

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Is It Worth While ?

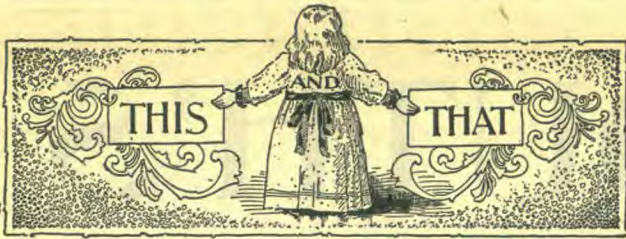
Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart? — that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down; poor, heart-broken brother,
Pierced to the heart: words are keener than steel,
And mightier, far, for woe and for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
For ever and aye, in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain:
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain —
Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain.

— *Joaquin Miller.*



"In the battle of business, whatever the game,
In law, or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto—rely on yourself.
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can go it alone."

"CANADA proposes to appropriate twenty-five million dollars for the construction of a coast defense fleet, including some smaller vessels on the Great Lakes."

REPRESENTATIVE SHEPPARD, of Texas, is hoping to have a bill which provides for a World's Temperance Congress to be called by President Taft, to convene at Washington, D. C., before March, 1910, favorably received by Congress.

A Foot of Dollars

THE children's missionary society of Avondale, Australia, recently raised one hundred twenty-five dollars for missions, sixty dollars of which has been used in



purchasing a boat for Fiji. The rest will be applied on a printing-press for New Guinea. If one society can do so much for our mission fields, what a great work all the children of this denomination could accomplish if they worked as earnestly. Eight silver dollars placed side by side in a row measure one foot across. Couldn't all of us, by means of missionary gardens, by selling papers, filling self-denial boxes, and in various other ways, gather together during the coming year at least a foot of dollars for our Mission Board treasury? Let us go to work, and see what we can do.

We Shall Rise

In the course of his wanderings among the pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the celebrated English traveler, accidentally came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be at least two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was carefully unwrapped, he found in one of its hands a small root. Wondering how long vegetable life could last, he planted the bulb in a sunny soil. In a few weeks, to his surprise and joy, a plant appeared, and a beautiful flower bloomed. This incident suggested to Mrs. S. H. Bradford the following lines:—

"Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed lightly in a far-off land;
Two thousand years ago its root
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

"Before the Saviour came to earth,
That man had lived and loved and died;
And even in that far-off time,
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

"Suns rose and set, years came and went,
The dead hand kept its treasure well;
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

"The shriveled hand is robbed at last,
The root is buried in the earth;
When lo! the life long hidden there,
Into a glorious flower burst forth.

"Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a root when buried low—
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed,
And died, two thousand years ago.

"Then will not He who watched the root,
And kept the life within the shell,
When those he loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

"And will not he, from 'neath the sod,
Cause something glorious to arise?
Aye! though it sleeps through countless years,
Yet from that buried dust shall rise

"Just such a face as greets you now.
Just such a form as here we bear,
Only more glorious, will arise
To meet the Saviour in the air.

"Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears;
For 'in my flesh shall I see God,'
E'en though I sleep two thousand years."

O. F. BUTCHER.

Individual Responsibility

"CHINESE life, or the phases of it that you see along the highroads of the northwest, would appear to be a very simple, honest life, industrious, methodical, patient in poverty," writes Samuel Merwin in the book, "Drugging a Nation." "The men, even of the lowest classes, are courteous to a degree that would shame a Frenchman.

"I have seen two soldiers," writes Mr. Merwin, "who earned ten or twenty cents a day, greet my cook with such fragrance and charm of manner that I felt like a crude barbarian as I watched them.

"You soon learn, in China, that you can trust a Chinaman to carry through anything he agrees to do for you. When I reached Tai Yuan-fu, I handed my interpreter a Chinese draft for two hundred dollars, Mexican, payable to bearer, and told him to go to the bank and bring back the money. I had known John a little over a week, yet any one who knows China will understand that I was running no appreciable risk, and the outcome justified my faith.

"The individual Chinaman is simply a part of a family, the family is part of a neighborhood, the neighborhood is part of a village or district, and so on.

"In all its relations with the central government, the province is responsible for the affairs of its larger districts, these for the smaller districts, the smaller districts for the villages, the villages for the neighborhoods, the neighborhoods for the family, the family for the individual.

"If John had disappeared with my money after cashing the draft, punishment would have been swift and severe. Very likely he would have lost his head. If the authorities had been unable to find John, they would have punished his family. Punishment would surely have fallen upon somebody.

"The real effect of this system, continued as it has been through unnumbered centuries, has naturally been to develop a clear, keen sense of personal responsibility. For, whatever may occur, somebody is responsible. The family, in order to protect itself, trains its individuals to live up to their promises, or else not to make promises. The neighborhood, well knowing that it will be held accountable for its units, watches them with a close eye.—*Youth's Companion*.

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No. 27

YOUTHFUL WITNESSES — No. 4

In the Days of England's Queen Mary

THE young people named here had no more need to suffer themselves to be troubled about religion than thousands of others of their time—save that they had a love for the truth of God which did not allow them to deny their religion at the command of men. The Protestant religion had for a time been established as the religion of the state. Then the multitudes were, perforce, Protestant. Now came the Catholic Queen Mary, and the multitude attended mass again.

It was perilous not to do so. Bishop Bonner, of London, and others like him, had everywhere agents spying upon those who did not conform to the Catholic religion as by law established. This bishop's name stands for heartless cruelty. He it was who took Tomkins, the godly weaver, by the hand, and held the hand over a candle, of three or four wicks, till the sinews burst, just to show him how the fire at Smithfield would hurt if he persisted in denying the mass. The old weaver said afterward that "his spirit was so rapt that he felt no pain," and without a fear he went to the stake in Smithfield market square.

Not a few young people followed the older confessors in those troubled times. Young John Leaf, candle-maker's apprentice, of nineteen, answered before Bonner, in London, and died at the same stake in Smithfield with John Bradford, the Oxford scholar. Rose Allin, a girl of twenty, was before a magistrate in Colchester. He took a candle, no doubt in imitation of the London bishop, and burned her hand on the back till the sinews cracked, all the time saying, "Wilt thou not cry? wilt thou not cry?" She told him she thanked God that he himself had more cause than she to cry. Among the five men and five women of Colchester, condemned together at that time, was another girl of twenty, Elizabeth Folkes, who at the stake said: "Farewell, all the world! farewell, faith! farewell, hope!" and, taking the stake in her hands, "Welcome, love!"

People were in general the same then as in every other time. They were working for a living, busy with buying and selling, toiling and pleasuring. The most convenient way to get on was to do as others did in religion. Why should the Lord require any one to do things that are inconvenient? London, crowded within its ancient gates, was even then a bustling, noisy city. William Hunter, working for a silk weaver in Coleman Street, was just one of the army of apprentice lads who scolded the clerk of Bow Bells church if he rang the bell too early in the morning or too late at night. According to the ballad by Frederick Langbridge,—

"He would hoax and coax the passing folks
His master's silks to buy;
In many a rub his club would drub
To the roaring rescue-cry.
He dreamed his dreams in the garret beams;
He lounged and larked in the lane;
And often his hap was a taste of the strap,
Or the singing, swinging cane,
To heighten growth and brighten sloth,
And keep him hearty and fain."

At nineteen he began to read the old brass-clamped Bible that he had brought from home, and decided he would not go to mass again. His master turned him out and sent him home, for fear of getting into trouble himself. At the lad's home in Brentford, just out of old London, Hunter found one day a Bible chained in the church, and stood reading it. Some one saw him, and called the vicar from a near-by ale-house.

"Sirrah," the priest said, "who gave thee leave to read in the Bible?"

"I will read the Scriptures, God willing, while I live," the youth replied.

"Ah," sneered the priest, 'a godly youth,
And a learned, I'll be bound,
Ready and fit all Holy Writ
Most weightily to expound.'
'Nay, sir, not I; he made reply;
'I read for the peace I have found.'
'Boy,' said the priest, 'ye may burn for this:
Do ye covet a red renown?'"

Hunter fled after that, into the country, and the authorities sent his father to find him. The father tried not to find him, but one day accidentally met him in a country lane. The father begged his boy to flee away, and said he would report he could not find him. But Hunter said: "Father, I will go home with you, and save you harmless, whatever cometh of it."

Brought before Bonner, the bishop told him: "You will be burned ere you be twenty years old if you will not yield yourself better than you have done yet." "God strengthen me in his truth," answered Hunter.

"Nine months and a day in gaol he lay,
Eaten of rot and cold;
Yet he stood again at the bishop's bar;
And his look was firm and bold.
Said Bonner, 'Enough! I like thy stuff;
Good steel is in thy blade:
Boy, I will give thee forty pound
To set thee up in thy trade:
Recant to me in secrecy,
And all the dust shall be laid.'
'I can not deny God's verity,
Nor shuffle my burden down;'
Said Hunter,
William Hunter,
Apprentice of London Town.
The bishop's brows drew black and stern:
'Then by God's verity thou shalt burn,
Young Hunter of London Town.'"

At the stake, at Brentford Cross, young Hunter knelt and read the fifty-first psalm. "Good people, pray for me," he said, "while you see me alive, and I will pray for you." To his mother he said, "For my little pain, which I shall suffer, Christ hath promised me, mother, a crown of joy. May you not be glad of that, mother?" And the mother, kneeling, said, "I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end."

The agents of the church abused him with their tongues as they prepared the fagots. William, looking up, prayed: "Son of God, shine upon me." "And immediately," says Fox, "the sun in the element

shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face that he was constrained to look another way: whereat the people mused, because it was so dark a little time afore."

As the fire was lighted, this youthful witness called out, "I am not afraid," and with the prayer, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit," he bowed his head into the smoke and flame and died—a working lad, for the Saviour who died for him. W. A. SPICER.

The Beautiful, Wonderful World

ALWAYS the day is breaking
Somewhere in our lovely world;
Always twilight is falling,
Its mantle of peace unfurled.

Always the noontide's glory
Strengthens and cheers the day,
Always the joy of loving
The children we find by the way—

Children who bloom in the sunshine,
As marguerites whiten the hill;
Children who sing as the song-birds,
And praise to their Master trill.

O beautiful, wonderful world,
Where the Saviour's feet have stood!
Smiling beneath the Father's care,
Who tenderly said, "It is good!"

—Mary Spear Wolcott, in *Young People's Weekly*.

Feathering the Arrow

How carefully the archer puts the finishing touches on the arrow he is preparing for use! He knows that the skilful bowman may overcome a defect in his bow, but that Robin Hood himself could not have made a creditable showing with a bad arrow. So the shaft is carefully formed from the tough red pine, well-seasoned, and straight of grain. With painstaking nicety the head is shaped from hard wood, and so adjusted on the shaft that the necessary exactness of weight and balance may be secured.

And then comes the most delicate step in the manufacture of the arrow. This is the feathering of the shaft, and most carefully must it be done, as upon this depend the effectiveness and precision with which the arrow may be used. Readers of Scott and Froisart will remember how, in olden time, feathers from a gray goose-wing were used to guide the arrow of the medieval archer through even the armed knight's helmet and mail of proof. But the gray goose later gave way to the turkey, whose wing furnished the feathers needed in the fletcher, or arrow-maker's art. In more recent times, however, peacock feathers have been used in place of those from the humbler and homelier fowls. But in each instance this last step in the making of the arrow is taken with painstaking care, for of what use is an arrow that will not hit the target? And a feather out of place may constantly drive the shaft from its course.

Arrow Launched at Random

Now, in everyday life, we are not always as careful as the archer in preparing the arrows that we shoot. Not infrequently our main aim is that the arrow we discharge shall be furnished with a keen, shining point, little considering the direction the shaft will take. And so the arrow is launched at random, and goes biting its way through tender thoughts and sensibilities, rankling, at length, in some human heart it has found in its pathway.

One came to an Oriental sage and deplored the tyranny of the despotic ruler of the land, whose arbitrary punishments were dispensed recklessly.

"But there is one thing more cruel than the headsmen's sword," said the sage. "It is the malicious, irresponsible gossip of the king's courtiers. The executioner's act reaches individuals. The courtier's words taint the very air, and poison the fountains of life and reputation."

And so the careless word we send out may go freighted with that which shall wound the feelings and embitter the lives of others. This is true too, many times, when we do not intend to be cruel, for thoughtlessness, often, is the feather out of place on the arrow that carries the shaft whither we would not purposely send it.

An elderly gentleman entered a crowded street-car, and a young girl arose and tendered him her seat. The gentleman demurred.

"Please take it," urged the girl. "I'm not old."

The old gentleman sank into the seat, but there was little pleasure in the voice that expressed his thanks. The thoughtless words that called attention to his years and weakness had utterly destroyed the grace of the kind act which the young girl aimed to bestow.

And then, as we seek to touch practically the lives of others, in order to awaken the impulse to brighter and better things, how carefully the feathers must be placed upon the arrow! Thoreau, you remember, when speaking of the bungler who goes forth with the design of doing good to his fellow men, declares that, if he knew such a man was coming to his house, he would flee as from the simoon. And this is the instinctive feeling of most persons when they know that another is seeking to argue or urge them into a change of attitude or way of thinking.

To give the touch of helpfulness to another we must somehow come to him on the plane of his thought and experience, and seek to train his immature ideal to a higher ideal that shall gradually lift him to a loftier and broader level. If the arrow reach him, he must not know that it is an arrow.

"Things Are So Blessed Dull"

John Blackham approached a number of English working men and endeavored to get them interested in the services of the church.

"Well, governor," said one of the men, "we ain't got anything agin the Bible, but you and all your things are so blessed dull. Couldn't you liven them up a bit?"

And John Blackham did not stop to argue the men out of this opinion about the church, wrong though he felt it to be. Instead, he planned the great "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon" movement which has spread over England, and which has done so much to awaken the interest of the laboring classes of that country in religious things.

Some one has said that the precious thing about Emerson's oracles is that he abuses nobody; and Higginson, in describing the great man's lectures, says they were delivered with an air of such gracious humanity that every hearer seemed to do part of the thinking. It is this impersonal personality, this gracious appreciation of the humanity and individuality of those he addressed, that has made the utterances of the sage of Concord so forceful in molding thought and character.

After all, the main guiding feather upon the arrow we shoot needs to be consideration for the feelings of others. If the arrow is furnished with this, it can not go far astray.—Clem V. Wagner, in *Young People*.



Lima, Peru

THIS city was established by Pizarro, the conqueror and despoiler of the Inca empire, Jan. 6, 1535. Philip



CATHEDRAL BUILT BY PIZARRO. HERE HE WAS BURIED

II of Spain designed a coat of arms for the infant capital, and the record shows that ninety million dollars were invested in building churches, convents, and monasteries. Thus began this interesting city in an interesting country.

"Through the streets of Lima, 'Spanish cavaliers in complete mail, carrying lances and harquebuses, clanked impressively generations before Hudson sailed past the island which is now New York.' 'And before that city was founded, books were being printed in Lima, while its university is the oldest in the Western hemisphere.'"

Lima has been called the "Paris of the Rimac," and again the "Paris of the Andes." "Brightness, gaiety, elegant costumes, stylish women and gallant men, extensive shops displaying goods from all parts of the world, popular cafés, historic churches — all these characteristics of Paris the Great you find on a smaller scale here."

At present Lima has about one hundred sixty thousand inhabitants. The natives of Peru are the descendants of the Spanish conquerors, a mixed race called choloes, and the pure Indians. The business of the city is largely in the hands of foreigners, the larger commercial houses being owned by Americans, Englishmen, and Germans; while the smaller stores and groceries are run by Italians and Chinamen.

This is a city of mansions and huts. The rich live in all the splendor and refinement that money and education can produce. In fact, the rich live in true Roman style; but the poor live in hovels, and crowd together till health of body or morals is an impossibility. The masses are born in filth, reared in immorality, and crowded together like animals. Then

if one does come to the age of maturity without corruption, the priest is present to accomplish what the other conditions failed to do.

The climate of Lima is temperate. The temperature scarcely ever reaches ninety, and the nights are always cool. During the winter, which corresponds with our summer, it is damp and chilly, and an overcoat is often necessary. One day's ride on the famous Oroya railroad takes one into the frigid altitudes of the Andes.

As it never rains in more than a mist in Lima, the roofs of the houses are all flat, and consist of one layer of flooring with about three inches of earth on top, to make the houses cool. The walls of the houses are very thick and heavy, being from eighteen inches to two and one-half feet through. Some of the churches have walls even six and eight feet thick. They are made of either adobe or brick.

This city boasts of one of the finest markets in the world, abounding with all the fruits and vegetables of both the temperate and torrid zones. Some are quite expensive, while others are very reasonable. It is interesting to watch the crowds of women going to market in the morning, each one with her black manta wrapped snugly about her head and person. All look as if they were in mourning, and they say the custom originated at the time of the death of the last Inca ruler, when the native women all went into black, and now the conquerors also have the custom. And well they might adopt the symbol of death, for the deaths caused by the cruelty of the Spaniards have blackened their history eternally, and with the fall of the Inca empire, Spain also began to die.

We can light our houses with gas, electricity, kerosene, or candles. Cooking is done with hard coal, charcoal, and gas. Charcoal is used most however, as it is cheaper than the others. Autos, street-cars, and coaches are our means of conveyance. We have as yet

no air-ships, but they will come to us in time. The religion is Roman Catholic or hideous idol



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LIMA, SHOWING BRIDGE BUILT BY PIZARRO OVER THE RIMAC



THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS, LIMA

worship. Day after day idols are carried through the street, the people bowing to them in superstitious reverence. Idols are fastened to the walls of the

churches in connection with a collection box, but they can not trust the idol to guard the money, so a heavy lock is placed on the box.

In Huacho, where Brother Espinoza has raised up a small company of believers, a fire occurred last week in one of the Catholic churches. During the panic and mad rush for the door seven were killed, and forty seriously injured. During the following week the priest called the people together and spent about three hours cursing the Protestants, and Brother Espinoza in particular, and demanded that he be punished. But instead of punishing him, the subprefecto sent soldiers to surround his house to protect him. And thus guarded, our meetings continued in peace and quiet.

A heavy temblor occurred here one night last week, which sent the whole city into the streets, screaming and praying for mercy. The priests have taken occasion to say it was caused by the presence of Protestants. No doubt they have seen a power with them, and have reason to fear that power. The priests say the Italian earthquake was caused by the attitude of the people toward the pope and the Vatican.

Many are seeking light, however, and scarcely a week passes that some one does not write us asking for light. It is hard not to be able to visit all the places calling for help. We hope soon to have more office workers, so that we can get into the field more. The *Señales* now has a circulation in Peru of nearly two thousand, and we are selling a large number of books. We need a good state agent. It seems as if every week some one begins to keep the Sabbath. God is doing a quick work; are we all working as fast as he would have us? A. N. ALLEN.

Young People and Young People's Work in Other Lands — No. 1

ONE of the most interesting meetings held during the General Conference was the young people's meeting Sabbath afternoon, June 5. Several of our foreign missionaries spoke. Some of the things they said are given below:—

South America — Elder J. W. Westphal

If I should speak about the work among the young people in South America, I should have to speak about something that scarcely exists. But we have made a beginning. This year we started a young people's paper in German, which is published monthly, and we have a few young people's societies organized in South America. We have some disadvantages there of which you know nothing here. Our young people have never attended school; many of them do not know how to read; and under these conditions, it is hard to create in them an interest in school work. The one object of most of them is to get married and farm.

But a change is coming, and the young people are beginning to desire to prepare themselves for the work of the Lord. In our school in Argentina we have about eighty students. Many of these are children, but the larger number are of more mature years. They range all the way from fifteen years to sixty, and are getting a training to enter this work. I should like to see some of our young people who are attending school in this country down there getting their education in our school. They would be an incentive to our young people.

Australasia — Elder J. E. Fulton

In Australasia we look upon the young people's

work as very important. There are many volunteers among our young people for the mission fields. Quite a number are supporting workers in the mission fields. I am glad to see the young people shouldering burdens in this work of giving the message.

The young people in Australia are doing a grand work. Many of them had become discouraged, but the young people's society was organized, the older members of the church lent their influence, and now the work is on a good basis. In West Australia we have some good societies, and an excellent class of young people. When I was there about two years ago, some of the most earnest young people called me into a tent and asked about starting a young people's paper. Since that time we have started such a paper. At our camp-meetings we give special attention to the young people's work, a whole day being devoted to its consideration.

Russia — Elder J. T. Boettcher

We have no young people's societies in Russia. That would be considered treason against the government. While sitting here, I have been wishing that a plan could be devised by which this body of young people could be transported over to Russia. And I know of such a plan. Family teachers are wanted everywhere. There are not many schools, and the people are anxious to learn French, German, and English. We could easily find room for every one of you there. I have just received a letter from a family desiring a teacher. These teachers could have the Sabbath free.

Young people who embrace the truth in Russia have a spirit to work for the Lord. I am thinking of one young man about sixteen years old. His father did not want him to embrace the truth, and when he learned that the boy had been baptized, he told him that he could no longer have a home with him, and the boy was also expelled from school. This was a great disgrace. He came to me and I set him to work with a gardener, and after a few months we sent him to Hamburg to learn the printer's trade. He is doing good work there.

Mexico — Prof. G. W. Caviness

The conditions in Mexico are vastly different from those in the United States. So far in the matter of work among our young people we have done nothing, but I think that the time has come when we should set to work along this line. As Brother Boettcher spoke of the opportunities for young people in Russia, I thought of Mexico. There are many young people in Mexico who desire to learn English, and there are many opportunities to teach in family schools.

So far we have had no young people in our church, but I had the pleasure of baptizing four young ladies just before coming here. They are bright young people, and I believe that they will make good workers.

In the southern part of the country there is a company of Indians that are very intelligent. They know Spanish as well as the native language. Two of their young men have gone out to preach, and are having excellent success in the lowlands where the white people can not go.

The young men who have come from the States to work with the literature have met with remarkable success. There are openings in Mexico for many more canvassers. There are good openings for nurses who can also do Bible work. Thus places can be entered which would perhaps otherwise remain untouched. We need leaders in the world, those who

have a good education, so that they can train others.

Europe — Guy Dail

Europe has five union conferences and one union mission field. In these conferences there are only four where we have the young people's work organized. Perhaps one reason why we have not been able to do more is that when we find a young man who can lead, we encourage him to enter the ministry. We have several schools that are doing good service. They furnish us about fifty or sixty young people every year, but there are so many calls for workers that we can not begin to answer them all. We have only one worker for each one million four hundred thousand people.

We are doing a little work for the young people outside of our denomination. Sunday-schools are organized. The young people and children help. In Hamburg we have five of these schools. We have a children's paper, which a few years ago had a circulation of about twenty-five hundred. One of the brethren came to the publishers and suggested that this paper be published weekly. They felt rather fearful, but finally decided to try it for a few weeks. They are trying it yet, and that paper now has a circulation of twenty-five thousand. The children help to distribute this paper. One of the children was asked what he did when he was about to give out a paper. He said, "I close my eyes and pray that God will give me the right words to say and give me success in this work."

Before going into a foreign field, you should have some such experiences as this, so that you can take the native workers and train them in the work. The teacher can not expect his students to be what he is not. He must be filled with the spirit of work for the Lord. There is no such thing as a foreign missionary. Just as soon as you get into a foreign field, you are a home missionary. The very best preparation for the foreign field is to do something where you are.

South Africa — Elder H. J. Edmed

This work has a very warm place in my heart. When I was thirteen years old, my father had charge of some three hundred boys and girls in an orphanage. There came among us a spirit of unrest and perverseness. My father was much troubled, and I wondered what I could do to help him. Finally one day I went into my room and prayed, "O God, help me to be a missionary in this school." Then I got up and went to one of the boys who seemed to be a ring-leader in the mischief making, and said to him, "Don't you think that if we should start some early morning prayer-meetings, God would bring a different spirit into this school?" "Yes," he said, "I think he would." "Well," I said, "suppose you and I and a few others meet in the boot room at five o'clock tomorrow morning, and we will pray there together." We met at the appointed time for many mornings; our numbers grew amazingly, and in a short time the whole school, without one exception, had become members of that prayer society. One morning in talking to the school, father spoke of the change that had come into it, and asked if any one could tell him the cause. One boy replied, with tears in his eyes, "The thing that has caused this change is prayer." O my friends, there is wonderful power in prayer!

I went to South Africa when I was fifteen years old. I did not know any one there, and I have often wondered how God took care of me, but I do know

that earnest prayer was my great source of strength.

Many young people in South Africa have gained a rich experience in the young people's work. At one place where I was laboring, we needed a church. But the question was how to get the funds. We had a meeting, and called for funds. One little girl about eleven years of age stood up and said, "I will give five pounds." We wondered where she was going to get it. A few days after that meeting, I chanced to be at her home. I heard her in a room praying, and she said, "Lord, I have promised to give five pounds, and I can't do it unless you help me. Papa can't give it to me, and you must help me." She made useful articles, which she sold for more than that amount.

China — Elder J. N. Anderson

It has been said that "ancestral worship is filial piety gone mad," and when I tell you that the Chinese are ancestor worshipers, you will understand something of the conditions under which we must labor in developing the young people's work in China. I will relate the experiences of just a few young people who have been with us.

About seven or eight years ago a young boy about fourteen years old asked to enter our school. After a few months he requested baptism. Some time after this, he was called home. Later he requested that he might come back and learn more of the truth. We let him return, and now he is working in our printing-office.

In the province of Foochin one of our evangelists, about two years ago, took his stand for the truth, against his parents' will. One of his friends was taken with the plague, but with courage this evangelist went and nursed that friend. He took the plague, and died, but his example was the means of bringing both his father and his mother into the truth.

In Canton we are able to get quite a large number of the young men from other schools. There are four missionary societies working in Canton, and they have more young men than they can set to work. We gather up some of them. One of our evangelists taught one of these young men the truth. That young man is faithful to-day. His wife was engaged to him by his parents. They were married before he came to us. One day he came to me and asked that he might be excused to bring his wife to the mission. She is a heathen. Think what it will mean for him to live in a home like that. It takes decision of character and faith in God to live in that way.

There is no land that offers the opportunities that China does for our young people to work for those in darkness. For the last two decades China has been making history. But we who are on the ground can see the waves of infidelity beginning to sweep over the land, and just now is the crucial moment.

M. E. KERN.

Arrow Points

"THERE is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues."

"A life is never lost that registers one's convictions."

"To throttle conviction is the worst possible form of strangulation."

"I could not live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God."



The Spanish Bayonet



HE *Yucca aloifolia*, or Spanish bayonet, is a tropical liliaceous, or lily-like, plant, producing at the tip a long cluster in pyramidal form of lovely white lily blossoms, very fragrant, each blossom about two inches long. The season of bloom is short, and the blossom is

succeeded by a cluster of seed pods, of peculiar shape and interior construction, containing a number of black, shiny seeds. Natives and others use the seeds in combination with glass beads, in the manufacture of necklaces, watch-chains, and other ornaments. The end of each leaf is furnished with a horny spine with a needle-like point. The slight-



THE SPANISH BAYONET

est touch is sufficient to enable one to penetrate the flesh even through several thicknesses of clothing. The puncture smarts and burns almost as severely as does a wasp-sting. It is because of this that it was given its name — Spanish bayonet. W. S. CHAPMAN.

The Deadly Cigarette

In some places you see scores of boys smoking cigarettes. The habit spreads rapidly when one boy sets the example for others. In Pennsylvania there are laws against selling cigarettes to boys, but those laws are often broken.

A man who had been a cigarette smoker for seven years, noticed that his body had become swollen, and lumps like hives were forming. A physician told him that these were the result of cigarette smoking, and he must stop it at once. The man did not believe the doctor, or did not have enough will power to follow the prescription; he continued to smoke, and in a short time was dead. Another case was that of an exemplary young man who had been industrious, sober, intelligent, employed at good wages in a good position, but the deadly cigarette killed him when he was twenty-three years old. In a Southern State a young man died after suffering terrible agony; part of the time he was out of his mind, and raved piteously for cigarettes; a member of the family said this victim had smoked sometimes as many as sixty or seventy cigarettes in a day; they were his first thought in the morning, and he went to bed with one in his mouth; the attending physician said that his system was poisoned throughout with the nicotine.

Sunday-school teachers warn their scholars against intoxicating drinks; do they ever speak of the deadly cigarette and warn them of its terrible effect? In

some places boys are more likely to die from cigarettes than from drink. Almost every doctor will say that smoking is injurious for boys; it checks their growth, unsteadies their nerves, dulls their brains, takes away their ambition, and weights them in the contest of life. Schoolmasters say that boys who smoke cigarettes are behind in their studies.

The employer does not wish to hire boys who smoke. A lad came into the editor's room bringing proofs from the printing-office; he smelled so of cigarettes, added to a lack of the bath, that the editor said, "My boy, the next time the boss sends up proofs, won't you tell him to send them by a boy who does not smoke?" The youngster grinned and answered, "There ain't none." "Then," said the editor, "suppose you give up smoking." The boy took it good naturedly, but whether he accepted the kind word is not known. That boy never appeared in the editor's office again.—*Sunday School World*.

Large Flying Preparations

THE Aerial League of the British empire has asked the public for a subscription of two hundred fifty thousand dollars to purchase a Zeppelin machine for study and experiment. The Zeppelin Aerial Navigation Company proposes to establish passenger lines next year, the first probably between Lucerne and Deusseldorf, stopping at Cologne, Bonn, Mayence, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Carlsruhe, and Stuttgart. The vessels will carry twenty passengers, in addition to the crew of six. From Lucerne to Cologne the fare will be one hundred dollars, and for a trip from Lucerne around the summit of the Rigi, twenty-five dollars. The University of Gottingen has established a chair of aeronautics, and a laboratory with constant air currents is being constructed.

Eighty orders are reported to have been received by the Wright brothers at Dayton, Ohio, for aeroplanes of their construction. They will cost about seven thousand five hundred dollars apiece. Following the example of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, which on May 3 awarded its first gold medal to the Wright brothers, the Aero Club of America will give them medals in Washington on June 10.—*The Independent*.

Flies

In former times it was the big things that froze men's hearts with fear—the mythical giants, the dragons, the specters. Now science has taught us that the little things are the dangerous ones—the insects, mosquitoes, and flies, and the microbes, those immeasurably minute plants and animals, too small for the human eye to



see without the use of the microscope.

We first learned of the part the mosquito plays in the transmission of malaria and yellow fever, but the menace that there is to mankind in the house-fly was for a long time unsuspected. It is only about fifteen years ago that the first heeded warnings were uttered against this insect, and its actual guilt as a murderer of men was clearly demonstrated only at the time of the Spanish war, when so many of the flower of American youth died of the typhoid fever that decimated the volunteer army in the detention camps in all parts of the country.

So active is the fly in the spread of this disease that it has been proposed in a recent publication of the United States Department of Agriculture to rename it the "typhoid fly."

It may carry the germs of this disease in one of two ways, either directly, by soiling its feet with the discharges from fever patients, and then flying off and alighting upon food or falling into milk; or else by eating matter contaminated with typhoid, and carrying the germs in its intestinal canal and depositing them upon food.

But it is not alone typhoid that flies spread. The germs of tuberculosis may readily be carried by them unless the patient has heeded the warnings sounded on all sides, and taken care to destroy all expectorated matter. The virus of a sore may be taken up by a fly's feet and deposited on a cut or abraded surface of the skin of another person. Any disease, indeed, which is capable of inoculation or of being spread by the taking in of its germs with food or drink, may be spread by these noxious insects.—*Youth's Companion*.

When Wine Is Red

ON a beautiful knoll, near the university town of Missouri, stands a stately mansion. The estate is now owned and occupied by a banker, who enjoys the restful effects of a suburban home, after the busy hours down-town.

The mansion was built by a United States senator, a man of education, extensive travel, and wide reputation. Many guests of foreign nobility, great men of our nation, and the town's aristocracy were often royally entertained here by this liberal-hearted man of note.

The spacious, well-kept lawn, extending half a mile each way from the mansion, is artistically decorated with winding, shaded drives and a variety of ornamental trees and shrubbery. The artificial lake, the towering windmill, orchards, and barns give evidence of the wealth expended to make the owner happy and the place beautiful. His horses and carriages were the envy of those of worldly aspirations. The house was supplied with the richest of furnishings, velvet carpets, imported china, silver and gold table service. The hostess, an acknowledged leader of society, entertained the ladies of note, and the best of everything was always in service. Costly imported wines were always a part of the fare, and the senator *freely partook* as well as freely gave. He was a member of the highest order of Masons and other fraternities, and was noted for his generous hospitality. Times changed! his office in the senate expired, and by reason of riotous living, heavy mortgages consumed his home.

But Still He Drank Wine

As his money vanished, so did his friends, his wife deserted him, and, being on the verge of despair, he appealed to a friend who used his influence in securing for him the ministry to Mexico. At the expiration of that office, he returned to his former home in Missouri. But his friends had flown. Broken

in health by years of dissipation, he sought shelter among his "fraternal brethren," and strange to say (*is it strange?*), he ended his career in a saloon. Disgraced and without friends, he occupies a pauper's grave.

This is no fanciful story. These are plain facts which have taken place within a few short years. The man who was once the pride of the city, who gave to the city a boulevard bearing his name, lies in a drunkard's grave — forgotten. Not so much as a slab marks the spot.

Many have shared a similar fate. King Belshazzar, in all his pomp and glory, came to a most humiliating and sorrowful end by a night's revel in wine. Dan. 5:2.

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? . . . They that tarry long at the wine. . . . Look not thou upon the wine when it is red."

WINNIFRED E. EDWARDS.

Gold in Garbage

In most cities the disposal of garbage is a serious problem, and large sums are paid to the companies that agree to gather it and cart it out of the way, where it will not offend the senses or menace health.

In this regard, however, our national capital is a model — as it should be in all other problems. It actually makes money out of its refuse.

A company collects it and transports it by rail thirty miles down the Potomac. There it is sorted. Tin cans are picked out; there is a use for them. And old bottles — they can be sold. If there is a dead horse in the mass, his hide will make good russet

leather. If there are a lot of bones, off they go to the glue factory. The abominable stuff that remains after all this sorting, is packed into an iron vessel and subjected to steam pressure, and then allowed to settle in tanks. Oils and fats for the making of soap rise to the surface. What remains hardens under pressure, and is then pulverized and sold for fertilizing. The entire business is said to be quite profitable; and if it is profitable in Washington, there is no reason why it could not be made profitable anywhere.

After all is said, success in this world consists largely in taking care of the odds and ends. If I want to find out about a boy, I do not ask how he works, but how he "puts in his spare time." A good housekeeper is known not so much by her buying of meat and vegetables as by her use of the fragments left over from each meal. A good teacher is known not by his results with the bright scholars, but by the measure of inspiration he imparts to the dull ones. A well-appointed hotel is to be judged not by the elegance of the entrance and the style of the clerk, but by the presence or absence of grit in the strawberries.

Whether you will be a rich man or not, depends largely upon your attitude toward nickels and pennies. Whether you will be a learned man or not, depends upon whether you carry a book in your pocket.

(Concluded on page twelve)



Technical World

A PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL IN WHICH THIRTY-THREE PER CENT OF PUPILS HAVE DECAYED TEETH



The Horse That Had the Church-Going Habit

A True Story

MANY years ago, old Mrs. Parsons — "Lady Parsons" she was often called — lived in a large brown farmhouse, on the south side of the beautiful common in West Springfield, Massachusetts.

In summer her trusty horse was usually pastured near the house, and on Sunday mornings the hired man was accustomed to harness the horse at the ringing of the first bell, and, attaching him to the chaise, tie him to the post by the front gate, to await the pleasure of his mistress.

At the first stroke of the second bell, Lady Parsons always came out of her front door, untied the horse, and entering her chaise, drove to the white meeting-house on the hill, where the horse was safely sheltered during the service, in one of the stalls of the long rows of horse sheds that then nearly surrounded that beautiful old church.

Now it so happened that one Sunday, for some reason, Lady Parsons was unable to go to church, and therefore the horse was not harnessed as usual.

Hearing the first bell, the horse gave signs of uneasiness, — trotting up to the bars, and whinnying, as if to call his friend, the hired man, to his usual Sunday morning duty.

This restlessness continued until the second bell sounded, and then, in evident desperation, the horse leaped the fence, and falling into line with the procession of church-going vehicles, trotted up the hill to the meeting-house, went to his accustomed place in the horse sheds, remained during the service, backed out, as usual, when other horses backed out, and trotted home, no doubt with a clear conscience for having done the best he could. — *Our Dumb Animals.*

"Plenty of Chicken Money"

REV. OWEN A. BARBEE, of Atlanta, Georgia, heard an old negro in a meat-shop give, in a homely way, a strong testimony for prohibition: "Two negro men were in a friendly tussle over the purchase of a large, dressed fowl. One negro good-naturedly accused the other of not having enough money to purchase such a large chicken. 'H—m,' said the other; 'since de white man made it so dis nigger caint buy whisky, him got plenty of chicken money all de time.'" Even vegetarians will grant chicken money is far better than whisky money.

Letters to a Grandson — No. 7

My Dear Boy,—

While visiting old friends, I met two children, the oldest of whom is six years old, who interested me much. Music lessons had begun with the six year old. Although fond of it, the drill was monotonous. There were three simple exercises to go through four times. While the family, except this child, were necessarily absent from the parlor, I was much entertained by the monologue which seemed to be partly an audible soliloquy and partly addressed to me. After playing the exercises through once, there came a pause. "There, I've played that through once, but I've got to play it through *three times more*. Think of that! *four times!* Isn't that a good many? Isn't it hard? I think it's hard, but my mother said *I must do it — but I love her all the same.*"

Again the exercises were played. "There, that's only twice, and I must do it twice more. I think it's hard; but if I ever learn how to play, I shall find exercises a great deal harder than that. I shall come to a great many hard things as I grow older, and if I ever amount to anything, *I've got to do them*, so I may just as well make up my mind to it now."

Soon the exercises were finished, for even hard things are accomplished where a good strong will is enlisted on the right side. I thought, This is a beautiful lesson. Never for a moment did there appear to be any consideration whether there might be any way of escape from the appointed task. The word had



"THERE, THAT IS ONLY TWICE, AND I MUST DO IT TWICE MORE"

been passed that it was to be done, and that was enough. If we each went about our daily duties in this spirit, how much more we might accomplish, how much happier we should be, and how much better pleased the angels who take our record.

The dreading of things is often much harder than the doing of them. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

With love,
GRANDMA.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

ROSALIND stood hesitating at the magnificent door. The coachman had told her to walk right in, seeing "missus" expected her; but such grandeur was quite bewildering. Still, as no one appeared, and she saw the luxurious carriage disappear around the driveway, she timorously opened the door.

She had taken but a few steps, when she saw her

aunt coming toward her. Although she had never seen her, she knew it must be Aunt Katherine, for her features were very much like those of the picture upon which she had so often gazed in the little bedroom at home.

"So this is Rosy. I thought it hardly time for you — but, my dear child, look at your shoes!"

After carefully wiping her heavy shoes on the mat, Rosalind again entered the door, feeling even more shy than at first, to think she should have been so forgetful.

"I am your Aunt Katherine, and now, Rosy, you may come with me to your room. You have a half-hour before dinner."

All this sounded strange and confusing to a child reared in a simple village home. And Rosalind's heart fluttered painfully, longing for the mother who had passed away such a short time before,—the mother who had always been near to soothe and caress.

"Now I shall leave you to wash, and you may be down-stairs at six o'clock. By the way, Rosy —"

Here Rosalind interrupted in a weak little voice, thinking perhaps her aunt did not remember her name: "Mama always called me Rosalind."

"Yes, indeed, Rosalind; but Rosy is a very substantial name, and quite suited to a small girl. As I was about to say, I shall give you a good home, and I'm sure you'll have every advantage, for although I've never had children of my own, I've always entertained ideas as to the method I should employ. Don't forget that dinner is at six."

Rosalind was ready at the appointed time, even though the ribbon on her hair looked rather forlorn, like herself. But it was such a few weeks since mother had always known the touch it needed.

Her aunt was fondling a snow-white dog when Rosalind entered the room; but she arose, and the two passed out into the brilliantly lighted dining-room.

After considerable urging by her aunt, Rosalind managed to eat some of the various dishes brought in, though in truth, the pat that Harris bestowed upon her when "missus" was otherwise engaged, and the broad smile he gave her each time as he passed to and from the table, may have contributed the most toward that end.

It seemed hours before they were ready to leave the room, and then Rosalind said, questioningly, "I would like to go to bed, if you don't care, auntie?"

"Why, yes, you may go if you are tired, though 'tis early yet. Your uncle will be here soon; business has kept him later than usual. Of course things are different here from what they were at your home, but you will soon learn our ways, and forget the poverty of former days. We'll say good night, then, Rosy."

As she listened to the thud of her niece's heavy shoes on the stairs, she meditated: "Some clothes immediately. Not a bad child at all, and quite an attractive face. It will seem unique to have a child in the house. It may liven things up a trifle, for the rooms seem large and vacant at times."

Then scenes of the past came to this society woman, of events she had imagined were forgotten, of the sister that used to play with her at the old homestead, and later, of this sister and their estrangement because she was married to a poor man.

She listened to the tinkle of the silver and cut glass as the servants were clearing the table, and wondered if Rosy enjoyed the splendor, or if it merely bewildered.

"Perhaps she feels lonely even as I do when I sit here by myself so often. I might have *kissed* the child good night; for — yes, I too was a child once." She walked softly up the stairs, saying to herself, "I'll just go in and tuck her up as mother used to do when I was a little one." As she was about to open the door, she heard childish accents, and listened, wondering to whom Rosy was talking: —

"And, dear Jesus, please make me love Aunt Katherine, and please don't let me live to be as old as most everybody, 'cause mama's asleep, and papa's asleep, and I get so lonesome. Good night, Jesus. Amen."

There were tears in other eyes than Rosalind's when she finished, and there was another prayer even more fervent, from lips long since unused to such words; for Mrs. Collard sank down by the door, murmuring, "Ah, me! did I ever pray?" Yes, I too once talked to — Jesus — how strange the word sounded — "long, long ago, before money became my king."

After some moments she arose with a peaceful smile on her face. Opening the door, she whispered, "Are you asleep, dear?" and to the, "No, auntie," she said, "I came to kiss you good night. You are my little girl now, and although I'm not nearly so good as was your mama, I hope you can love me."

"O! I'm so glad!" and Rosalind put two arms around her aunt's neck as she bent over her.

"Do you like the name Rosalind very much?"

"Yes, mama always called me that."

"Well, then, Rosalind it shall be."

"Do you know, Jesus has answered my prayer already?"

"Does he always answer your prayers, dear?"

"Yes, but not always right away. Mama said he sometimes waits that he may give us something even better than what we ask for."

GRACE L. THOMAS.

Answers to Last Week's Bible Questions

1. Saul. 1 Sam. 22: 17-19.
2. Athaliah. 2 Chron. 22: 10.
3. After the Babylonian captivity. Neh. 8: 14-18.
4. Zedekiah. Jer. 39: 1-9.
5. On Mount Carmel. 1 Kings 18: 19.
6. Deborah. Judges 4: 5.
7. Ehud. Judges 3: 15.
8. Abimelech. Judges 9: 5.
9. Men of Sheshem.
10. Abimelech. Judges 9: 53.
11. Hezekiah. 2 Kings 9: 53.
12. Baalam. Num. 23: 10.
13. Vashti. Esther 1: 9.
- Vajezatha. Esther 9: 9.
- Vaniah. Ezra 10: 36.
14. Josiah. 2 Kings 22: 1.
15. Aaron. Num. 16: 47, 48.
16. Uzziah. 2 Chron. 26: 16-20.
17. Adoni-Bezek. Judges 1: 7.—*The Young Pilgrim.*

"If I, like Galilee fishers,
Were mending my nets by the main,
And Jesus, coming, should call me,
He never should call in vain.

"If I were dwelling in pleasure,
Or sitting in places of gain,
And Jesus, passing, should call me,
He never should call in vain."

THOUGHT *for* STUDENTS



She Bore Me Company



WAS the shabbiest girl at the office, says a writer in the *Delineator*. It was no one's fault and no one's shame that we were poor — I had intelligence enough to know that. I knew, too, what a sacrifice mother had made to pay my tuition at business school. Still the knowledge of my shabby clothes forced itself upon me, particularly my old black skirt.

O, if you knew how I hated that skirt! Mother had cleaned it and pressed it and cleaned it, but it seemed "bent" with age, and all the office girls looked so fresh and pretty in their trim business suits.

I imagined all the first morning that they were pitying me, and I felt them looking at my shabbiness, and during the noon hour I was so miserable. But when I went back the next morning, I noticed that one of the girls had on nearly as old clothes as I did, and she was so nice to me I fancied she was glad I had come because of our mutual poverty. Not until after I earned enough money to buy some suitable, nice clothes did I realize that the "poor girl," as I thought her, had drifted back into the prettiest, most tasteful clothes worn by any of the girls. She had only borne me company at a most trying time, and she knew, because her fellow workers all admired her, that the little object-lesson would keep them from hurting my feelings.— *Selected*.

The Wonderful Temple

THE noted evangelist, William A. Sunday, speaks of his acquaintance with the Bible in the following unique way, as reported in the *Des Moines Tribune*:—

"Twenty-two years ago, with the Holy Spirit as my guide, I entered this wonderful temple called Christianity. I entered at the portico of Genesis, walked down through the Old Testament art gallery, where the pictures of Noah, Abraham, Moses, Isaac, Jacob, and Daniel hang on the wall. I passed into the music room of Psalms, where the Spirit swept the keyboards of nature and brought forth the dirge-like wail of the weeping prophet Jeremiah, to the grand, impassioned strain of Isaiah, until it seemed that every reed and pipe in God's great organ of nature responded to the tuneful harp of David, the sweet singer of Israel. I entered the chapel of Ecclesiastes, where the voice of the preacher was heard, and into the conservatory of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley's sweet-scented spices filled and perfumed my life. I entered the business office of Proverbs, then into the observatory room of prophets, where I saw telescopes of various sizes, some pointing to far-off events, but all concentrated upon the bright Morning Star, which was to rise above the moonlit hill of Judea for our salvation. I entered the audience room of the King of kings, and caught a vision of his glory from the view-point of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; passed into The Acts of the Apostles, where the Holy Spirit was doing his office work in the formation of the infant church; then into the correspondence room, where sat John, Paul, Peter, James, and Jude, penning their epistles. I stepped into the throne room of Revelation, where all towered into glittering

peaks, and I got a vision of the King sitting upon his throne in all his glory, and I cried:—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Sewing on a Button

LIKE most men, I have a notion that I know how to do everything that a woman does. I often think how lucky it is that women have no such comprehensive ideas regarding men's work! At any rate, I am very sure that I know just how a button should be sewed on. I don't say that I can *do* it exactly, you know, but I can direct. That is a masculine function anyway,— to direct.

Most buttons are sewed on too tight. I have learned this from observation; therefore it must be so. When a button is sewed on tight, so tight that there is scarcely room to crowd the cloth of the buttonhole over it, the thread with which it is sewed on is stretched too tight, and it is certain to break. That stands to reason, doesn't it? So that a button should be sewed on loosely enough to wobble around a little, just loosely enough to hold a layer of cloth comfortably between it and the cloth to which it is sewed. I am in the habit of comparing it to friendship, which must not be too tight-fitting; that is, friends must not overdo it by seeking one another constantly, and writing letters every day when they are parted, and long letters at that; and being jealous of other friends who they think are coming in between. There must be a certain loose-jointedness about friendship, if it is to wear well. The threads must not be stretched too tight, or they will snap. Keep your friend at a sort of distance, just to maintain the piquancy and the interest of the affair. Don't let it become commonplace.

But I have a second article in my button creed, which is that these loose connecting threads must be wrapped around carefully and fully, or they will be worn off, which is as bad as being snapped off. Around and around and around the thread must go, transforming the loose threads into a cable, so that the button no longer wobbles, but stands erect on a little thread pillar. *That is the way to do it.*

And again it is just like friendship, for these threads that are wrapped around to prevent the wearing away of the main threads are just like the frequent kindly attentions that should pass between friends, wrapping around the heart threads that connect their lives, and making of them a cable which all the stress and strain of our bustling life will press against in vain.

Now, don't you think I know how to sew on a button?—" *Studies in the Art of Illustration.*"

Gold in Garbage

(Concluded from page nine)

Whether you will be loved by a host of friends, depends upon whether you answer notes within ten hours or ten weeks.

That is, the little things carry with them the greater, but the greater do not by any means carry with them the smaller. If you are pure when alone, if you are a Bible reader on your vacations, if you are cheery over the dish-wiping — then I am sure you will carry a white life into the world, and exhibit your Christianity before the eyes of men, and be trustful when the great trials assail you. If you can find gold in garbage, you can find it anywhere.— *Amos R. Wells.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Christ's Second Coming — No. 5

The Millennium

IN Revelation 20 we have the only scripture which speaks of this time definitely. It records the expression, "thousand years" — millennium — six times. John "saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him." The object of this is "that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season."

We ask, When is this done? Where is the bottomless pit? How can a "bottomless pit" be shut up? What will be the end of the "little season"? Verse 4 declares that those who "were beheaded for the witness of Jesus," and those who "had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; . . . lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." These were the righteous only, for "the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." Verse 5, first sentence. This includes all the wicked of earth, for the living wicked, when he comes, are slain. The last sentence of verse 5 emphatically states, of the subject under discussion, "This is the first resurrection." In order to place forever the theme of the preceding verses beyond doubt to the candid mind, verse 6 reiterates their thought by noting four points. What are they?

Review

At what point in time, four times asserted in one chapter, did Christ say he would resurrect the just? How and when, according to 1 Thess. 4:16, 17, is it accomplished? Who comes with him? How many view the scene? How much glory is manifested? What happens to the wicked? to the righteous? to the earth? to the birds? to the cities? to the fruitful places? to heaven? to Satan? Have you discovered the "bottomless pit"?

Imagine this earth, if you can, with the righteous gone to the New Jerusalem, the wicked dead strewn upon its surface, the earth returned to its primeval condition,—"without form, and void" (Jer. 4:23; Gen. 1:2),—not one ray of light to penetrate the awful blackness that engulfs it. Jer. 4:28; Isa. 13:10. Is it not rightly called a "bottomless pit"?—no top, no bottom, no walls,—a great, black blot in space with nothing solid but the center. When John saw the angel "come down from heaven," he was on this earth; so the angel came here to bind Satan, who we know is also here, and here he shut him up—took from him the power to leave—in this impenetrable darkness. No one could conceive of a better place for him to spend his millennium.

The object of Satan's imprisonment is "that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled." They are then out of his power. But "when the thousand years are expired,

Satan shall be loosed out of his prison" for "a little season." In order to accomplish this, the earth would have to be lightened, and the wicked dead raised. So we read, "But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." This is stating that they do live again when the thousand years are finished. Read Isa. 24:19-22.

In Zech. 14:4, 5, we have a prophecy of the resurrection following the millennium. Where do Christ's feet first touch the earth? Where is it located? What happens to it? to the wicked? Who comes with him? What happens to Satan? Rev. 20:7. What does he do? for what? What is their number? Where do they go? What is the object they are to attack? How came it within their reach? Zech. 14:4, 5. What happens to them? to Satan? Who are especially mentioned as being with him? How long will his punishment last? Verses 8-10.

Although verses 11-13 now follow, it is evident from verses 14, 15, that they relate to that which takes place between the time when the wicked camp against "the beloved city," and the time when the "fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them;" for verses 14, 15, give in substance the last clause of verses 9 and 10. Thus it is evident that the throne of Christ is set far up in the sky, high enough above the city—the camp of the saints—to be in plain view of all who are outside of it. Then Luke 13:28 will be fulfilled. When the judgment has closed, and the wicked see what sins have shut them from the joys of eternity, they are punished with the second death. Verses 9, 10, 14, 15.

Where is this second death inflicted? As the "camp of the saints" is now on the earth, and the wicked go "upon the breadth of the earth" to fight against it, there is where they are when fire comes down from God out of heaven, and devours them. Read 2 Peter 3:7, 10.

Why should it say "devoured them," in one text, and in the very next, "shall be tormented day and night forever and ever"? Are these statements contradictory? Read Mal. 4:1 and Matt. 25:46. Do these also contradict? Matt. 24:46 does not say they receive an "everlasting punishing," but an "everlasting punishment." The murderer who is hanged, receives an everlasting punishment as far as this life is concerned; but if he were to receive an everlasting punishing, he would have to be continually suffering the horrors of strangulation, never dying, as he would hang by the neck. Are they not burned "forever"? The book of Jonah, written after his experience in the fish, states that he was there "forever;" but we learn that was but "three days and three nights." Jonah 2:6; 1:17. Evidently God put Jonah there till he would repent; and it did not matter whether he repented sooner or later. Forever was God's fixed purpose. Read Deut. 15:12, 13, 16, 17. Here "forever" is limited to the life of a man.

Are they not punished with "unquenchable fire"? Matt. 3:12. Read how unquenchable fire went out as soon as the purpose of God was accomplished. 1 Kings 17:30-38, noting especially verses 33-35, 38. Isn't it "everlasting fire"? Matt. 25:41. Jude 7 and 2 Peter 2:6 teach that "eternal fire" can and does turn matter "into ashes." Who only can live forever with "everlasting burnings"? Isa. 33:14, 15. How can this be? We are to live with God forever (Rev. 21:2, 3), and he "is a consuming fire." Heb. 12:29. Is God to have finally a clean universe? Ps. 37:10. Shall I be there? CHANCY WOOD.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III — True Sabbath-Keeping; Working of Miracles; Apostles Chosen

(July 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 2:23-28; 3:1-9.

PARALLEL TEXTS: Luke 6:1-16; Matt. 12:1-21; 10:2-4.

MEMORY VERSE: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Ex. 20:8-11.

The Lesson Story

1. "And it came to pass, that he went through the corn fields on the Sabbath day; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn." "Corn" is a common term for grain, as wheat or barley. The disciples gathered some of the heads of grain, and ate the kernels after rubbing them out in their hands. They were hungry, and they did no wrong in eating the grain. The Jews would have found no fault with them had it been any other day; but being the Sabbath, they held that the gathering of the grain in this way was a kind of reaping, and to rub out the kernels was supposed to be threshing.

2. The Pharisees complained to Jesus, saying, "Behold, why do they on the Sabbath day that which is not lawful? And he said unto them, Have ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was an hungered, he, and they that were with him? How he went into the house of God in the days of Abiathar the high priest, and did eat the showbread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them which were with him?"

3. "And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath: therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." Jesus made the Sabbath, and he knew how it should be kept. He says plainly, "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work." It is *our own work* which we are forbidden to do on the Sabbath. It is right to do God's work, or anything which will relieve suffering; but in no way did Jesus teach that it is right to do our own work in God's holy time.

4. "And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had a withered hand. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the Sabbath day; that they might accuse him." "And they asked him, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath days? that they might accuse him."

5. "And he said unto them, What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out? How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days."

6. "And he saith unto the man which had the withered hand, Stand forth. And he saith unto them, Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to

do evil? to save life, or to kill? But they held their peace. And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it out: and his hand was restored whole as the other."

7. "And they were filled with madness; and communed one with another what they might do to Jesus." "And the Pharisees went forth, and straightway took counsel with the Herodians against him, how they might destroy him."

8. "But Jesus withdrew himself with his disciples to the sea: and a great multitude from Galilee followed him, and from Judea, and from Jerusalem, and from Idumea, and from beyond Jordan; and they about Tyre and Sidon, a great multitude, when they had heard what great things he did, came unto him. And he spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him because of the multitude, lest they should throng him. For he had healed many; insomuch that they pressed upon him for to touch him, as many as had plagues. And unclean spirits, when they saw him, fell down before him, and cried, saying, Thou art the Son of God."

9. The time had now come for Jesus to choose his twelve disciples. "And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." "And he goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would: and they came unto him. And he ordained twelve, that they might be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach, and to have power to heal sicknesses, and to cast out devils."

10. "Now the names of the twelve apostles are these: The first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother; Philip, and Bartholomew; Thomas, and Matthew the publican; James the son of Alphæus, and Lebbaeus, whose surname was Thaddæus; Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him."

Questions

1. Through what did Jesus and his disciples pass one Sabbath day? What did the disciples do as they went along? How did the Jews regard what the disciples did? Mark 2:23.

2. To whom did the Pharisees complain? What question did they ask? Then what question did Jesus ask them? What had David done when he had need? Mark 2:24-26.

3. For whom did Jesus say the Sabbath was made? Who is the Lord of the Sabbath? Mark 2:27, 28. Why was Jesus Lord of the Sabbath? How has he said it should be kept? Memory verse. What kind of work does he forbid us to do? What kind of work may we do? Whose pleasure should we not seek in God's holy time? Isa. 58:13. What should the Sabbath be to us? Whose words should we not speak on that day?

4. To what place did Jesus again go? Who was present? Why did the Pharisees watch Jesus? Of what would they accuse him? What question did they ask him? Mark 3:1, 2; Matt. 12:10.

5. What questions did Jesus ask the Pharisees? What did he say was lawful? What does lawful mean? Matt. 12:11, 12.

6. What did he then say to the man with the withered hand? What further questions did he ask the Pharisees? How did Jesus feel as he looked about on them? What did he say to the man? How did the

man respond? What change took place in the withered hand? Mark 3:3-5.

7. How did the Pharisees feel when they saw this miracle? Luke 6:11. Why did this make them angry? What did they do? Mark 3:6.

8. To what place did Jesus then go? Who followed him? Why did they go with him? What did he ask the disciples to provide for him? Why? Mark 3:7-9.

9. What did Jesus now wish to do? Before choosing his apostles, how did he spend the night? Luke 6:12. How many did Jesus ordain? For what purpose? Mark 3:14, 15.

10. Name the twelve apostles. Matt. 10:2-4.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III — True Sabbath-Keeping; Working of Miracles; Apostles Chosen

(July 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 2:23-28; 3:1-19.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Luke 6:1-16; Matt. 12:1-21; 10:2-4.

LESSON HELP: "Desire of Ages," chapters 29, 30.

MEMORY VERSE: Ex. 20:8-11.

Questions

1. In his journeying on one occasion through what did Jesus pass? What day was it? What did his disciples do? Mark 2:23.

2. What criticism did the Pharisees offer? Verse 24; note 1.

3. Whose example did Jesus cite in their defense? Verses 25, 26.

4. What did he say about the origin and object of the Sabbath? Verses 27, 28.

Working of Miracles

5. What did Jesus find on another Sabbath as he entered a synagogue? Mark 3:1; Luke 6:6.

6. What did his enemies do? Mark 3:2.

7. What did he say to the afflicted man? Verse 3.

8. What searching questions did he ask the scribes and Pharisees? What did they do? Verse 4.

9. How did their hardness of heart affect Jesus? What did he do? What blessing came to the man? Verse 5; note 2.

10. What did the Pharisees then do? What did Jesus do? What did the people do? Verses 6-8.

11. What request did Jesus make of the disciples? Why? Verses 9, 10.

12. What did the unclean spirits do? What did he charge them? Verses 11, 12.

Apostles Chosen

13. What work of special importance did Jesus do in this tour of Galilee? To what work were they ordained? What power was given them? Verses 13-15.

14. Name the apostles chosen. Verses 16-19; note 3.

Notes

1. "Corn" is a common English term for grain. It might have been either a wheat or barley field through which Jesus and his disciples were passing. According to the tradition of the Jews the disciples were threshing grain, and were therefore guilty of sin. "Lawful" means according to law. Through claiming that they did that which was not lawful, the

Pharisees were exalting their tradition to an equality with the law of God.

2. Read the parallel Scriptures. According to Matthew they first asked the question, "Is it lawful to *heal* on the Sabbath day?" Their emphasis was on the fact of the mere work. Jesus puts the question on the true basis, "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill?" Then by an illustration drawn from their own practise, he shows the emptiness of their zeal. They would help a sheep or an ox in distress, but would suffer a *man* to die. No wonder that the heart of Jesus was indignant at such inhumanity and disregard of the true nature of God's service. He did not break the Sabbath. It is *lawful* to do well on the Sabbath day.

3. Simon was surnamed Peter, sometimes called Simeon, and Cephas. John and James he surnamed Boanerges, meaning "Sons of Thunder." Matthew is also called Levi; Simon the Canaanite is also called Zelotes, or the Zealot; Thaddæus is also called Judas.

What Faith Will Do

WHEN I first came to America, thirty-one years ago, I crossed the Atlantic with the captain of a steamer who was one of the most devoted men I ever knew; and when we were off the banks of Newfoundland, he said to me: "Mr. Inglis, the last time I crossed here, five weeks ago, one of the most extraordinary things happened, and it has completely revolutionized the whole of my Christian life. Up to that time I was one of your ordinary Christians. We had a man of God on board, George Mueller, of Bristol. I had been on that bridge for twenty-two hours, and never left it. I was startled by some one tapping me on the shoulder. It was George Mueller. 'Captain,' he said, 'I have come to tell you that I must be in Quebec on Saturday afternoon.' This was Wednesday. 'It is impossible,' I said. 'Very well, if your ship can't take me, God will find some other means of locomotion to take me. I have never broken an engagement for fifty-seven years.' 'I would willingly help you. How can I? I am helpless.' 'Let us go down to the chart room and pray.' I looked at the man of God, and I thought to myself, What lunatic asylum could the man have come from? I never heard of such a thing. 'Mr. Mueller,' I said, 'do you know how dense this fog is?' 'No,' he replied, 'my eye is not on the density of the fog, but on the living God, who controls every circumstance of my life.' He went down on his knees, and he prayed one of the most simple prayers. I muttered to myself: 'That would suit a children's class, where the children were not more than eight or nine years of age.' The burden of his prayer was something like this: 'O Lord, if it is consistent with thy will, please remove this fog in five minutes. You know the engagement you made for me in Quebec for Saturday. I believe it is your will.' When he had finished, I was going to pray; but he put his hand on my shoulder and told me not to pray. 'First, you do not believe he will; and, second, I believe he has, and there is no need whatever for you to pray about it.' I looked at him, and George Mueller said this: 'Captain, I have known my Lord for fifty-seven years, and there has never been a single day that I have failed to gain an audience with the King. Get up, captain, and open the door, and you will find the fog is gone.' I got up, and the fog was gone!"—Rev. C. Inglis.

The Youth's Instructor

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THE contributions of the Missionary Volunteer societies during 1908 amounted to \$16,282.52, \$9,469.38 of which was devoted to foreign mission work.

DR. BILLY CLARK was the founder of the first temperance society. It was organized in Moreau, New York, in 1808. The World's Temperance Congress held at Saratoga, N. Y., last June was to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of this society. The picture on page ten of last week's INSTRUCTOR was of Dr. Clark and his associate temperance workers, also of the house in which the society was organized.

Why Not?

NEW ZEALAND sends its drunkards who have been convicted four times to Pakatoa, a little island not far from the capital city. No intoxicating liquors are allowed on the island. Why not extend prohibition to the mainland, and dispense with "Drunkard's Island"?

Strange Physical Disease

IN the heart of Africa Dr. Livingstone found the natives sometimes afflicted with a physical disease that made them lift their feet when passing over a straw as if they saw a log. This physical disease is not unlike a certain mental disorder known as "worry." It gives a great deal of exercise over imaginary troubles. Getting one's self into a healthy state of mind, so that one can see things as they are, is one way of conserving strength and being ready for the real difficulties that one must meet; also, it is a way of finding one's life road a pleasant one to follow.—*Selected.*

Learning Burns Away Tasteless Fripperies

A WRITER in the *Youth's Companion* made the following interesting observation relative to a meeting of a thousand girl students recently held in Boston:—

"They made a wonderful picture — those girlish forms and upturned faces. It was good to note that they were free from eccentricity in dress, as if their zeal for learning had burned away tasteless fripperies, and left them simple of garb as of mind."

The earnest student dresses simply; so does she who has laid aside school-books, and is seeking to help solve life's real problems in the social and spiritual worlds.

One Sin

NEVER trifle with one sin. It is like a little cloud which, as a poet has said, may hold a hurricane in its grasp. The next sin you commit may have a mighty effect in the blighting of your life. You do not know the streams that may flow from that fountain; for sin is a fountain — not a mere act, but a fountain of evil.—*Andrew A. Bonar.*

Eight Thousand Eight Hundred Miles of Bibles

IN the year 1907 the three great Bible societies operating in China — the British, the Scotch, and the American — issued two and a half million copies of the Scriptures. At this rate, it would require one hundred sixty years to supply every man, woman, and child in China with a copy of the Scriptures. The British Museum Library has forty-four miles of book shelves, and two million volumes. If all these were Chinese Bibles, it would require two hundred such libraries to supply the Chinese world with the Scriptures. With all the activities of these great societies there are sufficient Bibles in China to-day to supply only one in one thousand. This task of preaching the gospel to the whole world seems, from the human view-point, an impossibility. But for decades God has been working, and a great foundation has been laid for this last work which he has committed to us as a people.—*J. N. Anderson.*

Slightly Misquoted

THE teacher's life should have three periods — study under twenty-five; investigation under forty; profession until sixty, at which time I would have him retired on double allowance. Whether Anthony Trollope's suggestion of a college and chloroform should be carried out or not, I have become a little dubious, as my own time is getting so short.

This was the exact remark of Dr. William Osler, which, as reported, seriously recommended that mankind be chloroformed at forty, that age being the limit of man's usefulness to the world or to himself. The little humorous twist in the last sentence one must needs be very dense not to understand, but as it was given currency, it raised a fine breeze about the doctor's ears, and gave him the opportunity of his lifetime to become a famous individual and to have his name go ringing through two continents. From a hard-working physician with a scientific turn which had given him some repute in his own circle, he suddenly gained world-wide notoriety as the advocate of the untimely taking off of quite a proportion of the human race.

Dr. Osler is a sensible man, who believes in hard work, and submission to the will of Providence as to the end of one's career. One remark to medical students, not misquoted, gives assurance of his practical wisdom, though it may not have been wholly acceptable to those of his brother physicians whose chief aim is a lucrative practise. "Be skeptical to the pharmacopœia as a whole," he says. "He is the best doctor who knows the worthlessness of most medicine." We know that humanity is cursed by drug-taking habits, for which doctors are largely responsible.

The whole sensational incident has two lessons: The one is to be cautious of the too ready acceptance of sensational reports, and to appreciate the ease with which they start; the other is to be duly impressed with the electric speed with which rumor travels. The old stage-coach is yet good enough for sober facts.—*Young People.*