

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVII

September 21, 1909

No. 38

LIFE'S HARMONY

They tell me that in Pisa's old cathedral
All noises harsh and loud—
Grating of ponderous doors, shrill tones,
the tramping
And murmuring of the crowd—
Are caught up, softened, harmonized, and
blended
Within the lofty dome,
Then echoed back in one great wave of
music,
Sweet as a dream of home.

So all the harsh notes in life's mingled
music—
The burden and the woe,
The stroke that almost snaps the quivering
heart-strings,
The loss that grieves us so—
In heaven's o'erarching dome of perfect
wisdom,
Power, and love shall be
Gathered and blended in divinest marvel
Of matchless melody.

—Longfellow



THE national capital, according to reports, is to have from Japan a gift of five thousand cherry-trees.

THE penitentiary, whose name is derived from the word penitence, has in reality less of that article than any other institution of its size.—*Will Carleton.*

DURING the latter part of August, Captain Spelterini, of Italy, crossed the Alps above Mt. Blanc in his balloon. He has made five hundred forty-eight ascensions.

DURING the fiscal year of 1908-09 about two hundred thousand copyrights were issued at the government copyright office. Seventy-five per cent of the books copyrighted, it is estimated, are books of fiction.

EX-POLICE COMMISSIONER BINGHAM of New York was once offered ten thousand dollars a month to allow a gambling house to be run without interference. He estimates that at least one hundred million dollars is annually spent in graft in New York City.

MOST persons would consider themselves quite favored to be chosen ruler of an empire, but the young shah of Persia was taken to the palace by force. After being emperor one day, he became so lonely that he attempted to escape and join his parents, who have been sentenced to exile by the victorious rebels.

ON the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of September there is to be held in Chicago the fortieth anniversary of the Prohibition party. There will be present to participate in the celebration, delegates from every part of the country. Prof. Samuel Dickie and Hon. Seaborn Wright will address the delegates.

COLUMBIA University in New York, is now the largest university in our country when it comes to the number of students in attendance, the latest report giving this institution 5,655 students. It also has one of the largest libraries of any university in America, the total number of volumes being something in excess of four hundred twenty thousand.

THE Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has been denied permission to establish a hospital in the Adirondacks for the benefit of consumptive policy-holders and employees. Although the proposition was admitted to be a humanitarian one, the State authorities found no law on the statute-books allowing an insurance company to hold real estate for such purposes, and would not establish a precedent involving such contingent possibilities.

A GRATEFUL parishioner has recently given the deed to sixty acres of land, supposed to be worth one hundred twenty-five dollars an acre, to his minister,—all this as an expression of the man's appreciation of the brevity and pointedness of his pastor's sermons. If all discourses possessed these characteristics, and all hearers who prize these characteristics were able to express their appreciation as generously, the number of poor ministers would be greatly lessened.

Drew the Crowd

THE great French preacher, Ravignan, once said to Lacordaire, "I hear that you had such a crowd at your last sermon that the people were sitting even on the top of the confessionals." "Ah, perhaps," said the other; "but you managed to make them go into the confessionals."—*Selected.*

Growing Under Weight

JOHN SPREULL, of Glasgow, was imprisoned by Claverhouse because he defended religious liberty. His crest was a palm tree with two weights hanging on each side of it from its branches, and the motto, "*Sub pondere cresco*"—"I grow under weight." This is true of all of us. The weight of responsibility, the weight of love's burdens, the weight of duties to others, is what develops us most rapidly.—*Selected.*

A Dainty Watermelon

A DAINTY watermelon from the Carpathian Mountain districts, thick-skinned, its interior of a beautiful red and amber color, and no larger than grapefruit, has been brought from Rumania by Horace G. Knowles, lately minister to that country from the United States. It is said to be the most delicious specimen of the melon family ever brought to light. Seeds have been obtained for the United States government agricultural experiment stations, and an effort will be made to propagate this new variety in this country. If it succeeds, we are likely to have a rival for the famous Rocky Ford muskmelons.—*Selected.*

A Story About Whittier and Lucy Larcom

LUCY LARCOM, the author, was one day driving with Mr. Whittier. The hill was steep, and Mr. Whittier was driving. The horse was gay, and the load was not light. Lucy Larcom was talking, and she talked on. The subject was the life to come.

The horse grew unruly. The buggy lurched and rolled. Whittier grasped the reins valiantly, anticipating a possible accident. But Lucy talked on serenely.

The horse threatened to break. The danger redoubled. The buggy sagged heavily on Lucy's side. Still, peacefully she murmured on.

"Lucy!" exploded the poet at last, "if thee does not stop talking till I get this horse in hand, thee will be in heaven before thee wants to!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

New Postal Cards

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HITCHCOCK has awarded to the Government Printing-office the contract for the making of the 3,487,000,000 postal cards needed by the Post-office Department during the four years beginning Jan. 1, 1910. The Oxford Paper Company, of Rumford Falls, Maine, has furnished the cards for the past four years.

By selecting a card of lighter but finer stock, the Postmaster-General expects to furnish a card that will be more satisfactory to the user, and at the same time of less expense to the government. It is probable also that the tint will be changed, as well as the color of the ink used in printing, thus giving a more artistic effect.

In the year of their introduction, 1873, this country used 31,000,000 cards; this last year, 950,000,000.—*Selected.*

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 21, 1909

No. 38

Visit to a Penitentiary

G. B. THOMPSON

WHILE attending the camp-meeting at Jackson, Michigan, with a number of others I was permitted to visit the State penitentiary, which is located at this place. The officials were very courteous, and did what they could to give us information regarding this great penal institution.

This institution is noted for its humane treatment of those who are so unfortunate as to be incarcerated



within its walls, rather than for the great number of convicts which it contains.

At the time of our visit there were about seven hundred forty prisoners serving sentences varying from one year to that of life imprisonment. All the prisoners here are males; female prisoners are confined at Detroit. Those who may develop insanity are sent to Ionia, Michigan. Many of the prisoners are young, and might have had a brighter prospect before them in life had they not chosen to follow the inclinations of an evil heart, and in an hour of temptation did that which no doubt they regretted when too late, and as a result must go through life bearing the stigma of having been a convict. What a warning to all young men to shun evil, and remember their Creator in the days of their youth.

But all the prisoners, whether young or old, are somebody's boys, the pride, sometime, of some fond mother's heart. She watched her boy grow up from babyhood, and hoped that he would fill a place of honor in the world. But alas! how many hearts of loving, indulgent parents have been saddened by the wayward course of their boys. I hope none of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will ever bring sorrow to their parents' hearts by a wayward life. In the Good Book it is written that "the way of the transgressor is hard." What seems like pleasure now may sting like an adder later on.

Persons confined in the Jackson prison are granted more privileges than in some other prisons. They do not wear striped clothes, as in most penitentiaries, and as little as possible is done to degrade the men and make them feel the burden of their imprisonment. They are permitted to some extent to carry on conversation while at work.

Enclosed within the walls is a beautiful lawn with some flowers, giving the place a pleasant appearance. Here the convicts are allowed to exercise one-half hour every other day. On Saturday afternoon a game of baseball is played here by a team composed of convicts, and a club from outside the prison. On Sunday, chapel exercises are held, and the attendance is compulsory. There is also a Sunday-school, a prayer-meeting on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and a Christian Endeavor meeting on Saturday night.

In the last biennial report the chaplain gave it as his opinion that most of the men with whom he had come in contact in the social meetings of the prison have a decided purpose henceforth to lead upright lives; many, perhaps, will not do this when they come in contact with the outside world. But as far as possible, we should help them to do so.

Some industries are carried on here, such as making brooms, boxes, binder twine, forks, and tombstones. Some good chairs are made from paper fiber. Overtime is allowed the prisoners, and many have money to their credit at the office, and some earn something to send to their families. Over fifty thousand dollars was thus earned by the men during the past two years.

The dining-room is neat and clean. Here breakfast and dinner are eaten by the prisoners. Supper is served in the cells.

The cells which were built many years ago when the institution was first opened, are dark and dismal, and have been condemned as unfit for habitation, by



the State Board of Health. These are not used ordinarily. On the east wing a new steel cell block has replaced the old one, and is as cheerful a place as could well be found in a prison. These cells are large, and are equipped with lavatory arrangements. The prisoners are allowed to have electric light till nine o'clock in the evening.

A new system of grading and marking prisoners for conduct has been instituted, and everything is done to encourage the prisoners to earn for themselves special privileges. This is highly prized by the men, and is eagerly sought. When a convict enters the prison, he is given a white cord. At the end of three months,

if his behavior has been good, he is given a green cord, which entitles him to all the privileges which the institution grants. He retains this as long as he obeys the rules of the institution, but may forfeit his rights at any time by disobedience.

The prisoner or his friends are permitted to make his cell comfortable and cheerful; so, many of them have rocking chairs, rugs, mirrors, flower-pots, and various little articles which look cheerful and neat. Many prisoners have a canary in a cage hanging in front of the cell door. Several hundred of them singing give the place a homelike appearance.

The first-grade prisoners are allowed to read. Many take the daily papers. During the winter, a school is conducted four evenings in the week, and the convicts are encouraged to develop their intellectual faculties. The prisoners are also allowed equipment for shaving.

This treatment of the convicts is not without its reward. The guards find it unnecessary to carry firearms as a protection. A simple walking-cane is all they carry.

Of course, there are those who abuse their privileges, and betray the trust reposed in them. Cells of solitary confinement are provided as a place of punishment for the incorrigible, where they are kept until such time as they are willing to obey the regulation of the prison. A prisoner who becomes what is known as a "trustee" is allowed considerable privileges. One of these, however, the night before we were in the prison, took advantage of this, and in the darkness, when there was no watchman on the walls, scaled the wall in some way, and made a break for liberty. The chances are that he will be captured. Then of course all the privileges hitherto granted him will be withdrawn, and it will be a long time before he gets them again.

Here we see an example of what it is to be "kept under the law" and "shut up." It is so with every sinner in a spiritual sense. He is in bondage, a slave to evil habits. But Jesus came to "preach deliverance to the captives" and to "set at liberty" those who are bruised and scarred by sin. I hope all who read the INSTRUCTOR will know the blessing of walking at liberty because they keep the precepts of the Lord.



Jackson, Mich. State Prison, interior, old cell blocks.

ally; and in other ways too numerous to mention.

As an example and evidence of carelessness in writing, the New York post-office, during the year 1906, found claimants for one million two hundred fifty thousand misdirected letters, in addition to which they had to send between two and three million letters to the dead-letter office.

Not long ago a letter came to our office, the only address on the envelope of which was, "Tacoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.," with the name and address of the sender in the upper left-hand corner, the word "Takoma" being misspelled, as indicated.

A little previously to this the writer received an ordinary post-card with the request printed on it, "Please fill the enclosed blank." How could a blank be "enclosed" in a post-card? And from its appearance we took this to be a duplicate of many of the same kind which doubtless were sent to others.

Some things of this kind are amusing, and do little harm aside from wasting the time, energy, and means of the one at fault. But in other cases it is not so. In a single daily paper the other day appeared accounts of two explosions, in both of which there was loss of life, due to what, in one case at least, was styled "criminal carelessness," and in both to carelessness connected with tobacco using. One was that of a man in Michigan, killed while ramming a cannon, which was prematurely fired in consequence of a bystander's carelessly "flicking the ashes from his cigar" and igniting the priming powder. The other was an account of twelve men killed, five more fatally injured, and twelve others wounded, while engaged in railway construction near Key West, Florida, as the result of one of

the workmen's carelessly throwing "a lighted cigarette to one side, not noticing that it fell into the box containing the fuses, which were connected with the heavy charges of explosives beneath them." A few seconds later seven hundred pounds of dynamite exploded, and men, water, mud, and tons of dirt were thrown from seventy to ninety feet in the air. This was the result of criminal carelessness, and in this case the one responsible for the accident lost his life with the rest.

W. A. COLCORD.

Criminal Carelessness

NOT all carelessness is criminal, but, as most of my readers, I think, will admit, carelessness is the cause of not a little of our annoyances, troubles, and discomforts in life, and sometimes of very serious results.

This ill-sounding characteristic called "carelessness" manifests itself in a thousand ways,—in slovenly habits of dress and deportment; in buttons off, in grease spots, and in rents unattended; in illy kept homes and premises, neglected stock, and unpainted houses; in poorly performed labor; in speaking, in writing, and in want of politeness; in lack of observation; in failure to keep accounts and receipts, to have definite understandings, and to keep set appointments; in losing things, or in letting them lie about haphazard; in disappointing creditors; in slipshod methods gener-

Be Slow to Think of the Spots

WHEN I went into my bath-room this morning for my usual morning splash of cold water, I looked up and saw dirty spots upon my best coat, which hung upon the wall. I had carefully brushed it yesterday, so as to have it ready for Sabbath wear. I said to myself, "Who has done that?" I reached forth my hand to brush off the dust, and found that the spot disappeared from my garment. It was a faint spot made by the sun as it came glimmering in through the window, and also through a fig tree outside, which broke its rays into minute fragments.

So also the spots we see upon our brother or sister or friend, or even the one we think to be our enemy, may be marks of God's other sun, the Holy Spirit, instead of those put on by our common enemy Satan.

We may get a reproof from one who is anxious to

see us come up to a high standard. Let us be careful how we take it. Even when it does not seem to fit us, let us think kindly of our brother, and ascribe good motives to him.

Thus many other spots may be due to faulty training, or weaknesses caused by ill health, or some trouble we know nothing about.

The first duty of us all is to examine our own selves carefully every day, and not be judging others, remembering Paul's saying, "For wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same [evil] things." Rom. 2: 1.

E. L. PAULDING.

The Gospel to Every Creature

(Concluded)

THREE German countesses have been baptized into the Adventist faith.

The writer was introduced as a Seventh-day Adventist to the Secretary of the Treasury, and also to the Secretary of the Internal Revenue. Some of our literature was given them.

A lady in the city of Washington, belonging to the Church of England, and interested in our truth, has given literature on the Eastern question to French and German ambassadors.

The private library of Booker T. Washington has been supplied with a select number of our publications; and his school at Tuskegee has been given a complete set of our main publications.

The queen of one of the European countries has offered to write a preface to "Ministry of Healing," if we will publish it in her language, and help in establishing a sanitarium there.

One of our workers was given permission to speak two different times before a meeting of the Russian Orthodox Church, which was attended by about one thousand priests and missionaries.

For years Adventists have been supplying the members of the United States Congress with religious liberty literature. Many of these statesmen acknowledge that the principles we teach are correct.

Major Mallett, distinguished both in military and government circles, spent his last days in one of our sanitariums. Though a Roman Catholic, he said he wished to die with Seventh-day Adventists.

Forty delegates from the General Conference, on May 22, 1905, waited on President Theodore Roosevelt, and presented him with a letter declaring our loyalty to the American idea of civil government.

After being brought to the notice of the people by the edict giving us religious freedom in Bavaria, our laborers there were called upon to give a statement of our belief, to be published in the Bavarian Year Book.

Three children of the minister of finance in Italy, and also the son of the general of the Italian army, have attended our school in Rome. The minister of Italy has taken quite an interest in this school.

Copies of "Coming King," and "Heralds of the Morning" have been sold to two governors of states in Mexico, several of the best physicians and lawyers in Mexico City, and also to the ambassador of Cuba.

At the time of the last General Conference, the representatives from Russia, in behalf of our people there, extended their thanks to Czar Nicholas II, through Ambassador Baron Rosen, for the religious liberty enjoyed there.

One of our workers had a "conversation with the United States minister to Uruguay and Paraguay."

"Upon finding out who we were, he inquired concerning our doctrines and expressed a desire to know more of us as a people."

In November, 1906, a decree was sent to the governors of Russia, granting Seventh-day Adventists equal freedom with the Baptists. This was signed by P. Stolypin, of the ministry of the interior, after a critical study of our faith.

Pere Hyacinth Loyson, considered the greatest pulpit orator in the French language, visited our French camp-meeting at Geneva, Switzerland, 1902, and said that we "preached a purer gospel" than he. He has since been excommunicated by the pope for his "liberal views."

Through the kindness of one of the officials of the German Colonial Department at Berlin, one of our ministers secured an interview with the governor of German East Africa, Count von Goetzen. His first words were: "We extend you a hearty invitation to enter German East Africa."

"After three memorials to the prince regent, a decree was issued, April 19, 1907, declaring: 'His Royal Highness, Prince Luitpold, Regent of the Kingdom of Bavaria, has graciously granted that the Seventh-day Adventists be permitted to freely perform their religious services in Bavaria.'"

Archbishop Aglipay of the Independent Catholic Church of the Philippines, who claims to stand at the head of three million people, sent the following request to the General Conference: "Tell your delegates assembled at General Conference to pray for my people." He has a number of our books.

At the time the czar of Russia proclaimed religious liberty to his subjects, our people in that empire sent him a note of thanks. He read it, and placed above his signature the following words: "I thank these good people for their kind wishes and prayers." The note was printed in the official organ of the government.

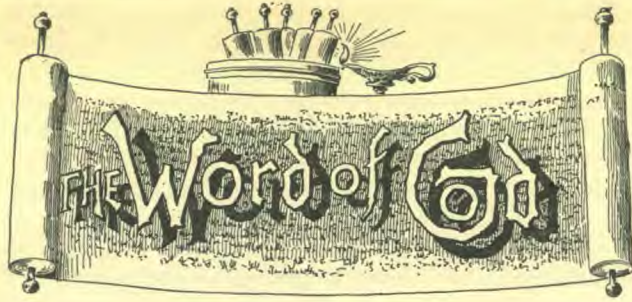
When the American fleet visited Australia, copies of the Australasian *Signs of the Times* were sent to every battle-ship. The captain of the "Connecticut" responded thus: "On behalf of the officers and men of this ship, I extend to you their thanks in appreciation of your kind courtesy in sending copies of the Australasian *Signs of the Times*." Letters were also received from other captains of the battle-ships.

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.

Read This

Do you remember what you read about the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses on the second page of the INSTRUCTOR dated September 7? Have you noticed what your State paper says about them? If you have not enrolled in one of these courses, write your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary for leaflet describing them; also for enrolment blank.

To young people the careful use of spare moments pays the best dividend. Our fathers and mothers doubtless crowd their time with useful employment, yet with life's energies almost spent, few of them can hope to answer the never-ceasing calls for teachers, ministers, and nurses. But to the young people who consecrate their spare moments to getting a preparation for the Master's service, comes the golden opportunity of doing these more active lines of soul-winning work. Could any investment of time pay a better dividend? Truly, he who wins souls is rich; and he who seeks efficiency in this work is wise. We believe the Reading Courses will help you. Take one and see.



Prophets

"Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper." 2 Chron. 20: 20.

God's Prophets Are His Spokesmen

A "prophet" is, "literally, one who speaks for another, especially one who speaks for a god and interprets his will to man. One who prophesies, or foretells events; a predictor; a foreteller. One inspired or instructed by God to speak in his name, or announce future events. An interpreter; a spokesman. Ex. 7: 1."—*Webster*.

The prophets spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. 2 Peter 1: 21, A. R. V.

The Holy Spirit, which moved the prophets to write, was the Spirit of Christ. 1 Peter 1: 10, 11.

Then that which the prophets wrote or spoke was not their own testimony, but was the testimony of Christ, the one who caused them to write or speak. Compare 1 Peter 1: 10, 11, with Rev. 19: 10.

The Need of Prophets

Before man sinned, God talked with him direct. Gen. 1: 28, 29; 2: 16, 17.

After he had sinned, he was afraid of God, and feared to talk with him face to face. Gen. 3: 8-10.

To the sinner God is a consuming fire. Deut. 4: 24; 9: 3; 2 Thess. 2: 8.

To those who are striving to put away sin, God reveals as much of himself and his glory as can be borne. Deut. 5: 23-28; Ex. 33: 18-23.

The righteous will be able to dwell with God. They shall see the King in his beauty. Isa. 33: 14, 15, 17.

Though in our fallen state we can not meet God face to face and live, yet in his love he speaks to us through his prophets. Luke 1: 68-70; Acts 3: 19-21.

God the Instructor of the Prophets

To these prophets God has revealed his will by visions and dreams. Num. 12: 6; Job 33: 14, 15.

In vision prophets were permitted to see things as if transpiring right before their faces. For this reason they were sometimes called seers; that is, "one who sees, especially one who sees into the future." See Smith's Bible Dictionary; 1 Sam. 9: 9.

Signs Do Not Prove a Prophet True

There have also been false prophets. 2 Peter 2: 1.

If the thing spoken does not come to pass, that is evidence that it is not a prophet of God that has spoken. Deut. 18: 21, 22.

Neither are signs and wonders to be regarded as tests. Deut. 13: 1-4.

A great persecuting power in the last days will perform great miracles. Rev. 13: 13, 14.

John the Baptist was one of the greatest prophets, and yet he never performed a miracle. Compare Luke 7: 28 with John 10: 41.

Harmony With the Law and God's Word the Test

If they are true, they will speak in harmony with the law. Isa. 8: 20.

It is evidence that a prophet is false if he encourages people to walk after the imagination of their own hearts. Jer. 23: 16, 17.

They will, if true, be in harmony with the prophets that have spoken before them. 1 Cor. 14: 32, 33.

By their fruits ye shall know them. Matt. 7: 15-27.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 3: 11.

Read

"Great Controversy," "Author's Preface."

"Patriarchs and Prophets," preface by U. Smith.

O. F. BUTCHER.

How to Enjoy Bible Reading

A WOMAN once went to her pastor with the complaint that she found no pleasure in reading the Bible; that it did her no good any more. What methods of study would he advise? The pastor answered: "Go home, open your Testament, and read until you come to a commandment; then close the book, and obey what you have read. After you have obeyed, read on until you find the next commandment." In a few weeks the woman came back to him with a shining face. "I wanted to thank you," she said; "the Bible is a new book to me." God's Word is able to build us up whenever we receive it as his commandment to ourselves.—*Selected*.

Handles

I AM a suburbanite,—a man of bundles. One evening I was trudging home with a particularly awkward parcel. The strings cut into my fingers. When I tried to carry it in my arms, they at once began to ache from their constrained position. The bundle was all angles. It began to tear under my vicious shiftings.

As I was leaving a grocery, after making some final purchases, the clerk looked pityingly at me.

"That's quite a load. Don't you want me to fix it?"

"Fix" is the American's word of comfort, and I instantly agreed.

Making my chief foe the basis, the grocer attached to it all the smaller parcels, passing a stout cord over and over, and then hooked into it one of those wooden handles that have done so much to ease our lives.

I walked off, a new man. It was a much heavier load, for my purchases there had been many; and yet I bore it easily, for I had an easy hold upon it. From shuffling, my gait became a rapid stride. From tense and nervous, my face became placid. Before, my bundles had blotted out the world; now, I actually forgot that I was carrying anything, and fell to planning an essay. It was all on account of the handle.

And, on the whole, throughout life there's everything in the way you take hold of what you have to do. That is why some days go hitching, rasping, pulling, dragging, from fretful morn to headachy eve, while other days, with just the same tasks, are one delightful scene of easy mastery and smiling accomplishment. The first day had no handle, the second had. The first tasks were grasped by the string, that cut; the second were fitted with an attachment for power.

What is this handle for days and for works? Ah, you do not need to be told that it is prayer!—*Amos R. Wells, in "Sermons in Stones."*

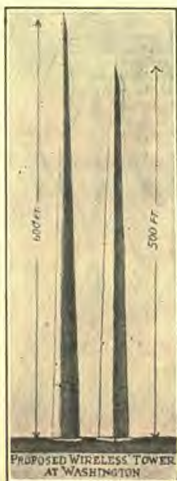


Remarkable Wireless Tower

THE Navy Department of the United States government is arranging for the building of a tower six hundred feet high, constructed of concrete, to serve as a home for the recently purchased wireless telegraph instruments, which were guaranteed to be the finest that could be devised, and capable of delivering messages to any similarly keyed instruments within a radius of three thousand miles from the sending point.

The structure, when completed, will be the tallest of its kind in existence. Two buildings in New York, and the skeleton construction of the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, will be taller. It is to be erected in Rock Creek Park, District of Columbia, and will rob the Washington Monument of the honor of being the tallest structure in or about Washington. How the two will compare is shown in the accompanying picture.

Within the guaranteed radius of this tower is the entire North Atlantic Ocean, and also Gibraltar. Ships at sea will be in constant call. Landward the sweep will include the entire United States, unless a corner of the northwest escapes. San Francisco will be a calling station, and messages will flash unhindered over the land to all the naval stations in the country. — *Young People's Weekly.*



What Is an Etching?

WHAT is an etching? How does it differ from an engraving? These questions are frequently asked, and the uncertainty which they imply is one that is easily cleared up.

The clew to the difference is that the word etching means "biting;" the lines that appear in the print have been bitten into the copper with the aid of acid. On the other hand, the lines of an engraving are obtained by incising the metal directly with a very narrow chisel, called a burin. In this case the metal plate is sometimes of steel; hence the name of steel engraving. But more often, because of its soft material, a copper plate is substituted, which, after it has been engraved, is occasionally covered with a deposit of steel to render the surface harder and capable of being more frequently used to print from. In one point, therefore, the etching and the steel engraving agree. Each is printed from a plate on which the picture is drawn in lines that are grooves. The ink is pressed into them with a roller. The surface is then cleaned, and the paper, after being dampened, is laid over the plate and subjected to great pressure.

A wood engraving, or an engraving on wood, represents the reverse of this process. The lines are raised, the intervening portions being cut away, so that the ink roller avoids these white parts and touches only on the ridges of the lines. The wood engraving, in fact, is in principle the same as the letter type in ordinary printing. — *The Circle.*

Why and How
(Concluded)

It is equally true that evil pictures in these brain cells are very lasting, though all the evil ones must finally be destroyed.

The impure thought cherished, the sinful story told or listened to, the wicked or ridiculous pictures gazed upon, and the lying stories read — all leave impressions upon the delicate tissues of the brain cells that can not be easily effaced.

Another thing we should seriously consider is, that if we fill our brain to the limit with novels and newspapers and nonsense, there will be no place left for pictures of that which is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and virtuous.

If we read a chapter in the Bible on the Sabbath, and then spend the whole week reading novels, we shall be unable to remember the scripture read. Those subjects which we think upon most, leave the most vivid impressions upon the mind, while those seldom and indifferently considered, fade away, and may be forgotten.

In the accompanying cuts there is illustrated the contents of two brains; it is our privilege to make our own choice of the one we wish ours to be like. Now can you not see, dear young people, *why* such earnest, solemn warnings are continually coming to us against the reading of fictitious literature? Before we shall be prepared for heaven, all the scars and the blighting, withering influence of these lies must be removed from our lives. What a strange, terrible mistake it is to impress indelibly these wicked things that originate with the devil, upon the very tissues of our brain. Let us flee from them, and let us store



our minds with the things God has provided that are pure, lovely, beautiful, and true.

Habits, Good and Bad

We have written on the subject of *why* novel reading and similar evils are injurious to the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual life. Let us further consider other bad habits, so prevalent among young people, as well as those who are older. What is a habit? "Habit is a disposition, or tendency, leading us to do easily, naturally, and with growing certainty what we do often." We are familiar with many striking illustrations of habits and their power.

A boy determines to imitate the example of his fa-

ther or brother and learn to smoke. At first it makes him sick, but, persevering day after day, his will conquers, and he becomes a smoker. A few years pass, and he may become conscious of the terrible effect of the poison, and desire to stop the use of tobacco. But he can not. He has acquired the habit. Only the power of God can break the mighty chains of habit once fixed in body and mind.

What is the nature of a habit, and why does it lead us to do "naturally and with growing tendency what we do often"? The answer to this question we shall find in the study of the brain and nervous system.

In the cut on the preceding page is shown a picture of the brain and its connections by means of the nerves with the special organs of sense. Nerves run from the brain to the eye, over which the impressions, or images, which enter the eye travel to the brain, resulting in the sensation of sight.

Other nerves connect the brain with the nasal passages, enabling us to smell, and others with the ears, enabling us to hear, while still others end in the tongue and mouth, enabling us to taste. These nerves, in each organ of sense, are divided into a great number of very fine, delicate fibers.

Vibrations of the air falling upon the ear, excite, or stimulate, these tiny fibers, and the sensation is flashed over the nerve to the brain like a message over the telegraph-wire, and we say that we hear a sound. We smell some perfume or odor when it stimulates the nerve ends in the nose. Some flavor stimulates the sensitive nerves of the tongue and mouth, and the sensation being carried to the brain, we taste.

The tiny nerve-cells in the brain, of which we spoke in a preceding article, form groups commonly known as center, which receive all these impressions from the different sense organs.

When one takes a drink of wine, the delicate nerves of the tongue are stimulated, a sensation is flashed to the brain, and a definite impression is made on the nerve-cells where the nerves of taste terminate. Again and again, scores or hundreds of times this sensation passes over the nerves, and the impression in the brain cells develops and grows stronger and more fixed until it becomes, as it were, a part of the life. Upon the nerves themselves an impression, or "path," is made by the repetition of the sensation caused by tasting the wine.

It is by the formation of these "paths" in the nerve tissue, and the building up of nerve-centers in the brain by the frequent repetition of a certain sensation, that a *habit* is formed, which leads us to do "naturally and with growing tendency what we do often."

This is true of every habit, the same as that of drinking wine. The process is the same in the formation of the tobacco habit, or any habit which is the result of a perverted taste.

It is also true of habits resulting from impressions made through the other senses. Some cultivate a taste for light music, until they care little for any other kind. I once worked with a man who had so

long used profane language that the habit had become fixed as part of his brain tissue. He came to use profanity unconsciously, and when I would remind him of the repetition of an oath, he would declare I was mistaken.

But the most important fact in this study is that good and right habits are formed in the same manner as the wrong habits. By doing again and again that which is right and pleasing to the Lord, with the definite object of forming good habits, these acts become fixed in the life as part of the tissue of brain and nerves which prompts these actions, and we are strengthened to do these things "naturally and with growing tendency."

Thus we may cultivate and develop in our lives habits of neatness and order, habits of politeness and courtesy, habits of gentleness and unselfishness. We may determine right tastes for the food that will be nourishing and healthful to us, and cultivate them into habits, till all injurious articles will be unpalatable to us.

And even in spiritual things the application of this principle will prove the greatest blessing. We may cultivate habits of devotion, secret prayer, quiet meditation and communion with God, and a habit of constantly watching for

opportunities to witness for Jesus and to invite others to come to him. These habits will become a part of the very life, and will not fail to develop a noble Christian character.

How great an influence our habits have upon all the relations of life. How important that we form right habits of physical purity, right habits in the home life, in our social relations, and in our spiritual life.

"Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it each day, and soon it becomes so strong we can not break it."—*Horace Mann*.

"Small faults indulged, are little thieves that let in greater."—*Spurgeon*.

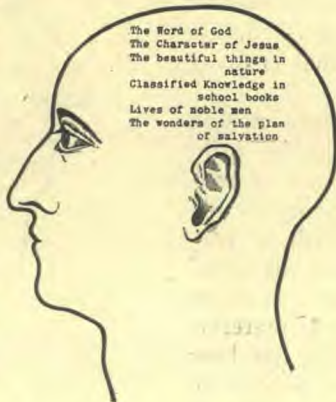
"God gives us the power to form habits that we may crystallize victories. All improvement in the eye of the painter, in the tongue of the orator, in the hand of the artisan, is the gift of habit. It is the channel worn in the substance of the soul, along which our purpose and ability run with increased facility."

"Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. Nothing we ever do, is, in strict scientific literateness, wiped out."

"The end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore of sound mind, and be sober unto prayer." 1 Peter 4:7, R. V.

"A mind educated to feed upon trash is unable to see the heavenly in the Word of God."—*Mrs. E. G. White*.

MEADE MACGUIRE.



"MANY are discouraged about getting to heaven. Backsliders seem most hopeless. Yet the worst have thrown themselves on divine compassion and risen up more than conquerors."



The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance —
Her thin, pale fingers clasped within the hand
Of the heart-broken ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.

The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And the slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was there —
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she looked
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kissed it as she wept.

The old man sank
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtain buried up his face;
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure; and he could not hear,
In the dead utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils; and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse; and at her mouth
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deadly stillness. . . .

It was night —
And softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves played low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air,
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people.

At his feet
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
And staff — for they had waited by the sea
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed
For his wont teachings as he came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,
As he leaned forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep —
And in his looks the same mild majesty —
And in his mien, the sadness mixed with power —
Filled them with love and wonder.

Suddenly,
As on his words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
Jairus the ruler. With his flowing robe
Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;
And silently the people shrank away,
And left the haughty ruler in the midst, alone.

A moment longer on the face
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
And as the twelve looked on him, by the light
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
Steal to his silver beard; and drawing nigh
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
Pressed it upon his lips, and murmured low,
"Master! my daughter! —". . .

The same silvery light
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
Slept on the ruler's lofty capitals,
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.

The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
As Jairus led them on.

With hushing steps
He trode the winding stair; but ere he touched
The latchet, from within a whisper came,
"Trouble the Master not; for she is dead!"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps faltered, and his broken voice
Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
"She is not dead; but sleepeth."

They passed in.
The spice lamps in the alabaster urns
Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
Curled indolently on the chamber walls.
The silken curtains slumbered in their folds —
Not even a tassel stirring in the air —
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
And prayed inaudibly, the ruler heard
The quickening division of his breath
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
The silken curtains silently apart,
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay —
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails;
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches penciled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'Twas heavenly beautiful.

The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
"Maiden, arise!" and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance — arose!

— N. P. Willis.

The Secret of Burden-Bearing

ALL of us, at one time or another, bear greater burdens than we have any right to; and if we break down under these, the fault is our own. God never sends into any one's life a burden that is too heavy to be borne. With every pound of down-pull that God sends us, or lets come into our life, he is ready to send a little more than a pound of uplift, if we will but take it. But when we go out and seek burdens for ourselves that God never intended us to have, it ought not to surprise us that we can not find sufficient strength to meet them. These unbearable burdens are always of one sort: they belong to the future, not to the present. Henry F. Cope has well expressed it when he says, "To-morrow's burden is the only one that breaks the back of to-day." We can not make drafts on the future's strength in order to dispel present worry about the future's needs. The man who has found the secret of cheery, successful burden-bearing is he who resolutely declines to consider more than that "evil" which is sufficient unto the day. — *Sunday School Times.*



A Lesson for My Heart

WHAT do birds at morning do
If it rains before 'tis light?
Knowing that the day is near,
They just sing with all their might.

But if the clouds obscure the sun,
Cov'ring earth with shadows deep,
Then they think the day is done,
And they sweetly go to sleep.

So in sunshine or in storm,
They abide the Father's will,
Singing for the promised day,
In the darkness holding still.

Learn this lesson thou, my heart:
God still ruleth, knoweth best;
Sing because of promised joy:
If thou canst not sing, then rest.

— Mary Wood-Allen.

Burt's Monitors

THERE was no use in talking. Burt was determined to go. He wouldn't ask his father, for he was very sure his father would say No. He didn't quite like to disobey a positive command, so he would say nothing at all about the matter.

Burt was thirteen years old, and it was high time that he began to exercise his own judgment — at least, where his own affairs were concerned. He should like to know what harm his going down to the river for a quiet moonlight swim could possibly do to anybody. He would try it, at all events. Ned Sellars would be there, and Frank Peters. They didn't seem to care whether their parents liked it or not. Burt couldn't feel so, exactly; but, still, where was the sense in a boy's going to his father every time he turned round?

He was going. He had fully made up his mind to that. He went up to bed at the usual time, however; but his mother, coming into his little bedroom about half an hour afterward, was surprised to find him almost hidden by blanket and quilt, though it was a warm night in August.

"Why, Burt, you'll smother. Do let me pull off some of these clothes."

But Burt held them tightly down. "I'm not cold, mother. I mean, I'm not warm."

"Are you sick?"

"No'm."

"Two blankets and a quilt," laughed his mother, as she turned away. "I don't know what you're made of, Burt."

"And jacket and trousers and stockings and shoes," thought Burt, as he snapped his fingers very softly under the weight of bedclothes.

The beautiful moon looked in at the little window. There had been times when Burt, gazing at her pure, pale face, had marveled that any boy could have the heart to do wrong when her soft light was shining on him; but to-night she seemed to say: "Come on, come on! I tell no tales. The night indoors is warm

and stifling. The river is cool and clear. My beams are there before you. Come on, come on!"

It seemed as if the hours had never lagged so heavily. Eleven o'clock was the time agreed upon. Twice Burt found himself napping. Suppose he should go to sleep! The idea was not to be entertained for a moment. He sat up in the bed and listened, listened, until at length the welcome strokes greeted his ear. He was tired and sleepy and stupid and very warm. He opened his door softly and went down-stairs. He dared not unlock the front door, for grandpa's room was just across the hall, and grandpa always slept with one eye open. He crept through the kitchen, and found himself in the shed. Was ever anything more fortunate? The outer door was open.

He took his hat from the nail, and just then a plaintive "mew" greeted his ear.

"Hush! Be still, Cuff," he said, in a whisper.

But Cuff wouldn't be still. She was very glad to see him, and, being a demonstrative little pussy, was determined to tell him so.

"Mew, me-aw," called Billy, the mocking-bird, from his cage above.

"Dear me," thought Burt, "they'll wake father up, as sure as the world."

But it was not an unusual occurrence for Billy to sing in the night. Indeed, his midnight music was sometimes overpowering. Burt stood very still for a moment, but could hear no one stirring. He walked on a few steps, Cuff purring loudly and rubbing her soft gray sides against him, in the exuberance of her affection.

"Bow, wow, wow, wow," barked the watch-dog.

"Be quiet, Prince. Stop your noise!"

Prince knew his young master's voice, and, like Cuff, was delighted to be near him. He gave expression to his feelings in a succession of loud, quick barks.

"Hadn't you better go down, John?" asked Burt's mother, anxiously. "I'm afraid some one is trying to get in."

"They can't get farther than the shed," was the careless reply. "I left that open."

And in a few moments all was quiet again. Prince lay down at Burt's feet, and Cuff stretched herself out beside him. If he could only have administered to each of them a sleeping powder or a mild dose of chloroform then and there!

Time was passing. The boys would surely be there before him. Very carefully he crept toward the door, hardly daring to breathe, in his anxiety.

But Prince had not been asleep. No, indeed! He started up at the first sound of his master's footsteps. It was very evident that something unusual was going on, and he was determined to be "in it."

"I must go as fast as I can," said Burt to himself; "hit or miss, there's nothing else for me to do."

He was preparing to suit the action to the word, when Snow, the old family horse, which for a few days past had been allowed to wander about

among the clover fields at her own sweet will, put her white nose just inside the door and gave a loud and fiercely prolonged neigh.

"I shall expect to see some of the cows next," thought Burt, "but I don't care if all the animals on the place come. I'm going."

He was walking defiantly from the door, when he heard his mother's voice at her window. "I never can sleep, John, with a horse crying around. I wish you'd go down and see what the trouble is. And do lock the shed door. I haven't slept five minutes to-night."

What was Burt to do now? To go forward in the moonlight, with his mother watching from above, would be madness, indeed. To remain in the shed, to be discovered by his father, seemed equally impolitic. He had very little time to think about the matter, for at that moment he heard the well-known footsteps on the stairs. He darted over to the shed closet, pulled to the door, and tremblingly awaited the result.

And the result was that, after standing painfully still for about ten minutes, during which Prince's significant sniffs and growls had thrice driven him to the very verge of disclosure, he was left unmolested in the dark old closet. He opened the door; but the shed seemed darker yet. No loving cat or friendly dog was there to cheer or to betray. Nothing but thick, black darkness. Was it possible that the moon was still shining outside? He wondered if the boys were having a good time. He would open the door and go to them as soon as he dared.

But while he was thinking and wondering, waiting until he was sure his father and mother were asleep again, the old clock rang out the hour of twelve. Midnight! It was of no use to go then; the boys would be gone.

And so Burt crept up-stairs to his room, cross and dissatisfied, feeling that the fates were against him.

He was late to breakfast the next morning. His mother laughingly inquired if the weight of his bed-clothes had affected his hearing.

"Yes'm — No'm. I mean — I guess not," he replied, absently.

It was a rainy morning, and the weather was disagreeably warm. After breakfast, Burt sat in the shed watching his father as he mended the old harness.

"What sort of boy is that Ned Sellars?" inquired his father, at length.

Burt started. "I don't know. I think he's a pretty good boy. Why?"

"I passed the house this morning. Some one was getting a terrible flogging, and I think it must have been Ned."

"What for? Do you know?"

"Yes. They spoke very loud, and I couldn't help hearing. It was for running off last night. Going swimming, I believe."

Burt's eyes flashed. "That's just like his father," he said, indignantly. "He never wants Ned to have any fun."

There was no reply. Some hidden feeling, he could hardly tell what, prompted Burt's next question.

"Would you flog me, father, if I went swimming without leave?"

"That depends upon circumstances," replied his father, looking searchingly into his face. "If my boy was mean enough to skulk out of the house at night, when I supposed him to be abed and asleep, it is just

possible that I might not consider him worth flogging."

How Burt's cheeks burned. He had never looked at the matter in just that light before.

"Never be a sneak, my son. It is cowardly and disgraceful."

Burt made no answer, but his thoughts were busy. Was he not every whit as mean and cowardly as if he had really gone with his unfortunate friend? — Yea, verily.

And then he thought of his father. How good he was — never denying him any reasonable pleasure; nay, often denying himself for his sake. Burt seemed to realize his father's goodness now as never before. As he thought of all this, two large tears rolled slowly down his sunburnt cheeks.

"What is it, my boy?"

He brushed them away hastily. "Father," he said, "I've been a sneak; but I *won't* be a coward. I was going with the boys last night."

"Ah!"

"Yes. I should have gone if it hadn't been for the dog, and the cat, and — all the rest of them. 'Twasn't any goodness of mine that kept me at home."

His father was silent.

"I wish you'd say something, father," cried Burt, impatiently. "I s'pose you don't think I'm worth flogging; but —"

"My dear boy," said his father, "I knew your footsteps in the shed last night. I knew perfectly well who was hidden in the old closet."

"Why didn't you say so?" inquired astonished Burt, tremblingly.

"Because I preferred to let you go. I thought, if my boy wanted to deceive me, he should, at least, imagine that he had that pleasure."

"O father!"

"Yes, you should have gone, Burt. Very likely I might have gone with you; but you would not have known it."

Burt hadn't a word to say.

"I pitied you, too. I knew that after the fun was over, there must come the settling with your conscience. I was sure you had a conscience, Burt."

The boy tried to speak, but no words came.

"I was disappointed in you, Burt. I was very much disappointed in you."

Down went Burt's head upon his hands.

"But now," continued his father, placing one hand upon his shoulder — "now I have my honest boy again, and I am proud of him. I do consider you worth a dozen floggings, but I have no disposition to give them to you."

Burt wrung his father's hand and rushed out into the rain. Cuff came running to meet him, and Prince barked with pleasure at his approach. Billy whistled and sang in his cage above, and old Snow's melodious voice was heard in the field close by.

Burt loved them, and they knew it. It was some minutes, however, before he noticed them now; and when he did, it was not in his accustomed merry way.

"Just like the monitors at school, for all the world," he said, seriously. "Making such a fuss that a fellow can't go wrong, if he wants to." And he took Cuff up in his lap, and patted Prince's shaggy coat.

Burt's monitors still watch him with affectionate interest; but never again, I am happy to say, has he felt the least inclination to disturb their midnight slumbers.—"Children's Stories."



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Our Mission Schools in the South

IN January, 1895, the little steamboat "Morning Star" first sailed down the Mississippi River. On board was a company of God's people, who, constrained by a love for the third angel's message, were coming to tell their colored brethren the story of Jesus, the Saviour of men. They started work at Vicksburg, Mississippi, by organizing a night-school. Men, women, and children were all invited to come down to the boat after the day's work was done. Here they were taught to read and write, and best of all, after the lessons were finished, a short Bible reading was given, in which many seeds of truth were sown. The increasing interest soon made the holding of a day-school for the children necessary. This was the beginning of our mission school work in the South, and the seeds scattered by these pioneer laborers have borne abundant fruit.

The Need for Mission Schools

There is great need for these schools in the Southern field. Many of the aged people can neither read nor write, and while they may desire their children to know these essentials, they can not teach them. You say, "Why not send them to school?" There is opportunity for attending school only three or four months in a year, and many of the children can not go for even this short period because their fathers and mothers are so poor that all the family must work to help buy the necessary food. Then again, if the children are not required to work, they often have not sufficient clothing to cover their nakedness. They must be taught right where they are. The school must come to them, and help them physically as well as mentally.

Results of Mission Schools

The value of the efforts put forth in any line of work is shown in results achieved. These mission schools have been found to be an opening wedge in getting the truth before the people. As we look after the temporal needs by supplying second-hand clothing and helping the sick, we also give them spiritual food from week to week — the precious truths of God's Word. Wherever a mission school has been started, a church has been raised up. More than this, young men and women have been sent from these schools to our training-school at Huntsville, where they prepare themselves for teachers, and return to enter the needy field.

From the small beginning of fourteen years ago, we have to-day thirty mission schools in the South, all taught by colored teachers. For the first four years, the schools opened were taught by white teachers, but on account of the strong feeling regarding the color-line in the South, this was found to be impracticable.

Appeal for Mission Schools

Dear young people, do you not wish a part in helping this work along? Let me tell you how you can

do so. The needs of the school are, first, the payment of a teacher; second, school equipment; third, tuition of students. Your society, either as a whole or as individuals, can select one of these three objects, whichever can be handled to the best advantage. If you can not pay a teacher fifteen or twenty dollars a month, possibly you can supply the school with a map, a globe, a chart, or a dictionary. If this is too much, probably you can pay the tuition of one or more students in these schools. The charge for the primary grade is only ten cents a week; the second and third, fifteen cents; and the fourth to sixth, twenty-five cents. Not very much, you say, but it seems quite a sum to the poor colored people who do not have it.

While you may not be able to come South and teach these poor children, would you not like to support one or two in a mission school for a few years, and then see them in the training-school, and finally workers in the field? There are some young people who did this two years ago, and they are delighted with the results. It is encouraging to receive a letter from a boy or girl whom you have helped through school. Then, too, it gives you a definite object in your missionary work; so also does the placing of any of the articles of equipment in some school. You are sure that what you give is daily doing others good.

Two years ago one brother supported two students of the fifth grade in a mission school. He has kept in correspondence with "my students," as he terms them, and last June he had the pleasure of knowing that they were to enter the training-school at Huntsville, Alabama, their one object being to prepare themselves as workers in the Lord's vineyard. In two years they will be ready, the Lord willing, to enter the work of teaching mission schools.

Are there not many readers of this article who will support a student? Does not your society as a whole wish to equip one of these schools, or to support some of its students? I am sure that you do. The Lord tells us that there should be many mission schools where there is now one, and that the whole Southern field should be dotted with them. We have the students and the places in which to teach. What we need is a little help to live while giving them the message.

F. R. ROGERS.

NOTE.—Any who are interested and wish to know more of the work being done in the South, should write the Southern Missionary Society for the little booklet, "Africa at Home."

Plans for Progress—No. 7

Junior Work

REALIZING the great importance of the early training of our children in the Lord's work,—

"8. *Resolved*, (a) That, first of all, parents be encouraged to associate their children with themselves in study and missionary work.

"(b) That we encourage the organization of Junior Missionary Volunteer societies only in church-schools, and in large churches where home conditions seem to demand it, and suitable leaders can be obtained.

"(c) That in any church where there are children, a junior leader may be appointed, who will plan especially for the spiritual interests of the children, and enlist the co-operation of the Sabbath-school workers and the Missionary Volunteer Society in work.

"(d) That children who love the Lord and unite in this work, either in a separate society or in connection with the Missionary Volunteer Society, be reported as 'junior members.' "

Home is "the center of our affections around which our heart's best wishes twine." Many of the greatest and best men who have lived, attribute their success to the close companionship of godly parents and to the hallowed influences of Christian homes. Especially on the Sabbath, should the members of the home draw close together, for on this day God has preserved for the family opportunities "for communion with him, with nature, and with one another." See "Education," page 251.

It was felt by the Missionary Volunteer workers that no society arrangement should interfere with the true ideal of family life. In every church where there are children, some one should plan and work especially for the children, and when conditions seem to demand it, a junior society may be formed.

All were agreed that every church-school should have a Junior Missionary Volunteer Society, setting apart some hour during the week for the meeting, when reports would be rendered, etc.

In many places the children and youth are together in the Missionary Volunteer Society. Children who love the Lord and desire to work for him should be enrolled as "junior members," even though they may not be church-members.

Camp-Meeting Work

Recognizing the great opportunities offered at our annual camp-meetings for the salvation of souls, and for the training of our people in all lines of Christian work; therefore,—

"g. *We recommend*, That diligent effort be made at these meetings for the salvation of our children and youth, and for their development as Christian workers; and we urge those who have this work in charge,—

"(a) To make wise plans for the meetings and attendance.

"(b) To organize the Christian young people into bands for prayer and personal work.

"(c) To follow up the work diligently, so that the results may be permanent."

This resolution has been acted upon in many places this summer, and with excellent results. Doubtless many who read this are to-day rejoicing in the precious experiences which came to them at camp-meeting as a result of the increased activity of the young people. Many have gained an experience in working for souls which is helping them right along in the home church.

A paper on camp-meeting work by M. E. Ellis was published in the *Bulletin*. The Missionary Volunteer Department has a leaflet on this subject also.

M. E. KERN.

The Reformation and Our Work

[The following paper was read at the weekly meeting of the Missionary Volunteer Society, held in Takoma Park, D. C., July 23, 1909, by Edward Quinn.—EDITOR.]

THROUGHOUT the ages the tendency of the human mind has been to depart from God, to reject his Word altogether, or to misconstrue its teaching. This tendency reached a climax in Luther's time. By the mass and its attendant ceremonies, Jesus Christ as a life-giving Saviour was hidden from the people, and nothing was known concerning his work as high priest in the temple of God in heaven.

The Reformation had for its object: (1) The establishment of the authority of the Word of God as against the authority of the church, repudiating tra-

dition and every other thing not in harmony with that Word; (2) the revelation of Jesus Christ as the one and only mediator between God and man; (3) to make clear and lead men to the full enjoyment of the all-sufficiency of the sacrifice of the Son of God; (4) the weakness of human effort to deliver the soul from sin.

Rome controlled man's mind and conscience, thus usurping the prerogatives of the Almighty, for he alone has a right to control both mind and conscience. Spiritual darkness was in the ascendancy, and the soul's trust rested in human inventions and not in the power of God. Luther, by the study of the Word became convinced that faith in Jesus Christ was sufficient to save the soul. In his own language: "The Scriptures teach that God's justice requires no penalty or satisfaction from the sinner. It imposes only a true repentance, a radical change of heart, a firm resolve to bear the cross of Christ, to strive to do good works. If that gospel was of a nature to be propagated or maintained by the world, God would not have entrusted it to fishermen. It is by the Word that we must fight; by the Word overturn and destroy what has been established by violence. I am unwilling to employ force against the superstitious or unbelieving. Liberty is the essence of faith."

The similarity between Luther's time and the present is marked. Efforts are being put forth by leaders in the professed Christian churches to secure the enactment of laws, the enforcement of which can only result in the invasion of the conscience of their fellow Christians. God's revelation of himself in Jesus Christ and also in his Word are being rejected by men of influence in educational institutions; by these and various other methods, minds are being darkened, and uncertainty and unbelief prevail. The plan of human redemption is not understood, and popular fallacies have supplanted God's truth.

The need of the hour is a positive message, one directing the minds of men to God and his Word; one which will reveal Jesus Christ in all his fulness, as Saviour, Mediator, Priest, and King. This need is fully met in the three messages of Revelation 14. The *everlasting* gospel is proclaimed; men are called out of the bondage of sin; and into the life of him who receives these messages is brought that power which results in keeping "the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus."

God's call is for consecration, devoting every energy to the service of God, in order to the finishing of his work in this generation.

All may find something to do, and no matter how humble a part we may act, if we do it heartily as unto the Lord, we shall experience genuine and everlasting joy, and in the end everlasting life.

—◆—
"IN the hoary winter of my days
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven."
—◆—

Omniscience of God

THE other night the emperor of Germany dropped into a masked ball at his son's house. He was disguised, and therefore not recognized. The conversation and conduct was not what it would have been if they had known the emperor was present. They were very much alarmed when he unmasked. God's eye is ever upon us.—*Selected*.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

I—Jairus's Daughter; the Afflicted Woman

(October 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matt. 9: 18-26; Mark 5: 21-43; Luke 8: 41-56.

MEMORY VERSE: "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole." Matt. 9: 22.

The Lesson Story

1. Jesus left the country of Gadara, sailing back across the Sea of Galilee, and "much people gathered unto him." "And, behold, there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; and when he saw him, he fell at his feet, and besought him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live."

2. Jairus was not in all respects a good man; yet Jesus gladly responded to his plea for a favor. He does for all of us much more than we deserve; and he wishes us in turn to be kind to every one.

3. Jesus went with Jairus; "and much people followed him, and thronged him." Some of the people were trying to reach Jesus that they might ask help of him. Jesus pitied them and stopped occasionally to help and comfort them. Among the throng was a certain woman who had been afflicted with disease for "twelve years, and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, when she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment. For she said, If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole. And straightway . . . she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague.

4. "And Jesus . . . turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes? And his disciples said unto him, Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?"

5. Surely, the Son of God knew who had touched him and why, but he asked that question because there was something he wished to say to the woman. And he thus gave her opportunity to thank him for what he had done for her.

6. "When the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately. And he said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.

7. "While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master. But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole."

8. "And he cometh to the house of the ruler of the synagogue, and seeth the tumult, and them that wept and wailed greatly. And when he was come in, he saith unto them, Why make ye this ado, and weep? Our Saviour pitied the sorrowing family; but the hired mourners who were making a great noise, he endeavored to quiet.

9. Jesus said, "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." Often, in the Bible, death is called sleep, for

Jesus has power to waken the dead to life again, and thus it will be as if they had merely been asleep.

10. When the Saviour said that the young girl was only sleeping, the people "laughed him to scorn." Jesus allowed only Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden, to go in with him "where the damsel was lying." Then he "took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise." "And straightway the damsel arose, and walked; for she was of the age of twelve years." And her parents were astonished. Then Jesus, instead of boasting of the great work he had done, "charged them straitly that no man should know it; and commanded that something should be given her to eat."

Questions

1. Where did Jesus go when he left Gadara? What did the people do? On what errand did Jairus go to Jesus? What was the office of Jairus? How urgent was he in his requests? How many daughters had he? Luke 8: 41, 42. How did he show his faith in Jesus? Mark 5: 22, 23.

2. What does Jesus do for all of us? How does he wish us to treat everybody? Matt. 5: 44, 45.

3. As Jesus went with Jairus, what did the people do? How did Jesus regard them? How long had one woman been afflicted who was in the throng that followed Jesus? How had she tried to be made well? With what result? By what means did she try to get help of the Saviour? How great was her faith in him? What was the result of her faith? Mark 5: 24-29.

4. When the woman touched Christ's clothing, what did he do? Who expressed surprise at his strange question? How did they answer him? Verses 30, 31.

5. What must Jesus surely have known? Why did he ask who had touched him? What opportunity did the woman thus have?

6. What did the woman do when she saw she was not hid? Who had opportunity thus to learn of her strong faith, and its reward? Repeat the words that our Saviour spoke to her. Luke 8: 47, 48.

7. While Jesus was speaking to the woman who had been healed, what message was brought to Jairus? With what promise did Christ comfort the sorrowing father? Verses 49, 50.

8. On reaching the home of Jairus, what did our Lord say to some of the people? Mark 5: 38, 39. For whom did Jesus have sympathy? To what did he object?

9. What did Jesus say of Jairus's daughter? Verse 39. How does the Bible often speak of death? What power has Jesus?

10. What did the people do when Jesus said that the child was only sleeping? Would they have ridiculed him had they known what he was about to do? Who were allowed to go with the Saviour into the house where the dead girl lay? What did Jesus do there? What then occurred? How old was the daughter of Jairus? During how much of this girl's life had the woman been ill whom Jesus healed on the way to Jairus's house? Instead of boasting of his great deeds, what request did Jesus make? Of what humble duty did he then remind the girl's parents? Luke 8: 51-56. Does Christ concern himself about our having food, and other things that we need? Matt. 6: 26.

A good quarterly review is like an apple — it takes three months to ripen.— *M. C. Hazard.*

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

I—Jairus's Daughter; the Afflicted Woman

(October 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 5: 21-43.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Matt. 9: 18-26; Luke 8: 41-56.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 36; "Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, chapter 27.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 9: 22.

Questions

1. After healing the demoniacs of Gadara, what did Jesus do? How was he received by the people? Mark 5: 21; note 1.

2. What ruler came unto him? What burden was upon his heart? What request did he make? Verses 22, 23.

3. How did Jesus respond to this request? Who followed him? Verse 24; note 2.

The Afflicted Woman

4. As Jesus was on his way to the home of Jairus, who among the multitude touched him? How long had this woman been afflicted? Had earthly physicians been able to heal her? Verses 25-27.

5. What did she have faith to believe? Verse 28.

6. What blessing came to her through the touch of faith? Verse 29; note 3.

7. What did Jesus at once know? What question did he ask? Verse 30; note 4.

8. What reply did the disciples make to the question of Jesus? For whom did Jesus look? What did the woman do? What did she say? Verses 31-33.

9. What words of comfort did Jesus speak unto her? What did he say had made her whole? Verse 34.

Jairus's Daughter Raised to Life

10. What message came to Jairus concerning his daughter as Jesus was on his way to the ruler's home? Verse 35.

11. When Jesus heard this message, what did he say to Jairus? Verse 36.

12. Who alone of the disciples did Jesus permit to follow him to the home of Jairus? Verse 37; compare Matt. 9: 19.

13. What did he observe on arriving at the ruler's house? Verse 38.

14. What did he say to the people? How were his words received? What did he do with those who were unbelieving? Whom did Jesus allow to witness the miracle of the damsel's restoration to life? Verses 39, 40; Luke 8: 51.

15. What did Jesus say to her who was dead? Verse 41; note 5.

16. What was the result of his words? How were those who witnessed the miracle affected? How old was the girl? Verse 42; note 6.

17. What charge did he give the parents? What did he ask them to do for the girl? Verse 43; note 7.

Notes

1. Jesus does not force the gospel upon any. The Gadarenes being indifferent to the gospel, he left them and went to the other side of the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum. Here the people were more willing to hear his words. But the man whom he had healed he left as a witness of his work in Gadara.

2. None ever came to Jesus when he was on earth and asked help who were turned away empty. He deeply sympathized with this father in his trouble, and responded at once to his request for help. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, yea and forever." Heb. 13: 8, A. R. V. Jesus is just as willing to-day to help those who are in trouble and who call upon him in faith, as when he walked the shores of the Galilee.

3. "It is not enough to believe *about* Christ; we must believe *in* him. The only faith that will benefit us is that which embraces him [Jesus] as a personal Saviour; which appropriates his merits to ourselves. Many hold faith as an opinion. Saving faith is a transaction, by which those who receive Christ join themselves in covenant relation with God. Genuine faith is life. A living faith means an increase of vigor, a confiding trust, by which the soul becomes a conquering power."—"*Desire of Ages*," page 347.

4. The American Revised Version reads, "And straightway Jesus, perceiving in himself that the power proceeding from him had gone forth, turned him about in the crowd, and said, Who touched my garments?" Though she was unnoticed by men, the Saviour recognized the touch of faith from this poor woman. It is even so now. The touch of faith still brings healing from disease, healing from sin.

5. "*Talitha Cumi*.—This is mere Syriac, the proper translation of which the evangelist has given."—*Dr. Adam Clarke*.

6. Note the power which is in the words of Christ. "Such is the gospel call to those who are by nature dead in trespasses and sins, and can no more rise from that death by their own power, than this child; and yet the command, Awake, and arise from the dead, is neither vain nor in vain; there follows immediately, Christ shall give thee light."—*Henry and Scott*.

7. The Lord here gives us an example of how he desires to co-operate with us in helping others. He raised the girl to life; this was something the parents could not do. He might have given her food also, but this he asked them to do.

Love Is Not a Bookkeeper

ACCURATE bookkeeping is not one of love's accomplishments, and never can be. For love is not interested in knowing what it owes others, or what others owe to it. Love intends to do a great deal better for others than it owes, and it acknowledges no debts as owing to itself. Therefore love keeps no books. This, as is pointed out by the lesson-writers, is the real meaning of the passage in Paul's immortal letter on love, to the Corinthians, when he says that love "taketh not account of evil." When one whose life is dominated by the God-love is given a generous measure of evil treatment by a fellow being, he does not enter this up in any set of books in his heart or memory, to be returned and squared off later. He makes no record of it all; keeps no accounts for such entries; just ignores and forgets it,—except to be a little extra loving in all his dealings with that person. Bookkeeping has its place in some businesses, but not in the business of love. If we have mistakenly been keeping a set of books in this department of our life, let us destroy them at once, and begin to learn the fine art of ignoring and forgetting.—*Sunday School Times*.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	- - -	\$1.00
SIX MONTHS	- - -	.50
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	- - -	1.50

CLUB RATE

Five or more to one address, each	-	\$.65
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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The North Pole Found

THE north pole was discovered April 21, 1908, according to Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of New York. Mr. Cook left this country July 4, 1907, in search for the coveted goal. He had only one white companion with him, who, on account of illness, had to return before they had gone very far. Dr. Cook was then left to make the trip with two Eskimos. He contended that a man unhampered by a large party would be more sure of success, and if reports are true, he has demonstrated the wisdom of the idea.

Dr. Cook, on his return trip, arrived in Copenhagen, Denmark, on the fourth of September. Here he was received with great honor, King Frederick asking for a personal audience with the intrepid explorer.

The opinion of scientists is divided relative to the truthfulness of the report that Dr. Cook was successful in his undertaking; but the general opinion seems to be that there is no reason for doubting the report. Dr. Cook can establish his claim by observations that he made while at the pole. America therefore awaits with great interest the arrival of Dr. Cook.

College Illiterates

PRESIDENT FAUNCE of Brown University in a recent address before a Chautauqua assembly, urged upon our American colleges the necessity of giving more attention to making good English writers and speakers from those in attendance upon their courses. He said:—

"I would like to see the colleges of the country join in an effort to induce the American people to write and speak the English tongue decently. The colleges are not doing it now. It is a fact that the colleges of this country are sending out illiterates. Many of our college seniors can not write a decent business letter. Large numbers of them can not express themselves in writing so as to be understood.

"We Americans should link our minds and hearts and hands in an effort to preserve this mother-tongue, which is our definite, intellectual heritage. We should prize English speech and English literature, and pass on this heritage of the past to the children of the future."

Our Seventh-day Adventist colleges could perhaps do more than they are doing to meet this worthy ideal of President Faunce. The work to which the majority of our graduates devote themselves after leaving the college, merits the purest of English.

An Important Notice

THE Ingathering number of the INSTRUCTOR contained an exercise, "Glad Tidings for All Nations." The opening hymn in this exercise is, "The Golden Morning," No. 892 in the new edition of "Christ in Song." Stanzas one, three, and four of this hymn are to be sung by four children.

The closing song, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," is to be sung by all the children taking part in the exercise.

Sweden and Prohibition

SINCE the recent labor trouble began in Sweden, prohibition has been enforced throughout the country. There is now a very general demand for its continuance. On September 1 the government appointed a committee to investigate the prohibition proposition with a view of determining how serious would be the loss to the state through a discontinuance of licensing under the existing Gothenburg system. The committee is expected to suggest feasible methods of raising the revenue that has heretofore been derived from the sale of intoxicants. The sociological and medical aspects also will receive attention. The net results of the investigation, if the authorities decide for prohibition, will be laid before parliament.

The liquor interests, as would be expected, are vigorously opposing the effort of the temperance people for the prohibition reform.

Right Is Might

FOR right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

—Faber.

There's Time Enough

THOSE who are wishing they might take the Reading Course, but hesitate to do so, fearing they will not have the time, may find a suggestion in the following incident taken from the *Congregationalist*:—

"How is it," a certain busy woman was asked, 'that you are always so well informed in regard to outside things — current events and book news, for instance. How do you find the time?'

"Even in the busiest days there are a few moments for reading,' replied she of the large household. 'I'll tell you how I do most of my news reading. I used to be maddened by the time absolutely wasted at the telephone. Don't you know how you are often kept waiting, even after Central has given the number you ask for — "Yes, she's in. Hold the wire, please." And you wait and wait, it may be for a friend or for your favorite clerk, while it seems as if you would fly.

"On the table where my telephone stands I keep a magazine, and I find that in these waiting minutes I can read short paragraphs, the news items of the *Congregationalist*, for instance. Sometimes a sentence from a sermon will stay with me for hours. At one time of illness and depression it was a poem that I kept there, and no one knows the rest and pleasure that a few lines read thus brought. As it is time that would otherwise be quite lost, I do not feel guilty to read a little in this way, even on my busiest days, and the change of thought is as refreshing as a breath of fresh air.'"