

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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A Recipe for a Day

TAKE a little dash of water cold,
And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of morning gold,
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment,
And a thought for kith and kin,
And then, as your prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in.

And spice it all with the essence of love,
And a little whiff of play;
Let a wise old book, and a glance above,
Complete the well-made day.

— Amos R. Wells.

A Short Visit to Santa Fe



AN interesting city of the United States is Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. The city is situated in a valley on both sides of the Santa Fe Creek, at an elevation of six thousand eight hundred sixty-

two feet above the sea. The valley, which is irrigated by the creek running through it, is surrounded by high mountains. It is claimed that the climate of this city is unsurpassed for health and comfort. The mean temperature for July, the warmest month of the year, is seventy degrees, and for January, the coldest month, twenty-eight degrees, while the average humidity of the atmosphere is only a little more than half what it is for the Eastern States, and the sun smiles upon the people almost constantly. These natural advantages, therefore, make Santa Fe a great health resort for consumptives, and some remarkable cures have been wrought by its admirable climate.

If any one expects to see a modern city on coming to Santa Fe, he will be disappointed. There is nothing up to date in the plain wooden building painted red, with the words Santa Fe on one end in small white letters, nor in the large, barren, sandy tract of land forming the grounds of the three railroad stations, nor in the narrow, unpaved streets, with their sidewalks not more than three feet wide, nor in the one-story adobe houses. These things are more than compensated for, however, by the quiet and restfulness of the city, so different from the bustle and noise of the typical city of the United States. The houses with few exceptions are built of mud bricks eighteen inches long and four inches thick, baked in the sun. The roofs are formed of logs, slanting toward the street. The houses are plastered both on the inside and outside with a thick layer of mud, and furnished with a rain-trough emptying on the street, which gives the passer-by more trouble than the rain. The houses look very pretty, how-

ever, with their lace curtains, and Indian pots filled with blooming flowers, and there is no window without these attractions.

They are appreciated all the more because the dry climate and sandy soil do not make friends easily with the fair blossoms; for Santa Fe has not California's productiveness, which is so phenomenal that the pedestrian is advised as he stops to chat a moment with a friend not to place his umbrella handle on the ground, lest it take root and grow. The inside of the houses are whitewashed, and kept scrupulously clean. All of the principal business houses, which are modern two-story brick buildings, front on the three sides of the plaza, or public square. On the fourth side is the old adobe palace which has been the Executive Mansion since 1680, under the Spanish, Mexican, and United States rule. It is now used for government business, the governor having a new

claimed, were painted in 1287 A. D. Although they are so old, the features of the faces are more distinct than those of others adorning the walls that were painted several hundred years later. The old bell, the Saint Joseph, which was cast in August, 1356, is now inside of the church, where it was placed when the tower was blown down. The bell gives out a different tone wherever it is struck. The adobe house to the left of the church is said to be the oldest dwelling-house in America. It has been recently added to the church property. There has been built a large, stone Catholic church to take the place of the old; but so far only the younger generation has been persuaded to worship in the new building, the older persisting in going to the old church. There are also several Protestant churches in Santa Fe.

The population of the city consists of about



THE PLAZA, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

mansion on Palace Avenue, built of adobe bricks, but furnished with all modern improvements. The beautiful capitol, land-office, and the fine large penitentiary are modern in style. The plaza, which contains an area of two and one-half acres, is filled with beautiful trees, mostly cottonwoods. Here, during the middle of the day, when it is too warm to work, the men gather in the refreshing shade of the trees to talk and rest.

On Sunday and holiday evenings almost the entire city come here, dressed in their best, to promenade, while the band plays. It is claimed that the San Miguel Catholic church on the outskirts of the city is the oldest church in America. According to some accounts it was erected in 1582, and according to others in 1545. The walls of adobe bricks are from three to five feet thick, which made it a good fortress during the Indian insurrections. The church when first built had no seats, the communicants using the floor. Some of the old Indian squaws during mass now prefer to sit on the floor rather than on the seats. The two pictures, one on either side of the altar, it is

eight thousand Mexicans, a mixed race of Indian and Spanish blood, and two thousand Americans. There are a few of the Castilian families, who are fairer of complexion than the Mexicans. The Mexicans are small, very dark, with straight, black hair, and dark-brown or black eyes. Though lacking in physical energy, they must be rather logical in their thinking, for it is said they make good jurors, and can be depended upon for arriving at a clear and honest decision — more than can be said of many courts presided over by those fairer in face. Though as a race they are exceptionally hale and hearty, there are many cripples among them; from what cause is not known.

They are a quiet people, even the women giving little time to conversation or to gossip. For real kindness and courtesy to strangers, I do not believe the people of Santa Fe can be surpassed.

While they are citizens of the United States, and the courts and all public business is conducted in the English language, yet the language of the people is a mixture of Spanish and Indian that seems to be fairly well understood by all.

Pure Spanish is spoken by some of the old residents.

All during the day on Sunday the streets are gay with the bright ribbons of the women and the girls, no number of colors being too many, nor any bright color being slighted. As there are very few horses in New Mexico, owing to the rocky mountain paths, the burro, or donkey, is used to carry all burdens, which are tied to a small saddle. When a man rides on one of these little animals, he has to hold his feet up, else they would touch the ground. Owing to the physical conditions of the country, the burro is a necessity, adding much to the prosperity and comfort of the Mexican life. There is an Indian village of Pueblo Indians about twelve miles from Santa Fe. The people of this tribe still retain most of their old customs, the

women wearing their blankets and white leather leggings; the men, however, aspire to the white man's apparel, but rarely wear the whole suit at once.

Notwithstanding their adherence to old customs, they have a Yankee's love for the dollar, no Indian chief even being willing to sit for his picture for less.

LOUIS R. SWIFT.



BURRO ALLEY

When John's wife died, Chaucer wrote a story told in allegory, "The Book of the Duchess." He had already shown his power of writing excellent verse by the translation he had made from a celebrated French poem, "Le Roman de la Rose."

Soon after this Chaucer was sent on a mission to Genoa and Florence, a journey which proved to be a great advantage, for he made the acquaintance of Petrarch, the Italian poet, and thus learned to know the works of Dante and Boccaccio. This was of great help to Chaucer, for upon knowing more of the Italian writers, his own composition became richer. However, he lost none of his own sturdy individuality and fresh, pure style.

Upon his return to England he was given a very important position; and both the king and John of Gaunt granted him certain allowances and privileges, so that in worldly affairs he prospered.

But all this good fortune did not cause him to become idle, nor to forget his writings. He still continued to work upon some of his poems.

In honor of John of Gaunt's second marriage, he wrote "The Parliament of Fowles." This, with "The Book of the Duchess," connected as they were with the royal family, confirmed Chaucer's reputation as a writer of verse.

In 1359 he went with Edward III in an invasion, and was captured by the French, but was ransomed by the king for sixteen pounds.

After his return to England he married the queen's maid-of-honor, Philippa Rouet, whose sister became the wife of John of Gaunt.

Chaucer was small and slender in stature, looked upon the ground as he walked, and seemed absent or distracted in manner. He was a diligent student, and although passionately fond of books, he had a still greater love of nature.

His poetic soul responded to the beauties of the morning landscape, the matin carols of the birds, and the glories of the rising sun. The Maytime was his favorite season, and long before Burns and Wordsworth, he loved and sang of the daisy. The sight of this little flower as it opened to the sun lightened his sorrow,—

"And down on knees anon right I me set
And as I could this fresh flower I gette,
Kneeling always till it unclosed was,
Upon the small, and soft, and sweete grass."

What is more spontaneous and characteristic of the poet than such joyous outbursts as the following?—

"Herkeneth these blisful briddes how they singe
And see the fresshe floures how they springe:
Ful is myn hert of revel and solas."

Not less evident is Chaucer's high estimation of women, and his perception of a sacred bond, spiritual and indestructible, in true marriage between man and woman. Of all the flowers in the mead, the daisy, "the emperice and flour of floures alle," was Chaucer's favorite, because to

him it was the fit representative of the "trouthe of womanhede." As one man says, "Ditties in praise of the marguerite, or daisy, were popular with the French fashionable poets; but none of them, like Chaucer, among all their allegorical dreamings, ever thought of celebrating in that flower an emblem of womanly truth and purity, wearing its crown, as a gentle, innocent, devoted wife."

Chaucer says that there is nothing which can take him from his reading,—

"Save, certainly, when that month of May
Is come and I hear the fowles singe,
And see the floures as they begin to spring,
Farwel my book, and my devocioun!"

In his description of nature you can not only see the objects he describes, but you believe at once in the sincerity of his love for them. You know it to be genuine, and besides he makes you see as he sees, feel as he feels.

That Chaucer was a genius, a scholar, and a pure-minded man, no one can deny. He was a keen and sympathetic observer of men. Never has he been excelled in portraiture. No other piece of literature possesses such a portrait gallery as is contained in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

He knew well the life of the common people, and from his writings one can see he was more interested in their customs and manners than he was in ways of people of higher life. He was a favorite everywhere, and knew how with his writings to please all classes of society. His poems were stories which in themselves were of little account, but incidentally gave a living picture of the people of his day, including all classes from the highest to the lowest. The actors pass before one as living realities. He hears them talk, he sees them smile, he knows just how they are dressed, he knows their spirit and bearing as he does that of his friends with whom he is daily associated.

To many other admirable traits we may add that of Chaucer's courage in misfortune. His cheerful humor never deserted him. In his latter years he was sometimes without money, but instead of repining, he made a song to his empty purse,—

"I am sorry now that ye be so light,
For certes ye now make me heavy cheer."

But it is to the Canterbury Tales that Chaucer owes his fame and rank as the first poet of modern English literature, and in this work—the result of years of labor and study—the genius and power of the poet are most strongly expressed. The

Tales are a collection of stories related by certain pilgrims who rode together in true English fellowship to worship and pay their vows at the shrine of the "holy and blisful martyr," Thomas a Becket.

Chaucer's death occurred Oct. 25, 1400. On the bank of the noble river by which he was born and bred, on which for years his daily life was spent, our great early poet passed away. As he was at least sixty when he died, he was justly entitled to the epithets, old and reverent.

Goeffrey Chaucer was the first English poet or writer to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and just as Edward the Confessor's tomb drew kings and queens to lie around it, so Chaucer's grave, in a way undreamed of at the time, consecrated one part of Westminster as the Poet's Corner.

Very fitting is it that he who has been so



UNITED STATES BUILDINGS, SANTA FE



A Brief Sketch of the Life of Geoffrey Chaucer



SOMETIME between the dates of 1328 and 1340 there was born in London, England, a boy who was destined to become the father of English poetry, the most polished and versatile writer of the fourteenth century. This was Geoffrey Chaucer, of whom Tennyson says:—

"The first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

Of Chaucer's early life we know but little. His home was by the Thames, and here the poet spent his earliest days. Near here he must have gone to school. Out of school and after play the boy would probably often help his father in his wine-shop and cellar, running errands and filling citizens' pots with the wine desired.

Young men in Chaucer's time usually finished their education at some university; and records say that Chaucer attended Cambridge and Oxford, afterward going to Paris to complete his study.

In 1357 he became a page in the household of Prince Lionel, third son of Edward III. His cheerfulness and straight-forward simplicity soon won him promotion, and he was made esquire to Edward III, who spoke of him as his "beloved valet," and trusted him well enough to send him on many important missions. His especial friend at court, however, was John of Gaunt, the king's brother. This friendship remained unbroken for forty years.

justly named the "poet of the dawn, the founder of our fair language, the father of English poetry," should rest when his life's work was ended near to others with whose honored names our early history is studded.

RUTH M. DIBBELL.

Nature Study

It has been said that the days of miracles are past, but in reality there are countless miracles presented to our view every day. We may look to the heavens above or to the earth beneath; we may fix our eyes upon starry firmament, or upon the green fields and forests that spread themselves like a carpet over hill and vale and plain; we may examine the sand and clay and rocks upon which we tread, the myriad creatures that inhabit the streams and rivers and lakes and oceans, or the beasts and birds and creeping things to be found in all parts of the earth; and wherever we turn, all around and above and beneath us, in earth and sea and sky, everything that we behold is a miracle. We may bring to our aid the microscope and the telescope, opening to our view the wonders of the very minute, and bringing within the range of our vision the inconceivably far distant, and still all that we see remains a miracle, an unfathomable mystery.

All created beings tell of the matchless wisdom and love and power of our God. There is a voice in nature that speaks lessons of heavenly wisdom and ever-enduring truth. In that excellent book that we all love so well, "Christ's Object Lessons," I read, "Nature is the mirror of divinity."

When sin entered the world, man was deprived of the privilege of seeing God face to face, but still he may behold the divine power by looking into the mirror of divinity.

The Saviour desires us to read the lessons of his love and wisdom in every lily of the field, in every fragrant rose, in every majestic tree, and even in every spire of grass that grows beneath our feet. There are wonderful truths wrapped up in the things that God has made, truths that are ready to unfold themselves to every diligent student.

As we open nature's book, and with careful, prayerful study, seek to know the truth, the Spirit of God, that blessed "Spirit of Truth," often flashes conviction into the mind like the full blaze of the noonday sun shining forth from behind a cloud of midnight darkness. "Unless the mind has become too dark to know God, the eye too dim to see him, the ear too dull to hear his voice, a deeper meaning is grasped" than can be received through any line of logical reasoning, and sublime, spiritual truths are impressed upon the heart.

But fallen man too often does not understand, and in some cases seems determined not to understand. Human vision has become obscured by sin, and many are unable to interpret nature without placing it above God, and so perverting its teaching that the mind is turned away from the Creator. Others think only of her financial treasures. Far too many of us when we look upon the fields of waving grain, see there nothing but sacks of wheat or oats, in the meadows nothing but so many tons of hay, in the woods only planks and boards for houses, or a favorable place for the wretched sport of hunting.

To Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, nature was a constant teacher. Every natural object was full of the knowledge of God, overflowing with divine instruction. They held communion with the grass and flowers and trees, receiving from each the secret of its life.

Then sin entered the world, and the original brightness departed from the face of nature, but even in the blighted condition in which we find the earth to-day, God's object-lessons have not been obliterated. Rightly understood, nature still speaks of the Creator. The famous English poet, Alfred Tennyson, once said:—

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

When Christ came to this earth and walked among men as one of their number, there were few who could read the character of God in the works of his hands. Man had almost lost sight of the wonderful lessons that God designed he should learn from the book of nature. One object of Christ in coming to this world was to withdraw the veil that sin had cast over nature's fair face, that we might be able to see the spiritual glory, the divine truth, that God designed all created things should reflect.

As the Saviour led his disciples through the fields and groves, by the lake shore, or on the mountainside, and called their attention to the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field, the waving grain and the spreading vine, his words placed the teachings of nature in a new and glorious light, making them the instructive object-lessons of faith in God.

In every natural object the Creator has written his message of wisdom and love and power. In these messages there are comfort and peace for the worried and perplexed, hope and rejoicing for the despondent and sorrowful, and lessons of simplicity and purity for the youth.

When we as Christians come close to nature's heart, we come close to nature's God; and our minds are drawn away from sin and distressing, anxious cares, to the contemplation of the beautiful, the true, and the good, which leads us ever onward and upward, toward purity, peace, and God.

I quote the following words from the poet Wordsworth:—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

Nature is a great lesson book, but in the hands of those who know not its Author, its teachings are misinterpreted. Happy indeed will be the day when the gospel minister shall be the interpreter of nature, instead of leaving it to the ungodly and the atheistic; when he who deals out the bread of life to hungry multitudes shall be able to show to the people the thoughts of the infinitely wise and good Creator embodied in the universe. This applies as well to Sabbath-school teachers and other missionary workers as to the gospel minister.

B. E. CRAWFORD.



AROUND THE WORK-TABLE

Simple Telephones and How to Make Them

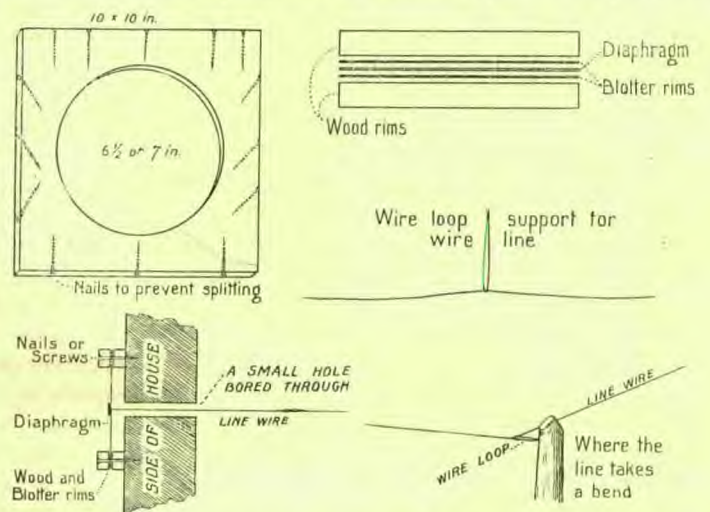
Boys, would you like to make a telephone this week? Sound is exceedingly accommodating, and will work with very crude apparatus, so we will make an attempt.

This telephone we are going to construct, if you make it right and do everything just as I tell you, will work well to a distance of half a

mile, and if you are very careful indeed, to a distance of two or three miles. However, you would better not lay your plans for anything but a short line, and you will be more than pleased. Say, for instance, you want to connect your house with that of your friend—how interesting it will be some evening when you want to call up Jack. Tap, tap, tap! goes your pencil on the diaphragm of your 'phone. Tap, tap, tap! comes the answer back. It sounds loud and clear, and would call you from any place. "Hello! Is that you, Jack? All right—how do you work the twenty-first in that arithmetic the teacher gave us to-day? It almost seems that I had worked on it a week here to-night, and I can't get it yet——" and so on till Jack knows just what you want, and the two of you put your heads together half a mile apart, and work it all out.

The Things You Will Need

Go first to some slaughter-house and get two beef bladders, or, if they are not to be had, take any other kind that are offered, providing they are large enough. Be careful also that they are not broken. Get a box of good strong tacks, four blocks, each ten inches square, of smooth, one-inch pine, or other soft wood, and four pieces of



blotting-paper, new or old, of the same length and breadth as the blocks. A ten-cent coil or two of stovepipe wire will do for the line, though wire a little larger would work some better. Two rubber coat or vest buttons complete the list of materials.

For tools you will need the use of a pair of shears, a hammer, a saw, brace and bits, bracket or keyhole saw, a screw-driver, and sandpaper. If you do not have all these tools yourself, a good-natured carpenter will probably do all the work there is to be done with bracket saw or brace and bits for you in ten minutes. Possibly you could borrow some of his tools to use yourself.

Construction

As soon as you get home with the two bladders, wash them very clean in cold water, blow them up tight, tie a string around the neck of each, and let them stay that way for a whole day and night, at least, while you prepare the rest of the phone.

Mark out circles about six and one-half inches in diameter on the four planed boards. After boring a hole in each for the saw to work in, cut out the wheel indicated by the circle. Be careful not to split the rim that is left, for this is the part you will use in making the phone. If you think there is any danger of the rim splitting, you would better drive some long slender nails in as indicated in the diagram. Make the four rims exactly alike. Sandpaper the openings neatly, and cut out four rims from the squares of blotting-paper, to make them exactly correspond to the wooden rims.

The bladders having stood the necessary time, cut off the necks, soak the rest in warm water, and clean and wash till they are soft and pliable, and light in color. Take plenty of time, and let the bladder get quite soft before you take the next step.

Stretching the diaphragm, or drum, is a care-

ful operation, and if it is not well done, there is no possible satisfaction in the making of the phones.

Lay the bladder on one of the blotting-paper rims, over the board rim, and tack it down with many tacks, taking care that it does not wrinkle. At first, leave the tacks so that they can be removed and the bladder membrane stretched again in case it wrinkles. Have patience, don't do a poor job here, but be determined that there shall not be a wrinkle in the whole diaphragm. It only requires time and patience.

That having been done alike for both diaphragms, lay the other blotting-paper rims in their places on the wooden rims, and, having punched or bored holes to start the screws, fasten down tightly. If you use screws instead of nails, you can take the phone rims apart to readjust the blotter cushions at any time, which you could not do with nails.

Now take a piece of soft, flexible wire about five feet long, fasten it through the eyes of one of the buttons, and then pass the free end through a tiny hole in the exact center of the bladder diaphragm. Do the same for each diaphragm, and then as shown in the illustration hang weights, like flat-irons, to the end of the wires. This should be done in a warm, dry place, as in the sunshine, and the phones left till perfectly dry. When dry, the diaphragms will be taut as a fine drum-head. But you see if you did not tack them firmly enough they will not be, because the few tacks will give with the pull of the drum, and your phone will not work. This is just another caution to use plenty of tacks, and to do your work well.

I have shown in the illustration the way to set the phones up. Notice the following points: The diaphragms are nailed substantially, or screwed, in their places. The line wire is kept stretched at all points between the two diaphragms. There should be as few bends in the line as possible, and what there are should be through wire loops, which are free to move with every vibration of the line. All supports for the line are made in the same way, and they should be as few as possible. The reason for using care in supporting the line is that everything that touches it, interferes with its motion, and takes that much away from the free vibration and clear sound as heard at the distant phone.

I have given all these details that you need make no mistake. All the operations are perfectly simple, and the cost is practically nothing, and I am free to say that the results, if you do your part well, will fully equal those obtained on the expensive electric phones.

Simpler Forms of Telephones

Somebody asks, Isn't there an easier way?—Yes, certainly; I told you sound was very accommodating, and you will find it so. Take two tin cans, such as old quart fruit cans. In the exact center of their bottoms punch a small nail hole. Connect them by means of two hundred feet or less of well-waxed string, and you will find you can hear quite comfortably, providing you keep the line wires well stretched.

Another plan is the following: With a pair of pincers, or in any other convenient way, tear the bottom off two baking-powder cans. Wet some of the toughest paper you can get, like thick drawing-paper, or parchment, and tie it smoothly over each of the cans. Allow it to dry. Use waxed string for the line. This makes an excellent little phone. Where a support is necessary for the line, let it be a loop of string, and should a bend be made in it, let it be supported by a string loop also. These two simple phones are generally clear sounding, but not loud, nor will they work at great distances.

EDISON DRIVER.

"He who a cheerful nature owns
A palace rears from hovel stones."



Young People's Work in Missouri

ONE of the officers of the Young People's Society at Woodward writes: "Our Society was organized July 5, 1903, with ten members. The membership has steadily increased until now there are twenty-four names enrolled. This may seem but a few to those who are members of much larger Societies. We hold our meetings every other Sabbath. We are doing all we can by the distribution of literature to proclaim the coming of the Lord. We have given away two thousand four hundred and thirty-three pages of papers and tracts, and three books. Several Bible readings have also been held, and a number of missionary visits made. We hope that the young people who have not yet done so, may be encouraged to start the same work."

The Joplin Society has thirty members. Weekly meetings are held, and the lessons studied which are outlined in the INSTRUCTOR. The members have been selling and giving away tracts and papers, and some money has been expended for missionary purposes.

Very encouraging reports have been received in the past from the Kansas City Society. The interest is still excellent. The weekly meetings are continued, and in addition to the regular lesson, time has been given to the study of biographies of prominent missionaries. Two of the members are giving Bible readings, and others are selling the *Signs*, and distributing literature. As substantial evidence of interest in mission work, the members have donated \$6.75 to send a young native of India to school for one year.

The membership of the St. Louis Society is twenty-five. The INSTRUCTOR lessons form a prominent part of the program of the weekly meetings. During the last quarter, the Society gave \$5.46 for work in behalf of the colored people in the South. The members are active in missionary correspondence, Christian Help work, sale of papers and distribution of tracts.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

An Awakening

SCRIPTURE STUDY:—

Dan. 8:14; Rev. 14:6, 7; Acts 17:31; 24:25; Dan. 7:9; Eccl. 12:13, 14; Rev. 20:4.

CHAPTER STUDY:—

"Great Controversy," Chapter Nineteen, the first nine pages.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

1. Prophecy of the awakening. Rev. 14:6.
2. Character of the work to be accomplished by the message which caused the awakening. How typified.
3. The extent of the awakening. See "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation," pages 594-596. How predicted.
4. Sketch of the life and work of the special herald in Asia and Africa, Joseph Wolff.
5. Sketch of the work of the heralds in England, Germany, and South America.

The leader should use all his influence to secure thorough *personal* study of the lesson by each member of the Society. This will only increase the interest in the general study, I am sure.

Those who are preparing to conduct the study should first read the entire chapter in "Great Controversy" in order that they may see the whole world being thrilled with the message direct from the throne of God.

Could any event engage the interest of all heaven more than the beginning of the judgment hour—unless it be the suffering and death of the world's Saviour—that event which was to begin the successful *closing up* of the great controversy between sin and righteousness, that event which would forever decide for life or death the case of every human being, that event which would forever cut off the possibility of future sin, the event that would establish the eternal justice and love of God, that event which would at its close bring to earth the Son of God to receive his ransomed ones home? In view of these things is it strange that the Lord, who doeth "nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants," should have a world-wide proclamation given of the opening of the judgment hour,—an hour of eternal interest to all the universe?

God intended the second angel's message to be merely an announcement of the beginning of the judgment, the close of which would bring the long-promised Saviour to earth again; but the heralds, like the disciples of old, did not fully comprehend the message which they bore. "Errors that had been long established in the church prevented them from arriving at a correct interpretation of an important point in the prophecy. Therefore, though they proclaimed the message which God had committed to them to be given to the world, yet through a misapprehension of its meaning," they announced the immediate appearance of the Son of man in the clouds of heaven.

F. M. D.

East Michigan Young People's Convention

THE Young People's Convention held at Owosso, February 4-7, was the first meeting of the kind held in the conference, for which reason we worked and planned and waited with much interest and some anxiety for the success of the effort. We are glad to report that there was a good attendance, notwithstanding the very severe weather, and we have reason to believe that it was a most helpful meeting to all who attended. Many were heard to remark that they never received so much help at any other meeting.

The educational session was of special interest. Many helpful thoughts were presented in the self-improvement session. Much time was given to considering various lines of work and the relation of the youth thereto. Through the influence of the Spirit of God, as precious lessons portraying his love were presented, many took forward steps in devotion to the cause, some for the first time. The meeting proved a great blessing to the Owosso church and school. A few responded to a call for Christian canvassers, and are planning to devote their time to that important work.

The help rendered by Elder William Covert and Elder Luther Warren contributed much to the interest and success of the meeting. Brethren Blosser and Cohoon did good work in public and personal effort in the interest of the canvassing work. Elder B. F. Stureman, of Flint, A. J. Harris, of the Jackson Sanitarium, and Prof. C. E. Welch, Educational Superintendent of Ohio, took part in the discussions, and rendered good help throughout the convention. We are making an effort to secure the name and address of every young person in the conference, and we will be thankful for the co-operation of the churches in this matter.

E. K. SLADE.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Reading a Story

"GIVE me some glasses, my grandpa dear,
And I'll read a story to you."
His watch at her ear, she reads the tale,
As she makes it, so sweet and true.

And day by day as she watched for him,—
Most wonderful man she knew,—
He seemed to become like her white soul,
And tender like her he grew.

One day she sat on a stool at his side,
And lovingly held his hand,
As she said, "I fear you'll cough if you speak,—
You needn't—I understand."

And at night when the moonbeams shimmered,
In the balmy summer air,
As they fell on the head, soft pillowed,
With its crown of snow-sweet hair,

An angel was sent from the Father's home,
To shadow the love-lit eyes,—
He saw he was ready for death as for life,
For rest, and for paradise.

He lay in the casket, serene and fair,
Kind hands brought flowers so sweet.
She said, "I'll be careful not make a noise,—
Dear grandpa has fallen asleep."

She could not grasp that he would not wake
In a world of sin and pain,
So she watched from morn till the dewy eve,
To see the loved face again.

It is only that he can not come,
For his heart to the last beat true;
But sometime, dear, you may go to him,
Though he can not come to you.

Be gentle and true in all you do,
And follow the path he trod,
And you'll meet some day, not far away,
Dear grandpa at home with God.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

The Dogs of St. Bernard

IN Switzerland there are some very high mountains, and a number of years ago, when there were no tunnels yet dug under the mountains, as there are to-day, travelers when going from Italy to Germany or returning from Germany to Italy, had to cross the mountains. The snow was always deep, and the journey was dangerous, particularly in the winter. There are several places where the mountains can be crossed, and these places are called passes, such as the Simplon, St. Bernard, and the St. Gothard Pass. Some years ago, in company with a friend, I crossed the St. Gothard Pass on the twentieth of June. That year the season was late, and after getting well up the mountain, we found the snow from five to ten feet deep on the level, and at the top of the mountain the snow was even with the roof of the two-story building which stood there, and the people living in it had to tunnel under the snow around the outside of the building. If this was the condition on the twentieth of June, one can easily imagine what a severely cold and stormy place it must be to live in during the entire winter. It required a long time for our horses to take us up the mountain, but in going down on the Italian side they went rapidly, and in one hour and forty minutes from the time we left the Hotel de la Rosa, where the snow was so very deep, we were in the village of Arieola, where little girls were selling ripe cherries.

It seemed as though we had jumped right out of the heart of winter into the pleasant and fruitful days of summer. On the top of each of these mountain passes there is built what is called a hospice, which means hospitality, the same word from which we get our word hospital. These

buildings were erected for the entertainment of poor travelers, who are compelled to cross the mountains in winter. Monks live in these hospices; and a number of large dogs, which are known as the dogs of St. Bernard, are kept. In the winter time when it is snowing, and travelers are likely to be exhausted by their efforts to ascend the mountains, and to be lost in the snowstorms, which prevail almost every day, these dogs are sent out by the monks with a supply of food and wine suspended from their necks. They go all over the mountain, barking and making a great noise. When they discover a poor traveler who is perishing in the snow, they allow him to take the food and wine in order that he may be stimulated and revived, and then these faithful, intelligent dogs lead the way to a place of safety.

Oftentimes they find men who have become nearly frozen, and have fallen down in the snow in an unconscious condition, ready to die. If left for a short time longer, these men would be frozen to death. A St. Bernard, finding such a person, immediately begins to scrape the snow off the traveler, and to lick his hands. If the man then does not give any indication of life, the dog will lie down upon him, that the warmth of his own body may quicken the unfortunate traveler again into consciousness, that he may eat the food and drink the wine, and thus be stimulated enough to do something toward getting to a warm place. If the man is not too heavy, the dog may carry him to the hospice. At the hospice on the St. Bernard Pass, there

was once a faithful dog which had been successful in rescuing sixty-eight persons from death upon the mountains. The dog was very sagacious, and seemed to know exactly what to do when he found a person lost in the snow. One day he found a man who had evidently been buried for some time in the snow. The man was entirely unconscious, and when the dog found him, he scraped the snow off, and then lay down upon this dying man, thus warming him with his own body heat. Unfortunately, however, the kind dog was poorly rewarded for his effort; for when the man began to recover consciousness, and discovered that there was something warm lying upon him, he thought it was a wolf or some other wild animal which would take his life. He reached into his belt and drew forth a dagger, thrusting it into the body of the faithful dog that had rescued him from freezing to death. The wound was a fatal one; and the noble St. Bernard started back home, where in a short time after reaching it he bled to death. Sadder by far than this is the story of

him who came to earth to seek and to save that which was lost, and who was crucified upon Calvary, willingly, by those whom he came to save.—
"Talks to the King's Children."

What Needed Nipping

HERBERT closed "The Life of Washington," and looked musingly out of the window.

"What a splendid man George Washington was!" he said, as his eyes came back to the sitting-room and his aunt's face. "I'd like to be just such a man! I don't mean a soldier or a president; but it would be nice to have just such a character as he had—he was so noble, so good!"

"Any boy can grow such a character," answered Aunt Lisa, "but he will have to keep on the alert, and nip his faults in the bud."

"Tell me some of mine, Auntie, so I can cut them off before they grow any larger," and Herbert smiled, quite as if he expected his aunt to

say that she knew of nothing in his character that needed to be nipped.

"You may not like the telling," said Aunt Lisa.

"Yes, I shall," returned Herbert, stoutly, yet the smile went out of his face.

"Well," replied his aunt, "if you want to be like George Washington, you will certainly have to be more truthful."

The blood rushed to Herbert's cheeks.

"Why, auntie!" he exclaimed, "I don't know that I ever told a lie in all my life. What do you mean?"

"No," said his aunt, gently, "I don't suppose you ever did wilfully tell a falsehood, and yet every day I hear you promising things that never come to pass."

"Aunt Lisa, I wish you'd come right to the point." Herbert's tone showed that he was trying to keep himself from anger. "I don't understand."

"Do you recall that yesterday Bess asked you to bring up some flower pots from the cellar, and you told her you would get them as soon as you had finished the chapter you were reading?"

"O, I forgot it!" cried the boy. "I'll go straight and do it this minute."

"No, they are all up here. Bess brought them herself, for she wanted to use them in the afternoon."

"I declare, that's too bad. I'll have to do something nice for Bess to pay her for that. But what other time did I forget? Go on, auntie! I see you have something else to accuse me of."

"A few days ago your father asked you if



you would write to Uncle Rollin, as he was unusually busy this week, and —"

"Yes, I forgot that, too! I don't see how I could, but it hadn't entered my mind since!"

"And I heard you say, a week ago or more, that you were going over on the hill to see a sick schoolmate — I think you said you should go that night after school; but his mother was here today, and she said Irving had not had a call from one of the boys in a fortnight."

"True, Aunt Lisa, I haven't been. But I did mean to go. So many things have been going on this week! I'll go to-night sure!"

"Look out! Don't promise unless you can fulfil!"

"Well, I sha'n't be able to go to-night, come to think of it, for club rehearsal comes at four o'clock, and I can't get through till dark. Whew! I didn't know I was such a fibber. I shall have to do some pretty severe nipping, that's a fact! Am I that way right along?"

Aunt Lisa smiled. "I've noticed it for a good while," she admitted.

"And I never knew it," said Herbert. "Next time I make a promise, I'll either go at once and do the thing, or else I'll stop and think before I say the word. I will try to know what I'm about."—*Emma C. Dowd, S. S. Advocate.*



Make Every Day Count

THE one who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something during the day that will amount to something, that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely not to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the one who starts out with no plan.

Begin every day, therefore, with a program, and determine that, let what will come, you will carry it out as closely as possible. Follow it up persistently, day after day, and you will be surprised at the result.

Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something that will amount to something; that you will not allow callers to fritter away your time, and that you will not permit the little annoyances of your business to spoil your day's work. Make up your mind that you will be larger than the trifles which cripple and cramp mediocre lives, and that you will rise above petty annoyances and interruptions, and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way.

Make every day of your life count for something; make it tell in the grand results, not merely as an added day, but as an added day with something worthy achieved.—*Selected.*

The Message of Daniel to Me

WITH you, I am studying now the book of Daniel. I do not want to study blindly; as I proceed with the study, I want to see unfolding more and more the great purpose for which God wrote this message to me. I am sure he means it to be a personal message; for that is a peculiarity of the Bible, that it is able to speak directly to every one who reads, and that it does so speak. And so, asking God's blessing and guidance, I set to work to find what that truth is which he means for me in the book of Daniel.

I do not expect to find it all at once, for I know it is higher and deeper and broader than space; and therefore I do not attempt to *finish* my study of it verse by verse. First I want to grasp the relation of its parts. As it is a whole, it must be considered as a whole, one part throwing

light upon another, and all together combining to teach the principal lesson. It can not be rightly studied by a minute inspection only, through that arbitrary division into verses which our translators gave us. Would I study one of God's landscapes, or even a single tree, by beginning first with the microscope? Therefore, with a mind prepared by prayer, I read the book through, fixing in my mind as I go the verity and the order of events, whether historical or prophetic. When I have completed this reading, I have in my mind a comprehensive outline of the book of Daniel; I know what is contained in each chapter, and in what order the story is told. Thus I am better able to see what bearing a certain principle, revealed in the lives of the actors, has had upon a revelation which followed, even as by a study of the tree as a whole I can tell the relation of twig to trunk, of sap to leaf, — things which the microscope alone could never reveal.

I observe, for one thing, that God has combined in this message much history, both personal and national, with special revelations of his purposes and principles. Why he has done so — why he has brought in the vision of the great image and its interpretation just in the place he has, or what relation the experience in the lions' den has to the record of the ninth chapter — may not be evident to me at first; but I do not think myself wise enough to select what is good for me now, and reject what I think of minor or different importance. That of course is a result of microscopic study.

Indeed, I have already, in this preliminary study, grasped something of that personal message to me. I find that there once lived a man, Daniel by name, to whom God sent messages, — messages which sometimes saved his life, and the lives of others, sometimes taught heathen kings and their subjects, sometimes related to the movements of mighty empires, and always worked for the glory of God and the saving of souls. I find that man, however, to have been one who prepared himself to receive such messages; a man simple, self-denying, and fervent in life, one who understood and was trained by divine principles in his education, who had one purpose, a purpose which overthrew all opposing forces, — that purpose was to glorify God. He was a man who kept pure the sanctuary, his body, for the indwelling of God, so the Lord could speak to him in visions of the work of the sanctuary. He was a man in whose mind God ruled supreme, therefore he could give him visions which revealed the principle that "the Most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men." He was a man who loved the people of God, and the Lord therefore revealed to him the future history of the saints, in trial and cruel persecution, and in triumph and glory. His revelations were the result of his experience.

God intended these same revelations for me. If I would receive them, I must prepare for them. I can not truly learn the lessons in Daniel unless I live according to the principles by which Daniel lived, and have the experiences that they bring to me. To study the prophecies without this experience is but to load the mind with a dead weight of theories and facts and figures. If I would understand the revelation of God's rule among the nations in time past and present, I must give my mind to God to be ruled by him. If I would understand the subject of the sanctuary, I must give my body to be made a holy temple for him. If I would triumph in the victory of the saints and the coming of the Saviour, I must be one with them now, and be able to say, "Jesus has come to me; I will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." Nothing else is a learning of the lesson. This is the first grand principle in the message of Daniel to me.

Therefore, my Heavenly Father, I give my life to thee: my passions, my appetites, I place under thy control; my mind I give wholly to the con-

templation of thy truth and the doing of thy will in my home and in the world; I am willing to be a servant to all, that I may follow my Saviour in the love of the saints, with whom thou shalt make me to reign. And in these closing hours of time I pray that thou wilt inspire me, through the vision of thy work in the earth and in heaven, through seeing the manifestation of thy glory in the affairs of men and nations, through beholding the unspeakable sufferings of my Saviour and his yearning for souls, to be thy single-minded messenger of mercy and love and salvation. May I see thy glory now, increasing in power upon and in me, to the honor of thy name, that I may be joyful at seeing the fullness of thy glory in thine everlasting kingdom.

A. W. SPAULDING.

(To be concluded)

Doubt

It was evening in old Jerusalem.
The city walls and ancient trees
Cast shadows, faint and dim;
From every path the soft night breeze
Fanned the cheek and thrilled the frame
Of lone passers in the deepening shade.
A silent group, who dared not name
The One Beloved, who was laid
In a sealed and guarded tomb,
Were sitting in sorrow and fear
In the hush of an "upper room."
Heavy of heart — mayhap in tear,
They wist not e'en that their Lord was near.
When lo! with neither sound nor knock
He who was laid in a new-hewn rock,
Stood in their midst, and a "peace unto you"
Came from his living lips, loving and true.

We may not know what joy they had,
But the holy Word tells us "they were glad."
The Master *had* risen, they knew it was he;
But Thomas was gone, and did not see
The Lord this joyful, happy night.
"We have seen the risen Lord," say they,
But Thomas, doubting, said unto them,
"Nay;
Except I shall the wounded side see,
I will not believe what you tell unto me."

So "doubting Thomas" has been his name
All through these ages, until it came
Unto our time, and we plainly can see
That doubt and men's hearts do yet agree.

An army of doubters blocked the way
Of Moses, and Caleb, and Joshua.
The Word of God tells of many such
Who doubtful are, and want to "touch."

Doubt and unbelief go hand in hand,
They grasp at nothing they can't understand.
Doubt built a tower ages ago;
It scattered the people, and caused to flow
A confusion of languages, strange and new,
Until there are many in place of few.

Doubt blinded the eyes,
And the Jews did not see
That Jesus of Nazareth,
The Messiah was he;
And doubt hardened the heart
Of the proud Pharisee,
And drove the priests to all agree
That Jesus must die on the cruel
"tree."

What is it but doubt in our hearts to-day,
That helps us to feel and our lips to say,
"There is no *thing* good, and no spring pure,
Nothing is true, nor is heaven sure!"

This spirit of evil fills the land —
A "doubting castle," built on sand.
Beware lest we enter this sunless place,
And Belief pass us by in the Christian race.

Cast Doubt from thine heart forever away,
Give it no place in which it can stay.
Then Faith and Belief will anchor fast in
thy heart,
And thou and thy Saviour will nevermore
part.

MRS. L. E. LABONTI.

"So long as we love, we serve."

Never Complain

"Instead of complaining that roses have thorns, be glad that the thorns are surmounted by roses."

THE bud I had watched and so carefully tended,
Had finally burst, and its beauty unfolded;
The pink and the white so exquisitely blended,
Nothing done by art was so perfectly molded.

As we stood gazing in fond admiration,
At what seemed to us so surpassingly fair,
No one seemed to notice, or thought of complain-
ing
Of the slender green stems, or thorns that were
there.

Saint Paul said, I glory in my tribulation,
E'en when the rude thorns were so fiercely
besetting;
Though far less we suffer, how oft we're re-
sponding;
Each God-given blessing so thankless for-
getting.

'Twere strange if we never should see the clouds
darken,
Where sunshine and shadow alternate per-
vaded,
But patiently wait, and attentively hearken,
He speaks! and 'tis clear where once it was
shaded.

No night e'er so long but 'twas followed by morn-
ing;
No wave e'er so dark but the foam sparkled
near it;
Then cease not thy vigils when day is just dawn-
ing,
The bird song is coming; be waiting to hear it.

Let us lovingly trust as well as to fear him;
He knoweth what's best who each blessing
disposes;
And never complain of the thorns that are near
them,
But thank him that thorns are surmounted by
roses.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

**INTERMEDIATE LESSON****XIII—Review**

(March 26)

THIS quarter's lessons have covered the reigns of David and Solomon, which were by far the most glorious of any of the kings of Israel. Each of the first three kings of Israel reigned for about forty years. Saul was anointed by Samuel 1095 B. C., and slain 1056. David reigned from 1056 to 1015, forty years and six months. And the reign of Solomon was from 1015 to 975, another forty years.

The reigns of both David and Solomon foreshadowed the reign of Christ, the Son of God, at whose birth the angel Gabriel said: "The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

In the second psalm David tells how God had anointed him king, and said to him, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." And we know that God did subdue the heathen under David, until they all submitted themselves to him. Yet in the New Testament (Acts 4:25, 26; 13:33) we find that this psalm is a prophecy of Christ, who "must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet." So the reign of David, and the subjection of the heathen under him, is a type of the reign of Christ, to whom all the Lord's enemies will at last be brought into subjection.

Then will begin the happy and glorious reign of peace in the new earth, of which the reign of Solomon is the type. Then all the living stones that were hewn and shaped and polished

in the quarry of this world, will find their place in the temple of God, for which they have been prepared. God's temple will be finished. His people will be built up a spiritual house of which Jesus Christ is the corner-stone.

The kings of the earth sought the face of Solomon, and came to Jerusalem to hear his wisdom, bringing him presents. So when the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be upon the new earth in the New Jerusalem, "the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it." "And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it."

Questions

1. Who was the second king of Israel? Why was the house of Saul cut off? What did David do to the heathen who were in the land of Palestine? What gave him confidence to do this? Who had begun this work? Why was it not finished in the days of Joshua? What did God say in the days of David? Heb. 4:7, 8.

2. Where was the ark of God when David became king? Where did David want it to be? Tell how he started to bring the ark to Jerusalem. What happened when they had gone a little way? Why was Uzzah smitten? Where was the ark put? What took away David's fear of the ark? Tell how he set to work the second time to bring home the ark. Where was it placed?

3. What terrible sin stained the life of David? How did the prophet Nathan show David his sin? What did David do? What message did the prophet give him? How was his sin punished? What did God say would be the result of David's sin? Which psalm did David write at this time?

4. Who was David's favorite son? Who was Absalom's mother? What was his appearance? How did he steal the hearts of the people from his father? What did he then do? What did David have to do? Tell who followed Absalom, and who were faithful to David.

5. Who commanded David's army? What special command did the king give the captains when they went against Absalom? Yet what did Joab do? How did David show his great grief over Absalom's death?

6. How did David again displease God? Who came to him this time with a message? What three things were offered David to choose from? Why did he choose the pestilence? At what place was the pestilence stopped? Tell what David saw there, and what he did. What was built upon that spot?

7. What work did David specially wish to do for God? Why was he not allowed to do it? Who did God say should do it? What part of the work did David do? What did he give Solomon to guide him in the work?

8. How did God appear to Solomon at the beginning of his reign? What did he say to him? What did Solomon choose? Why did he want wisdom? What else did God promise him?

9. What was the first work of Solomon? What king helped him? What did Hiram send him? Describe the temple. Tell how it was furnished.

10. How was the temple dedicated? How did God show his acceptance of it? What did he say should be there always? What did Solomon, at the dedication, ask God to do?

11. What noted person came to visit Solomon? Why did she come? What did she bring? What was Solomon able to do for her? What did she say when she had seen and heard all? What did Jesus say about her? Tell what you can of Solomon's glory and riches. Yet what did Jesus say of his glory?

12. What darkened the latter part of Solomon's reign? What led him into idolatry? How had God tried to save him from it? What came upon him because of this sin? Tell how the

kingdom was divided. To whom did the prophet Abijah make this known? What did Jeroboam do? What did Solomon write after his repentance? Give the closing words of this book.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XIII—The Battle of Armageddon

(March 26)

Questions

1. WHERE is the vial of the sixth plague to be poured out? For what is this to prepare the way? Rev. 16:12; note 1.

2. From what source were three unclean spirits to come? Verse 13.

3. What were they declared to be? What were they to do? What was to be their mission? Verse 14.

4. What event is announced just at this time? What promises are made to the two classes that will be living?

5. Of what is the preparatory work of the sixth plague a sign? Verse 16; note 2.

6. When the kings of the earth are assembling, and the plagues about to fall, what restrains the great battle of Armageddon? Rev. 7:1.

7. What work for God's people must be accomplished before that battle takes place? Verses 2, 3.

8. What work is brought to view in Eze. 9:1-6?

9. Upon whom was the angel to set his mark? Verse 4.

10. What commission was given to the other angels? Verses 5, 6.

11. What class was to be spared? Verse 6.

12. What promise reaches to this very time? Ps. 91:10.

Notes

1. "The river Euphrates evidently denotes the power, or kingdom, through which this river flows, for a river is sometimes used as a symbol of a kingdom. See Isa. 8:7. The drying up of the Euphrates must mean the wasting away of that kingdom (Turkey) through which it flows. And it is a historic fact that this power has been growing weaker within the last quarter of a century or more, and has been fast losing possessions in Europe. The final culmination will evidently take place when the great battle is fought at Armageddon (or Mount Megiddo) under the seventh plague, just before Jesus comes."

2. It seems evident that the preparatory work of the sixth plague—the gathering of the kings of the East, in readiness for the opening of the battle of Armageddon—is a movement that takes place before the seven last plagues begin to fall. In other words, this movement on the part of the kings of the East will be a sign that probation is about to close, and the plagues about to fall, also that the battle of Armageddon is about to begin. See "Early Writings," Supplement to Experience and Views.

3. The civilized nations have a combined military strength of eighty millions, awaiting the crisis. Napoleon Bonaparte, while a prisoner on the island of St. Helena, 1815-21, made the following statement:—

"In the course of a few years, Russia will have Constantinople, part of Turkey, and all of Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. All the cajolery and flattery that Alexander practised upon me was to gain my consent to effect that object. I would not give it, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a naval power, and then God knows what may happen."—*Lesson Quarterly*.



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Testimony, Volume Eight

I HAVE just had the opportunity of examining some of the advance proofs of Testimony, Volume VIII, and have been particularly impressed with the timeliness and importance of Section V., in which the following chapters appear under the general heading of "The Essential Knowledge:"

God in Nature.

A Personal God.

A False and a True Knowledge of God.

Danger in Speculative Knowledge.

The False and the True in Education.

Importance of Seeking True Knowledge.

The Knowledge Received through God's Word.

Our Great Need.

If one Testimony can be more important than another, it seems to me that Volume VIII must be that one. It will contain about three hundred fifty pages, and will sell for 75 cents in cloth, and \$1.25 in limp leather. It will be ready early in March. H. H. HALL.

Living among Husks

It is stated that before Cornelius Vanderbilt died, he said to a friend:—

"I don't see what good it does me—all this money that you say is mine. I can't eat it; I can't spend it; in fact, I never saw it. I dress no better than my private secretary, and can not eat as much as my coachman. I live in a big servants' boarding-house, am bothered to death by beggars, have dyspepsia, and most of my money is in the hands of others, who use it mainly for their benefit." It is a terrible thing to come toward the end of life, and find one's self condemned to live among husks. But there is no way to avoid it if the mind and heart are given up to material things during the growing and working years of one's career. Surely, no one is so great a fool as the man who lays up treasure for himself, but is not rich toward God.—*Louis Albert Banks.*

The Two Voices

It is related that when Guttenburg, the first printer, was working in his cell in the monastery of St. Aborsgot, he heard two voices address him. The one bade him desist; told him the power his invention would put in the hands of bad men to propagate their wickedness; told him men would profane the art he had created, and how posterity would have cause to curse the man who gave it to the world. So impressed was Guttenburg with what he heard that he took a hammer, and broke to pieces the types he had so laboriously put together. His work of destruction was only stayed by another voice, sweet and musical, that fell on his ear, telling him to "go on, and to rejoice in his work, that all good might be made

the cause of evil, but that God would bless the right in the end."

"Printing," said Luther, "is the latest and greatest gift by which God enables us to advance the things of the gospel. It is the last bright flame manifesting itself just previous to the extinction of the world. Thanks be to God, it came before the last day came."

Satan is doing his utmost to use the printing-press for evil. A torrent of vile literature, infidelity, fiction, and folly rolls from the press every day. And how little Christians are doing to resist and neutralize the evil literature, and diffuse and propagate that which is good. What an easy way printing affords to do good. If your heart is stirred, enlightened, and refreshed by a book, a tract or a paper, why not buy a dozen or a hundred copies of the same, and send what has blessed and profited you, to bless and profit others? Satan is busy; why stand ye idle all the day?—*H. L. Hastings.*

John Ericsson

THE celebration in New York last August of the centenary of John Ericsson's birth and the dedication of a new statue to him recall the many achievements of the great Scandinavian-American. Every one knows him as the inventor of the "Monitor," which makes him an important figure in American history; but that was only one of many works in engineering and invention.

At the age of thirty years he constructed a hot-air, or caloric engine. He applied the screw propeller to steam-vessels, improved the locomotive and the fire-engine, invented a hydrostatic gage, a pyrometer for measuring the expansion of metals under heat, and a new sea lead. His later work included successful experiments with the torpedo-boat destroyer, and unsuccessful attempts to make a solar engine. It was the dream of his life to turn the sun's rays into mechanical power. In this problem he spent his later years and much money.

The district in which his house stood rapidly changed into a noisy business quarter. Ericsson used to pad his room, and put wool under the casters of his bed. He bought up the neighborhood cats and dogs and disposed of their mews and barks. He even went to young women who sang and played the piano near by, and tried to buy silence.

He said, a few days before his death, that he had never traveled in an elevated train, never seen Central Park, and had never been on Brooklyn Bridge but once. There was no time for even short excursions in a day of which fourteen hours were spent in work.—*Selected.*

Arrow Points

"He who fears men can never help them."

"To-morrow's burden prevents to-day's blessing."

"Before we can lift, we must be willing to stoop."

"Only the grateful heart grows in time of goodness."

"When we take up another's burden, God takes up ours."

"Sighing Christians see their sorrows without seeing their Saviour."

"When the heart is God's abiding place, his peace is always there."

"The only way to learn to move mountains is to begin on grains of sand."

"We can not expect to gain, without effort, that which cost Christ his life."

"It is no use fixing the eye on the compass if the hand is not on the wheel."

"The mark of a saint is not perfection, but consecration. A saint is not a man without faults, but a man who has given himself without reserve to God."

"Some people never seek the salvation of the perishing, unless they are pressed into service; like wheelbarrows, they move out into 'the highways and hedges' only when they are pushed forward."



"BALTIMORE has won the admiration of the country by the spirit with which she has borne her recent disaster. She had many offers of assistance, but these she refused, sturdily saying in effect, 'Thanks, but we can take care of ourselves.' This spirit of independence has been even more splendidly displayed by the confident manner in which she has set about her rehabilitation."

"JOHN F. SHAFROTH, of Colorado, performed an act in the House of Representatives on February 15 that deserves to be written large in the annals of the House. Mr. Shafroth found on examination that the ballots which had elected him were tainted with fraud, and voluntarily relinquished his seat, in favor of R. W. Bonyng, who was contesting his election."

THE total appropriations made by the Naval Appropriation bill are \$96,338,038. This is an increase of \$14,461,274 over the amount carried by the bill of last year. It is said that when the new ships now building are completed, the United States will rank third among the nations in naval strength.

THE editor of *The Week's Progress* says: "What to do with Santo Domingo is certainly a vexatious question. We don't want to annex it; if we attempted its assimilation, our national sensations would be comparable to those of the man who swallowed a weazel."

Perhaps this is not a problem with which this country needs to concern itself; yet it is true that the island has always been a little hotbed of rows and wrangling, persistent revolt, insurrections, wars with its neighbors, assassination, and ruthless destruction of property. Even before the United States had an existence, Santo Domingo made the same general record that it does to-day.

WHITE ants have proved so destructive to wooden railroad ties in South Africa that it has been found necessary to replace them with steel ties.

"IN a Massachusetts factory the largest watch in the world has just been completed. To build it several thousand dollars and several months of time were required. The balance wheel alone is six and one-half inches in diameter; while the mainspring, when uncoiled, is twenty-three feet long."

A HALF mile of new books! The British Museum has set apart a shelf a quarter of a mile long for England's new books for the year just passed. America claims not to be behind England in this number. But quality, not quantity alone, counts in the making of books, as in many other things.

THE shortest people are the Bushman of Africa. The average stature of their men is but 4 feet 3/4 inches. The bodies of these dwarfs are almost covered with hair, and they are counted as the lowest order of man.