

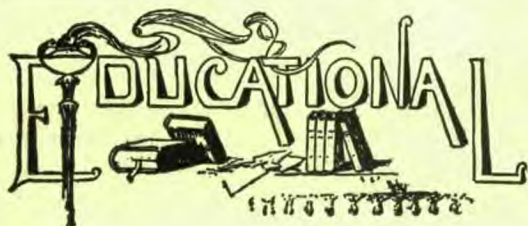
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LII

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 8, 1904

No. 10



True Worth Wins

It isn't the thing you are doing,
But the way that you do it, my friend;
Not the course, but the way of pursuing,
On which your successes depend.

There are prizes in every vocation,
And he is the fortunate man
Who frets not because of his station,
But does just the best that he can.

'Tis not the song we call clever,
But the rendering well of the notes;
The music of nightingales
never
Ring true from the mocking-
birds' throats.

— Selected.

The Capitol

THE interest of all Washington, of all the land, centers on Capitol Hill, the site of the legislative building. "The Capitol is distinguished for its commanding situation and majestic properties; for the dignity, grace, and beauty of design, and the adornments and decorations which beautify it without and within." As an architectural object it ranks among the noblest in the world, claiming close relationship with the Milan Cathedral, and St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey.

The Capitol is seven hundred fifty-one feet long, and three hundred fifty feet in greatest breadth, and measures three hundred seven and one-half feet from the ground to the crest of the Liberty Statue surmounting the dome. The architecture is modified Corinthian upon a rustic base. The cost of the structure is estimated at fifteen million dollars. The building faces the east; for it was expected that the city would extend in that direction; but the development of Washington has been chiefly toward the west. The grounds on the west side of the building therefore have been beautified and ornamented more than those on the east, the real front. Here on the east utility takes the place of beauty, and the large plaza passed over daily by carriages and multitudes of pedestrians is simply cold, bare concrete. Thus the path that leads the representatives, senators, and other official dignitaries to their honored place is not velvet-carpeted by nature, lined with roses, nor perfumed with rich fragrance. The hard pavement is perhaps more suggestive, however, of the difficult path some

have had to tread in attaining the goal of their ambition. This large plaza is where the immense crowds gather to witness the inauguration of the president.

There are three flights of broad steps; one leading up to the central entrance, and one to each wing, giving an appearance of breadth and solidity to the building, whose walls are nearly hidden by the three rows of large monolithic fluted marble columns. On either side of the central flight of stairs from the level of the portico extend two great buttresses, each adorned by colossal pieces of marble statuary, which together cost forty-eight thousand dollars. It is unusual to find the entrance to a building attracting the special attention of visitors, yet it is so here; for the famous Roger's bronze door can but command attention. It is nineteen feet high,— tall enough for any dignitary,— weighs ten tons, and cost

Irving and Prescott, are each given a place on this historic door. As I stood studying the various panels, I heard a lady remark to her friend— they also had been admiring this marvelous work of art—that "the inside of the door is ornamented as beautifully as the outside." The lady's appreciation was thus at once doubled; but the fact is, only the outside is adorned. Here was certainly an illustration of the oft-repeated saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

This door admits one to the Rotunda, the center of the Capitol. It is said that "the crowning glory of the Capitol is the imposing dome, springing from a peristyle of fluted Corinthian columns above the central building, the Rotunda, and terminating in a lantern lighted by electric lights, which is surmounted by the Statue of Liberty." The dome is of cast iron, and weighs nearly four thousand tons. It is so constructed that with the



"Come, let me lead thee o'er this second Rome."— Moore,

enough to build a modest mansion for you or me, twenty-five thousand dollars. The door is so nicely hung that even a child can easily swing the massive leaves back and forth. Each leaf is divided into eight panels, all of which are superbly enriched by scenes portraying the chief events in the life of Columbus and the discovery of America. The key of the arch of the casing is ornamented with the head of Columbus, and on the sides are typical statuettes of the four leading continents, and a running border of ancient armor, banners, and designs. Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, Ferdinand and Isabella, and the leading historians of the voyages of Columbus,

variations of temperature the iron plates expand and contract, like "the folding and unfolding of a lily." It is thoroughly protected from the weather by heavy coats of white paint. It cost a million and a quarter of dollars, and required eight years in construction, being completed in 1865. The lantern is fifteen feet in diameter, and fifty feet high. Over the lantern is a globe, and standing on the globe is the bronze Statue of Liberty. This is no pigmy goddess; for she is nineteen and one-half feet high, and weighs seven and one-half tons, and cost twenty-four thousand dollars. Amid the salutes from guns in Washington and surround-

ing forts, and the cheers of thousands of soldiers, the Goddess of Liberty was raised to her commanding position. It is to be hoped that the principles which the statue represents may never be forgotten nor ignored by those that fill the legislative halls below.

The Rotunda

The visitor willingly tarries long in the Rotunda; for its walls are decorated by costly paintings, frescoes, and statuary. Here are found the four celebrated paintings of John Trumbull, few others, if any, being more highly prized than these. Mr. Trumbull when a young man was aide-camp to General Washington. He had a natural taste for drawing; and while in the war conceived the idea of cultivating his talent with the purpose of commemorating by it the great events of the Revolution, preserving faithful portraits of the leading men, and accurate details of scenes, dress, and arms. To this end, after the war Mr. Trumbull studied art in this country and in Europe. In 1816, after thirty years of preparation, he was commissioned by Congress to paint the four great pictures, commemorating the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the surrender of Burgoyne, the surrender of Cornwallis, and the resignation of Washington. Copies of these, doubtless, are familiar to many of our readers. Mr. Trumbull received thirty-two thousand dollars for his work. Four other paintings of equal size and great merit complete the circle adorning the Rotunda walls.

One must remember here as elsewhere that the crown is above; so lift your eyes, for the vaulted canopy of the dome glows with color. This is the artist Brumidi's masterpiece. Brumidi was born in Rome in 1805, studied art, and at the age of thirteen became a member of the Academy. He painted frescoes in Roman palaces, in the Vatican, and did considerable work in Mexico. He decorated the Public Reception Room of the Capitol, and the walls and dome of the Rotunda. These are said to have been the first frescoes in the United States. His masterpiece, "The Apotheosis of Washington," cost fifty thousand dollars. The artist died in 1880 from an injury sustained by a fall while painting this frieze. The central figure is Washington. On his right sits Freedom, on his left Victory, and around him float aerial figures representing the thirteen original States of the Union. On their banner is inscribed the motto of the United States—*E Pluribus Unum*—Out of many, one. Appropriate groups of figures representing the Fall of Tyranny, Mechanics, Commerce, Arts and Sciences, Agriculture, form a part of this wonderful fresco,—all a pleasing conception of the history of our country.

Legislative Hall

Passing to the south from the Rotunda, one comes into Statuary Hall. Every State in the Union has been invited to send statues of two of her noblest sons to adorn this room. A little farther on is the Hall of the Representatives. Its extensive dimensions, the warm colors of its carpets and drapery, the white and gold of its ornamentation, the exquisite paintings on its walls, and the richness of its furniture make it a legislative chamber, it is said, unsurpassed in the world. The Senate Chamber, occupying the north wing of the building, is not so large as the Hall of the Representatives; but the blending of the green of the velvet floor and the rich mahogany doors and desks, and the gilding about the walls and ceilings, make it not inferior in elegance. The Supreme Court Room is a particularly attractive point of interest to the throng of sightseers daily traversing the corridors of the Capitol; for "all seem anxious to get a peep at the room, and the nine intellectual giants upon whose learning and logic too often depend happiness and misery, wealth and poverty, life and death."

There are many other interesting rooms here and there, some of which you may enter, and

some into which the curious eye of the visitor is not even permitted a passing look—unless he can claim relationship with some of the nobility. In one of these small rooms open to all, hang the two famous paintings by Thomas Moran of the canons of the Yellowstone and Colorado Rivers. These two pictures cost the government twenty thousand dollars. So indescribably rich and varied is the coloring of these—and we are assured that it does not equal the real—that it would seem a score of rainbows had dissolved, and their glory had floated down to give a peculiar softness and beauty to the scene. As one stands before such a work of art, he feels impelled to go at once to purchase a ticket that he may revel to his heart's content in the grandeur and the glory the artist has but pictured. And it is only the peculiar sensation that comes over him as he grasps his pocketbook that brings him to himself. Do you know the feeling?

The east stairway of Tennessee marble is lighted by a richly stained skylight. On the wall of the landing hangs a spirited painting of the Battle of Lake Erie, which occurred on Sept. 13, 1813. It pictures the gallant exploit of Commodore Perry, transferring his colors from the disabled flagship "Lawrence" to the "Niagara" in the face of a terrific cannonading. It was after the victory here that Perry dispatched the famous message, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." On the west landing is another painting of equal merit, Emanuel Leutze's Westward Ho! having for its legend the familiar lines, "Westward the star of empire takes its way." Such a combination of glory of color, of grandeur of almost impassable heights, of human suffering and privation, of indomitable courage and surpassing endurance, and of hope and joy at sight of the promised land—the Golden Gate of San Francisco—as is expressed on this one canvas, can hardly be conceived. Marvelous is the artist's power to portray life, but more marvelous is the power of Him who gave the life! Vain is the attempt to tell of the things of interest found within the walls of the Capitol; for there is scarcely an historical event of note relating to our country that has not been handsomely portrayed or suggested by painting, sculpture, or fresco somewhere within this great building. But why go further? All of earth's rarest things are not to be compared to the eternal glory freely offered to you and to me.



From Republic to Empire

UPON the death of Cæsar, his trusted friend, Mark Antony, took possession of his papers and money; and, while pretending to carry out Cæsar's will, was secretly aiming to make himself supreme. For a time he was successful. Those who took the life of Cæsar expected they would be hailed as deliverers of the people; but in the funeral address given by Antony, the people were so stirred that they vowed vengeance upon the conspirators, who had to flee for their lives. This left Antony the chief man in Rome; and Lepidus, who was at the head of the army, supported him. Cicero spoke the truth when he said, "The tyrant is dead, but the tyranny still lives." To be sure it did, and the people were satisfied to have it live.

In his will, Cæsar had named his nephew, Octavius, as his heir and successor. As soon as Octavius heard the news, though but nineteen years of age, he assumed the name of Cæsar, and set out for Rome. Antony opposed him in every possible way, even refusing him Cæsar's money;

but Octavius gained at every step. By his liberality he won both the people and the Senate to his side; and then there was war, Antony and Lepidus both being against him. After several battles in which neither side gained a decided victory, the three men met on a small island in northern Italy, and divided the world among themselves. Lepidus was to govern Africa; Octavius, the West; and Antony, the East. This is known as the Second Triumvirate, and it was publicly proclaimed Nov. 27, 43 B. C.

Their first work was to sit down with a list of Roman citizens before them, each pricking with a pin the names of those he wished to perish. To satisfy the others, Octavius gave up his friend Cicero; Lepidus, a brother; and Antony, an uncle. The ambitious, horrid work went on until thousands died.

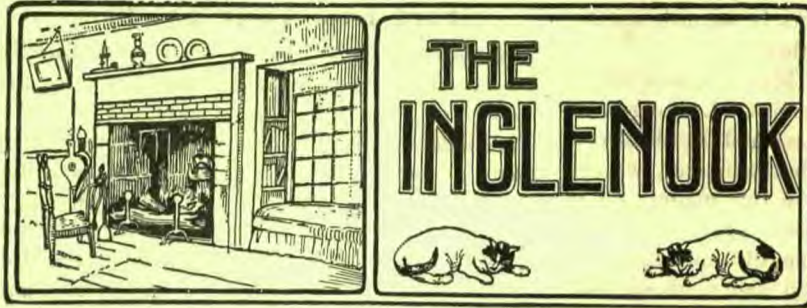
Those who plotted against Cæsar were now in possession of the East, and the next move was to go in pursuit of them. Their army was met by Octavius and Antony on the field of Philippi, and entirely cut to pieces. Soon after the battle, Lepidus was dropped out, and again the world was in the hands of two men,—Octavius in the West, and Antony in the East. The latter now went into Asia to settle affairs there. He ordered the beautiful Egyptian queen, Cleopatra, to appear before him for aiding his enemies. She came in a vessel propelled by silver oars and sails of purple silk. Antony was captured by her charms; and from that time was her willing slave. Twice afterward he did indeed break away from her for a time, but was soon back again, where he gave himself up to his enchantress, and the revels of Eastern court life. Antony and Cleopatra assumed the dress of god and goddess, and he vainly promised her that he would overcome Octavius, and make Alexandria the capital of the world.

The rumors of Antony's strange acts were carried to Rome, where Octavius was rapidly growing in favor with the people. He made them believe they had everything to fear from Antony, and finally succeeded in causing a declaration of war. The contest was decided by the battle of Actium, 31 A. D. In the midst of the conflict, Cleopatra, becoming alarmed for her safety, fled; and Antony, heedless of all else, sailed after her in a swift galley. They reached Alexandria in safety, but seeing all was lost, put an end to their lives.

This battle marked the close of the Roman republic, and left the world in the hands of one man. Profiting by the fate of Cæsar, Octavius did not choose the title of king. He was proclaimed Emperor (Emperor), and took the name of Augustus, a name that, until then, had been sacred to the gods. In his honor, the eighth month of the year was called Augustus. A kingdom was not established in name, but the government was in reality a monarchy. The chief ruler held all the great offices of state, but, concealing his power, pretended to be the servant of the Senate, at the same time being himself lawmaker and judge. The forms of the republic still continued, and never did a people seem more contented with a mere shadow.

And now began the "Augustan Age," the golden age of Roman history. "The Iron Monarchy of Rome" filled the world. "And it came to pass in those days, there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that ALL THE WORLD should be taxed." Luke 2:1. A few years previous, Herod the Great, an Edomite, had been made king of the Jews; and thus the scepter had departed from Judah (Gen. 49:10), which event told that the "fulness of time" had come when Shiloh was to be revealed. And now, in the profound silence of the night, the angels came and sang to the shepherds, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

ROY F. COTTRELL.



A Relic from Eden

TRAVELERS who visit places of renown, explore ancient ruins, stately edifices, and various countries, delight to bring home relics from the different localities as souvenirs of their tours. Often these are cherished highly. There have come down to us two relics from Eden, as memorials of the time before the dark footprints of sin were seen on the earth, and everything stood in primeval innocence as it came from the plastic hand of the Creator. One of these is the marriage institution; the other is the holy Sabbath. These both antedate sin.

The Sabbath is not ceremonial, for it existed before the fall of man; it is not national, for it existed prior to nations. It was made for man.

In Mark 2:27 we read: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Being made, it must have a maker; there must also be a time when it was made, and something out of which it was made. The Bible very clearly teaches that Jesus, the Son of God, the same who redeems man from sin, is the one who created all things. He existed before the world was made (John 17:5; Micah 5:2, margin), and was with his Father in the work of creation. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. *All things were made by him*; and without him was not anything made that was made." "For by him [Christ] were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him." Col. 1:16. See Eph. 3:9; Heb. 1:1-3.

These scriptures, and many others which might be quoted, clearly teach that it was the Son of God who made all things. It was a mighty work indeed, occupying six literal days, and when done, "on the seventh day God [the Son] ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Gen. 2:2, 3. The seventh day, therefore, is the rest-day, or Sabbath, of our divine Saviour, for he made it and gave it to man as a memorial of his great creation (Ps. 111:4), which will endure forever. Ps. 135:13. It is in the truest sense the "Lord's day."

And it is clear that, being his rest day, it can never be changed. We can never change our birthday, neither can God change his rest day, for God "can not lie" (Titus 1:2), and so can not change a fact: and it will ever remain a fact that God did rest on, and bless, and sanctify the seventh day. All through the endless cycles of eternity it will be true, therefore, that the seventh day is his rest day. This is doubtless the reason that it will be observed in the "new earth." Isa. 66:22, 23. It is certainly as true to-day that the seventh day is our blessed Lord's rest day, as at the dawn of creation; it is, therefore, just as true to-day that the seventh day is the Sabbath.

When the Lord handed down his law in such grandeur and awe from the summit of Mount Sinai, he traced with his own finger in the imperishable stone, the fourth precept of the decalogue, thus planting in the bosom of a holy and just law the Sabbath commandment. This precept says that the "seventh day is the Sabbath of

the Lord thy God." Ex. 20:10. It was made twenty-five centuries before the Jews as a nation existed, and is not Jewish; but belongs to the Lord.

He hallowed it, or made it holy. When the Lord appeared to Moses in the burning bush at

Horeb, and he turned aside to view the great wonder, the Lord spoke to him and said, "Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Ex. 3:5. It was the same when the Lord appeared to Joshua at Jericho. Joshua 5:15. The ground from which that shrub was growing was the same as all the rest of the ground round about, but the *presence of the Lord made it holy*.

It is the Lord's presence in the sinner that makes him holy. So with the Sabbath. Jesus put himself into it, thus making it holy. All time is the same, with this difference: the *presence of Jesus is in the Sabbath*, or seventh day. We may not be fully able to comprehend how this can be, any more than we can understand how he can place his presence in a sinner and make him holy; but the fact remains nevertheless; and when we trample the holy Sabbath under our feet, we are committing the awful sin of treading underfoot the Son of God. Heb. 10:29. Anciently, the violation of the Sabbath was a sin which called for the penalty of death to be executed upon the offender (Num. 15:32-36), and the Lord has not changed. Mal. 3:6. Sin is the transgression of the law (1 John 3:4), and "the wages of sin is death." Rom. 6:23.

It is not true, as some affirm, that the Sabbath was given to the Israelites to commemorate their deliverance from Egypt. The passover was for this purpose. Deut. 16:1-3. The Sabbath, as we have seen, was instituted in Eden by the Son of God, and is given to us as a memorial of his creative power. It points back to creation, and in keeping it we keep in mind the One who by a word has power to throw worlds into space and hold them in their orbits: he who created the world is the same One that redeems man from destruction. Salvation from sin is creative power working to redeem a soul (2 Cor. 5:17), and the Sabbath being the sign of God's power to create, it is also the sign of redemption, for both are wrought by the same power. "Moreover also I gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them." Eze. 20:12.

The Lord blessed Abraham that he might be a blessing. In like manner he blessed the Sabbath that it might be a blessing to all mankind. He blessed the seventh day for all time to come. "I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him." Eccl. 3:14. G. B. THOMPSON.

Imitation among Animals

IMITATION, instinct, and experience are three factors which play the greatest part in the development of the lower animals. Of these, instinct is the most important. Concerning the part played by imitation, John Burroughs, the well-known naturalist, has the following to say in the *February Century*:—

"Different species of animals associated together will imitate each other. It is said that starving pigeons that have been brought up on grain will not eat peas to save their lives, but that if pea-eating pigeons are put with them, they follow their example and eat peas. A lady writes me that she has a rabbit that lives in a cage with a monkey, and that it has caught many of the monkey's ways. I can well believe it. Dogs

reared with cats have been known to acquire the cat habit of licking their paws and then washing the ears and face. Wolves reared with dogs learn to bark, and who has not seen a dog draw its face as if trying to laugh as its master does? When a cat has been taught to sit up for her food, her kittens have been known to imitate the mother. Darwin tells of a cat that used to put her paw into the mouth of a narrow milk-jug and then lick it off, and that her kitten soon learned the same trick.

"In all such cases hasty observers say the mother taught her young. Certainly the young learned, but there was no effort to teach on the part of the parent. Unconscious imitation did it all. All acts necessary to an animal's life and to the continuance of the species are *instinctive*; they do not have to be taught, and are not acquired by imitation. The bird does not have to be taught to build its nest or to fly, or the beaver to build its dam or its house, or the otter or the seal to swim, or the young of mammals to suckle, or the spider to spin its web, or the grub to weave its cocoon. Nature does not trust these things to chance; they are too vital. The things that an animal acquires by imitation are of secondary importance in its life."

The Best Way

WHEN the world seems dull and dreary,
And your heart is sad and lone,
When from toil your hands are weary,
What's the best thing to be done?

Go to Him who will receive you,
At his mercy-seat bow down.
Jesus only can relieve you,—
He who wore the thorny crown.

He who died that all his children
Might have life and peace and rest,
Will forgive all your trespasses,
Go to Jesus; be ye blest.

THEN the world will be made brighter,
Christ the shining one you'll see.
Though the clouds at times may gather,
Go to Christ, there's liberty.

Then when you have found the Saviour,
Tell your friends the peace he's given;
For in helping others upward,
It will draw you nearer heaven.

IVA I. NAY.

Looking His Best

A CERTAIN boy whom I know, is very careful about his personal appearance, and yet he is not vain. He is not the least "dudish." He does not affect startling neckties, nor fancy waistcoats, nor canes with great, bulging heads, nor anything at all striking in appearance, but he sees to it that his clothes are free from dust or soil of any kind. His boots are always carefully polished, his hair neatly combed, his linen clean, his nails in the same condition. Moreover, his mother does not have to beg and implore him to wash the back of his neck and his ears. He always has an appearance of freshness and neatness that is good to look upon.

One day, when he was getting ready to go some place with another boy, this other boy said, "What makes you so fussy, Ted?"

"I don't think that I'm fussy," replied Ted. "I simply want to look my best. Every fellow ought to want to look that."

I think myself that this is a laudible ambition, and one that should meet with the hearty approval of all. A boy can want to "look his best," and at the same time be free from vanity. He will find that it always pays for him to look his best. Untidiness has often counted against a boy when he has been applying for a position. I once heard a business man say that he would no more hire a slovenly, dirty boy than he would hire one known to be dishonest.—*Morning Star*.



Lessons from the Life of Daniel

The Flery Furnace

THE golden image set up in the plain of Dura, an image ninety feet in height and nine in breadth, presented an imposing and majestic appearance. Nebuchadnezzar issued a proclamation, calling upon all the officers of the kingdom to assemble at the dedication of this image, and, at the sound of musical instruments, to bow down and worship it. Should any fail of doing this, they were immediately to be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace.

The appointed day came, and at the sound of the music the vast company that was assembled at the king's command, "fell down, and worshiped the golden image." "At that time certain Chaldeans came near, . . . and said to the king Nebuchadnezzar, O king, live forever. . . . There are certain Jews whom thou hast set over the affairs of the province of Babylon, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; these men, O king, have not regarded thee: they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Filled with rage, the king commanded that the men be brought before him. "Is it true," he inquired, "do ye not serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up?" Pointing to the angry furnace, he reminded them of the punishment that would be theirs if they refused to obey his will.

The king decided to give them a second trial. "If ye be ready," he said, "at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psalter, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made; well; but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace." Then, with hand stretched upward in defiance, he asked, "And who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?"

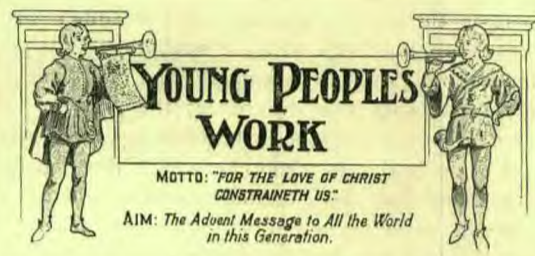
In vain were the king's threats. He could not turn these noble men from their allegiance to the great Ruler of nations. From the history of their fathers, they had learned that disobedience to God results in dishonor, disaster, and death; that the fear of the Lord is not only the beginning of wisdom, but the foundation of all true prosperity. They knew that they owed to God every faculty they possessed; and while their hearts were full of generous sympathy toward all men, they had a lofty aspiration to prove themselves loyal to God.

When the king was troubled in regard to his dream, these men, with Daniel, had fasted and prayed, that they might understand the dream. The Lord had heard their cries, and he had given to Daniel wisdom to interpret the dream to the king. Thus their own lives and the lives of the astrologers and soothsayers had been saved. Now the very men who had escaped death through the mercy of God to his servants, had been the prime movers in securing the decree in regard to the worship of the golden image. But the three Hebrews made no mention of these things; they knew that a controversy with the king would only increase his fury.

Standing before the angry monarch, with the image in sight, and the sound of the entrancing music in their ears, these young men thought of the promise made to the prophet Isaiah more than one hundred years before: "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; when thou walkest

through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

The answer of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego was respectful, but decided. Looking with calmness upon the fiery furnace and the idolatrous throng, they said: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so [if this be your decision], our God whom we serve will deliver us out of thine hand, O king." These Hebrew youth had unquestioning faith in God, and they were determined to honor him at any cost. Their faith strengthened with the declaration that God would be glorified by delivering them, and with a triumphant ring of trust in their voices, they added: "But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." MRS. E. G. WHITE.



Men Wanted

THE world wants men,—large-hearted, manly men,—

Men who shall join in chorus and prolong
The psalm of labor and of love.
The age wants heroes,—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster, error, by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the error of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in.

—Anon.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

God's Call to William Miller

KEYNOTE OF THIS LESSON:

God's call to *me* to preach the message of his coming.

SCRIPTURE STUDY:

Mark 16: 15; Matt. 24: 14; Dan. 7: 18; Eze. 33: 1-9.

PARALLEL STUDY:

"Great Controversy," Chapter Eighteen, from the fourteenth page of the chapter to its close.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS:

William Miller's call to preach.

The results which followed his preaching from the beginning.

The meteoric shower in 1833, and its effect upon the preaching of the advent message.

The exposition of Revelation 9 by Josiah Litch, and the effect upon the advent message of the fulfilment of the prophecy.

Persecution of William Miller and his associates.

Why is not the preaching of the advent message welcomed as "tidings of great joy"? Why is such persistent effort made to cast reproach upon the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation?

The leader may call for many answers to these questions, and thus make them the basis of a brisk ten-minute discussion.

God's call to William Miller was, "Go and tell it to the world; their blood will I require at thy hand." What is his call to you?

"When the professed people of God are uniting with the world, living as they live, and joining with them in forbidden pleasure; when the luxury of the world becomes the luxury of the church; when the marriage bells are chiming, and all are looking forward to many years of prosperity,—then, suddenly as the lightning flashes from the heavens, will come the end of their bright visions and delusive hopes." E. R. P.

Word from Columbus, Ohio

SEEING the good report from time to time in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR from other Societies, the young people at Columbus thought it a duty and a privilege to tell how the Lord has been blessing them. We have found that the key to an active Society consists in having each member take part, and thus be made partially responsible for the success of the work. We are using the INSTRUCTOR lessons as the basis of our studies, and find them interesting and profitable. Even the younger members of the Society manifest a good interest. The attendance during the past few weeks shows that the interest is growing. Twenty-five were present last Sabbath.

Our members have been doing practical missionary work. We have made quilts and comforters, and sold our literature, appropriating the proceeds to assist in the church work.

We have paid the remaining ten dollars of the church-school debt, and twenty-five dollars pledged by the Society on the debt that has been resting on our church.

We have now resolved to extend our missionary efforts, helping the foreign as well as home work. The Society expects to answer Brother Watson's call in the *Review* for clothing. He is now working in the South, but was at one time connected with the work in our own State and church. We shall help such other fields as may seem the most needy. We trust the Lord will continue to bless our efforts, thus linking us to the truth of God by bands that can not be broken, and developing faithful workers from among our young people.

JENNIE ELLWANGER,
FLORA CLYMER.

God Leads His Own

"WHAT matter what the path shall be?
The end is clear and bright to view;
He knows that we a strength shall see,
Whate'er the day shall bring to do;
We see the end—the house of God,
But not the path to that abode;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own."

Young People's Work in Oklahoma

THERE are eleven Societies in Oklahoma, some of which have just lately been organized. Their aim is to fully carry out the object of the organization. Although failures and mistakes have been made, we realize in God there still is complete victory. We know there is a work to be accomplished among us individually; there must be a personal growth before we can labor as our Saviour did for others. We have the privilege of being co-workers with the Lord of heaven and earth, and by faithfulness in everything we do, we become efficient workers for the Lord. Let us seek those things which are pure, good, and holy that we may have strong characters for this work. We can only help others to just the extent that our own hearts have been led to drink of the living water, which is Christ our Lord. We are much interested in the young people's work, and the meetings are interesting, and the effort is to make them helpful to all the members and others. Active work is being engaged in by many of the members, and others are uniting their efforts with them also in the work. We have a large number of isolated young people in Oklahoma; so we have formed a Young People's Society for those who are so situated that they can not belong to a local company. In the simple plans of work, we desire all to have a part. The presence of the parents at the meetings, their interest manifested in the work, add much to the general interest. Let all unite in the work, that much good may be accomplished. We are of excellent courage, and we hope to see satisfying results from the efforts our young people are putting forth to help others.

MRS. LAURA FIELD.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Number One

"I TELL you," said Robbie, eating his peach,
And giving his sister none,
"I believe in the good old saying that each
Should look out for Number One."

"Why, yes," answered Katie, wise little elf,
"But the counting should be begun
With the *other one* instead of yourself,
And *he* should be Number One."

— Charles R. Talbot.

The Bliss of Little Things

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing!

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend the fleetier,
If any bit of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love, and
care, and strength
To help my toiling
brother!

— Selected.

Teddy's "Why"

NOR even his auntie, who liked his picture taken in every possible way, and who thought him the handsomest boy in the world, would have cared for a photograph taken on this particular morning. It was not often that he looked cross, but this morning he did. His hair was in his eyes more than usual; he had one hand stuffed into his little pocket, where his mother did not like to see it, and he looked as though he did not care. The fact is, he had had a very great disappointment.

He had expected, on this spring morning, to be dressed in his second-best suit, and by this time of day be seated in the cars, whizzing over the country to Aunt Kate's house. Not that she was his true auntie, but a dear friend of mama's who had taught Button and him to call her auntie.

Button was Teddy's baby brother, who was never very far away from "Ted." Of course Button was not his real name, but he was such a fine roly-poly baby, with such a long name, John, that his father for short had named him Button, and Button I am afraid he will be called — perhaps until his hair begins to turn gray.

At Aunt Kate's there was to be a wedding, such as Ted had heard of, but never seen. Her eldest daughter was to be married, and the bridal train from the house to the church was to be preceded by a company of children, scattering flowers, and Ted was to have been one of them. Yet here he was in his everyday dress, with his shirt-waist a little short-waisted, showing a line of white where it shouldn't, looking forlornly out into the back yard, listening to the whistle of the out-going train, and feeling dismal generally. He had just had a talk with his mother, which, if you are told about it, will explain the situation.

"I don't see, mama, why you can't go; you aren't sick in bed."

"No, dear; but the doctor says that mama must

by no means venture out to-day; the air is not right for her, although it is so sunny. Mama has a sick lung, you know, and has to be very careful; and this cold which I have taken makes matters worse. I am very sorry, dear; it is a great disappointment to me as well as you. Aunt Kate and I were children together, and have loved each other through all these years. It seems so strange that she should have a daughter old enough to be married."

This mama said to herself, rather than to Ted; for he was staring gloomily out of the window, not seeming to hear all that she said. Presently he broke forth afresh.

"I don't think it's right, mama, anyhow. I don't mean it isn't right for you not to go; of course you could not go when the doctor said you must not, but —"

"Well, dear?" said mama encouragingly; she wanted to know all her boy's thoughts. "Who is it that isn't doing right, then? The doctor couldn't help my being sick, you know; and if he thought I ought not to go out, he should tell me."

"Of course; but God could have helped it.

and the carriage will go to the train to meet us, and it will be just dreadful!"

Whereupon Teddy's composure forsook him entirely, and he wailed out the last word in the midst of a rush of tears.

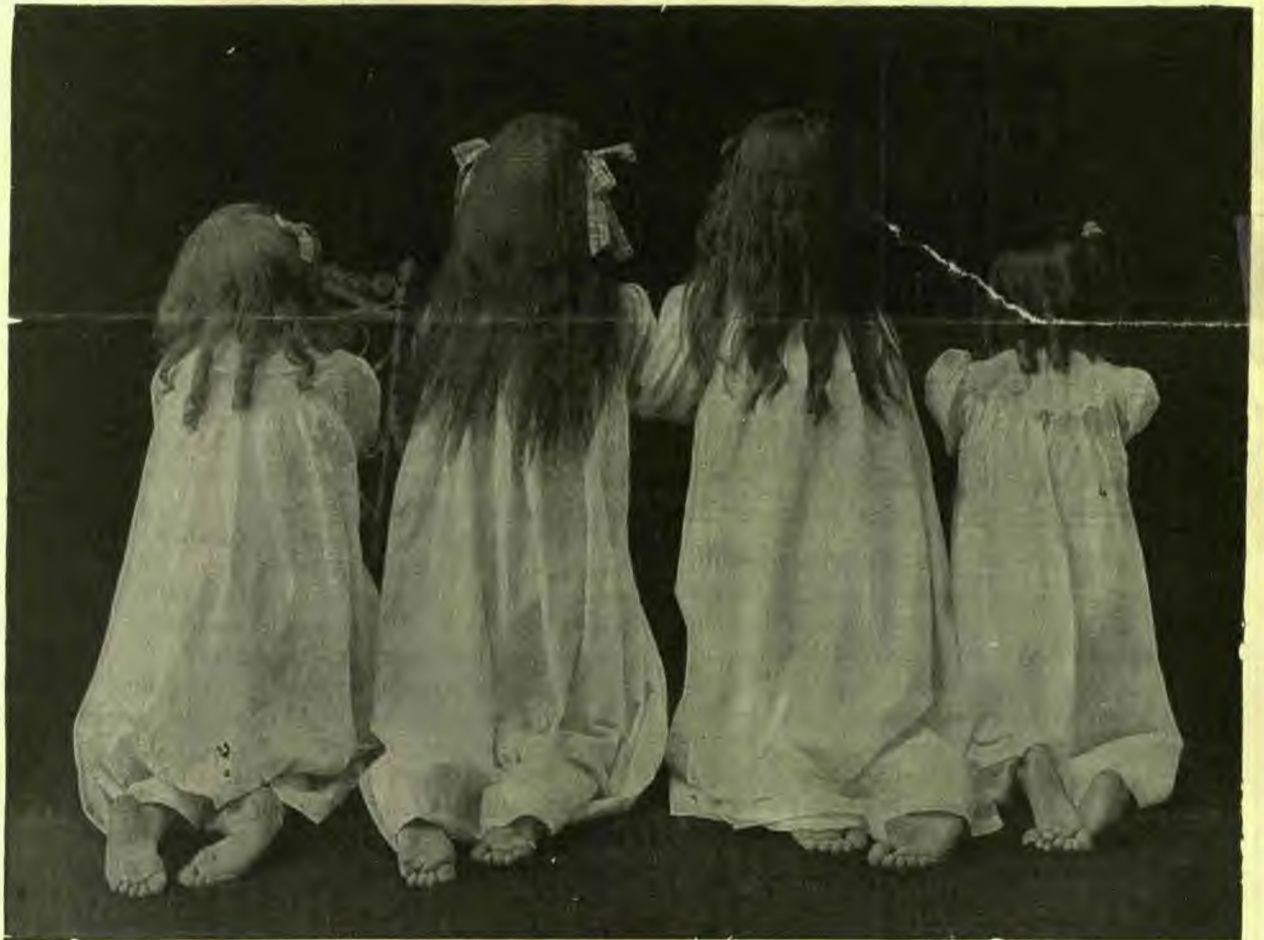
"Poor little Ted," said mama, looking after him as he dashed out of the room; "he is like the rest of us; he wants to know 'why'?"

The reason why I am telling you this story is because, before the day was done, Ted actually knew "why." Button had gone in to take his morning nap, and Teddy was trying to amuse himself as best he could, when he heard a clear, ringing voice shout at him from away down the street.

"Hurrah, Teddy! How are you, my man? Where is mama? She's at home, I hope."

Ted dropped the bit of board he was trying to whittle, and stared in astonishment. "Uncle Brad!" he managed to gasp out, at last.

"Yes, sir, Uncle Brad at your service. Just in on the mail train. Where is mama, pet? Quicker than a flash of lightning; I haven't much more time than the lightning has to-day."



"Suffer the Little Children to Come unto Me"

He could let you be well to-day, just as well as you were last week. I don't see why, if he loves you and me and all of us, he couldn't have let you go. We promised to go a long time ago, and he could have helped it just as easy! Wouldn't you have helped my being disappointed, mama, if you could?"

"Perhaps not, dear; not if I knew as much as God does. I suppose he knows a reason why it is a great deal better for me not to go; better for you, too, Teddy. Can not mother's little boy trust God?"

Teddy drew a long, discouraged sigh. "I suppose so," he said, forlornly; "but it would be easier, mama, if God would only show us sometimes why it is better for us not to have our own way, when it's a nice, good way, and other people want it, too. Aunt Kate will be so sorry that she will almost cry, because we are not there;

"She is in the house," said Ted, dropping his knife now, and leading the way quickly enough. The advent of Uncle Brad was a most unexpected luxury. No more delightful uncle lived than this handsome young man, who always had his pockets full of interesting things, and gave Ted and Button leave to rummage to their hearts' content.

Such a wonderful time as they had in the next few hours! Uncle Brad, though in a great hurry, had forgotten neither his pockets nor Ted's presents. The pockets were fuller than usual; all sorts of queer and delicious things were to be found there. Ted was so absorbed in them that he almost forgot to be amazed over the shortness of Uncle Brad's visit. But he did look up once from a strange new toy that he was trying to wind up, to repeat, "You are going on the express? Why, that goes at two o'clock."

"Yes, it does, my lad; a very early hour. But there is no help for it; I had exactly four hours to stay, and I resolved to make it. If you had been gone away, Nannie, what should I have done?"

"Nannie" was Uncle Brad's pet name for Ted's mama. He had his arm around her as he spoke, and her fair head rested on his shoulder—for though Uncle Brad was several years younger than his sister Nannie, she was such a frail, pale woman that she always seemed young and small to him.

Ted caught at the sentence, and looked over at them wonderingly. It occurred to him that Uncle Brad was not so jolly as usual, and mama, though her face was in a smile, had what Ted called "tear-eyes."

"Why, you could have come again," he said. "It isn't very far; it didn't take you but three hours to come, did it, Uncle Brad?"

"No, my boy; but it will take more than three hundred hours to come from where I shall be in a little while. I am going to China, Ted. Don't you want to go along?"

"To China?" said Ted, and he actually dropped the new toy that would wind up, and came over toward his uncle.

"Yes, sir, to China; going to be gone two whole years; think of that! And I had but four hours to say good-by in. What if you had all been gone away somewhere? It broke my heart to think of it, when I was coming along on the cars."

A sudden light flashed over Ted's face. He turned, and he and his mother exchanged significant glances. "I guess God knew all about it," said Ted, gravely.

"Yes," said mama, earnestly, "what would poor mama have done if she had gone away on the cars this morning, of all others? I wonder if my little boy will not try to remember that God always knows all about it?"—*Selected.*



An Afternoon on the Panama Canal

LEAVING the small town of La Boca early in the afternoon of one sultry day in November, our party, consisting of five, started out to see the wreck of the famous enterprise, the Panama Canal. We had heard much of the work on this canal, and therefore were anxious to see something of it. Although it is only about five miles in length—not including numerous branches which were made on either side of the main channel—there is much of interest to be observed in the remains of the great French project.

Having read of the alligators which abound in the swamps and marshes of the tropics, we wanted much to catch a glimpse of them at home. Two of the gentlemen carried firearms, hoping to find one of these interesting friends basking in the sun somewhere along our trip.

After rowing about one mile from the mouth of the bay, we came in sight of a magnificent dredger—one of the finest and best preserved on the Pacific side of the canal, having been made in France, and transported here at great expense. Sun and rain are rapidly doing their work on this structure, decaying the wood, and even penetrating the steel where the absence of paint left it unprotected.

The few Frenchmen who still guard the ruins look upon all strangers with suspicion, and it was only after much deliberation, that one of our number—a prominent gentleman in marine circles—convinced them that our intentions were only good. When satisfied that we entertained friendly feelings toward them, a most cordial reception was tendered us, accompanied by a de-

tailed description of the dredger as we were shown over the wreck.

After looking around for a short time, we rowed about a mile farther up the stream to the end of the main channel, where we ate our lunch. Entering a side cut, we soon found ourselves in one of those mountain streams which come rushing and tumbling over rocky steeps in their mad haste to reach the ocean. A mud bank hindered our progress for a short time, but after loosening the boat and rowing about for a half-hour, we started back to the town. Curious to see a number of wrecks in another side channel a quarter of a mile farther on, we were again enticed away from the main channel, although the tide was falling, and the side cut was very shallow. Here the tide sometimes rises to the height of twenty feet, and low tide leaves some of these channels entirely without water.

We had gone about a quarter of a mile from the main stream, when we suddenly ran aground. Scarcely had persistent effort freed us, until we found ourselves in mud again. This time no amount of exertion would liberate us, as the water had subsided until the bar of the channel was high—but not dry—and an impassable wall of mud about four feet high lay where we had just been rowing. In a few moments we were completely stranded in the center of the cut, with no hope of escape until the tide should come in again, which would not occur until about nine o'clock that evening. The prospect was not very pleasing, as it was only four, and the cloudy sky threatened a tropical "downpour." A suggestion to go overland was considered, but abandoned on account of the impenetrable thickets. We sat in the boat until it began to rain, when we determined to seek shelter on one of the nearest dredgers. To our consternation we found a strip of soft mud, nearly two hundred yards long and four feet deep, directly in our path. After a hard struggle, and a deal of fun mingled with our arduous efforts, we reached the welcome shelter only to find new enemies in waiting for us. Hordes of small gnats attacked our faces and mud-spattered limbs, nearly driving us crazy. Tearing the lining out of my coat sleeve, and dipping it in one of the oil cups of the machine, we started a fire, which finally drove the pests away. The hours dragged wearily on until nine, when the water came back as rapidly as it had gone. After another struggle with the elements, we reached our boat, and were soon on our homeward journey, arriving there about one hour later.

During the afternoon we saw five alligators, but secured none, and fortunately for us, they none.

Notwithstanding we experienced more than was anticipated when we started on our trip, we felt glad of the opportunity of seeing the canal that to-day is of interest to so large a part of the civilized world.

CARLTON CLAUD KELLAR.

Mayinza

To the northeast of the beautiful Victoria Falls, where bands of the warlike Mashakalumbé raid and plunder either friend or foe, in the summer of 1881 a little baby boy came to gladden the heart of his mother. He was a wee little thing, with big black eyes and coal-black hair. There were no garments ready for him, so his mother wrapped him in skins.

He was called Mayinza, summer, as he was born at the time of the warm season.

When Mayinza was about two weeks old, his mother took him out in the garden with her to dig. He was tied on her back with a skin. If you could have seen him then with the hot sun shining on his bare little head, continually bobbing about as his mother was at her work, you would have thought that his brains would never be of any use. However, he soon grew to be a fine fat boy with shy, laughing eyes.

As he grew older and began to walk, he would play about with other children, just as careless and happy as himself; while his mother was at her work, either digging or cooking, and his father was raiding some neighboring village or fighting the Matabele.

Our next visit to this dirty, untidy village will be in the winter of 1888. Mayinza has grown to be a tall, thin boy of about seven years. We find him herding his father's goats. While doing this he and other little boys, who are also herding, amuse themselves by getting clay and making oxen, sheep, and goats.

Very early one morning a cry of alarm was given. The blood-thirsty Matabele had surrounded the village, and were killing all the men who could not escape, and taking the women and children captives.

Mayinza's mother made her escape, but finding that her son was among the captives, returned, and gave herself up to become a slave that she might be with her child. They now bade farewell to all that was dear to them, and started on the long journey to the south.

Mayinza and his mother were given to a soldier who lived about twenty-five miles from where our mission farm is now located.

They remained here but two or three months, when Mayinza's mother determined to take her son and make their way home if possible. They had gone about eighty miles when they were captured by a band of raiders, and taken to a village, where they were shut up in a hut for several days.

His mother now gave up all hope of ever being able to return home. She gave Mayinza the name of his father, and told him when he grew to be a man, he might be able to return to his home. At this place there were two villages near together, and one day the men took his mother out and whipped her from one to the other. This was done until she was nearly exhausted, when a man came and took her away with him. This was the last that Mayinza ever saw or heard of his mother. He does not know whether the man took her away from pity, or whether he killed her.

Soon after this some people took Mayinza back to his old master. He was here when the English took the country, and when we arrived at the mission station.

His master joined the rebels at the time of the Matabele rebellion in 1897. Their village was plundered by the Makalanas, who were helping the English. Mayinza was again taken captive. This time he was brought nearer to the mission. During the famine of 1897, Mayinza first visited our mission. He was on his way to Buluwayo to find work. It was at the time when our oxen were dying of the rinderpest, and he joined the hungry people in eating the dead carcasses of the animals. He carried a load of fowls to town for Elder Tripp.

When he reached town, he found work with a coolie, where he acquired a taste for gardening. He then worked a short time for an Irish policeman. When not in his usual drunken condition, the policeman would urge Mayinza to go to the missionary and learn about God. He told him, although he himself did not obey God, that it was much better to do so. This made a lasting impression on Mayinza's mind.

From here he spent nearly two years with a prospector, going about the country digging holes, as he expresses it.

It was this prospector that gave him the name Jim, by which he is known at the mission, and by which he has been previously introduced to the INSTRUCTOR readers.

After finishing his work with this prospector, he spent four days with his old master. He then came to the mission and told Mr. Anderson that he wanted to remain with us and learn to read. This was in October of 1898. He remained here until the last of the following May, when he went to town and worked two months. Brother Mead persuaded him to return again to the mission.

Jim had attended school while in town, so he had not forgotten what he had learned while with us. From this time Jim has been one of our most faithful boys, and has truly grown in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth. He has always seemed to drink in God's Word as the parched earth does the refreshing showers of rain.

On June 25, 1901, Jim was baptized, and has ever since led a consistent Christian life.

Nov. 10, 1902, he was married. He has huts built by a kepje near our homes, and is an example to the people in neatness and order in the home and surroundings.

A few weeks ago a little girl came to gladden his home. She was named after the great grandmother of king David.

In his separation from his home and loved ones, Jim, like Jacob, thought, "All these things are against me." He did not see the hand of God leading him out of darkness so that the bright rays of the gospel could shine into his heart.

Do we always when passing through trials remember that God is leading us where he can reveal more of himself to us, or do we murmur at the roughness of the way chosen for us?

You will not wonder when I tell you that the greatest desire of Jim's heart is to return to the home of his childhood, and take the gospel to his own people. MRS. W. H. ANDERSON.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII—Solomon's Idolatry and His Death

(March 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Eccl. 12:13.

The reign of Solomon did not end as gloriously as it began. He walked in the good ways of his father David, but he also followed him in one way that was not good, although he knew of the trouble it had brought to David. "King Solomon loved many strange women." He took a multitude of wives, not from his own people, but from among the heathen, of whom God had said, "Ye shall not go in to them, neither shall they come in unto you: for surely they will turn away your heart after their gods."

First Solomon married the daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the dark, idolatrous land from which God had delivered Israel. Then he took women from the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians, and Hittites, until he had seven hundred wives. Perhaps he trusted to his great wisdom to save him from being influenced by them, and thought through them to spread the knowledge of God to the nations from which he had taken them. But in this thing he was disobeying God, and we must not do evil that good may come. It came to pass just as God had said: instead of his wives being converted to the worship of Jehovah, they turned away his heart from God to the worship of their idols.

The Lord had exalted Solomon in the eyes of all the nations that he might make known to them the power and glory of his own name. When Solomon was led away by his wives to worship their gods, the nations had reason to think that the wise king had found that their gods were as good or better than Jehovah, the God of Israel.

So the influence of Solomon's idolatry was widely felt.

God was grieved and displeased with Solomon, for he had twice appeared to him and told him not to go after other gods, and what would be the consequence if he did. He said that he would rend the kingdom from him, and give it to his servant. But for David's sake he would not do it in Solomon's days, but in the days of his son; and he would also leave to the house of David one part, for the sake of Jerusalem which he had chosen. God had given to Solomon a reign of peace, but now he suffered adversaries to rise against him and trouble him.

Among the servants of Solomon was a man named Jeroboam, who was in favor with the king because he was industrious. One day Jeroboam was walking along the way with a new garment on, when the prophet Ahijah met him. The prophet took off Jeroboam's new mantle and tore it into twelve parts, representing the twelve tribes of Israel. Ten of these pieces he gave to Jeroboam, signifying that God would give him ten of the tribes of Israel, and he should rule over them, according to all that was in his heart. If he should be true to God, God would be with him and establish his house. But if not, he also should be cast off. The other two pieces of the garment represented the two tribes that should be kept for David's sake for the son of Solomon.

The prophet told Jeroboam that Solomon should reign over Israel all the days of his life. But Jeroboam seems not to have been content to wait, like David, for God's time to give him the kingdom; for we are told that "he lifted up his hand against the king." When Solomon sought to kill him because of this, he fled into Egypt.

Although the reign of Solomon ended in gloom, yet we have reason to believe that in his last days he repented of his sin and turned to God. It was then that he wrote the book of Ecclesiastes, telling of his search after wisdom and also after folly. In the last words of this remarkable book, he sums it all up in the following memorable words written especially for the young:—

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

Questions

1. In what evil practise did Solomon follow the example of David? What instruction had God given the Israelites about marriage with the heathen? What did he say would be the result of it?
2. What influence did Solomon's wives have upon him? What did he do for them? What effect did this have upon the nations?
3. What calamity came upon Solomon as the result of his sin? To whom was the prophet Ahijah sent with a message from God? Tell how he delivered his message.
4. Why did not God take the whole kingdom from Solomon? How much was left to the house of David? What reason have we to think that Jeroboam was not content to wait until Solomon's death? What did Solomon seek to do to Jeroboam? Where did Jeroboam take refuge?
5. What did Solomon write after his repentance? Of what does he tell in this book? In what words does he sum up our whole duty?



XII—The Standing up of Michael

(March 19)

Questions

1. WHAT is the significance of the last verse of Daniel 11?
2. When this prophecy is fulfilled, what is to

occur in the heavenly sanctuary? Dan. 12:1.

3. What does the expression "stand up" mean? Note 1.

4. Who is Michael? Compare 1 Thess. 4:16, Jude 9, John 5:25, 28; note 2.

5. How will the time of trouble at the standing up of Michael compare with the experiences of the past? Dan. 12:1.

6. Upon whom will it come?—Evidently upon the whole world; for the nation instead of God's people is mentioned; but out of this trouble the children of God are to be delivered.

7. Since Christ ceases his ministry before the time of trouble, what will be the nature of the wrath of God that is poured out? Rev. 14:10. The wrath of God all through the ages has been mingled with mercy. But when Christ's ministry ceases in the heavenly sanctuary, mercy will be withdrawn.

8. In what manner will the wrath of God be poured out just before the end? Rev. 15:1.

9. What promise has the Lord given that reaches to that time? Ps. 91:7, 9, 10.

10. What did the angel tell Daniel would be the experience of God's people? Dan. 12:1.

11. How will it be determined who shall be delivered at this time? Dan. 12:1.

12. Whose names will be retained in the book of life? Rev. 3:5.

13. What is great cause for rejoicing? Luke 10:20.

14. What will be the fate of those whose names shall then have been blotted out of the book of life? Rev. 20:15.

15. To what events then do the first two verses of Daniel 12 bring us? Note 3.

16. What two classes are especially mentioned in this closing time? What promise is made concerning these? Dan. 12:3.

Notes

1. The significance of the expression is furnished in the interpretation of verses two and three in chapter eleven. "There shall stand up yet three kings in Persia." "A mighty king shall stand up that shall rule with great dominion." These plainly show that the expression "stand up" in the verse under consideration must mean to take the kingdom, to reign. At that time Michael shall stand up, shall take the kingdom, shall begin his reign.

Christ is reigning now, associated with his Father; but when his work as High Priest closes, he takes his own kingdom.—"Thoughts on Daniel."

2. Michael is called in Jude the archangel. This means the chief angel, or the head over the angels. There is but one; and he is the one whose voice is heard from heaven when the dead are raised. 1 Thess. 4:16. And that voice is the voice of our Lord Jesus Christ. John 5:28. Then Michael, the great prince, who stands for God's people, is none other than our Saviour the Lord Jesus. He is the Prince of Life.—"Thoughts on Daniel."

3. Verse 2 evidently brings us to the resurrection, showing that the standing up of Michael is followed soon after by the deliverance of God's people from the land of the enemy. The significance of the details brought out in the first three verses of Daniel 12 are presented in an interesting manner in "Thoughts on Daniel." The vital question in the study of this lesson is the nearness of the end, and our preparation to stand in the time of trouble. But the encouraging thought is that Jesus still stands to plead our cases; and now, even to-day, he is ready to receive us, if we turn to him. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." We can not afford to wait until to-morrow. The richness of knowing Jesus is worth all that apparently would keep any one from seeking him. With him in our hearts, like David, we shall be ready to say to others, "O, taste and see that the Lord is good," and the promise of Dan. 12:3 will be ours.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE M. DICKERSON EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	---	---	---	---	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	---	---	---	---	.40
THREE MONTHS	---	---	---	---	.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	---	---	---	---	1.25
CLUB RATES					
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	---	---	---	---	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " " " "	---	---	---	---	.50
100 or more " " " " " "	---	---	---	---	.45

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

IN order to prevent delays, and to facilitate business, all money orders for the INSTRUCTOR, and all communications relating to subscriptions should be addressed simply, Youth's Instructor, 222 North Capitol St., Washington, D. C., and not to the editor of the paper. Will our friends kindly observe this request?

A NEW chart has been published by Brother F. E. Belden, entitled "The Dark Ages and the Dark Day." It is printed on cloth, size 36 x 48, and is designed to illustrate such subjects as the change of the Sabbath, the 1260 years, the last-day signs, etc. The price is 90 cents, postpaid, including a copy of the booklet "At the Door." It may be obtained of the publisher, F. E. Belden, Battle Creek, Mich.—*Review*.

A Word Just to the Boys and Girls

I IMAGINE the author of the article "Around the Work-Table" would be pleased to learn how many have constructed the various things he has taken the pains to give you the secret of making; and he would like to know, too, whether you were successful. Elder Thompson, I am sure, would like to know whether you have read carefully his very important and interesting articles on the truths of the third angel's message; he would like to know, too, what good they have done you; so would we.

The author of the stories on history would be interested to learn whether by reading the articles, you have been inspired to read some good books on history. Dr. Reed, who is anxious to have all understand clearly the invisible things by the visible—the common things with which we daily have to do—would like to know whether his articles have helped any to a clearer view of God's eternal power and love.

We would be glad to learn that Mrs. Loper's excellent articles on reading had made some of you choose more carefully your books for reading.

Then, too, there may be some question you would like to have answered, then again the editor may have some question she would like to have you answer; for example, Why is a marble bust of Kosciusco in the Capitol? In what respect does the marble from Tennessee, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Vermont differ? These varieties are all found in the Capitol.

From what I have already written, do you not think it would be a good plan to have a corner in some page of the INSTRUCTOR devoted to questions and answers, and to letters from our readers? If you think so, send in answers at once to the questions I have suggested. Some of the best and most prompt responses we will print in

an early number of the INSTRUCTOR. Who will be the first?

I am sure that some of the older readers will feel impressed to learn what secrets are being given to the boys and girls; so I shall now say a word to you. A letter received the other day made more impressive a plan that had already been suggested to those in charge of the work, namely, that of devoting one corner of the paper to personal talks with our readers—a corner in which we shall learn directly from you what lines of thought you have been the most interested in, and what you would like to have appear in the columns of the INSTRUCTOR. It is your paper, you are the ones to be pleased; therefore let us hear suggestions at once. The letter to which we referred, spoke of the pleasure and great good the young people of the Sabbath-school had gotten from carrying out the suggestion relative to "Bible Story Telling" that had been given in the INSTRUCTOR.

Suggestions already received from friends have been appreciated. Now we hope to hear from others.

The Baltimore Fire

FIRES, wrecks, dreadful casualties of all kinds, wars, and rumors of war, are coming as never before to be an expected part of the daily program. Scarcely had the tones of the funeral knell of the dead at Chicago's theater died away, before the flames were seen rising from Baltimore's almost unparalleled fire.

A graphic description of the catastrophe as seen by an eye-witness, was given in the *Washington Post*. A few paragraphs only from this article can be given here:—

"You can not imagine it; you can not imagine it," he kept repeating.

"I have seen big fires in New York and Chicago," he said, "when block after block would fall before the sweep of the flames, but nothing that approached in terrible fury the catastrophe that fell upon Baltimore to-day. The flames swept down the streets with the onward rush and fury of a tidal wave. Great billows of fire two hundred feet in height would fill the space between the buildings, and, sweeping from side to side, would blot out of existence a skyscraper as if it were a box of matches.

"The Union Trust building and the Atlantic Trust building shared this fate. One moment they stood in the stately beauty of stone and marble; a moment later and they were not. The flames would dash against their sides, beat in the massive walls, leap from windows and roofs and—then would come the collapse. The Union Trust building, one of the handsomest in the country, seemed to my mind to vanish almost as I looked.

"The city was a mass of whirling, burning, blinding embers. In the *Sun* office, where we sat at work over our desks, the copy paper would burn as we wrote. In the streets the embers fell in sheets, and rose and fell again, as the swift wind carried them along. Everywhere were drawn and anguished faces, and the marks of desolation."

This Will Interest You

THE Correspondence School for Nurses connected with the Sanitarium Medical Missionary Training School will begin a new class the first of April, 1904. Lessons are sent weekly to students who are unable to leave home duties in order to take a regular course at one of our sanitariums. This is the sixth year this work has been in progress, and hundreds are availing themselves of it. One who desires to do Bible or missionary work or canvassing can not afford to miss this opportunity. Studies in eleven subjects are given, among which Christian Help work and the care and treatment of the sick are prominent.

Our lessons have recently been rewritten and enlarged, and are in every way improved.

The tuition fee is six dollars for the entire course. This amount is to cover the cost of sending out lessons, correcting the replies, and returning the reports to the pupils. The few textbooks required for this work are furnished at the actual cost price. We shall organize a new class in April, which will continue one year. By taking double lessons, some students finish in six months. We shall be glad to hear from all who are interested. A descriptive circular giving full particulars, also testimonials from those who have taken the course, will be sent free on application. Address Correspondence Department, Sanitarium Training School, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Senator Hanna**A Brief Survey of His Career**

MARCUS A. HANNA, Senior Senator from Ohio, died Monday evening, February 15, at Washington, from typhoid fever. Senator Hanna had suffered severely from an attack of grip since the middle of December, but had managed to keep at his work till February 3, when he collapsed. During the next ten days he sank rapidly, and during the last two or three days life was kept in him only by use of the most powerful supporting agencies known to science.

It is a favorite saying with us that here in America a man can mount from the lowest station to the highest. Senator Hanna's career affords a striking example of the truth of this boast. He was born in 1837 at New Lisbon, Ohio, his father being a country merchant. The family later moved to Cleveland, where the elder Hanna became a groceryman. At fifteen, young Hanna chose to become a clerk in his father's store. Though his standing at first was exactly the same as that of the other clerks, he soon showed evidence of his remarkable business ability, and in time became the head of the concern, which had developed into the wholesale field. He entered the firm of his father-in-law, who was in the coal and iron trade, as junior partner. Ten years later he was senior partner. Under Mr. Hanna's business direction the firm had a marvelous growth. It gradually came to own iron and coal mines, steamship lines, docks and furnaces, and Mr. Hanna found himself amassing millions. Mr. Hanna was the head of this firm till the time of his death.

Mr. Hanna entered politics about thirty-five years ago, and gradually became a conspicuous figure in Ohio. He first came into national prominence in 1895, when he undertook the management of McKinley's candidacy for the presidential nomination of the Republican party. It was largely through Mr. Hanna's astute generalship that the convention was brought to nominate Mr. McKinley. Mr. Hanna showed such ability in this pre-election campaign that the National Committee made him chairman of the Campaign Executive Committee. The prominence he attained by the successful management of the campaign secured for him the appointment to the United States Senate.

The rest of Senator Hanna's career is so fresh in mind that it does not need to be told. Since he took his seat in the Senate, he has been, aside from the president and the cabinet officers, the most prominent figure in American politics.

Though on occasions we have criticized Senator Hanna, we do not hesitate to pronounce him one of the ablest and most thoroughly sincere men that have appeared in recent politics. He was deeply interested in the problem of the relation between capital and labor, and his work with the Civic Federation to promote harmony between the two will stand among his most praiseworthy achievements. In Senator Hanna the Republican party has lost a great leader, and the United States a valuable citizen.—*Week's Progress*.