how to enhance our joys. Southey tells of an old Spanish gentleman who always put on his spectacles when he ate cherries. Being very fond of them, he increased and prolonged his pleasure by doubling the size and beauty of the fruit. And we, like the old gentleman, must learn to magnify our pleasant experiences, or at least to accord them their full value, if we would make life yield its highest possibilities and pleasures.

All that one little starving soul had ever known of the great blue heavens was what he saw above one of New York's dark tenement-house alleys. One day, through some good fortune, the lad found himself in God's great "out-of-doors." With bright eyes and joyous spirit, he exclaimed, "Why, how much sky there is!" And that is what all of us might say if we looked at the blue stretching over us and bending all about us; if we considered the manifold blessings that abound in our lives.

"A young girl was taking her first street-car ride down one of the long avenues of a great Eastern city. Her face was bright and interested at first, but presently it grew so overcast that the friend with her asked if anything was the matter.

"O, I don't know," was the hesitating answer. Then, after a moment, the truth came out. 'Some folks have such lovely things, Aunt Mary! Did you see that girl in the carriage we just passed? I suppose she lives in one of these fine houses, and has everything she wants. I don't see why some people have so much more than others.'

"And that makes you discontented, does it?' was the aunt's reply. 'Well, wait till we get to the end of our ride and see if you feel the same.'

"On went the car, passing block after block of stately buildings, and by and by the character of the neighborhood began to change. Soon they were in the midst of shabby houses, from which overflowed streams of squalid children. Every by-street was black with people. Little girls toddled past bending under the weight of smaller children. Look where you pleased, you could not escape the sight of rags and dirt, and pinched, pale faces. And the girl who had begun her ride with envy in her heart, hung her head, ashamed of her ingratitude."

The clouds of discontent frequently, if not always, gather because one fails to adequately prize one's blessings. Because the apostle Paul valued worthily the blessings he received through the "unsearchable riches of Christ," he could say even after enduring all the perils and hardships enumerated in the twelfth chapter of second Corinthians, that he took "pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake." This is the acme of optimism, good cheer, and Christian fortitude.

"TALENT is something, but tact is everything."