

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 9



Love and Hope

THE love of my Saviour prevents me
From joining the sins of the world,
But a glorious prospect contents me,
Where the banners of peace are unfurled.

For my heaviest loss it requites me,
That prospect of heaven and home;
From the cross 'tis the crown that invites me,
To be given when Jesus shall come.

O "that home of the soul!" with emotion
I dream of the bright jasper walls,
With a loving and loyal devotion,
Of the Saviour who patiently calls.

And now, in my chamber, while kneeling,
What hopes are enshrined in my heart;
What visions of beauty are stealing,
Of the country where friends never part.

All my heaviest burdens weigh lightly,
I am almost in sight of the prize.
I'm watching both daily and nightly
For the Saviour to come in the skies.

I am free from the world, I can never
Engage in its sin and its wrong;
For Christ has redeemed me forever,
His love is the theme of my song.

L. D. SANTEE.

The Nation's Capital

WEALTH, learning, art, commerce, and natural scenery have each made various cities famous; but Washington owes its fame to its wise and just laws—"a government by the people and for the people." Each of the others, however, has had a share in making the capital one of the world's chief cities. So important an event as the choosing of the place for the seat of government, could hardly be expected to take place without quickening the pulse of the laudibly ambitious cities. No sooner, therefore, was the question of a choice of the capital city before the public, than New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities presented strong claims for the honors of the Federal City. After much discussion, Congress empowered President Washington to select a location on the Potomac River. It is said that on an early surveying expedition Washington had been attracted by the site he finally chose for the city.

The government was removed from Philadel-

phia to Washington in the year 1800. Fourteen years after this, it was captured by the British, who set fire to the public buildings and to some of the residences, intending to destroy the town altogether. More kindly disposed was the storm of wind and rain which came that night, and saved the town. The following day the British left in a panic of causeless fear, save a large number who decided to remain, and cast in their lot with the "rebels."

The city was rebuilt at once, and continued its rapid growth. Its population at the time of the Civil War was sixty thousand; its present population is three hundred thousand. The District of Columbia, which exists for Washington, is located on the north side of the Potomac River about one hundred six miles from the Chesapeake Bay.

Its area is sixty-nine square miles, or forty-four thousand one hundred sixty acres. Originally it was ten miles square; but Virginia's portion, over thirty square miles south of the river was ceded back to her in 1846.

Architecturally, Washington has become one of

hilarating breeze that sweeps down the tower constantly from the upper atmosphere on the most excessively warm summer day, fitly suggests the pure political wave that should blow from Washington as a center over all this fair land.

The happy repartee a Boston man made to a gentleman from Philadelphia who was making some rather unpleasant contrasts in regard to the streets of the two cities, is familiar. "When Boston gets to be as dead as Philadelphia, it will be as well laid out," said the Boston gentleman. Those who had the planning of the capital city determined it should be intelligibly laid out. This determination, carried out wisely, has made the simple, artistic plan of its streets and avenues one of Washington's acknowledged charms. A hill was chosen for the Capitol site. From this radiate, like the spokes of a wheel, the main avenues. The city then is platted into rectangles by streets; those running north and south are numbered, those east and west are lettered. Two long streets at right angles passing, as it were, directly through the Capitol, divide the city into four divisions,



LOOKING WEST FROM THE CAPITOL

the most attractive places of the world. Its numerous public buildings—the Capitol, of worldwide fame, the White House, the War and Navy buildings, Patent Office, Treasury, Pension Office, Congressional Library, and the Smithsonian Institution—are the focus of national interest. The Washington Monument, rising majestically more than five hundred feet into the ether blue, adds much to the interest of the city. The cooling, ex-

—Northeast, Southeast, Northwest, Southwest. The Northwest is the main division. The government buildings and grounds seem arranged for the convenience of the visitor. Passing out of the Capitol at the west entrance, one comes easily to the Botanical Gardens, then just beyond these to the Public Gardens, the Fish Commission and Armory, one on either side of the street, then to the National Museum, the Smithsonian

Institution and grounds, Agricultural Grounds, then to the Monument. Beyond the beautiful, extensive grounds of the Monument, on the right-hand side of the street, are the Executive Mansion, President's Park, State, War, and Navy buildings, and the Treasury. From the Public Gardens one has simply to pass down Fourth Street for a short distance to come to the Judiciary Square, Pension and Patent buildings.

Seemingly, lest visitors should be tempted to confine themselves to the places of interest grouped together so near the Capitol, thus failing to get a general view of the city with its broad, paved streets, delightful boulevards, pleasant parks, and costly statues in various parts of the city, some of the points of interest have been placed at the very outskirts of the city, and toward all points of the compass, thus compelling extended observation. On the outlying borders, therefore, the visitor will find the Zoological Park, United States Naval Observatory, Soldiers' Home, United States Navy Yard, and the Congressional Cemetery.

The relations of the District and capital city to the Union are peculiar. After several unsatisfactory experiments in municipal government, "Congress created a form of administration of District and city affairs, which consists simply of two civilian commissioners appointed by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, and one army engineer officer detailed by the Secretary of War, the three constituting a Board of Commissioners for three years. They are empowered by Congress to make, and change at will, building, health, and police regulations. They also appoint all subordinate officials and clerks."

The District being under the exclusive legislation of Congress, its citizens have no part in the election of the president or vice-president, nor in the affairs of the District. The people are to take quietly what they get, and be therewith content. All dutiful submission, however, to rightful authority brings its own reward; so the Federal government contributes one half of all the expenses of the District, and does much besides, in maintaining beautiful parks and boulevards; so that Washington has a larger area devoted to streets, avenues, and parks, in proportion to its size, than any other city in the world. A glimpse of the Capitol will be given in the next article.

Over Washington have blown the winds of political strife and corruption, of bitter jealousies and intrigue; also the refreshing winds of loyalty to principle, devotion to the people's interests, and of strict integrity. These each have swept over the capital city with such force as to carry for a time, seemingly, everything before them. We wish that only the good might blow here, purifying and sweetening the political and social life of Washington, the heart of the fairest country of earth, making it indeed the ideal capital city. But Lucifer's breath poisoned the air of heaven; so it is in vain to hope against hope.

"KNOWLEDGE comes, but wisdom lingers."



"GIVE love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed."

How Stamps Are Made

FEW of us ever realize the number of people who are working the world over to supply our needs. It has been estimated that the poorest citizen of the United States has at least one million men and women in his service. All the thousands who prepare the food he eats, the clothes he wears, the house he lives in, the streets he walks on, the places of amusement he visits, and the thousands of his fellow he handles day by day, are as truly in his service as if he paid them. He does pay them, in fact, indirectly, by his labor in his chosen field of work, in which he does something that will be of use to thousands of his fellow citizens.

It is impossible, of course, to give any detailed idea of the work of his million employees, but some idea of their manifold activities may be gained from the statement that it takes the services of about three thousand of them to furnish him with so simple a thing as the stamp he puts on a letter, and the money he uses to pay for it. The bureau

of engraving and printing in Washington, where all the stamps and bank-notes are printed, has two thousand eight hundred employees, and the mints of the country, where the coins are made, require five hundred more.

And this is not merely because of the number of stamps and notes that are printed; each separate stamp is handled by more than two hundred people before it comes into the purchaser's hands. To deliver the letter on which it is pasted to the addressee requires the work, on an average, of nearly a hundred thousand more, including the men who made the letter-box in which you dropped it, built the post-office where it was sorted, laid the rails over which it was carried, made the sack the postman uses, and fashioned the hundreds of other accessories needed. It gives one a realizing sense of his importance in the world of to-day when he considers that he can enlist all these men and all this work for only two cents.

But how are two hundred people required to make a single stamp? Well, let us see. Some day the third assistant postmaster-general decides that our existing set of stamps is behind the times, and that it should be replaced by one more up to date and more appropriate. He calls on the chief of the bureau of engraving and printing to fur-

nish him with designs, and the chief in turn calls upon his artists to make him drawings. These are made very large, and are reduced by photography to the proper sizes, and submitted for approval, every step in the work calling for expert skill.

Sometimes half a dozen sets are submitted before one is found acceptable.

Then the chief sends the designs to the engravers, who are paid from two thousand five hundred dollars to six thousand dollars a year. One man does the portraits, another the scroll work, another the letters, and so on. Each works on a separate piece of steel, and takes weeks, and sometimes months, for his work.

At last the separate parts are done. Then they are "assembled," that is, bound together so as to form one perfect die. But one die, no matter how rapidly it is worked, could not begin to supply the needs of a country which uses fifteen million stamps a year. Nor would it be possible to prepare enough single dies to supply these needs—not unless all the engravers in the world should be employed to work at them all the time.

Fortunately, only one die is needed. From it an imprint is made, in reverse, on a soft steel roller, which is then hardened, and applied four hundred times to a copper plate. Every time it leaves a sunken imprint, until at last we have a plate engraved with twenty rows of twenty stamps each, from which a larger number of sheets can be printed.

But even this is not all. Many such plates of four hundred are made, the exact number depending on the number of stamps of that particular denomination that are needed. With a one-dollar stamp, for instance, only one or two plates are needed; for a two-cent stamp hundreds are required.

It takes one man and two girls to run a stamp printing-press, each having his own duty, such as inking, cleaning, and otherwise preparing the plate, putting in and taking out the paper, and keeping account of the exact number of sheets run through.

Still more workers are required after the stamps are printed. They have to be gummed, with a different sort of gum for each season of the year; to be dried by artificial heat that loses no time in discharging its office; to be examined for breaks, tears, and spots; to be punctured with the familiar pin-hole perforations that make it easy for you to tear them apart, and to be cut into four quarters for convenience in shipment. The various stages of this part of the work require about half the force of the bureau; most of the other half do similar things to the bank-notes.

A stamp as it comes into your hands does not look as if all this work had been done upon it; yet it has—and more too. For instance, every sheet has been counted no less than fifty times. This means that something has been done to it by more than fifty separate workers, for it is counted each time simply because it has passed from one worker to another; because each must know how many sheets he received, and how many he surrendered. Then, if a sheet is lost or stolen, the one responsible can be fixed on instantly.

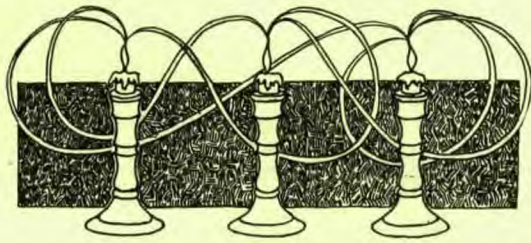
Altogether, not less than two hundred people have to do with the making of a single stamp, counting from the third assistant postmaster-general down to the clerk who hands it to you through his window. All these are in a way your employees, your servants indeed.

So, when you feel that the world ignores you and doesn't care whether you live or die, just sit back and think how many thousands of people are working for you, and how many thousands you can call to labor by spending a single cent. Then think how many thousands you are working



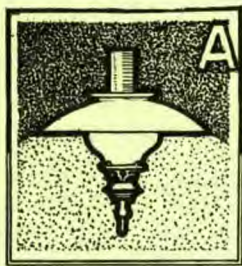
LAFAYETTE MEMORIAL IN LAFAYETTE SQUARE

for, in your turn, and how many thousands depend on the faithful discharge of your duty for their comfort and happiness; such thoughts will cheer you, and send you back to the battle revived and strengthened. For, in these days, even in a temporal sense, "none of us liveth to himself." — *Crittenden Marriott.*



The True Light

(Continued)



AND this element of the changeable was also to teach us that the energy of light, the life of the vine, and the virtue of bread, are due to the power of God. For the salvation which came through the sanctuary service was only by

means of, and because of, the true sacrifice, which, though not yet offered, even then redeemed them. And whatever weakness there was then in that service was not because of an insufficiency of the power, but instead, was due to the weakness and unprofitableness of the instrument. The sanctuary service, though ministering the saving power of God, nevertheless depended entirely in the instruction imparted by figures and types, and in the insufficient service of erring, mortal man. Heb. 7:18.

Therefore, we are prepared to understand that the service of nature never can make the comer unto it perfect. And this, too, the sanctuary service could not do. Heb. 10:1-3.

Bread as bread nourishes the body; but it can not preserve from death those who partake of it. "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness," says Jesus, "and are dead." This (the true Bread, John 6:52) is the bread which came down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die. And that, thank God, is bread to a purpose. All else is bread in only a very inferior and subordinate sense.

And so far as this is concerned, the energy of the bread is but the energy of sunlight which was stored there when the wheat was in process of growing. The delegated power of the bread is but the delegated power of sunlight. And so the sun is called the source of life, but its life is not eternal. God makes it the bearer of life, and the life is from God, but its service is temporary. God is the true light and the true bread. The sunlight and the wheat bring temporal life from God to man; but Christ, the true light and the true bread, brings eternal life from heaven to the sons of men.

So nature, like the earthly sanctuary, being but a shadow of good things to come, and not the very things themselves, can not, as has been said, make the comers thereunto perfect. Heb. 10:1. But we may all thank God that there is a service in heaven that can make the comers to it perfect. There is a bread of which a man may eat and live forever. And there is One who promises to be our everlasting light and our eternal glory.

In the earthly sanctuary all its life and efficiency lay in the antitype to which it pointed. It had no vigor or life of its own; it was but a shadow of the vital things in heaven. "For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins." Heb. 10:4. These were sacrifices which could never take away

sins. It was not the blood of bulls and goats, but the blood of Jesus; it was not the ministry of the Levite, but the ministry of Christ, that atoned for sin.

And the power of the bread to sustain life is not the power of the bread in itself; it is not even the power of sunlight stored by the wheat plant in the bread: no, it is neither of these, but rather, it is the power of the Word, manifested in and through the bread and the sunlight, to the sustaining of our bodies.

If Jesus Christ, the Living Word, should withdraw his energy from the food products of this world, they would be as valueless for our sustenance as so much sand or pulverized rock. It is the power of the ever-living Word that makes the earth bring forth the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit; and the power of these to sustain life is the power of the Word.

If Jesus Christ should withdraw his sustaining, upholding power (Heb. 1:3) from the sun, it would stumble in its path, and go out in darkness. And then, speedily, in less than a month, all the heat necessary for life would be dissipated from this earth, and we would all lie down in an everlasting sleep.

Therefore, with what significance do the words of Jesus, "I am the light of the world," flash to our minds! God maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good. Not of its own inherent power does it do this — no, no! he *maketh* his sun to rise. And O, how miserably did the heathen miss the truth of these things when they traced the light and power no farther than to yon shining orb, and then fell down with their faces to the east, and worshiped it! And when we look at its great round face as it rises above the earth, do we at once remember of whose power and light and energy it is but the bearer and emblem? Certainly we should view it thus.

But the Jews came to look upon the sanctuary service as the final and complete atonement. They considered it to be of itself self-sufficient. They forgot that it spoke the power that belonged to a higher and greater work. "For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins." Heb. 10:4. And yet the Jews thought of no other service, would not consider any other. The earthly service veiled their eyes to the great work and power of God, of which it was but the type. And "even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart."

And to-day men are making the same mistake with reference to nature. It is supposed by many that nature is self-sufficient for her work. By inherent power, by self-constituted energy, she does her work. They see no farther than the appearance of the eyes, and thus nature, instead of teaching God, veils him from the sight. As the service of the sanctuary, considered as the Jews considered it, hides God instead of revealing him; so nature veils him from the mind of man. The mistake men are now making in their views of nature is but the mistake that the Jews made with reference to the earthly sanctuary. For there is no new thing under the sun. They stumble at the same stumbling-stone, Christ Jesus.

For this "veil is done away in Christ." 2 Cor. 3:14. Christ lifts the veil of the earthly sanctuary, and shows us its real import and efficiency. Sins in that age could not be taken away by the blood of bulls and goats, but the transgressions

that were under the first covenant are taken away by the death of Christ. Heb. 9:15. He is the virtue of that service; remove him and there is nothing left but a dead round of ceremony — worthless routine.

And in the miracles of Christ he lifts the veil also from nature. "In feeding the five thousand, Jesus lifts the veil from the world of nature, and reveals the power that is constantly exercised for our good. In the production of earth's harvests, God is working a miracle every day. Through natural agencies the same work is accomplished that was wrought in the feeding of the multitude. Men prepare the soil and sow the seed, but it is the life from God that causes the seed to germinate. It is God's rain and air and sunshine that cause it to put forth, 'first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.' It is God who is every day feeding millions from earth's harvest fields. Men are called upon to cooperate with God in the care of the grain and



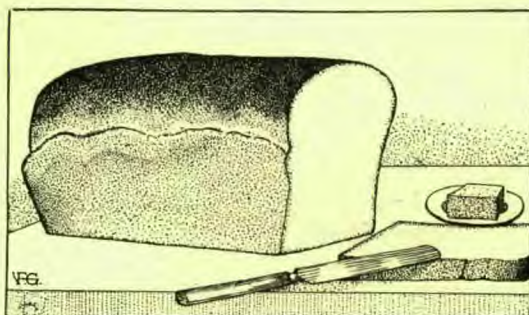
THE FULL CORN IN THE EAR.

the preparation of the loaf, and because of this they lose sight of the divine agency. They do not give God the glory due unto his holy name. The working of his power is ascribed to natural causes, or to human instrumentality. Man is glorified in place of God, and his gracious gifts are perverted to selfish uses, and made a curse instead of a blessing. God is seeking to change all this. He desires that our dull senses shall be quickened to discern his merciful kindness, and to glorify him for the working of his power. He desires us to recognize him in his gifts, that they may be, as he intended, a blessing to us. It is to accomplish this purpose that the miracles of Christ were performed." — "Desire of Ages," page 367.

And since they are performed to teach this very truth, it is time we were considering it. Thus nature will teach us of God. And there is no knowledge higher than this. For to know him and Jesus Christ his Son, is life eternal. Shall nature veil him from our sight? or shall it voice his praise to us, his everlasting power, and lead us up to him? L. A. REED.

In the Hands of the Potter

In the shop of a potter we once spent a pleasant and profitable hour. His potter's wheel, which he propelled by foot-power, was a horizontally whirling wooden disk, on which he threw the moist, pliable clay as a cook throws kneaded dough on a bread board.



It was interesting to watch his skilful fingers manipulate this dough-like clay. By pressing against the lump on the whirling wheel, he drew it up into the shape of a jug. This he threw down, and then made it into a vase. Throwing this down, he quickly produced a clever imitation of a magnolia bud. After this the clay took the form of a large acorn and of various other objects. At last he drew it up into a barrel money bank for the reception of children's pennies.

Sometimes a potter will be unable to form the clay into the object he desires, because of grit or some foreign substance in the clay. The beautiful vase that he may have sought to fashion is marred and ruined. Then he finds it necessary, if he would do anything further with that clay, to throw it down on the wheel, and carefully knead out of it the grit or other substance which spoiled its usefulness.

Here we may learn a lesson. In God's hands we are as clay in the hands of the potter. The bad habits and sins that we let come into our lives and hearts are like the grit or foreign substances which prevent the potter from making of the clay the beautiful object he designed. Then it is necessary for God to take away from us those things before he can mold us into beautiful and useful characters.

But the clay into which foreign substances have never entered is always the best and most valuable, and we think that the lives that have never been injured by bad habits are the lives that are most pleasing to God, the great Potter. If all our young people would accept this truth and act upon it, how much that is so often allowed to come in which is unfit for God's use, might be kept entirely out!

Another thing. After the clay has been hardened in the fire, it can not be remodeled. When character has hardened, it is not easily changed. The crucial time is the forming time, when the heart is young and pliable, before the hard hand of sin has touched and marred it, how important it is that it should be given to God, the great Potter, that he may make out of it all that is beautiful and good!—*Selected.*

Partakers of the Divine Nature

To those who are looking for the soon coming of our Lord the subject of greatest importance is, "How may we be ready for that great event?" When we read that without holiness no man shall see the Lord, we realize that a great work must be done for us before we can meet our Saviour in peace.

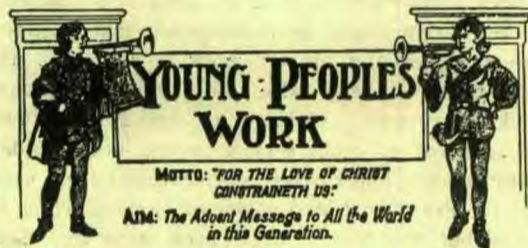
What is the holiness that God requires? and, How is it to be obtained? are questions vital just now to every believer.

"Ye shall be holy, for I am holy," is not only a command, but also a promise, a statement of a fact to those who believe. This follows as a result of our relationship to the source of holiness. Consider the sixteenth verse of the eleventh of Romans: "And if the first fruit be holy, the lump is also holy; and if the root be holy, so are the branches."

Here the true, or spiritual, Israel is compared to a tree, of which Christ is the root. But as the tree partakes of the nature of the root, which is revealed by the fruit it bears; so we, if branches, partake of the root and fatness of the olive tree. Christ calls himself the Root and the Offspring of David,—in his human nature the offspring, and in his divine nature the root. Thus by being connected with the Root, we become partakers of the divine nature. 2 Peter 1:4. Therefore ye shall be holy; for the root, the spring of your life, is holy. That the fruit partakes of the nature of the root is a well-known law of nature. So the Lord tells us in the eighth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Hosea, "From me is thy fruit found." "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meek-

ness, temperance." Are we bearing this fruit? Are we "filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God"? Let us not be among those who weary the Lord by their words, saying, "Every one that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord, and he delighteth in them." Let us not try to make the spotless garment of Christ's righteousness a cloak for wrong-doing, thinking that we can go on in sin, and have the righteousness of Jesus imputed to us to cover all our defects of character. Remember that the righteousness of God is not only upon, but unto all that believe. We must not only receive the imputed righteousness of Christ, but the actual righteousness which comes from the same source. This is the perfection we must reach before we can receive the latter rain; for "none can share the refreshing," unless he obtains the victory over every besetment, over pride, selfishness, love of the world, and over every wrong word and action. This is the character one must have to receive the seal of God; for "those who receive the seal of the living God, and are protected in the time of trouble, must reflect the image of Jesus fully."

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Do we feel in our inmost souls this longing, this hungering and thirsting, after perfect purity and holiness? Or shall we rest satisfied with our condition until the time of the falling of the plagues, and then perchance find that we needed to be hewed and squared for the building? One of the latest words that has come to us from the spirit of prophecy is that God has nothing to do with the lukewarm professor. Then let us heed the counsel of the True Witness, be zealous and repent, and seek earnestly for that purity of heart and life which will enable us to "stand before the Son of man." MRS. N. A. HONEYWELL.



Our Father's Power

WE scarce could doubt our Father's power,
Though his greatness were untold
In the sacred record made for us
By the prophet-bards of old.

We must have felt his watchfulness
About us everywhere,
Though we had not learned in the holy Word
How he keeps us in his care.

I almost think we should know his love,
And dream of his pardoning grace,
If we never had read how the Saviour came
To die for a sinful race.

—Phoebe Cary.

MARCH STUDY OF THE FIELD

(March 12)

OPENING EXERCISES:

Scripture Reading. Isa. 52: 1-10.

Prayer.

NINETEEN HUNDRED FOUR—The Mission Year.

By the leader.

FIELD STUDY:

Word from Nyassaland.

God's Providences in China.

Progress in the River Plate Conference.

In Bonds for Christ.

Two-minute reports from India, Egypt, Jamaica, Brazil, Buluwayo, Spain.

CLOSING EXERCISES:

Material for this study will be found in the *Reviews* of January 28 and February 4 and 11.

It would add to the interest of the meeting if the different subjects were presented in short talks, rather than papers. The letter from Brother Baharian should be read.

My Wish

I ASK, O Lord, that from my life may flow
Such gladsome music, soothing, sweet, and clear,
From a fine-strung harp to reach the weary ear
Of struggling men,
To bid them pause a while and listen; then
With Spirit calmer, stronger than before,
Take up their work once more.
I only pray that through the common days
Of this my life, unceasingly may steal
Into some aching heart strains that shall leap
to heal

Its long-borne pain,
To lift the thoughts from self and worldly gain,
And fill the life with harmonies divine;
O may such power be mine!
Thus would I live, and when all working days
Are o'er for me,
May the rich music of my life ring on eternally.

—Wesleyan Magazine.

Children's Day among the Ozarks

SOON after Elder Daniells' appeal last spring for "the heart of Africa," our Sabbath-school organized systematic missionary work in behalf of the home and foreign fields, the special field abroad to be Nyassaland, Central Africa. During the summer our Sabbath-school gave this part of Africa quite a little study. We found it a field of much interest. The undaunted efforts of Dr. Livingstone to conquer the geographical difficulties of the central portion of Africa in order to open a door for the gospel to enter in, and the unparalleled achievement of Henry M. Stanley in following the course of that mysterious river, the Congo, were certainly all in the providence of God to prepare the way for a knowledge of the true God to enter into the depths of darkness. Hence very soon after Mr. Livingstone laid down his life near the head waters of the mighty river he failed to follow throughout its course, missionaries entered into Central Africa; and now the way is open for the third angel's message to be proclaimed in the very heart of the Dark Continent.

Our mission farm at Cholo, Nyassaland, is not far from the scenes of Dr. Livingstone's greatest hardships in exploration work.

We started several plans in our school to assist in raising money for Nyassaland,—missionary gardens and hens, self-denial boxes, and fancy work. Our birthday offerings were also devoted to this fund.

We had our children's day exercises on the fourth Sabbath in January. Our little church had been previously decorated for the church school with pretty autumn leaves, grasses, and mottoes; so the room looked bright and cheery, despite the wintry aspect outside, from our first snow-storm. The songs and recitations were rendered with spirit by the children. This interesting program ended for a time our Sabbath-school missionary work for Nyassaland. We hope, however, to begin this new year of 1904 just where we left off in our missionary work for the year that is just passed.

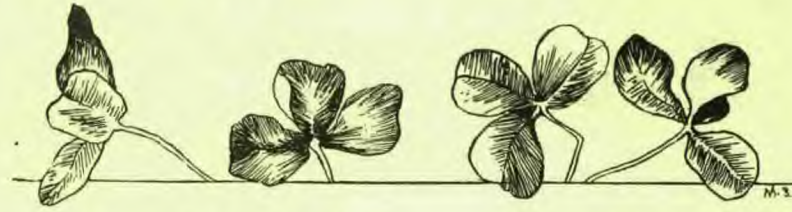
Our hearts were saddened by the news of the first death, the first grave, in our beloved Nyassaland, even the great loss of our earnest Brother Watson; but this has not lessened, but rather deepened, our burden for the work in that land.

One thing which should be carried along with work for a special field, is a systematic study of the field. One can have but little real interest, if any, if he is ignorant of the country and its needs. While the field is being studied, let the little people be taught to give of their own earnings to the missionary cause. Impress upon them the thought that God has a mission for *them*, and that he calls them to be earnest missionaries, first, in their homes, and then to respond to the calls from afar.

MRS. L. E. LA BONTE.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Sleeping Clover

THREE little leaves on the clover stalk stand,
The middle, the left, and the right;
The middle's the face, each other's a hand,
And always when comes the night,
The hands are folded palm on palm,
The face bent above them sweet and calm,

A restful place in the clover field,
When you lean at night on the gate,
By the lantern light of the moon revealed;
For the coming of dawn they wait
With little hands folded palm on palm,
And the face above them sweet and calm.

Good night, little comrades. Peace to you!
Soft may the breezes play!
And gently, gently fall the dew
As you sleep the hours away,
With little hands folded palm on palm,
And the bending face so sweet and calm.

—Selected.

The Key to the Box

"WHAT would you do," said the little key
To the teakwood box, "except for me?"

The teakwood box gave a gentle creak
To the little key, but it did not speak.

"I believe," said the key, "that I will hide
In the crack down there by the chimney side,

"Just so this proud old box may see
How little it's worth except for me."

It was long, long afterward in the crack
They found the key, and they brought it back.

And it said, as it chuckled and laughed to itself,
"Now I'll be good to the box on the shelf."

But the little key stopped with a shiver and
shock,
For there was a bright new key in the lock.

And the old box said, "I am sorry, you see;
But the place is filled, my poor little key."

—Selected.

Adopting a Grandfather

It was Nannie's idea. She told Rosy and the boys about it out under the hickory-tree in the back yard; and after she had told them, the five little Truehearts rushed into the garden, ran along the path, and climbed the steps leading to the spring-house loft.

Then inside the loft sounded these exclamations:—

"It would be splendid!"

"We could put the bed where Uncle Ed used to have it!"

"It isn't damp!"

"No, the doctor says it isn't damp!"

"Go, ask mama!"

To make Nannie's plan intelligible to the general public, it is necessary to explain that a poor boy in the neighborhood had died, and left an old grandfather to the cold charity of the world. The cold charity had decided that the almshouse was the proper destination for "old man Gillet," and old man Gillet was crying out vigorously against the decision.

Then came Nannie's idea.

"All our grandfathers died before we ever saw them," said affectionate little Nannie, "and there are five of us, and Will Gillet took care of his grandfather all by himself, and old man Gillet is real nice, as everybody here knows — and why

can't we use the loft room over the spring-house, and adopt old man Gillet to be our grandfather? That's what I say."

She earnestly regarded her brothers and Rosy.

"I say so, too," said Rosy.

"He can make whistles," said Ben.

"He's always been kind and generous to us," said John.

"I never heard of adopting a grandfather," said Jules; "but I'm in for it."

"We would not let him be any trouble to mama," said Nannie. "He could have that old parlor cook-stove out in the wood-shed, doing no good to anybody,—and, when he wanted people to help him cook his meals, we'd help him."

"I never heard of adopting a grandfather," repeated Jules; "but I'm in for it, and I can cook fine."

"Tell us some more," said Rosy.

When they got through with an extensive, though somewhat excitable survey of the spring-house loft, the five young Truehearts made a rush for the house, Rosy and Ben shrilly crying, "Mama!"

"Well," said mama, "what's the matter?"

"Tell her all about it, Nannie," said Jules.

Nannie's round cheeks grew pink, her pretty eyes darkened.

"O mama," she cried, "won't you please say, 'Yes'?"

"Not while I'm in the dark," said mama, laughing.

"We never had any grandfather," said Ben, dismally, "never in all our lives."

"When people don't have children and want them, they adopt them," said Rosy; "and when people don't have grandfathers and want them, why don't they adopt them, too?"

"Nannie wants us to, mama," said John.

"I know something," said Jules; "old man Gillet would work in the garden, and we need somebody bad to work in the garden; it would be worth while adopting a grandfather who would work in the garden."

"If he got tired or wasn't feeling well, we would pull the weeds, wouldn't we?" inquired Ben, in a very soft voice for a little boy.

"I'm mystified," said mama. "I don't see daylight a bit."

"It's old man Gillet, mama," whispered Rosy; "but I'm going to call him Mr. Gillet."

"I am going to call him 'Grandfather,'" said Ben, dutifully.

"Mama," said Nannie, getting very close to her mother, "old man Gillet doesn't want to go to the almshouse, and we all want to adopt him for our grandfather."

"Because we never had any grandfather," said Ben.

"And we won't know how to treat one if we don't get him," said John.

"So poor old man Gillet is rebellious against the almshouse?" said mama.

"He says he would rather die," said Jules.

"And there were tears all over his face," added Rosy.

"We don't want him to be any trouble to you, mama," said Nannie. "We want to adopt him ourselves, and take care of him. We want to fix up the spring-house loft."

"It isn't damp," said John.

"No, it isn't damp," said mama, "but it isn't furnished."

"We can get things out of the garret."

"When are you to do all this?" inquired mama, gravely, though there was a glint of humor in her eyes.

"Now!" cried the five little Truehearts in a breath.

"We've got to hurry," said Jules, "or the almshouse people will be after him."

"Suppose," said mama, "that old man Gillet doesn't care to be adopted. What then?"

"He lives in a shanty," said John. "He'll jump at the spring-house loft."

"His stove isn't nearly as good as the parlor cook-stove out in the wood-shed, is it, Jules?" asked John.

"I should say not!" cried Jules. "Most all the lids are broken, and it hasn't any feet; it's just propped up."

"Can we do it, mama?" pleaded Nannie.

"The plan may not work," said mama; "but it will not hurt to try it; for I, too, am in for keeping the old Frenchman out of the almshouse."

The five little Truehearts were delighted with the things they brought, piece by piece, down from the garret—a bed, a soft mattress, three pillows, a leather couch, a little old-time bureau and washstand, a great armchair, bedclothes, and a pair of dotted muslin curtains.

Then the boys, working hard, got the parlor cook-stove into their wagon, and hauled it to the steps leading to the spring-house loft. It was carried up to the loft at noon by black Sam, grinning from ear to ear.

"Wot all dis rumpus about?" exclaimed Sam. "Wot all dis heah grandfader talk?"

"You needn't laugh, Sam," said John, "because your turn'll come; you've got to respect him, or get off the place."

Sam giggled hysterically.

"He'll keep the garden looking better than you keep it, Sam," said Jules.

"I respects him a'ready," said Sam; "dem weeds dey gits ahead o' me. I respects any man dat wucks in de gawden patch."

"We'll help him if there are many weeds," said Rosy, "for our grandfather must be treated well."

"Let me git 'way from heah wid my dis-respects," said Sam, slapping his hands over his mouth to deaden the sound of his laughter. "When de leetle one talks like dat, it's too much fo' Sambo."

"Sam," said Nannie, "you must promise, really and truly, to respect him."

Sam bowed low.

"I promises wid all my hawt, Miss Nannie; 'deed I does!" he called.

Five grave-faced youthful mortals appeared that afternoon in the poor little house of the old Frenchman. He started when his door was opened, his gray face fierce and hard; he thought the almshouse people were after him, and he was going to make resistance. He sat there morning, noon, and night, and brooded over making resistance.

But the charity shining upon him from five pairs of innocent eyes was soft and warm.

"Ah, children," he said, sitting down and holding out his hands, "I thought it was somebody else."

"Would you like us to be your grandchildren?" asked Rosy, timidly.

"We never had a grandfather in all our life," said Ben.

"So that's why we want one," said John.

"We've fixed up the loft room so you wouldn't know it," said Jules.

"Won't you do what we ask, Mr. Gillet?" inquired Nannie.

"I'm going to call him 'Grandfather,'" said

Rosy. She climbed upon the old man's knee. Old man Gillet patted the little blonde curly head.

"Mr. Gillet," said Nannie, "we've got something we want to show you."

"Over at your house, dear?" questioned the Frenchman.

"Up above our spring-house," whispered Ben.

"It isn't damp," said Rosy.

"Our uncle used to have it for his room," said Jules.

"Please come, Mr. Gillet," said Nannie.

Old man Gillet arose, and got his hat. In the midst of his little friends he went down the road, turned in at the Truehearts' gate and into the garden.

John sprang up the loft steps, and threw open the door.

"There!" cried Jules, "what do you think of that?"

"Sit down in the rocking-chair, Mr. Gillet," said Nannie, and he obeyed.

"John blacked the stove," said Rosy, "and I found this bureau scarf."

Old man Gillet politely smiled at everything. He understood that he was in the "uncle's" room, and that the uncle was in Alaska.

"It's very pretty," he said.

"Nannie, you ask him now if he'll be it," said John.

"Mr. Gillet," said Nannie, "we never had a grandfather in all our lives, and we want one very much. We'd like to know if you won't let us —"

"Adopt you; there!" cried Jules.

Still he did not understand. "They say I'm fit for the almshouse, that's all," he said; "but I've made up my mind to resist."

"You're going to stay here, aren't you?" cried Rosy, rapturously.

"You're going to be our grandfather?" demanded John.

"If you want to work in the garden, Mr. Gillet, you can do it," said Jules, "and we'll help you."

"Does your mother want me to work in the garden?" inquired the old man, his face lighting up. "Children, I'm a good gardener. Tell your mother that we Gillets can work to the very end. I never knew a Gillet yet who went to an almshouse."

"You sha'n't go to the almshouse!" cried Jules.

"You just make yourself at home, Mr. Gillet," said John.

"And be our grandfather, because we haven't any," said Ben.

"We'll do everything you tell us to," said Nannie; "and now we're going to set the table and get your supper. When it's warm, we'll cook down in the fireplace."

Down in the fireplace, in the chimney running up outside the spring-house, a kettle of water was singing away. Rosy and Ben remained with the bewildered adopted grandparent, while Nannie and Jules and John prepared the supper. It was like playing keep house.

The five little Truehearts ran excitedly to the house.

"I think he'll stay, mama," said Nannie; "but it's awfully hard trying to make him understand about being adopted."

"But I think he'll stay!" cried Ben.

"Papa and I will walk down to see him after he is through with his supper," said mama.

"Yes," said mama, when she and papa returned from the spring-house loft, "Mr. Gillet will stay." Her face was pale, but happy. "We are so glad, papa and I, that our children thought of saving the poor, proud old gentleman from the almshouse."

"Did he say we could adopt him?" questioned John.

"The adopted grandfather thinks that the adoptive grandchildren are the finest girls and boys in the whole wide world," said papa.

A smile of satisfaction settled upon the faces of the five little Truehearts, and Rosy said, with a satisfied sigh, "Then he is 'dopted."

And he was.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

A Wise Ant

AN interesting demonstration of the prudence of the ant was made by a student in the biological department of the University of Pennsylvania last week.

The young man constructed a railway, two feet in length, of metal, and divided this into two parallel paths, separated by a high partition. One of the paths he painted red and the other blue, and at the end, in plain view, he put a morsel of rich cake. Then he set an ant at the beginning of the roadway.

The ant at once made for the cake over the red path, whereupon the student turned on a lamp under his mechanism, and heated the path to an uncomfortable degree. The ant kept on, and finally secured the cake, but on its return it must have told itself that it had a very uncomfortable journey.

Several hours later the student brought it out again, another morsel of cake being set at the end of the roadway. The ant thought a moment, and started for the cake over the blue path. It remembered that the red one had been hot.

To prove still more conclusively that it remembered, the student next blocked up the blue path, whereupon the ant did without the cake rather than venture after it by the red one.—*Selected.*



THE longest span of life is that of the elephant, which will survive two centuries.

The shortest span of life is that of the mayfly, which hatches, mates, lays, and dies within a few hours, seeing the sun set but twice, and knowing but one day, followed by one darkness, from which it never awakens.

The longest human life of modern times, 169 years, is believed to have been attained by Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, England, born in 1501 and dying in 1670. It was proved by court registers of the chancery that he had appeared in evidence 140 years before his death.

The average human life is thirty-three years. One-fourth of the people of the earth die before they are six years old; one-half before they are sixteen. About one person in every hundred lives to see sixty-five.

The largest fish is the giant shark of the Indo-Pacific region. It is stated to grow to a length of seventy feet.

The smallest milk-giving animal is the sores, a little shrew, measuring under three inches in length from tip of nose to point of tail.

The largest bird is the ostrich, sometimes standing eight feet, and weighing three hundred pounds. The smallest is one species of hummingbird, but two and a half inches long over all.

The largest reptile is the giant, man-eating, salt-water crocodile of Southern Asia and Australia. It measures thirty feet in length from end of nose to tip of tail. One man makes a comfortable mouthful for this creature.

The coldest place on earth, inhabited by man, is Verkhoyansk, above the arctic circle, in north-eastern Siberia. The thermometer there drops to ninety degrees below zero in January, but sometimes rises to eighty-six degrees above zero, in the shade, in July, dropping, however, to the freezing point on the warmest summer nights. The population of this uncomfortable town numbers about one thousand. Heavy rains in autumn subject them to frequent floods. Both animals and vegetables in the region are stunted.

The hottest place in the world is the interior of the Great Sahara Desert, Africa, where the thermometer rises to one hundred twenty-two degrees.

The wettest place is Greytown, Nicaragua, where the mean annual rainfall is two hundred sixty inches.

The place of least rain is Port Nolloth, in South Africa, where less than an inch sometimes falls in a year.

The sunniest place on earth is either the great Sahara or the desert of Arabia. The cloudiest place is in northern Russia, the southwest coast of Peru, or the coast of French Congo, Africa, all being about the same in this respect.

The smallest animal with a backbone is the sinarapan, a little fish recently discovered by our scientists in the Philippine Islands. It measures about half an inch in length.

Our oceans are vast gold-mines. In their sixty-five quintillions of cubic feet of water are restlessly tossing about seventy-five billion tons of gold: enough to give every person on earth \$3,382,400. Were all this water to freeze, and be cut into cubes a foot in dimension, a pillar built of the blocks of ice piled one upon another, would penetrate upward more than a quadrillion of miles, or farther than some of the fixed stars.

The deepest abyss in the sea, lately sounded just eastward of our new island of Guam, by our cable ship "Nero," extends six miles below the surface of the Pacific. Fishes brought from this depth explode at the surface of the sea, as a result of freedom from the enormous pressure to which they are accustomed. Were you to lie at the bottom of this abyss, the pressure upon each square foot of your body would be equal to that of a pillar of lead weighing more than two million pounds.

The highest clouds reach ten miles above our heads. These are the white, feathery forms of fine fibrous texture which we see against the blue sky on a clear day. Although apparently motionless, they travel from seventy-five to ninety miles an hour. They are highest in midsummer and lowest in midwinter, when they sometimes descend to within three miles and a half of us.

The tallest clouds are the thunder heads which we most commonly see on summer afternoons. Our Weather Bureau, which recently co-operated with European countries to survey all forms of clouds, estimates that the largest are seven miles and a half tall from base to summit. Their bases seldom hover nearer than a mile above our heads.

The lowest clouds are within half a mile of us commonly. These are the horizontal sheets of lifted fog which we see in misty weather, and their normal speed is twenty-three miles an hour.

The earth is a magnet, according to discoveries lately made by our Weather Bureau. It receives its magnetism from the sun, which is itself a lodestone.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XI—The Glory of Solomon

(March 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 10.

MEMORY VERSE: "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Matt. 6: 28-30.

"All the kings of the earth sought the presence of Solomon to hear the wisdom that God had put in his heart." Among those who came was the queen of Sheba. In her own country she had heard of the fame of Solomon, but she doubted the report. Determined to find out for herself whether what she had heard was true, she came to see and hear the man of whom such things were told. There were many things she wanted to learn, and this was her opportunity.

The queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem with a great train, with camels bearing spices and very much gold, and precious stones, for a present for Solomon. He received her, and she talked with him of all that was in her heart, and "proved him with hard questions." Everything she asked of Solomon he was able to answer; there was not one thing that was hidden from him.

The secret of Solomon's readiness to answer all questions put to him he tells us himself in Prov. 22: 17-21. If we hear and heed the words of wisdom that God speaks to us, treasuring them in our hearts, God will by his Holy Spirit fit the right words into our lips when there is need for them. If we study his precious Word for ourselves, so that we "know the certainty" of it, we shall then be able to "answer the words of truth" to those whom God may send to us with questions. Read 1 Peter 3: 15; Luke 10: 18-20.

The queen of Sheba was so amazed at all the wisdom and glory of Solomon that "there was no more spirit in her." She said to the king: "The half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard. Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom." These words show how greatly she valued the wisdom of God that was in Solomon. She felt that it was a great privilege to be his servant, able to stand in his presence and hear his words.

The rest of the lesson scripture tells of the glory of Solomon: his great throne of ivory overlaid with gold, with twelve lions standing on each side; his drinking vessels of gold; the abundance of gold, silver, ivory, and other things that his navy brought from Tarshish; besides all the presents that the kings brought when they visited him. All this glory and riches God gave to him, more than to any other upon the earth.

But there is something better than this outward glory, that God will give to the least and humblest of his children. Remember the words of Jesus as he looked upon the simple and quiet beauty of a sweet flower of the field: "I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you?" All the glory of Solomon has passed away, but the true glory and beauty of the righteousness with which Christ clothes his children will endure forever.

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed
With joy shall I lift up my head."

Questions

1. Whom did Solomon's wisdom draw to him? What distinguished visitor did he have from a long distance? What led her to come so far?
2. What did the queen of Sheba do when she met Solomon? Was she disappointed? What was the king able to do?
3. How was it that Solomon was able to answer all the queen's questions? What has God promised to do for us if we will hide his words in our hearts? Prov. 22: 18. What shall we then be able to do? Verse 21.
4. What did the queen of Sheba tell Solomon about his fame? What did she think about the condition of his servants? Why were they so blessed?
5. Tell something of Solomon's glory. Describe his throne. Whence did much gold come to him? What was another source of great riches? 1 Kings 10: 24, 25.
6. With what did Jesus contrast Solomon's glory? With what will Christ clothe us? Where now is all the glory of Solomon? What is the beautiful raiment with which Christ will clothe his children?



THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XI—The Eastern Question (Concluded)

(March 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Dan. 11: 36-45; 12: 1.

Questions

1. What nation have we found fulfilled the specifications of the prophecy of verses 36-39?
2. What is understood by the expression "the time of the end"?—The beginning of the time of the end, we have found, was 1798.
3. What attitude was the "king of the south" to assume toward France at this time? Verse 40.
4. What was Turkey, the "king of the north," to do at the same time?
5. What event in the history of France, Egypt, and Turkey is a literal fulfilment of this prophecy? Note 1.
6. What further victories was the "king of the north" to gain? What three powers were to escape out of his hands? Verse 41.
7. How were these specifications fulfilled? Note 2.
8. What land was not to escape the ravages of Turkey? Verse 42; note 3.
9. Over what was Turkey to retain power? Verse 43.
10. By what was Turkey to be troubled? What was he to attempt to do? Verse 44; note 4.
11. According to prophecy, to what place must this power remove the seat of its government? Verse 45. Has this been fulfilled? Note 5.
12. When this has been accomplished, what will be the fate of this power? Verse 45, note 6.
13. At that time, what may God's people expect? Dan. 12: 1; note 7.

Notes

1. On the fifth of March, 1798, Bonaparte received the decree of the French Directory relative to the expedition against Egypt. He left Paris, May 3, and set sail from Toulon on the nineteenth, with a large naval armament consisting of 500 sail, carrying 40,000 soldiers and 10,000 sailors. July 5, Alexandria was taken and fortified. On September 2 of this same year the sultan of Turkey declared war against France. Thus the king of the north (Turkey) came against him (France) in the same year that the king of the south (Egypt) "pushed," and all at the time called for in the prophecy—the time of the end. On the eighteenth of March, 1779, the

siege of Acre was begun. After the siege had been kept up sixty days, it was raised, and Napoleon sounded, for the first time in his career, the note of retreat, and on the twenty-first of May began to retrace his steps to Egypt. Turkey (the king of the north) came off the victor in that struggle, driving the French back into Egypt. Thus the king of the north (Turkey) "overflowed and passed over."

2. The French, after the siege of Acre, abandoned all that they had gained in the land of Judea, which is called in the prophecy "the glorious land," and it fell back into the hands of the Turks, under whose domination it still remains. Dr. Adam Clarke remarks concerning the countries of Edom, Moab, and Ammon, lying outside the limits of Palestine: "These and other Arabians, they (the Turks) have never been able to subdue. They still occupy the deserts, and receive a yearly pension of *forty thousand crowns of gold* from the Ottoman emperors to permit the caravans with the pilgrims for Mecca to have a free passage."

3. Egypt, desiring to escape from Turkish rule, preferred to be under the domination of the French. But the tide of events turned otherwise. The English, as the ally of the Turks, determined to wrest Egypt from the French. After a series of battles, in which the French were worsted by the combined forces of the English and the Turks, the whole of the French army was shut up in Cairo and Alexandria. Cairo surrendered June 27, 1801, and Alexandria on September 2. Four weeks later (October 1) the preliminaries of peace were signed at London.

4. It is a remarkable fact that in the year 1825, twenty-eight years before the Crimean War broke out, Dr. Adam Clarke, in commenting upon the fulfilment of this very prophecy, wrote the following comment: "This part of the prophecy is allowed to be yet unfulfilled. If the Turkish power be understood, as in the preceding verses, it may mean that the *Persians* on the *east* and the *Russians* on the *north*, will at some time greatly embarrass the Ottoman government."

Just twenty-eight years after Dr. Clarke penned this suggestion, the world was amazed to see Turkey, a government which had long been regarded as "the sick man of the East," declare war against her powerful neighbor, Russia. Thus Turkey fulfilled the specifications of this part of the prophecy, which describes her as going "forth with great fury."

5. As Dr. Clarke said of the forty-fourth verse in 1825, we can now say of this forty-fifth verse, it is yet unfulfilled. All except the closing verse of this remarkable chapter has now been wrought out in history. We must look to Turkey to fulfil the movement predicted in this verse.

6. The expression, "none shall help him," clearly implies that he has previously been helped by other powers. In the war with France, already noted (1798-1801), England and Russia assisted the sultan. In the war between Turkey and Egypt (1838-40), England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia intervened in behalf of Turkey. In the Crimean War (1853-56), England, France, and Sardinia supported the Turks. In the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, the great powers of Europe interfered to arrest the progress of Russia.

7. "A definite time is introduced in this verse: 'At that time.' What time?—The time to which we are brought in the closing verse of the preceding chapter, the time when the king of the north shall plant the tabernacles of his palace in the glorious holy mountain; or, in other words, when the Turk, driven from Europe, shall hastily make Jerusalem his temporary seat of government. . . . Then, according to this verse, we look for the standing up of Michael, the great prince . . . that is, it marks this event as next in order." The significance of this event we study in our next lesson.



The Greatest Telegraph System in the World

ON passing a telegraph office, have you not noticed how the wires coming from every direction all run into the office? If you were in a strange city, and did not know the location of the telegraph office, you might easily determine it from the fact that the wires from every direction run into that building. You are possibly aware that the largest telegraph system in the world is that of the Western Union Telegraph Company. At their central office in the city of New York, there are 2,100 wires from all directions entering the building. In response to my inquiry, the secretary of that company has kindly informed me not only that they have 2,100 wires, but that in 1895 the company had in use 803,000 miles of wire, and that in all the various offices for the generation of electricity, they have 502,227 cells. They have 21,360 offices, and have in a single year sent out 58,370,316 messages. All this system was maintained for the year at an expense of \$16,000,000. Now if you were the owner of this great telegraph system, which brings in a profit of \$6,000,000 each year, you would think yourself possessed of great wealth. But each one of us is in possession of a telegraph system which we would not give in exchange for all the miles of wire, thousands of offices, and millions of dollars of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

If you were to go to New York, you would see not simply single wires entering the central office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, but you would also see great cables composed of many wires, formed very much like a rope made of wire instead of string. Now in our bodies the nerves correspond to these wires, and as there are over two thousand wires entering the central office in New York, so there are thousands of nerve fibers, or threads, that enter the brain of each of us. Not only single brain fibers, some smaller or thinner than the finest thread, but the brain of each boy and girl, and each man and woman, is entered by twelve pairs of nerve cables. So you see that the brain corresponds to the New York telegraph office.

But in addition to the central office in New York, the Western Union Company has large offices in Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, Boston, and other cities. In the same way, our telegraph system, or nervous system, has thirty-one pairs of nerve cables connected with the spinal cord that runs up and down the center of the backbone. So you see that in these bodies of ours there is a telegraph system which also has its central and other main offices.

We learned that the electric cells needed to furnish the current for the wires of the Western Union Company were five hundred and two thousand. Now the number of nerve-cells in the brain is nine hundred million, and in the entire body over one billion one hundred million. In other words, we have at least one thousand cells in our body to each one of theirs in their offices.

I think that you will clearly see that our telegraph system is more extensive than even that of the Western Union Company. Now, they have over twenty-one thousand offices, scattered here and there throughout the entire United States, and yet there are sections of country extending sometimes hundreds and even thousands of miles where neither the Western Union nor any other company has any telegraph office whatever. Great fires might occur, vast armies might engage in battle, drought or flood or famine might prevail, and yet no news of it would flash

over the wires until a messenger could take the news to some distant office. But in the telegraph system which God has given to you and me, everything is so perfect, and the nerves so completely cover our entire body, that we can not even take the point of a pin and bring it with slight pressure in contact with the body, without being conscious of the fact that we have a telegraph office immediately under the point of that pin, which office telegraphs at once to the brain that we are suffering pain at that particular point.

So you see that God has given us this great nervous system, which corresponds in some respects to the telegraph system of the Western Union Company, in order that all the outward conditions by which our body is surrounded may be communicated immediately to the brain, and that we may know almost instantly the presence of heat or cold, of pain or pleasure, or of violence or danger. Thus, just as the telegraph operators in New York are learning from moment to moment what is transpiring thousands of miles away, so the instant any member is injured, immediately our telegraph system flashes the news to the brain, thus keeping us constantly informed of what is happening on the outside of the body. We must remember, too, that our only means of communicating with our Father above is by means of this system through our senses, as the eye and the ear.

Our telegraph system differs from that of the Western Union Company in that when we touch something that burns, and the message is sent to the brain, the command is not given to withdraw the hand from the object over the same wire that brought the first message, but over another wire. The news of sensation is sent over one nerve, and the instant order of command to the muscles to take the hand away is sent over another nerve. But these two nerves run side by side, and as you have electric-light wires wrapped with a covering which prevents the electricity from escaping, or from coming in contact with the current on another wire, so each of these nerves is thus insulated. You see then how, as a general, sitting in his tent, receives the news of the progress of the battle, and gives instruction to his officers in regard to the movements of the army; so the brain receives messages from all parts of the body, telling of hunger and thirst, what is seen by the eyes, what is heard by the ears, what is touched by the hands, what is experienced by any portion of the body, each member awaiting orders and instructions from the brain.

What I have said will lead you to partially understand how carefully and wonderfully God has made us. If all of the poles and wires and telegraph instruments of the Western Union Company were loaded upon cars, there would be thousands of tons, and hundreds of cars would be needed to haul them from place to place. But our entire telegraph system, which is far more wonderful, is so light, and so beautifully arranged and condensed, that we carry it about with us everywhere, and are scarcely conscious of its presence. The more you and I study these bodies of ours, the more intensely interested will we become. A lifetime could be devoted to the study of the human body, its functions and diseases, without ever exhausting the subject, or even getting farther than the A B C of its vast interest.

Since God has given us such wonderful bodies, should they not have the best of care? Certainly, we should guard our health, and we should never fail to respect either our own body or the body of another. When you remember how wonderfully God has made us, you will think it only just and honorable to do nothing to injure the body. When I have seen boys tussle and wrestle in play, and especially as they do in football, I have often thought that if they had a very valuable watch, they would not roll it around upon the ground and in the dirt as they do their bodies, any one of

which is worth more than all the watches in the world.

Our bodies are not only very wonderful because of the wisdom God has displayed in creating them, but above all things they are to be revered because God has made them the temples in which the Holy Ghost is to dwell. If the Holy Spirit is to dwell, live, stay, in our minds and hearts and bodies, they should be kept pure and clean. Let God cast out all evil and sin, that he may dwell within you, and that your body may be a fit place for his indwelling power and life.

God has provided us with such a complete, compact, and perfect telegraph system, not simply that we might hear and see and know and enjoy all that is about us, but that we might also learn of his wisdom and power and love which are displayed everywhere, and that we might also know and love and serve him as our dear Father in heaven. You can easily see how unjust and wicked it is to use these wonderful bodies to serve Satan instead of God. To telegraph from our brain to our tongue to speak a wicked word, or to profane the name we should revere and bless, to telegraph to our hands to do evil, to our feet to go in the paths of wickedness, to our eyes to look approvingly upon sin, or our ears to hear any one speak against our loving Heavenly Father, is a great dishonor to the Creator.—*Sylvanus Stall, in "Talks to the King's Children."*

The Way of Luck

It was certainly strange, and Pamela MacQuills Found her life interspersed with a great many ills. Her needles, whenever she wanted to sew, Had a queer way of straying — O, where did they go?

In vain she would search carpet, table, and bed, And, in searching, lose scissors and thimble and thread.

When knitting, she dropped almost half of her stitches (In olden times folk might have blamed it on witches); Her buttons fell off, and her clothes worked awry, And stray notes of dust found their way to her eye; And not the least one of her many distresses Was the way it would rain when she wore her best dresses.

When she knew all her lessons, save only some sly, Little, fine-printed note that seemed pointless and dry, The teacher would turn to that note, and our lass Would be asked to recite it before the whole class. It was all very strange, and 'twas sometimes provoking — Was it fortune or luck or fate's cruel joking?

But at last, after years of mishaps and unrest, This maiden resolved to do always her best, And never trust anything, little or great, That she should do herself, to tricky old Fate. And now I've just heard that with genuine fervor Pamela finds luck always waiting to serve her.

—*Wide Awake.*

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