

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

May 24, 1910

No. 21

## True Greatness

THE world may laud the names of men  
And tell of many battles gained,  
How tyrants fell where they had feigned  
To elevate the rights of all;  
But truly great is he who deigned  
To speak some words of lasting cheer,  
Which mitigate much misery here.

Such lives are like the fiery orb  
That sweeps across the cloudless sky,  
They draw and hold the passers-by  
E'en though engrossed with many cares,  
Till they recoil from dangers nigh  
And change their weary, wayward ways,  
Inspired by thoughts of better days.

Then let us strive where'er we are  
To ever seek some good to do,  
And win the day with chances few  
While some to worldly things aspire;  
Let us reflect the image true  
Of Him who bears our guilty stains,  
Who lived and died and ever reigns!

JOHN FRANCIS OLMSTEAD.





ALASKA capitalists are planning to construct a railway from Matamiska coal fields to Fairbanks. They expect to use the gyroscope, or Brennan monorail car. Since this system requires only one rail supported above the earth on posts or trestles, the contractor expects to build the line for three thousand dollars a mile in a country where the lightest ordinary railroad would cost at least twenty thousand dollars a mile.

A MAN was recently arrested in Philadelphia for selling "jelly foaming," a substance made of soapbark. An officer of the Pennsylvania Dairy and Food Department says that most of the soft drinks on sale in that State and elsewhere are adulterated with saponin, or soapbark. This substance produces the desired frothy effect; and according to physicians produces an undesirable effect as well,—that of irritating the lining to the stomach.

### The "Village Blacksmith" Dead

THADDEUS W. TYLER, the original "village smith" of Longfellow's famous poem, died recently at his home in Lynn, Massachusetts. Mr. Tyler was seventy-six years of age.

"He was a blacksmith for but a few years. Not long after he had been immortalized by the poet, he

went into the shoe-manufacturing business, which he continued to his death. He invented the process of molded stiffenings for shoes.

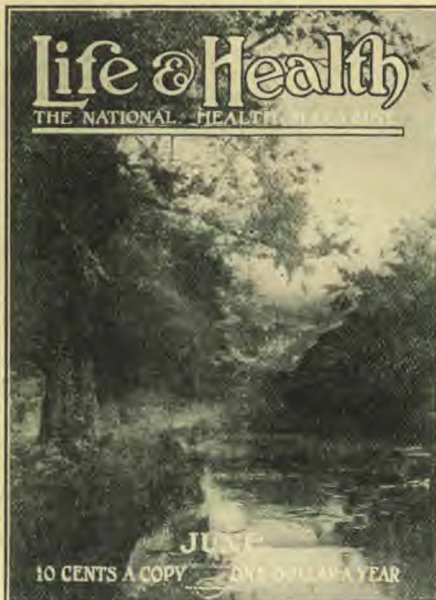
"Mr. Tyler was a close friend of Longfellow, and a frequent visitor at his home after the day's work at the blacksmith shop. He cherished his memories of the talks and discussions with Longfellow, and was very proud of the fact that he was the original of the 'village smithy,' though few of those who met him at the shoe factory were aware of it."

"WOMEN who do the most good spend little time in thinking of themselves. Forgetfulness of self is the surest road to being remembered by others."

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 24, 1910

No. 21

## Tinneveli District, South India—No. 6

J. S. JAMES

### House Building in India

**T**HE months from February to August were occupied in building a suitable house in which to live. At this writing (Aug. 24, 1909) the building is ready for occupancy. The plans were drawn the nineteenth of February, and the



FRONT VIEW OF THE MISSION HOME

work was begun ten days later, and carried forward without any serious interruption until the close.

Building a house in India is a much different task than attempting the same work in the home land. What would appear to be a very ordinary undertaking at home, turned out to be a tremendous problem in this country. No sooner had we begun, than we found ourselves face to face with questions of which we had little dreamed. From the very first, we had to use native labor whose methods and ideas we could not fully understand. Some of these men had a knowledge of the building art, and some we had to teach ourselves. The caste system, which is the governing factor in the life of every Hindu, would scarcely permit any man or set of men to do different lines of general work. This made it necessary for us to employ more men to get a given amount of work done than we would in other countries. "Every man to his trade," is strictly adhered to in this country. We also realize the force of that other familiar saying, "There are tricks in all trades." The trades of some seem to be made up wholly of tricks. Only by constant vigilance and a careful handling of every detail were we able to get along at all. The language and methods of work being strange, the material used in the building and the manner of its preparation being unknown to us, made it quite impossible for us to use much of our former experience in the building line.

Our building faces the south, is fifty-one feet long and thirty-eight feet wide, with terrace roof. The

rooms at each side are fourteen feet square, with bath-rooms attached. In the center is a room fourteen by sixteen feet. All three rooms open on a large veranda, ten feet wide, on the south front, and the same on the north. All the rooms are thirteen and one-half feet high, and the floor level is three feet above the ground, which insures against dampness, and makes the rooms quite cool. The walls are built of burned brick laid in mortar, plastered and whitewashed inside and out. Owing to the dampness during the rains, and the numerous destructive insects, wall-paper and paint are of little value here. The floors of the room are of solid concrete. Those of the two verandas are laid in square tiles. The lime used in making the mortar for this building was burned on the grounds. The limestone was hauled in broken pieces about the size of nut coal, which was mixed with charcoal about the same size and put into a kiln and burned, a fan being used to blow the fire to the required temperature. When all the charcoal was consumed, the lime was drawn off and slaked into mortar.

The wood used for rafters in the terrace roof was worked out of the palmyra palm, which grows here in abundance. This wood is very strong, and when seasoned, it is almost impossible to drive a nail into it. The wood used in making the door- and window-frames comes from the variety known as teak-wood. It is very hard and strong, and is proof against the



SOME BOYS AND MEN WHO LAID THE BRICK

ravages of white ants and other destructive insects of this country. There is not a single pane of glass in the entire house. When necessary, the windows are closed by solid wooden shutters. All the window-frames are fitted with strong iron bars, which remind one of a jail; but these are to keep thieves from getting in, not out. All the wood used in the building was



worked out of the raw trees by hand labor. It is remarkable how skilful some of the native workmen are with their crude tools, differing little from those used before the time of Christ. At one time we had fifteen men and boys doing carpenter work on the



A KILN OF LIME JUST DRAWN

building, and about the same number doing the masonry work. The average wage paid for common labor was eight cents a day. The head bricklayer and carpenter drew twenty-four cents a day.

The most important part of our mission project was the digging of a well. This was put down in our garden land, and was made sufficiently large to insure plenty of water in case the rains should fail. In a locality where salt-wells are common, we were blessed with a splendid well of fresh water of sufficient quantity to irrigate a good garden. It is made after the fashion of all Eastern wells. The dimensions are fifteen by fifteen by nineteen feet deep. The water is drawn up by the old-fashioned sweep and bucket. The last twelve feet of the well was dug through solid rock, which had to be picked out by hand or blasted, and then carried to the top in baskets on the heads of small boys.

During the entire building operations thus far there has been but one mishap. One of the boys accidentally fell down the well when it was nearly finished, cutting his head quite badly, and bruising himself in general. This boy is a grandson of the leader of the Hindu-Christian congregation. In the picture of the bricklayers he sits in the middle row, the third from the right.

We are truly thankful to God for his protecting care over us as we labored through the hottest part of the year in a work, and amid surroundings, of a very trying nature.

### Have We Been Praying?

"THERE is no way that Christians, in a private capacity, can do so much to promote the work of God, as by prayer," says one who realizes what heavenly communion means. This same appreciation of the importance of prayer led to the publication of the special topics in the little Morning Watch Calendar. John Knox must have realized the power of prayer when he pleaded, "Give me Scotland, or I die." That same realization must have burned in the bones of George

Whitefield, who cried, "Give me souls, or take my soul." Truly the work done upon our knees is the only kind which is effectual. A minister once stood beside a stone-cutter, who with chisel and hammer was working a stone into a statue. Soon he sighed, "I wish I could, on hearts of stone, deal such transforming blows!" "Perhaps you might," was the workman's quiet answer, "if you, like me, worked upon your knees."

And now coming back to the Morning Watch, what would it mean if all who use the Morning Watch Calendar would each month focus their prayers upon the same definite requests? What would it mean to those who pray, to the subjects of those prayers, and to heaven? and what would it mean to the enemy of souls? Did our united prayers during the month of January seek to conquer every known sin within and to roll upon our own hearts a greater burden for souls? Did they go forth like a powerful army in conquest of greater blessings in our educational work, and for more of heaven's spirit in our home missionary enterprises? And then, when February came, did we in a special way join in that ever-timely prayer for more patience in daily life? Was heaven especially petitioned in behalf of the youth in our churches? Did our Seventh-day Adventist homes receive the special prayers which they so much need? Did we all plead with God for the salvation of the two hundred twenty-five million Mohammedans, who, groping in darkness, are spurning the light of the gospel? How fitting that during March we should marshal our prayers for the promulgation of the gospel in China, where so recently the antiforeign spirit has plunged thousands into the sore distress of open warfare.

Let us, during the remaining days of May and



THE CARPENTERS OF THE MISSION HOME. ALL HEATHEN

through the months that follow, be truly intercessory missionaries at home and abroad. Let us unitedly spread before God the special needs brought to our notice in the little calendar. There comes to my mind the story of a great revival in a decaying church. It all seemed very strange. The revivalist was not a remarkable man nor a brilliant speaker; but it was not long till those who were probing for the cause, found that the few devoted members remaining in the church had been earnestly praying that a revival might come. There is power in prayer. What may we not expect from united prayer? Prayer has divided seas,



made flowing rivers dry land, drawn water from flinty rocks, muzzled the mouths of hungry lions, arrested the sun in its rapid course. It has built orphanages, conquered armies, and broken down strongholds. It has bridled the passions of men, and brought to sinners the joy of salvation. Friends, the great dynamo of prayer continues to draw its energy from the same source that it has through all the ages of sin. Then let us pray.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

### A Missionary's Call

A YOUNG college girl, who had promised to seek Christ's guidance in everything, was reading a missionary book, when she felt that she ought to become a missionary. "For years I had my own plans for life," she said later. "The thought of mission life was especially unattractive. The Bible turned into such a plea for missions that I hesitated to pick it up. I used to lay the book aside sometimes, and think I must stop reading. I prayed God to let me give my time, my interest, my money, anything but myself in a foreign field. I spent hours trying to find excuses that would hold in the Master's sight." At last there was a change; her own plans were surrendered, and she wrote: "I told the Lord I wanted to follow his leading; just to make me willing and glad to go." And how he answered! To-day she is in China. From there she writes: "I can imagine nothing sweeter in this life than the continued obedience to the Master's call for service."—*Wellspring*.

### Reading Course Members, Attention!

IN the royal cemetery of Vienna is the grave of Joseph II of Austria, and a traveler tells us that upon the tomb of this disappointed, broken-hearted king the tourist finds these words, "Here lies a monarch who, with the best of intentions, never carried out a single plan." The world is strewn with just such failures, — men and women who have intended well, tried a little, and then failed much. So common is this experience, that some one has ventured to say, "The road to failure is paved with good intentions."

Good intentions, however, are not to be discounted. Depending upon them alone, we must fail; but without them, we can not succeed. They are the spark which kindles the flame in the wick; but the spark can not keep the light burning, it takes the steady oozing of the oil to feed the flame. So while good intentions kindle the flame of worthy endeavor, that flame will never burn without being constantly supplied with the fuel of persevering effort.

Have you been putting enough fuel into the flame you kindled last fall, when you joined the Reading Course Circle? If you have, we congratulate you; if you have not, we bring you the good word that you may yet do so. Perhaps the element of weakness in your good intentions was their indefiniteness. You resolved to do a thing, but failed to plan for it in your daily program. Well, do not despair; do a little mathematical planning. See how much reading you should do each day to finish the work in a given time, and then press that reading in between the busy hours of the day. We have no to-morrows; the yesterdays are beyond our reach; only to-day is ours. None of you can afford to be a Joseph II. Rekindle the flame, and then, with the fuel of daily, persevering

effort, keep it burning until the work is done. Read the good books in the course as you planned. Rivet the best thoughts in your minds by writing out the reviews. If you have lost your review questions, obtain another set from your Missionary Volunteer secretary, or from the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

### The Paper-Rack and Its Mission

It was only a common paper-rack that hung on the wall of the waiting-room of a small station in a county seat of one of our Western States; yet it had a mission to perform. Sometimes it was full of our message-giving papers; more often it was empty, or nearly so. At times mischievous boys robbed it of its papers; at other times its entire contents mysteriously disappeared. If it could only talk, how much it could tell! I am afraid it would bring a blush of shame to some cheek as it told of weeks of sad neglect.

The south-bound train was late. Mrs. Journeyman had been waiting some time in the little station. At last she spied our friend, the paper-rack. She had not cared particularly to see it; she even tried to forget its very existence. What a cloud of memories it recalled! A Sabbath-keeping home, the brothers and sisters in a small country church, the faithful labors of some ministers in her behalf, her conversion and joy in the Lord, then her marriage to an unbeliever, and the gradual giving up of the principles of the truth until now — but why doesn't the train come? How tedious to wait in the station with only one's thoughts for company, thoughts that the sight of the paper-rack have brought to mind so vividly. Just then the train steamed in. As Mrs. Journeyman boarded it, she tucked into her hand-bag the entire contents of the rack, which on this occasion consisted of only two copies of the INSTRUCTOR.

A week or so later a worker knocked at Mrs. Journeyman's cottage door and inquired the way to some of our brethren who lived in the village. After answering the worker's question, she added: "To tell you the truth, I myself used to keep the Sabbath and belong to the church." The next day when the worker called, as he had asked permission to do, he heard the story of Mrs. Journeyman's experience in the truth and of her giving it up, and of the emotions awakened at sight of the paper-rack and its contents. "Here are the INSTRUCTORS," she said. "I have read them until I almost know them by heart, and here is a little article that just fits my case." Tears flowed down her cheeks as the worker talked to her about the truth, and then prayed for the return of the prodigal to her Father's house. If this were anything but a true story, it might say that this is what happened, but I must be content to say that Mrs. Journeyman promised to attend Sabbath-school with her little children, and the worker promised to send her some of our papers, and he has great hopes that before long the victory will be won.

If there are any little paper-racks that are nearly discouraged about their mission in the world and almost ready to give up, let them take courage. There are many Mrs. Journeymans in the world to whom the sight of the *Review*, *Signs*, or INSTRUCTOR will start a helpful train of thought, and to every one who will take a paper there is sure to be an article that just fits the case.

ARTURO FULTON.





### The Pineapple

**T**HE botanical name for the fruit sold in American markets is *Ananassa sativa*.

It was first mentioned by a Spanish historian, De Oveida y Valdes (Gonzalo Fernandez) in 1535. This notice attracted the attention

velops, surmounted by a large crown of small leaves, spiny like the others. The spike, as it swells, buds and blossoms into flower, and these later, in their turn swelling, finally fill with juice, and form the fruit called the "apple."

In Jamaica and the West Indies, there grows wild another variety, the *Bromelia pinguin*, corrupted by the natives into penguin. Planters use this wild variety as fencing for their pastures, because of its prickly leaves. The leaves are gathered, also, and stripped of their pulp, then soaked in water, after being beaten with a wooden club. The fiber separates into tough and fine threads, which are used in domestic sewing.

The juice of any variety of pineapple, when mixed with water, makes a very cooling drink, particularly in fever cases. It is said that the pure juice fed regularly and constantly to a person suffering with diphtheria will prevent the formation of the usual coating on the tongue and stomach, and in time, remove it if formed.

The juice of the wild West Indies variety is claimed to be an effective anthelmintic (vermifuge) and diuretic. In some sections the juice is made into vinegar, but more often the overripe apple is sliced and soaked in rum, making what is called "pineapple rum."

W. S. CHAPMAN.



W. S. Chapman

YOUNG PINEAPPLE PLANTS IN FRUIT

of the Dutch gardeners, and so, its first cultivation was attempted in Holland. Since that time over fifty varieties have been produced.

The main variety, imported from Cuba, is called by the marketmen, "the Spanish." In Florida, however, there are many other varieties in cultivation, most of them far superior to the Spanish, and growing to enormous size, weighing many pounds.

The pineapple, while a tropical plant and very sensitive to cold and frost, can yet be grown far to the north in Florida. The growers erect a framework house over the plants, with a slatwork top, on which is spread light canvas, as shown in the illustration. Protection has to be given against the hot sun as well as the cold, and in the southern part of the State, where frost is not to be feared the roof of the shed is made of narrow slats only, set about two inches apart, without canvas over them. The shadows these light narrow boards throw over the plants so neutralize the glare of the sun as to produce an even temperature and light.

In many ways the plant resembles the cacti. Its leaves are very hard and fibrous, with spiny edges. Out of the center arises a large spike, growing conical in shape as it de-

### The Canals of Mars

A ROMANCE of the universe was shattered by an utterance of E. W. Maunder, of Greenwich University, at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society recently.

He declared that there were no canals on Mars, that the planet was not inhabited, and that all the many interesting stories which have been written about the planet were purely and simply fiction. Mr. S. A. Saunders exhibited lantern slides showing new photographs of Mars, taken by Professor Hale at the Mt. Wilson Observatory in California by means of his



W. S. Chapman

MANGO AND PINEAPPLE GROVE, COVERED WITH SHED



sixty-inch telescope. "The canals are not shown," he said. "The explanation is that the telescope was too strong to indicate them. The photographs are an immense improvement on any that have been previously taken, and yet there is no indication on them of the spider-like network. The explanation given by Mr. Antonladi, director of the Mars Section, is a satisfactory one. It is that the supposed canals are the effect on the eye of congeries of dark spots. There never was any real ground for supposing that we had in the marking of Mars any evidence of artificial action. Had it not been that the idea was a somewhat sensational one, we would never have heard of it, and it is better for science that it has now been completely disposed of."—*American Boy*.

### Ice as Fuel

A CAKE of ice at 32° F. is ordinarily considered to be rather a cold substance, but it is as much hotter than liquid air as the oven in which bread is baked is hotter than the ice.

A teakettle partly filled with liquid air and placed on a cake of ice receives so much heat from the ice that the liquid air soon boils vigorously, and the boiling can be made more violent by adding ice.

If the normal temperature of the earth were at the freezing-point of air, and we could obtain a block of ice such as is distributed by the iceman of to-day, such ice could be used as fuel, and would be put into the furnaces instead of coal.—*Popular Mechanics*.

### Anemone

O THOU anemone so blue,  
Thou lovely flower of heaven's hue!  
How glad I am to find thee here!  
As if to fill my heart with cheer.

So soft the tint thy petals wear!  
So modest thou, and wondrous fair!  
The gold within thy cup so neat,  
Ah! this thy beauty makes complete.

Thou humble flower, God placed thee here,  
To beautify the earth and cheer  
All men who chance near thee to stray,  
To gladden hearts as mine to-day.

Bloom on, thou flow'r, blest gift to man!  
Thou art a part of God's great plan.  
May he to-day find need of me,  
Who hath, sweet flower, found need of thee!

A. DELLA MOORE.

### Wise Dog Saves Its Mate

THOMAS JONES, who owns a big ranch on San Juan Island, lost a collie dog last fall for nearly a month, and for several days searched the woods about his place zealously for the animal, without success. One day he tossed a bone to another collie. Instead of gnawing it, he picked it up and started for the woods. He kept turning his head, apparently to see if he was followed, and Jones concluded to follow him. The dog trotted along for about a mile, and stopped at the edge of an abandoned well. He dropped the bone over the edge of the well. Jones got a ladder, climbed down, and found the dog that had been lost. There was only about two inches of water in the well, but the animal would have starved to death had it not been for the other. The lost dog was in good condition, and as it had been missing twenty-four days, the other animal must have kept it supplied with food for nearly a month.—*London Telegraph*.

### An Arctic Aurora

AMONG the few pleasures that reward the traveler for the hardships and dangers of life in the far North, there are none which are brighter or longer remembered than the magnificent auroral displays which occasionally illumine the darkness of the long polar night, and light up with a celestial glory the whole blue vault of heaven. No other natural phenomenon is so grand, so mysterious, so terrible in its unearthly splendor as this: the veil which conceals from mortal eyes the glory of the eternal throne seems drawn aside, and the awed beholder is lifted out of the atmosphere of his daily life into the immediate presence of God.

On the twenty-fifth of February, 1866, while we were all yet living together at Anadyrsk, there occurred one of the grandest displays of the arctic aurora which had been observed there for more than fifty years, and which exhibited such unusual brilliancy that even the natives were astonished. It was a cold, dark, but clear winter's night, and the sky in the earlier part of the evening showed no signs of the magnificent illumination which was already being prepared. A few streamers wavered now and then in the north, and a faint radiance like that of the rising moon shone above the dark belt of shrubbery which bordered the river; but this was a common occurrence, and it excited no notice or remark. Late in the evening, just as we were preparing to go to bed, Dodd happened to go out-of-doors for a moment to look after his dogs; but no sooner had he reached the outer door of the entry than he came rushing back, his face ablaze with excitement, shouting, "Kenman! Robinson! come out quickly!" With a vague impression that the village must be on fire, I sprang up, and without stopping to put on my furs, ran hastily out, followed closely by Robinson, Harder, and Smith. As we emerged into the open air, there burst suddenly upon our startled eyes the grandest exhibition of vivid, dazzling light and color of which the mind can conceive. The whole universe seemed to be on fire. A broad arch of brilliant prismatic colors spanned the heavens from east to west like a gigantic rainbow, with a long fringe of crimson and yellow streamers stretching up from its convex edge to the very zenith. At short intervals of one or two seconds, wide, luminous bands, parallel with the arch, rose suddenly out of the northern horizon, and swept with a swift, steady majesty across the whole heavens, like long breakers of phosphorescent light rolling in from some limitless ocean of space.

Every portion of the vast arch was momentarily wavering, trembling, changing color, and the brilliant streamers which fringed its edge swept back and forth in great curves, like the fiery sword of the angel at the gate of Eden. In a moment the vast auroral rainbow, with all its wavering streamers, began to move slowly up toward the zenith, and a second arch of equal brilliancy formed directly under it, shooting up another long, serried row of slender, colored lances toward the north star, like a battalion of the celestial host presenting arms to its commanding angel. Every instant the display increased in unearthly grandeur. The luminous bands revolved swiftly, like the spokes of a great wheel of light across the heavens; the streamers hurried back and forth with swift, tremulous motion from the ends of the arches to the center, and now and then a great wave of crimson would surge up from the north and fairly deluge the whole sky with color, tinging the white, snowy earth far



and wide with its rosy reflection. But as the words of the prophecy that the heavens shall be turned into blood formed themselves upon my lips, the crimson suddenly vanished, and a lightning flash of vivid orange startled us with its wide, all-pervading glare, which extended even to the southern horizon, as if the whole volume of the atmosphere had suddenly taken fire. I even held my breath a moment, as I listened for the tremendous crash of thunder which it seemed to me must follow this sudden burst of vivid light; but in heaven or earth there was not a sound to break the calm silence of night, save the hastily muttered prayers of the native at my side, as he crossed himself and knelt down before the visible majesty of God. I could not imagine any possible addition which even almighty power could make to the grandeur of the aurora as it now appeared. The rapid alternations of crimson, blue, green, and yellow in the sky were reflected so vividly from the white surface of the snow that the whole world seemed now steeped in blood, and then quivering in an atmosphere of pale, ghastly green, through which shone the unspeakable glories of the mighty crimson and yellow arches.

But the end was not yet. As we watched with upturned faces the swift ebb and flow of these great celestial tides of colored light, the last seal of the glorious revelation was suddenly broken, and both arches were simultaneously shattered into a thousand parallel perpendicular bars, every one of which displayed in regular order, from top to bottom, the seven primary colors of the solar spectrum. From horizon to horizon there now stretched two vast, curving bridges of colored bars, across which we almost expected to see, passing and repassing, the bright inhabitants of another world. Amid cries of astonishment and exclamations of "God have mercy!" from the startled natives, these innumerable bars began to move, with a swift, dancing motion, back and forth along the whole extent of both arches, passing each other from side to side with such bewildering rapidity that the eye was lost in the attempt to follow them. The whole concave of heaven seemed transformed into one great revolving kaleidoscope of shattered rainbows. Never had I even dreamed of such an aurora as this, and I am not ashamed to confess that its magnificence at that moment overawed and frightened me. The whole sky, from zenith to horizon, was "one molten, mantling sea of color and fire, crimson and purple, and scarlet and green, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind,—things which can only be conceived while they are visible." The "signs and portents" in the heavens were grand enough to herald the destruction of a world,—flashes of rich, quivering color, covering half the sky for an instant, and then vanishing like summer lightning; brilliant green streamers shooting swiftly but silently up across the zenith; thousands of variegated bars sweeping past one another in two mighty arches, and great luminous waves rolling in from the interplanetary spaces, and breaking in long lines of radiant glory upon the shallow atmosphere of a darkened world.

With the separation of the two arches into component bars it reached its utmost magnificence, and from that time its supernatural beauty slowly but steadily faded. The first arch broke up, and soon after it the second; the flashes of color appeared less and less frequently; the luminous bands ceased to revolve across the zenith; and in an hour nothing re-

mained in the dark, starry heavens to remind us of the aurora, except a few faint Magellan clouds of luminous vapor.

Until man drops his vesture of flesh, and stands in the presence of Deity, he will see no more striking manifestation of the "glory of the Lord" than that presented by a brilliant exhibition of the arctic aurora. —From Kenman's *"Tent Life in Siberia,"* pages 331-336.

### Facts Regarding Salt — No. 3

#### Geographical Distribution (Concluded)

It has been found by analysis that every soil in every land contains more or less salt. This is necessarily so, for all green vegetation must have salt as an essential part of its building and life-producing materials.

Investigations have shown that even the poorest soils contain some chloride of sodium, or common salt; so that there is no earth but that has at least a small amount of this peculiar material. Thus salt manifests itself as a universal element of all soils in all lands.

The "licks," which are known to the inhabitants of every locality, and which are places frequented by all classes of animals that come to get their salt supply, are either exposures of rock salt, salt-impregnated earths, or springs, streams, or lakes containing salt.

#### Salt Marshes

Salt marshes or plains, also known as salt swamps, alkali flats, salt basins, sometimes salt-pans,—for the term "pan" is also used to indicate a salt lake,—salt valleys, etc., are low-lying areas that are or have been saturated with salt water or covered by shallow depths of it. They exist in many parts of the world, being found in Louisiana, Kansas, Oklahoma, California, Nevada, and the Northwest Territory of North America; in Bolivia, Argentina, and Chile, in South America; in European Russia, China, Egypt, and East, West, and South Africa.

#### Size and Frequency

The largest salt marsh in the State of Kansas is seven miles long and from one quarter to one mile wide. In Oklahoma, the largest is fourteen miles long and eight miles in its greatest width. It is on the Salt Fork of the Arkansas River. Salt marshes or alkali flats occur throughout the State of Nevada. In Astrakhan, European Russia, there are twelve hundred salt swamps.

The most noted salt plain of Egypt, that of Siwa, is at ancient Ammonium, on the caravan route from Mursuk to Cairo. It is related by Herodotus, Eratosthenes, and other Greek historians, that the Egyptian priests prized the salt from this plain very highly, and that they carried pieces of it in palm-leaf baskets as presents to the Egyptian kings.

A depression 240 miles long extends east and west in southern Tunis along the northern border of the Sahara, continuing through Tunis into Algeria. It is composed of salt marshes, basins, and hollows.

#### Salt Springs

Where there are salt marshes, there are usually salt springs. But salt springs exist in very large numbers where there are no salt marshes. Salt springs are generally fed by waters flowing over rock-salt deposits. They are found in New York, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and California, as well as in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia,



Manitoba, Northwest Territory, British Columbia, and in Mexico, Guatemala, Santo Domingo, and Haiti; also in Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Brazil, and Argentina; in the Eastern hemisphere, in England, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Netherlands, southwest France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Austro-Hungary, Rumania, Greece, Asiatic Russia, Japan, Philippine Islands, East Indian Islands, China, India, Turkey, Egypt, and West, South, Central, and East Africa.

#### Salt Rivers

Salt brooks and rivers exist in Oklahoma, Texas, California, Peru, Brazil, Germany, Rumania, Persia, Egypt, and East and South Africa. California and Texas have the largest number of salt streams of any of the States. In San Luis Obispo County, California has the Salinas (salt) River; and in San Bernardino, Inyo, and other counties in the Great Basin, practically every stream contains salt.

In Texas, quite thick deposits of salt form on the banks of Croton Creek for several miles above its juncture with the Salt Fork of the Brazos. Stockmen of that region, from time to time haul away sufficient for their needs. At low water, the Salt Fork of the Red River is little else than brine.

In East Africa, throughout the entire Zambesi Valley, there are salt streams, from the salty banks of which the Negroes extract large quantities of salt for their own use.

Throughout all Persia, the largest rivers are impregnated with salt. In Rumania, salt crystallizes along the river channels.

#### Salt-Carrying Capacity of Water

In Asiatic Russia, Central Government of Omsk, there is a brook only six feet wide and but a foot and a half deep, which flows into Lake Inderkish, pouring into it the enormous quantity of six hundred thousand tons of salt a year. This means that there passes into the lake every twenty-four hours 1,650 tons of salt, or about  $68\frac{3}{4}$  tons every hour, or more than a ton — about 2,300 pounds, the equivalent of a fair two-horse wagon-load of salt — every minute, or a little over thirty-eight pounds each second.

At first thought, this seems almost impossible, but in reality it requires water carrying considerably less than a saturated solution of salt. It simply emphasizes what must be the enormous carrying capacity of the larger salt streams which are common in many places throughout the world.

#### Salt Lakes

Salt lakes are quite numerous and widely distributed. They occur in Texas, Utah, and California, in the Northwest Territory, in Peru, Bolivia, and Argentina, in European and Asiatic Russia, in China, India, Persia, and Turkey, in Egypt, in East and South Africa, and in Australia.

With a few exceptions, the so-called salt lakes contain no water during the dry season of the year, principally from the fact that as a rule they are very shallow, and also because their rate of evaporation exceeds their water-supply.

The largest salt lake of the United States is the well-known Great Salt Lake, of Utah, which, while comparatively shallow, is yet too deep to lose its water in the dry season.

A very interesting salt lake is the great salt lake of Tunis, known as the Shott el Jerid, or Shott of the Palms, and at its eastern end as the Shott el Fejj.

(Shott means, lake.) It is 120 miles long, lies sixty feet below sea-level, and dries up in the summer, except where deepest.

"But," as G. D. Harris says, "even there the water is hidden by the salt crust which covers the entire surface. In walking on this crust, one's footsteps echo as on the stones of an archway.

"Nine or more caravan routes cross the lake, some free from danger, but others only to be followed with the utmost caution, owing to the fissures in which the wayfarer may suddenly disappear.

"The upward pressure of the water from hidden springs forces up the salt crusts in cones, which appear as islands in the distance,—when seen through the mirage, as hills of salt, although the largest is hardly twenty paces in diameter, and not more than three feet above the surface of the lake."

Although the Dead Sea is classed among the salt lakes, yet its waters hold a very small percentage of common salt — the chloride of sodium — in proportion to other salts. Of the total minerals in solution, common salt is less than forty per cent, whereas it is frequently from eighty to ninety-nine per cent in other waters. Besides, the large quantities of chloride of lime and chloride of magnesium make its waters deadly to both plant and animal life. Thus it is literally a Dead Sea, or Sea of Death.

#### Salt Seas or Oceans

Fully three fourths of the surface area of the globe is water, and the oceans, which constitute the bulk of the earth's great water yard, are strongly impregnated with salt.

Distilled water at 62° is reckoned as unity, or one (1), in the calculation of specific gravities, except in comparing gases. Ocean water has a specific gravity of approximately 1.03, while the specific gravity of a saturated solution of salt is 1.2046. Ocean water is therefore between one sixth and one seventh of a saturated solution.

This means that the oceans contain an amount of salt too great for calculation, and that if there were absolutely no other source of salt in existence, they could be depended upon to furnish the world's supply forever.

These salt bodies of water bathe the shores of all continents, and of all oceanic islands. With their waves they sing salt songs to all lands, and literally breathe blessings of salt in the air they blow over the shore-line fields.

#### Miscellaneous Facts

Salt air is said to drift with the breezes for several miles inland from the ocean shores of all the world. In many tests of the landward currents of air, plates of glass kept in them have shown visible deposits of salt after a few hours' exposure. Ocean air is always impregnated with salt.

In Astrakhan, European Russia, there are 1,200 salt swamps and 700 salt lakes. Here, the vast surface exposure of these moist salt accumulations actually causes salt dew to fall.

Knowing that salt rises in the vapors from the oceans, it does not seem so wonderful to think of salt rain falling, but that salt rain should fall in the region of the Caspian Sea is remarkable because of the fact that the Caspian is not a very salty sea. However, it is reported to be true that salt rain does fall in its neighborhood.

In the vicinity of nearly all salt steppes, marshes,



and lakes, and frequently along the ocean lines, plants are found that contain salt in their juices. Salt-producing plants are also found where there are no other visible sources of salt, and they are used as the means of salt supply.

At a certain mine in the Libyan Desert some 2,355 years ago, the people living at the mine, according to Herodotus, built "their houses all of lumps of salt, since these parts of Libya are without rain." Caillie, traveling through the Sahara in 1850, mentions houses built of rock salt at Teghasa and Taudeni. Rock salt is really a very firm substance when dry, requiring a crushing pressure, to break it up, of from four thousand to six thousand pounds to the square inch, which is much greater than ordinary woods can withstand.

#### Color of Salt

Because the salt in common commercial distribution in the United States is white, it may be supposed that all salt is white. But this is far from the facts. Salt is found of almost every color in different parts of the world. Black, gray, brown, and red salt is found in Persian mines; grayish-green, yellow, red, and purplish salt is found in Africa.

The Mayo Mines, in the Salt Range, at Heura, India, give only a pink salt. Eleven hundred persons are employed at these mines, which extend for miles into the mountains. A distinctly pink salt is also obtained by evaporation of sea water near the Chaparra sugar estate, Cuba.

Blue salt occurs in the mines of Germany, Hungary, and Calabria; and at the southwestern corner of the Dead Sea, the salt mountain Djebel Usdum, which is about four miles long by not quite a mile wide, contains extensive deposits of bluish salt, which the Arabs sell at Jerusalem.

H. A. YERGIN, M. D.

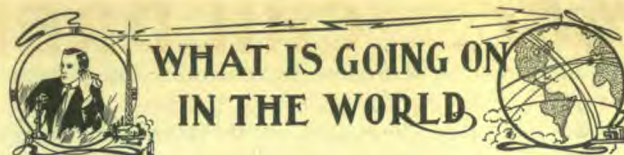
#### Is the Channel Open?

EACH day the water in the lavatory seemed to run out more slowly, until finally it would scarcely run at all. It must have attention. The trap was opened, but nothing seemed to be wrong there. A wire was forced into the pipe, and when it was removed, the obstruction came with it. A pin had lodged there, then a hair, then another little thing, and so on until so many things had accumulated that the water had to pass through almost as slowly as through a filter. Did the pin stop the outlet? — No. Would the pin and one hair have stopped it? — No; it was the many little things that made trouble. All the things would have passed on without causing an obstruction if it had not been for that pin.

This evening as I passed by a company of people, I saw a young lady who some time ago began a course of instruction with the idea of preparing for the Master's service. She, with others, was engaged in playing flinch. I wondered whether her love for this was not the pin that was catching other little obstructions, and causing her to become discouraged. Those who know her, know she has lost interest in her work.

Be that as it may with her, how is it with you, dear reader? Examine carefully the hidden recesses of your innermost life and see if something has not lodged in your experience, and is retarding much if not all of the sweet Spirit of God. Our Heavenly Father desires that we should be channels through which abundant blessings shall flow to others. If we are not living up to the light shed on our pathway, the channel is sure to be obstructed.

D. D. FITCH.



ING EDWARD VII of England died on May 7. His son was proclaimed king on the same day, taking the title of George V.

THE first certificate for Missionary Volunteer Reading Course No. 3, just completed, was issued to Miss Naomi Herrell, of Virginia.

LOUIS PAULHAN, the French aviator, won the fifty-thousand-dollar prize offered for an aeroplane flight from Manchester, England, to London, under certain prescribed conditions.

THERE is now a bill before the Kentucky legislature which provides a penalty of from two to fifty dollars for any person who is found at his trade or calling on any legal holiday.

Two Presbyterian ministers were recently killed and eaten by Tonga Island cannibals. It is reported that there is in progress in the South Pacific island groups a general revival of ancient heathen customs.

FOR the second time in a quarter of a century a foreigner presided over the Senate of the United States on May 6. Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, of Japan, president of the Japanese House of Peers, sat with Vice-President Sherman and held the gavel, while the Senate proceeded with its business.

A FRIEND of gospel truth, though not a Seventh-day Adventist, recently asked of the Foreign Mission Board the privilege of supporting four missionaries in foreign lands, also of paying their transportation to the countries chosen. H. M. Lee and wife, who recently went to Korea, are two of the missionaries sent out under this generous provision.

ON May 4 Costa Rica suffered a severe earthquake. The capital city, Cartago, was almost completely destroyed; other cities and villages suffered great loss. Thousands of persons were killed, and thousands more seriously injured, according to reports. The suffering is wide-spread, and Costa Rica can be relieved only by generous contributions from the United States and other countries.

THE famous musician, Mr. George Haddock, lately deceased, had an exceptionally fine collection of violins, which are to be sold. There are in the collection several violins made by Antonio Stradivari, the famed violin maker of Cremona. One of these, the Emperor Stradivarius, is said to excel all other known violins, unless it be the one that the great violinist Paganini left to the city of Genoa, for which fifty thousand dollars has been offered.

THE Better Day Bureau, devoted to methods and material for social service, has proposed that 1910 be designated and employed as nature year, especial attention being given to beautifying streets, adorning buildings with vines, protecting lawns, providing better receptacles, doing vacant lot gardening, and cultivating flowers. State and city organizations have approved the idea, and it is hoped that some one in every place will volunteer to start the movement in his community.





## Mother in Every-Day Dress

Good morning to you, Mr. Artist,  
Here's a picture I want you to paint;  
Just a photograph of my mother  
In a style that is olden and quaint.

'Twas caught in a pocket camera  
One day when she sat all alone;  
The shades of the evening were falling,  
And all of her work had been done.

Don't try to leave out any wrinkles  
Or bind up a straggling hair,  
'Tis just as she looked on that evening,  
I want every one to be there.

Her pictures at home in the album  
Are fairer than this one will be,  
As she looked in the bloom of her beauty,  
But this one is dearest to me.

I can look at all those and remember  
Her beauty and numberless charms;  
I can look at this one and remember  
How she rocked me to sleep in her arms.

Then make it as plain as this picture,  
Nor think I will love it the less;  
The dearest thing under the heavens  
Is a mother in every-day dress.

—Selected.

## A Sad but True Story

**I**T was in the large parlors of a mansion in —, Missouri, where on a pleasant October evening ten or twelve young people were gathered from the wealthiest homes of the elite of the city.

Among them was a young woman who, though always genial and social with the young, was ever clad in mourning garb, and bore the name of Mara, chosen by herself to express the grief and bitterness of her life, since the time when she, seven or eight years before, had been bereft of all her family.

The pleasant hours flew fast till about half-past ten in the evening, when one of the company pulled out a pack of cards and flung it on the table where Mara Moor was sitting. The effect was startling. Her face took on a deadly pallor, she trembled, arose from her seat, staggered across the room and took a chair in the remotest corner. So great was her agitation that every one saw it, but none was aware of the cause.

One of the party, who had been reading law for some time, not imagining the seriousness of her anguish, went to her, and in a bantering way threatened her with a legal prosecution before an impaneled jury in case she refused to return to her place at the table, and submit to the regulations of the evening. While the lawyer was urging her to this, a thoughtless young man of the company stepped up to them and placed a few cards in her hand. She jerked her hand away and gave it a sling as if to rid it of the contaminating filth of the cards, and with an agonizing scream, she began weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Surprised at this new outburst, the lawyer sought to soothe the wounded spirit; and when she had become somewhat quiet, he, with the rest, began to entreat her to give them the reason for her terrible agitation. This she at first refused to do, but being urged very strongly by all the company, she at length consented. At the first word a shudder passed over her whole frame; but pausing to regain her self-control, she began: —

"When I was nineteen years old, I was living in an Eastern city, in one of the happiest homes within its limits. A rich and tender father, with a loving and gentle mother, and as bright and true a brother as ever a sister could want, were my companions in the delightful home of my childhood. Wealth and comfort smiled upon us, and prophesied of future happi-

ness, until, with my own hand, I plucked down upon us all the greatest curse imaginable.

"Two of our cousins, a brother and sister, came to visit us, and we spent the evening in pleasant conversation as we did this evening; and just as those cards were thrown upon the table, and at about the same hour, my parents having retired, our cousin threw a deck upon our table. They two and I sat down to play, while my dear and tenderly loved brother, not liking the idea of playing cards, turned to his music which he was composing as a graduating exercise for examination day, and went to work at that. We three needed a fourth one to make the game go properly, and we began trying to persuade my brother to come and take part with us; but he declared he thought it was not right to spend time in card-playing — that it was an amusement of the lowest character, and he didn't want to get into it.

"After using all our arguments to induce him to assist us, but to no purpose, I went to him, put my arm around his neck, and told him that I was a Christian, and was trying to get to heaven, and thought it no harm to play cards just for amusement; that I thought he ought to lay aside his scruples, and come and help us, as we could have no fun without his help; that he was too fastidious anyway. With this he arose from his seat very reluctantly, and came, protesting that he knew nothing about it. We told him he could soon learn, and he did, only too quickly; for, in a little time, he was enough for either of us; and when we three had become tired of the sport, he was so delighted with it that he sat for an hour studying the cards and shuffling them.

"We laughed heartily at him for his interest in the matter, and finally retired for the night, leaving him with the cards. Next morning he took them up again and tried to induce us to play with him; but our cousins must go home, and soon left us, taking the deck with them. But the fatal act had been done. That night my brother was out in the city until a late hour, which was a thing that had never occurred before; and when he came home, he seemed morose; and to our inquiries for the cause, his replies were evasive.

"The next night he was out again; and this continued for some nights until his money — two hundred dollars — was all gone. He then went to father for more, and as he had an unbounded confidence in my brother, he very readily gave him quite a little sum, without asking him what he was going to do with it.



This was soon gone, and when he asked for more, father desired him to tell what he was doing with so much money. Not giving him a direct answer, father gave him a small sum and told him he could get no more unless he would give a clear report of the use he made of his money. This was soon spent, and when he went for more, but was unwilling to account for what he had received, father refused to give him more. With this refusal he became angry, and told father he would make him willing to let him have the money. My brother went into the city again, and as usual went into a gambling den, where he managed to get money for gaming, or he would sit and look on. He was absent for nearly a week.

"During this time my mother neither ate nor slept, as I might say; but when my brother was brought home drunk, my mother took her bed, and never got up again, but died of a broken heart within a few days.

"We hoped this would stop my brother's course, but it was only for a short time. He soon began his gambling and drinking again; and being young and rather delicate, it was not long until he was brought home in delirium tremens. Upon this father took his bed, languished, sank and died, leaving myself and my brother alone in the world. O, how I wished I could die too! but it seemed that God determined that I should see the end of my work in wrecking our family, and I was compelled to still remain with, and reap the harvest of, my own doings.

"Every influence that could be brought to bear on my poor brother I made use of, but to no avail; and O, how I prayed for him, but it was of no use! He went even more rapidly down the way of ruin, now that father was dead and out of his way. Only a few weeks after I followed my father to his resting-place in the silent grave, my brother was brought home with delirium tremens again, and after suffering for a short time the most terrible agony, the poor boy died, and was laid in a drunkard's grave. O my God! why was I ever born? Why can't I die too? But what will my eternity be for having thus ruined my own brother, the bright and beautiful boy? This is why I spell my name Mara."

Soon after the lady began telling her sad story, the ladies in the company began weeping, and when it was finished, they were all sobbing as if their hearts would break, and the men were pouring their tears with them. The cards had disappeared, and vows were solemnly expressed by the entire company that never again would one of them be guilty of engaging in that sport, but would ever do their best to endeavor to put the practise out of society.—*Selected.*

### A Parrot's Memory

SEVEN years ago some one stole a parrot from Robert Turner, a deep-water sailor whose home, when ashore, is in Boonton, New York. The bird had been the boon companion of Turner for eleven years before that, and had made two trips around the world with him. Turner found his parrot recently; or, to be more accurate, the parrot found him. Polly recognized him by his voice, called him, and manifested every evidence of delight at seeing him again, although the bird had not beheld him for seven years.

"Talk about a memory!" Turner said, proudly. "Why, I've known lots of women in my time who couldn't remember me seven years."

Turner decided to walk from Boonton to New York to-day to rejoin his ship. He was swinging along the road, singing a good old deep-sea chant, when he reached a roadhouse on Pompton turnpike, in this village.

"There goes Bob," he heard a voice say, and it seemed familiar. "Hello, Bob!"

Turner stopped and looked toward the roadhouse. In a cage he beheld a big green parrot with a yellow head. He recognized it at once.

"Hello, Jim, old shipmate!" Turner replied. He walked up to the cage, put his fingers through the bars and began scratching the parrot's head. The sailor and the bird were having a great time talking to each other when the proprietor of the roadhouse appeared.

"You and my parrot must have met before," he said.

"Yes; we met first eighteen years ago, when I bought him in South America," Turner replied. "For eleven years we traveled the seas together, and went around the world twice. Seven years ago, when I was in New York, some one stole Jim from my ship. I spent several weeks trying to find him, and had to give it up. I never expected to see him again."

There were tears in the sailor's eyes, and the proprietor felt for him.

"I guess what you say is all right," the roadhouse man said. "I bought that bird from a sailor a little less than seven years ago. For a long time afterward the parrot would not say anything except 'Poor Bob's gone.' I never knew what it meant, and thought perhaps Bob was the name of the sailor from whom I had bought the bird. I understand it now. I hate to part with Polly, but I am sure it's your bird, so take it if you want it."

Turner decided to be even more magnanimous. He said the parrot had a good home ashore, and it would be better than one afloat.

"So you just keep Jim for yourself," the sailor continued, "and when I come along this way, it will be a pleasure to feel that I have at least one good old friend on the course."

The roadhouse proprietor invited the sailor to have something to eat, and then handed him a bill. Turner said good-by to Jim and proceeded on his way. The last thing he heard as he rounded a bend in the road was the renewed lament of the parrot, "Poor Bob's gone."—*Selected.*

### What There's Time For

Lots of time for lots of things,  
Though it's said that time has wings;  
There is always time to find  
Ways of being sweet and kind;  
There is always time to share  
Smiles and goodness everywhere;  
Time to send the frowns away,  
Time a gentle word to say,  
Time for helpfulness, and time  
To assist the weak to climb;  
Time to give a little flower,  
Time for friendship any hour.  
But there is no time to spare  
For unkindness anywhere.

—*Selected.*

### A Good Recipe

"A YOUNG woman who responded with cash to an advertisement of a means of keeping the hands soft, received the following recipe:—

"Soak them in dish-water three times a day while mother rests."





M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary  
Corresponding Secretary

## Society Studies in Bible Doctrines

### XXIII—The Sabbath and the First Day of the Week

**SYNOPSIS.**—The Sabbath commandment, being a part of God's moral law, is of perpetual obligation. At the close of the first week of time the seventh day was blessed and set apart to be observed by all mankind as a memorial of the creation. Under the reign of sin it becomes also a sign of God's power to save and sanctify. Like other precepts of God's law it was known and observed before the law was spoken on Mount Sinai. Jesus and his followers observed the Sabbath, and there is no intimation of a change of the day of rest anywhere in the Word of God. The first day of the week is never spoken of in the Bible as a sacred day. The Sabbath will be regarded in Eden restored.

#### Questions

1. When and for whom was the Sabbath instituted? **Gen. 2:1-3; Mark 2:27.**
2. What is its purpose? **Ex. 20:11; Eze. 20:12, 20.**
3. Give proof that the Sabbath was known and observed before it was commanded at Sinai. **Ex. 16:4, 29, 30.**
4. Repeat the Sabbath commandment. **Ex. 20:8-11.**
5. What was Jesus' attitude toward the Sabbath? **Luke 4:16.**
6. What day is the Sabbath according to the New Testament? **Matt. 28:1.**
7. How does Luke, writing after the ascension of Christ, refer to Sabbath observance? **Luke 23:56.**
8. How did Jesus refer to its observance after his departure? **Matt. 24:20.**
9. What shows that Paul the apostle to the Gentiles observed the Sabbath? **Acts 28:17.**
10. How is the first day of the week spoken of in the New Testament? **Matt. 28:1; Mark 16:1, 2, 9; Luke 24:1; John 20:1, 19; Acts 20:7; 1 Cor. 16:2.**
11. What is the Sabbath called in the last book in the Bible? **Rev. 1:10.**
12. What shows that the Sabbath institution is an eternal memorial of God's works? **Isa. 66:23.**

#### Notes

1. Jesus, as the agent of creation, instituted the Sabbath. When on earth, he said it was made for man. It was instituted long before the Jewish race existed, and was made for mankind.
3. The law and the Sabbath are certainly referred to here as already in existence. The Israelites had just come out of Egyptian bondage, and God was calling their attention to his great memorial, the true observance of which is a sure cure for idolatry.
8. Jerusalem was destroyed in 70 A. D. Jesus' instruction was that during the intervening years, his followers should pray that their flight might not be on the Sabbath. Could there be a stronger testimony that Christians in this era are to observe the Sabbath?
9. Every Bible student knows that the observance of another day than the seventh as the Sabbath or the disregard of the Sabbath would have been contrary to the customs of

the fathers. How eagerly would Paul's enemies, the Jews, have seized the opportunity to accuse him of Sabbath desecration, if there had been the slightest excuse for it. But on the contrary we find that it was Paul's custom to preach on the Sabbath (Acts 17:2), not only to the Jews but to the Gentiles as well (Acts 13:42, 44), not only in the Jewish synagogues but in the open air. Acts 16:13.

10. Eight times the first day of the week is mentioned in the New Testament, and six of these are in reference to the resurrection of Christ, which is described in all four of the Gospels. It was very necessary that the proofs of Jesus' resurrection on the third day should be clearly stated. "Paul met with the believers at Troas for a farewell meeting on the first day; and he wrote to the Corinthian church that they should lay by each first day an offering for the poor saints at Jerusalem."

11. God calls the Sabbath his holy day (Isa. 58:13), and Jesus said that he was "Lord of the Sabbath" (Mark 2:28); so the Sabbath must be the Lord's day.

#### Notice!

No society study will be given next week. Some excellent matter on practical subjects will appear, however, which might be used for a program. Local missionary problems might be discussed or a consecration service held.

### The Missionary Volunteer Society at San Pedro, California

OUR society was organized about two years ago. We have an average attendance of twenty-three, only eight of whom are young people. We are very favorably located so far as opportunities are concerned, but there are few of us to improve these opportunities, and those of us who desire to do so are limited as to time and means. We are doing a little along various lines. We have written to the *Review and Herald*, asking for papers with which to do ship mission work. Right here I might mention a visit I had with one of the officers of the United States Revenue Cutter "Peary." After we became acquainted, and he found out that I was a Seventh-day Adventist, he told me that he was receiving papers from a Seventh-day Adventist young lady in the North to whom he was engaged, but who would not marry him because he was not an Adventist. We have a great desire to place our papers on the many boats coming into and going out of our growing seaport, but the members of our society have not an abundance of means, therefore we have not been able to get papers enough to carry on this branch of missionary work as it should be; we would be glad if our Long Beach friends would help us provide a supply of papers to be used among those who travel the sea. About one hundred boats sail out of San Pedro each month, many of them passenger boats. At times we also have a fleet of United States navy boats here, where our literature could be used to good advantage, and it may be that many of those who are willing to fight for their country will be made soldiers of the cross to carry the banner of Jesus. We have been paying five dollars a month on the Fernando fund for the support of two colored sisters who are receiving an education to prepare them for the work among their own race in the South. Our pledge is paid in full to date. Some of our members have been selling the book, "The Story of Joseph," and have sent the entire proceeds to the work for the colored people in the South. Although some meetings have been held in San Pedro, few of the five thousand or more living in our city have heard the last gospel message. We wish that the burden might rest on some one to come to our city and start a mission for our sailor boys. Now the saloons and ten-



cent theaters stare them in the face, and it is time that an effort should be made to go to the rescue, and do all that can be done to save them from the hands of the enemy. We believe there are many honest-hearted young men sailing the seas, and that something should be done for these at our port.

Our courage is good, and we are pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. We take to ourselves the admonition, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Let us all work loyally to give the third angel's message to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people in this generation; for it is written: "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Let us all be found among that company who shall be keeping the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus when he comes.

We must now arouse to action;  
Do you hear the Master's call?  
Old and young, enlist to conquer,  
Stand for right, nor ever fall.

It is now no time for cowards,  
But for valiant men and true.  
See! the fight will soon be finished,  
And a crown is waiting you.

So we struggle on; dear pilgrims,  
Jesus trod this way before;  
When this weary life is over,  
None will trouble any more.

All our cares and all our burdens  
We will lay at his dear feet.  
Courage! Just a little longer;  
We shall walk the golden street.

CHARLES BENNETT.

### Long Beach Convention

In harmony with the recommendation of the union conference, that Missionary Volunteer conventions be held, the San Pedro and Long Beach Missionary Volunteer societies met in convention Sabbath, March 26.

This gathering had been looked forward to for several weeks as one in which we would tell both how work might be done and what had been done. The watchwords of preparation for the meeting were, "Work and Study."

The program for the morning was so arranged that the leaders of the societies could give a retrospective view of their society work, and the secretaries their reports. An interesting talk was given by Miss Mamie Yarnell on the benefits of conventions, and one on missionary methods by Brother Carrie. In the afternoon time was given for the relating of missionary experiences.

Perhaps the most interesting event of the day and the one looked forward to with the most anxiety by both old and young, was an examination on a portion of the standard of attainment. Twelve of the cardinal points had been chosen, and the simple test made that successfully to pass muster on convention day one must be able to cite at least one scripture bearing on each point. All but two out of about twenty-six who stood up for examination proved that their study had not been in vain.

The orderly conduct, quite in harmony with Sabbath-keeping, was noticeable during the lunch hour, the lunch being comfortably eaten out-of-doors.

One of the San Pedro brethren brought with him

(Concluded on following page)



## X — The Barren Fig Tree; Christ's Authority Questioned

(June 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matt. 21:18-27; Mark 11:20-33.

MEMORY VERSE: "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." Matt. 7:20.

### The Lesson Story

1. After Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem, he and his disciples returned to Bethany. In the morning, "as he returned into the city, he hungered. And when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only."

2. The fruit of the fig tree begins to appear before the leaves. Therefore it was reasonable to expect to find this one laden with figs. Jesus said to the tree, "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever." "And his disciples heard it."

3. "And in the morning, as they passed by, they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots. And Peter calling to remembrance saith unto him, Master, behold, the fig tree which thou cursedst is withered away." "And when the disciples saw it, they marvelled, saying, How soon is the fig tree withered away!"

4. Jesus used this barren fig tree, with its pretentious leaves, as an example of the fate of one who professes to be a Christian, but bears no fruit. He thus taught how hateful in his eyes is vain pretense, and he also illustrated the sure result of a life of deception. Withered and blasted, dried up by the roots, the fig tree showed what man will become when the grace of God is removed from him.

5. Jesus then gave his disciples a lesson in the power of prayer and the necessity of faith in God, and of having a forgiving spirit. He told them plainly that if they would receive forgiveness for their sins, they must from the heart forgive others.

6. "And they come again to Jerusalem: and as he was walking in the temple, there come to him the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders, and say unto him, By what authority doest thou these things? and who gave thee this authority to do these things?"

7. Because Jesus knew that these questions were not asked from a desire for information, but in order to make a wrong use of his reply, he gave no direct answer. Instead, he said, "I will also ask of you one question, and answer me, and I will tell you by what authority I do these things. The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men? answer me."

8. "And they reasoned with themselves, saying, If we shall say, From heaven; he will say, Why then did ye not believe him?" And if they believed John, they must acknowledge Jesus as the promised Saviour, the Son of God; for so John had testified of him.

9. "But," said they, "if we shall say, Of men; they feared the people: for all men counted John, that he was a prophet indeed." Their own effort to entangle Jesus had brought them into this difficulty; therefore they said to him, "We can not tell. And Jesus answering saith unto them, Neither do I tell you by what authority I do these things."



## Questions

1. After Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem where did he go? As he returned the next morning, what did he see? Why did he go to it? How was he disappointed?

2. Why was it reasonable to expect to find figs on this tree? What did Jesus say to the tree? Who heard him?

3. When did they again notice the fig tree? What was its condition? Who called Jesus' attention to it? What did the disciples do and say when they saw it?

4. Of what did Jesus use this barren fig tree as an example? How did he thus show that he regards vain pretense? What else did he illustrate by the fate of the fig tree?

5. What lessons did Jesus then teach his disciples? What did he tell them in regard to the forgiveness of sins?

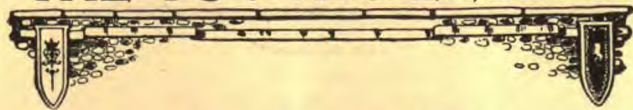
6. When they came again to Jerusalem, where did Jesus go? Who came to him there? How did they question him?

7. Why did Jesus give no direct answer? How did he meet their questions? What did he ask them?

8. How did they reason among themselves?

9. Why did they fear the people? What had brought them into this difficulty? How did they finally answer Jesus? Then what did he say?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON



### X — The Barren Fig Tree; Christ's Authority Questioned

(June 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 11: 12-14, 20-26.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Matt. 21: 18-27; Luke 20: 1-8.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 64; *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACE: Jerusalem and Bethany.

TIME: Crucifixion week.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 7: 20.

#### Questions

A Symbol of Israel's Doom

1. As Jesus and his disciples were on their way to the city from Bethany, what incident occurred? Mark 11: 12, 13.

2. What did Jesus do? Verse 14; note 1.

3. What condition of the fig tree was observed on the next morning? Verses 20, 21.

4. What lesson did Jesus draw from this? Verses 22-24.

5. In what spirit is it necessary that we come to God, if we would obtain his forgiveness? Verses 25, 26.

6. Of what was the fig tree that was cursed a fitting symbol? Luke 19: 41-44; note 2.

7. What did Jesus do as he again visited the temple? Luke 20: 1; note 3.

8. With what demand was he interrupted? By whom? Mark 11: 27, 28.

9. How did Jesus answer? Verses 29, 30.

10. How were they caught in their own trap? Verses 31, 32.

11. What did they answer? What was Jesus' reply? Verse 33; note 4.

## Notes

1. "It is the nature of the fig tree that before the leaves open, the growing fruit appears. Therefore this tree in full leaf gave promise of well-developed fruit. But its appearance was deceptive. Upon searching its branches, from the lowest bough to the topmost twig, Jesus found 'nothing but leaves.' It was a mass of pretentious foliage, nothing more."—"Desire of Ages," page 581.

2. See "Desire of Ages," pages 582, 583.

3. This was the last great day of Jesus' teaching, a memorable day indeed in his life. Here "the young Galilean bearing no earthly honor or royal badge" met "the Jewish authorities arrayed in all the pomp of official costume." There was prolonged controversy over puzzling questions designed to bring him into popular disfavor. Hour by hour he successfully met their attack, and carrying the way into their own territory "he silenced them, but their hearts would not yield." Then letting loose the storm of his righteous indignation upon them, "he exposed their hypocritical practices in sentences that fell like strokes of lightning, and made them a scorn and laughing-stock, not only to the hearers then, but to all the world since."—"Stalker." It was a last mighty effort to show them their inward selves and lead them to repent, and to place the truth clearly before their followers. On the light side of the picture is the self-sacrificing widow to whom Jesus called attention, and the request to see Jesus by certain Greeks (proselytes to the Jewish religion) in whom he saw a pledge of the results of an ingathering from the Gentile world.

4. "Scribes, priests, and rulers were all silenced. Baffled and disappointed, they stood with lowering brows, not daring to press further questions upon Christ. By their cowardice and indecision they had in a great measure forfeited the respect of the people, who now stood by, amused to see these proud, self-righteous men defeated. . . . Many of those who had anxiously awaited the result of the questioning of Jesus, were finally to become his disciples, first drawn toward him by his words on that eventful day. . . . Many of those who witnessed the words and deeds of Jesus in the temple, from that time enshrined him in their hearts as a prophet of God."—"Desire of Ages," page 594.

#### To the "Crying-Stone"!

In the yard of Jacob Abbott's country home, a favorite playground for his grandchildren and their friends, stood a square stone with the inscription: "If any child gets cross and sulky and cries, he can go and sit on the 'crying-stone' just as long as he wants to and cry it out." So, as Dr. Lyman Abbott tells us, whenever a boy or girl did sulk, the rest of the children would cry out, "To the crying-stone, to the crying-stone." Seldom did any one care to take advantage of the place provided for a cry.—*Selected*.

#### Long Beach Convention

(Concluded from page fourteen)

about ten of the workers and friends from the Phenial mission, who, although not Sabbath-keepers, seemed to enjoy the day and its exercises.

The examination on the cardinal points of faith gave us an excellent opportunity to place our views before them in a simple but comprehensive manner. A collection of over ten dollars was taken to start the ship-mission work at San Pedro.

#### A Temperance Rally

When the call for a temperance rally was presented at Long Beach, the subject was taken up with enthusiasm, and no small thing was undertaken.

Those who have visited Long Beach know that the Auditorium located beside the great pier running out into the ocean is one of the largest assembly-rooms in Southern California. This the city gave us for the afternoon for our rally. Quite a satisfactory number gathered in the hall to hear the messages of the various speakers of the day,—Elders E. E. Andross, Luther Warren, W. M. Healey, H. K. Booth, Dr. Winegar Simpson, Mrs. W. W. Simpson; a representative of the W. C. T. U. also participated.

D. D. FITCH.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## My Need

HEALTH, hope, and working zeal,  
A life not over long;  
A faith to make its purpose real,  
A love to make it strong.

— Alice D. Bankhage.

## Temperance Zeal

ONE hundred thousand pairs of new shoes will be dedicated to, and worn out in, the cause of temperance in Chicago in the next three months if the suggestion of Rev. Elmer E. Williams, president of the Methodist Men's Brotherhood, made at a conference of the five hundred young people's church societies, is approved. "Each member of the five hundred young people's societies," he said, "should buy a pair of new shoes, dedicate them to the cause, and then wear them only in the work of distributing temperance pamphlets to every home in every precinct and ward in the city. When those thousands of shoes have been worn out, a great work will have been accomplished."

It would be a blessing if more people wore out their shoes, not only in temperance work, but also in all kinds of religious work. It would be effort and money well spent.—*The Expositor*.

## The Bill-Board Nuisance

THE Civic League of St. Louis has undertaken to solve the bill-board problem, if it is solvable. A pamphlet discusses the question from these viewpoints: What can be done by legislation? what by taxation? what by stirring up public opinion? It is proposed to send out very generally a full list of all those who make use of bill-boards, and to urge the public to ask them to refrain from such advertising. The league will then urge property owners not to rent their property for the erection of bill-boards, and will solicit the support of all social organizations in a general warfare; it also proposes to co-operate with the building commissioner in sharply suppressing those bill-boards that violate the city ordinances. After this it will undertake to secure the passage and enforcement of statutes taxing and regulating such boards. It appears that there are more than one and a third million square feet of bill-boards in the city of St. Louis, and that the income of the bill-posting companies comes to very nearly half a million a year. There are three companies, and each one of them pays

a ten-dollar license to the city, for the privilege of reaping these enormous profits, at the expense of the comfort of the citizens and the good looks of the city. We wish the league good luck, and complete success in suppressing the nuisance.—*The Independent*.

## The Reason Why We Say "Yours Sincerely"

WHEN the Roman jurymen returned their verdicts, they usually did so on a wax tablet. In cases, however, where the verdict was so overwhelmingly in favor of a person on trial for any offense, they were allowed to give their verdict "*Sine cera*"—that is to say, without wax, or without going to the formality of inscribing their verdict on the wax tablet (*cera*). So, when you subscribe yourself "Yours sincerely" to a person, you mean—when you are serious, of course—that your regard for him is unquestionable. "Yours faithfully" is the business style, "Yours truly" the indifferent, and "Yours, etc.," the most unpardonable of epistolary atrocities, according to the unwritten code.

An English cabinet minister, when writing to you in the official style, will subscribe himself "Your obedient, humble servant." A Frenchman will tell you that "he remains, with especial sentiments of the highest consideration," your Jules Le Mouton. A Chinaman will say: "Farewell, most favored of Heaven. May the gods preserve your honorable teeth."—*Selected*.

## He Knoweth

He knoweth all.  
Whate'er befall  
Of good or ill  
Doth but fulfil  
His sacred will.

He knoweth best.  
His high behest  
I would obey;  
Nor fear the way  
He leads each day.

MAY WAKEHAM.

## Don't Say "Like"

A LADY, writing recently to the editor of one of our publications, said: "I hope I am not assuming too much in writing to you concerning something in which you may think I have no right to interfere, but my excuse is that I have what might be termed a family pride in the denomination of Seventh-day Adventists. I am writing to you concerning two glaring mistakes made by many of our ministers and teachers. In fact, it seems as if nearly all who come from places west of New England make one of these mistakes. One of the mistakes is in using the word *like* as a conjunction in the place of *as*, for instance, 'Do like I do,' instead of, 'Do as I do.' The other, which like the first, has often found its way into print, is the improper use of the word *aggressive*. In the latest dictionaries the definition is given as making the first hostile attack. While it is true, that in its derivation from the Latin words *ad* and *gradi*, it means a first step, it is now obsolete in that meaning. I find that when writers outside of our denomination use that word, they imply hostility. In one edition of one of our conference papers the word *aggressive* was used by five different writers.

"I appeal to you, for I think you may devise some way to correct people."