

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

May 30, 1911

No. 22



"THE MILL"

This picture was painted by Ruysdael (rois'däl), an eminent Dutch artist of the seventeenth century. The original, a painting only thirty-five by forty-two inches, was recently purchased by a citizen of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for five hundred fifty thousand dollars.

A PARIS artisan has invented a garment impervious to the action of the X-ray, for the protection of doctors and surgeons. The long tunic, which completely covers the body, is made of lead, rubber, and bismuth. The mask has eyeholes of a lead glaze.

JOHN GUTENBURG, the inventor of printing, printed a Bible in 1450, more than forty years before America was discovered by Columbus. This Bible recently sold at auction in New York for fifty thousand dollars.

"THE object of Bands of Mercy," says Dr. Francis H. Rowley, "is to awaken in the heart of every child the impulse of kindness toward all that lives — toward the dumb beasts and toward each human brother; to teach the evil of war and violence, the beauty of mercy and of love."

HAWAII has been free from mosquitoes until within a few years, when some were taken there by accident in the hold of a vessel with the cargo. But these little pests were not slow to make themselves felt in their new home. Finally, through the effort of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, they have nearly been exterminated, by the introduction from this country of killfish, which feed greedily upon the larvæ, or wrigglers, of the mosquito.

SEVENTEEN students of Dr. Charles E. Simon, of Baltimore, have offered themselves as subjects to test the efficiency of Dr. Simon's experiments for cure of cancer. These students know well that in doing this they run the risk of lingering illness and horrible deaths, for, after being inoculated with the cancer germ, if the cure fails, the disease will have to take its course. Dr. Simon's experiments on animals have seemed eminently successful, but it is a question whether the results will be as favorable upon human subjects.

THE girls of Wellesley College want a new dormitory; so they are seeking to raise the money themselves. Already they have secured *eight thousand* dollars. "That dormitory has simply got to come," they say. Many little incidental expenses which seem almost necessary to a girl have been done away with. They have a junk collecting committee, whose duty it is to see that no bottles, paper, or other junk is allowed to go to waste. Perhaps some of our girls could, by following the plan of the Wellesley girls, secure an acceptable sum for some of our mission schools.

Periwak Feathers

THE coronation ceremonies in London call attention to the fact that a curious tuft of feathers is fixed in the apex of the crown worn by the Prince of Wales on state occasions. The value of the tuft is estimated at fifty thousand dollars; and it has the distinction of being the only one of its kind in human possession. Twenty years passed, after the first hunter started out to secure the prize, before success rewarded the searchers. The costly tuft is of periwak feathers, and the extraordinary danger incurred in securing it was due to the fact that the periwak, for some unknown reason, is to be found only in dense jungles, in which tigers make their lair.— *Young People's Weekly*.

A STENOGRAPHER who, in a personal-experience contest, received a prize for the recital of her experience, gave the following summary of points that had helped her as a wage-earner to reach the success that had been hers:—

Experience has taught me the value of quickly and easily adapting myself to my business surroundings; of speaking clearly and distinctly; of asking information only when I can not find it for myself; of remembering all that is told me concerning the business; of using my common sense; of performing my work as my employer would have it done; and, lastly, but by far not least, the value of performing all of my work as quickly and as neatly as possible.

An Iceless Refrigerator

It will come as a surprise to a good many housekeepers to learn that ice, however desirable as a luxury, is by no means a necessity for preserving food in warm weather. Experienced campers know how to get along without it very well.

They have several methods of constructing iceless refrigerators, all differing more or less in appearance, but alike in being based on the principles of the old-fashioned "coolers," with which the cooks of our grandfathers' and grandmothers' time were familiar.



A peach crate makes a very good refrigerator; or any box of open-frame construction, with slats for sides instead of solid boards, will do. Arrange in it as many shelves as you need, or

have room for; provide a door with hinges and a catch, and cover the sides, back, and door with burlap.

Place an enamel pan on the top, and from this pan hang wicks made of strips of flannel four or five inches wide. These wicks start from the inside bottom of the pan, and hang over the edge of the crate until the ends come in contact with the top of the burlap.

The refrigerator is to be placed outside in the shade, but where the wind can blow upon it, and the pan is to be kept full of water. This water is drawn up by the wicks, and distributed through the mesh of the burlap by capillary attraction. The breeze causes the moisture to evaporate, and this evaporation reduces the temperature inside the refrigerator. It will keep butter firm on the warmest days in summer.— *Youth's Companion*.

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VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 30, 1911

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The French Nobleman and the Physician



FEW years ago a French nobleman went to England, laboring under an extraordinary depression of spirits. He went to consult an eminent physician, who devoted himself especially to the treatment of diseases of the mind.

The count was a man of wealth as well as of rank. Beloved in his family and esteemed by his friends, his cup seemed to run over. But was he happy? — No; for, strange as it may appear, a deep gloom hung over his spirits, which neither the charms of a happy family circle nor the important duties of public life could dispel.

His friends became much alarmed on his account, and by their advice he consulted various medical men. They recommended change of air and scene, baths, music, company. He tried all, but in vain.

Just at this juncture an intimate friend advised him to go to England, and consult the above-mentioned physician. To this he willingly assented, and before many days had passed, he was seated with the doctor in his study. Having put a number of questions to him, the doctor, after a most careful examination, said: "There is nothing wrong with you, sir. I can find nothing in the state of your system to account for your melancholy."

"This is strange," said the patient. "This depression of spirits endangers my reason. Do, doctor, help me, if you can."

"Perhaps an inordinate ambition may have to do with it?"

"No, I have no desire for great things. I am in the position just suited to my tastes and wishes."

"Some family trouble or bereavement?"

"No, doctor; peace and love reign in my family, and my circle is unbroken."

"Have you any enemies?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"What subject most frequently occupies your thoughts?"

"You are approaching a matter which I hardly like to speak of, doctor. I am a skeptic, and the ceremonies of religion are, in my view, as repugnant to common sense as its mysteries are to reason. I do not believe in revelation, and yet, I must confess, one of its dogmas haunts me like a specter. I try to persuade myself that it is the result of a disordered state of the brain; but yet my mind is continually occupied with it."

"Will you tell me what it is?"

"A vision of the last judgment is constantly present to my mind. The end of all things seems to have come. There is One seated on the throne whose look of stern justice terrifies me. I try to escape from his penetrating glance. Every moment I expect to hear the awful words: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.'"

"What makes you fear such a sentence?"

"Well, in the eyes of men my life is deemed irreproachable, but in the presence of such dazzling glory — such spotless purity — my very best actions

appear black, hideous. I feel guilty, condemned."

"Is that what causes the melancholy of which you complain?"

"I suppose so. This terrible vision is always before me."

"I have by me an old book, which contains a remedy for your disease," said the doctor, with confidence, as he turned to his bookcase and took down a book, which bore the marks of frequent use. He turned over a few pages, and then, handing the book to his patient, he requested him to read aloud the lines to which he pointed.

He read as follows: —

"Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

"He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not."

"Of whom do these verses speak?" said the count.

"Of the Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son, whom he sent into the world, that by his death he might make atonement for sin."

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

"What does that mean, doctor?"

"That the Son of God took the sinner's place, and bore the punishment due to the sinner."

"Is it possible, doctor? The guiltless dies for the guilty?"

"Read on a little further."

"He was oppressed, and he was afflicted; yet he opened not his mouth."

"Because he stood there as the willing substitute."

"He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

"He gave up his life as a ransom for me. He took the sinner's place. I see it."

"He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken."

"There it is again, doctor. I see it as clearly as possible,— justified by the death of another! What love in God! What love in his Son! I can not longer fear the judgment. Christ has been judged for me. I see it now."

"If you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, he himself tells you you *have* everlasting life. Read it for yourself."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life." John 5:24.

The count received the truth then and there, and left the doctor's study a different man. Returning home with a heart filled with gratitude, he desired henceforth to live to the glory of him who loved him and gave himself for him.—*Traveler's Guide From Death to Life.*

If We Knew

THERE are gems of wondrous brightness
Ofttimes lying at our feet,
And we pass them, walking thoughtless
Down the busy, crowded street.
If we knew, our pace would slacken,
We would step more oft with care,
Lest our careless feet be treading
To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching
For the comfort we might bring;
If we knew what souls are yearning
For the sunshine we might fling;
If we knew what feet are weary,
Walking pathways roughly laid,
We would quickly hasten forward,
Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us
Feel a want they never tell,
That some word that we have spoken
Pained or wounded where it fell,
We would speak in accents tender
To each friend we chanced to meet;
We would give to each one freely
Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

—*Genesee Richardson.*

A Word for the Master

"I WANT to say a word for the Master."

But why for "the Master"? Does the Master need my word? Does he whose word created and controls the mighty universe need my frail word? He holds the waters in the hollow of his hand; the nations are with him but as a drop in the bucket; he weighs the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. Surely he does not need my word. Then why speak a word for *him*? — Because I drink my life, my health, my peace from him. Because he is the sun and center around which my little planet spins. Because he has done wonderful things for me, whereof I am glad. Because he has saved my soul.

But why speak at all? — Because there is a reflex action, and in telling you I myself seem to receive fresh energy, fresh incentive, fresh impetus to live up to my profession. Because in giving you my experience it may be that I am voicing yours, and so you may profit by mine. Because the comfort I obtained may comfort you; the lift I received may help lift you; the bread that filled my soul may suffice for you; the Saviour that saves me may save you, too.

The magnitude of a business to-day is determined by the range of its advertisements. That is what I am when I speak for him, an advertisement, or sign, if you please; a poster telling the good qualities of my Master. "They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."

Are you friendless? He is the one true friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Are you sorrowful? He is the "Man of sorrows," "acquainted with grief," and so from experience is qualified to sympathize with and comfort your soul. Is your soul all dark and clouded? He is the "Sun of Righteousness," that lightens every man that comes into the world. Have your relatives forsaken you also? His faithfulness, his attachment, surpasses even a mother's

tender yearning for her sucking babe. And that is the reason why I speak for the Master. He has done these things for me, and is fully capable of doing the same for you. This is something more than mere theory; it is fact, experience, and it is too good to keep all to myself. More than that, this is the only way I can make sure of my share of the good things which flow continually from him.

Will not you, too, dear reader, speak a word in the Master's name?

WM. T. GUNRAJ.

A Visit to Panteon de Dolores

THE national cemetery of the City of Mexico is named Dolores, which means pains, or sorrows. It is some three miles from the city, and to the west of Tacubaya, where are located our printing-press and school. It has railway connection, and daily there can be seen the funeral cars on their way to the cemetery.

A peculiar thing in Mexico is the first and second class in everything. This is not departed from in the cemetery, but rather carried to excess. There are six classes of burial-grounds. The first class



THE CATACOMBS OF GUANAJUATO

holds few but the honored dead of the government. The sixth is given free to the poor.

A grave of interest to us is that of Brother Arthur Reinke, one of the four pioneer canvassers to this republic. A neat but simple monument is being completed over his resting-place.

A grave may be purchased forever or for a period of seven years. At the expiration of a seven-year lease the body is unearthened and disposition made of it at the farther side of the cemetery. Open graves may be seen everywhere awaiting contents for another period of time.

We wished to see the end of the remains of those who had been disinterred, so, although told it was not permissible, we followed a cart path to a hill-side. On our way we saw some bones near by, which on examination proved to be the hip-bones of some child of Mexico. Evidently there is little sentiment connected with the skeleton of a human being here.

Our attention was drawn to a heap of brush and boards. The brush was simply the decorations which had been removed from new graves. The boards were parts of old coffins. Search revealed a vertebra and a skull or two. A child's coffin contained the "left-overs" of some one's baby. I brought away, under the name of a *recuerdo*, a part of the metal plate of a coffin.

Farther down were more boards, and below them,

near the bottom of a gulch, was an adobe concern eight feet square and as many in depth. This was lined with wood and filled with human bones,— skulls, ribs, thighs, tibia and fibula, radius and ulna, phalanges and carpals,— in confusion. When filled, the contents are consumed by fire.

By the side of this kiln, or charnel-house, was a pile of ashes, probably a car-load or two. Looking upon this scene, I thought of Ezekiel's valley of dried bones. It did not quite resemble it, but was about as gruesome.

A cave close by has been paved. It is so large that the end can not be seen. This has been filled almost to the top with ashes. The bones of hundreds have been consumed to produce them.

I wondered which resurrection would disturb these ashes. Undoubtedly most of them will lie until after the millennium, and then be awakened to receive their reward. Well could these say, as did those on which Ezekiel looked, "Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost." Eze. 37: 11.

In Guanajuato the custom varies slightly. The bones are not burned but are stacked like cord-wood in a cave. The cave has two apartments; one is used as a receptacle for bones; the other resembles an Egyptian pyramid. In it are the famous Guanajuato mummies. These are hung on hooks in rows along the sides of the cave. One is that of a priest in his clerical robes.

Mexico is in need of the light of life, that she may learn better ways. This is being given slowly. Some there are already in the republic rejoicing in "the Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

HENRY F. BROWN.

When You Read

CARELESS reading is common. That which we have read may have been of the best, but is quickly forgotten, leaving only a general impression of certain facts. It is said of Benjamin Franklin that a few days after he had read the writings of some scholar, he would endeavor to reproduce the same thoughts in his own words. This was an excellent exercise.

Perhaps but few of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR could put this plan of study into execution, but we suggest a plan which may be of great help to many.

To illustrate: we are reading "Ministry of Healing," page 393. Here we find a strong statement in regard to the maintenance of the family altar. If you have no system of correlating the facts which you read, you are very likely to pass on without a vivid impression having been made upon the mind. Should it appeal to you as being an important statement, but you set up nothing to mark its location, quite likely you will forget it, or at least forget where you read it, and so not be able to refer others to it and thus benefit them.

Because we realize that we are likely to lose what we read and not be able to make ready reference to it, we become indifferent in regard to the reading of substantial truth, frequently selecting that literature which pleases the fancy for the time being.

We know that every one can not mark the books read, but we would advise all to have books of their own that can be marked as they wish. Such a system tends to develop carefulness in reading, therefore greater interest in the subject-matter. These marked sentences may prove a source of help in time of discouragement or trial.

When you come to the statement to which reference has been made, "Fathers and mothers, however pressing your business, do not fail to gather your family around God's altar," underscore it. As you read on down the page, you will find other thoughts of equal importance but having direct application to other phases of life. Mark such of these as especially appeal to you.

Select a note-book of convenient size, and at the top of a page place the words "Family Worship." Under this write catchwords from the sentence, and give the reference, as below:—

F. W. more important than any business. M. H., 393.

Having copied this in your note-book, make a simple dot with pen or pencil in the margin of the book opposite the sentence copied, indicating to you that it has been copied. Then proceed to copy into your index note-book other statements under their various headings, such as "Home Life," "Criticism," etc. This will take time and patience, but you will be amply rewarded by the additional benefit received by careful reading, and you will have growing a book of reference that will be of intrinsic value to you.

You may be reading in the *Review* and find this statement, "Have family worship early in the evening, before you are tired." Mark it, and as soon as convenient, add it to the foregoing statement, giving the volume and number of the paper in which it was published.

Later, you may hear some one make this statement, "Without the family altar a breach is left in the wall through which our children may slip away." Make a note of this, and add it to your growing collection of good thoughts on this subject.

In another article we will speak of the kind of note-book that is best to use. D. D. FITCH.

Let Us Work

LAST summer we were living in a large Western city. Among our neighbors was an Italian family, consisting of the parents and five children, three boys and two girls.

One Friday afternoon another neighbor called to me that Rosy, one of the Italian girls, was having spasms. I ran over and found the house crowded with women, three of them Americans, but mostly Russians. The little girl was suffering terribly, having spasm after spasm. No one seemed to know what was the real cause, though it was thought that she had eaten poisoned candy.

The poor mother was almost distracted, but tried to do all she could by waiting on those who were working over the child. We tried in every way to make the sick child vomit, but all our effort was of no avail, and the poor little thing died in less than an hour from the time she was taken sick. No one ever knew how or where she got the poison, or what caused such a quick and horrible death.

When the mother saw that her child was dead, she tore her hair and threw herself on the floor, shrieking, "Rosy! Rosy!" Two of us lifted her, and, taking her into the next room, placed her in a chair. As I sat and held her in her chair for about three hours, and listened to her almost constant cries of, "Rosy! Rosy! I want Rosy!" I tried to tell her of our loving Saviour, and she seemed to grow more quiet. Then she would break out again and again. All night she cried out for Rosy. She could not

bear to let her child be laid away in the grave; for she had no hope of a glad reunion when the Saviour shall come in the clouds of heaven.

What a terrible thing it is to lay away one's loved ones with nothing to look forward to! We must hasten to carry this message of a soon-coming Saviour to a world dying in sin. Let us say to the Lord, "Here am I; send me," and, in the words of the song, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord," "I'll be what you want me to be." And let us begin to-day, just where we are, to labor and pray for the salvation of those for whom our Saviour died on the cross.

MRS. HENRY N. TOLTON.

The Passion and Its Triumphs

THE fires of ambition are glowing in many a heart to-day. Look out across the world's life and you will see men and women who, with splendid consecration of their powers, are pressing on toward some chosen goal. Many are possessed with the passion for gold. They are willing to give time and talent and comfort and health and home, and, alas! oftentimes eternity, if only they may fill their coffers with gain.

Other lives are governed by the ambition for power. No sacrifice is counted too great if only they may grasp a scepter and fight their way to a throne. Still others display this consuming zeal in effort to secure the treasures of knowledge.

There are many worthy pursuits in life; there are many desires to which we may rightly cling; but there is only one passion for a blood-bought heart; that is the all-controlling purpose which brought the Son of God from the skies and drove him to the cross — the passion for the salvation of men. We have only to read our Bible with care to be assured this is the divine plan for those who have been redeemed.

Jesus said to the men whom he called from their nets, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." He announced his own mission in those immortal words, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost;" and he said, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you."

In the book of Proverbs the Spirit tells us, "He that winneth souls is wise." He put upon the pen of James those words which we have often considered, but whose meaning we have not begun to grasp, "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

And, as though this were not enough to stir the dullest heart, we have that marvelous promise in the prophecy of Daniel, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

This, then, is our mission; everything else is to have a subordinate place. By word and by prayer and by life we are to point sin-cursed souls to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. Henry Ward Beecher used to say, "Every Christian is to be a pilot-boat. He is to cruise about hard by the harbor of salvation, watching for the tempest-tossed soul, if perchance he may guide that soul into the harbor of life."

But this must be more than a theory in the life. It must become a passion, whose fires shall touch every word and every deed with warmth and power.

"Give me only fire enough," said Bernard Palissy, "and these colors shall be burned into this china."

His neighbors said, "The man is mad." "More fire!" he continued to cry, "more fire!" The fire was kindled, the colors were fixed, and the name of Palissy comes down through the years a synonym for determination and success. This is the plea that I make with reference to our God-appointed work. "More fire, more holy, heavenly fire!" Then shall the church begin a new era in her history; then shall the multitudes be won for Christ.

The most inspiring literature for the church to-day, aside from revelation, is Christian biography. It will thrill the dullest heart and quicken the feeblest pulse to meditate upon the marvels which God hath wrought through those heroic souls that have been willing to count all things loss for him. There is one thing that impresses us as we study. With one accord they were possessed with this passion for souls.

It was this that caused Xavier to cry out from the deck of that Indian ship when a vision of untold hardship and suffering came before his eyes as the price of turning isles and empires to Christ: "All this and more, O my God, if only I may win souls for thy kingdom!"

This was the ambition that impelled Wesley through his devoted life, with its numberless ministries and self-denials.

It was this that gave birth to the mighty zeal of Whitefield and sent him up and down the land and across the sea, a flaming torch for Christ.

This passion burned in the breast of Rowland Hill. The people of Wotton called him a madman. This was his defense: "While I passed along yonder road I saw a gravel-pit cave in, and bury three men alive. I hastened to the rescue, and shouted for help until they heard me in the town almost a mile away. Nobody called me a madman then. But when I see destruction about to fall on sinners and entomb them in an eternal mass of woe, and cry aloud, if perchance they may behold their danger and escape, they say I am beside myself; perhaps I am, but, O, that all God's children might thus be fired with desire to save their fellows!"

It was this that led Shaftesbury to turn aside from the attractions of a brilliant social life that he might minister to the riffraff of London. He literally turned his nights into day. He made himself the companion of thieves and harlots that he might win souls for Christ.

The passion drove Robert McAll from his beautiful English home to the slums of Paris. He was a cultured man, fond of art and letters, but he put these aside and took up his abode amid the moral destitution of the French metropolis, that he might point wretched souls to the cross. Can you think of anything more pathetic or more beautiful than the picture of this man and his devoted wife opening their first hall in an empty shop, with a little organ, a table, and a few chairs, and standing up before twenty-eight people to speak in broken French the message of a Saviour's love? But such fires of zeal could not be extinguished. They burned on and on until scores of gospel halls had been opened to shine like beacons in the midst of this night of sin.

Matthew Henry said: "I would think it greater happiness to win one soul for Christ than to gain mountains of gold and silver for myself."

Doddridge cried: "I long for the conversion of souls more sensibly than for anything besides! Methinks I could not only labor, but die for it with delight."

The sainted Brainerd, after years of such toil and sacrifice as have seldom been equaled, wrote: "I cared not where or how I lived or what hardships I went through, if only I could win souls for Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things; when I waked, my first thought was of this great work."

And what more shall I say? The time would fail me to tell of Edwards, and Finney, and Spurgeon, and Moody, and a host of others whose deeds were mighty because they were fired with this passion for souls.

On the sixth of December, 1878, in the city of Poughkeepsie, New York, with a "hallelujah" upon his lips, one of the greatest soul-winners of this century died. John Vassar was a noble man. His attainments in the various departments of life where the world seeks success were not large. He had but one ambition which was sufficiently developed to find recognition. That ambition was mighty enough to be called a passion. He lived for the salvation of men. He delighted to call himself "the Shepherd's dog." "My business," he would say, "is not to preach, but to go over the hills to seek for the sheep that is lost."

He had gone to a New England village for a season of special effort. The pastor met him at the station, and as they walked together toward the place where Mr. Vassar was to be housed, he said, pointing across the road: "There is the blacksmith's shop. Step in some day and speak to the smith about his soul." No sooner had he heard the words than John Vassar put down his traveling-bag and started for the place. Ten minutes later the smith had released the foot of the horse he was shoeing, and was on his knees behind the forge crying unto God for mercy.

In another place Mr. Vassar was going from house to house distributing tracts and speaking with the people as opportunity came. An Irish woman heard of this strange man who was entering the houses of the town without introduction, and she said, "If he comes to my door, he shall not be kindly treated." The next day, with no knowledge of this threat, he rang her bell. When she recognized him, she slammed the door in his face. Nothing daunted, he sat upon the doorstep, and sang:—

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do."

A few weeks later this woman sought admission to the membership of a Presbyterian church. As she made her confession before the elders, she could only say between her sobs, "'Twas those drops of grief; they burned themselves into my heart."

This was the man's life. To win the lost was his meat. He sought no other joy. He was greedy for opportunities to point the unsaved to Christ.

He was waiting for a friend in the parlor of a Boston hotel. A fashionably dressed lady was sitting across the room. Mr. Vassar went over and said, "Excuse me, madam, but I feel that I must ask if you are trusting in Jesus Christ." Then followed a conversation which deeply impressed this butterfly of fashion. When, a little later, the woman's husband appeared, she told him of the strange man who had asked her so personal a question. He replied in anger, "Why did you not tell him it was none of his business?" "O husband," she said, "if you had seen that expression upon his face, and heard the earnestness with which he spoke, you would have thought it was his business!"

That was the secret. It was his business to win souls. He had no other mission in life. The passion was in his heart.

And God expects us to make it our business. To neglect this is to fail at the vital point. Nothing else can atone for unfaithfulness here.

O, the possibilities of this holy passion! It will sweep away selfishness, and swallow up indifference, and push aside strife. It will lift our service out of the commonplace. It will cause the lifeless machinery in the church to move with power. In its trail a great multitude shall rejoice in the knowledge of Christ, whom to know is life eternal.—"*Passion for Souls*," by Hallenbeck.

For the Family Bulletin-Board

THERE are so many little sins of omission or commission that give others discomfort or petty annoyance. I beg to offer a list that might well be posted on that "family bulletin-board" that should hang in every front hallway:—

When through with any liquid, cork or cap the receptacle.

Dispose of your own burnt matches, broken needles, and bent pins.

Put your book back into place on the shelf.

Hang up towels, dusters, polishing-cloths, and mops.

Don't borrow stamps or ask friends for small change.

Throw all waste paper into the basket.

Roll up your own dried umbrella.

Have pencils, pens, and paper of your own.

Remember that trifles use up others' time as well as yours.

Make sure your friend prefers the "long way round" before taking it.

Baby's chatter is not always "cunning" to strangers.

Few like to hear the conversation of strangers in cars, in concert-rooms, or in other public places.

The whole neighborhood has an interest in the neatness of your home grounds.

It is likely some one may be waiting for the telephone-line.

A boy seldom whistles well enough to make it a treat.

Others like the brownest pancakes.

Good manners are a public benefaction.

The salespeople are not allowed to answer back.

Reading extracts is often boresome.

Argument may offend even when it convinces.

Not everybody longs to see the sunset or the moonlight.

The world is no one's private park.

There is no need to convert the world to your own views.

That anecdote about your Uncle Peter is not interesting to one who does not know him.

A story is not humorous in proportion to its length.

There are kindly folks that are not enamored of athletics.

"Age before beauty" lost its novelty before the war.

When making a call, remember you have a home.

Many things new to you have long been familiar to others.

The rules of hygiene are not a part of the Holy Scriptures.

Your best friend does not always like your favorite book.—*Selected.*



"Marine Show-Shells"

W. S. CHAPMAN

THE sand, the seaweed, the rocks of every beach, teem with animal life, yet often, to an unpractised eye, give no sign of being inhabited.

Some shell-fish delight in shallow water, where

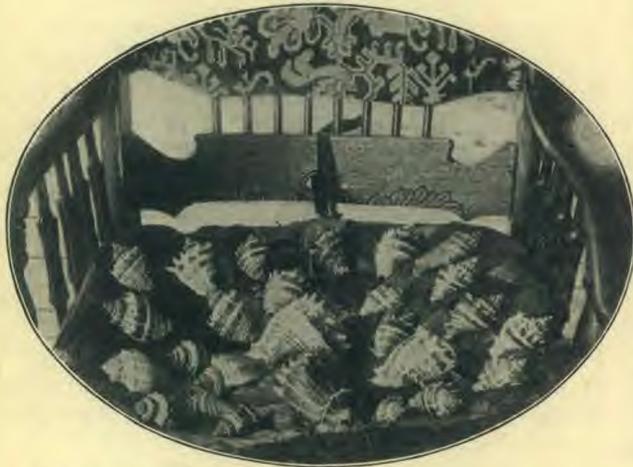


Photo by W. S. Chapman

MELONGENA CORONA, OR CROWNED CONCH

the rays from the sun can reach them, and where, at regular intervals, the receding tide will leave them uncovered. Other little creatures shrink from exposure and never trust themselves on beaches that the tides leave bare, while still others inhabit the very deep waters, coming up onto beaches only occasionally to feed, or when thrown up by unusually turbulent waves. Then, too, buried in the sand are innumerable forms of life, all interesting and many obtainable.

The rays from the hot sun overhead do not seem to affect some mollusks, so long as the sand remains moist below them. Such, for instance, are the little pectens, or dancing scallops, which go hopping, skipping, and jumping from one pool of water to another, delightedly basking in the bright sunshine, each one content so long as he can keep his little foot covered with the warm water.

Others, more particularly the smaller kinds, found in the pools and muddy hollows, generally, of sand beaches, like the Trivias, known as Coffee-bean Mollusks, shun the very bright sunlight. At low tide, and while the beach is uncovered, they bury themselves in the sand as a protection against both the heat and their enemies, the sea-birds, for which they are food.

As a rule, quiet waters, narrow bays, and some inlets to streams, waters where the rough winds do not have a broad and long sweep sufficient to lash the waves into roaring billows in storms, are the most prolific in shell life. These quiet waters, however, differ greatly in the character of their inhabitants, not only because of climatic and geographical variations, but more especially because of differences in the beach formation.

Some of the shelled animals delight in clear, pure water, clean, with white, sandy beaches, or mixed

with pebbles, free from seaweed. Others are at home only beneath the coarse, glossy foliage of the kelp and other rank-growing, broad-leaved seaweeds of a rocky coast, as in some parts of New England. Still others favor the stiff, short seaweed of quiet bays, in which the floating particles of offal and refuse will be caught and come to them as food. Others, again, as the mussels, must have mud and ooze and slime as their environment in order to thrive.

Some deep-sea mollusks seem to delight in the roar and din of an ocean beach, and accept, stoically, the tumbling and tossing which they receive from the giant waves, when caught near a beach. Such is the *Strombus pugilis*, or Fighting Top-shell, with its thick shell and crown of spikes, defying injury, even when dashed upon a rocky coast.

On a beach open to the ocean, where the huge waves and restless swell are ever present, one would naturally infer that all its shell life was protected by shell cases of especially hard and thick construction. This is not always a fact. Examination of a beach after a storm will reveal scores of tiny shells too fragile for a battle with turbulent waters. Indeed, in many instances the empty, single shell proclaims the fact that it is merely the half of a broken home, tossed up from the depths by the action of the restless waves. The home of the living creature is, in all probability, far down on the bottom of the deep sea.

There are exceptions; for instance, the little bivalve (two parts), *Donax variabilis*, the little Wedge-shell, called, locally, *Coquina*. These are small and very delicate shelled mollusks, seldom exceeding three fourths of an inch in length, and all colors of the rainbow. At certain seasons they appear on the Florida coast in countless thousands, more particularly after a storm. They come in with the breaking waves, as they dash upon the beach, and as soon as they touch the shore, and before the receding waters can carry them out to sea again, bury themselves in the sand with incredible rapidity.

Naturalists have divided the sea into three great di-



PECTEN, OR DANCING SCALLOP

visions: (1) The littoral region (from *littus*, the shore), those waters into which light can penetrate, and in which vegetable life is found; (2) the abyssal, or benthic region (from *abussos*, bottomless), the deep sea, into which no light can penetrate; and (3) a region between these two, called the archibenthic (beginning of the deep sea).

The first, or littoral region, is supposed to extend from the shore-line out to a depth of a hundred fathoms (six hundred feet). This region is further subdivided into three minor subdivisions, each with its particular kinds of life; not that there is really

any arbitrary dividing line, but that certain kinds of life prevail in each division.

The first division is the littoral division proper, which includes all the beach from the shore-line out



THE CROWNED CONCH

to low-water mark. This portion is the hunting-ground proper of the shell-gatherer.

The second division begins at low-water mark and extends out for fifteen fathoms (ninety feet). It is called the laminarian, because the sea kelp, *Laminaria*, is found chiefly in this region.

From this mark, for a distance of one hundred fathoms, the region is named the coralline zone, because its main vegetation is the stony alga, or seaweed.

From the coralline zone the bed of the ocean sinks rapidly away until, in places, it reaches a depth of from two thousand five hundred fathoms to over five thousand fathoms. These great depths swarm with both animal and vegetable life. Light of some kind exists there, because many animals brought up to the surface from these depths have huge eyes singularly disproportionate to the size of their bodies.

All known deep-sea mollusca, and numbers inhabiting the littoral region proper, are carnivorous. All such are predatory in their habits, great roamers, going long distances from their natural environment in search of food. Among these none are more savage or destructive than the *Melongena corona*, or crowned conch, a mollusk with a beautiful shell, found on the Florida coast. It is cruel and merciless in its attacks upon other and smaller mollusks, while it will seize a larger and stronger animal without hesitation, and is generally successful in maintaining its hold.

As a rule, the shells of mollusks inhabiting warm waters take on various deep colorings, which are wanting in those frequenting cold waters. Because

of the richness of this coloring, and the beautiful forms in which the little animals place the coloring matter upon the shells, they have received the name of "Show-shells." Among American Show-shells none are more lovely than the *Melongena corona* and the *Fulgur perversa*, or Left-handed Lightning-shell, found on the Florida coast.

The Real Issue

WILLIAM A. MC KEEVER

Professor of Philosophy Kansas State Agricultural College

IN our eagerness out here in the Middle West to herald to the world the magnitude of our corn and wheat crops, the superiority of our beef cattle and thoroughbred swine, and the tremendous productiveness of our domestic hen, we are prone to lose sight of the real issue, namely, the splendid crop of strong sons and fair daughters that the country is producing. In their joyous natures we behold at once the bright sunlight of hope and the beautiful bow of promise of our future greatness and glory. Drought and deluges may destroy our growing crops, disease and degeneration may play havoc among our cattle on a thousand hills and our treasured porkers in the alfalfa fields; yea, our boasted domestic hen may even occasionally cease her productive labors,—all these calamities might conceivably come upon us each in its turn, and yet our glory not be dimmed, provided only that our growing boys and girls be so trained and safeguarded in the home, so educated and disciplined in the school, the church, and other institutions of the country, that they will develop into well-rounded, magnificent specimens of manhood and womanhood.

Home-Training Bulletins

The foregoing "Real Issue" is the foreword of a series of bulletins on Boys and Girls, which have gone into the hands of more than one million five hundred thousand readers.

The first six are: No. 1, "Cigarette-Smoking Boy;" No. 2, "Teaching the Boy to Save;" No. 3, "Training the Girl to Help in the Home;" No. 4, "Assisting the Boy in the Choice of a Vocation;" No. 5, "A Better Crop of Boys and Girls;" No. 6, "Training the Boy to Work."

Free (post-age, two cents each)

to all parents who ask for them. One cent each prepaid in quantities for free distribution.

Address Wm. A. McKeever, Manhattan, Kansas.



A DISH OF *DONAX VARIABILIS*, OR COQUINAS

Opium in China

CONTRARY to the general expectation of foreigners, the Chinese government has proved itself competent to check and probably to abolish the opium traffic. When the edict ordering the suppression of the use of opium within ten years was issued in November, 1906, it was pointed out by the English papers that this was a greater undertaking than the abolition of the use of alcohol in other countries would be, and that it could not be expected that so weak and corrupt a government as that of China would be successful. The British government, doubting the sincerity and competency of the Chinese authorities, and realizing that the destruction of the English opium trade would play havoc with the finances of India, refused to comply with the request of China to stop the exportation of opium from India. The greatest concession which China could obtain from the British government at that time was an agreement to reduce the exportation of opium from India to China at the rate of 5,100 chests a year for a period of three years, beginning Jan. 1, 1908, provided China reduced the production of native opium in the same ratio; but China has done very much better than was expected, and has not used the opium which she was entitled to receive according to this agreement. In the year 1907, 51,000 chests of opium were imported into China from India. In the following year, according to the agreement, China was to import 45,900 chests, but really imported only 42,122. In 1909, the amount imported was about the same, 42,183 chests; but last year the importation was reduced to 30,654 chests, instead of 35,700, as allowed. The reports of the British investigators showed that an immense decrease had been effected in the area of land devoted to the cultivation of the poppy, even in such large and distant provinces as Szechuan. The Chinese government, calling attention to the fact that it expected to completely do away with the native production within two years, asked Great Britain to stop the exportation from India by that time, forbidding the sale of Indian opium into any provinces which had succeeded in suppressing the cultivation. But the opium dealers in the treaty ports, believing that the anti-opium crusade would soon play out, had accumulated in the treaty ports a larger stock than they had been able to sell. The surplus stock now lying in the bonded stores amounts to some 20,000 chests, and its value is over \$20,000,000, the dealers threatening to hold the Indian government responsible for this amount if they were not able to sell it. But the Chinese reformers were now receiving support in England. The resolutions passed at the missionary conference in Edinburgh last year and the day of humiliation and prayer appointed for October 24, the fiftieth anniversary of the Treaty of Tientsin, by which Great Britain forced the opium trade upon China, had their effect upon the British people and government. Consequently, a new agreement has been drawn up between Great Britain and China, according to which British consent is given to the cessation of the importation of Indian opium as soon as China has completely suppressed the growth of the poppy, and, second, to a triple increase in the duty of imported opium in the meantime. The opium in stock is to be disposed of without time limit, but in that case during the four subsequent years the total imports of opium from India will be reduced by a corresponding amount. The British government at first insisted upon keeping the seven eastern prov-

inces to the opium trade, but has finally consented to confine the importations to the two ports of Canton and Shanghai. The news that such an agreement was likely to be concluded has created great alarm in India, which the Indian government has endeavored to allay by the assurance that the agreement has not yet been concluded and that it realized the seriousness of the effect on the Indian finances. The Chinese anti-opium organizations have expressed their gratification at the action of the Chinese foreign office in securing concessions which will permit the abolition of the traffic within two years.—*The Independent*.

Resolutions of Worth

THE following resolutions, whose swift adoption would help to win hard-fought battles against opium, in Washington, London, Peking, and The Hague, were recently passed by the American Medical Association for the Study of Alcohol and Other Narcotics:—

Resolved, That we join in appeals of the British and Chinese parliaments and peoples, and the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, to the British government, for the immediate release of China from the British opium treaties.

Resolved, That we also petition the International Conference for the Suppression of the Opium Evil, which is to meet at The Hague on July 1, 1911, at the call of President Taft, to make an international law prohibiting the traffic in opium throughout the world, except guardedly for medicinal uses.

Resolved, That we authorize another petition in duplicate to the United States Senate and House of Representatives asking for the passage of pending bills designed to guard the sale of opium and cocaine in the United States, in order that we may go to the International Conference with clean hands.

Resolved, That certified copies of these petitions be sent to President William H. Taft; to the Vice-President and Speaker of the House of Representatives; to His Excellency Lew Yuk Lin, the Chinese embassy, London; to the International Reform Bureau's Oriental secretary, Rev. E. W. Thwing, Hotel des Wagons, Peking, China; and to the press.

A Friend

A FRIEND — how much it means
To be so true
In all we do
That others speak of us as such,
And call us by that noble name.

A friend — how much it means
To have a friend
Who'll gladly lend
A helping hand to help us on
When weary seems the path we tread.

A friend — 'tis heaven's noblest gift;
May you and I
Most nobly try
To nurture within these our hearts
A friendship true and fast and pure.

A friend — may we be such to Christ,
Who gladly gave,
Our lives to save,
His life a willing sacrifice,
And showed himself a friend of men.

E. C. JAEGER.

LOSSES and crosses are heavy to bear, but when our hearts are right with God, it is wonderful how easy the yoke becomes.—*Spurgeon*.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Child's Faith

DANDELIONS, when I saw it snow,
When I heard the sleet and rain,
I tried so hard not to be afraid
That you would not come again!

My mother said that you surely would,
That the buttercups, and you,
And the daisies, and the violets,
All were punctual and true.

But your pretty little bodies all
Vanished in the ground last year,
And it seemed so very strange to me
That you could again be here!

Yet my mother said you'd surely come;
I would see you round the door,
Standing bright and golden in the grass —
And you are here, as before!

— *Ella Farman Pratt, in Youth's Companion.*

The Junior Reading Course Letter

NORFOLK ISLAND, Nov. 15, 1910.

DEAR JUNIORS: It gives me much pleasure to think I can do something for your Reading Course by contributing a short letter; so I will hasten to do so.

First of all it may interest you to know how the school work, which more than any other subject in connection with Pitcairn has my interest, has passed from hand to hand since the close of my little "Story" up to the present time. In June, 1896, Miss Hattie Andre, who had been the highly valued and loved teacher since 1893, left the island to return to America. Brother Butz and wife left also at the same time. They located later in Tonga. Brother J. C. Whatley and wife were left in charge of the work at Pitcairn. This continued till 1898, when, after my return from California, the Whatleys left, and Winnie McCoy and my niece assisted me in the school work, continuing until the close of 1903. Then Miss McCoy left for the Society Islands, where she is still, doing what she can.

In May, 1904, the little boat that the Pitcairn community had to run between Pitcairn and the Gambier Islands, left Pitcairn with the intention of going to Tahiti. A council meeting was on, and it was decided that some from our church should attend. I was one of those who ventured out on the small craft as passengers; for, knowing that the workers from the different islands were to be present, I was most anxious to be with them to gain what I could from their experience to use in the work at home.

We got as far as Mangareva, the principal island of the Gambier group, when we were stopped by a message from the British consul to the effect that we were not to proceed farther than Mangareva, but to await his return from Pitcairn for further orders, or else return home immediately. He was on his way to Pitcairn, while we were on our way from there to Mangareva.

As the little vessel intended to return as soon as possible to the last-named place after leaving it on the third of June, I decided to remain there until its return, which was expected in about two or three weeks. "Man proposes; God disposes." The boat never came back. After being ocean-bound for days by a calm, the wind arose and sent the little vessel speeding on to its destination, and finally its doom. Reaching Pitcairn on June 11, on a Sabbath after-

noon, the number on board went ashore without taking anything with them. Four others came off to take care of the vessel. All night long the wind and the sea increased. At dawn on Sunday, June 12, a tremendous sea came, broadside on, while the little "Pitcairn" was being put about, and in a moment she capsized. Edmund McCoy, Robert Young, and Sydney Christian, eight miles from shore with only a frail little scow between them and death, started on their perilous attempt to reach land, after waiting around the sunken boat for some time in the vain hope of seeing their companion, young Eugene Coffin, come to surface. But the poor lad, asleep when the disaster occurred, had sunk with the ship. Their struggles against wind and waves were frightful. The frail craft, with its precious burden, was frequently overturned, but shore was reached late in the afternoon. Search for the missing vessel had been kept up by those on shore, for all had heavy forebodings of evil. At last some one spied the little scow, nearing the landing-place. The alarm was given, and soon the poor chilled and exhausted men were welcomed from the very jaws of death. Horror and gloom rested over the little community for a long time.

While all this happened, we who were waiting in Mangareva for their return hoped on, but finally had to abandon that hope, for two months had passed and no word had come to us. Meanwhile I was requested to give lessons in English to a young French lad. This work I continued until the family returned to Tahiti, taking me with them.

The absence that I had hoped would continue for two months at the very longest, lasted for four years. In that period of time I was at times connected with the work in Mr. Cady's field of labor, Tahiti and Raiatea, filling for a month Sister Anna Nelson's place in the home at Raiatea, while she went for a short rest to the island of Huaheine.

At Pitcairn a Mr. Petch who had been in the school work since Winnie McCoy left, still had charge of it, assisted by Edith Young. Afterward her brother, Robert Young, gave himself to the work. When Brother Carey went to Pitcairn to take charge of the work in June, 1907, he and Robert Young worked together, with good courage and promise of success. On the thirty-first of December, of that year, Robert Young, was instantly killed by a discharge from a rifle. The loss the island suffered in his death was a heavy one indeed.

After four years' absence I came to Raiatea in time to attend some of the meetings held when Pastor Olsen was there. Brother Carey and some others had come from Pitcairn for the meetings, and I returned with them, working with Brother Carey for fifteen months, when I again went away, leaving Fisher Young to assist Brother Carey.

Since leaving home last December, Brother Carey, Fisher Young, and the schoolchildren cleared a square on a hill overlooking the village, to be a permanent camp-meeting ground. Elder Gates's old home in Pitcairn and part of the Girls' Home were carried up over the hills and built for the church-house during camp-meeting. It was well, as heavy rains would sometimes come on unexpectedly, and the tents do not prove the best shelter. In the meeting held when I was there in February, 1909, we felt that God

came very near to bless. Only a very small number seemed to have been strengthened to serve the Lord, in the meetings held last March.

Yes, the people are still Sabbath-keepers, but many are so only in name. Of the company that first stepped out to obey God but a small number remain. Death has claimed many, while quite a number have gone to other places.

The school is kept up as before, only I regret that Brother Carey will soon be leaving. He has worked hard and done his best. We owe him a debt of love and gratitude we can never repay, and it is my prayer that God's blessing may rest on his work there, and follow him wherever he goes. Fisher Young will, I expect, try his best to work for the young at home, as he has earnestly consecrated himself to the Master's use. He has long been a faithful, indefatigable worker to collect the tithe offered in produce, and turn it into money to further the cause of God. Would there were more of our youth like him. What we need above all things is spiritual life. Pray for us.

Your sister in the Master's service,

ROSALIND YOUNG NIELD.

The Dog That Could Count

A True Story

A FEW years ago Dave Pierce, who lived six miles southwest of Neoshö, Missouri, owned a shepherd dog that seemed capable of counting. Shep's daily task was to care for the flock of about one hundred sheep owned by Mr. Pierce. Every morning the dog drove the sheep from the corral along a lane for half a mile to the woods, where he kept them until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when he would round them up and start them home.

When they reached the mouth of the lane, Shep would make his way through the flock, and, going to the corral gate, would bark, and wait for some one to come and open it. Then he would take his stand just inside the gate, and as the sheep passed into the corral he made sure that they were all there.

Two Kansas men were in Mr. Pierce's neighborhood one day, buying sheep. Hearing about this dog, they went to Mr. Pierce's to try the animal, and to buy him if he was able to "make good."

"It is just about the hour for Shep to bring the dog home," said Mr. Pierce, "and the best test is the dog himself. When Shep leaves the sheep and comes to the gate for some one to open it, you catch one of the sheep near the mouth of the lane, take it down in the woods and hide it, and we will see what Shep will do. I really don't know, because I have never tested him."

The sheep was caught and tied in the woods, and the gate was kept closed until the Kansas men got back. Then it was opened. Shep took his stand inside as usual, and the sheep went into the corral. But no sooner had the last sheep passed into the enclosure than Shep gave unmistakable signs that something was wrong. He sprang into the lane, looked in every direction, ran back into the corral and looked the flock over more carefully, then out into the lane again, and down toward the woods he ran as fast as his feet could carry him. Finding the trail of the men, he tracked them to the lost sheep.

Two hundred dollars was offered by the Kansas men for Shep, but Mr. Pierce informed them that he would almost as soon part with one of his children.—*J. A. Stockton, in Our Dumb Animals.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, June 17

Missionary Volunteer Methods, No. 10 — Personal Evangelism

LEADER'S NOTE.—For the symposium ask each to bring a short item concerning personal work or workers, drawn from experience or reading. The Bible and Mrs. E. G. White's writings give abundant help on "Christ, the Ideal Personal Worker." Let the study on "Personal Work" discuss what personal work is, the importance of doing it, what it has done, and preparation needed for this work. "Passion for souls," by Hallenbeck, and "Individual Work for Individuals," by Henry Clay Trumbull, are excellent on this topic. You can not emphasize too strongly the importance of personal work. One missionary made the statement that nine tenths of the conversions in China were results of personal work. Every Missionary Volunteer should always be prepared to meet the one-soul audience.

The following resolution on personal work was passed at the last General Conference:—

"Resolved, That in planning work for our young people we emphasize personal work as fundamental, and the basis of all lines of Christian work; and that, to this end, we encourage the formation of small bands for prayer and definite effort."

If desired, the article "The Passion and Its Triumphs," on page 6, may be substituted for some part on the program. Next week's INSTRUCTOR will contain an excellent article on the subject of personal work.

Have you secured a set of Religious Liberty leaflets? You will need them in your program for July 1. Those who have not numbers 1-16, should order at once from their tract society. Price, nine cents.

Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).

Symposium.

Christ, the Ideal Personal Worker (five-minute paper).

Personal Work (eight-minute paper).

If We Knew (recitation). See page 4.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 4 — Lesson 34: "Christ's Object Lessons," Pages 325-365

Test Questions

1. How definitely has God assigned each of us our work?
2. Upon what does our possession of the gifts of the Spirit depend? What blessing will these gifts bring the possessor?
3. What is the first duty we owe to God and to our fellow men?
4. Note that imperfection of character is sin. How is a perfect character formed? What one treasure may we take from this world to the next?
5. Define true education. What advantage does the educated worker have?
6. In what way does the study of the Bible develop the mental powers?
7. How should we use the talent of speech? Why?
8. To what extent do we influence those about us? Explain fully.
9. Mention some of the other talents entrusted to us, telling something of their importance.
10. How only may our talents be multiplied?
11. Draw five practical lessons from "The One Talent."
12. For how many talents will Christ hold us responsible when he comes to reckon with his servants?

13. Why have the talents of some been taken away?
 14. Memorize one of the sentences most helpful to you in this assignment.

Junior No. 3 — Lesson 34: "The Story of Pitcairn Island"

NOTE.—This assignment is a letter from the author of the book we have just read. See page 11. We are very thankful for this letter. It brings the thrilling story of that lonely little island down to date. You who have read the book, will surely enjoy the letter. It is a treat, isn't it? If you do not keep a file of the INSTRUCTOR, clip this letter and paste it on the fly-leaves of your book on Pitcairn. Now find Norfolk Island on the map, and see what a long journey this letter had before it reached you. Norfolk is almost directly east of Brisbane, Australia, and Pitcairn is a long way east and a little north of Norfolk. Both islands belong to Great Britain. Next week we will learn something of the interesting ship named "Pitcairn."

A Report From a Revived Society

SIX months ago, our society faced a serious problem; it was in a condition close to death. Lack of interest was very apparent. If one approached almost any member of the society with the question, "Are you going to stay to the young people's meeting to-day?" the answer would invariably be: "No, I think I shall not stay to-day. I'm very hungry and tired. The meetings are so long, and, anyway, nobody stays, so what is the use?" Many services that were announced were never held, because so few of the society members were present when the meetings were called to order.

This condition, we are glad to say, did not exist long. Our leader in forceful terms said that we were spiritually starving to death. We all owned Bibles. Why, then, our condition?—Simply because we did not study or work enough.

The society took a fresh start in search of spiritual food. We had starved long enough, and the sensation was decidedly unpleasant. Our leader planned a course of study to meet the needs of the society. We seemed especially to require a more thorough knowledge of the leading points of our faith. These we have been studying. In order that we might not become so fatigued, the long meeting was shortened to one lasting a half-hour.

The shorter services have been a source of interest and improvement to us all. The subject of study is announced a week in advance, giving each one opportunity to study it during the week.

The Sabbath question was one of the first to be studied. Three weeks were devoted to this important subject. We studied every phase of it, and learned where to find Bible proof for all the main points.

The millennium, and subjects dealing with the earth's closing years, were others with which we needed to become familiar. The topic "Christ and Antichrist" was very helpful. It warned us forcefully of the delusions of Satan in the last days. "The Power of God's Word" and "God's Communication with Man, Now and Formerly," were both helpful. The deluding ideas which many people have regarding the immortality of the soul, were fully explained from the Bible.

Our leader did not always conduct the lesson. Many of the subjects have been presented by members of the society.

After the study of the tithing question we saw clearly our duty in that matter. The "Two Laws," a most perplexing lesson, was well explained.

Our knowledge of the earthly and heavenly sanctu-

aries, together with the twenty-three hundred days, has recently been cleared of many complications.

A spirit of earnest inquiry has pervaded the services. I am confident that each member has been greatly benefited by the lessons.

While our society has gained in spiritual strength by studying, we have been doing a little to better the condition of our brother or sister who knows not the love of Christ. Many of the individual reports have not been large; but none can tell how much good may have been done by a short missionary visit, or the giving of a paper. Perhaps the twenty-two missionary letters that were written comforted some weary person at a time when he most needed it. Six showed their appreciation by answering the letters.

The twenty-one hours spent in caring for the sick and needy, will receive their reward. God only knows how many the two hundred nineteen Family Bible Teachers and the one thousand forty-three pages of tracts may have reached. We gave away one hundred eighty-seven papers and sold one hundred thirty-five.

One hundred short missionary visits are recorded. Perhaps some of these missionary talks opened the way for the holding of Bible readings, seventeen of which were reported. Some generous member gave subscriptions to two periodicals, besides giving two books. Six books were lent, and twelve have been sold.

We feel sure that the box containing about one hundred articles of clothing which was sent to the Steele Home for Needy Children, has accomplished good.

Thus we have studied and worked the past six months. Let us pray that the next six months we may *study* harder, *work* harder, and live better Christian lives than we have in the past.

A MEMBER.

The Morning Watch Illustration

To refuse eternal life is the biggest failure a sinner can make. In fact, there is no other failure. He who obeys God, succeeds; he who disobeys, makes a failure of life. Many are refusing eternal life because of their love of gold, of dress, of popularity, or of pleasure. May God save us from such foolish ambitions. Let us get some good lessons from the following quotation, taken from "Two-Minute Talks," by Amos R. Wells:—

"The Bible paints many pictures of men that failed, and we may learn many lessons from their lives.

"From Cain we may learn how jealousy leads to failure. One of the most important factors of success, either worldly or spiritual, is the ability to rejoice heartily in the successes of others, and learn from them.

"Samson teaches us what deplorable failure comes from living for one's lower nature and neglecting the higher. With his superb physical nature, he failed to cultivate his soul, and so he came to grief also physically.

"From Eli we learn how closely our failure or success is interwoven with the failure or success of all those for whom God has made us responsible. Eli failed because his sons failed, largely through his fault.

"Saul's failure was caused by self-will. He was

eager to succeed, but in his own way and not in God's way; and that attitude always means failure.

"The Bible gives many other instances of failure.

"There was Absalom, his father's joy, sure of the throne, who lost both it and his life by his self-seeking ambition.

"There were Ahab and Jezebel, whose lives were tragic failures because of their selfishness and cruelty; and Belshazzar, who lost his kingdom through intemperance; and Herod and Pilate, pilloried forever because they knew the right and were too weak to do it; and Judas, most lamentable failure of all ages, who fell through covetousness, which is idolatry."

M. E.

Where to Pick Apples

MANY men say they have no call to foreign mission service. There is no need of a special divine call to foreign mission service if a man but applies his common sense to the commission of Christ. If a man engages with the owner of an orchard to pick apples, and on reaching the orchard finds that in one half there are three hundred fifty-seven men picking apples, and in the other only one man, overworked and straining every endeavor to save the fruit from loss, that man would not need a special order from the owner of the orchard as to where he should pick apples. His common sense, his sense of proportion, justice, and square deal, and common honesty would tell him instantly where he should pick. He would join the lone picker.—*The Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

A Wholesome Hint

BATHE frequently. The feet should be washed and the hose changed daily. If boys and men knew how often their presence is made objectionable by the odor of sweaty, uncleanly feet and hose, they would exercise greater care in maintaining habitual cleanliness. A gentleman caller who considers himself a gentleman in every sense of the word, would of course feel humiliated if he knew that, because of his ill-smelling feet, the office or drawing-room window was immediately thrown open after his departure. But this is frequently done. Then, again, the good of a prayer season is not infrequently lost to some persons by the disagreeable odor coming from the unclean body of a near-by worshiper.

Do We Do It?

YOU and I are good Christians,—do we ever grip some tender heart with the red-hot pincers of a cruel sarcasm? Have we ever in our minds a hateful thought heating itself into a bitter word? Is there any one in "our" church whom we are inclined to persecute unless he change his views on some polysyllabic doctrine until it conforms to our own? Is there no one among our own brethren whom we sometimes "talk about"? Ah, friends, the heart is more sensitive than the body. A broken heart aches longer than a crushed hand. A tender, wounded spirit quivers with anguish that the body broken at the wheel and beaten with rods never felt.—*Sunday School Times*.

"THE fewer our reservations from God, the fewer our regrets will be."



XI — The Gospel Rejected by the Jews at Pisidia

(June 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 13: 34-52.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that heareth my words, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life." John 5: 24.

Questions

1. What subject did Paul especially dwell upon in his sermon at Antioch? What did he want the people to know? Who has the power of death? Whom did Jesus conquer by dying and being laid in the grave? What did he proclaim after his resurrection? What did he bring from the grave with him? How will he use these keys? Note 1.

2. Who raised Jesus from the dead? Will he ever die again? What promise did Paul quote? What is said in another psalm? Acts 13: 34, 35.

3. What was the difference between the death of David and that of Christ? When Jesus was raised from the dead, what did he become? Verses 36, 37; note 2.

4. What is necessary for those who would have part in the first resurrection? What was Paul anxious his hearers should know? Note 3.

5. Through whom did Paul say the forgiveness of sins is preached? How are people justified, or made righteous? Repeat the memory verse. What could not justify them? Verses 38, 39.

6. To what did the sacrifices offered point? For how many did Jesus die? Note 4.

7. Of what did Paul tell his hearers to beware? What will be the fate of those who despise the gift of God? What did he say he would work in their days? Why will any one be lost? Verses 40, 41; note 5.

8. When the Jews had gone out of the synagogue, what did the Gentiles beseech Paul to do? What did many of the Jews and proselytes do? In what did Paul and Barnabas persuade them to continue? Verses 42, 43.

9. Who came together the next Sabbath day? What did they wish to hear? How did the Jews feel when they saw the multitudes? How did they talk? Verses 44, 45.

10. What effect did this have on Barnabas and Paul? What did they say was necessary? What had the people done with the word of God? To whom did the apostles say they would turn? What had the Lord commanded Paul? Verses 46, 47.

11. How did the Gentiles feel as they listened to these things? What did they glorify? Who believed the word spoken? Where was it published? Verses 48, 49; note 6.

12. What did the Jews do to hinder the work of the apostles? What was done to Paul and Barnabas? What did the apostles do as they left the city? When had the Lord said this should be done? See Matt. 10: 14, 15. With what were the apostles filled? Acts 13: 50-52.

Notes

1. In his sermon at Antioch in Pisidia Paul dwelt especially on the resurrection of Jesus. He wished the people to understand that they had a living Saviour, not the dead Christ laid in Joseph's new tomb. By his death Jesus conquered the one who has the power of death, that is the devil, and when he had

risen he made this proclamation: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell [the grave] and of death." Rev. 1: 18.

2. Before his body saw decay, the Lord of glory had a resurrection, and he became the first-fruits of those redeemed from death and the grave.

3. Those who have part in the first resurrection must have their sins forgiven. Paul was anxious that those who listened to him should know that Jesus saved them from sin.

4. The sacrifices offered by the people according to the law of Moses could not cleanse from sin, but they all pointed forward to the death of Jesus, when he would be slain for the sins of the whole world.

5. There are many who hear God's Word and study it who will not be saved. They will perish in their sins because they neglect the grace of God, and because they will not come to him that they might have life.

6. "As many as were ordained to eternal life,"—an expression meaning as many as were disposed to accept the words of eternal life.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



XI—The Gospel Rejected by the Jews at Pisidia (June 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 13: 34-52.

PLACES: Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium.

PERSONS: Paul and Barnabas, Jews and Gentiles.

MEMORY VERSE: John 5: 24.

Questions

1. What quotation from Isaiah did Paul use to prove the resurrection of Christ? Acts 13: 34.
2. What quotation from the Psalms did he use to prove the same thing? Verse 35.
3. What fact did Paul state in regard to David, to prove that David was not speaking of himself in the quotation given from the Psalms? Verse 36.
4. What was said of Christ? Verse 37.
5. Through whom do we receive forgiveness for sin? Verse 38.
6. Who are justified? Verse 39.
7. Of what did Paul warn his hearers? Verses 40, 41.
8. What request was made by the Gentiles? Verse 42; note 1.
9. Who spoke with Paul at the close of the meeting? Verse 43.
10. How many assembled the next Sabbath to hear Paul preach? Verse 44; note 2.
11. How did the Jews feel in regard to the meeting? What did they do? Verse 45.
12. How did Paul and Barnabas meet the anger of the Jews? What did they say to them? Verse 46.
13. What command did Paul say the Lord had given him? Verse 47.
14. How did the Gentiles receive this testimony? Who believed? Verse 48; note 3.
15. How widely was the word of God published? Verse 49.
16. Whom did the Jews stir up against Paul and Barnabas? What was the result? Verse 50.
17. What did Paul and Barnabas do as they left Antioch in Pisidia? Verse 51.
18. Who had commanded them to do this? Luke 9: 5.
19. Notwithstanding the fact that they were expelled from the city, how did the disciples feel? Acts 13: 52.

Notes

1. "When he [Paul] had finished, and the Jews had left the synagogue, the Gentiles still lingered, and entreated that the same words might be spoken unto them the next Sabbath day.

... When the Jewish priests and rulers saw the multitudes that had assembled to hear the new doctrine, they were moved by envy and jealousy, and contradicted the words of the apostles with blasphemy. Their old bigotry and prejudice were also aroused, when they perceived great numbers of Gentiles mingling with the Jews in the congregation. They could not endure that the Gentiles should enjoy religious privileges on an equality with themselves, but clung tenaciously to the idea that the blessing of God was reserved exclusively for them. This had ever been the great sin of the Jews, which Christ, on several occasions, had rebuked. . . . The Gentiles, on the other hand, rejoiced exceedingly that Christ recognized them as the children of God, and with grateful hearts they listened to the word preached. The apostles now clearly discerned their duty, and the work which God would have them do. They turned without hesitation to the Gentiles, preaching Christ to them, and leaving the Jews to their bigotry, blindness of mind, and hardness of heart. The mind of Paul had been well prepared to make this decision, by the circumstances attending his conversion, his vision in the temple at Jerusalem, his appointment by God to preach to the Gentiles, and the success which had already crowned his efforts among them. . . . This gathering in of the Gentiles to the church of God had been traced by the pen of inspiration, but had been but faintly understood. Hosea had said, 'Yet the number of the children of Israel shall be as the sand of the sea, which can not be measured nor numbered; and it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, Ye are the sons of the living God.' And again, 'I will sow her unto me in the earth; and I will have mercy upon her that had not obtained mercy; and I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God.'"—*Sketches From the Life of Paul,* pages 48-51.

2. It is worthy of notice that the Sabbath is mentioned four times in this chapter. There can be no question but that the meeting described in this lesson was held on the seventh day, as that was the day upon which the Jews met for religious worship. Luke, writing by inspiration for Christians in this dispensation, calls it the Sabbath. It must, therefore, be the Sabbath still. No Bible writer of the New Testament calls it the Jewish Sabbath, or calls any other day the Sabbath or the Lord's day. Paul calls the day on which the Jews met in the synagogue the Sabbath (Acts 13: 27), and the Gentiles also called the same day of the week the Sabbath (verse 42). James called it the Sabbath. See Acts 15: 21. The evidence is conclusive that the seventh-day Sabbath of the Old Testament is as well the Sabbath of the New Testament.

3. "As many as were ordained to eternal life." Compare Acts 13: 46 and John 1: 11, 12. "The best rendering would be 'were disposed to eternal life,' which preserves the exact shade of the verb."—*Bartlett.*

The Little Lights

ONE night as on my bed
I slept and slumbered sweet,
Methought an angel came,
And led me far away
From earth and pain and woe.
"Look now and see," he said,
"What in yon earth occurs."

On this dark world I gazed,
Methought that naught I saw
But darkness black as night,
Until a light flashed forth,—
A bright and lum'nous jet,—
And others followed thick,
Till this dark world was lit.

But soon my heart grew sad
Because of what I saw;
For many of the lights
Soon dim and dimmer grew;
They flickered, flared, went out,—
The nooks they filled I knew
Were darker than before.

Mine eyes I turned away
From this sad spectacle.
I looked again and saw
Bright light, that brighter grew,
And soon lit other lights;
Then these, the bright, the new,
Quick filled the nooks left void.

May we the lesson heed
And shine for Christ, our King,
In word, in thought, in deed.
If our best we'll do for him
One nook will brighter be.
One spot will darker be
If our small light grows dim.

IDA JACOBSON.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAROMA 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	- - -	\$.75
5 or more copies to one address, six months, each	- - -	.40
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.

Omnipresence

No hidden regions in the utmost space
Where God and man can not meet face to face.

— Frederic G. Scott.

Why the Tobacco Went

AT a recent evangelistic meeting in Akron, Ohio, a large package of tobacco was thrown on the platform just before the closing prayer was to be offered, and a voice in the large audience said, "I can't pray with that in my pocket." Not a word had been said about tobacco, but this was the signal to others, and before the meeting closed the platform had a goodly collection of tobacco, cigarettes, and pipes willingly discarded by the owners.—*Gospel Messenger*.

Quick Action Saves Marks

CONDE BOXTER, one of the trainers of the Illinois Athletic Club, gives the following suggestions to boys for the care of the body:—

"I love the heat of a good game, but not so well as to go on when my body is injured. My body has got to carry me throughout life, but the game can only last a few minutes at the longest. A young friend of mine finished up a football game with a dislocated shoulder-blade. No one knew it until the game was over, and then, by thoughtless ones, he was called a hero for "sticking."

It struck me afterward as a cheap kind of heroism; for the additional bruising and jarring which he gave the shoulder after it was put out of place, eventually prevented the surgeons from properly restoring it, and he must pass through life with a peculiar hump on one side—a cripple to the cause of lack of common sense. We all enjoy seeing enthusiasm in a game, but not at the expense of a human body. When injured, the proper thing to do is to seek relief immediately. Suppose the game is lost by your action, a sound body is worth more to the world than the winning of a brief game.

In the matter of twisted toes and misshapen feet, boys suffer a great deal through two simple causes:—

Failure to regularly bathe the feet.

Changing from free, easy, athletic shoes to tight, pinching, narrow-toed, improperly arched, so-called "stylish" shoes.

A freely perspiring foot, which has been performing great labor in baseball or football, or running, is suddenly jammed into a non-porous, unsuitable, "good-looking" shoe. The foot rebels, but can not help itself. The arch is strained. The blood does not circulate freely, the toes are bent under or crossed one over the other. The blood-vessels become overcharged. Swollen and sore feet result; chafing follows, sometimes water-blisters, and finally feet which will not carry their burdens.

No boy who is active at all should let a day pass without washing his feet. They should be washed in tepid salt water and massaged by vigorous rubbing and manipulation of the toes back and forth. A brush applied to the nails will do much to prevent ingrowing nails and sudden feverish nail pains.

After strenuous athletics the feet need even greater freedom than they had in the soft, athletic shoes. Give them shoes with

broad, thick soles, broad toe places, low heels, and reasonable arches. Avoid any appearance of style, and seek comfort. The effort will repay you. The feet and toes will gradually relax, and return to normal position, the circulation of the blood will be normal, and the skin cool. If there should be a toe dislocation or a wrenched ankle, treat it as you would the hand—act at once.

Are We Ready for Orders?

WE often regret that Christ gave us so few clear-cut orders. We long for a direct, "This thou shalt do," instead of the guiding thread of principle that seems a slender helper in the maze we are groping through. But there are some orders, and the light they shed on puzzling places is like turning on electricity in a dark room. Some one has treated us badly,—ignored our help, misjudged us, proved ungrateful. What shall our course be? The onlookers say: "An eye for an eye. Don't bother any more with him. Drop him from your list." Then we turn on Christ's light, and weights and calculations are gone. He says unto us, "love," "bless," "do good," "pray"—an order so comprehensive that we try to turn away from it, and wish he had not been so clear and so direct. Yet, obeying it, every social and family and business relation is so simplified that we literally run and are not weary, and walk and do not faint. With each of his orders it is the same. Freedom and power always come when we truly obey.—*Sunday School Times*.

"Other People Do"

THAT was the argument a young girl brought forward to answer her mother's objections to the course she was pursuing. She did not try to show that her conduct benefited either her health or her morals. She made no attempt to prove that it was helpful to those about her. But again and again she reiterated the statement, "Other people do it."

Even a good deed loses its virtue if the reason for its performance is that "other people do it." If you are to be anything more than a cipher in the world, you must have a better reason for your action than the sheep has which blindly follows its leader, regardless of the direction in which the latter is going.

"Other people do it." Yes, every year thousands waste their health and throw away their lives needlessly, but that is no inducement for you to follow their example. Every day other people are sentenced for crimes against their fellow men, but you would not think of offering this as an argument in favor of practising their sins. There is nothing so wicked or harmful, so dangerous to the world in general, and so ruinous to your own welfare, that you can not say in its defense, "Other people do it." But for anything that is worth doing it is possible to find a better reason, a reason which can be traced back to God's will or to the needs of the creatures whom he has made.—*Harriet Lummis Smith, in the Girls' Companion*.

A YOUNG man selling the Temperance INSTRUCTOR met a business man who said, "I make it a rule never to buy papers that come to the office." The canvasser said, "Yes, but there are exceptions to all good rules." The gentleman replied, "I suppose, but you will have to show me the exception." The INSTRUCTOR was then showed to him, with the result that he took enough copies to supply all his office force.