

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LII

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No. 35



Sin Tsai Hsien

OUR mission station was reached November 7. The clean mission compound was a grateful refuge to us after our varied experiences; we appreciated the rooms Brother Pilquist had prepared and reserved for us. The cities in China are arranged in three classes or ranks. A city of the first rank is called a Fu city, as Runing-Fu; one of the second rank is called a Cheo city, as Sin-Iang-Cheo; of this kind was our old mission station; while one of the third class is called a Hsien city. Our city belongs to this third class, Sin-Tsai-Hsien. Besides these there are a number of towns and villages. All these cities are governed by a mandarin, who is the chief executive, and is respected by the people according to the size of the city which he governs. There are various minor officials, all under the mandarin, such as magistrates and the chief of police. The government is very corrupt, from the highest to the lowest; it is a system of extortion by taxes levied upon the people.

The imperial government demands a certain amount of silver from each Seng or province, and the governor of this province levies a certain amount that is apportioned to each city in his province, the amount depending upon the size of the city. The mandarin of the city must raise this amount. He does it by charging property owners a tax; he has also other resources for getting money. At each of the four gates of the city he has his tax collector stationed, who collects a tariff on all the produce brought into the city. He always makes this tax so high that there is a large surplus left to go into his own pocket. Besides this he receives a stated salary. This makes the office of mandarin much sought after by the people. Men will spend all the money they have in getting the office, being assured that it will all come back to them, and that

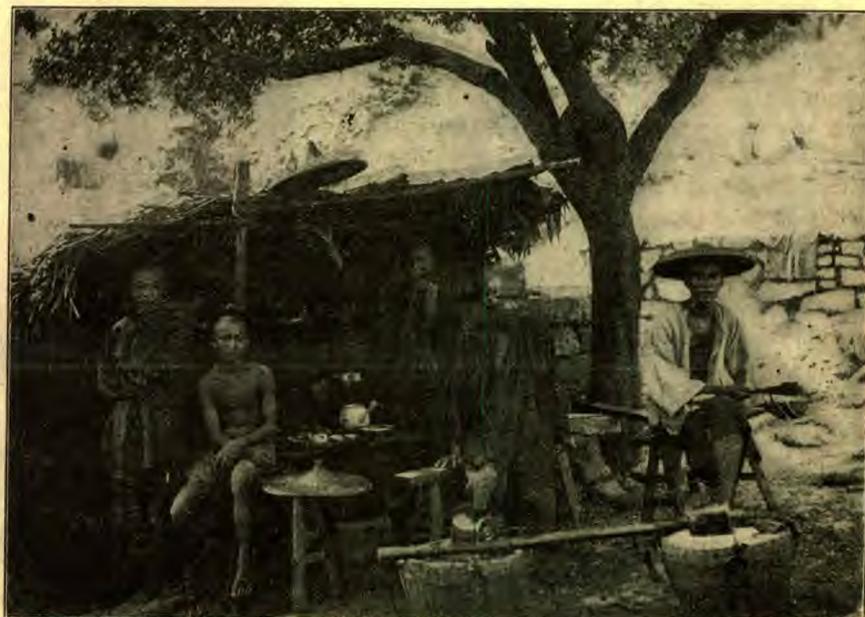
they will be made rich thereby later on. The same is true of the governor of the province. He also requires more of the cities than the imperial government requires of him, and thus secures for himself a large booty.

The people of China placed two and a quarter million *taels* of silver in the hands of Li Hung Chang with which to repair the banks of the Yellow River. He used one million *taels* in the construction, and kept the rest. As a result the walls were imperfect; and when the waters raised, the river flooded the country, and over a million Chinamen fell victims to the swelling waters. Because of this act the Chinese have no love for Li Hung Chang.

There is much ill feeling on the part of the common people against the ruling element of the country. This feeling has brought about the present condition of the country in which there is no spirit of patriotism, and no interest in public improvements. The cities of the Fu, Cheo, and Hsien classes are walled, the walls as a rule being about thirty or thirty-five feet in height, built of kiln-dried bricks. Outside the wall is a deep moat filled with water; inside, the earth is banked up to within six feet of the top. The smaller cities have four gates—east, west, north, and south—and these are kept locked during the night. The larger cities not only have an outer wall, but inside this there are walls dividing the city into several divisions. As a rule there are four main streets named after the four points of the compass. There seems to have been some order in the laying out of these four streets; otherwise the city is built promiscuously, with a few narrow streets and alleys here and there. Within the city there are always to be found several large ponds that were made when the earth was taken to build the wall. These ponds serve as a breeding place for fish, and for irrigating purposes. The women of the city resort here to do their washing.

Though the streets are supposed to be a pas-

sageway, it is not an easy task to make one's way through them because of the many obstructions. The carpenter piles his logs in front of the shop, and fills up half the street; a man wants his house freshly plastered with mud, so he has five or six cart loads of earth hauled and dumped in the middle of the street, there to remain for probably three or four weeks. The tanner lines the street in front of his shop with hides for the people to trample on, and thus hasten the tanning process. The farmer, coming in with his load of straw, cane, stalks, or



A BOOTH RESTAURANT IN THE STREET

vegetables, sits down with his load in the midst of the street to rest and have a smoke; nobody tells him to get out of the way, but the people either stop and wait or go around him. On either side of the street the shopkeeper has benches, and on these are displayed the larger part of his stock of goods.

The place of the lunch-counter and restaurant is largely supplied by the numerous food vendors. These men carry their outfit on a pole; on one end is a supply of foods and a table; on the other is a mud stove with a basin of rice or fried cakes or a mixture of vegetables cooking. If accosted by a hungry native, the man places his restaurant down in the center of the street, and serves his customer. The man who has bought the bowl of food squats down and takes his meal. At this season of the year while New-year's sales are in progress, not only the sides of the streets are lined with benches, but there is a row of benches in the middle of the street piled with goods, leaving a way on either side wide enough for pedestrians to pass single file.

Sin Tsai Hsien is in the east central portion of Honan, surrounded on all sides by a fertile farming country that sustains an immense population. While Brother Pilquist was preaching in a city about fifty miles to the east of here, a citizen of this place came requesting him to come and preach in Sin Tsai. From the first, the attitude of the people has been very friendly.



THE FAMILY OF A WEALTHY CHINAMAN

The mandarin and leading men of the city are kindly disposed, and have helped us in many ways. The people in the surrounding country and villages seem to be much more interested in the gospel, and the greater number of our converts are the country people.

Our mission quarters are on the main street running north and south, in a very favorable place to attract the attention of the passer-by. The mandarin issued a proclamation which was hung on the wall of our chapel, stating that if the passer-by wanted to hear the "true doctrine," he should stop in and behave himself; if not, he should pass on and not molest us. One of our native converts remains in this street chapel the greater part of the time, preaching, selling Bibles, and talking to those who stop to inquire.

We have a large number of sick calling upon us daily for treatment, many of them in the very last stages of their disease, but all expect to be helped. From the country and cities around about comes the call for some one to come and teach them the true doctrine, but we are few in number and can not fill half the calls.

A. C. SELMON, M. D.

The Devout Welsh

IN hymns for devotional hours, the fervent Welsh poets have produced many that breathe the purest and highest spiritual longings of the human heart. Their lovely valleys, and the traditions of centuries of fightings and oppressions, but above all, the ardor of Welsh devotion, have inspired many of the most expressive and beautiful of hymns. A century and a half ago there lived the poet preacher, Rev. William Williams, who is said to have ridden ninety-five thousand miles on horseback during his forty years of ministry. His journeys took him over lonely mountain paths and through unfrequented woodlands, and through the dark Welsh valleys when the times were rude with highwaymen. As he was never molested, it was but natural that he should reflect on the providences and tender mercies of God. He became the Watts of Wales, and wrote that hymn that is now the heirloom of the Christian church,—

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand."

The translation of the Bible into Welsh by Bishop Morgan in the sixteenth century, says Prof. William Sharp, marks an epoch in the life of the Welsh people and their literature. Therewith the history of the people begins.—*Selected.*

Gathering Cloves

CLOVES are now cultivated in many of the tropical regions of the earth. A clove tree begins to bear at the age of ten years, and continues until it reaches the age of seventy-five years. There are two crops a year, one in June and one in December.

The tree is an evergreen, and grows from forty to fifty feet high, with large oblong leaves, and crimson flowers at the end of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty. The tree belongs to the same botanical order as the guava. The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first white, then light green, and, at the time of gathering, bright red.

Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich dark color which proclaims them ready for shipment.

In this country and in England they are used almost wholly as a condiment, but in France they are employed in medicine for their tonic properties.—*Boy's World.*



Wasted

LIFE without a plan —
As useless as the moment it began.

—Cowper.

What Led Me to Become a Foreign Missionary

FROM childhood I had been interested in missions. In college the greatness of the kingdom of God began to take hold of me, and I often revolted against the general indifference to foreign missions and the frequent prejudices against it. From time to time I would think of missions as possibly my own life-work, but this first became a subject of continued thought when I entered the theological seminary. Life had begun to focus, and the choice of a particular field became an imminent question. Here, also, for the



A CHINESE SHOEMAKER AT WORK IN THE STREET

first time, I came in contact with the Student Volunteer Movement, which made a powerful appeal to me.

Meanwhile, however, the opportunities and attractions of the work at home were filling my mind and staying my decision. I knew the specious counter-claims which so easily beset a man's mind the moment the appeal of the foreign work comes home to him, and I tried to guard against them, and to stifle selfish considerations. Yet it seemed to me that it ought not to be a foregone conclusion that I should go to the foreign field, but that being favorably disposed to that work, I could safely wait till my senior year, when doubtless I would be in better position to decide the question.

I would give much now if I could reverse that decision; for by it I lost, through nearly three years of my student life, what afterward became the greatest inspiration that I have ever known, and I lost three years of service and influence for the cause of missions.

I came to the middle of the senior year with the question not a whit nearer decision. I had prayed to know the will of God. Perhaps if I had prayed more faithfully, I might have received what would have seemed more like divine guidance; but as it was, I came to the conviction that I had all the light necessary for a decision, and had had for three years past.

It was merely a question of where my life would count for most. The appalling need of the heathen world, the increasing danger that the

West shall give the East the externals and the vices of its civilization without giving it the saving truth which has fostered that civilization, the greatness of the work and the fewness of the men to do it,—these things could leave no doubt as to where my life could be best invested.

One Sunday I went out to preach in a church which offered much the same work that I had hoped to begin with, if I remained at home. In the course of the day one of the deacons wished to know if a "call" would be considered. I told him that it would, of course, but that I already had a call which I was seriously considering. That brought the thing to a crisis.

I felt that I had been drifting and allowing circumstances like this to shape my life. From this I would go up-stream. Returning to my room, I prayed that God would send me to the foreign field. Why had I not done that in the beginning? The result was a peace of mind that led me without further hesitation to offer myself for this work.

I have been here in China only a year—that first year of struggle with the language, when discouragement is most likely to come. But I can say that from the point of view of a life investment, mission work in China gives cause for a sober and lasting enthusiasm.—*Rev. W. H. Millard, American Baptist Mission, Hang-Chou, China.*

Character Building

IN this busy world of ours we can look about us on every hand and see great buildings being erected, powerful machines being constructed by the machinist, a name of notoriety being made by the popular man, a mountain of wealth being collected by the financier, and the professional man storing his brain with knowledge.

All these require building, require genius, and careful thought. In them we may or may not be interested, may or may not participate.

To-day we have before us a subject, "Character Building," in which all may not be interested, but in which all must participate, yes, are participating. It can not be shunned. It would be unmanly or unwomanly to shun it if one could. If the building for the above-mentioned results require careful thought and study, should not this infinitely more important subject receive our closest attention? Its importance is declared in the following quotation from "Education:" "Character building is the most important work ever entrusted to human beings; and never before was its diligent study so important as now. Never was any previous generation called to meet issues so momentous; never were young men and women confronted by perils so great as confront them to-day."

It is not uncommon for a young person to have a fixed, definite aim in regard to what vocation he should follow in life. He has his ideal, and strives to accomplish its end. If we take so much interest in gaining success in these things, should we not have a definite character, a definite ideal,—namely, Jesus Christ, an ideal far above and beyond us,—buoying us up and luring us on to heights unseen?

Character is what we are. Our actions make habits. Our habits make us what we are. What we are determines our destiny. Therefore, character is destiny.

Let us stop a moment and investigate to see what manner of men we are. Look around us, and see what kind of character is predominant in the world. Go into what is called "good society" and find out the desires, the ambitions, and aims that the people have in life. To call your attention to the low standard, to the frivolous condition that is so prevalent, seems unnecessary, since society has become so openly and definitely marked with these characteristics.

Knowing that character determines destiny, should it not be a strong appeal to you and me to exert every possible power to change character to the true and noble, and thus point to the great divine Pattern, and so have a part in changing the destiny of our fellow men?

Great responsibilities are resting on the young people of this denomination. Greater responsibilities are to fall upon them. Do we desire to be successful, to master the situation? If so, we must have a firm character built up within ourselves. Is it not true that the great need among young people to-day is structure on which to build? It has been said by one that "thoroughness is structure for character building." Then let us study and do those things that demand thoroughness on our part and severe discipline within ourselves. To cultivate habits of industry, promptness, and thoroughness is to make a structure on which a grand character may be built. It is in the years of childhood that such habits must be formed. For the benefit of those who have not formed right habits for life during childhood and youth as well as for the building of character in our own lives, should you and I not be very painstaking to see that our own actions carry a right influence and teach right habits. Many a father whose life has been wrapt up in his son has been disappointed because of wrong habits, indulged in by the child, and suffered by the father until his star of hope, which had arisen luminous to the meridian, is forced to settle down behind a clouded and blackened horizon.

I am reminded here of a few declarations given by Mr. Smiles: "Work is one of the best educators of practical character. It evokes and disciplines obedience, self-control, attention, application, and perseverance, giving a man deftness and skill in his calling, and aptitude and dexterity in dealing with the affairs of ordinary life.

"Work is the law of our being—the living principle that carries men and nations onward. The greater number of men have to work with their hands, as a matter of necessity, in order to live; but all must work in one way or another if they would enjoy life as it ought to be enjoyed.

"Labor may be a burden and a chastisement, but it is an honor and a glory. Without it nothing can be accomplished. All that is great in man comes through work, and civilization is its product. Were labor abolished, the race of Adam were at once stricken by moral death."

Which is better, to be brought up in the theoretical knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ without the above principles firmly fixed in the life, or to have the above principles without the knowledge of the gospel? Does not the Scripture in Luke 11:42 have application here? "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." It is not hard to imagine a person in the first condition, for such cases are only too common. But let us follow it a little further. Suppose he later received genuine conversion. Has he structure on which to build?—Far from it. The wrong habits formed in early life will surely bear their fruit in after years, and will make him weak, whereas, if he had formed habits of industry in earlier life, he would have been a strong man for God.

H. A. MORRISON.

(To be concluded)

"HONOR must be active to preserve its luster."

GOOD MANNERS

"Love doth not behave itself unseemly."

Earth's Imperishable Souvenirs

WHILE passing down a beautiful avenue in a southern California city, a wee lad paused suddenly to search for a dime, which unfortunately he had dropped while on his way to a store to make a small purchase for some one else. Finding his efforts useless, the poor little fellow became so overwhelmed with a tide of unpleasant thoughts, that he burst into tears. A kind-hearted gentleman passing that way, ascertained the cause of his grief, and gladly replaced the missing coin; and in so doing he brought back the sunshine and happiness of a few moments before. In such beautiful acts lies the secret of good manners considered in their broadest sense,—forgetfulness of self in thoughtfulness for others. The gentleman referred to did not seem to be a man of "great possessions;" but beneath his commonplace garb was a heart which throbbed in sympathy for the woes of humanity to such a degree that both time and money could be sacrificed for the sake of making even a little child happy.

"When the wandering wind finds out an Eolian harp, it becomes musical." So when an opportunity to cheer a fellow traveler on the path of life, comes to him who rightly appreciates it, his benignant soul immediately responds. And "as the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors." There is never an occasion in life when one can afford to dispense with good manners. Customs may be disregarded at will, but good manners, never. It matters not in whose society one may be placed, he is under obligations to treat with becoming dignity every soul with whom he comes in contact. Christ on earth was the personification of all good manners; and he who imitates most nearly the example of the great Benefactor of the human race, is the best versed in all that pertains to ethics.

To be good and to do good constitute the highest aim of humanity. And there is no one trait of character which is more indispensable to success, both day by day and ultimately, than the pure, simple, but fascinating charm of good manners, of which the golden rule—"Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—is the grand embodiment. Wealth, honor, and fame are by no means its prerequisites. He who was cradled in the rude manger in Bethlehem, whose life was surrounded by the wants and deprivations of poverty, gave to the world a perfect example of consideration for the happiness of others, which culminated in the agonizing scene on Calvary, when all the joys of heaven, and life itself, were sacrificed for your happiness and mine.

One may acquire much learning, and have great worldly possessions; he may *profess* to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and yet lack the essential of good manners, without which no life can be complete, nor can its influence upon others tell to the honor and glory of God. Bishop Middleton truly asserts that "virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." And we are instructed that "had the believers in the truth purified their minds by obeying it; had they felt the importance of knowledge, and of refinement of manners in Christ's work, *where one soul has been saved, there might have been twenty.*" "Through observing our lives, the people of the world form their opinion of God and of the religion of

Christ." The lack of true dignity and Christian refinement in the ranks of Sabbath-keepers is against us as a people, and makes the truth which we profess unsavory."

Good manners are essential to the salvation of souls, and like every other good achievement, they cost something; but the grand returns are well worth all the expenditure. To really possess good manners, means to dwell in an atmosphere of usefulness; to give to the world that which is its due in all that pertains to good deportment. And he who falls short of this, prevents those with whom he comes in contact from filling up the full measure of life which it should be their privilege to enjoy in this world, and may also deprive them of the unending bliss of the world to come. O that every soul who professes to follow the divine Pattern, might sense this great truth as it really is!

To possess good manners, means to have such a tender regard for the happiness of others that self will be lost to sight. And we have these sweet assurances: "Whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it." "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Ah, he who pauses to pluck thorns from the pathway of others when his own inclinations would lure him on to more inviting employment; who will yield cheerfully his preferences for the sake of others' welfare and comfort, will always find his own happiness increased thereby.

When Lot welcomed the strangers at the gate of Sodom, his act of courtesy brought his own salvation. When Abraham cheerfully extended his hospitality to the three travelers who came to him "in the heat of the day," he "entertained angels unawares." The thrilling story of the good Samaritan is but a striking example of good manners, and is well worth considering. Boys and girls, if you are not familiar with this brief narrative found in the tenth chapter of Luke, read it with care, studying all the circumstances in connection with it. Weave its blessed principles into the fabric of your every-day life, and bear in mind that beautiful manners never seem so beautiful as when exercised in behalf of an enemy.

Through the twilight shadows of time there echoes still the soft refrain, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." He who is "perfect and entire, wanting nothing," lets "patience have her perfect work;" and as a result, he possesses a well-rounded character, which always includes the indispensable charm of good manners.

In the cherished autograph album of my school-days, a thoughtful girl friend once inscribed that helpful quotation, "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." Good manners may be said to be composed of trifles,—little acts of kindness and courtesy which, considered singly, seem very insignificant; but taken as a whole, they constitute the intricate beauty of design revealed in the fabric of the perfect life. No one can afford to ignore the small opportunities for making others happy. "It is the unpretending acts of daily self-denial, with cheerfulness and gentleness, that God smiles upon." "It is the little attentions, the numerous small incidents, and simple courtesies of life, that make up the sum of life's happiness; and it is the neglect of kindly, encouraging, and affectionate words, and the little courtesies of life, which help compose the sum of life's wretchedness."

The great billowy sea is made up of single drops of water, while its boundless shores are composed of single grains of sand. It is the single touches of the artist's brush that, one by one, bring out the marvelous beauty of the completed picture. It is the single blows from the sculptor's chisel that gradually reveal the outlines of the perfect statue. So it is the single opportunities for making others happy, rightly im-

proved, that little by little give to life's panoramic picture its marvelous tints and radiant hues; that one by one shape the beautiful monument of a perfect character.

Every important truth has its counterfeit, and so it is with good manners. Many indorse affectation in place of good manners. It is easy to wear, as has been said, if one admires it; but it is never becoming to anybody. It is one form of ill-manners which mars the perfect character just as unskillful chiseling mars the perfect statue. Good manners are of the heart and soul, while affectation is but outward show, an artificial flower devoid of the living luster and inward fragrance which endear the genuine to every human heart.

Samuel Johnson says: "The difference between a well-bred and an ill-bred man is this: one immediately attracts your liking, the other your aversion." And how true it is that every individual with whom we come in contact impresses us either favorably or unfavorably, as he possesses or lacks in the essential charm of good manners. Much ado is made concerning those matters of outward form which are considered so indispensable to proper conduct in society; but the weightier matters, which pertain to the heart and soul, and without which form is but a vain and empty show are too often forgotten. Genuine heart religion has its forms and its ceremonies, but these alone, avail nothing.

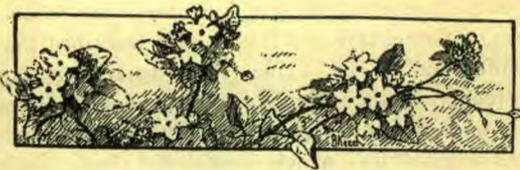
Good manners, properly considered, are but the outward manifestation of the inward adorning. A smile, a kind word, a loving ministration that comes from the heart, rest as a benediction upon the human soul struggling on the upward trend of life. These are earth's imperishable souvenirs, prized at the time, and treasured in after-days when perhaps the generous giver has been lost to view.

How fondly we cherish the memory of those sweet lives whose kindly courtesies have come to us as the perfume of flowers, and whose blessed influence remains as a halo over all the past, inspiring us to imitate their loving example in seeking to make others happy.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

"WHEN praise is going up, showers of blessing are sure to be coming down."

"CONSIDERING what God has done, will soon lead us to rejoice in what he will do."



Pleasure or Duty

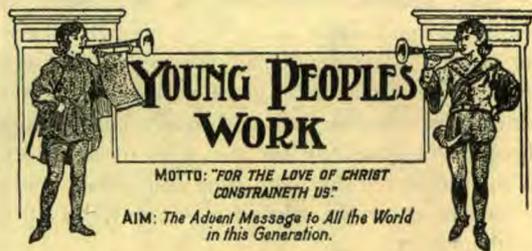
SHE lay on a bed of illness,
Her young life was wasting away;
The smile of hope on her face
Grew fainter each passing day.
She sought for relief from her suffering,
But she sought for it in vain.
Her strength was ebbing fast away,
And sharper grew the pain;
Yet a smile of peace was resting
On her face, as day by day
She waited to hear the message
That would call her from earth away.

But sometimes she was weary,
And the day seemed tiresome and long.
She wished she might hear happy voices,
Kind words, or a snatch of a song.
Had her friends really forgotten her?
Did they no longer care
That she should pine and suffer
And none of their pleasures share?
At first they came so often;
Flowers and kind words they sent.
It almost made the sufferer
"Forget and be content."

But to-night a friend had promised
She would come and lend her aid
To cheer her; and the sick one thought
She would keep the promise made,
But she waited for her steps in vain.
Just a penciled note was sent,
Stating she would come to-morrow,
But to-night, on pleasure bent,
She was going to the lakeside
With some friends; but she would call
And would tell her about it
On the morrow; that was all.

That pale, sweet face, it paler grew
As she was left alone.
"To-morrow, then, I think she'll come."
From the pale lips came a moan.
But ere to-morrow's light appeared,
The wearied pulse was still.
Her trials were o'er before her friend
Her promise could fulfil.
Oh, why had she not listened
To her friend's last dying plea?
"If you've done it to the least of these,
You have done it unto Me."

IVA I. NAY.



September Field Study

(September 10)

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.

Prayer.

Scripture Study:—

The Ideal Missionary.

He was a volunteer. John 10: 17, 18.

He was a man of prayer. Luke 6: 12.

He loved mankind. John 15: 12, 13.

He sought the sinner. 1 Tim. 1: 15.

He was willing to serve. John 13: 4, 5.

His presence gives light. Isa. 60: 1-3.

He is our pattern. Phil. 2: 5-11.

FIELD STUDY:—

A Visit to our Missions in Syria and Egypt.
Review and Herald, July 21, 28.

The East Caribbean Conference. *Review and Herald*, August 4.

Entering Ceylon. *Review and Herald*, August 11.

Progress in Norway. *Review and Herald*, August 11.

One-minute Messages from Panama, River Plate Conference, South Africa, Spain, Japan, British Central Africa, Caucasia, Trinidad, Society Islands, and Latin Union Field.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Note

The Scripture Study may be arranged in the form of a reading, handing each text to a different individual. Encourage all to bear some part in the meeting. A map will be of excellent service in outlining Elder Conradi's tour in Syria and Egypt.

E. H.

Wisconsin Conference

THERE are but ten fully organized Societies in our State, but this by no means represents the work that is being done by, and for, our young people. There are very few churches that have not some systematic plan of work with, and for, the young. The fear that the work of the Young People's Societies might lead away rather than draw the young people to the church has kept many of our churches from organizing societies. The *Manual* that has been prepared and sent out by the Sabbath-school Department of the General

Conference will be a great help in overcoming this objection, and we hope to see our churches take hold of the young people's work with renewed energy.

I have noticed that it has not been the churches whose Young People's Societies have been the most thoroughly organized that have accomplished the most in the work of soul-saving. I have in mind a small church where one young mother became convinced that something should be done for the young people. She invited them to her home one Sabbath morning. Only one or two came, but they had a precious time seeking God in prayer and the study of his Word. Thus they met, just two or three, for a number of weeks. Sometimes one or two others would come for a time or two, and then drop out. But finally there was a real revival in that church, and it began with the young people. During the past year, four young persons from that church have been engaged in the Lord's work in the State. The secret of the success of that Society was the willingness of that one sister to follow the leadings of the Spirit, and begin work where she was, and in the best way she knew how, and not allow herself to grow faint because she did not see the immediate results of her efforts. I feel sure a real working Society could never have been organized there by beginning in a formal way.—
Lottie E. Farrell, Educational Secretary.

Upper Columbia Conference

THE following is a brief summary of the reports from Young People's Societies in the Upper Columbia Conference:—

COLLEGE PLACE, WASHINGTON.—Fifty-nine members. These are actively engaged in distributing periodicals and tracts, visiting those who are confined indoors, holding meetings, etc. The interest is good, and many are manifesting a true missionary spirit. Meetings are held every Sabbath evening, at which time the lessons outlined in the *INSTRUCTOR* are used. Fifteen dollars and twenty-four cents has been collected and donated to Earl Rees, of Japan, and Geo. Enoch, of Trinidad.

WILCOX, WASHINGTON.—Twenty-eight members. The interest is good. Meetings are held every Sabbath afternoon. One dollar and thirty-two cents collected has been expended for Earl Rees.

MILTON, OREGON.—Twenty-two members. Meetings are held every Sabbath afternoon, and the lessons in the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* are studied. *Signs* and the *Life Boat* are being sent by this society to the penitentiary. Five dollars and forty-five cents has been collected, of which amount two dollars and ninety-four cents has been expended for Earl Rees, and two dollars and fifty-one cents for the Indian boy.

BOISE, IDAHO.—Seventeen members. Eight added during the quarter. The society meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M. The studies outlined in the *INSTRUCTOR* are used. Active missionary work is being done among the poor and sick, literature is distributed, and the *Life Boat* is sent to the penitentiary. The amount of donations is seven dollars and seven cents, of which five dollars was paid for transportation for Earl Rees, and two dollars and seven cents for supplies. They are of good courage because of the interest and the number of members added during the quarter.

ONTARIO, OREGON.—Ten members, who are making missionary visits and distributing tracts and papers. A good interest is manifested. Meetings are held every Sabbath afternoon, and the lessons in the *INSTRUCTOR* are considered.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

"A PERSON is worth in this world the effects he can produce—no more, no less."

• • CHILDREN'S • • PAGE • •

Keep A-Trying

SAY, "I will!" and then stick to it —
That's the only way to do it.
Don't build up awhile, and then
Tear the whole thing down again.
Fix the goal you wish to gain;
Then go at it heart and brain,
And, though clouds shut out the blue,
Do not dim your purpose true
With your sighing.
Stand erect, and like a man
Know "they can who think they can."
Keep a-trying.

—Selected.

A King's Son—A True Story

I WAS riding in an omnibus from a hotel to a station in a country town in central New York.

The only other traveler was a lady dressed in deep black. As her cloak swept back, I saw the little silver cross against her somber gown. I had seen her in the corridors of the house we had just left, but that was of no importance, as the little cross was all the introduction needed. "This is the cross worn by my little boy," she said, with a strange tremble of the lip, that was enough to let me know her little boy was gone. "Before he died, he said to me, 'I want you to wear my silver cross, mama,' and so I took his, and we placed another on his breast on that day when he was hidden away forever from our sight." It is very hard to answer when mothers speak like this, dear children. There are no words, but the answer is almost always one of quickspringing tears, for you children do not know how dreadful it is for the mothers to have the little lives go out of the homes.

I do not speak of this sad mother to sadden my little brothers and sisters, but because I want to tell them of a beautiful work for temperance that this little boy, not yet eleven years old, did only a short time before he died.

His father was a prominent business man, and on one occasion, when he was in the city of New York, he was invited to be one of the guests at a very large dinner of prominent business men. This dinner was held, if I remember rightly, at the great house of Delmonico, the famous restaurant of which you must all have heard. It was a very beautiful banquet room, and the table was shining with glass and silver, and the lights were burning brightly, and there was everything to make it a very brilliant grown-up occasion. Into this room the merchant came, leading his little son by the hand, for he did not like to leave him at the hotel alone, and so he brought him with him, and the other gentlemen gave him a pleasant word or a smile, and made a place for him at the table. At first he was just a little embarrassed to find himself in the presence of so many grown-up people, but he ate his dinner quietly, and listened while they talked, and

watched the ways of older people, just as boys will, and began to feel after a while quite at home.

There were, as I told you, beautiful silver, glass, and china, and beautiful flowers, and beside each plate were five glasses of different shapes and sizes. One of them was for water, one for sherry, one for claret, one for champagne, and a little glass for brandy, or a cordial to be taken after the dinner was over. The waiters, who looked as grave and serious in their white neckties as if they were clergymen, bustled about the table, and the first our laddie knew, one of them was holding a decanter of wine over the glass that stood by his plate. The waiter was an old man, and he smiled kindly down upon the little fellow, as much as to say, "It is very good,

anxiously from one gentleman to another. And now let me tell you what happened: I suspect they all had little boys at home, and that every man of them, even though he sometimes took wine himself, wished that his own children felt as this boy did, for instead of frowning at him they smiled, and when the waiter bent over them with his decanter, they quietly turned their glasses down, or made a motion for him to pass on. And so it happened that in a place where such a thing was hardly ever known to occur before, the dinner went on, and scarcely a man tasted a drop of wine.

As the mother told me this, I thought of the young Crusaders among my little brothers, and I said, "That boy was indeed a little soldier, and if he had done no other lovely thing in all his life, that was a hero's act."

The dear mother had many other lovely things to tell me of her boy. He went away from her in a very short time after this, but all his life, from the time he put on the silver cross, seemed to be a long story of acts of kindness and love for everybody who came within his reach.—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*



A SWEET OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

**The Little Missionaries—
A Guess Story**

SOME little missionaries came to Arabia a few years before any of the American missionaries did, and have been coming ever since. Most of them were born in a country not far from Arabia, yet only one of them visited Arabia before Mohammed was born. They never write reports of their work for the papers, yet I have seen a few excellent accounts of their work written on tablets of flesh with tears for ink. Because their work is done so much in secret and in out-of-the-way places, they are generally overlooked, and often underestimated. They receive no salary, and get along in the most self-denying way, by fasting and living all together, packed like herrings, in a dark, close room, except when they go out in the sunshine on their journeys.

Most of them came to Arabia in the steerage of the big ships from London, but none of them were seasick at all throughout

the entire voyage. They never complain of being tired or discouraged, and never get the fever or cholera, although I have talked and slept with them when I had fever myself. Never yet has one of them died on a sick-bed. On one or two occasions I have heard of a small company of them being burned at the stake, but I was told that not a groan escaped their lips, nor were their companions frightened the least bit. With my own eyes I have seen one or two of them torn asunder and trampled upon by those who hate Jesus Christ and his kingdom and his little missionaries. Yet the only sound to be heard was the blasphemies of their persecutors, who could not answer them in any other way.

It is strange indeed that when once one or

shall I give you some?" Startled and frightened, the little man looked toward his father, but his father was engaged in conversation, and his face was turned away. For a moment the boy's face flushed with distress, and then, quick as a flash, he turned his glass upside down, and glancing up into the waiter's face, said, in a tone that could be heard by all the gentlemen near, "Is it wine? I never touch wine." And then with an anxious glance, lest the same temptation might be offered to his father, he added, "And my papa doesn't take any wine, either."

And then for a moment the little fellow, who had begun to feel at ease and happy, and to think it was a beautiful thing to be there, seemed suddenly to have a terror of the place, and glanced

two of them learn the language, they are bound to their work by so many tiny chords of love that they seldom fall apart from their work, or fall out one with the other. There are more than sixty different names and ages among them, yet they all have one family accent. Some of them are medical missionaries, and can soothe and heal broken hearts and prevent broken heads. There are two ladies among them, but they seldom go about alone, and the men do most of the preaching, especially in Arabia. Most of them are evangelists or apostles or teachers. And their enterprise and push! One of them told me the other day that he wanted "to preach the gospel in the regions beyond" Mecca, so that even there "every knee should bow to Jesus." You begin to see them everywhere in the Persian Gulf and around Muscat and Aden. Last year a few of them went to Jiddah with the pilgrims.

They dress very plainly, but often in bright Oriental colors (one just came in all in green); on one or two occasions I have seen them wear gold when visiting a rich man, but there was no pride about them, and they put on no airs in their talk. How many of these little missionaries are there, do you ask? Over three hundred and forty visited and left the three stations of the Arabian Mission in the Persian Gulf last year. But, as I told you, they are so modest that only about a score of them sent in any account of their work, and that even came through a third party by word of mouth. I have heard it whispered that a faithful record of all their journeys and speeches is kept, but that these are put on file, to be published all at once on a certain great day, when missionaries all get their permanent discharge.

What a quiet, patient, faithful, loving body of workers they are! Even when it is very, very warm, they never get out of temper as other missionaries sometimes do, after a hard day's work, when in a hot discussion with a bigoted Moslem. And yet how plainly they tell the truth! They do not even fear a Turkish pasha; but that is because they have all obtained a Turkish passport and a permit to preach anywhere unmolested.

Unless you have guessed my riddle, you will want to know what these missionaries cost, why we do not employ more of them, who sent them out, to what board they belong, who buys them new clothes of leather and cloth, and what happens to them when their backs are bent with age and their faces furrowed with care.

But surely by this time you have guessed that the Little Missionaries are the books of the Bible. The two ladies are Esther and Ruth, and the four who go about the most are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

And now may I ask you to pray for the Little Missionaries? Pray that they may prepare the way of the Lord all over this dark peninsula, from the palm groves of the Busrah to the harbor of Aden, and from the Sea of Oman to the unholy cities—Mecca and Medina.—*Selected.*

The Rescuers

My aunt, who lived in the country, once told me the following story:—

She raised turkeys, and had one hen with fifteen little ones. As turkeys so often wander away, she used to tie the mother hen by a long string to a tree in an orchard near the house.

One afternoon, as she sat sewing, she heard the little turkeys making a very unusual noise, and thinking something must be wrong, she went to the door. There stood all fifteen by the gate crying as though in great distress. As soon as they saw her, they stopped crying, and began running back toward the orchard.

Thinking they were all right, she resumed her sewing, but in a few minutes they were back again, crying still more lustily. This time she went to the gate, and as before, they became quiet and started back again.

Curious to know why they acted so strangely, she followed them. When she arrived at the orchard, she found the mother turkey hanging by her string over the fence in such a manner as to be unable to fly either way. My aunt helped her out of her uncomfortable position, and immediately the little ones, finding their mother all right again, became quiet and contented.—*Julia H. Padgett, in Christian Endeavor.*

A Quick-witted Partridge

NESTING upon the ground, the partridge is likely to be disturbed. A bird of this species was once startled by a plow passing within a yard or so of its nest. Destruction was almost a certainty, as the plow must pass entirely over it in the next round, and the laborer wondered how the partridge would act. The time necessary for going around the field was about twenty minutes, yet in that almost incredible period the parent birds had effected the removal of some twenty-one eggs to a safe spot. Careful search led to the discovery of the bird calmly seated upon her treasures in the bottom of the hedge, out of reach of the plow. Nineteen partridge chicks were eventually hatched, and duly escaped unmolested.—*London Tid-Bits.*

A Veritable "Floating Island"

ONE often reads of "floating islands," especially in the tropic seas. A great many—most, in point of fact—of these floating islands are mythical, existing only in the imagination. Away up in the wild Sierra Nevada Mountains of California may be found a veritable floating island. This islet is small, but it is nevertheless a floating one. Surrounded by lofty mountains is a small lake known as Mirror Lake. The waters of this body are wonderfully clear and reflective, and the lake is very deep. Floating about on the surface is a mass composed of plants, roots, and earth. This mass is about twenty-five feet across at the top, and is nearly circular in shape. How far it extends downward is unknown. The roots of the plants are so interlocked and filled in with earth that the whole mass is firmly attached. Where the earth came from is largely conjectural, but it is supposed to be the accumulations of dust blown from the surrounding mountains. So far as known, this floating island has existed for an indefinite period.

A great many persons have been on the islet. The lake abounds in fine trout, and its waters are much fished. By means of long poles and oars, the island may be slowly "navigated" about the lake. Many fishermen get on the floating mass, drift about, and use their lines. Mirror Lake is much visited, and the floating island is one of the chief attractions of the scene.—*J. Mayne Baltimore.*

Millet's Morning Call

THE early morning call with which Millet, the painter of the famous "Angelus," used to be awakened in his boyhood days was this: "Awake, my little Francois! If you only knew how long a time the birds have been singing the praises of the good God!"

The persistence with which Millet did make use of every hour, and the way in which he taught himself the great principles of drawing by observing and studying the daily sights in the little village where he lived, are well-known. He studied the different aspects of the trees, near and far off, the grasses, the plowed fields,

the distant church spire, the farm roofs, the animals as they came and went, and the peasants at work in the fields. All that we see to-day in the "Angelus" the boy Francois began to study out for himself in his very childhood.

One of his pictures that first held the attention of artists, was a wonderful sketch he made of shepherds on a hillside with their flocks, and the hillside was his father's apple-orchard!

In his daily life Millet followed out thus the real spirit of that morning call. He believed that each day was to be promptly begun, and that it held fresh chances for patient and satisfying service to the good God. In faithful and diligent work in the place where he was put, he found the meaning of each new day.

"My program is work," he said in later life. "What every one ought to do is to seek progress in his own profession, exert himself always to do better, and to become strong and noble in his occupation."—*Selected.*

Daniel D. Emmett, Author of "Dixie"

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT, the author of "Dixie," died at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, June 28, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. This man was born where he died. As a boy he learned the printer's trade, but abandoned it to join the army. He seems to have led an uneventful career, and, although he was the author of many songs that were popular in their day, he will be remembered as the author of "Dixie," and "Dixie" will be remembered when its author is forgotten. This is the only strictly original patriotic melody of which the United States can boast. "Hail Columbia" was composed by a German bandmaster on an occasion when Washington visited New York. The tune to "The Star-Spangled Banner" is an old English song.

Mr. Emmett, a few years ago, in speaking of "Dixie," said: "I wrote it like everything else I did—because I had to. I was trying to entertain the people at Bryant's Playhouse, in New York, in 1850. One Saturday night as I was leaving, Mr. Bryant said: 'Dan, we must have a new attraction. Give us something next week of the kind the bands will play and the boys will whistle in the streets.' When I decided to undertake the writing of the song, it was raining in torrents, and I sat there in my room unable to think of a thing that seemed suitable. I arose, and going to the window, looked down the street. The rain was beating hard, and my thoughts were driven back to the time when I used to travel. I remembered seeing Southern negroes who had come to the North. I remembered hearing them say, when the weather was bad: 'I wish I was back in Dixie land.' Then the sentence, 'I wish I was in Dixie,' kept repeating itself in my mind. The rest came easy. In twenty minutes the words and music were complete, and that is the whole story of how 'Dixie' came to be written. It proved to be the very thing Mr. Bryant wanted for the next week. When we went to a new city, the first thing we heard was boys whistling 'Dixie' on the streets. I sang it first in New York City, to a large audience, every night in the week. Soon the South claimed the song, and took it for its own."

All that the author realized from the song was five hundred dollars paid to him for its copyright. In recent years it has been several times suggested that new words be written to go with the tune, which possesses the principal charm of the production; and a number of attempts have been made by writers of more or less celebrity, to furnish words in good English and of a more intellectual tone, but the veterans are satisfied to sing and hear in time of peace the negro dialect that cheered them in gloom and conflict.—*Children's Visitor.*

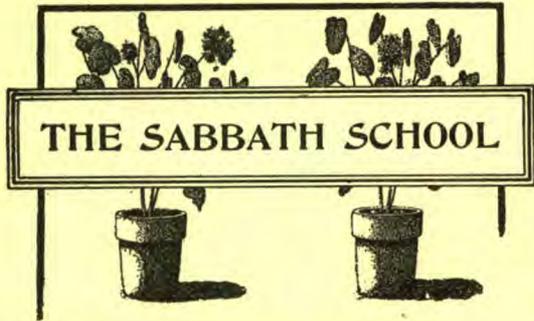
Sabbath Sunshine

THE beams of sunshine on the Sabbath morn,
With purest crimson flooding earth and sky,
Fall over fields of waving golden corn,
Which through the vale in rich profusion lie.

Where'er they go, a peaceful quietude
Enshrouds the smiling country in its veil:
No noise is heard, no sound of discord rude,
Only the murmur of the morning gale.

O that their mellow radiance might steal
Down through this dark and lonely heart of
mine,
Rouse all my fond emotions, make me feel
The slightest impress of the light divine!
Throw open all thy windows, O my soul!
And let their holy influence inward roll.

GILBERT M. FESS.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XI—Hezekiah's Sickness

(September 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 20; Isaiah 38 and 39.

MEMORY VERSES: "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Ex. 15: 26. "Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Isa. 38: 17.

All the nations around Judah heard how the Lord had saved Jerusalem from Sennacherib. "And many brought gifts unto the Lord to Jerusalem, and presents to Hezekiah king of Judah."

"In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death. And the prophet Isaiah the son of Amoz came unto him, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live. Then he turned his face to the wall, and prayed unto the Lord, saying, I beseech thee, O Lord, remember now how I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight. And Hezekiah wept sore.

"And it came to pass, afore Isaiah was gone out into the middle court, that the word of the Lord came to him, saying, Turn again, and tell Hezekiah the captain of my people, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold, I will heal thee: on the third day thou shalt go up unto the house of the Lord. And I will add unto thy days fifteen years."

Hezekiah asked the prophet for a sign that these things should be, and the Lord caused the shadow on the dial to move backward ten degrees.

When the king recovered, he made a "writing" telling his sadness when he thought that he must die, and his praise and gratitude because the Lord had restored him to life. This writing is found in the thirty-eight chapter of Isaiah, verses 9 to 20.

The son of the king of Babylon, who had heard of Hezekiah's sickness, and that he had been healed, sent messengers "to inquire of the wonder that was done in the land." These men brought a letter and a present to the king; and Hezekiah felt pleased and honored because they had come.

The heart of the king was lifted up, and the Lord left him to himself, "to try him, that he might know all that was in his heart." The king showed very plainly that there was pride and self-exaltation in his heart; for instead of telling the messengers how greatly the Lord had

wrought for him, he "showed them the house of his precious things, the silver, and the gold, and the spices, and the precious ointment, and all the house of his armour, and all that was found in his treasures: there was nothing in his house, nor in all his dominion, that Hezekiah showed them not."

Hezekiah had a wonderful opportunity to lift up the name of the Lord among the heathen; but he lifted up his own name instead, and exalted his own power. The Lord was displeased, and sent Isaiah to the king with a message of reproof. "Behold," he said, "the days come, that all that is in thine house, and that which thy fathers have laid up in store unto this day, shall be carried into Babylon: nothing shall be left." He also said that Hezekiah's sons should be carried away to become servants in the palace of the king of Babylon.

When Hezekiah heard these words, he answered: "Good is the word of the Lord." And he "humbled himself for the pride of his heart, both he and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, so that the wrath of the Lord came not upon them in the days of Hezekiah."

Questions

1. To whom did the nations around Judah bring gifts when they heard how the Lord had delivered Jerusalem from the Assyrians?

2. When Hezekiah fell sick, what word was brought him by the prophet Isaiah? What did the king do when he heard the message?

3. Who has power to heal? First Memory Verse. How quickly was Hezekiah's prayer answered? What did the Lord say he had heard? What had he seen? What may we learn from this?

4. How many years were added to the king's life? What sign was given to show that he would go into the house of the Lord on the third day?

5. When he recovered, what did the king write? What does he tell in this writing? Where is it found? Repeat one beautiful thing that is said in this writing. Second Memory Verse.

6. Who heard of Hezekiah's sickness? What did he send men to inquire? What did they bring with them? Was Hezekiah glad to have them come? Why?

7. What did the Lord leave Hezekiah to do at this time? What feeling was in the king's heart? How was it plainly shown? What great opportunity did Hezekiah miss? How did he entertain his visitors? How much did he show them?

8. Whom did the Lord send to the king with a message of reproof? What did he say would one day become of all the treasures that Hezekiah had been so proud to show to the men from Babylon? What would his sons do?

9. How did the king receive this message? What was the result? What did he and the people of Jerusalem do?



XI—Satan Bound, and the Thousand Years

(September 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rev. 20: 1-10

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years." Rev. 20: 6.

Questions

1. Following the scenes of our last lesson, what was shown the prophet? Verse 1.

2. What is the bottomless pit? Note 1.

3. What did the angel do? How long was Satan bound? Verse 2; note 2.

4. Where was he cast? Why? For how long a time was he to be thus bound? After the thousand years had expired, what was to be done? Verse 3.

5. What further did the prophet see would occur during this thousand years? Verse 4.

6. When were these righteous ones, that had been dead, resurrected? 1 Thess. 4: 16.

7. How many resurrections are there? Rev. 20: 5; note 3.

8. What is said of those who share in the first resurrection? Verse 6.

9. How were the righteous living fitted to share in this work during the thousand years? 1 Cor. 15: 51, 52; 1 Thess. 4: 17.

10. What do they do? Rev. 20: 4, first part, and verse 6, last part.

11. Who will be judged during this time? 1 Cor. 6: 2; note 3.

12. Where are the wicked during this time? Rev. 20: 5.

13. What became of the wicked who were living at the second coming of Christ? 2 Thess. 2: 7-9.

14. What occurs at the end of the thousand years? Rev. 20: 7.

15. How is Satan's release brought about? Verse 5. By the resurrection of the wicked, giving him subjects upon whom to work.

16. What does he immediately do? For what purpose does he gather them?

17. Where do they go? What did they do? How is the conflict ended? Verses 9, 10; note 4.

18. For whom was this lake of fire prepared? Matt. 25: 41. How complete will be their destruction? Mal. 4: 1, 3.

Notes

1. No more fitting term than "abyss," or "bottomless pit," could be found to describe the earth in its desolate condition. Here will be Satan's home for a thousand years. All about him he will see only failure and ruin.

"Here is to be the home of Satan and his angels for a thousand years. Here he will be confined, to wander up and down over the broken surface of the earth, and see the effects of his rebellion against God's law. For a thousand years he can enjoy the fruit of the curse which he has caused. Limited alone to this earth, he will not have the privilege of ranging to other planets, to tempt and annoy those who have not fallen."—*Early Writings*, p. 150.

2. Just as the scape-goat in the typical service connected with the earthly sanctuary was led into the wilderness, laden with the sins of the people placed upon him by the high priest on the day of atonement, so at the close of the judgment work in the heavenly sanctuary, the sins of God's people will be placed by our great High Priest upon the antitypical scape-goat, Satan.

3. "And the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished," implies that at the end of that time they, too, would live. With this the fact that Satan was loosed out of his prison, and gathered together the nations, the number of whom is as the sand of the sea, shows conclusively that the wicked were resurrected at the end of the thousand years. Indeed, their resurrection brought about the unbinding of Satan; for it gave him subjects upon whom to work.

4. The countless millions of the wicked dead being raised will loose Satan from his prison, and he begins his former work of deception. He gathers them for battle, and they surround the capital of the new earth in a desperate and final struggle to capture the city. Thus once will the whole family of Adam, both righteous and wicked, stand together on the earth. But what a contrast! We are now making decisions which will determine where we will then stand.



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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

MR. O. SCHLECK, a well-known naval engineer, has brought out an ingenious apparatus designed to reduce the rolling of a ship, and therefore prevent seasickness.

THE promised series of articles on Good Manners, by Mrs. M. A. Loper, begins in this number. These articles deserve a reading by all interested in the work of right and beautiful character building.

"Manners are the shadows of virtues," it has been said. Then let us secure the virtues, and their beautiful shadows will brighten life's pathway for many wearied and sorrowing ones.

These articles were first called for by a church-school teacher who felt the need of something on this subject to use as an aid in her school work.

We believe this series will be of service to all church-school teachers. There are two small inexpensive books on the subject that some may be interested to also use. These are: "Lessons on Manners for School and Home Use," edited by Edith E. Wiggin, and published by Lee & Shepard, 47 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.; "Lessons on Manners, Arranged for Grammar and High Schools," by Julia M. Dewey. Publishers, Hinds & Noble, Cooper Institute, New York City.

THE Lord is coming! He is coming soon! This is the message for the hour. When the Saviour leaves the inner apartment of the sanctuary of heaven, preparatory to his return to earth, then probation closes, and each one must abide forever by the choice he has made. Our great High Priest is at the threshold of the sanctuary. Does the thought of the Saviour's return bring joy to your heart? Are you making earnest preparations for your Friend? and are you interesting relatives and neighbors to join you in receiving him? This is what every one who *loves his appearing* is doing.

The world is thinking naught of this great event that is so soon to close sin's dark history, and which means so much to every soul on the earth. Faithful messengers of God in many cities are sounding the cry of his return, and earnest servants are going from house to house earnestly seeking to interest the people in this momentous event; but, lo, the tents are empty or nearly so. Still the messengers of God must continue to give the warning. "Now, therefore, while we have the opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." Without controversy the greatest good that one can confer in this day upon a fellow being is to bring him in close touch with this great truth. We owe it also to some of the "household of faith," for many of them are sleeping when their Saviour is "even at the door."

Let every one awake, and look diligently about him, "lest any man fail of the grace of God."

Goldenrod

THE migrant goldenrod has found
A lonely bit of pasture ground,
And stopping on its happy way,
Makes beautiful an August day.
But yesterday the bleak paths bore
No tidings of the joys in store;
The rough, gray pasture gave no sign
Beneath low brush and hardy vine,
Until one morning from the sod
Burst forth the gladsome goldenrod,
And in its beauty and its grace
Made of the wilds a garden place.
The goldenrod along the path
Wise purpose in its being hath—
A purpose making glad the way,
If only for an August day.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Faith the Source of Joy

A GENTLEMAN was crossing Fulton Ferry one evening about six o'clock, from New York to the Brooklyn side. The boat was very much crowded, as usual at that hour; and as they passed into the slip on the Brooklyn side, the tide running very high at the time, the boat was brought up with a bang, and carried away on her beam ends. For a moment everything was confusion. Many passengers lost their footing, and were thrown down; horses were struggling to keep on their feet, and drivers were shouting at them. In the midst of the confusion the gentleman noticed a little child, some five years old, sitting on the knee of one of the hackmen, whose daughter she evidently was. As soon as the boat struck, and the noise and commotion broke on her ear, she was filled with alarm and terror, the little chin began to quiver, the tears started to her eyes, and a cry of fear sprang from her lips; but turning quickly, and looking into her father's face, she saw him laughing, and not the least bit afraid. Instantly, without having anything explained, the tears dried, the little mouth straightened out, and the cry of fear gave place to a merry laugh. It was her faith in her father which was the source of her joy.—*Sunday School Times.*

A Hot Place to Live Their Needs Supplied

THE hottest region on the earth's surface, says the *Christian Work*, is on the southwestern coast of Persia, on the border of the Persian Gulf. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above one hundred degrees in the shade, night and day, and to run up as high as one hundred thirty degrees in the middle of the afternoon. At Bahrein, in the center of the most torrid part of this most torrid place, as though it were nature's intention to make the place as unbearable as possible, water from wells is something unknown. Great shafts have been sunk to a depth of one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, and even five hundred feet, but always with the same result—no water. Notwithstanding this serious drawback, a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the gulf more than a mile from the shore. *Machadores* (divers), whose sole occupation is that of furnishing the people of Bahrein with the life-giving fluid, repair to that portion of the gulf where the springs are situated, and bring away with them hundreds of bags full of the water each day. The water of the gulf where the springs burst forth is nearly two hundred feet deep, but these machadores manage to fill their goatskin sacks by diving to the bottom and holding the mouths of the bags over fountain jets—this, too, without allowing the salt water of the gulf to mix with it. The source of these

submarine fountains is thought to be in the hills of Osmond, four or five hundred miles away. Being situated at the bottom of the gulf, it is a mystery how they were ever discovered, but it is said that they have been known since the dawn of history.



HENDRICKS, MINN., July 19, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a reader of the INSTRUCTOR. I like it very much, and am thankful for all the instruction it gives me. I always love the reading on the Children's Page.

There were a few feats in the last two INSTRUCTORS, and the ones that got them should write to you. I was successful in performing the following: the floating needle, how to put a bird in an empty cage, and how to drive a needle through a penny. They were puzzling but interesting tasks. I hope other little girls and boys will have the pleasure of getting them, too.

And I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers when the Saviour comes.

WILLIAM A. JOHNSON.

OSWEGO, KAN., July 17, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I take the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and like it very much. Mama and I were baptized last winter by Rev. E. Promley. I have been taking the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for nearly a year, and I enjoy it very much.

We had a church-school last winter, and Miss Baldwin was our teacher. She is married now, and her name is Mrs. McVicker. I liked her very much. I hope I shall meet all the little YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers when the Lord comes to take his children home.

I am a little girl nine years old, and am trying to be a good girl. I have a sister eight months old.

For fear of taking too much room, I will close this letter. I would like to correspond with some of the little girls who read the INSTRUCTOR.

LILLIE SEE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR EDITOR: Not having seen any letters from Washington, I thought that I would write and let you know that there is one who appreciates reading the INSTRUCTOR. I learned that Sunday was not the Sabbath under the preaching of Elder Sheafe. I kept my first Sabbath over a year and a half ago. I was converted six months ago, and was baptized by Elder Sheafe. I am now a member of the People's Seventh-day Adventist church. Our family consists of four, and all are members of the church except a younger brother. I enjoy reading the stories in the INSTRUCTOR, and the letters also.

I sell tracts and song books at the Beacon Light Gospel Tent, in this city. I hope my letter is not too long to be printed, as I want the readers of it to pray for me that I may prove faithful to the end; pray for my brother also. I am fifteen years old, and go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. With appreciation of your paper, I remain

Your interested reader,

ANTHONY WILLIAMS.

There are several points in this letter that make it interesting to the editor. The author expresses a readiness to obey the truth, a spirit to work, an interest in the salvation of others, and faithful attendance at Sabbath-school. May the years only increase Anthony's interest and faithfulness in these four things.

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