

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

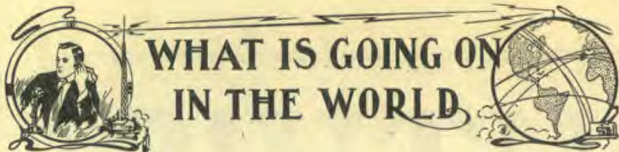
June 25, 1912

No. 26



RUINS OF TAKOMA PARK'S OLDEST PRINTING PLANT

SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE FOUR



THE Russian government has just completed two hundred fifty miles of railway into northern regions, every tie and rail of which is laid on glacial ice deposits, and not on mother earth. This railway is designed to reach certain important mineral deposits, and was undertaken only after engineers for three years had tested the ice foundation and found that, summer or winter, it was as solid as the earth.

A SOCIETY of prominent Cincinnati women, observing the fact "that high-school girls are painting their faces, using cosmetics, and dressing as if for a party instead of the schoolroom," felt the need of a reform in such matters, so decided to do what they could to effect it. They therefore passed the following resolution as members of the Home Economic Association:—

Resolved, That, as far as possible, we standardize our dress along lines of appropriateness, comfort, health, and simplicity, in order to set the proper example in the matter.

Schools for Salesgirls

SOMETHING in the nature of vocational education, on a very practical basis, is being tried out at one of the public schools in Chicago under an arrangement between the manager of a department store and the superintendent of schools. Thirty-five girls are being taught "store arithmetic," English, and a knowledge of textiles. Certain students, selected by the store manager, attend the school two mornings each week. While they are attending classes, their time goes on at the store, and their car fare to and from the school

is paid. It is the aim of the store manager to select girls from the stock departments who are anxious to qualify as saleswomen.—*Washington Post*.

The Laurel Health Cookery

ONE thing I especially like about your book is that it tells us how to make things when we haven't much to make them of. We don't have any eggs, butter, or cream.

JULIA PAYNE.

The book came safely, and I am delighted with it in every way. I can seem to hear you *telling* me some of the interesting, helpful things I read. It is so well planned and so clear and *alive* that it makes me inclined to spend more time than I ought just now in cooking. I shall enjoy it more the more I read and use it. My mother is also much pleased with it.

MARTHA W. PACKARD.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	PAGE
The Indwelling Christ	3
A Lesson From the Ruins of a Takoma Park Printing Plant	4
To the Heights	5
History of International Language	5
Australasia as a Training-Center for Island Workers ..	6
Field Day at Fernando Academy	6
The Last Day (poetry)	8
A Volcano That Became a Lake	9
Eastern Polynesia	12
Fiji	13
A Victory for the Truth in Fiji	14
SELECTED ARTICLES	
Restless Heart, Don't Worry So (poetry)	3*
Thoughts About the Bible	4
The Still, Small Voice	7
Girls' Manners	7
What He Left	8
Preserving Old Papers	9
True Story of a Catholic Boy's Conversion	10
Edison's Talk to the Young	16



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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 25, 1912

No. 26

Restless Heart, Don't Worry So

DEAR restless heart, be still; don't fret and worry so;
God hath a thousand ways his love and help to show:
Just trust, and trust, and trust, until his will you know.

Dear restless heart, be still, for peace is God's own smile,
His love can every wrong and sorrow reconcile;
Just love, and love, and love, and calmly wait awhile.

Dear restless heart, be brave; don't moan and sorrow so.
He hath a meaning kind in chilly winds that blow:
Just hope, and hope, and hope, until you braver grow.

Dear restless heart, repose upon his heart an hour.
His heart is strength and life, his heart is bloom and flower;
Just rest, and rest, and rest within his tender power.

Dear restless heart, be still; don't toil and hurry so:
God is the silent One, forever calm and slow;
Just wait, and wait, and wait, and work with him below.

Dear restless heart, be still; don't struggle to be free:
God's life is in your life; to him you may not flee;
Just pray, and pray, and pray, till you have faith to see.

—Edith Willis Linn.

The Indwelling Christ

E. C. JAEGER



SOME hold that religion consists in the intellectual acceptance of certain formulated principles or truths, while others believe that the chief element in religion is a certain feeling toward God and unseen things. But Christ ignores, wholly passes by, both these conceptions of Christianity.

Primarily Christ's religion is Christ himself. Jesus spoke no truth more frequently than this: "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me;" "I am the bread of life;" "I am the light of the world;" "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink;" "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."

Christ did not here speak in a metaphor. He did not speak in a figure, designing to strike the imaginations of men, and thus put in a vital, emphatic way truths with reference to morals or opinions. Jesus wished to show that the essence of Christianity lies in having himself incarnate in man. "That they may be one," prayed he; "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

Robert E. Speer has well said: "The man who does not lay hold on this conception of the Christian religion has surrendered its vital and distinguishing character. Other religions contain systems of ethics, codified opinions, that attach themselves to a book, that profess to give men the power of a moral life." No other religion teaches the incarnation of an eternal and divine Christ. Whoever receives Christianity must have Christ in him, "the hope of glory."

It was this conception of Christianity that enabled the apostle Paul to declare it possible to crucify the Son of God afresh. We must not shrink from the significance of this view of the Christian faith. I can imagine how appalling this conception must be to him who has an unclean or foul thought. Every foul image in the mind, every unholy thought, is a personal insult to the Christ who lives within. To every questionable place we go we drag with us the Christ, whose life has become indissolubly bound up with ours. When tempted to go to places not right for the Christian, this conception ought to be a great help to us.

Martin Luther once said, "If any one would knock at the door of my breast and say, 'Who lives here?' I would reply, 'Not Martin Luther, but the Lord Jesus Christ.'" Christ had saved him, and he knew it.

"Know ye not," writes Paul, "that Jesus Christ is in you?"

Such a consciousness of Christ will carry with it a resistless power. As Jesus was consumed with a passion for the lost, so will a passion for sinners consume us. The whole heart will be involved; and, like a Wesley, we shall declare the world our parish. It will put purpose into the life, and fire into the bones. God will be pleased, and men, too.

"Oft have I heard, and deem the witness true,
Whom man delights in, God delights in, too."

God works with those who purpose to do his will.

Some wealthy Africans, with whom Kruger was traveling in the desert, found the food hampers gone astray. "You are a great believer in miracles, Oom Paul," said one of them. "Why can't you arrange for heaven to send me victuals by the crows, as they were sent by the ravens to Elijah?" "Because," said Oom, dryly, "Elijah was a prophet with a mission; you are a fool with an appetite."

We must plunge deep into the Christian life. Unless we do this, we miss the great things God has for us. To say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ," will cost you something. It will mean that you must bring every thought into captivity to Christ. But let a man once form the habit of thinking only of pure things, and impurity in thought will have no temptation to him. Should a man dip up a cup of filth from the street, that would be no temptation to me. Even so repulsive will impurity and wrong thoughts be to the man who has taken Christ to dwell within his temple. And other temptations will lose their power in the same way. Even the torture of a martyr's death could not move the mind of the brave Mirza Ibrahim. I must tell you about him.

Mirza Ibrahim was a Persian. Happily he came in contact with Protestant Christians, in Khoi. He became interested in the truths he heard, and finally asked to be baptized. For a year the missionaries hesitated, fearing he was not sincere; but finally his determination prevailed on them, and denouncing Mohammedanism, he was immersed, publicly confessing Christ. His family and property were taken from him, and he had to flee for his life. He found refuge in a Christian hospital, where he stayed for more than a year.

He was energetic, courageous, and enthusiastic. He told the natives of Christ. Before long the people

began to persecute him. Mirza was arrested and brought before the governor. There he made a public confession of his faith, and was at once knocked down and kicked by the infuriated crowd. He was asked by wealthy officials to denounce Christ and go free. He was thrown into prison, and the mob surrounding the jail demanded his death. "You may shoot me out of a cannon," he said, "but you can not take away my faith in Christ." There was such a tumult that he was removed to another prison. He was asked what made him hold onto his faith in Christ, and what inducement he had for remaining a Christian. He said, "Nothing but these bonds and imprisonment." He was put into the stocks, heavily fettered, and left to starve. Friends furnished him food, and he preached Christ to his fellow prisoners. He was chained to a gang of murderers, who robbed him of his coat and bedding, but he tried to win even these men to Christ. He finally died from the effects of choking, his fellow prisoners having thereby endeavored to force him to deny Christ. Rom. 8: 35-39.

None but an indwelling Christ could ever have moved this man to endure what he endured. O how shallow most of our lives must be! So many of us will come to the end of time and find we have not lived at all!

"So many die that have not lived at all;
It is as though they journeyed through the years
Upon a path hedged by a gloomy wall
Of other people's little frets and fears.
Beyond the wall the joyous fields stretch out,
And there are little paths to lure the feet;
But duty framed by others of their doubt
Has made them feel the by-paths are not meet.

"To spend their days with friends they did not choose,
They toil at tasks unfitted for their hands;
They join the chorus of them that abuse
The one who lives—because he understands.
They sing the songs the others bid them sing,
While in their souls are stifled marvel-strains;
They build, and they destroy, they fetch and bring,
They fume of petty losses and of gains.

"They count as truth the rote that they are told,
They spurn as lies whatever they are bid;
They ban as heretic the overbold,
The one who would uncover what is hid.
And they succeed,—they say they have success,—
And call another careless, blind, and weak,
Who finds the joy they may not even guess,
Who reaches goals they may not even seek.

"What if some dazzling outburst of the light
Should show them how supremely far they miss
The core of life, the lasting truth, and right?
But Fate is kind, and does not deal them this.
It is as though they plodded through dead years
Upon a path hedged by a barren wall
Of other people's little frets and fears—
So many die that have not lived at all."

Thoughts About the Bible

THE learned prince of Granada, heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the crown for fear he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old prison at the Palace of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb, death came to release him, and the following remarkable researches, taken from the Bible, and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how the brain sought employment during the weary years:—

"In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times; the word Jehovah, 6,855 times, and the word reverend but once, and that is in the ninth verse of the one hundred eleventh psalm. The eighth verse of the one hundred seventeenth psalm is the middle

verse of the Bible. The ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther is the longest verse, the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John is the shortest. In the one hundred seventh psalm four verses are alike. No names nor words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah and the nineteenth chapter of Second Kings are alike. The word girl occurs but once in the Bible, and that is in the third verse of the third chapter of Joel. There are found in the Bible 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read. The most beautiful chapter in the Bible is the twenty-third psalm. The five most inspiring promises are in John, fourteenth chapter and second verse, twenty-first verse, and twenty-eighth verse; St. Matthew, eleventh chapter and twenty-eighth verse, and thirty-seventh psalm, fourth verse. The first verse of the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah is the one for the new convert. All who flatter themselves with vain boastings of their perfectness should learn the sixth chapter of Matthew. All humanity should learn the sixth chapter of St. Luke, from the twentieth verse to its ending."—*Washington Herald*.

A Lesson From the Ruins of a Takoma Park Printing Plant

THE city of Washington is the Mecca of sight-seers, not merely because it is the capital of the United States, but on account of the many places of historic and present interest one may visit. Takoma Park, seven miles distant from the national capital, is not without its "sights." To the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, the place of chief importance is the building of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, the home of the INSTRUCTOR. A short distance away is the "big spring," which for many decades has been pouring out a stream of clear, refreshing water. It is said that the Father of His Country partook of the water from this spring. However that may be, on these warm midsummer days, many children and adults may be seen wending their way to the spring, carrying with them vessels of all shapes and sizes to be filled with that which alone can satisfy physical thirst. A mile distant from the spring is the Washington Seventh-day Adventist Sanitarium, "excellent for situation," the joy of sick, weary bodies. Here, three hundred feet above the city, out where God's handiwork prevails, is an institution founded by a loving Creator, where men and women come in touch with the Christ, the divine healer of both body and soul.

Midway between the Review and Herald and the Sanitarium, is a "sight" with which but few are familiar, and yet to me it is one of great interest, as it teaches a truth by way of contrast. It is but a few steps from my home, and many times have I looked upon it, each time to have the truth fixed more firmly in my mind. The sight is what is left of a printing plant, and you will see by the photograph on the first page that the word ruin does not adequately describe its present condition. An Adams press is covered with rust; type-cases, form-racks, and other accessories of a printing establishment have rotted. The roof has collapsed, and the walls have fallen in. A typewriter is but a mass of twisted, rusty bars.

The building at first was used for a poultry enterprise, but the undertaking proved a financial failure.

About fifteen years ago it was converted into a "health" institution and printing plant. A twenty-four-page booklet was found in the ruins bearing the title "The Method of Healing With or Without Drugs." A tract bore this title, "The Principles of Clairvoyance."

The plant being mortgaged, it is now in the hands of the one holding the mortgage. He evidently has but little if any interest in the property, as evidenced by its ruined condition.

This printing plant, undoubtedly the first one in Takoma Park, was operated to propagate error, and the work, not being of God, came to naught. It is significant that Takoma Park's first printing-office was engaged in a pseudo-healing work, in connection with clairvoyance, a phase of Spiritualism. As I looked at the ruins, I thought of the latest printing plant established in Takoma Park, the home of the INSTRUCTOR. It was dedicated to the service of truth, the truth of the Word of God, and each year of its existence has brought to it increased efficiency and prosperity. Tons of truth-filled tracts, periodicals, and books are sent out to enlighten the world, and to lead men and women to the Author of truth. There is a way that seemeth right to men, but the end is desolation, disaster. The ruined Takoma Park printing plant is a concrete illustration of this fact. What is true of printing plants is true also of individuals. The life dedicated to the service of truth will be made eternal by God; the life given up to the service of the wicked one can expect nothing but ruin, disaster, desolation. Reader, to-day make your choice for God and his truth, and you will shine as the stars forever and ever.

JOHN N. QUINN.

To the Heights

FELLOW student, are you toiling with halting gait along the paths that lead to a successful study of our language, or do you go cheerfully with buoyant step, enjoying to the full the scenery of the wayside?

I myself find much to interest, although at times the hills tire and the rough stones lame, for I do not travel by any royal road. I know of none. I am often tempted to wish that a broad, well-paved highway could be made; but then, when I think that perhaps one would miss the variety of the present rugged track with its panoramas of beauty opening out from every hilltop, its secluded nooks and dells inviting to solitude and study, and its pleasant by-paths each worthy of a ramble, I remain content to follow the winding way. It is far less crowded, and much more interesting than the other would be.

Let me give a hint or two to help you on your journey. Not all guide-books mention them.

Much rests in the choice of a guide. Many do not assist the pilgrim as they should. They continually speak of the glories of the view from the summit, but can not stay to wander for a while along the quiet streamlets in the valley, nor linger to point out the pretty spots in the ascent.

Perhaps the most charming stretch of country bordering the road is that called Derivation. Now I have known some guides to ignore its beauties altogether: they have taken circuitous courses around it; for what reason I have never been able to discover. Others seem specially to miss the right path, and conduct the traveler over a most dreary and desert-like track where the only sign that life has ever existed is the number of dry roots that encumber the ground.

A stated distance must be traversed each day, and a more wearying journey you can not imagine.

But to cross this country with a guide that loves his work for his work's sake is a revelation of mysteries to the traveler. If, with his guide, he will but tarry to explore among the ruins that peep out from every grove and recess, he will receive no mean education. A knowledge of the language and history, the manners and customs of the ancient people will dawn upon him. There is no branch of art or science that will not in some way become clearer to him; and his guide-books, perhaps before dry, musty tabulations of facts, will now illumine his way at every turn. He will be loath to depart; but as he does, he will bear away much lore and wisdom, and will ever, by the aid of memory and association, continue to learn of this wonderful country.

Take my advice and do not fail to visit and explore the land of Derivation.

You will find that these same guides for whom Derivation has no allurements are prone to go into ecstasies over the benefits of a prolonged stay on the hill Punctuation. I was induced to spend much time here, but I found that there was little to be gained. One of their reasons for pressing the traveler to stay is that a fully equipped laboratory for the purposes of analysis is situated here. Many learned men recommend a close study of the methods of this institution, but I have yet to see that it is of much value to the ordinary wayfarer. The same time could be more profitably spent in studying the processes of manufacturing in one of the towns near by, Synthesis, for instance. I hold that it is better to learn how to put together than to pull apart, to build up than to break down. The same relation exists between the old cure-all for bodily ills — bloodletting — and the modern method — blood-forming.

I am glad that many guides recognize this fact. If you have not been over the ground yet, you would do well to try to engage one of this class. Should you be so fortunate as to succeed, you can not help but enjoy the journey. The sharp prick of many a spur will be eased by closely following the directions of your experienced companion. The lonely ways will be lightened with stories amusing and instructive; and with a heart braved to all difficulties and a song on your lips, you will pursue your course contented.

H. STOUT.

History of International Language

REALIZING the great need of an international artificial language, men have from time to time tried to supply the lack.

A notable effort in this direction was Volapük, an artificial language which made considerable headway in Europe about a quarter of a century ago. The author attempted to create an entirely new language, and to that end took very little from existing languages. The result was that while it was workable, it was not easy of acquirement, and it never achieved permanent success. A new Volapük, known as the Neutral Idiom, has since been devised, based on the national roots, which, though much simpler and easier to learn, has not made much progress.

A Polish Jew, Dr. L. Zamenhof, proposed, about twenty-three years ago, a new universal language, which instead of being different from all existing languages, was built up of roots taken from as many languages as possible, so that more than half of the words

are recognized by one who knows only English. The same with one who knows only Spanish, or French, or German.

Dr. Zamenhof to his first published pamphlet on the new language signed "Dr. Esperanto," and the name was given to the new language. The word is one of the regular words of the new language, and means "One who hopes." The language itself stands for the hope that at some time in the future all men will be brothers, and that this will be brought about partly by the use of a common language. The badge of the Esperantists is a star signifying hope, which worn on the coat, enables one Esperantist to recognize another wherever they may meet.

If I were to go to Japan or China or India or Turkey to-day and see some one there wearing a star, I could at once begin conversation in Esperanto, knowing that I should be understood, and, moreover, that I should meet a cordial welcome.

It was seemingly an accident that led Dr. Zamenhof to his invention. In his youth, he lived in a Russian city in which were spoken four distinct languages,—Russian, Polish, German, and Yiddish,—and he was not long in noting that the riots and feuds between the different sections and their constant hostility were due to the fact that each race held in contempt all others that did not speak its language fluently. While he was still at school, he began work on a language which he hoped would place these four sections of the city on a common-language footing, with more amicable relations.

As he grew older, he took up the study of other national languages. Noting the same hatred between nations of different languages that he saw between the sections of his native city, he determined, if possible, to do away with these prejudices, which were due largely to the varied tongues; and to that end he began his vast work of elaborating an international language, with the thought, not that it should supplant existing languages, but that it should be so simple as to be easily learned by the peoples of all countries, as an auxiliary language.

In another paper we hope to tell just what Esperanto is.

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

Australasia as a Training-Center for Island Workers

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand are situated in a most unique position geographically as a missionary training-ground of a wonderfully varied nature.

First, let us consider these two countries apart from the adjacent groups of islands. Australia and New Zealand have a combined population of several million progressive, intelligent Europeans; and the former also has about forty thousand aborigines of a rather degraded and ignorant type; while in the latter are to be found about the same number of the most intelligent natives in any part of the world. Therefore, there is an excellent opportunity to build up a substantial constituency which always furnishes a solid financial backing to our great missionary enterprises. Our surroundings also afford a splendid recruiting-ground for workers; for the dark-skinned peoples of the two countries furnish a theater for the display of God's grace through human instrumentalities.

But beyond the shores of Australia and New Zealand—our recruiting-grounds—lie the islands of the sunny South Pacific,—islands of enchanting loveliness, and inhabited by tens of thousands of intelligent tribes.

Here, already, we have set up the torchlight of truth, first by missionaries sent from America, but now that the cause has grown in Australasia, we are training our own workers.

A number of young men and women, trained at the Australasian Missionary College, Cooranbong, or at our Nurses' Training-School, Wahroonga, have gone out into the island fields. God has blessed them, and some, as their experience has grown, have taken heavy responsibilities.

No other country, perhaps, presents such excellent opportunities. These islands are at our doors; they are connected with Australia by commercial interests; and many of the island groups are visited by good passenger-steamers, plying between them and Australia or New Zealand.

No other conference has such a large number of populous islands so near, inhabited by such intelligent natives, as has the Australasian Union Conference. It is a little world by itself.

The Sabbath-keepers of Australasia are generally wide-awake to missions, giving their means, and also their sons and daughters, to advance the cause.

Gradually the work is building up, churches are being raised, church-schools are being started, and other lines are developing. Besides our training college at Cooranbong, we have smaller training-schools in West Australia and New Zealand, and also a native training-school in Fiji, where between thirty and forty natives are in preparation for the work. About twelve native workers from this school are now actively engaged in giving the message.

J. E. FULTON,

President Australasian Union Conference.

Field Day at Fernando Academy

IN a recent Volunteer rally at the Fernando Academy a temperance resolution was passed, in which appeared these words: "That we do all in our power to circulate the *Temperance INSTRUCTOR*." And the students are earnestly endeavoring to carry out their resolution. They began by ordering seventeen hundred copies of the paper. Last Thursday about twenty of the student body came up to Los Angeles, and did some good house-to-house work. Dr. Lillis Wood-Starr, who, with her husband, had assisted in leading the students in this campaign, wrote us yesterday, as follows:—

We are having much blessing in the *Temperance INSTRUCTOR* work in the Fernando Academy this year. Considering all the disadvantages of a "one day" campaign, we feel that our students did well last Thursday in Los Angeles. About three hundred papers were sold and fifty-six given away. We all felt glad for the good experiences related yesterday morning at chapel hour.

The doctor then mentioned the "four hundred fifty-seven wrappers addressed by the students to public-school teachers in this county from grades five to eight." These wrappers were sent to the tract society office to be filled with copies of the *INSTRUCTOR*, purchased by the students, and sent out at pound rates. Dr. Starr concluded her letter with these words:—

This morning we had another blessing in chapel when the students quickly raised the \$16.63 necessary to cover the postage and stationery for this effort. They also volunteered to solicit in order to mail the *INSTRUCTOR* to the third- and fourth-grade teachers of the county.

Several of the students have expressed their willingness to give a portion of the vacation period to the *INSTRUCTOR* work.

ERNEST LLOYD.



THE HOME CIRCLE



"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."

You and I

If men would cease to worry
And women cease to sigh,
And all be glad to bury
Whatever has to die;
If neighbor spoke to neighbor
As love demands of all,
The rust would eat the saber,
The spear stay on the wall;
Then every day would glisten,
And every eve would shine,
And God would pause to listen,
And life would be divine.

— Author unknown.

The Still, Small Voice



IN the early times of Indiana there were no railroads, and none of the present excellent facilities of transportation. The meager mode of transit consisted of a horse or team, or the slower—Daniel Boone's—style, afoot.

The Wilsons, leading bankers in the West at that time, were anxious to transport a large sum of money to the northern part of Indiana. What perplexed them was the selection of the right kind of man to undertake the delivery of ten thousand dollars safely to its destination and run the risk of meeting robbers along the lonely highway. After much thought, they hit upon a young unmarried man, strong and trustworthy,—Robert Ruckle,—to undertake the perilous trip. The plan adopted was for young Ruckle to mount a strong, fleet horse, with two saddle-bags and two revolvers, the former to hold the ten thousand dollars. Relays of horses were arranged for along the way.

The morning of departure arrived, preparations were completed for the long horseback ride, a tender good-by was said to father and mother and friends. The bankers gave him encouragement, and bade him Godspeed. Ruckle mounted his horse; then all cheered and waved their handkerchiefs. He took off his hat and waved adieu to all, every eye watching him out of sight.

On he rode, out through the country across the White and Wabash Rivers, passing the papaw-trees, the sycamores, and black walnuts, and occasional farm-houses and red barns that broke the monotony of the lonely way. He had time for thought, and was not bored with gossips. Nightfall brought him to a road house or tavern, where he passed the night, very careful and watchful of his treasure.

After starting out the second day on the trip along dense woods and swamps, a great temptation swept over his soul. "What if I should take this ten thousand dollars and flee? Who could trace me in this lonely country?" Every step of the ride that day the temptation grew stronger, until it fairly enveloped him. It absorbed his thoughts. He tried to shake it off, but in vain. He was apparently on the verge of yielding and becoming a robber, when he seemed to hear his mother's voice. She was reading her Bible

as usual, at the passage, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name."

Like a thunderclap this broke the spell of temptation. Robert was back again in the old traces, penitent for having given heed to the tempter. It was the still, small voice of the Holy Spirit that had saved the ten thousand dollars intact, and saved the soul of the young man from the tempter.

The treasure was safely delivered at its destination. Years rolled on. The young man married, and afterward became the nominee for governor of a Western State.

A mother's voice has worked wonders. Her pleading has saved many a man. What love equals or surpasses mother-love?—Only one, divine love. This had saved him.—*William H. Winton, in the New York Christian Herald.*

Girls' Manners

It is to be taken for granted that most girls are anxious to be charming. True charm of manner often comes from a happy temperament, a pleasant disposition. There is no doubt that charm may be cultivated by true politeness, a sincere wish to please, an unwillingness to hurt another person's feelings by word or act. The cultivation of good manners refines, sweetens, and strengthens the character; makes one thoughtful and considerate of others; unselfish in doing little kindnesses; firm in the determination to live up to high standards of conduct. Manners must always be the outgrowth of character, the real polish which is the result of care, not a thin veneer, which is merely superficial. It is in the power of every girl to form her manners so that she may be a nobler woman, with an influence that is far-reaching, and by her sincere politeness, true kindness; and fine ideals of life, make the world a pleasant place for those she meets on her way through it.

The world will never be convinced that any one is superior who assumes an aggressive, independent manner, or who is pushing, self-assertive, egotistical. That style of conduct indicates crudeness, ignorance, a lack of intelligence. A fatal mistake is for a girl to think that a boisterous, noisy manner, a loud laugh, gushing, exuberant spirits, indicate fun and amusement. Repose of manner has a wonderful charm. It is an accomplishment striven for by those who know the value of things worth having. A girl of refinement is gentle, modest, reserved. She never screams nor talks in a loud voice, but speaks in low tones. She does not move about in a rushing, bustling way, but quietly, gracefully, and with dignity.

It is not to a girl's credit to assume control at home in social affairs, or to disregard her parents, or seem

to put them in the background. Respect for parents and older persons is one of the marks of a well-bred girl. She is careful to have her friends meet her parents, otherwise she is in a false position, and gives the impression that there is some reason for avoiding the introduction.

A girl can not be too reserved about writing letters to men, giving presents to them, or exchanging photographs or rings.

It seems difficult for girls to believe that it is in the nature of man to prefer the girl whom he seeks, rather than one who seeks him. He grows very tired of a girl who is lavish in notes and companionship, who is always calling him up by telephone, or exacting attentions from him, or showing great eagerness for his society. A man likes what is not easy to win, not what may be had for the asking. He may like to amuse himself with the jolly, free-and-easy girl, but he does not admire her, and she is often astonished to find that he has been won away seriously by a quiet, unobtrusive girl, who has never made herself cheap by flirtations, and has preserved the sweet wholesomeness and simplicity of heart so well worth keeping, and whose womanly qualities are such as a man looks for in a wife.—*The Ladies' World*.

What He Left

NEWS of the accident had reached the little town by telegraph an hour before. Both the men had known Philip Hastings from boyhood. An expression of shocked surprise was on their faces, and they talked in undertones. "It'll be a terrible blow to the family," said one. "Two of the girls are away from home, and Ralph took that clerkship in Adams last spring. They thought the world of their father."

"It'll be hard for Agnes to keep up the house," said the other. "The older children are 'launched,' but they're not earning much yet. Philip never had the faculty of getting ahead. There are such people, you know. I doubt if what he's left will more than cover—these expenses."

In the little house in Elm Street the question of money had to come up the very next morning. A relative had suggested sending to the city for flowers.

"I don't think father would want us to do that," the elder son replied, soberly. "He would say that it was beyond our means, and that the money would better be used for mother's comfort. We must remember that there are going to be other days after this is all over."

A sob broke from the youngest daughter. Some word of Ralph's had stirred her sore heart with a fresh reminder of her loss.

"Angie dear!" Clara threw her arms round the younger girl's quivering shoulders. "We must remember mama, Angie. That's what papa would say if he were here. We must be brave for her sake."

Twenty times that day the unselfish spirit of the dead man spoke in the words and actions of his children. They consulted his wishes as if he were still alive.

And in the weeks that followed, the silent lips continued to give wise and brave counsel.

Clara went back to her school. She would have liked to stay at home; but her father had taken so much pride in her position in Hempstead that her duty was plain.

Ralph declined what shrewd people called a "better job;" and, indeed, it offered more in salary and in

chances of promotion, but the concern was not managed in accordance with his father's high ideals of honesty. "He wouldn't have gone in there," said the boy.

Most of Elsie's earnings in an office "went into the house." She had a girl's love of pretty dresses and becoming hats, and had hoped to have them when she began earning for herself; but she had learned well the lesson of "doing for others."

"It was father's whole life," she said, softly, not once, but many times. "I'm glad I *can* do it—in his place."

Yet the neighbors said that when Philip Hastings was taken away, he "left next to nothing."—*Youth's Companion*.

The Last Day

THROUGH all the lonely day I walked in dread,
The world had lost the charm it once possessed;
A thousand dangers seemed to loom ahead;
A thousand borrowed troubles filled my breast.

Upon the morrow, beautiful and bright,
The sun with newly added splendor rose;
My troubles had departed with the night,
And, free, I saw them all imagined woes.

I hailed the new, the splendid day, with glee;
But who may ever figure up the cost
Of that fear-haunted, gloomy day to me,
The day that might have gladdened—which I lost?
ARTHUR V. FOX.

Suggestions From the "Pictorial Review"

Handy Tie and Belt Rack

I SCREW a nickel towel-rack to the inside of my wardrobe door to hang neckties, belts, and shoe-strings on. The racks are very handy for these articles.

An Egg Hint

When separating the whites from the yolks of eggs, if you accidentally break the yolks into the whites, dip a clean cloth into warm water and wring it dry. With a point of this cloth touch the yolk which has dropped, and it will cling to it at once.

Helpful in Crocheting

Run a hat-pin through the hole in your spool of crocheting cotton, and pin it to the arm of your chair. The thread will run smoothly, your work will be more regular, and you can not lose the spool.

To Keep Spools of Thread

My husband fitted two of my sewing-machine drawers with thin boards, through each of which he drove wire nails, driving them to the head. Placed in the drawers with the points of the nails upward, they form a most convenient receptacle for spools of thread. One row holds white thread from No. 24 to 100, another holds black thread and silk, and the two remaining rows are filled with a miscellaneous collection of thread, silk, and twist.

Pure Rain-Water on Tap

An excellent cask for keeping rain-water in a healthful condition is made as follows: Set the cask or barrel on end, take out its head, and at a distance of about one third from the bottom put in a false bottom pierced with holes. Cover this shelf with a piece of very heavy canvas, and put over it a layer of clean, small pebbles, sand, and charcoal to the depth of one inch. Over this filtering shelf put another, also pierced with holes, to prevent the water above from rushing down too fast and disturbing the filtering materials. At the bottom of the barrel place a tap or faucet to draw off the water as wanted. The rain-water barrel must be kept tightly closed.



The Bird That Hates Darkness



THE arctic tern arrives in the far north about the middle of June, and leaves again for the south the last of August, when the young are able to fly strongly. Two or three months later the birds are found in the antarctic zone, having traveled a distance of eleven thousand miles.

These birds are said to enjoy more hours of sunlight than any other creatures on the globe, having for half or two thirds of the year twenty-four hours of daylight each day. The sun never sets during their stay in the north, and they have two months of continuous daylight and practically daylight for two months more.

Elephantine Tooth Pulling

WHEN an elephant has an ulcerated tooth, the result, as can be readily imagined, is an elephantine toothache, and usually the only means of relief is the extraction of the offending molar. The removal of a tooth from an elephant in Rio de Janeiro, recently, took four mighty pulls by fifteen men on a stout rope, which was attached to the tooth by platinum wire. The beast willingly submitted itself to the preparations, and gave no evidence of pain or anger until after the fourth pull, which dislodged the tooth.—*Popular Mechanics*.



Popular Mechanics

PULLING ELEPHANT'S TOOTH

A Volcano That Became a Lake

UNIQUE among the natural wonders of America is the lake in Crater Lake National Park, in Oregon, which is described in a publication entitled "Geological History of Crater Lake," just issued by the Department of the Interior. The traveler who, from the rocky rim of the lake, looks across its limpid waters to the cliffs beyond stands where once the molten lava of Mt. Mazama boiled and seethed in its efforts to find an outlet, for Crater Lake is all that remains of a great volcano that ages ago reared its lofty summit high above the crest of the Cascade range.

Before the Cascade range existed, the region now included in the State of Oregon was a great lava plateau that extended from the Rocky Mountains to the present Coast Range. Gradually mountain-making forces became operative; the surface of the plateau was arched, and there rose the great mountain system that is now known as the Cascade range. With the hardening of the crust the centers of eruptions became

fewer until they were confined to a few high mountains that were built up by the flows of molten lava. In this way were created Hood, Rainier, and Mazama, from whose sides and lofty summits streams of lava poured across a desolate land. Hood and Rainier still lift their snowy caps to the clouds, and fling a defiant challenge to the mountaineer to scale their steep, ice-covered slopes. Mazama alone is gone, engulfed in the earth from which it came. In what is left of its caldera lies Crater Lake.

Mt. Mazama in its prime rose to a height of over 14,000 feet above the sea. Mt. Scott, which towers above Crater Lake on the east, was only a minor cone on the slope of Mt. Mazama. The portion of the mountain that has been destroyed was equal in size to Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire, and had a volume of seventeen cubic miles.

From the crest of the rim surrounding the lake the traveler beholds twenty miles of unbroken cliffs which range from five hundred to nearly two thousand feet in height. The clear waters of the lake reflect the vivid colors of the surrounding walls, and whether in the soft glow of early morning, in the glare of the noonday sun, or in the rosy hues of the dying day, the view is one of awe-inspiring grandeur and beauty.

This publication contains a detailed account of the formation of this wonderful work of nature. It is well illustrated by photographs, and is written in non-technical language, so that it may be readily understood by the reader who has not had the advantage of scientific training.

Preserving Old Papers

FOR many years it was a problem as to how long old papers could be kept before they would fall to pieces. Even if they were kept in a tight vault, it was thought to be only a question of time before such papers would become valueless. The thought of losing the country's most valuable manuscripts and papers drove bibliographers to try all sorts of experiments for the preservation of old papers. Finally it was discovered that the Japanese made a paper so very thin and transparent that after it was pasted over a finely written sheet of paper, only an expert could tell it was there.

This paper is made of silk, the thread of which is as fine as the finest spider's silk. It is so finely spun and woven that it does not interfere with the reading, and yet it keeps out the dust. Today manuscripts that were covered with this silk paper a number of years ago are just as fresh and wear-free as one could wish. Manuscripts that are to be preserved are now covered with this silk paper on both sides; and so little does it interfere with making out the most difficult writing that it is often referred to as glass paper.—*Beatrice M. Parker*.



St. Nicholas

BEARS ARE FOND OF REAL AND "MAKE-BELIEVE" WRESTLING



True Story of a Catholic Boy's Conversion



IN June of last year I left the beautiful little town of B——, in the southwestern part of Louisiana, for my home among the hills not far from Louisville, Kentucky. There came with me a young friend, a joyous, bright boy, whom I shall call Dolph. His parents were of the Roman Catholic faith, and were in humble subjection to the priest. Dolph had been reared to believe that it was a sin to attend worship in any Protestant church. Before he left home, his parents told me to take their boy in charge, to give him good advice, and to see that he kept no bad company.

We arrived in Louisville late one Saturday evening, and had to wait there until Monday evening. On Sunday morning I asked the genial young fellow to attend church with me, which he promptly refused to do. He said that his "father," the priest, had forbidden him to attend any Protestant church. After attending church alone, I returned to our room at the hotel, and found Dolph in almost a despondent mood. I told him about the music and what a good sermon I had heard. I reminded him that I had promised his parents to give him good advice, and said I would begin by advising him to attend church and Sunday-school whenever he had an opportunity. He was reasonable, and after a time in my home he promised me he would attend church with me. I was to tell him how to act. The next meeting-time came, and we went to hear an earnest man who preached the simple gospel so plainly that a child could understand.

Dolph listened with the strictest attention; he seemed to grasp after each word as it fell from the speaker's lips. After the sermon the preacher administered the ordinance of baptism to a little girl, and as he buried her with Christ in baptism, Dolph took me by the hand and whispered, "What a beautiful sight!"

After service we walked some distance before either spoke a word, and then Dolph placed his hand upon my shoulder and said in a low, gentle voice, "I have seen and heard enough to-night to pay me for my trip from Louisiana." He was deeply impressed in that the preacher prayed directly to God instead of to Mary.

I then told him the story of Jesus and his love. That night in our room, while we knelt by our bedside, he prayed to Mary, while I sent a petition to the great God of love that this blinded and lovable boy might be brought safely into the fold of Jesus Christ.

Dolph, being of French descent, was of dark complexion with black hair. His eyes always wore a smile, and he habitually spoke a word of cheer to all whom he met, especially the aged and infirm. He was kind and obliging and always ready to help the needy. He was studious, a graduate of the common schools. As he was fond of books, I opened my library to him.

After he had been in my home some months, as I entered my room one day, he closed a book, and said:

"I have just been reading 'The Road to Heaven,' and I like it very much. I was just thinking that as I have read all the books you have, I would ask you to send and get some for me, and when I have finished reading them, I will give them to you." I told him that he had not read all my books, and going to a table, I took a book in my hand and stood with my back to him until I had turned to Ruth. Then placing it before him, I said, "Here is one of the best stories that you can read."

He reached out his hand and took it and read the title. With a surprised look he said, "Why, this is the Bible, and you know I am not allowed to read it."

I reminded him of the promise I had made to his parents, and assured him that if he would read the Bible, he would never regret it. I again placed the book in his hands. He said he would read Ruth, but remarked that he would have to go to confession as soon as he returned home; and he said that if the priest found out that he was reading the Bible, he would advise his parents to bring him home at once.

On the following Sunday he attended Sunday-school with me. It was agreed that he should enter a class, which pleased him. He was delighted with his teacher and with the simplicity of the lesson. He promised to be a regular attendant.

One beautiful Sunday evening I returned home and found Dolph seated in a large armchair with my grandmother's old Bible lying open upon his knees. There were tears in his eyes, and he had a troubled look. He did not smile when I entered, but said, in a low, submissive voice, "I have been very lonesome since you've been gone."

He told me he had thought I had taken our only Bible with me. After his worrying for a time my mother had insisted on his telling her the cause of his trouble, and told him that we had several Bibles, and that he should not be without one to read. His face brightened at the remembrance and he said: "She gave me her 'treasure' Bible to read, and I find that, while it is old and worn, it has the same sweet promises that your new one has. The more I read it, the better I love it." He buried his face in his hands and sat in silence. I took the opportunity to tell him of the boy Jesus, of the shepherd boy, and the story of Joseph. Late that afternoon he came down from his room and said, "Friend, will you go to church with me to-night?"

Of course I went with him; and as we were returning, he suddenly placed his hand upon my shoulder and said, "I've got a chapter I want to read to you when we reach home." After a silence, he added, "My heart gets so full when I read it that I can't keep the tears back."

When we reached our room, he took the Bible, and read with a clear, distinct voice: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." He read the second verse without faltering. He began

the third verse, cleared his throat, pressed a handkerchief to his eyes, and sat in silence for a while. I took the Bible from his hands and read to him until I got to the twelfth verse. Then he arose, took a step forward, and sank on his knees by my side. He threw his arms around my neck and said, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

We talked on for a time, and then retired for the night; but after we had ceased talking, he continued to sob, and at intervals would whisper, "Jesus, help me to live like thee."

I asked him if he wanted to go home. He replied: "I do not wish to go home until I have had my sins forgiven, and am assured that I can take Jesus and the Bible with me. If I become a Christian and read the Bible, I shall have to give up my home and my mother." So saying, he burst into a flood of tears. I told him that Jesus had said that if any one would follow him, he must forsake all.

Dolph remarked, "I love Jesus, but it would be so hard to give up my mother." He seemed almost heart-broken.

I arose, and lighting a lamp, opened the Bible and began to read from the first chapter of Acts, about the two men in white that stood by the disciples after Jesus had gone into glory. He looked at me with tears in his eyes, and his lips trembled as he said, referring to the passage we had just read, "That same Jesus is coming for me some day."

Again we retired, and he put his arms around my neck and whispered: "It is so sweet to me to believe that God has forgiven all my sins for Jesus' sake. I'm going to papa and mama and tell them all about it." Then he added: "I want you to go with me when I go home, and if they do not permit me and my Bible to live with them, will you let me live with you?"

After two months had passed, we were once more in the town of B—, standing in front of a little cottage. The night was dark, but there was a bright light beaming from an open door. In the room there was a middle-aged woman preparing the evening meal, and as she placed the dishes upon the table, she smiled and said to some one we could not see, "To-morrow night Dolph will be at home."

Dolph called aloud. "Why, mama! I am at home now!" She hurriedly placed a dish she had in her hand upon the table, and rushed through the open door. The father rushed after the mother, and called, "Why don't you come in?"

Dolph extended his hand, with the Bible clasped firmly, and said: "This is my Bible. May it come in, too?"

His mother answered quickly, "Yes, yes;" but his father said, "Well—I—guess—so."

After supper we seemed not to have much to talk about, and so retired early. The next morning quite early there was a gentle knock at the door, and the mother called me, but she asked that Dolph would come later. She asked me to tell her all about her boy. I reminded her of the promise I had made, and said that I had tried to keep my promise as best I could. I then told her all about her boy, and as I concluded, she asked, "And has my boy embraced the Protestant religion?" I told her that he had, and assured her that she would never be sorry for his step. She arose and went quietly toward his room, but came rushing back, and said, with a smile, "I heard Dolph pray just now, and he is the first one I ever heard pray to God."

Dolph's father thought it would be best to ask the

priest whether or not he could keep the Bible, so the next day we waited upon the priest, and just as soon as we entered his room, he turned on Dolph and said:—

"It has been a long time since you attended confession. I was just thinking of notifying all my parishioners to come to the confessional, as there are several just like yourself who, doubtless having grown a little cold, are departing from the way of the holy church."

Dolph had seated himself, but now arose, walked across the room, placed his hands on either side of the large bay window and looked far out over the outspread and beautiful bay. He seemed to be gathering strength from on high for the storm that he knew was just about to break upon him. The priest turned upon me, and with a hideous smile and glaring eyes, remarked: "Sometimes a boy thinks he knows more than he really does. In such a case as this I am compelled to use some strenuous measures. I will bring the boy into subjection. I have heard how he has gone off after those heretics." Then he said, "Dolph, can you attend high mass in the morning?"

Dolph turned upon him with a face fixed with decision, and said: "I have come not to confess my sins or anything of the kind, but I have come to tell you that by reading this [holding up a small Testament] I have learned the way of salvation; that I have accepted Jesus Christ and not a priest for my Lord. Papa urged me to ask you about owning and reading the Bible, and I came for that."

The priest interrupted, "No, you can not."

Dolph's face flushed, and tears began to stream down his cheeks. He looked at me imploringly.

The priest continued: "Bring me your Bible when you come to-morrow to confession. Give me the one you have in your pocket now. I'll have no more of this tomfoolery."

Dolph raised his right hand above his head, and said with decision: "There is no power on earth or in the Catholic Church that can keep me from reading the Bible. I renounce the Catholic Church, and will have no more to do with it. You said in my father's home last May that two thirds of the priests were inebriates." He then turned to me and said, "We are ready to go."

The priest stepped between him and the door, and placing his hand gently upon his shoulder, said: "My dear son, don't be hasty in words nor to go. Keep your Bible, but never read a passage unless you let me interpret it for you."

Dolph did not answer him, but turned to me and said, calmly, "We would better go." He stepped to the door, turned on the priest, and said, "I think I shall read the Bible and do my own interpreting. Good-by." — *H. J. Blackburn, in Baptist World.*

Seed Thoughts

A RIGHTEOUS man is as a spring of purest water in a parched and thirsty land; but a sinful man in a moral community is as a horrible stench in a garden perfumed with lilacs and roses.

Pleasant, encouraging words spoken at the right time have saved many a soul from destruction; but hasty, bitter words spoken to the discouraged and despondent have sent thousands to perdition.

Little acts of kindness bestowed in loving service have rendered many a wretched life hopeful and happy; but indifference and scorn have driven many into utter despair.

J. W. LOWE.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, July 13

Into All the World, No: 14 — Our Work in the South Pacific

LEADER'S NOTE.—Use in this meeting the map prepared for last week's program. For help on the talk on Central Polynesia, see "A Victory for the Truth in Fiji" and "Fiji." Central Polynesia, now known as western Polynesia, comprises the islands west of the day line (180°) under the supervision of the Australasian Union. The INSTRUCTOR also contains help on the two subjects preceding, but glean material from other sources as well. See back numbers of the *Review and Herald*, and "Outline of Mission Fields," or "Missionary Idea." Let some one who took the Junior Reading Course one year ago give the talk on Pitcairn. The talk "News From the Fields" is to be given by the one gleaning mission news. For the retrospect, place on the wall the names of twenty missionaries, and twenty places where our work is begun. The names should be written large enough to be seen across the room, and all names should represent persons or places studied more or less in some previous mission program. As the leader points to a name and calls on some one in the room, let it be understood without questioning that the person called will tell where the missionary is located and what he is doing, or how our work is represented at the place named. This can be made a very interesting and profitable exercise. Try it. Gather up reports of work done. Do not forget to pray for the work and workers in the South Sea islands.

Suggestive Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for the week).

Australasia as a Training-Center for Island Workers (five- to seven-minute talk).

Eastern Polynesia (five- to seven-minute talk).

Central Polynesia (five- to seven-minute talk).

Pitcairn (three-minute talk).

News From the Fields (three-minute talk).

A Retrospect.

Eastern Polynesia

THIS field is composed of the islands in the eastern part of the Pacific which lie south of the equator; namely, the Society, Cook, Austral, Marquesas, and Tuamotu groups, and Gambier, Pitcairn, and some other lone islands. Most of these islands are under the French flag. The Cook group and Pitcairn, with some small neighboring islets, are the only British possessions in this part of the Pacific.

The islands of eastern Polynesia are smaller than those of western Polynesia, and more scattered; hence more difficult to work. There is no regular means of communication between most of them; and when we wish to visit one of the smaller ones, we must make the journey on a small sailboat, not knowing when we may have an opportunity of again leaving the island.

Each separate group has a peculiar dialect of its own, though they all resemble one another more or less. Only two written languages are used in the fields that have been entered by our workers; they are the Tahitian and Rarotongan. The different islands of the Cook group use the Rarotongan language; and as Tahiti is the political and commercial center of the French islands in this part of the world, and the people are continually traveling back and forth between it and the other islands, all are familiar with the Tahitian language, which with the Tahitian Bible, is used in their religious worship.

The first Seventh-day Adventist missionary to visit Tahiti was Brother Tay, who spent some time in Paapeete when on his way to Pitcairn. In the year 1891, our missionary ship "Pitcairn" was sent out on its first cruise. It first visited Pitcairn, then called at a number of the Society Islands, at Rurutu, of the Austral Islands, and at Rarotonga, and the missionaries on board spent considerable time circulating our literature among the white settlers and in teaching and preaching the word of God. As a result of the seed sown, believers in the Sabbath truth sprang up on Tahiti, Raiatea, and Huaheine; and when the "Pitcairn" returned on its way back to the United States, Elder and Mrs. A. J. Read were left on Tahiti to look after the interested ones and to educate them further in the truths of the message.

In 1893, the "Pitcairn" came back on its second cruise. One of our company of missionaries, Mr. E. C. Chapman, was a practical printer; and as there was a demand for our literature in the Tahitian language, it was decided that he and Mrs. Chapman remain in Tahiti, and that a small printing-press be furnished to use there. In due course of time, we had the book "Steps to Christ" translated and printed, besides a number of tracts and pamphlets and a small hymn-book.

Elder and Mrs. B. J. Cady, who were also on the "Pitcairn" at this time, were landed on Raiatea, the second island in size and importance, which lies about one hundred twenty miles west of Tahiti. Soon after this, our pioneer workers in Tahiti returned to the United States, after which Elder Cady fostered the work in both Raiatea and Tahiti year after year, with the assistance of other workers who came and went. Later on, when this field became a part of the Australasian Union Conference, the printing-press was given to another island field which had more need of it, and since that time our Tahitian printing has been done by the Avondale Press at our Australasian Missionary College.

The young people of these islands had a great ambition to learn English, so Elder and Mrs. Cady were able to begin work as soon as they were settled on Raiatea. They took the youth into their home, and educated them in the Word of God and the principles of right living, as well as in English and music. As success attended this work, they secured possession of a farm, which was used for an industrial school for a number of years, having the following workers as teachers and helpers in different stages of the work: Miss Anna Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. George Beckner, H. L. Fowler, and Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Sterling.

We now have three organized churches on the island of Tahiti, each with a church building; one church on Raiatea; and a company of Sabbath-keepers on Huaheine. We also have a church on Rarotonga, which was brought out through the labors of Dr. Caldwell and Brother Rice and their associate workers. A young woman of Rarotonga, who was a half-caste New Zealand Maori, went to Australia to attend our school at Avondale, and there accepted the truth. She is now our Rarotongan translator and editor of our Rarotongan paper, which is published at Avondale. We also have an eight-page monthly paper in the Tahitian printed at Avondale. The book "Christ Our Saviour" has been published in the Tahitian language, and "Thoughts on Daniel" is now on the press. We already have the last-named book in the Rarotongan, and a Rarotongan Bible reading book will soon be ready for circulation.

Elder and Mrs. Cady remained for seventeen years in eastern Polynesia, acquiring the language and putting forth faithful, self-sacrificing effort for the inhabitants of these islands. While they are now laboring in Australia, they are still working for the Tahitians by editing our Tahitian paper and translating and preparing literature in that tongue.

Our present laborers in that field are F. E. Lyndon and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas in Tahiti, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Sharp on Raiatea, and G. L. Sterling and R. Piper, with their wives, on Rarotonga.

ANNA L. HINDSON,
Miss. Vol. Sec. Australasian Union.

Fiji

AMONG the natives who first accepted the truth in the Fiji Islands was Pauliasi Bunoa. He worked with Elder Fulton in translating, and this enabled him to see the Sabbath truth. In fact, this was one of the means of helping him to see the truth not only on the Sabbath question, but on baptism and other points of our faith, as he would frequently question Elder Fulton about these doctrinal subjects. He was much perplexed, and talked with other missionaries about these matters. They said to him, "You don't want to be unsettling yourself over these things. You have been a worker among us for thirty years, and see what has been done. These people don't understand the language. Don't allow them to unsettle you." "Yes," he replied, "these people may not understand the language, but they understand the Bible, and prove these things from the Bible. I want to know the truth. I want you to show from the Bible whether these things are right or not." Just at this time Brother Fulton left the group for America, and Pauliasi's mind remained unsettled until the return of Brother Fulton, when meetings were held in Suva. There, with his wife and family, he accepted present truth.

After Pauliasi had begun to keep the Sabbath, other teachers came to Suva Vou and began to speak against the truth. On one occasion, after the sermon was over, Pauliasi had a talk with the white man who conducted the meeting. The missionary asked Pauliasi why he had given up his former belief, and joined these Adventists. Pauliasi replied, "If you can give me one text from the Bible under your arm, showing that the Adventists are wrong, then I'll give up keeping the Sabbath, go back to Sunday, and die as I have lived." The missionary began to talk about the blessedness and triumphs of the church. "Tell me from the Book," said Pauliasi, "not from your mouth. Then I'll keep it." The missionary replied, "Just think how the Lord has blessed us." "What constitutes a blessing?" asked Pauliasi. "Is it numbers? Daniel was the only one in the lions' den, yet he had the blessing of God." As the conversation closed, Pauliasi took the missionary's hand, and said, "There is a judgment approaching. You are not the judge, and I am not the judge. If then I am in the wrong, I shall charge Moses, who gave the law to the people in the wilderness. I shall blame the prophets, who exhorted the people to be true to the Sabbath of the Lord. I shall blame Jesus Christ, who kept the Sabbath and spoke no word of any change. I shall charge the great apostle to the Gentiles for his teaching and example in meeting with the people on the Sabbath day. If you are wrong, *whom* will you accuse?" The missionary was silenced.

Pauliasi was raised up of God to help us in our

work. He has helped us in our translating and in our work among the natives. When given any position, the natives are usually proud, but this man is humble. At our union conference in 1906 he was ordained to the gospel ministry.

Another case is that of Ambrose, a chief of high birth. He would be king if the old government were still in existence. His subjects still bow to him and respect him. His wife is of high birth also. Both have now accepted the truth, and are living consistent lives.

People say he was the biggest rogue in Fiji, and that we must have paid him a large sum of money to induce him to keep the Sabbath. Elder Fulton wrote concerning his conversion: "I remember when he came to church one Sabbath morning; he prayed and broke down and cried. He invited us to the town and gave us land. It seemed too good to be true, and we all cried with him for joy that morning. Many times he has been tempted by white men, who ask him to drink with them, but he has remained true to his convictions."

"Once a hospital was opened. All the missionaries and great chiefs were there. Wine was passed round to the missionaries and chiefs. There were no Adventists there except Ambrose, yet when the wine was passed to him, he said, 'No, I can not drink it.' He came to me one day to pay tithe. I said, 'How did you get money to pay tithe?' 'O,' he said, 'I won a lot playing billiards.' I told him that he had been among bad companions, and the Lord did not approve of these things. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll never go again. But here's the money.' He had done it innocently."

At present there are about seventeen workers in Fiji. Of this number there are five white laborers, the remainder being native teachers. The total number of Sabbath-keepers, as reported at our Fijian council held last year, was 408. The work is spreading in that field.

A little in regard to our school at Buresala, on the island of Ovalau, will no doubt be of interest. This school comprises over two hundred seventy acres of well-wooded, fertile land, and is continually undergoing improvement at the hands of the students, under the leadership of Brother and Sister Marriott. These improvements include the cultivation of new land, the making of roads, the building of houses, etc. Latest reports from that field tell us of the good success that has attended their efforts in raising crops this past year. The largest pineapple grown measures eleven inches in length, and twenty-two inches in circumference. The produce brought good prices in Levuka, the nearest European settlement to the school. This city was formerly the capital of the group.

A good spirit is manifested by the students, who seem very desirous of fitting themselves for a part in the great work before us. One of the students from this school is at present laboring among the dark people of New Guinea, and is doing very acceptable work. A number of students are at work among the many islands of their own field.

There is also a smaller school on another of the islands, where a number of youth are in preparation to enter the training-school at Buresala.

God has abundantly blessed the efforts put forth in Fiji, and to him be all the praise for the advancement that has been made. Let us ever remember this interesting field in our prayers, that the Lord will still continue to pour out his Spirit upon those who are laboring so faithfully to proclaim this glorious message in that part of the world.

L. A. BUTLER.

A Victory for the Truth in Fiji

It is a well-known fact to those interested in the spread of the third angel's message that the presentation of the truth in new fields very often meets with stern opposition on the part of other denominations. Ever since the commencement of our work in Fiji, the Methodists have strongly opposed us, and they seem determined to make us fight for every inch of progress we make.

The following letter recently received from one of our native workers, will illustrate the tactics sometimes adopted by them in their endeavors to hinder our work, but which, as on this occasion, usually prove unsuccessful:—

To the Ministers and Brethren of the Clean Church.

BELOVED BRETHREN: I wish to write you a little story about our work in the district of Wainimala, Colo. I was appointed to this place in the month of December last year just after the workers' institute held at Buresala. When my wife and I reached here we found that the law against Sunday work was being enforced by the representatives of the government, the chiefs of villages, and the ministers and teachers of other denominations. On one occasion some of our brethren went out to carry home wood on Sunday; for this they were taken to court, but were acquitted. Another Sunday one was found working in his garden, and though quite a distance from the village, was taken to court and fined fourteen days' imprisonment. This of course pleased the teachers of the Methodist Church, who by this time were beginning to try to stop our preaching in the different villages.

The regular district council was soon to be held; so I went beforehand to the district chief and told him that I desired to visit the different villages in his district, and to hold services, to which he kindly consented. When the day of the council came, I went to the meeting, and during the proceedings heard the district chief announce that there were now two religions in their midst, the Methodist and the Adventist. He also asked them to be good-spirited and allow the Adventist preacher to hold services in their different villages as he went around. When the teachers of the other denomination heard this, they soon met in council, and resolved that I should be asked not to preach in that district, but to preach only in the one village where I was staying among Adventist people.

When their representative brought me their resolution, I could not comply, and quoted to him the words found in Matt. 28:18-20. I also referred him to the words found in Acts 5:29 and 4:19. So when they saw my position, they set themselves to find some occasion against me.

A little later while I was holding meetings in the village of Waisomo, two of the very old pillars of the Methodist Church became convinced by the truth and commenced to observe the Sabbath. These men are very old, being quite gray-haired. They had been deacons in their former church for a number of years, and so when the teachers saw these men turning over to this new religion, they felt very much displeased and decided to have me arrested. I thereby received a summons to appear before the provincial court. When the time of my trial came on and the magistrate, who is also native commissioner (European), called for my accuser to produce his complaint, he said that this man, Solomoni, had preached in his village without consent and that two of the oldest men in his church had turned to the Adventist faith. He therefore accused me of causing a disturbance and being disrespectful to the leaders of the church, the district, and the province. The magistrate then asked him if he had anything more to say; and when he had not, the magistrate said to him, "Were you in any of the meetings when Solomoni preached?" To which he could only say that he was not. Then said the magistrate, "You have erred very heavily in this matter. Where is the minister, teacher, chief, or even magistrate that can prevent the preaching of the word of God?" He continued, "Look, Pauliasi, when the Methodist Church came to Fiji, did you people at first want it or not?" to which the teacher said, "No, sir; we opposed it." "The same with the Roman Catholic?"—"Yes, sir." "And now you are opposing the Adventists. By and by you will feel differently toward them also. I admonish you not to hinder the Adventist preacher in his work, but let him go ahead. You teachers are causing all the trouble." Turning to me he said, "Solomoni, go right on with your work, but beware of these teachers, for they intend to trap you if possible." I thanked him and left the court feeling grateful indeed to the Lord for his help and presence.

For two days before the trial came off I prayed most earnestly that the Lord would help me, and as I sat in court before all those people I realized his presence and the fulfillment of the words found in Matt. 10:17-20.

Suva Vou, Suva, Fiji.

A. G. STEWART.



I—Search the Scriptures

(July 6)

MEMORY VERSE: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6:7.

Questions

1. What is God's word said to be? John 17:17; Ps. 119:160; note 1.
2. What statements are made concerning the study of the Scriptures? John 5:39; 2 Tim. 2:15.
3. Why were the Bereans "more noble" than some others? Acts 17:10-12.
4. What shows us that the unfallen angels take an interest in the study of prophecy? 1 Peter 1:9-12; note 2.
5. How were the Scriptures given? for what purpose? 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.
6. How long can one live without food? What constitutes spiritual food? Matt. 4:4; John 6:63, 67, 68; note 3.
7. To what is the word of God compared in Ps. 119:105; Prov. 6:23? Note 4.
8. What does the prophet Jeremiah say the word of the Lord is like? Jer. 23:29.
9. To what is his word compared? What does it discern? Heb. 4:12.
10. By what means were the prophecies of the Bible given? 2 Peter 1:20, 21.
11. How will the word of God keep us from sin? Ps. 119:11.
12. What does it mean to hide the word in the heart? Note 5.
13. By what power were all things created? Ps. 33:6-9. See Genesis 1.
14. Give illustrations of the power of Christ's word when he was here on earth. Mark 4:38, 39; John 11:43, 44.
15. What famine did the prophet Amos foresee? Amos 8:11, 12.
16. What class is especially mentioned that will suffer from the famine? Verse 13; note 6.
17. If we love the Lord, how shall we regard his word? Jer. 15:16.

Notes

1. Near the close of his earthly life Jesus himself said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." This was true of him because he was the Son of God. Yet Jesus in childhood, youth, and manhood studied the Scriptures. In this he set us a perfect example. We may study as he studied, and learn as he learned; and if we yield our hearts and lives to the power of the word as did Jesus, we shall be sanctified through the truth as he was sanctified through the truth, and his prayer for his disciples will be fulfilled in us.

2. Angels desired to "look into" the things which were being foretold by the prophets. And can we wonder that it should be so? Beginning with Enoch, the seventh from Adam, down through the ages one messenger after another has risen up with warning, entreaty, and encouragement for the human family. The wonder is that this same human family should show so little interest in what most concerns them.

3. We can no more live spiritually without taking the word of God into our minds than we can live physically without taking physical food into our bodies. And it is as much more important to have the spiritual than the physical as eternal life is more important than the few short years of our temporal life.

4. The Lord told Jeremiah that the words he gave him to give to Israel would be like a fire and a hammer. The people

had become very wicked. Prophets and messengers had been sent to tell the people what God wanted them to do, but they hardened their hearts, refusing to obey the Lord, and choosing to worship idols. Finally, the Lord was compelled to bring upon his people the judgments of which he had been warning them. Like a great fire destroying all before it, the word of God at last came to pass; and Jerusalem, their beloved city, was destroyed. Like a hammer used in breaking hard rocks were the judgments which the Lord was compelled to use in driving his people from their homes to become strangers in a strange land. How much better it is to obey the words of the Lord! While they will then be as powerful, instead of destroying us, as a fire or a great hammer, they will save us.

5. Some one has said that we never really believe a thing till we act upon it. "Abraham believed God," and he proved by his works that he believed, and God accounted him righteous. This is having the law written in the heart.

6. It is the youth, the young people, who will suffer most in that terrible famine. Their bright minds could so easily have grasped the truths of God that would have made them wise unto salvation; but they allowed frivolous things to crowd them out. They then remember how those Bible lessons were allowed to slip lightly through their minds and hearts. O, for another chance! and they run to and fro and up and down seeking the neglected word of God, but "they shall not find it."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

I — Search the Scriptures

(July 6)

LESSON HELPS: "Steps to Christ," pages 93-96; "Ministry of Healing," pages 458-466; "Education," pages 185-192; the *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: Ps. 119:11.

Questions

1. What is God's word said to be? John 17:17; Ps. 119:160.
2. What statements are made concerning the study of the Scriptures? John 5:39; 2 Tim. 2:15.
3. What commendable example has been recorded for our benefit? Acts 17:10-12.
4. What is the attitude of angels toward the things revealed through the prophets? 1 Peter 1:9-12; note 2.
5. What is said concerning some of the things revealed therein? What do the unlearned sometimes do? With what result? 2 Peter 3:16.
6. For what purpose were the Scriptures given? What will they do for the believer? 2 Tim. 3:16, 17; note 2.
7. By what do we live? Matt. 4:4; John 6:63, 67, 68.
8. What lights up the pathway of the believer? Ps. 119:105; Prov. 6:23; 4:18, 19.
9. To what is the word compared? Jer. 23:29; Heb. 4:12.
10. What is stated concerning the prophecies of God's Word? By what means were they given? 2 Peter 1:19-21. What exhortation is given to Christians living in the last days? Chapter 3:2.
11. What is the effective safeguard against sin? Ps. 119:11.
12. What had Timothy been taught in his childhood? What were the Scriptures able to do? 2 Tim. 3:14, 15. Compare Ps. 119:9.
13. What charge is given concerning the word? 2 Tim. 4:1, 2.
14. What was the example of the apostle Paul in this matter? Acts 13:5; 14:25; 17:13.
15. What were some of the results of preaching the word? Acts 8:5-7; 19:19, 20.

16. What mighty power did the words of Jesus have when on earth? Luke 4:32-39; John 11:43, 44.

17. What is said of those who reject God's word? Jer. 8:9.

18. What famine has been foretold? Amos 8:11, 12.

19. How should we regard the words of the Lord? Jer. 15:16.

Notes

1. "Has the reader ever paid a visit to the astonishing organist who so charmingly elicits the tourist's tears in the cathedral at Freiburg, as he touches one after another his wondrous keys, and greets your ear by turns with the march of warriors on the riverside, the voice of prayer sent up from the lake during the fury of the storm, or of thanksgiving when it is hushed to rest? All your senses are electrified, for you seem to have seen all, and to have heard all. Well, then, it was thus that the Lord God, mighty in harmony, applied, as it were, the finger of his Spirit to the stops which he had chosen for the hour of his purpose, and for the unity of his celestial hymn. He had from eternity before him all the human stops which he required; his Creator's eye embraces at a glance this range of keys stretching over threescore centuries; and when he would make known to our fallen world the everlasting counsel of his redemption, and the coming of the Son of God, he put his left hand on Enoch, the seventh from Adam, and his right hand on John, the humble and sublime prisoner of Patmos. The celestial anthem, seven hundred years before the flood, began with these words, 'Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon all;' but already, in the mind of God, and in the eternal harmony of his word, the voice of John had answered to that of Enoch, and closed the hymn, three thousand years after him, with these words, 'Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him.' 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus. . . . Amen.' And during this hymn of thirty centuries, the Spirit of God never ceased to breathe in all his messengers; the angels, an apostle tells us, desired to look into its wondrous depths. God's elect were moved, and life eternal came down into the souls of men."—*The Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures*, by L. Gaussen, pages 51, 52.

2. "After trying other books, if you experience religious longings, open the Bible; listen to it. Sometimes you find here the songs of angels, but of angels that have come down among the children of Adam. Here is the deep-sounding organ of the Most High, but an organ that serves to soothe man's heart and to rouse his conscience, alike in shepherds' cotes and in palaces; alike in the poor man's garrets and in the tents of the desert. The Bible, in fact, has lessons for all conditions; it brings upon the scene both the lowly and the great; it reveals equally to both the love of God, and unveils in both the same miseries. It addresses itself to children; and it is often children that show us there the way to heaven and the great things of Jehovah. It addresses itself to shepherds and herdsmen; and it is often shepherds and herdsmen that lift up their voices there, and reveal to us the character of God. It speaks to kings and to scribes; and it is often kings and scribes that teach us there man's wretchedness, humiliation, confession, and prayer. Domestic scenes, confessions of conscience, pourings forth of prayer in secret, travels, proverbs, revelations of the depths of the heart, the holy courses pursued by a child of God, weaknesses unveiled, falls, recoveries, inward experiences, parables, familiar letters, theological treatises, sacred commentaries on some ancient scripture, national chronicles, military annals, political statistics, descriptions of God, portraits of angels, celestial visions, practical counsels, rules of life, solutions of cases of conscience, judgments of the Lord, sacred hymns, predictions of future events, narratives of what passed during the days preceding our creation, sublime odes, inimitable pieces of poetry,—all this is found there by turns; and all this meets our view in most delightful variety, and presenting a whole whose majesty, like that of a temple, is overpowering. Thus it is that, from its first to its last page, the Bible behooved to combine with its majestic unity the indefinable charm of human-like instruction, familiar, sympathetic, personal, and the charm of a drama extending over forty centuries. In the Bible of Desmarets, it is said, 'There are fords here for lambs, and there are deep waters where elephants swim.'—*Id.*, pages 55, 56.

"WHEN one has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has a good reason for letting it alone."

"HE who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock."

"MANNERS are the minor morals."

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Don't Sigh

A WOMAN who was once a student in Bradford Academy says: "I had the habit of sighing over everything. One day, in the history room, as I was putting up my books, my teacher came up to me and said with sudden sharpness, 'Don't sigh! It is bad for the health.' The history lesson is forgotten, but *that* lesson stayed. I dropped the habit at once, and it made my life over." — *Selected.*

Edison's Talk to the Young

THE famous electrician, Thomas A. Edison, has been giving a number of short talks to the young of this country. In one of the latest he has this to say:—

To love one's work, whether it be in school or in the shop, is to find the first stepping-stone to real success. The habit of being indifferent to work and of cultivating idleness is fatal to character and success.

Many young people just starting out in their careers get into the bad habit of studying the clock. They constantly act as if they were afraid they would do too much for their school-teachers or their employers. They make shirks of themselves, and in time are found to be worthless. It is the duty of every beginner to be enthusiastic over what he has to do, to learn what he has to do thoroughly.

When they have acquired this trait, they must sustain themselves with gentleness of word, kindness of thought, simple living, and a steady effort to help others wherever they can. None in this world can stand alone. Each of us needs a helping hand from the other. Life is only thoroughly successful when all pull together for the common end of not only producing material capital but increasing spiritual strength.

— *Boys' World.*

Good Testimonials

THE following testimonial is from Mr. Melville Dozier, who is assistant superintendent of schools of Los Angeles, California, and a member of the board of education of that city:—

THE INSTRUCTOR, published in the interest of the cause of temperance, speaks in no uncertain tones concerning the causes, the methods, and the purposes of the liquor traffic, the most diabolical and hydra-headed evil that curses humanity to-day; nor is this excellent publication any less positive in its insistence upon the adoption of the only remedy for the unspeakable havoc for which this traffic is responsible in the rising generation of to-day.

Total prohibition, rigidly enforced, is its ultimate aim, and the only logical purpose. But to make this a practical reality, early and persistent training of the youth of the land is an absolute necessity. The evils which follow in the train of the use of intoxicants are so numerous, so direful, and so repulsive that it would seem that their very enumeration, to say nothing of their observation, would suffice to turn every pure-minded youth against it; yet its insinuating enticements inveigle many of the best of our land into its heartless and fatal toils, filling the country with misery.

To all who are, as parent or teacher, charged with the sacred duty of developing the characters of our youth and

fitting them for noble lives and efficient citizenship, this magazine offers valuable aid and suggestion.

Mr. M. Walker, manager of the Fifth Street Store, Los Angeles, says:—

I congratulate you upon the recent issue of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR which appeals to the better self in every way. The numbers of the last issue which we distributed among our employees brought a great many good commendations, and some results.

We would thank you at some future time when you have an extra good number to send us a quantity of the issue, as we shall be able to use them. Thanking you for your personal interest in our educational work, we are —

Mr. H. D. Cross, director of Boys' Work of the Los Angeles Young Men's Christian Association, says:—

I am very glad to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the work which you are doing for the uplift of boys in our community. Your recent talk to our boys was a most helpful one. I am also very much pleased with your publication, the Temperance YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, which was distributed among our members and proved very helpful as well as instructive.

Dr. Ervin S. Chapman, president of the Anti-Saloon League of Southern California, and editor of its official organ, the *Searchlight*, and who is known the country over as the great Temperance War-Horse, says:—

I believe the work you are seeking to do in our city with the INSTRUCTOR among boys and young men is worthy of commendation, encouragement, and assistance of all good people.

Remember June 29!

JUNE 29 is the date of the next thirteenth Sabbath offering to be taken in our Sabbath-schools.

The brethren in South Africa, continually urged on to new conquests by the terrible need of lost millions, have been endeavoring to open a new mission station in the Dark Continent. Some time ago they made a request from the government for a grant of land in the Selukwe Reserve in Mashonaland. The government has recently acceded to their request and given us this desirable tract, which is reported to be well-watered, fertile, and well-adapted as a mission station where the banner of the truth can be unfurled.

Pastor R. C. Porter, president of the South African Union, wrote a touching appeal some months ago, asking for an appropriation that would enable them to undertake the work of erecting buildings, and otherwise equipping the station with the things that are necessary to carry forward the work properly. For lack of funds the General Conference Committee was forced to deny the request, and let millions still sit and wait in darkness.

But we are glad they need wait no longer. The General Conference Committee has invited our Sabbath-schools in the United States and Canada to give the thirteenth Sabbath donation to the opening of this station in the Selukwe Reserve. The thirteenth Sabbath comes June 29. Thus our Sabbath-schools, which have furnished means to pioneer the way with the message into so many lands, have an opportunity fully to establish another mission station in the midst of heathen darkness. Should more be donated than is actually needed to open this station, the surplus will be used in the dark land of Africa.

We look for a liberal response in all our Sabbath-schools to this call on June 29. Some will perhaps wish to give quite liberal donations. Many will give dollars. Whole conferences have already adopted the idea of having a "dollar day" each quarter in the Sabbath-schools. The idea is a good one. The thirteenth Sabbath is a good time for churches that are behind on the Fifteen-cent-a-week Fund to make up their deficit.