

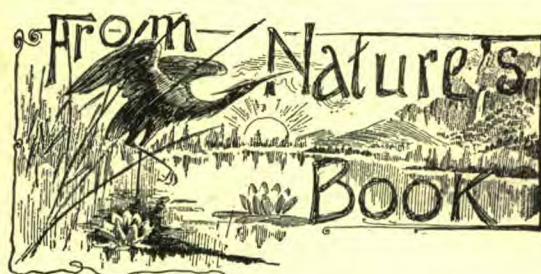
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY 1, 1902.

No. 18.



May

THE green trees proclaim her,
The bright flowers name her,
The birds carol of her,
And all things, they love her.
We hasten to meet her,
With gladness we greet her,
With floral wreaths crown her,
The queen of spring own her—
Our beautiful month of May!

ELLA CORNISH.

Arbutus

THERE'S a gleam of spring in my dark old room,
And a breath of spring in the air;

I can not write, and I can
not think,
So I fling down my pen
in despair
For my truant heart is
out in the woods
Still damp from the
melted snows,
Where the sweet wild
things of the shad-
ows hide,
And the trailing arbu-
tus grows.

I lay my head down on
my folded arms,
And drowsily shut my
eyes;
My dark old room whirls
lightly away,
And the din of the city
dies;
The long, hard years of
struggle and fret,
Of hope and despair
and pain,
Slip from me silently, one
by one,—
And I am a child again.

'Tis spring in the coun-
try, and on the
hills,
In the secret places of
gloom,
Where the thick brown
mosses cover the
earth,

The arbutus is all abloom.
The children, eager from school let out,
Are off and away on its quest,
Laden with baskets, sunbonneted, tanned,
And laughing with childish zest.

Dear little flowers in the cracked blue jar,
We are homesick, you and I;
We fain would be back in the dear old spot,
Where the shadows so gently lie.
Children we are of the woods and fields,
Comrades of the wild and the free;
And the city with all its confusion and glare
Was never for such as we.

—Young People's Weekly.

Abroad with Nature

To the lover of nature, May is a glorious month. The earth has been renewed, and everything is in its brightest dress. The air is soft and balmy, the whole earth is fresh in its tender green, and there is pleasant perfume everywhere. It is a time that entices one to ramble abroad, and along every stream and water-side are to be seen the persevering anglers with rod and line. One who was a follower of the practice has written:—

"Then weary is the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade;
I'm only wishing to go a fishing—
For that the month of May was made."

For myself, there are many other things I would rather do at this season than fish. I feel that I could spend every moment of May and June in the open fields, and spend it profitably, were it not for the sterner demands of life. I would live there, and eat there, and even sleep there. And I would be fishing, too,—not for fish, but to catch some of the wonderful secrets of nature that lie hidden on all sides.

I would spend many hours looking for the spring plants and flowers, studying their habits and traits, making careful notes, drawings, etc., and, best of all, learning many precious lessons that life will be all too short to forget.

The grasses and weeds have already made good headway; and if the weeds are taken as a type of sin, we have thus early in the season a reminder of the fact that Satan comes also. No matter how early we begin anything, we find that he has been ahead of us, and his work is already well begun. Was it not so when we first awoke to the fact that we had a character to develop for eternity? No matter if we were but children when the first serious moment broke upon moment understood, we must be Father's—when it came also sciousness was a work gun, a work which must be eradicated. Already we had formed habits and dropped into ways that were anything but wholesome. Yes, truly the weeds are early.

But the industrious, intelligent farmer begins his spring work, for the same reason, as early as he can cultivate the ground. He gets at the weeds the moment they appear; and if any part of his possessions has gained the start of him, he goes at it the more earnestly to undo the evil already wrought. Let us be wise, and learn this lesson in the development of our lives.

By the end of May the trees are in full leaf; wood and roadside, garden and orchard, are full of songsters; the swallows gleam and circle in the air; and aloft in the tree-tops countless gayly dressed warblers flit and sparkle, filling the air with the music of their song. More birds are seen during May than during any other month in the year.

The chestnuts stand out boldly against the dark background of the hillside woods, laden with a wealth of yellow blossoms. Dandelions begin to creep out on our lawns, the violet is in blossom, and buttercups and marsh-marigolds in the swamps and meadows add their glory to make the landscape radiant with the color of the sun.

Along the roadsides and in open spots the winter butterflies are sporting in the warm sunshine; and in the cabbage patches the white cabbage-worm butterflies are busy at mischief-making. There will be a host of cabbage-worms a little later if we do not make way with these troublesome butterflies.

Hornets, wasps, bumblebees, and ants are already at work, teaching mankind a lesson of industry.

May we, too, breathe in inspiration from the spring, and take up the battle of life with new courage. L. A. REED.

Two Prunings

WE had a lovely flowering maple which made the whole winter more tolerable by its profuse blossoming all through the weary days when the cold reigned supreme. But as spring came nearer, the little tree did not do well. Its branches seemed to be weak. The coloring of the leaves was paler than it ought to have been. We took the pretty thing, and with a sharp knife cut every branch far back toward the parent stalk. We put the crippled tree away for a time. But every day we visited it, giving it the warmest and most sunshiny places, and furnishing it with water to quench its thirst.

Then, by and by, the tree came back and took its old place. The branches were no longer slender and weak; they had become thick and full of strength. The blossoms had a deeper color than ever before. The green of the leaves was fresher, and the entire appearance of the plant was more charming.

Sometimes it seems to us that we can not endure the sharp blows which come from the hand of the Father. One after another the



things we hold dear, and think necessary to our very being, are severed, and at last we stand bare and shivering under the chastening which has been visited upon us. For a time it does not seem to us that we can ever take our places again among men.

But lo! in a little while, if we accept the sore trials which have come to us, we shall see that they have been sent in love, and with only the most benign intention. New graces begin to appear in our lives. In our hearts, hope sings a song it never sang before. The world takes on a new and more glorious aspect. After the night the clouds have fled away, and we see, as he has seen, that joy has indeed come with the morning.—*Well Spring.*



Obstacles

SHARP thorns and brambles oft impede
Our progress as we go our way;
But, drawing garments close, we slip
As quickly by them as we may—
Perhaps among the thorns to spy
A fragrant bud or blossom start,
That hides the brambles for a time,
And helps us to forget their smart.

Upon the hill of high ideals,
The rocks are smooth and thickly set;
They give no foothold in themselves,
And wrench the feet that slip and fret:
But when we view the scene below,
And breathe the summit's purer air,
The upward struggle we forget,
With rocky road that led us there.

Perhaps the gateway to success
Is hung upon a rusty hinge,
That opens not, though long we strive
With tug and pull and painful twinge:
Yet, spite of groan and piercing creak,
Sweet triumph will our souls imbue,
If effort swings the gate at last
Enough to let us struggle through.

The sunbeam-lighted lane that threads
The summer of prosperity,
Oft ends in drifts impassable,
And winter's cold adversity:
But Spring-breath melts the deepest snow,
And frost and cold with drifts depart;
So trials dwindle in the warmth
Of courage in a strong, true heart.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

The Hand That Never Lets Go

THE sun shone brilliantly on the dazzling snow of one of the highest mountains of the Alps, as a traveler followed his guide along the narrow path. The Englishman reveled in the scenes of beauty through which he passed. He had confidence in his guide, and followed fearlessly in his footsteps, though the track was entirely new to him. Suddenly he hesitated; for the bold mountaineer stepped across a narrow but very deep chasm, and then, holding out his hand, asked the Englishman to take it, and step across. Still the traveler hesitated, but the guide encouraged him to obey, saying, reassuringly, "Take my hand; that hand never lets go."

Dear young friends, One greater than any human guide calls upon you to follow him over the heights of patience and self-sacrifice. The path is not an easy one. Christ says, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." In order to follow this path, we must lay aside every weight, and the sin which so easily besets us. Directly at the entrance of the path lies the cross of self-denial. This we must lift if we would follow the Saviour. We must rid ourselves of pride and selfishness. While weighed down by them, we can not scale the heights over which Christ bids us follow him.

All the way along, Satan has prepared pitfalls for the feet of the unwary. But following our Guide, we may walk with perfect security; for the path is consecrated by his footsteps. It may be steep and rugged, but he has traveled it; his feet have pressed down the thorns to make the way easier for us. Every burden we are called upon to bear, he himself has borne. Personal contact with him brings light and hope and power. Of those who follow him, he says, "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." "I the Lord . . . will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." More precious in the Saviour's sight than the whole world is the soul who gives himself to Jesus. Christ would have passed through the agony of Calvary that one soul might be saved in his kingdom. He will never abandon one for whom he has died. Unless his children choose to leave him, he will hold them fast.

Christ's true disciples follow him through sore conflicts, enduring self-denial and experiencing bitter disappointment; but this teaches them the guilt and woe of sin, and they are led to look upon it with abhorrence. Being partakers of Christ's sufferings, they are destined to be partakers of his glory. In holy vision the prophet saw the triumph of the people of God. He says: "I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory . . . stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." MRS. E. G. WHITE.

A Suggestion or Two

WE should never allow our conscience to become blunted; for if we do, we shall thereby deprive ourselves of some of the sweetest experiences that can come to us in this life.

We must exert ourselves to improve every opportunity where we may learn something good. If it is worth while for the world to pay an extra dollar in order to get a front seat at some lecture, surely it is worth while for us to occupy the front seats in our public meetings, that we may not lose a single word. Instead of that, how many of our young people are content simply to drop into a back seat, and manifest an air of stolid indifference, as if the whole thing did not concern them. Such will have a mighty awakening when it is altogether too late.

Another reason for occupying the front seats in religious gatherings is the fact that the arrow of truth loses its force according to the distance which it has to traverse. There is a power, a spirit, an influence, experienced by one who goes to meeting because he expects to be helped, that the man who drops indifferently into a back seat knows nothing about.

Sometimes we do not allow people to teach us anything because they themselves are such poor exponents of the truth's saving power. When you are tempted to indulge this feeling, remember that the multiplication table is just as true when it is recited by a wicked man as it would be if spoken by a saint. It is the truth, not the man, that we are to guide our lives by. When we grasp this thought, we shall find something helpful in every experience that comes to us.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

You can not measure your work by its present fruitfulness or fruitlessness. You can not measure God's will by present obstacles. You can not conclude that you have chosen the wrong path because it is apparently hedged up before you. You can not justly conclude that you are to stop because you can not see how to go forward.—*Lyman Abbott, D. D.*



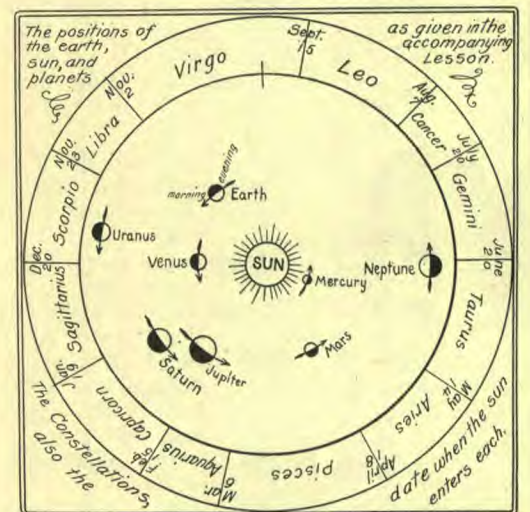
Star Study for May

By comparing the accompanying diagram of our solar system as it now is with the illustrations shown in our Star Study for the months of March and April, you will readily see what changes have taken place.

Mercury, in place of being between us and the sun, as it was the first of March, has passed on ahead of us, and is now coming in behind, preparatory to another race with our old earth. Last month Mercury appeared as a morning star, being visible about April 23; but so rapid has been his flight, that he will appear as an evening star about May 28, though our chances of seeing him will not be nearly so good then as they were the first of February.

Mercury is very erratic in his travels around the sun, which, were there not other intervening causes, would make the changes in his seasons so marked and distinct as to be beyond endurance. It is commonly thought by scientists that Mercury is uninhabitable by beings subject to the same physical laws as ourselves, but we do not believe that this conclusion follows.

May 4 Mercury will be at perihelion, or at that point in his journey that brings him nearest the sun; and if, as in the case of our own earth, one of his poles were at that point directed toward the sun, that hemisphere would suffer an extreme of heat as compared with the extreme cold which would consequently come to that same quarter when it reached is aphelion, or the point in its journey that lies farthest from the sun. The reason the inhabitants of this little world would suffer so much more than we is because the extremes of its path are so great. Its perihelion is estimated to be 28,569,000 miles



from the sun, and its aphelion 43,347,000 miles away, making a difference which is considerable when applied to so small a journey as Mercury's.

Just at present Mercury's northern zones are passing out of a comparatively mild summer into a mild fall and winter, while the southern zones are coming from a cold winter into a hot summer. These seasons are, however, short, the planet's whole year being only eighty-eight days in length, making each season only twenty-two days long.

From what we know of Mercury's reflection of light, this planet has a thin stratum of atmosphere, with few clouds and a moderate amount of heat and light, but possesses the best possible conditions for rapid plant growth. We also learn from the same source that the surface of the planet is somewhat broken and uneven, though not so much so as that of our moon.

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.



From Correspondence to the Mission Board.

Facing the Orient

I WILL attempt to give you an account of our journey as we left home, and turned our faces toward the Orient. Our packing was done at my father's home at Mauston, Wisconsin, and it was from this point we started. Wednesday morning, December 25, found us in Chicago. We had expected to take the train for Oakland that evening; but owing to some misunderstanding, our transportation and baggage privileges had not been secured, and we were therefore obliged to wait for the next overland and tourist train. The interim was spent in calling on old friends and in final arrangements for transportation.

A number of pleasant surprises awaited us in Chicago. Some one had presented a typewriter, an article much needed for our work in China, and this we found waiting for us at the Branch Sanitarium. But this was only a beginning. Through the efforts of the little church at Harvey, Illinois, and of some of the friends in Chicago, a small cottage organ had been secured, with money enough to purchase a kodak. Brethren W. O. Worth and W. R. Donaldson gave us two bicycles. All these articles will be much needed; and besides making us realize that our brethren are greatly interested in the China mission, these gifts made us feel that the dear Lord, who has called us, prompted these kindly remembrances. They seemed silently to say, "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things;" and the promise, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory," was quickened in our hearts.

Two days later, on the evening of December 27, we left Chicago in a tourist car bound for San Francisco by way of the Burlington and Rio Grande railroads. The car was full, so we were limited to the room our tickets called for,—a space about four by six feet,—the size of one compartment for our party of four. This served for sitting-room and dining-room by day, and for bedrooms at night. When the two seats were converted into one bed, and a berth from above was lowered to form a second, we were really very comfortable. Of course traveling by tourist leaves something to be desired; but as we jogged along at the rate of five hundred miles a day, we thought how much more comfortable we were than the apostle Paul could have been on his first missionary journey.

Nothing of unusual interest occurred on our journey overland; but as it was our first trip across the continent, everything was full of interest to us. This was especially true the third day, which was spent in the Rocky Mountains. The air was soft, and the sun shed a hazy white light over the bare, bold peaks. At first the ascent is so gradual as to be unnoticeable; but presently, having passed the foothills, and come into the range, the track passes along the side of some peaks where we caught a glimpse of the plains far beneath. Then for the first time we realized that we were in the mountains. Now and then we passed a mountain village, where it seemed that all the inhabitants turned out to see the train. Later, the only signs of human life were

now and then a rude cottage or dug-out in the mountain. The people who emerged from these, or peered out of the small windows, looked as if they belonged to a different race from those we have known all our days. We were all day ascending the mountains, and all night descending into the Salt Lake Valley.

The city of Mormonism was wrapped in fog as we passed early next morning. A ride of a few hours more carried us over the crest of the Sierra Nevadas, and out upon the slopes that descend into the Sacramento Valley. Here was an absolute change of scenery. Beautiful, well-kept farmhouses, surrounded with orchards of peach and plum, vineyards and orange-groves in fruit, and wreathed in rose-trees in bloom, were everywhere present, in striking contrast with the snow-capped peaks forming the background.

The steamer "America Man of the Tayo Kisen Kaisha," on which our passage had been secured, was scheduled to leave San Francisco at one o'clock in the afternoon of January 4. At eleven o'clock we went aboard, with all that was left of our earthly possessions. Looking back to the wharf crowded with Chinese of all ages and different social castes, we began to realize for the first time that we were leaving home and native land, to enter a new and strange world, a sample of which was before us. A continual stream of Mongolian orientals, — Chinese merchants richly dressed, returning to enjoy at home the fruits of trade in the States; keen-eyed diplomats and official interpreters, together with a far greater number of the poor, and old, and lame, and blind, hurrying back that their remains might lie in ancestral burying-places,—jostled up the gang-plank, happy in the thought of going home.

And why should they not feel so? What has America done for them? Forced by social dis-

feelings of relief we sighted the outlines of Diamond Head early in the morning of our eighth day from San Francisco. At eight o'clock the ship had passed quarantine inspection, and was lying at rest, bathed in tropical sunshine in the beautiful harbor of Honolulu.

The bay is deep and clear; and our ship had scarcely come to a stand awaiting the opportunity to make to the wharf, when it was besieged by the divers,—natives who swim out to the boats, and dive for coins thrown from the decks by passengers. Their motions are so rapid and accurate that they often seize the coin in their teeth before it has passed the length of their bodies under water; but if it goes to the bottom, they go after it, and come up puffing and spouting like small whales.

The brethren at Honolulu had had notice of our coming; and as soon as the boat had landed, Brother C. P. Moon, of the Chinese school, came aboard to receive us. It was Sabbath morning,—a bright, clear Sabbath morning in the tropics, with singing birds, smiling flowers, and waving palms, all inviting to worship. My sister was too weak to sit up, and so went directly to the charming little sanitarium in the outskirts of the city. The rest of the party followed our guide past the busy market, where everything edible and many things questionable were displayed for sale; up the street, under the shade of palm, cocoanut, banana, mango, and magnolia; and along the pavements fringed with hedges of dark, glossy green, brilliant with scarlet blossoms. What a fairyland! The place was so dream-like that we were almost startled to see a most up-to-date trolley-car dash down the line intersecting the path of our progress.

Following down the narrowing street, we came to a place where a quiet, small, gray building, almost hidden with the deep, overhanging foliage, invited us by its open doors and cool shade to enter. It was a quiet little sanctuary; and as we took our places among the silent worshipers, waiting the opening of the Sabbath-school, the very peace and presence of God seemed to fill the place. In the afternoon, we visited the Anglo-Chinese school and the sanitarium.



OUR CHINESE SCHOOL AT HONOLULU

crimination to mingle with the worst element of American society, they have lived in the low quarters of our great cities, and estimate our civilization largely by what they have seen and heard there. To them the English language is the blasphemy and jargon of the overcrowded streets and alleys of earth's dark spots; and Western civilization is little more than the art of consuming cheap tobacco and poor whisky. Comparatively few fall directly under the benign influence of the gospel.

A few friends, including Dr. Law Keen, of Fresno, and Charles Holt, of Oakland,—Chinese brethren who are preparing to return to China as medical missionaries,—gathered at the wharf to bid us farewell.

Promptly at one the ship weighed anchor, and began to move. We were scarcely through the Golden Gate when the long swells of an angry sea caught us, and within a few hours the adults of our party were all laid out in the little wooden bunks of our staterooms. O, for one moment of quiet! for time to draw one free, easy breath! But in spite of our most earnest longing, the swinging, rocking, rolling, rising, and falling continued all the way to Honolulu. Miss Thompson was unable to eat or to walk about the entire seven days. No one who has not passed through a similar experience can appreciate with what

tion which, on the whole, is most favorable for practical work. The public avenues about the place are narrow, crooked, and irregular passages, which one does not suspect of pretending to be streets till he sees the name on a fence corner. But the buildings themselves are commodious and well furnished beyond our expectations; and the grounds, including the three cottages for the management, are well kept and beautiful. The Sabbath afternoon Bible class was a most interesting sight. Two of the young men have lately become members of the church.

The sanitarium looks as if it had originally been a commodious dwelling in a quiet part of the city, and had been refitted for its present service. The surroundings and atmosphere are very homelike, and under the present management the place is an ideal one for rest and treatment.

Altogether, our Sabbath was one of the most refreshing in our lives. Our hearts went out to the dear people here, who, strangers though we were, gave us so royal a welcome; and we could not but feel that had we been called to this field, to share their opportunities for service, we should be quite content to cast our lot with them. But lying to the westward is the great empire of China, literally wrapped in heathenism; and at six o'clock we gladly moved on, once more facing the Orient.

MRS. J. N. ANDERSON.



From the Mt. Vernon Academy

THE report of the Young People's work in this school has been long delayed, but this is not because we have had nothing to report. As it is better, however, to tell of something accomplished, rather than to set forth the best plans and most promising intentions, it is not too late to report even now.

Our work is somewhat differently conducted than that of the other Young People's Societies that have reported through the INSTRUCTOR. It may be considered under three heads:—

1. Special preparation for public work by the young men.
2. The same among the young women.
3. Work in connection with the missionary meetings.

Soon after the beginning of the school year, a number of young men who were planning to work in the field in the future, met and organized a society for mutual help and improvement. We meet in one of the recitation-rooms every Sabbath afternoon. The officers are a president and a secretary. As most of the members expect to enter the ministry, a large part of the time is taken up in public speaking and reading. Each member who so desires is given an opportunity to present any Bible subject he may choose, in a stated time. After each presentation the other members give helpful criticisms and commendations. Often the program is varied by having a number of five-minute extemporaneous talks on vital points of doctrine. This gives facility in presenting a reason for our hope. Often the Spirit of God is present in such measure that the meeting is turned into a service of praise and prayer. Our Helper is precious near in these seasons; and our hearts are full of thankfulness for our young men's society.

The young women have organized a band nearly on the same order as that of the young men. Their officers are a president, secretary, and program committee. In their weekly meetings, they have Bible readings, talks, reading, singing, etc. Many who were backward about speaking or reading in public have been greatly benefited as they have taken up this work.

Every third Sabbath the two societies meet in a union gathering in the chapel, where members from both take part in the program. These union meetings are largely attended, and God blesses us abundantly. It is impossible to tell of the ultimate result of these efforts, both to the students who are here and to those to whom they shall carry the message. Already fruits of this work are seen, and we are of good courage.

The students' missionary meeting is held the evening after the Sabbath. The programs of the four meetings in each month are based upon home missions, foreign missions, religious liberty, and health and temperance, each subject being arranged for by a different leader. Thus every phase of God's work is kept before our minds, and the fires of missionary zeal are kept glowing. After all, the work that brings us into closest touch with the field that we expect to enter is the most important. A large club of *Signs*, besides smaller clubs of other papers, is taken and mailed to interested readers. We frequently receive encouraging reports about the work they are doing. Something has also been done in the town in selling *Good Health* and visiting the sick and poor.

Children's meetings are a part of our work. These are conducted by the students for the children of the church. A few weeks ago the special topic was the second coming of Christ, each child taking part in answering the questions. Thus in fertile soil are sown precious seeds of truth, which will soon spring up and bring forth a harvest of efficient workers for the Master.

The result of laboring with God is attested in the fervent petitions and stirring testimonies in our Friday-evening prayer-meetings—the boon of every Mt. Vernon Academy student. God is giving his mighty power to strengthen hearts and hands to carry “the advent message to all the world in this generation.” We all want a part in this work.

ROBERT THURBER.

May Study of the Field

Suggestive Program for Young People's Meeting (May 10)

1. OPENING EXERCISES.—Scripture Lesson: Luke 9:57-62; 10:1, 2. Five minutes.
2. Remarks by the Leader.—Benefits to Be Derived from Field Study. Five minutes.
3. Field Study:—
 - (a) Newly entered fields, mentioning success which has attended the opening of new fields. A map exercise would add to the interest of the talk. Five minutes.
 - (b) Alaska. Five minutes.
 - (c) Italy—population; religious condition of country; where message has been preached; why? results. Five minutes.
 - (d) Some evidences that the message is going to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. Five minutes.
4. Prayer and Its Relation to Missions. Ten minutes.
5. Closing Exercises. Ten minutes.

Prayer and Its Relation to Missions

Command to Pray.—Matt. 9:37, 38.

1. The history of the early church is the history of prayer:—
 - (a) Pentecost ushered in by prayer.
 - (b) Workers appointed after prayer.
 - (c) If persecution came, they prayed.
 - (d) Missionary work inaugurated in prayer.
2. History of modern missions the history of prayer.
 - (a) Prayer the origin of modern missions. Note experience of Moravians and those interested in missions in Carey's time; the students at Williams College in the beginning of the first missionary society in America; the origin of the Student Volunteer Movement; the work of the China Inland Mission.
3. Prayer is the only method recognized by Christ for supplying laborers. Matt. 9:37, 38, and other references on prayer.

Andrew Murray, a man of prayer, portrays in a most vivid and forcible manner the utter dependence of the progress of God's work upon the prayers of his followers: “How little Christians really feel and mourn the need of laborers in the fields of the world so white to the harvest! And how little they believe that our labor supply depends on prayer,—that prayer will really provide as many ‘as he needeth’! Not that the dearth of laborers is not known and discussed. Not that efforts are not put forth to supply the want. But how little the burden of souls now in darkness is really borne in the faith that the Lord of the harvest will, in answer to prayer, send forth the laborers, and in the solemn con-

viction that without this prayer, fields ready for reaping may be left to perish. And yet it is so. So wonderful is the surrender of his work into the hands of his church; so dependent has the Lord made himself on them as his body, through whom alone his work can be done; so real is the power which the Lord gives his people to exercise in heaven and earth, that the number of the laborers and the measure of the harvest do actually depend upon their prayer.”

Mr. Robert E. Speer, in his pamphlet, “Prayer and Missions,” which has done so much to awaken the church to prayer, goes to the heart of the subject: “The evangelization of the world in this generation depends first of all upon a revival of prayer. Deeper than the need for men; deeper, far, than the need for money; aye, deep down at the bottom of our spiritless life, is the need for the forgotten secret of prevailing, world-wide prayer. . . . The condition and consequence of such prayers as this is a new outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Nothing short of his own suggestion will prompt the necessary prayer to bring him back again in power.”

Prayer is indeed a power upon which the progress of this message to earth's remotest bounds does, in very truth, depend. In this work every Seventh-day Adventist young man and young woman may share a part.

Benefits to be Derived from Field Study

Command to Study the Field.—John 4:35.

Need of Studying the Field:—

- (a) Lack of information.
- (b) A missionary church is one in which the members are intelligent concerning the world-wide work; who have a deep conviction that this work is their work, and a determination to perform it. The basis of such conviction and desire is knowledge.
- (c) Ignorance begets indifference, and indifference is one reason—the greatest reason—for ignorance.

Results of Studying the Field:—

- (a) Increased information brings increased interest.
- (b) Where the heart is, there will the treasure be also—prayers and gifts will follow.
- (c) Intelligent missionary interest brings a deeper Christian experience.
- (d) It gives a world-wide horizon, which is nothing less than the Spirit of Christ.
- (e) A knowledge of the needs and openings arouses enthusiasm to do with the might what the hands find to do.

“Facts are the fingers of God. To know the facts of modern missions is the necessary condition of intelligent interest. Knowledge does not always kindle zeal, but zeal is ‘according to knowledge,’ and will not exist without it. A fire may be fanned with wind, but it must be fed with fuel, and facts are the fuel of this sacred flame, to be gathered, then kindled by God's Spirit, and then scattered as burning brands, to be as live coals elsewhere. In vain we shall look for an absorbing, engrossing passion for the prompt and universal spread of the gospel, for a full missionary treasury, or full missionary ranks, unless and until the individual believer is brought face to face with those grand facts which make the march of modern missions the marvel and miracle of these latter days.”—*Crisis of Missions*.

NOTE.—The study this month is based upon matter found in the current issue of the *Missionary Magazine*. After this month the studies will be based upon reports found in the *Review and Herald* and the INSTRUCTOR, as the *Missionary Magazine* will be merged into the *Review* after the May issue.

E. H.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Four Bedtimes

"CLUCK, cluck, cluck," said the hen,
 "'Tis time this little chick went to bed,
 Or you'll live to be a fowl
 Which in the night will prowls,
 And be taken for an owl," she said.
 Then, with a single peep,
 The chick went off to sleep,
 Soft tucked up in its warm feather bed.

"Purr, purr, purr," said the cat,
 "'Tis time this little kit was in bed,
 Or you'll grow up to be a cat
 That can not catch a rat,
 And you wouldn't much like that," she said.
 Then the kitten in a trice
 Slept, and dreamed of catching mice,
 Wrapped in fur in her basket bed.

"Bow-wow-wow," said the dog,
 "'Tis time this little pup was in bed;
 For playing in the dark
 Will take away your bark,
 And you'll never make your mark," she said.
 Then the puppy stopped his play,
 And went to bed straightway,
 Curled up on his clean straw bed.

"Come, come, come," said mama,
 "'Tis time this little boy went to bed,
 To sleep through the night,
 And with the morning light
 To awaken fresh and bright,"
 she said.

But the boy did tease and
 tease—

"Let me sit up this once,
 please!"

And at last was carried, pout-
 ing, off to bed.

—Mary L. Paine.

Bino and the Baby

YOUNG folks who really love their pet animals want to know how to keep them in health. Misleading books on this vital subject advocate a diet in which bread and milk predominates, whereas there is nothing so deadly to all animals as bread and milk. Let me take Bino and the baby as illustrations. Bino is a pinche, or cotton-head marmoset; a splendid coronet of white hair rises above her coal-black face. She dwelt in the tree-tops of a Brazilian forest, where she lived upon insects, fruit, birds' eggs, and, I am sorry to say, the young birds themselves. Nature has given her the power to sing so that she can lure her prey to their death. But when I found Bino, she was tied to the platform of a snake-charmer, in the side-show of a circus. The stifling, peanut-laden air, the banging brass band, the staring crowd, and, worst of all, the snakes twisting about the form of her mistress, and darting hungry looks at Bino, had thrown her into a nervous panic. Her wild eyes and piercing screams went to my heart. I tried to buy her, but her mistress could not make up her mind to part with her then. One day, some months after our meeting, a box came to me by express. In it was poor Bino. She was thin, and her coat was rusty. Four years ago that was; now she is fat, and her fur shines with the gloss of health. This is the way I feed her: bananas always, all the year round, baked sweet potatoes, and every variety of fruit; grasshoppers, crickets, "moth millers," June-bugs, live bait, and meal-worms, which can be had of most bird-dealers, but not a cockroach nor a croton-bug; eggs both raw and hard boiled, the meat of lobsters and crabs, and every day a scrap of raw beef, mutton, or chicken. But I never

give her a crumb of bread nor a drop of milk.

The baby was not Bino's, nor did it belong to her species; but she loved it, and it was "ride a cock-horse" all day long over the fences and up the trees with the baby on her back. When the real mother cried for her child, good nurse Bino would come skirmishing in at the window to give the baby back to its rightful, loving owner.

Bino, the beneficent, is head nurse in my hospital; she soothes the patients, and whatever it is she says to them, they soon lose their fear of me.

To cage a marmoset is like putting a butterfly in a strait-jacket. I have a basket and a piece of flannel in which they curl up at night; this stands in a cage, and here they sleep fourteen good hours; after their breakfast of bananas I open the door, and off my little fairies go, to scale the walls of my room in winter, and to climb the tree-tops in summer.

In the spring and summer Bino and her brothers are often frisking about in the top branches of a near-by elm-tree. Then, when I call to her, she stops her play to answer, and her white topknot shines out from the leaves against the blue sky. Frequently she responds



by her musical call, that seems like a clear and sweet, yet strange, song.—Justine Ingersoll, in *St. Nicholas*.

Beginnings

SMALL the beginning,—even so;
 It is the end that we would know.

Think, to what atoms in the earth
 The mighty forests owe their birth;

How, on the rain-drops multiplied,
 The fleets of giant vessels ride;

How, grain on grain piled up, the sand
 Holds the great ocean firm in hand;

How, sometimes from the humblest place
 There rises one to rule the race.

Out of a lowly manger came
 The World's Hope,—He of blessed name!

—Selected.

Donald's Vacation

"DONALD! Donald! Donald!" Mrs. Turner stood in the hall a moment, and then, with a queer little smile on her face, turned and went out on the side veranda. A white-bearded, jolly-faced old man looked up expectantly as she came out. They talked a few minutes in low tones.

"I expect you're right," the old man said. "He probably needs the lesson." The smile gone from his face, he took up the lines, and drove the fat white horse out of the yard.

Mrs. Turner went back to her baking.

Up-stairs in his bedroom Donald was making a kite. It was the first day of the spring vacation, and he intended to have it ready should he want to fly it. He had just finished the frame when he heard his mother's first call.

"She wants me to bring in an armful of wood," he said to himself. "Sarah can do it just as well's not. 'Sides, I've got to keep at it if I ever get it done. Shouldn't wonder if the wind'd come up so's we fellows can fly 'em this afternoon," and he spread out the stiff paper, and prepared to cut it out.

Donald had got into a bad habit of not starting as soon as he was told to do a thing, and sometimes of not answering when called, but he was not disturbed again.

An hour later he went down-stairs after a drink of water.

"I am sorry you didn't hear me call, Donald," said his mother. "Grandpa was here, and wanted you to go out to Uncle Charlie's with him to stay the rest of the week. Uncle Charlie tapped his sugar-bush Friday, and he thought you would

enjoy spending your whole vacation out on the farm."

"O mama! why didn't you call——" and then he stopped. He remembered. She had called. "I didn't s'pose you wanted anything much!" he wailed. "Oh, oh, oh!"

That night Mama Turner had a long talk with him, but nevertheless it was a very sorry-faced little boy who got up Tuesday morning.

Wednesday morning Mama Turner told him he must not let his mistake spoil his whole week's vacation, and finally he went off up-stairs to finish the kite. He had worked half an hour, perhaps, when he heard his mother in the hall below.

"Donald!" she cried.

Donald waited no second call. His lesson had been bitter, and now he started at once.

"What is it, mama?" he asked, from over the banisters.

"Grandpa is here," said Mama Turner. "He had to come in for new buckets, and he would like to know if you care——" but Donald waited no longer. He was down-stairs and out on the porch in a twinkling.

"Here, young man, get your rubber boots and your old clothes," said grandpa, laughing. "We

want a hired man about your size to help in the sugar-bush—that is, if his hearing is good,” he added, his eyes twinkling; and mama assured him that Donald's had improved since Monday. —Selected.

English History Epitomized

FIRST William the Norman, then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John;
Next Henry the Third; Edwards one, two, and three;
Again after Richard three Henrys we see;
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queens Mary and Bess;
Then Jamie the Scot; and Charles, whom they slew;
Again followed Cromwell; another Charles, too;
Then James called the Second ascended the throne;
And William and Mary together came on.
Then Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all reigned,
Next good Queen Victoria, with honor unstained.
And now to the end of the story we come,
As Edward the Seventh ascends to the throne.

—Anon.

Baby and the Barriers

BABY had begun to walk, and it was seen straightway that there were many pitfalls for toddling feet. There were rugs and door-sills to trip over, and then, most serious of all, there were stairs. What should be done about these? Should the tops of stairs be guarded by gates? “Not so,” said baby's parents. “Baby is not too young to learn the existence of law. He must know that some things are permitted, and some things are forbidden; while at the same time he is given free choice as to which he shall do. Instead of erecting barriers before the stairs, let us put the barriers in baby's mind.”

So it came to pass that, with little difficulty, the toddler was taught that he must not attempt to walk down-stairs, and must not venture too near the stair landings. In a few days he could be left alone up-stairs, running all through the second story of his home, without any fear that he would fall down-stairs. The barriers had been put up—in baby's mind.

So it was in other matters. The baby was told that he must not touch the bric-à-brac upon a little table in the parlor. And touch it he would not, though again and again he would go up to the table and reach out his hand toward some pretty trifle, to draw it back with a “No! no! no!” spoken to himself. In the same manner the little fellow's habits of going to sleep by himself, and eating his meals at regular hours, and a dozen other questions of discipline that belong to a baby's life, were settled simply by teaching the baby that such was the law.

The incident would be scarcely worth telling, of course, did it apply to none other than this baby, or babies in general. But the question which his parents decided for baby must be decided for every young person by himself. Life is governed by law. Shall law's barriers, then, be within us, or without us? Shall the young person be hedged about with restraints and rules? Shall he be kept from all possibility of hurt, being guarded and coddled so carefully that many falls will be impossible to him? Or shall he be allowed his liberty, with power to do as he pleases, but with the inclination to do what is right? God's way, the way that is consistent with noblest character, is the way of the free and untrammelled will. Better right purposes within than rigid prohibitions without.—*Well Spring.*

“WHEN we pity ourselves, we lose strength at once. Self-pity is the one form of compassion that should never be allowed; its results are invariably evil.”

Braiding and Weaving Horse Hair

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Preparation of the Hair

UNLIKE the practice of most mechanical arts, the braiding and weaving of horsehair requires no tools. The necessary materials can generally be obtained without cost by those who live in the country; and so little hair is required to keep one busy during his spare moments that the horses that furnish it will never miss it.

The Mexicans usually obtain the hair by pulling it from the unfortunate horse's tail; but this is a cruel and quite unnecessary practice. The object sought is to secure only the long hair, but the same end may be as easily attained without pain to the horse. The hair of a horse's tail generally hangs in many small bunches that are quite separate from one another, though the hair of each bunch is twisted and snarled together almost beyond hope of untangling. If one of these bunches is cut entirely off, it is liable to leave a noticeable mark; besides, in that way the greater part of the hair secured would be too short. A better way is to take hold of the long hair in one of these bunches, and, holding it taut with one hand, with the other draw a knife across the entire bunch close to the roots. In this way only the hair that is held taut will be severed, while the remainder of the bunch will be uninjured.

Those who live in the city may find it necessary to buy their material from a dealer in horsehides or from a tannery; but the cost will be very slight.

A mixture of white and black hair is most effective, though plain black should be used if something inconspicuous is desired. Sorrel hair also yields beautiful results; and as it is itself variegated, usually ranging in color from gray to dark-brown, it will need no mixture, though white may be used with it quite effectively. Sorrel hair, however, is quite rare. Most horses have black manes and tails; consequently black hair is not hard to get. White hair is not so common, and, when secured, the ends are often a pale-yellow. This part must not be used, as the contrast between it and the pure-white would be too marked for pleasing results.

The hair will vary considerably in length, but the cut ends should be as even as possible. When a sufficient quantity has been secured, the bunch may be bound together by tying a string around it a few inches from the end. This will keep it from becoming tangled while being washed.

The hair should be thoroughly washed in strong soapsuds, and then rinsed in clean water, to remove all impurities. Otherwise it will hardly be fit to handle.

The next step is to twist the hair into threads, or strands. For our present purpose these should contain eight or ten hairs each. Take



the tips of the required number of hairs, the longest in the bunch, between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and gently draw them from the bunch while the latter is firmly grasped in the left hand at the point where it is bound with the string. If these directions are carefully followed, the hair will never become tangled, nor will that removed draw other hair with it. These hairs must now be bound together by a knot at one end. Consider the

hairs a thread, and tie a knot on the end of it, just as you would knot the end of a thread with which you intended to sew on a button. Next separate the thread into two strands of equal size, and while it is held between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand (as shown in the illustration), twist the thread between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. When the end is reached, tie another knot to prevent the thread from untwisting, and proceed with another till the required number have been twisted.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VI—Grass, Herbs, and Trees

(May 10)

“AND God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth; and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day.” Gen. 1:11-13.

“Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.” Matt. 6:28.

“I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys.” Song of Solomon.

“I am the True Vine.” John 15:1.

“I am the Bread of Life.” John 6:35.

“So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.” Mark 4:26, 27.

(The Scripture texts are the lesson to be studied. Go over these carefully every day, until you know just what each one teaches. Then the following notes will help to a fuller understanding of the lesson. Read them carefully several times. Lastly go over all the questions, and be sure you can answer each one in the words of Scripture.)

The fresh green grass, the beautiful flowers, the waving corn, the stately trees with their load of fruit,—consider how they all grow, and what it is that makes the earth bring them forth from year to year.

Perhaps you think it is the seed; for everything that grows produces seed which provides for the growth of its kind in years to come. But if we want to know the truth about all these things, to get to the beginning of them, and find out what makes them grow, we must go back year by year, until we come to the first plant of each kind, springing up on the third day of creation. Then we shall find that “in the beginning was the Word.”

Every plant that you see in the earth to-day comes from the seed that God sowed on the earth on that day when he said, “Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself.” The seed that he put into the ground, that unseen seed from which have come all other seeds that we can see and handle, is “the word of God.”

The grass withers, and the flowers fade; but the word of God, which brought them forth, still lives and works. It is this that is the life of all the seeds that are sown, and that works through them to bring forth again each thing after its kind, to spread a fresh carpet of grass and flowers over the earth, and to produce the harvest of grain and fruit.

So in every springing blade of grass, in every flower of the field, in every tree, we can see the word of God working. Jesus is that Word by whom all things were made. So the beauty of the flowers, the richness of the fruit, the strength

of the grain,—all come from him. It is his life in them that makes the flowers blossom, the fruit ripen, and the grain grow. And if the flowers of earth are so fair, what must be the beauty of Jesus, the true Rose and Lily, from whom they all came, and whose beauty and glory they only dimly reflect?

When we eat the fruits and grains that the earth brings forth, we are really feeding upon him, the True Vine and the Bread of life, who by the word of his mouth makes them all grow.

God told the earth to bring forth the grass and herbs. The dust of the ground had no power of itself to do this. All the power was in the living word, which went forth into the earth, and gave it strength to do the will of God.

All this, Jesus says, is to teach us of his work in our own hearts; for "so is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground," and "the kingdom of God is *within you*."

We are but dust, with no power of ourselves to do what God tells us. But if we will receive it, his word comes as precious seed into our hearts. And if we keep the word in our hearts, as seed is kept in the ground, it will give us power to do whatever God tells us, just as it gives the earth power to bring forth grass.

As we "consider the lilies, how they grow," not by trying to, but by the power of God's word that is in them, we may learn how we also may grow in grace and beauty and purity, to show forth the praises of Jesus, the holy Seed from whom all strength and grace and goodness come.

Questions

1. What did God say to the earth on the third day, after he had made the seas and the dry land?
2. How did the earth obey his word?
3. What did it bring forth?
4. What did God see about all the things that the earth brought forth?
5. Were there any thorns and thistles and poisonous plants, as there are now?
6. What has Jesus told us to consider?
7. What is it that we are to notice about the lilies?
8. What is the Seed from which everything grows?
9. Who is the Word of God that makes all these things?
10. Then who is the real Rose and Lily?
11. What are we really feeding upon when we eat the things that grow out of the earth?
12. Then what is Jesus, by whose word all things are fed?
13. What is the kingdom of God like?
14. Where is his kingdom?
15. What, then, are we to learn from everything that grows?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VI—Faith Is the Victory

(May 10)

MEMORY VERSE: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." 1 John 5:4.

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Same as inserted in synopsis.

Synopsis

Inasmuch as the Word of God is the seed, it follows that every promise by the Word contains sufficient power to fulfill it. "The word of God is quick and powerful," says Paul, or if we read it literally, we would say: "The word of God is *alive*,"—it is a living and active power. So, just as a little seed gives promise of a full-grown plant, and has in itself enough

stored-up energy to produce it, every promise in God's word has in itself sufficient life and power to bring it to pass. It is only by faith that we can understand this. Heb. 11:3.

"All the promises of God in him [Christ] are yea, and in him amen." 2 Cor. 1:20. Yea means "yes;" and amen, "let it be." Therefore, however many are God's promises, in Christ is the confirming yes,—he is the fulfillment of them all. In the gift of Christ we have the gift of all things: "in him were all things created, . . . and in him all things hold together." Col. 1:16, 17, R. V., margin.

But the possession of these things depends wholly upon a living faith in Christ, the living Word, the promised Seed. As soon as one's faith is centered upon anything else, the power of God's promise is no longer experienced, and even the visible things already revealed through faith are lost. Thus faith brought the children of Israel out of Egypt into the land of Canaan. Heb. 11:29, 30. They were looking for the establishment of the Lord's sanctuary, and his everlasting kingdom. Ex. 15:17, 18. If they had hearkened unto him, they would soon have subdued their enemies, the haters of the Lord would have submitted themselves unto him, and their time—Israel's time—would have endured forever. Ps. 81:13-15. But, losing sight of God's promise, Israel went into captivity; not only was the heavenly Canaan lost, but the earthly one also. They could not enter into rest, because of their unbelief. Heb. 3:19.

On the other hand, Abraham's faith laid hold of God's word. He went out from home and country, not knowing whither he went, looking for a city whose builder and maker is God. By faith he offered up Isaac, considering that God was even able to raise him from the dead. In faith he lived, in faith he died, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off. Heb. 11:8-19. "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day," says Christ: "and he saw it, and was glad." John 8:56.

Faith did not give Abraham one foot of land (Acts 7:5), although he had been promised the whole earth; but through faith he laid such hold upon the power in God's promises that he lived and died as if they had all been fulfilled to him. This was counted to him for righteousness. Rom. 4:22. It made the invisible kingdom a reality to him, so that he saw Christ's day, and was glad.

Thus faith is the only basis upon which we can deal acceptably with God. Heb. 11:6. God has given a certain measure of it to every man (Rom. 12:3), by which to hear the word, and, moreover, it comes *by* hearing the word. Rom. 10:17. But if when God speaks, we will not *hear*, then no faith is exercised, and we can not understand the word sown, and the devil comes and catches it away. Matt. 13:19. It is only by faith that we can understand anything that God does or says.

Questions

1. What is contained in every promise of the word?
2. What comparison makes this clear?
3. What is the nature of this word?
4. How only can we understand this?
5. In whom are all God's promises fulfilled?
6. In the gift of Christ how much is given?
7. How only can we realize the full benefit of this gift?
8. What happened to Israel because they lost sight of the promise?
9. What would have been the result if they had hearkened to God and believed him?
10. What did faith lead Abraham to do?
11. What did he consider that God was able to do?
12. When he died, what promises had he received in fulfillment?

13. What had he seen, however?

14. Although faith did not give Abraham his actual inheritance, what did it do for him? Rom. 4:22.

15. What, therefore, is the only basis upon which we can deal acceptably with God?

16. How much is given to every man?

17. How does faith come?

18. What happens if we refuse to exercise the faith which God has apportioned us?

JESUS CHRIST is the response of God to the needs and helplessness of a lost world. Personal service is the response of his children to those same needs, and it reveals the extent of our appreciation of the gift of God. It also reveals the measure of our reception of that gift; for God has so arranged the economy of his love that we receive from him in the true sense only as we impart to others. E. R. PALMER.

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THAT was a fine answer of the Alaskan miner who, when asked what he was going to do with his money, replied, quietly: "I mean to do more for the world than the world ever did for me."

THE "straight line" of giving is the only consistent way. We do not expect to eat his cake when we make a gift to a friend. Should we treat our Best Friend with less consideration?

IT is the Christian's privilege to live on so high a plane in thought and act that he can look up to his Heavenly Father with the same fearless confidence with which a little child gazes into its mother's eyes, and feel the smile of God resting upon him as surely as his sunlight shines on the flowers.

Memory Books

AN exchange tells of a number of girls who have been making what they call "memory books," wherein they record the good times they have had, the pleasant people they have met, important doings in their school world, etc., etc.; and goes on to speak of the memory books that are kept in other people's minds about us, adding a word of caution that we take care to make these books pleasant reading in the days to come.

In the memory book we keep for ourselves, we shall naturally choose to have where we can turn to them at will only pleasant things; we shall be very careful to have the fair pages unmarred by anything that will grieve, annoy, or hurt us as we look them over in future years. But of course it is equally true that in the memory books other people keep of us, any lapse in kindness, any ungentleness of manner or speech, any selfish seeking of our own, neglected appointments, unfulfilled promises, — all these, and many other things, are likely to go down in plain "black and white," as we say. And alas, not always that, either, but sometimes highly colored by prejudice or personal feeling. But however the record is made, it is likely to remain, to exert its influence for life.

"It is not fair," we cry; but it is "the way of the world," and we shall find it a good way for us if it causes us to exercise a closer guard over our words and acts, — yes, over our very thoughts, which spring so unconsciously into acts, and thus often work our undoing. For it is a mistake to say, as so many young people do say, when unkindness or seeming injustice has been meted out to them, that we "do not care what people think." In the first place, it is never true; and in the second place, we ought to care; for we can never reach any soul helpfully through any other avenue than that of love.

But another memory book is being kept, — God's "book of remembrance," "written before him" for those who fear the Lord, and who think upon his name. There is probably not one loyal subject

of the king of England who would not feel proud to know that a record of his service was being kept for the king; that even his words were written before him. How inexpressibly higher than such brief honor is that accorded to the humblest, weakest follower of the King of kings! And how faithfully, how ardently, with what consecration and devotion, should we serve him in whose sight even the words of encouragement and good cheer spoken to one another by the way are deemed worthy of a place in his book of remembrance!

The memory books we keep for ourselves will grow old with the using, and finally be laid aside; those that others keep of us, be their record dark or fair, will also pass away; but God's book of remembrance will endure forever. What is our record there?

By Correspondence

MUCH can be accomplished by correspondence in the sale of "Christ's Object Lessons." The best classes can be successfully appealed to by this plan.

In Battle Creek many of our people are closely confined to office work, and their duties are of such a nature that it is difficult for them to get away. Some of these have taken up the plan of selling these books by correspondence. One brother, who had thought it impossible for him to do anything in this work, ventured to subscribe for fifteen books, and at once began to write letters to ministers and Sunday-school superintendents. In these letters he gave a brief description of the book and its object. He told the ministers that all the proceeds from its sale were to go to build up a training-school to educate young men and women for missionaries; that the book was written and printed, without cost, for this express purpose, and that its sale was to be conducted without expense, allowing all the value of the book to go directly to the school.

With one of these letters this brother sent a copy of the book to a Methodist minister, asking him to give it a thorough examination, and assuring him that if it suited him, and he approved of the enterprise, and desired to help it along by buying the book and recommending it to others of his church, his kindness would be greatly appreciated. In a few days this minister sent \$1.25 for the book he had received, and a money-order for nine other copies, which he had sold to members of his church. He also said that he expected soon to send in an order for more.

By the efforts of this same brother, another minister, who is a Baptist, has sold seven copies of the book, and a Sunday-school superintendent has sold five copies.

These cases clearly demonstrate that not only will the people buy the book, "Christ's Object Lessons," but that workers in other churches can be interested in the sale of this book. It is evident that the Lord has gone out before his people in this plan, and is opening the way for success. All who are taking an active part in it are enjoying the special blessing that accompanies the work.

An Interruption in the Bible Astronomy Lessons

WE are sorry to say to our readers that, owing to an unusual amount of important work connected with our position in this field, it is impossible at present to give to the preparation of these studies the attention their importance demands. The subject of Bible Astronomy is too important, and too closely connected with the great truths we profess, to justify a merely casual consideration of the theme.

We hope soon to be able to resume a connected study of this subject, but at present are compelled unwillingly to lay the work aside.

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.



WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

UP AND DOWN A CONTINENT.—Steady progress is being made in the construction of the Cape to Cairo telegraph line. When completed, this "African trans-continental telegraph line" will be the longest in the world, measuring approximately five thousand miles.

A STEP TOWARD SELF-RESTRAINT.—Senator Hoar's new rule against "abusive and personal" debates has been adopted by the Senate. The rule reads as follows: "No senator shall, in debate, directly or indirectly, by any form of words, impute to another senator, or other senators, any conduct or motive unworthy or unbecoming a senator; no senator, in debate, shall refer offensively to any State of the Union."

THE AIR-SHIP IN THIS COUNTRY.—On April 16 M. Santos-Dumont arrived in this country, and proceeded to St. Louis to arrange for the air-ship exhibitions to be given during the Exposition. He is sanguine of the ultimate practical success of his invention, and confidently expects to see the time when passengers will cross the ocean by air-ship. But no doubt there will even then be many who will prefer the present safer if slower method of transportation.

THE NEW MANCHURIAN TREATY.—Contrary to generally expressed opinion, Russia, by the terms of a treaty signed by diplomatic agents of that country and China on April 8, solemnly agrees to evacuate Manchuria in three successive periods of six months. Russia also promises to leave the port of Niuchuang as soon as the foreign troops in Tientsin give that city back to the Chinese; also to relinquish certain railroad rights as soon as Great Britain shall relinquish certain other railroad rights. This action is generally ascribed to the influence of the Anglo-Japanese agreement. While on the surface it looks like a complete retraction for Russia, an exchange points out the fact that "Russia has merely done what she always does — followed the line of least resistance. There is no telling what may arise before the evacuation is complete, to give Russia some excuse to resume her former policy. Natural obstacles have compelled the stream to loop back on its course, but it may find another outlet to the south."

NEW TAXES PROPOSED.—The report of the British "budget" laid before the House of Commons, April 14, by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, shows that the war in South Africa has already cost Great Britain \$825,170,000; and that during the last three years, in spite of the war revenues, the national debt has increased \$290,000,000. In order to meet the existing deficit, and to provide money for the expenses of the coming year, it is proposed to borrow \$160,000,000; to increase the income tax a penny in the pound; to impose a tax of 3d per hundredweight on all grain, and of 5d on flour and meal; to put a one-penny stamp on dividend warrants, and a two-penny stamp on checks instead of one-penny, as heretofore. During the three years that this war has been in progress, over twenty thousand British soldiers have been killed, and sixty-five thousand have been sent home disabled. Just now the leaders on both sides seem to be working for peace; but meantime the "costly misery" goes on at a daily expenditure, in money, of about \$800,000.