

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

April 25, 1911

No. 17

Protection

Psalm 139:18

The little child in safety rests
Upon its mother's arm;
When guarded by its mother's eye,
It feels secure from harm.

When it awakes, 'tis still with one
Whose love is tender, strong;
Upheld, it lies in sweet content
While hushed and soothed with song.

So we may rest our hearts on God,
Sustained by his own power,
And know, though weak and helpless oft,
He keeps us every hour.

When we awake from our last sleep,
With him we still may be,
Protected, kept in tenderness,
Through all eternity.

Eliza H. Morton.



RUSSIA has had ten thousand suicides during the last five years.

"FIVE demerit marks will henceforth be the penalty at Yale for studying at the chapel exercises. Thus is the path to culture beset with another obstacle."

ON Arbor day, at Washington, D. C., the children of the public schools will plant sixty thousand catalpa trees. These are to be the gift of S. W. Woodward, one of the leading merchants of the city. The catalpa, or "Indian cigar" tree reaches maturity in a few years, and because of its rapid growth and durable wood, has been recommended by the United States Forest Service for general planting.

THE number of girls at Oberlin College wholly or partially self-supporting is eighty. Thirty-six others are using money earned by themselves before entering. Of those making their way through, forty teach school, seven are housemaids, eleven do office work, fourteen do plain housework, eleven tutor other students, one is a companion, one a music teacher, and one a curio saleswoman. Still others are engaged in the following work: Playground assistant, library assistant, post-office assistant, artist, rug-weaving, clerk, market-gardening, and seamstress.— *Selected.*

Pocket Is Used on Ironing-Board

A HOUSEKEEPER who is noted for her labor-saving devices attaches a big pocket to the ironing-board when ironing skirts and dresses which will drag upon the floor.

The pocket is made of unbleached muslin with a wide hem at each end, and is so long that when it is attached to the sides of the board it will nearly touch the floor.

A double piece of muslin is put on the corners of the hem to reenforce it, and these corners are pinned at the sides after the garment has been put on.

As it is ironed, the garment falls within this loose pocket, and is kept from contact with the floor.— *Selected.*

A Recent Volcanic Eruption

FROM Manila, in the Philippines, Elder L. V. Finster writes of a recent volcanic eruption that took place about fifty miles from them. He says: "We were awakened about half past two in the morning by the most terrific explosion I ever heard, though we were fifty miles from the place of eruption. On rising, we saw one of the most wonderful sights of our lives. Volumes of smoke were ascending nearly to the zenith, and in the smoke the electric display was most wonderful — a flashing of lightning in and out from top to bottom. With this lightning was the rumbling and quaking of the earth, and the roaring of thunder. We could but think of the time when the law was given amid the thunders of Sinai. The reports state that some seventeen hundred people lost their lives. No damage has been done in Manila, only the earthquake tremors during the week — about nine hundred — have kept us a little uneasy; but we are thankful for the Lord's watch-care and protection. We have not taken time to visit the scene of the disaster, as there are so many persons all about us

who are going down to Christless graves without the knowledge of the gospel."

Some Interesting Items

IN the early part of April a letter came to the editor from a young man in Brooklyn, New York, who says that he received last year's Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR, and was greatly benefited by it. He signed the pledge in it, and has not tasted liquor since that time, January, 1911.

He sent in an order for a yearly subscription to the INSTRUCTOR. This is the second letter that has been received at the office from persons dating their reformation from the reading of last year's Temperance number. We hope there are many more.

One lady wrote, when sending an order for the Temperance INSTRUCTOR:—

"My husband has been a cigarette smoker for over ten years, but your literature has opened his eyes, and he has almost conquered the habit."

Mrs. L. O. Corwin, of Texas, writes that Texas is especially interested in the campaign for this year, as there is to be in the summer a State election on the prohibition question. Mrs. Corwin found that the papers sold readily at the State Sunday-school convention.

The West Philadelphia (Pennsylvania) church has ordered twenty-one hundred copies; the young people's society of Takoma Park, D. C., has ordered five hundred seventy-five copies; Loma Linda, California, five thousand; and J. J. Reisinger, secretary of the North Dakota Conference, in a recent letter, said: "Our students here and a few of the workers, after a speech to the Missionary Volunteers, ordered eight thousand two hundred copies."

A church-school teacher at Sacramento, California, writes: "We received the one hundred copies of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR yesterday. The children have sold the entire lot already, and are begging for more. We have just placed an order through our tract society for one thousand. We plan to sell them in ten days, and order more. The proceeds are to be applied to a church-school library. All are happy and enthusiastic."

There is no doubt but what this year's special will have a much wider circulation than last year's number, though we went ten thousand beyond the mark set for last year.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 25, 1911

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That Touch

T. E. BOWEN

THE touch of Jesus brought life and healing as he mingled with men. "And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed." No man dared touch a leprous person; but the touch of Jesus meant life to the dying man. "And he touched her hand, and the fever left her: and she arose, and ministered unto them." This was Peter's mother-in-law.

"A woman, which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind him, and touched the hem of his garment: for she said within herself, If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole." That touch of faith made her a well woman that very hour. "And when the men of that place had knowledge of him, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto him all that were diseased; and besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment: and as many as touched were made perfectly whole." This touch was the touch of faith. Jesus was the connecting link between the throne of God and perishing humanity. He was constantly in touch with his Father. Consequently, the moment a needy human soul touched him with that special touch of faith, which Jesus was so quick to recognize, he was put into direct connection with the power and healing of Heaven itself. Never did it once fail to bring an abundant reward.

This is further shown by the fact that even after Jesus had returned to heaven, this connection between God and suffering humanity was still maintained as long as the disciples retained their connection through the Holy Spirit with Jesus and the Father. Without this invisible connection with Heaven, the mere putting forth of the hand to touch a helpless one would be of no value. This is the important point. Jesus spent much time communing with his Father apart from the jostling crowds, in the mountain, in the garden, coming into touch with Heaven. Then the human touch availed much. And this is the only way for the human touch to become effective.

The trolley-pole may be out of touch only the fraction of an inch, but the load of human freight remains motionless upon the track. The power is above as ever, but something is out of touch. A harmless little mouse was hunting about in some dark corner, and the light and power for a whole city was cut off. His body acted as a connection between two wires, turning aside the power into another place, where it was unavailable for the use of the city. It took long searching to find the difficulty. It was the wrong touch of only a little mouse. As representatives of Jesus, it is a very pertinent question we will do well often to put to ourselves, "Am I in touch with my Lord so as to communicate life and light to those about me in darkness? or am I intercepting in some manner the current designed for others' uplift?"

Some one has expressed in beautiful verse something of what it means to be "out of touch" with the Lord:—

"Only a smile, yes, only a smile,
That a woman o'erburdened with grief
Expected from you; 'twould have given her relief,
For her heart ached sore the while;
But weary and cheerless she went away
Because, as it happened, that very day
You were 'out of touch' with your Lord.

"Only a word, yes, only a word,
That the Spirit's small voice whispered, 'Speak;'
But the worker passed onward unblesed and weak,
Whom you meant to have stirred
To courage, devotion, and love anew,
Because, when the message came to you,
You were 'out of touch' with your Lord.

"Only a note, yes, only a note,
To a friend in a distant land;
The Spirit said, 'Write,' but then you had planned
Some different work, and you thought
It mattered little. You did not know
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe;
You were 'out of touch' with your Lord.

"Only a song, yes, only a song,
That the Spirit said, 'Sing to-night;
Thy voice is thy Master's by purchased right;'
But you thought, 'Mid this motley throng
I care not to sing of the city of gold;'
And the heart that your words might have reached
grew cold;
You were 'out of touch' with your Lord.

"Only a day, yes, only a day;
But, O, can you guess, my friend,
Where the influence reaches, and where it will end,
Of the hours that you frittered away?
The Master's command is, 'Abide in me;'
And fruitless and vain will your service be
If 'out of touch' with your Lord."

Prayer in Time of Need

"MORE hath been wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Such were the words included in a school-day lesson, but deep they burned. How much has been wrought remains for eternity to disclose; for God has promised to answer even the weakest petition given from a faithful heart. But we must pray if we would receive. We must keep childlike enough to let God lead; never must we imagine, when brightly shines the sun and nothing comes to mar the splendid aspect of our spiritual landscape, that we can live without him; for the child that drops the helping hand is sure to stumble. The heart that says, "I am strong," must need repentance.

It was rumored that a prayer-meeting was held on board the ship "Texas" after the battle of Santiago, in 1898. A newspaper man who doubted these statements met the captain one evening at dusk, and asked for information. The captain turned toward the reporter, hesitated, and then said: "Mr. Landis, there are some questions that we hesitate to answer, for they touch our hearts deeply. When I was a boy in New England my mother taught me to pray, and I can repeat to you to-day whole chapters that I learned from the Bible. Men say sailors are wicked.

Perhaps they are, but there was never a man so wicked that he forgot the teachings at his mother's knee when a child, or who failed to support himself with those recollections in crises. "Sir, it is true that when the battle ended and the smoke lifted from the face of the water and revealed the power of Spain crushed for the sake of humanity, and we were overwhelmed with the knowledge that the rain of the shot and shell had passed to the right and to the left and over and under the old 'Texas,' we did lift our voices in a prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty God whose victory it was; and I saw tears streaming down the faces of the old 'salts' in whose bosoms no man would suspect to find a heart. Mr. Landis, if your hat blows off and a man returns it to you, you thank him; if you fall on the street and some one aids you to regain your feet, you express gratitude. It was the arm of God that won our battle for us, and we lifted our voices in thanks."

Men listen to a testimony like that, and say that they would be glad to pray, but they do not know how. If we really believe and desire God's blessing, words will be given us by which to make our wants known.

An ignorant quarryman in the Mount Lebanon district of Syria, learning of Christ from a brother who visited him after a sojourn among Christians, determined to pray. This was his prayer: "O Lord Jesus, I'm poor Hanna Bede. I don't know much. I am a sinner. You said, 'Come unto me,' and so I came to you. Amen." Who can doubt that that prayer went straight to him to whom the words were spoken?

"O, who so fraught with earthly care
As not to give to humble prayer
Some part of day?"

"Mid each day's dangers, what retreat
More needful than the mercy-seat?
Who need not pray?"

"No time to pray!
Must care or business' urgent call
So press us as to take it all
Each passing day?"

"What thought more drear
Than that our God his face should hide,
And say through life's swelling tide,
'No time to hear!'"

EDNA E. FISHER.

Thoughts on the Life of Samson

(Concluded)

The Lesson Taught by the Philistines

THE Philistines were an idolatrous nation whose country bordered on that of the Israelites. A warlike nation, they sought every opportunity of oppressing the people of God, and when Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, he frequently allowed the Philistines to overcome them and hold them in bondage.

Not only were the Philistines permitted to be a scourge to the Israelites, but they themselves might have profited by the many evidences of divine power that they were permitted to behold, and have turned away from idols to serve the living God. As far back as the time of Abraham they had heard of the true God, but we find them at the time of their capture of Samson so far from acknowledging the hand of God in the matter as to make a feast to Dagon, and praise him for delivering their enemy into their hand.

Thousands of their lords and great men had come from all over the country to attend this feast, and

they all met at the temple of Dagon to celebrate their victory over Samson. Not only was it a time for offering sacrifices and worshiping the idol, but it was a time for amusement as well, so the crowd called for Samson to be brought in that he might amuse them. And he — blind and apparently helpless, in spite of the great strength that had returned with the growth of his hair — was made to perform such feats of strength as he could without the use of his eyes: while his enemies gloated over his blindness, his helplessness, his misery; and they praised Dagon as the one who had delivered this terrible enemy into their hands. Thus the conflict no longer lay between Samson and the Philistines, but between Jehovah and Dagon. In their praises to Dagon, the Philistines had declared that he was greater than the great God who had created all things, — he who had sent Samson against them, and had given him more than human strength with which to destroy them. They had dared to challenge the Almighty; and swiftly he answered the challenge with a mighty demonstration of his power.

Samson had departed from God, and, relying on his own strength, had been overcome by his enemies; but those days of utter darkness in the prison of Gaza had restored his spiritual eyesight and brought him back to God, a repentant child. Blind and apparently helpless, God then used him to do more injury to his enemies than he had done during his lifetime. Samson strong and self-confident had failed; but Samson blind and trusting in God, revealed that God's "strength is made perfect in weakness;" and in his death he triumphed over his enemies.

Samson was evidently well acquainted with the city of Gaza, for that was the city from which he had walked carrying its gates, posts, and bars away with him on his back. He was, no doubt, also acquainted with this temple of Dagon, and with the fact that the whole building rested on two massive pillars. How large the building was and how massive the pillars that would stand the strain of supporting such a structure, can best be imagined by remembering the number of people it contained when it fell.

Samson, having furnished material for the merriment of the crowd, and listened to their scoffs and jeers, suddenly became determined to show them one last feat of strength that would not please them quite so well. As if weary, he asked the lad who held him by the hand to let him rest against the two pillars which supported the temple roof, and, having found them, with a prayer to God for one last evidence of his mighty power, he pulled the house down, killing all who were in it. "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

Thus perished they who turned from the living God to praise their idols of wood and stone; and so, at last, will all perish who turn from God to worship idols of whatsoever kind they may be. "Wherefore, my dearly beloved, flee from idolatry."

W. C. HANKINS.

Lines to a Bee

DESPOILER of no heart,
And free from care and lorn,
A homily thou art
To all the nations born.
What alchemy in thee
Do wondering men behold
When floral fields they see
Transmuted into gold?

— W. C. Carter, in *Watson's Magazine*.



The Baby on the Rubbish Heap

A MISSIONARY from China tells of a call which came to her from a home of poverty when it seemed almost impossible to leave her important duties in the hospital. She was asked to go and try to save the life of a little Chinese girl who had been thrown out on the rubbish heap to die. The missionary went, and took the babe to the hospital. The child grew and became a Christian. Now she is a woman eighty-three years old, and one hundred of her descendants are Christians, many of them doing missionary work.—*Selected.*

The Watering-Trough Sermon

ONE day when James Brainerd Taylor, then a young man, was out driving, he stopped at a watering-trough. Another young man was watering at the same trough. Taylor said: "I hope you love the Lord. If not, I want to commend him to you as your best friend." The strangers went their way. The young man was converted, entered the ministry, and went to Africa as a missionary. Many times did he wish that he knew who the man was that spoke to him at the watering-trough, but he never did until some one sent to him in Africa a box of books. Opening one of the books at the title-page, he saw a portrait, and exclaimed: "O, that is the man! That is the man who preached to me at the watering-trough." It was the portrait of Brainerd Taylor.—*"The Battles of Heaven."*

A Letter to Jeremiah Doleful, Esq.

DEAR FRIEND DOLEFUL: I saw a sign in a haberdasher's window the other day that reminded me of you. It read thus in big black letters:—

"Mourning a Specialty"

I suppose this sign referred to mourning-garments, but I have often thought that mourning was your specialty, too. You always seem to be walking through a vale of tears.

You mourn for what you have received of evil and what you have not received of good. You forget your blessings, so intent are you on remembering and recounting the ills of life.

I admit that *you* may get a certain sad satisfaction from prognosticating disasters, but did you ever think how hard these dismal forebodings are on your family and acquaintances?

Why should every fair day be a "weather-breeder"? Why should every happy hour be clouded with the thought of coming sorrow?

No great man ever made a specialty of mourning. Your noble namesake, the prophet Jeremiah, you may say was an exception to this rule; but he has been greatly maligned in this matter.

He chided the nation for its sins, to be sure, but he never distrusted God, nor believed that evil would be triumphant in the end.

As for most Scripture writers, they made a specialty of joy, and not of mourning, as, for instance, did St. Paul, one of whose key-notes was, "Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice."

As I saw that sign in the store window, I said to myself, "What a difference one letter would make!" Leave out the *u*, and it would read, "Morning a specialty." Morning, with its sunrise and freshness; morning, that makes a new world every twenty-four hours; morning, that sends the toiler to his work with new vigor and fresh courage.

Yes, make the idea of the morning and all that it stands for in human life a specialty, and believe me, dear Jeremiah, you will live longer and die happier.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

The Blind Man's Faith

I WAS passing along Clark Street, in Chicago, lately, soon after a violent shower which had filled the gutters with water. At one of the crossings, I saw a blind man coming. He was alone, and was feeling his way along with a cane. As he descended from the sidewalk, to cross the street, he was surprised to find that he had stepped into water. His cane, which he had carefully put out before him, had gone down to the hard bottom, but had not reported the yielding fluid above it. When he found his feet getting wet, he started back and stood on the walk, in doubt what to do. With good eyes he could have seen that the stream was narrow and easily stepped over. But totally blind as he was, he could not tell what might be its width or depth?

As he stood there hesitating, I came up, took his arm, and said, "Friend, a good long step will carry you over." Instantly, without a question, or a doubt, or a second of delay, he took the long step, and went on his way.

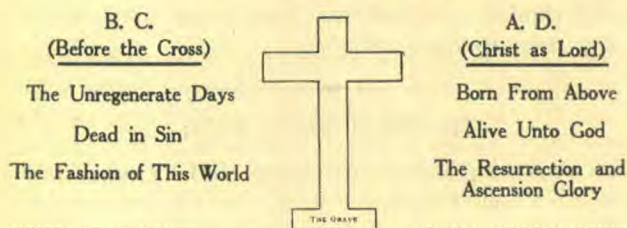
And as I went on my way I mused: That man was a total stranger to me. I had never seen him before, nor had he ever, that I know of, heard my voice. Whence came his implicit faith in my word? He might easily have questioned my knowledge, my eyesight, or my good will. At least it would have been natural for him to wait a little to gather courage. Why that instant, unhesitating compliance with the advice given? Probably, if he had been asked why, he could have given no better reason than a general confidence that no one would deceive a poor blind man. Perhaps he would have added that blind men judge men by their voices, as others do by their countenances, and that something in the tones of my voice assured him.

Yet how slight his reasons for obeying my voice compared with mine for heeding the voice of my Saviour. I am blind; I can not see the future. Often I find my feet in the waters. My own sagacity can not discover how deep they are or how wide. But the voice of my Saviour bids me go forward. That is not a strange voice; I have heard it often. Never has it deceived me. Never can he mislead the poor blind soul. Every attribute of his character and every fact of his life forbids the thought. All my own experience when I have trusted him proves his faithfulness. Why should I ever doubt for one instant to go forward at his bidding? Ah, that implicit trust of the poor blind man in my word, shames me for my unbelief in my best Friend!

H. L. H.

The Cross as a Touchstone

OFTEN I am asked whether this or the other worldly practise or amusement is consistent with a Christian profession. I dislike to give a direct answer, because the individual conscience should be educated, in dealing with such matters, to discern between good and evil. In a great city where worldliness was rife, and my questioners many, I finally hit on the expedient of drawing the figure of the cross, with B. C. on the left, to indicate the unregenerate years of life before the cross loomed in view, and with A. D. on the right, to indicate the life of consecration to the Lord Jesus into which his servants professed to have come. I then challenged them to write under A. D. the words, Fancy Dress Ball, Bridge-playing, Games of Chance



for Money, etc. The incongruity of such like questionable things with the resurrection and consecrated life was a sufficient answer to my inquiring friends.

On the dotted line, write the particular matter about which you are in doubt and see how it looks. In a moment you can tell to which side it belongs. Of course, I suppose that through union with Christ you have passed through his grave to A. D.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer, in Record of Christian Work.*

Joking

MUCH time is wasted in foolish joking! Men who work together spend their time in cheap twitting and joshing. Women who come together to visit or work are also guilty of the same practise. Young men and young women, boys and girls, we are given to this form of wasting time. It is not to be denied that the play spirit clings to us all our lives, at least, to most of us, but is it necessary that we give full license to foolishness? Can we not be with others even for a little while and be sensible?

Two good Christian men of my acquaintance work together day after day. Their first greeting in the morning is some foolish remark, oftentimes verging on the vulgar, always light and trifling. All day long I hear them repeating the same distasteful, shallow words; and at night their parting thoughts are still expressed in cheap, silly form. If one of them were called by death, I wonder what real Christian comfort his friend could derive from the memory of their association.

How do we remember Benjamin Franklin? — Not usually as Benjamin, but as Ben. While we know he was a philosopher of no mean order, we are likely to think of his jokes first; and, candidly, that is not the highest order of excellence to be remembered by, is it? History states that Mr. Franklin was a member of the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, but it does not tell us why he, one of the ablest men on the committee, did not actually do the work. From some source the reason comes down to us. His fellow committeemen feared that his constant habit of making jokes would crop out in even a solemn state paper. So, while they recognized his

ability, they dared not put into his hands the task which of all the truly great achievements of his life would have made him most famous. And the task was given to Jefferson, the "Sage of Monticello."

Which shall we imitate, the sage or the joker? Shall we cheapen our lives with cheap talk, or shall we live above such things? Let us take Paul for our counselor: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Again, "Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ." MAX HILL.

The Morning Watch Illustrations

I REMEMBER when the Master Street Hospital in Philadelphia was opened, during the war, a telegram came saying, "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night; be ready to look after them," and from my church went thirty men and women to look after the wounded. No one asked whence they came; there was a wounded man, and the only question was how to treat him the most gently. And when a soul comes to God, he does not ask where he came from. Healing is there for all his wounds, pardon for all his guilt.—*Dr. Talmage.*

Our subject this week is one that touches every natural heart. How liable we are to judge others! It seems so easy to criticize; but faultfinding is as dangerous as it is easy. Anybody can criticize, grumble, and find fault, as did the Pharisees; but it takes a great soul to go on working faithfully and lovingly and rise superior to all, as Jesus did.

It requires more than human power to steer free from judging. This man's experience may help us: "He knew little about electricity, but he had his house wired and a battery installed for the ringing of various bells. He thought that if a battery could ring a bell, it could make a light, and so he proceeded to run the wires up into his study. Then he adjusted a globe in the fashion of an electric light, turned on the current, and was greatly disappointed to find that he got no light. About that time an electrician came in, and, seeing his predicament, said, 'What is the matter?' 'I don't know. I have a battery here that has been ringing all the bells for a long time, and it has never failed me. So I thought it would light my study. I tried and failed.' The electrician looked at him, and said, 'Don't you know that it takes more power to make a light than it does to make a noise?' Let us remember, 'Ye are the light of the world.'"

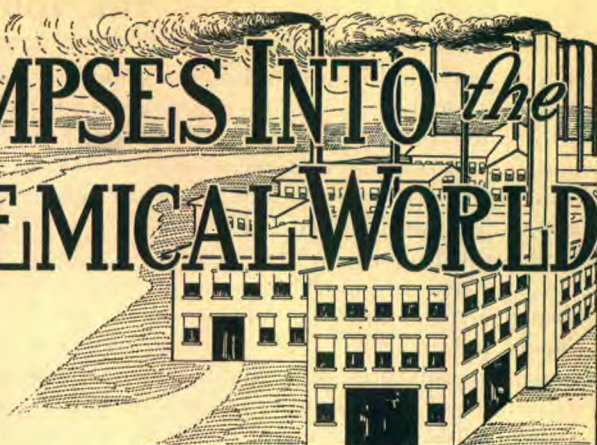
Draw a Line Through Them

"THERE are four short phrases—'It will never show;' 'Everybody does it;' 'I guess that will do;' and, 'I've done my share and I'm not going to do any more'—which, I feel sure, if you will draw a line through and not let yourself use them or think them, you will be finer, stronger, more worth while, and a greater success in whatever you do."

"If suspicion comes to you
That your neighbor isn't true,
Let me tell you what to do—
File the thing away."



GLIMPSES INTO *the* CHEMICAL WORLD



Silicon—No. 15

One of the Most Widely Distributed Minerals

YOU are familiar with silicon whether you are conscious of the fact or not. If you will examine sand closely, you will find each separate grain to be hard and glassy like. These sand grains are nearly pure silicon. The white pebble you just tossed across the street is a piece of milky quartz, another example of almost pure silicon. To make sure of its identity, see if it will not scratch glass; then see if it does not refuse to be scratched by a steel knife. If there is a little sulphuric or nitric acid in the house, put a drop upon the pebble. If it is unaffected by the acid, you may be very sure the pebble is milky quartz or silicon dioxide. That beautiful agate paper-weight you so much admire is another variety of silicon; also that large six-sided transparent glassy crystal you saw at the museum.

The hard, shiny skin of rattan is due to the presence of silicon. The value of the plant called horsetail as a polishing or scouring agent depends upon the large quantity of silicon in it. Silicon is the chief constituent of the shells of the interesting diatoms, the one-celled water-plants so abundant in our fresh-water streams. Silicon also occurs in the outer covering of the stalks and the husks of grain. It is what gives the stiffness and shiny surface to corn-stalks, sugar-cane, etc. The hair, horns, feathers, nails, and skin of animals contain small quantities of silicon. It is an essential constituent of gneiss, serpentine, and granite. In the coarser granite one can readily see the pieces of quartz or silicon. The other essential constituent of granite is feldspar, a double silicate of aluminum or potassium. Glass and porcelain are artificial products; but their chief constituent is silicon. Silicon does not occur free but in combination. It is, after oxygen, the most abundant and widely diffused of all the chemical elements. As carbon is the characteristic constituent of animal and vegetable matter, so silicon is the characteristic element of mineral matters, making up more than one fourth of the rock masses of the earth. All soils contain it to a greater or less extent. It occurs in combination with oxygen as silica, and in combination with oxygen and various metallic elements as silicates of those elements.

Rock crystal, amethyst, opal, jasper, rose quartz, chalcedony, flint, topaz, chrysoprase, moss and banded agate, are all varieties of silicon dioxide. Pure quartz, or rock crystal, is perfectly colorless and transparent, and owing to this "it was supposed," says Bradbury, "until the end of the sixteenth century to be water which had been subjected to so intense cold and so completely frozen that it was impossible to melt it."

Amethyst is quartz colored purple by compounds of manganese; opal too is quartz, containing small quantities of iron and aluminum oxides, and usually some water; jasper is quartz colored with iron; topaz, usually a bright yellow, contains besides quartz, aluminum and fluorine.

Mica, the transparent mineral so much used in stove doors, has much silicon in it. It is a complex silicate of aluminum, iron, and potassium. Asbestos also contains silicon, being a magnesium silicate ($MgSiO_3$); so do slate and shale.

Limestone is the only rock or mineral compound of importance that does not contain silicon.

Pure quartz, or silicon dioxide, is a very durable mineral. It is unaffected by the agencies which dissolve most other minerals or cause them to crumble and form soil. "Thus when a rock containing it is destroyed, the quartz remains. In this way it comes about that the sand of sea and river beaches consists very largely of quartz. When such sand becomes cemented to a rock, the result is what is called sandstone. Owing to the hardness of quartz, fine-grained sandstones make excellent whetstones."



A SILICIOUS-STEMMED SCOURING-RUSH, OR HORSETAIL

The utility of silicon is already apparent. We use its compounds as building stones; for gems; ornamental work; for making glass, porcelain, crockery, cement, mortar, bricks, and plaster; for spectacle lenses, furniture, chinaware, and for sandpaper, which is made by gluing powdered glass on to paper.

Glass-Making

"Few manufactured articles are more important than glass. Without it the sciences of physics, chemistry, and all those that employ the microscope or telescope, would make but small progress. Many millions of bottles are made every year, and the uses of glass are almost numberless. In the ateliers of Rome the artists in stained glass in making their mosaics distinguish no less than twenty-six thousand different shades of color. The perfection and delicacy in glass-working is nowhere better shown than in the Blashka glass flowers at Harvard University.

"Glass seems to have been made in Egypt as early

as 2000 B. C., and in very much the same way as we make it, though it was not then clear and transparent, but opaque and variously colored. From Egypt the manufacture spread to Greece and to Rome. The Venetian colored glass of the sixteenth century was famous the world over. There were stained-glass windows in Limoges in 979."

A silicate, we must remember, is a compound formed by the union of one or more metals with silicon and oxygen. "The various glasses of commerce are mixtures of a highly silicious silicate of sodium, or of potassium, or of both these substances, with silicates of other metals, such as calcium, aluminum, and lead. The silicates of the alkali metals are non-crystalline; when not too highly silicious, they are soluble in water, while the silicates of most of the other metals are insoluble, and have a tendency to assume the crystalline form. It has been found that by combining the alkaline silicates with the silicates of certain other metals, as calcium, there may be obtained compound glasses, which, while they retain the amorphous character of the alkaline silicates, are capable of resisting the action, not only of air and water, but even of acids and alkalis, to a very great extent. Thus, ordinary window-glass is composed of silicates of sodium and calcium; Bohemian glass suitable for ignition tubes, consists of silicates of potassium and calcium, and melts only at a very high temperature; flint glass contains silicates of potassium and lead; bottle glass is a mixture of silicates of calcium, aluminum, iron, and sodium. The silicates of some of the metals are colored. The green color of bottle glass is due to the presence of an iron silicate; cobalt silicate gives a beautiful blue, manganese silicate a violet, and uranium silicate a yellow color to the glass."

The Annealing of Glass

The glass is annealed by being cooled very gradually for days, thus allowing the molecules to adjust themselves to stable positions. When cooled quickly, glass is very brittle. Lamp chimneys that break readily from sudden changes of temperature were not properly annealed. Glass vessels are made for use in chemical work that may be heated strongly and plunged into cold water immediately without danger of breaking. Prince Rupert's drops exhibit the opposite characteristic. These physical curiosities "are obtained by allowing drops of molten glass to fall into cold water, where they solidify in a tadpole-like shape. If the tip of the tail of one of these drops is nipped off with the fingers, the whole thing breaks up into dust with

a loud explosion. The solid drop is in a state of intense strain due to the sudden cooling; the outside and the inside having cooled at different rates, the particles of the glass are in a state of unstable equilibrium, and the slightest jar upsets the whole structure."

"If glass, however, is cooled too slowly, so that there is time for crystallization to take place, the solid solution is transformed into a mass of small crystals of sodium silicate and of calcium silicate; it becomes white and opaque, and the glass is spoiled. This interesting change is called devitrification, and it takes place even in solid cold glass, though very much more slowly, so that very old glass frequently



becomes dull white and semi-opaque." Much of the plain glassware used at present is molded just as any casting would be in an iron foundry. Window-glass is first blown into a long cylinder; while still hot this is cut open and flattened by means of heavy rollers. Plate glass for large windows and heavy mirrors is cast. The molten glass is poured upon a table of the desired size, allowed to cool, and the surface afterward ground and polished.

"A company of glass-makers in France has been experimenting in the manufacture of a window-glass which shall be transparent and yet strong enough to prevent breakage by vandals.

"The latest result of these experiments is a window-glass varying in thickness, according as the need may be, from a quarter of an inch to half an inch, and having embedded in it a very light wire running in parallel, transverse lines about one inch apart. These

lines of wire constitute, in effect, one continuous line starting from an upper corner of the pane and running from left to right and right to left across the window without a break. The wire is connected with a battery, and carries always a light charge of electricity. It is connected at one of the lower corners with a magnet. If the window is broken, and the wire with the glass, the electric current is broken, the magnet is released, and by that action an alarm bell is set ringing. This bell may be placed anywhere within the house to rouse the occupants, or high up on the outer wall to summon the police or frighten the burglar away."

Porcelain and Pottery

Perhaps pottery would be more properly treated in connection with the study of aluminum, as the ceramic art depends upon clay as a basis; and all clays are largely aluminum. But the clays also contain silicon, a necessary ingredient for porcelain.

"Genuine porcelain and chinaware are manufactured from a fine white clay called kaolin, resulting from the disintegration of feldspathic rocks and silica. After being fashioned, the porcelain is fired, then glazed and refired. One mode of glazing consists in dipping the object into a powder of feldspar and silica suspended in vinegar, and then fusing. Jugs, drain-pipes, and coarse earthenware are glazed by volatilizing common salt in an oven which holds the porous material. The glaze goes into the pores of the ware, with which it partially combines to form sodium and aluminum silicates. If on being heated the ware and glaze expand uniformly, the glaze does not crack. Flower-pots and other porous pottery are clay that has been molded and baked, but not glazed. Bricks are baked clay. The green color of ordinary clay is due to iron salts in the ferrous state; the red of bricks shows that baking has oxidized ferrous to ferric iron. Some clay, having no iron, is white. Such is mainly kaolin, and is infusible, being on this account used for fire-bricks, clay pipes, etc. The more silica a clay contains, the more infusible it is; and the more iron, the more fusible it is."

"Vitreous enamel ware is usually a species of glass fused or burned on to a metal. Ordinarily the metal is cast- or sheet-iron or steel, which is stamped into the desired shape, then dipped in the enamel bath, and the utensil baked, just as porcelain or china is baked. Enamel ware does not differ greatly from the glazed earthenware dishes the housewife uses without question of chipping."

Making Mirrors

To the French, among whom the manufacture of glass has attained great proficiency, we are indebted for the discovery of a new and better way of making mirrors, called founding. The glowing pots of melted glass are raised from the furnaces by machinery and pass along a beam where immense iron tables are waiting to receive their liquid contents. As the pot is tilted and the beautiful, brilliant fluid is poured upon a table, a great roller is immediately passed over it, a watchful workman skilfully removes the imperfections, and the sheet of glass is moved by means of long shovels into the annealing oven, the open mouth of which adjoins the table. There it remains for three days. It is then taken to other workrooms to be polished, finished, and silvered.

There are two methods of silvering, one of which

is not only very expensive but dangerous to the health of the workman. A sheet of tin-foil is spread on an inclined table and mercury poured upon it. The glass is then pushed forward so skilfully as to remove all surplus mercury, and the remainder spreads out and adheres to the glass in a few minutes. It then has to dry for seven or eight days under heavy weights, until the tin-foil becomes fixed. This method will doubtless be superseded in time by one which is not only simpler and cheaper, but free from danger. This also is a French invention, and consists of coating the glass with a mixture of ammonia, nitrate of silver, and tartaric acid. Two liquids which look like water are poured upon the glass, and in a few moments a sheet of silver spreads uniformly over it.—*Selected.*

Exercises to Facilitate Rapid Thinking With Fun

THE one who begins the drill chooses any word that she wishes; for instance, say Mabel. She does not tell the other players what word she has chosen, but says, "I'm thinking of a word that rhymes with table." The others then begin to guess the word. As they think of words that rhyme with table, they do not mention the word itself, but give a definition of the word they have in mind. For instance, one says, "Is it the man who was killed by his brother?" Then the leader, on her part, must guess the word that is meant. She says, "No, it is not Abel." Another says, "Is it a beautiful kind of fur?" And the leader says, "No, it is not sable." And so on until some one guesses the word originally chosen by the leader. If the leader fails to guess the word meant by any player, and gives up, she must then tell her word, and the one who caught her starts another rhyming. This is particularly interesting, because it keeps the leader guessing as well as the other players.

Progressive spelling, a drill described in a recent magazine, is another excellent exercise. Arrange your spellers in a row, and let the first begin with the first letter of a word, which we will suppose to be f. The next person, thinking possibly of the word friend, may add r; and the third, thinking of frisky, adds i; g, says the next, thinking of frigate; h, adds the fifth, thinking of fright; t is supplied by the sixth, who starts to go to the foot, when the one below continues the word by adding f. The next in order, of course, can but add the u-l, and go to the foot as having finished a word. Proper names, contractions, and slang are ruled out. If a word is not considered rightly spelled, or if it is one not in use, any person may challenge the one who added the last letter. If the person challenged has made a mistake and the word is not found in the dictionary, he goes to the foot, and the challenger takes his place. Any one who occupies more than half a minute in thinking goes to the foot, as also does the one who finishes a word. The struggle, of course, is to keep from finishing it. This is a very bright and instructive amusement, and one that will bear repetition by the same company.—*Selected.*

SOME people seem to rake up all the sorrows of the past; to them they add the burdens of the present; then they look ahead and anticipate a great many more trials than they will ever experience in the future.—*D. L. Moody.*



“Wicked Not to Stop When You Can”

A LITTLE child shall lead them,” is a brief entry in an old diary under date of Oct. 20, 1865.

On the bright afternoon thereof, as Judge Morton reached the gate opening to the grounds surrounding his residence, he observed a little girl on crutches approaching with labored effort. His fatherly heart was touched; he thought of his own little daughter, and the pain it would give him to see her thus crippled. Leaning upon the gate, he waited until the child came near.

Her dark eyes were thoughtful, even sad in expression, and her young face wore the refining touch which suffering gives when borne with sweet resignation. She caught his look of kindly interest, and pausing instinctively, said, as a delicate pink flushed her cheek, “My name is Kate.”

The judge replied pleasantly, “Well, you look weary, little Kate; come in and rest;” and opening the gate, he pointed to a seat in the shadow of a tree.

With a grateful smile she entered into what her fancy deemed a fairy-land, and taking the proffered seat, laid her crutches upon the ground beside her. The assurance which the judge gave that she could rest there just as long as she chose, and listen to the birds and the silvery music of the fountain, and look at the trout in the miniature lake, and gather a bouquet, was to this child of poverty the promise of unutterable delight.

He was about to leave her alone to the enjoyment of the hour, when, turning, he said tenderly, “My dear little one, may I ask what made you lame?”

A look of pain instantly spread over the child’s face, and her lips trembled. He fain would have recalled the inquiry; for he saw that he had opened afresh some secret sorrow.

“If you will come nearer I will tell you,” she replied, in a low tone, and with manifest hesitation. “I can not tell it loud; I don’t like to tell it to any one, because it seems so like talking against papa; but you have been so kind.”

Judge Morton sat down by her side reverently. He felt the royalty in even a child’s sorrow, and sat in its presence with uncovered head. Her voice

dropped almost to a whisper, as she said tremulously: “It happened only a year ago; I was only nine years old, and, O! I did not know that papa ever drank; I was always in bed when he came home from the club-room. But this night mama was sick, and she asked me to keep very still; and so I went into the back parlor, and drew my little chair close up to the fire, and, putting my feet upon the fender, sat imagining pretty things of the bright coal in the grate, fancying I could see heaven with its streets of gold and shining spires.

“Nurse had company and forgot to come for me, and I never thought it was so late. But suddenly papa opened the door, staggered toward me with such a dreadful look on his face, and spoke so sternly, ‘Kate, why are you not in bed?’ I was so frightened I could not speak. Then he said, with such a wicked look in his eyes, ‘Go instantly!’ But I could not go; it seemed as if I were dead all over; I could not move. Then he screamed more loudly, ‘Go, I tell you, go!’ And the next moment he struck my legs with his heavy cane, and broke them both.”

Here the child’s emotions overcame her, and she wept. Soon nerving herself for the task, she continued: “I can not tell you about those

weeks when I lay fastened down to my bed; yet I did not mind the pain, I was so sorry for dear papa. Poor, dear papa, how he begged me to forgive him! Then he tried to stop drinking. But he said he couldn’t be without it, and wished he could die. He said there couldn’t be any worse punishment for him in another world than to stay here and see me walking all my life on crutches. And one morning we found him dead in his bed. Poor papa!” she moaned, “poor papa! he couldn’t stop drinking. Mama says he couldn’t; for he loved us so that he would have stopped if he could. But,” she added, with a sigh, “I think it is very wicked not to stop when you can, before it gets too hard.

“Poor papa! I don’t know where he has gone; God doesn’t let drunkards into heaven.” A shiver shook her slender frame at the thought of associating this fearful appellation with one so dear; and the pain that came to her heart is known only by those



ONE OF OUR MEXICAN FRIENDS

whose beloved have passed into eternity, leaving no assurance of hope beyond.

"I don't know! I don't know!" she exclaimed, "but maybe he was forgiven." And she added, "Mama says he was a Christian once, and used to sing me to sleep, when I was a wee thing, with the softest, sweetest hymns about Jesus in the manger."

But again the plaintive words came to her lips like a low wailing. "I don't know! I don't know!" She looked up pleadingly into the face of the stranger, as if his wisdom might give her some hope for the future of her father.

Judge Morton's eyes were full of tears. He tried to speak, but could not. He thought of his own little daughter; could it be possible a child of his would ever mourn thus for him? His heart was too deeply touched to endure another glance into the inner life of this little sufferer, yet eager to give aid or comfort, he asked, "Who takes care of you and your mama now?"

"We have no one to love us or care for us now but God. Mama sews, but sometimes she can't get work, and then we just pray," was the reply.

After ascertaining the mother's name and their place of residence, the judge entered his home, going directly to his private room. He did not want to meet even the eye of his fond wife, or hear the voice of his lovely child; for God's eyes were looking into his soul, and God's voice was speaking to him through little Kate's. He would be alone — alone with God. He was to meet that evening with a dozen gentlemen of wealth and culture, who came together weekly for social and literary entertainment. And while the dignity of character sustained by each member lifted them above the suspicion of intemperance, wines and choice liquors always enlivened their gatherings. He was expected to give that evening some incidents of his last winter in Italy, and was depending largely upon the exhilarating influence of wine for the flow of words, sparkling wit, and various improvings which he should weave into his pleasing narrative. But little Kate's words echoed through every avenue of his soul; he could not shut them out: "I think it is very wicked not to stop when you can."

The key of conviction had unlocked his heart; the Holy Spirit, who brings all things to our remembrance, let in through the open door group after group of sacred by-gones. The purity of his boyhood, his mother's counsels, the pledge of temperance he had given her, her dying prayers for him, the vows at the altar of baptism — all rose up as witnesses against him. One fact stood out distinctly which he had never before met face to face in honest recognition — his own appetite. He could not ignore it, there it stood.

The sun went down, the twilight deepened, and still Judge Morton paced to and fro in the shadow of his room. The wife listened anxiously, thinking her husband troubled by official duty, dreaming not that he was pleading his own case before a higher Judge. But there came no rest from condemnation until the Spirit whispered, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Falling upon his knees, he committed his case to the one Intercessor, and there came to his heart great peace and holy joy.

He arose, and hastened to the place of meeting, where he found his friends waiting. But there was a look on his face which restrained all pleasant chidings for delay, and even words of salutation.

Stepping to the center of the group, he announced that instead of entertaining them with the pleasures of a winter in Italy, he would give them the sermon of a little girl just as he had received it. Then, in words of tender pathos, he related to them the incident of the afternoon, and revealed to them the inner workings of his heart as touched by its ministry. He expressed his firm resolve never again to touch that which had power to change loving fathers into murderous demons. He wished to give his pledge in the form of a solemn oath, and called upon any present who would join with him, to arise. Every man was instantly upon his feet, and every arm was uplifted. As the strong words of the oath closed with the soul-felt, "So help me, God," each head bowed reverently, and closed eyes flowed with tears.

They sat down, after a few moments of profound silence. One of them suggested that the money they had been accustomed to spend at their meetings for stimulating drink should hereafter be applied weekly to the support of little Kate and her mother. This met with warm approval, and was followed by action still more generous. Each one pledged to place in the hands of Judge Morton the sum of one hundred dollars, or more if needed, to purchase a home for the mother and the child.

Little Kate proved worthy of all the kindness of her benefactors, and through their generosity attained rare mental culture. She now gives to her beautiful thoughts the wings of poesy, and her life is mostly bright and happy. Yet her soul has its midnight hours, when over its dark, still waters, floats back the old wail: "I don't know! I don't know!" But some stars irradiate her darkest hours. She thinks of the fathers led by her story of grief into the path of safety, and of the many children who, from the blow that fell upon her, have been sheltered in loving security. Warmer, deeper than any other emotion is the overflowing gratitude to the infinite Father, who in his fathomless love for souls, makes even the wrath of man to praise him.— *Mrs. E. A. B. Mitchell.*

Does It Pay to Wrestle?

I HAVE recently become very much attached to a dear old man who frequently entertains me by relating interesting incidents from the many happenings of his life. He was graduated as dentist, physician, and clergyman. He has taught in a medical school, traveled in the Holy Land, spent years in the mission fields of India, Africa, and the South Sea islands. He speaks thirteen languages, and has written many books on various subjects. He has held many public discussions, Robert Ingersoll numbering among his opponents. He entered Fiji soon after the natives had eaten his predecessor Rogers. Do you wonder that I enjoy being entertained by such a man?

But the lesson I wish to pass on to the INSTRUCTOR boys is from one of his early experiences. Of Jewish descent, and living in the cold climate of Canada, he was strong and hearty, and enjoyed nothing better than to get in a scuffle and throw the other boy. He was a champion at the sport, but engaged in it once too often, and his heart was injured so that for sixty-six years he has suffered from sleepless nights and many other inconveniences which arise from valvular insufficiency. Does it pay to wrestle?

D. D. FITCH.

Bible Work

A COMMON and erroneous opinion about Bible work is that it is a work that belongs solely to the paid conference laborers, and not to every church-member whenever opportunity offers itself. One frequently hears church-members express themselves on this wise: "We have individuals living in our neighborhood who are interested in the present truth. O, if the conference could only send a worker to give them Bible readings."

There is no more interesting and soul-inspiring work in which our young people could engage than the Bible work. If they would quietly live out the truth in their own homes, proving by a godly life that they have said farewell to the world, with its display of dress and finery, and would go to those older in the faith than themselves for some instruction, then there would not be a work they could engage in that would be of greater benefit to themselves than Bible work.

The apostle John speaks to our young people when he says: "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one. Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

What can be more comforting to the aged, and to those who are sick both in body and in mind, than that a young man or young woman should come into their homes and sing to them some of our beautiful hymns, open the Bible and explain the Scriptures, and then kneel down and pray? This is a work that would bring angels of God into that home, and a work that will not fail to meet its reward both in this life and in that which is to come.

"The plan of holding Bible readings," says "Gospel Workers," "was a heaven-born idea. There are many, both men and women, who can engage in this branch of missionary labor. Workers may thus be developed who will become mighty men of God. By this means the Word of God has been brought to thousands; and the workers will be brought into personal contact with people of all nations and tongues. The Bible is brought into families, and its sacred truths come home to the conscience. Men are entreated to read, examine, and judge for themselves, and they must abide the responsibility of receiving or rejecting the divine enlightenment. God will not permit this precious work for him to go unrewarded. He will crown with success every humble effort made in his name." D. C. THEUNISSEN.

The Free Gift, Have You Taken It?

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22: 17.

A LADY who had been for months very anxious about her soul, met her minister one afternoon. He asked her if she had got the great question settled, and knew that her sins were forgiven. "Not yet," she replied; "I have been reading my Bible and praying a good deal, but I can not find any comfort." The minister said how sorry he was, and tried to explain again to her how salvation was a free gift, being offered by God; that all she had to do was to take this gift and be thankful. But the lady shook her head, and said she could not understand it.

When it was five o'clock, the lady asked her minister to come in to tea with her, which he did hoping

to have further conversation upon the way of life. The servant was dismissed, the blessing of God was asked on the meal, and the lady, pouring out a cup of tea, handed it to the minister. Instead of taking it, he said:—

"Will you please give me a cup of tea?"

"Will you take this?" said the lady, still holding out the cup.

"I wish you would give me a cup of tea," he replied.

"I have poured this out on purpose for you," answered the lady.

"O, do, I beseech you, give me a cup of tea!" said the minister, falling down on his knees.

The lady was quite startled by her minister's strange conduct, and rose from her chair, fearing that his mind was giving way. I think she would have rung the bell for the servant, had he not reassured her by saying: "It is all right. I am only trying to teach you a lesson. You thought it very strange because I did not take the cup of tea, but kept on asking for it, and that is just how you have been treating God all this time. You have been begging and entreating him to give you pardon and salvation, when all the time he has been holding out to you in his Word the gift of eternal life, saying, 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'"

The Spirit of God applied this truth to the lady's soul, and she at once received Jesus, kneeling down and thanking God for this great salvation.

O, that every reader of this incident would cry out with the psalmist, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." Ps. 116: 13.

The Lord Jesus says, "Verily, verily [or truly, truly] I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." John 6: 47.

JOSEPH SPIERS.

A Work for the Young People

ONE sign of youth is abundance of life. Young people are always looking for some basis of operation, some avenue through which to exert their energy. This overflowing energy is one of the best evidences that they have health and vigor. This is equally true of a society of young people. I have often been asked, What shall we do? Our young people's societies want something definite to work for, and it has been a pleasure to me frequently to point them to work near at hand.

Living not far from many of you is a class of people, about four millions in number, to whom the principles of present truth have not yet been given. These people live in the mountain sections of our Southern States. About 1840 the second advent of Christ was preached in these mountain districts, but since that time the people have heard very little about this and other truths; for they live a quiet, secluded life, and what goes on in the world does not come to their attention.

These people are honest and upright. They live a simple life; the railroad has not reached them, and the public-school system does not offer them many advantages. Sometimes, as I watch them and read their history, I think the Lord has allowed them to live their quiet lives that they may, in the close of time, be in a condition to carry the truth in the bold way required of pioneers. By mingling with them, by a study of their history, and from the experience

of missionaries who have labored among them, it is evident that the gospel can best be given to them by establishing in their midst industrial schools, where the people may learn better how to live and receive a training which will enable them to change their home life.

They will listen to a preacher, but the occasional sermon does not reach and change their lives as does the continual work of the teacher. And so we are training young people to go into these byways of the South, buy a farm, build a schoolhouse, and gather in the children. A number of young people have already started out in this kind of work. It requires consecration, and there must be very little thought of self and selfish comforts. There must be a strong love for the truth and a strong love for humanity in order to win the hearts of the people.

In our young people's societies there are many young people who ought to be trained to conduct these schools. Not all are called to do this kind of work, but some of you ought to hear the call, and some of the rest of you, in your little home church, ought to be helping those who go out. I often think that if you could hear the story of this people, and if you could read the lives of those who are working for them, you would want to help in building some of the little schoolhouses, or in furnishing some things for the homes of these teachers.

There is something that each young people's society may do. In the first place, I would like to have those who are interested write me for literature concerning these people and the little schools among them. I would like to have the privilege of introducing you to some of the teachers in these industrial schools that have already been started. I would like to give you a list of things needed in some of these schools, and I would like also to see some of your young people give their hearts and lives to this work.

A friend of mine living in the far West once asked me some such questions. She was the leader of the young people's society in her church. In answer to her letter I told her the story of a young man and his bride who had taken a little highland farm, and there started a work which they felt God was calling them to do. The society to which this young woman belongs had a rousing meeting on the Southern question. They studied the leaflets I sent them, and later I heard that they raised fifty dollars to help the young people whom I had described.

It is possible for a man living in the United States to do a good work in China if he has a living representative there. It would be possible also for our young people to be doing a good work in the South if they have true and trusty representatives here. Those of you who are interested and will write to me will receive some reading matter.

M. BESSIE DE GRAW.

Helpful Thoughts on Faith

The Faith That Thanks in Advance

IN the year 1887 the China Inland Mission, under the leadership of J. Hudson Taylor, asked the Lord to send to China, under their auspices, at least one hundred new missionaries. To meet the increased expenses they also asked for fifty thousand dollars more money, and knowing that if it came in small sums it would necessitate a larger office force, they asked that it be sent to them in large payments. At

a meeting for prayer held early in the year, these earnest workers poured out their hearts in petition to God for these special things. As they rose from their knees, and tarried a few moments before separating, Hudson Taylor said: "Don't you think, before we go, it would be well to thank the Lord for sending us these things? He has surely heard us, and we may not all be able to meet together for prayer again." Once more they knelt, and this time offered up glad praise and thanksgiving to God for what he was going to do. Such sublime faith was abundantly rewarded; for, before the close of 1887, one hundred new missionaries were on the field, and the necessary fifty thousand dollars was paid in, having been received in but eleven payments.

What Satisfied Wesley

Mr. Wesley was once engaged in a very important conference with some of his associates. They were discussing the subject of faith. No one was able to give a satisfactory definition. At last they called in a woman who was known to possess deep spirituality and strong good sense. When she was asked what faith was she promptly replied, "It is taking God at his word." "That will do," said Mr. Wesley, "that is enough for us all."

When the Harness Broke

"A great many people's faith is like the old woman's trust. The horse ran away with a wagon in which she was seated, and she was in imminent peril; but she was rescued. Some one said to her, 'Madam, how did you feel when the horse ran away?' 'Well,' she said, 'I hardly know how I felt; you see, I trusted in Providence at first, but when the harness broke then I gave up.'" That is it; that is not faith; faith is not dependent on results. Suppose you are sick and see no results? Then you must exercise faith and work on. Faith is walking right into a black cloud, though you see no sign of daylight beyond, though you see no silver lining. Faith is walking to the edge of the precipice and then — stop? — No, but setting your foot right into the void, you find solid rock rise up to rest upon, and so onward. That is faith.

What Real Trust Means

Dr. J. R. Miller says: "It is often given as a wonderful proof of confidence in a friend that once when the great Grecian emperor, Alexander, was ill, it was told to him in a letter that his physician intended to give him poison under the form of medicine. The emperor put the note under his pillow. The physician came, poured out the potion, and gave it to him. The emperor looked his friend full in the face, drank the contents of the goblet, then handed him the letter. It was a beautiful trust. Like confidence we are to have in the will of Christ for us. We are never to doubt his love nor his wisdom."

The Ticket

Dr. A. J. Gordon while traveling on a train fell into debate with a fellow passenger on the subject of justification by faith. Said the man to Dr. Gordon: "I tell you, God deals with men, not with a little bit of theological scrip called faith; and when the Almighty admits one to heaven he makes rigid inquiry about his character, and not about his faith." Presently the conductor came along and examined the tickets. When he had passed, Dr. Gordon said, "Did you ever notice how the conductor always

holds his lamp to the ticket, and takes no pains at all to inspect the passenger?" A railroad ticket, if genuine, shows that the person presenting it has complied with the company's conditions, and is entitled to transportation. Faith alone entitles a man to that saving grace that is alone able to produce a character well pleasing to God. God cares about character; but "without faith it is impossible to please God."—*From a sermon by Louis Albert Banks.*

What Is Our Hope?

Dr. P. S. Henson says: "I may be sure of the right road, sure I am on it, and yet be in doubt whether I shall reach the goal. Unto such I commend the words of an old darky whom I once met. I asked him how long he had been serving the Lord. 'Fifty years,' he replied. 'Well, uncle, I said, 'after keeping the faith so long, you must feel pretty confident of holding out to the end?' 'Ah, massa,' he replied, 'it's only a question of whether de Lord can hold on, and I reckon I can trust him.'"—*Sunday School Times.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, May 13

The Way to Christ, No. 5—"Faith and Acceptance"

LEADER'S NOTE.—The incidents given under the title of "Helpful Thoughts on Faith," on page 13, will be helpful in preparing this program. Be sure to leave time for a good consecration service. It might be well one week before to ask all to bring to this meeting some incident evincing another's faith or some experience that has strengthened their own. See to it that all parts on the program are thoroughly prepared. This is the secret of success in your weekly meetings.

Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).
Bible Reading. See reading below.

"Faith and Acceptance" (five-minute reading from "Steps to Christ," chapter 6).

Faith Proved and Rewarded (three-minute talk).
See Matt. 15: 21-28; Mark 7: 24-30; "Desire of Ages," chapter 43.

The Free Gift; Have You Taken It? (reading).
See page 12.

The Blind Man's Faith (reading). See page 5.

Faith and Acceptance

1. How will we feel when we see ourselves as we really are? Job 42: 1-6.
2. What will it lead us to do? Ezra 9: 5, 6.
3. Can we have peace and happiness so long as we remain in sin? Isa. 57: 20, 21.
4. What alone will bring peace? Rom. 5: 1.
5. Can not we secure justification by good works? Eph. 2: 8, 9; Rom. 3: 20.
6. After Paul had tried to do right in his own strength, what was his cry of failure? Rom. 7: 24.
7. How did he find peace and justification? Rom. 7: 25; 8: 1.
8. Can we tell by our feelings whether we are accepted and forgiven, or must we simply believe that the Lord will do as he has promised?

9. What is really the condition on which we receive? Mark 11: 24; Matt. 7: 7-11.

10. Will the peace of God follow the practise of faith? Isa. 26: 3, 4; Phil. 4: 4-7.

11. Does your faith accept the promises of God?

Suggestions for Further Program

A talk or paper on "Faith Proved and Rewarded," citing the experience of the Canaanitish woman, based on Matt. 15: 21-28; Mark 7: 24-30; "Desire of Ages," chap. 43.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 4 — Lesson 29: "Christ's Object Lessons," Pages 139-180.

Test Questions

1. BY what illustration did Christ teach his disciples the need of earnest prayer?
2. What close relationship exists between God and man?
3. How willing is our Father to grant the requests of his children?
4. Give four conditions which we must fulfil before God can answer our prayers.
5. Relate the parable of the Pharisee and the publican, contrasting: (a) Their motive in worship; (b) the spirit in which they prayed; (c) their prayers; (d) the answers they received.
6. Explain fully how the experience of Peter brings out the truth of this parable.
7. Who only can Christ save? How is it possible for us to fulfil the command of Phil. 2: 12?
8. How does the story of the unjust judge show the need of persistency in prayer?
9. Apply this parable to the experience of God's people to-day.
10. Show how the work of Christ and Satan is brought out in the prophecy of Zechariah 3.
11. What great crisis is just upon us? How will God "avenge his own"?
12. Mention ten helpful lessons which you have gained from this week's reading.

Junior No. 3 — Lesson 29: "The Story of Pitcairn Island," Pages 145-164

Test Questions

1. WHAT frightened the Pitcairners very shortly after they arrived?
2. How did the islanders make tappa? What is breadfruit?
3. How did they obtain their eggs?
4. Why were the girls on the island not taught sewing?
5. How did Sarah McCoy and her brother try to educate the young people on Pitcairn? Tell something of their experiences.
6. What did the chaplain of the "Calypso" leave for the little island school?
7. Tell the story of how Moses Young tried to train a choir.
8. How was it that the news of the visit of the "Charybdis" to Pitcairn created so much excitement in Norfolk Island?
9. Why did Bishops Selwyn and Patteson urge the people not to return to Pitcairn? How did Mr. Nobbs feel about it? Why?



VI—The Spirit Poured Out Upon the Gentiles; Peter Rehearses His Experiences

(May 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 10: 44 to 11: 18.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22: 17.

Questions

1. While Peter was yet speaking to Cornelius and his friends what took place? How did the men who came with Peter feel when they saw the outpouring of the Holy Spirit? Why were they so surprised? What did they hear and see? Acts 10: 44-46.
2. What question did Peter ask? What did he command the believing Gentiles to do? What did these new converts urge Peter to do? Verses 47, 48.
3. What did the apostles and brethren in Judea hear? How did they feel about this matter? Acts 11: 1; note 1.
4. When Peter came to Jerusalem, what did his brethren do? Of what did they accuse him? Verses 2, 3.
5. How did the Jews look upon the matter of eating with a Gentile? To what other nation had the gospel been taught? How had Philip violated their traditions? In what respect was Peter's transgression of their laws greater than his? Note 2.
6. How did Peter teach the brethren at Jerusalem the lesson he had learned? Relate the first part of his experience as he told it to them. Verses 4-6.
7. What had Peter heard in vision? What reason did he give the Lord for not obeying the voice that spoke to him? What reply did he receive from heaven? How many times was this experience repeated? What then took place in the vision? Verses 7-10.
8. Who had already come to the house where Peter was? What did the Spirit of the Lord bid him do? Who went with him? Where did they go? Relate what Cornelius saw and did as Peter told it. Verses 11-14.
9. What did Peter say took place when he began speaking? Did the Lord show any difference in giving his Spirit to Jews and Gentiles? What did Peter remember on that occasion? What particular promise did he quote? To whom was this promise fulfilled? What question did Peter then ask his Jewish brethren? Verses 15-17.
10. When the brethren at Jerusalem heard Peter's experience, what did they do? To what conclusion did they come? Verse 18.

Notes

1. Instead of rejoicing because men of another nation had accepted Jesus as their Saviour, the apostles and brethren in Jerusalem were displeased. They felt as Peter did before the Lord gave him the vision upon the housetop.
2. To eat with a Gentile was considered the breaking down of the last barrier that was built up by Jewish prejudice between the nations. The gospel had been taught to the hated Samaritans, but they had Jewish blood in their veins, and respected the laws of Moses. Philip had taught and baptized the man from Ethiopia, but Philip was not one of the twelve, and his was only a special case. But here was Peter, eating, sleeping, living in the home of a Gentile, surely this could not be excused nor tolerated. The proud exclusiveness of the Jews could not be thus lightly overthrown.



VI—The Spirit Poured Out Upon the Gentiles; Peter Rehearses His Experiences

(May 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 10: 44 to 11: 18.

PLACE: The home of Cornelius, and Jerusalem.

MEMORY VERSE: Rev. 22: 17.

Questions

1. What occurred while Peter was yet speaking to Cornelius and those with him? Acts 10: 44; note 1.
2. Who were greatly astonished at this? Why were they astonished? Verse 45.
3. What evidence did they have that the Holy Spirit was really poured out upon the Gentiles? Verse 46.
4. What question did Peter ask the company? Verse 47.
5. What command did he give? What did they ask Peter to do? Verse 48.
6. What message was carried to the brethren in Judea? Acts 11: 1.
7. How did they show their displeasure when Peter visited them? Verse 2.
8. What accusation did they bring against him? Verse 3.
9. How did he answer them? Verse 4.
10. Relate Peter's vision. Verses 5-10.
11. For what did the vision prepare him? Verse 11.
12. Who directed Peter to go with the men from Cæsarea? How many of the brethren from Joppa accompanied Peter? Verse 12.
13. Who had directed Cornelius to send men for Peter? Verse 13; note 2.
14. What did the angel say of the words Peter would speak? Verse 14.
15. In what manner did the Holy Spirit fall upon the Gentiles in the home of Cornelius? Verse 15.
16. What words of Christ were brought to mind by the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Gentiles? Verse 16.
17. How did Peter conclude his remarks? Verse 17.
18. What effect did the rehearsal of his experience have upon the brethren at Jerusalem? To what conclusion did they come in regard to God's dealings with the Gentiles? Verse 18.

Notes

1. "Peter preached Jesus to that company of attentive hearers,—his life, ministry, miracles, betrayal, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension, and his work in heaven, as man's representative and advocate, to plead in the sinner's behalf. As the apostle spoke, his heart glowed with the spirit of God's truth which he was presenting to the people. His hearers were charmed by the doctrine they heard, for their hearts had been prepared to receive the truth. The apostle was interrupted by the descent of the Holy Ghost, as was manifested on the day of Pentecost."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, pages 331, 332.

2. Peter and Cornelius worked out in the Lord's way a difficult problem. By the same process we must solve the latter-day problems. These disciples were men of prayer. They did their immediate duty without concern for what was in the future. They did what the Lord asked them to do *now*, without inquiry as to what he would ask of them another day or another year. If we are not doing his will at this moment, we shall never be sure of knowing his will later.

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
CLUB RATES				
5 or more copies to one address, one year, each	-	-	-	\$.75
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5 or more copies to one address, three months, each	-	-	-	.20

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.

True Happiness

HALF the happiness in living
Comes from willing-hearted giving;
Comes from sharing all our pleasures,
From dividing all our treasures.
And the other half is loving—
First the Lord, then all living.
So every good child should be sowing
Love seeds while his life is growing:
For all happiness in living
Comes from loving and from giving.

—Selected.

Have We Asked Yet?

A LADY who had been doing temperance work among the Freedmen told of one colored woman, a member of the church, but addicted to drink, who had finally given up the habit. She had struggled and prayed, and God had helped her, she said. Then she honestly added: "But I ain't give up my ter-baccar yit. Yaas'm, course I knows he'd help me dar, too, but you see I ain't rightly felt like axin' him 'bout dat." Few of us would so frankly admit the fact, but that is the real reason why a good many sins continue their sway.—Forward.

Good Words From Friends

MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY, a prominent W. C. T. U. worker of Washington, D. C., says:—

I thank you for the *Temperance INSTRUCTOR*; it is a gold-mine of valuable, interesting matter.

Dr. T. D. Crothers, superintendent of Walnut Lodge Hospital for the Treatment of Inebriety and Drug Habits, editor of the *American Journal of Inebriety*, corresponding secretary of the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Drug Narcotics, and lecturer on temperance, says:—

I am in receipt this morning of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, published at your place, and I am immensely pleased with its appearance and contents. It is by far the best publication I have seen, and I want to thank your office for the copy. That and your *Life and Health* are ideal publications, which deserve the warmest support and sympathy.

The following testimonial is from the treasurer and manager of the Bay State Paper Company, Boston, Massachusetts:—

I want to compliment your printing department on the appearance of the Temperance number of the *INSTRUCTOR*, also the editor on the "meat" to be found on the inside. The writer knows where he could use a half-dozen copies to good advantage. If you have any extras will be glad to pay for them.

Mr. Guy Richardson, editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, and secretary of the American Humane Education Society, says:—

I am always pleased to read the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, as nearly every issue has something of interest to me; but I wish particularly to congratulate you upon the handsome appearance and splendid contents of your special Temperance number, which has just been received. I have taken great pleasure in sending this to my mother, who is president of the New Hampshire W. C. T. U.

A Letter to Mrs. Sitpat

THE uncomeliness of the habit of keeping the end seat of a church pew and compelling others to pass one is well described by a correspondent of the *Christian Endeavor World* in a letter purported to have been written to one who is inclined to manifest a special fondness for the end seat. The letter follows:—

"DEAR MRS. SITPAT: I noticed you in church the other day with some amusement, mingled with a little mild indignation. When ushered into a pew, you plumped down in the end seat next the aisle, so that it was difficult for any one to pass your somewhat portly form. As the church filled up, the anxious ushers looked wistfully at your almost vacant pew, but hesitated to disturb you or to make some one else crowd by you. At last, becoming desperate, one of them, with an elderly gentleman in tow, ventured to stop at the head of your pew, whereupon, slowly and somewhat grudgingly, as it seemed to me, you rose, and let the said elderly gentleman crowd by you, when you resumed your end seat.

"Then two girls who could find no other seat made you repeat the process; and finally a matron of your own age forced her way by you, and the seat was full.

"But why, dear Mrs. Sitpat, did you not move up in the first place to the other end of the pew? You would have saved yourself and four other people considerable trouble, to say nothing of the genial ushers.

"What is better still, you would have shown a generous and accommodating spirit, for even such a little act is an index of character.

"You know the impolite name often applied to people who take the end seat in the street-car. Far be it from me to suggest any such porcine title for yourself; but the boys and the unregenerate may have applied it to you, and the very last place where we want to give them occasion to scoff is in the house of God.

"Forgive me, dear Mrs. Sitpat, if I have misjudged you. If you are troubled with heart-disease, if you expect to be called out in the middle of the sermon to see a sick neighbor, or if the end seat is the only one which will enable you to see over or around the big hats in front, I take it all back.

"I confess to a liking to see the father of the family at the head of the pew. It may be an old notion of mine, derived from my Puritan ancestors; yet in a crowded church I would rather see even the father move up than to have him too often disturb the service by stepping out into the aisle to let late comers step in.

"But I would have all others fill up the farther end, and leave the outer seats to the last.

"If these views do not suit your modern ideas, dear Mrs. Sitpat, why, then charge them up to the antiquated notion of the writer."

"Sow the best you have, and you will reap the best that heaven affords."