

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LII

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 5, 1904

No. 14



Peace and Rest

LIKE a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase;
Perfect—yet it floweth
Fuller every day;
Perfect—yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.

Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love;
We may trust him solely
All for us to do;
They who trust him wholly
Find him wholly true.

Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as he promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Central Africa

THE central portions of the Dark Continent have been immortalized by the labors of Livingstone and Stanley, which opened the way for civilization and evangelization to enter into its mysterious depths. The mouth of the Congo River shoots an unmixed current of water fifty miles out to sea, the "reedy" tract which Diogo Cam discovered by its color over four hundred years ago, while sailing the sea out of sight of land. This vast flood pours two million cubic feet of water a second into the ocean, through a channel ten miles wide and thirteen hundred feet deep. This mysterious river had for centuries baffled all attempts to solve its source. Dr. Livingstone had discovered its head waters in the heart of Africa, yet did not know it. The noble Christian philanthropist, the manful champion of the weak and oppressed, the unwearied and keen-

eyed lover of nature, the intrepid explorer, whose name is as inseparably connected with Africa as that of Columbus is with America, had sunk down exhausted in the very heart of the continent, with his life-work unfinished. His highest praise is that he spent thirty years in the darkest haunts of cruelty and savagery, and yet never shed the blood of his fellow man. The noblest testimony to his character and his influence is the conduct of that faithful band of native servants who had followed his fortunes so long and so far, and who, embalming his body, and secretly preserving all his papers and possessions, carried safely back over the long, weary road to the east coast all that remained

of the hero and his work. Dr. Livingstone in April of 1873 died on the southern shore of Lake Bangweola, the head waters of the mysterious river he discovered flowing into Lake Nyangwe, unconscious of the fact that his mighty stream was the great Congo, and not the Nile, as he had fondly hoped.

Lieutenant Cameron, sent by the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain to carry aid to the doctor, met his dead body being conveyed to the east coast, so continued his journey with the materials he had hoped to deliver to the doctor, thinking to follow the course of the river. But he failed to induce his men to attempt the solution of the problem, and striking southward,

followed the lower edge of the Congo basin to the west coast at Benguela. He records some of the most extraordinary examples of rock and tree scenery in the world, found along the southern end of Lake Tanganyika—"magnificent terraces of rock, which looked as if built by the hands of man; and scattered and

piled in fantastic confusion were overhanging blocks, rocking stones, obelisks, and pyramids. All were overhung with trees, whose limbs were matted together by creepers." It seemed to the eye of the lieutenant like a transformation scene in a pantomime, rather than a part of Mother Earth. "The creepers sway



NATIVE AFRICAN HUTS



SCENE IN EAST AFRICA

and are pulled apart"—spirits?—O, no, "an army of monkeys swing themselves into the foreground, and, hanging by their paws, stop and chatter and gibber at the strange sight of a boat. A shout from the men, and they are gone with a concerted scream which echoes far and wide."

Lake Tanganyika had been known to the Arab slave hunters of the east coast of Africa long before the white man gazed upon its blue waters. These cunning, cruel people had good reason for guarding well the secret of its existence. It is six hundred miles inland from Zanzibar, on the east coast, and almost in the center of that wonderful basin whose reservoirs contribute to the Nile, Zambesi, and Congo. Ujiji, on the eastern shore, is the rendezvous of all expeditions, scientific, commercial, and missionary, that have ever reached these waters. Burton and Speke were the white discoverers of Tanganyika. It seemed to them the revelation of a new world—"a sight to make men hold their breath with a rush of new thoughts, as when Balboa and his men stood silent on the peak in Darien, and gazed upon the Pacific Ocean." Fifteen years later Lieutenant Cameron struck it, and could hardly believe that the vast gray expanse was aught else than clouds on the distant mountains of Ugomu.

Livingstone came upon it from the west side, on his last journey through Africa. Tanganyika is an immense trough sunk far below the tableland which occupies the whole of Central Africa. Its surrounding mountains are high; its length is nearly five hundred miles; its waters, deep, clear, and brackish. It has twelve hundred miles of coast.

When news of Dr. Livingstone's death reached the world, plans were immediately laid to continue his work in the heart of Africa. The successful expedition of Henry M. Stanley through Asia Minor, the Caucasus, and from Persia to India, thence by Egypt to Spain, marked him to be the man to carry on further exploratory work in Africa.

The London *Daily Telegraph* and New York *Herald* combined to send Mr. Stanley to Africa. When the sad news of Dr. Livingstone's death reached Europe, Mr. Stanley, fired with the desire to carry on the work of the great doctor, gladly accepted the commission, and starting from Zanzibar in November, 1874, he circumnavigated the lakes of Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika for the first time, carefully charting them, settling forever the point of any connection with the Nile.

Had Livingstone known this, he could have saved himself the last two years of his journey, and the perils and sickness which led to his death in the wilderness. From Tanganyika, Stanley struck across to Nyangwe, to the doctor's mysterious river, called by the natives Lualaba. In spite of all the obstacles and difficulties which had hindered others, Stanley's great determination, his resources and knowledge of the Swahili language, enabled him to induce his men to follow him down the river. He very forcibly recalled to their minds the long, weary marches, and the terrible Uregu forests through which they had recently passed, and told them how much easier it would be to sit in canoes and paddle down this great river, which must flow into the sea.

But could Stanley master its secret? Cameron found it impossible to follow the Lualaba. Livingstone had tried it again and again, to meet a more formidable obstacle in the hostility of the natives than in the forests and animals. Stanley was better equipped than his predecessors, and not averse to using force, if mild means failed. He would see if this swelling tide went toward the Nile, or came out, as he suspected, through the Congo into the Atlantic.

It was a mighty stream where Stanley struck it—"full fourteen yards wide, and moving with a placid current." Here he marshaled his forces, only one European attendant being left. The party had been thinned out in the previous explorations, but it still consisted of one hundred and forty men. Not a native attendant faltered now. It would have been death to desert in this hostile region. Such woods! so tall, so dense, so somber,—they had never seen before. Those of Tanganyika and Uganda were jungles in comparison. Even the natives had penetrated but little into their depths. They line the course of the Lualaba for fifteen hundred miles northward from Lake Nyangwe.

MRS. L. E. LA BONTI.

(Continued)

Chlorosis, or Green Sickness

THERE is a very common disease of young girls in their teens called green sickness, or chlorosis. It may be that a short article on this disease may help a large number of girls who are unaware of the causes of it, and who go on in faulty ways of living until their health is ruined, and the foundation laid for consumption, or some other fatal disease.

Chlorosis is a disease which is characterized by extreme anæmia, or bloodlessness. The skin takes on a very pale color, deepening into yellow, and sometimes an almost or quite green shade. When the eyelids are turned out, they are seen to be yellow, and the lips likewise. The patient loses strength, and easily gives out, the heart flutters under the least excitement, and that tired

that," or "I only want my bread and jam;" and so the wrong habit is formed. After a while this will give place to another depraved habit, and then to a totally abnormal one, such as the eating of chalk or blue clay. Even if the abnormal one is not formed, the stomach becomes anæmic, or bloodless, from the eating of the same thing over and over.

Now, of course, the remedy is simple. Eat very few things at any one meal, but surprise your stomach with an entire change of menu every meal. Do not repeat and repeat. Leave off even those commonly used articles of diet, butter, sugar, and milk, from many of your meals, and you will gradually assume a rosier hue, and a more elastic step, and life will grow sweeter, and love stronger, and hope will fill your heart, and peace your soul. E. L. PAULDING, M. D.



MAP OF AFRICA

feeling we are inclined to laugh about is the everyday experience.

Now it occurred to me that if I could only make plain the great cause of all causes that in my opinion is at the bottom of all the trouble, many might be cured, and others kept from contracting it from lack of knowledge of its cause.

A characteristic symptom of all these patients is almost without exception a perverted appetite. One will make a diet of oatmeal, raw, perhaps, another of green olives, another of chalk or slate pencils. In other words, they have "repetition dyspepsia." The stomach needs a change as much as the mind. The constant grind on some one subject has broken more hearts, sent more people to the asylum or to a suicide's grave than any other one thing. So with the stomach, it utterly refuses to work constantly on the same thing without rebelling. It is a common remark among young people at the table, "I don't like

home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received the volume that the man selected.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read simple and wise sentences, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friends about what he read, the greater became his interest. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books which were once his delight. He derived far more pleasure from reading good books than he ever received from reading poor ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He came to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man, and his prospects are bright for a successful career. He owes very much to the reading of good books, and to the gentleman who induced him to read them.—Selected.

Two Kinds of Reading

A YOUNG man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard some one say: "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply, "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing else."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."



THE HOME CIRCLE

What Does It Mean?

It does not matter what it means, poor heart,
The dear Lord knows; to bear it is your part;
Nor think some strange thing happens unto you
Which he would not allow so if he knew.
He does know. In his all-wise Fatherhood
He knows it, and allows it for your good.
He is not hard, you do not think he is,
When in the dark you find your hand in his;
When it was light, you tried to walk alone,
And thought the strength he gave you all your own.

You did not question what the blessing meant,
Just smiled and took it, satisfied, content;
You did not think it strange, you thought he knew,
And planned the sweet surprise which came to you.

Tried one, then do you take life's sweet and good,
Yet can not trust that tender Fatherhood,
But think it makes mistake whene'er it sends
Some hindrance, which your eager haste offends?
Or when he lets the wicked plot your harm,
And stir a whirlwind when you seek a calm;
You think it strange, this trial swift and keen,
And in your weakness ask, "What does it mean?"

I think the language of God's heart would read:
"I love my child, I note his slightest need;
I long to prosper him in all his ways,
To give him quiet nights and peaceful days;
But if I do, he'll lose himself from me,
My outstretched hand he will not wait to see;
I'll place a hindering wall before his feet,
There he will wait, and there we two will meet.
I do it not in wrath for broken laws
Or wilful disobedience, but because
I want him nearer, and I can not wait
For him to come, for he might wander late;
My child will wonder, will not understand,
Still half in doubt he'll clasp my outstretched hand;

But when at last upon my heart he leans,
He will have ceased to wonder what it means."

— Anna J. Granniss, in "Sandwort."

At Mrs. Mortimer Brown's

How a Minister's Wife Won the Support of the Ladies of the Aid Society

THE minister's wife viewed the pile of unfinished garments with a sigh. She wondered how many members of the Aid Society would come to-day. Last week there had been two, the week before that only four. She wished she knew how to reach their hearts, and cause them to love the work for the dear work's sake.

She was a fragile, dark-eyed, little woman with a sweet, thin face. The minister had come West for her sake, in the hope of building up her broken health. But in spite of a rarified atmosphere and pure, invigorating air, she did not improve as her husband wished she might. She felt the responsibility, the importance of the work, and with the exception of her husband there was no one to help her share it. In spite of her weakness it was wonderful how much she accomplished. She visited the poor and the sick, and she never missed any of the church services. Her little flock of four, too, were always neatly dressed, the work of her willing, industrious, never idle hands.

She used to trouble over matters a good deal, for, try as she would, she could not get used to the lax church-going ways of the West, with its indifference, its coldness, its want of zeal. The members, even the best of them, came infrequently to church, and never to Sunday-school.

The Aid Society was her worst burden perhaps. She was so anxious to see it grow, so anxious to see it do good work for God, and yet the workers were so few.

The gate clicked, and Miss Mehitable Lyon came up the walk, with her little black bag on her

arm. Miss Mehitable was old, past seventy now, but she never missed a meeting of the church.

"Well," she began as she took her seat, "you won't be troubled with many visitors to-day. The club meets at Mrs. Mortimer Brown's, and every member I know is going."

The minister's wife looked up. "There weren't but two here last week, Miss Mehitable," she answered slowly. Her voice trembled a little. "I'm so discouraged I don't know what to do," she added.

"No need to be that," returned Miss Mehitable as she reached for the scissors. "You can't do anything with them. The club mania's got this town in its clutches deep and hard I can tell you. They aren't going to come to an Aid meeting when a club is in session. They'd miss too much, they think."

The minister's wife's face saddened a little. "It does dishearten me though, Miss Mehitable," she answered, gently. "If it were only once in a while, but it is every week. No one comes, and the work falls way behind. Mrs. Moss died last week, you know, and her children are very nearly destitute. I was in hopes we might do something for them to-day, but —"

Miss Mehitable looked across at her with a kindly look in her faded eyes. "Bless your dear heart," she cried, "don't you go to worrying too much. I'll do what I can. If they won't come, they won't. The Lord forgive them. I'll sew all the afternoon for you, even though my eyes ain't as good as they used to be. Hand me that skirt. It's a wonder to me how some children ever get raised, to say nothing about having any sewing done for them, the mothers a running to clubs night and day."

The minister's little wife handed over the small skirt in thoughtful silence.

"There goes Mrs. Judge Symms now," announced Miss Mehitable from the window, "and little Mrs. Adams, and, bless me! if there isn't Barbara Sparrow. You'd be surprised to know what good Aid members every one of the three used to be," she went on, "but now they're too busy playing cards to take any time to serve the Lord."

The minister's little wife threaded a needle. "I wish I knew how to reach their hearts," she whispered, "I wish I knew," and then an inspiration came to her.

Mrs. Mortimer Brown was one of the few wealthy members of the church, gay, dashing, young, and full of life. She never attended an Aid meeting or a prayer-meeting; rarely if ever did she come to church. She subscribed toward the salary, and her name was on the church book. That was about all there was to it.

The club met this afternoon at her house, and she was in gay spirits.

The afternoon flew by. The card game, so fascinating, was ended. It was almost time for dispersing. The refreshments had been of the finest and choicest, the prizes most satisfactory. The first one, a handsome cut-glass bowl, had gone to Mrs. Judge Symms. The other, a picture, had fallen to little Mrs. Adams.

The members, in high, good humor, were talking and laughing when the door opened. Some one entered. It was a little lady in a black dress, with a sweet, thin face. Instantly every eye was upon her — the minister's wife.

"Ladies," she began, "I've been wanting to speak to you for a long time, but the opportunity did not seem to present itself. There are so few of us at the Aid meeting (her voice trembled a

little, and two large tears glittered on her lashes), it hardly seems worth while to continue them with the present attendance. I thought before I quite gave up, I'd come and speak to you this afternoon. If you would only come, and bring to it your labors and your prayers, I believe, firmly believe, much could be accomplished. There is the debt still on the church, there are some unpaid bills, and one of our poorer members died last week, leaving her little children destitute. There is a baby, too. Mr. Sells has given us the goods, and if you would only come, we could soon fit them in garments. Last week two, only, were present. To-day, Miss Mehitable was the only member there. I do what I can, but it is so little compared to what it would be with your help and co-operation."

She ceased speaking for a moment, and there was a silence.

"I hope I haven't said too much," she added, gently. "It is the Lord's work, his own."

No one spoke. Then Mrs. Mortimer Brown came rustling across the room. She took the thin little hand and pressed it. There were tears in her eyes. "My dear," she said, "I'm ashamed of my own heedlessness and heartlessness. We all are. We've let you bear the burden alone. Now appoint a day and try us again. I believe we'll surprise you."

The tide had turned. The minister's little wife had gained a victory. Other members came crowding around, penitent and remorseful, and the day for a new meeting was named.

Late that night, Mrs. Mortimer Brown, in the privacy of her splendid room, took up her Bible. "I'll never give another card party," she whispered. "Somehow, when that fragile little creature with her angelic face stood in my parlor in the midst of those card tables, it seemed to me as if an angel had dropped into our midst, and shown us where we were drifting — far away from the narrow way I'm afraid."

She opened her Bible, and in that moment, in the solemn stillness of an awakened heart, the step was taken. The fashionable Mrs. Mortimer Brown left off her selfishness and worldliness and entered the ranks of the great Commander whose name is Christ.

"What!" cried the minister that same evening when he heard the story, "Ruth, how did you — how dared you face the club at Mrs. Mortimer Brown's?"

The minister's little wife laid her head on his shoulder. "I dared — because I must — dearest," she said. — Susan Hubbard Martin, in the *Ram's Horn*.

What a Girl Should Know

THE modern girl's education is incomplete unless she has learned: —

- To sew.
- To cook.
- To mend.
- To dress neatly.
- To avoid idleness.
- To be self-reliant.
- To be cheerful and happy.
- To darn stockings.
- To respect old age.
- To keep a house tidy.
- To be above gossiping.
- To control her temper.
- To take care of the sick.
- To take care of the baby.
- To take plenty of active exercise.
- To be light-hearted and fleet-footed.—Selected.



A Great Religious Declension

SCRIPTURE STUDY:—

Hosea 2: 19, 20; 2 Cor. 11: 2; Eze. 16: 8, 13-15, 32; James 4: 4; 1: 27; Rev. 14: 8.

CHAPTER STUDY:—

"Great Controversy," Chapter Twenty-one.

PARALLEL READING:—

"Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation," Chapter Fourteen, pages 611-618.

LESSON TOPICS:—

The effect of the "Disappointment" upon the various classes of persons.

The spiritual condition of the churches since 1844.

The cause of the declension.

Rejecting truth.

Conformity to the world.

Unlawful means of supporting Christian enterprises.

Accepting creeds instead of the Word.

Beecher's testimony.

Church-membership obtained from worldly interests.

Responsibility of the church for the present condition of the world.

The present call to the people of God.

ADMONITIONS TO THE TRUE BELIEVER:—

"Buy the truth, and sell it not."

"Hold fast that which thou hast."

"Keep himself unspotted from the world."

As the Saviour did not come in 1844 as was preached, the believers were bitterly disappointed. Disappointment does not prove that God has no hand in the guidance of his people. The trusting disciples were most sadly disappointed when He whom they expected to deliver Israel was by wicked hands taken and slain. God was not the cause or the occasion of their disappointment; in fact, the very plain teaching of Jesus was calculated to prevent the disaster. But the disciples were blinded and biased by human tradition, and God suffered them to awaken to the fact of their bondage by this bitter experience.

It was the same with the believers of the Advent message. It might have been apparent to every student of the Scriptures that the angel who proclaimed the hour of God's judgment was not to give the last message of mercy. This announcement, the Word plainly states, is to be followed by two other messages of mercy; but the coming of the Son of man *finishes* the mystery of godliness. There is no probation after this event.

The disappointment of 1844 should have led the believers to cast about at once for their mistake, knowing that God makes none. His word is sure. Instead of casting away their confidence, as many did, they should have earnestly searched the Word with prayer that the whole truth might be revealed. Some did this, and were rewarded by the glorious light of the third angel's message flooding their souls, making very clear the meaning of the prophecies and the disappointment.

"The sin of the world's impenitence lies at the door of the church." This fearful charge is laid to the professed church by the Spirit of God. "If it were not for the false doctrines which she has instilled into the minds of all men, how the plain truths of the Bible would move the world! But people are held by these, as under the stupefying influence of the most powerful intoxicant."

F. M. D.

What a Penny Can Do

WILLIE's penny made heaven rejoice. It would not have bought more than a stick or two of candy, or given much help to a starving family. What did he do with it? His sister was a missionary's wife in Africa, and the family were filling a box to send to her. As one after another brought their gifts, Willie said, "I want to give my penny."

"What shall be bought with it?" was the next question. It was decided to buy a tract, and write its history on the margin, and with a prayer for its success, send it on its distant errand.

The box arrived on the mission ground, and among its valuable contents, Willie's gift was laid away unnoticed, and for a while it was forgotten. But God's watchful, all-seeing eye had not forgotten it. One day a native teacher was starting from the mission station to go to a school over the mountain. He knew the language well, and was a great help to the missionaries; but he was not a Christian. He had resisted everything the missionaries had done to make him one.

In looking over some papers, Willie's tract was discovered, with writing on the margin which said that prayer was offered in America that it might do good. It was handed to the native teacher. He read it on his journey, and what years of labor by the missionaries had not done, was now brought about by the penny tract. The man became a sincere Christian. Those who put the tract in his hands were full of joy; and there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repents.

So you see how Willie's penny made heaven rejoice.—*Missionary News.*



Planting a Missionary Garden

The Children Can Help

FROM nearly every State—north, south, east, west—comes the story of how the children are planning to help the missionary work. How glad we are that the children want to help, and that they can help! Our Sabbath-keeping children have many blessings. Nearly all have pleasant homes, kind parents, plenty of food, proper clothing, good books and papers; and, best of all, they have the Bible, and have heard that Jesus is soon coming to take them to that splendid home which he has prepared for them in heaven. Why should not such happy, blessed children remember the thousands and millions of little ones in heathen countries who have not good homes, who many times go hungry and without proper clothing, and, saddest of all, have never heard a word about Jesus, never a word about heaven, never a word about the Bible?

Jesus wants each boy and each girl to be his little missionary. There are many ways in which children may be missionaries in their homes and in the neighborhoods where they live; for they may do as the Saviour did when he was a boy and "went about doing good." Every helpful, kind act is missionary work for Jesus. We should remember this, for some things we have to do are unpleasant, and this thought helps us to perform them cheerfully. The Lord also wants us to do missionary work for him in far-away heathen lands. He asks the children to help in this, and there are many ways for them to do so. Last year I learned of a number of children who had earned and given to missions all the way from

ten cents to several dollars. Twenty children in one Sabbath-school earned forty dollars in seven weeks.

Perhaps you would like to know of some of the ways the children have earned money for missions. One of the very best ways is to plant a missionary garden. Making gardens is very pleasant work, and it is interesting to watch the little plants come up, grow taller and taller each week, and by and by yield their harvest. Of course the weeds have to be pulled up, and when it does not rain often enough, water must be carried for the plants to drink, but surely no one raising a missionary garden would forget to care for it.

It is better not to plant many kinds of seed in one garden. Several of the nicest missionary gardens I have even seen had just one kind of seed growing. One boy had several rows of pop-corn planted. He cared for it faithfully, and in the autumn he had several bushels of fine "mice-tooth" pop-corn. He sold the most of it to a man who kept a pop-corn stand, and received over five dollars to give to missions. The rest of the corn he saved, and occasionally would pop some of it, make balls, and sell them. All the money went to missions. One small potato garden brought its little owner one dollar for missions. An onion and radish bed gave one little girl many nickels and dimes. She kept her garden in excellent condition, and every morning carried the five-cent bunches in a little basket around to her neighbors. Some of the neighbors found out what the little girl was planning to do with her money, and occasionally they gave her double the price, for the missionary spirit touched their hearts also, and made them want to give.

Sometimes little people think garden-making a slow way to make money for the Lord. They feel just as the little boy does in this verse:—

"But a week is so long," he said,
With a toss of his curly head.
'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!
Seven whole days! Why, in six, you know
(You said it yourself—you told me so),
The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth, and the seas, and skies,
The trees, and the birds, and the butterflies—
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?'"

It will take longer than a week for some seeds to grow, but we must learn to wait patiently and to work patiently, remembering that God will be grieved at any neglect of a garden that is set apart for his work.

Some children do not live where they can plant gardens. There are other ways they can earn money for the Lord's work. One little girl bought gingham for an apron, made it neatly, and sold it for enough to buy gingham for two more aprons. She kept working in this way until she had quite a little sum for missions. One girl knit baby hoods, another worked mottoes, one boy bought paper and made and sold lamp lighters. An eleven-year-old girl learned how to make good graham bread, and baked bread to sell. Many children last year had missionary hens, some selling eggs, and others raising a flock of chickens to sell. O, there are many, many ways in which the children can help! No one should be discouraged if he can earn only a few pennies. Jesus blessed five loaves of bread and two fishes—a little boy's offering—and made them furnish food for a great company of people. Jesus can bless a single penny given to him so that many people in heathen lands may be reached by that small gift.

We hope that all the children will begin now to arrange for their missionary gardens, missionary chickens, and missionary plans. In the autumn, when all the harvests are gathered, we will ask that a special service be held for the children of each Sabbath-school, and then the missionary offerings may be brought, and counted, and sent out upon their mission of love to far-away lands.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Snuggle Close to Jesus

Two little babes so fair, one bitter, stormy night,
Were tucked away, with mother's care, in dainty
beds of white.
One was timid little May, with hair a golden
crown;
And one brave little Bert, with hair and eyes of
brown.
"I don't like storms," said May; "I'm 'fraid of
lightning, too;
Thunder re'lly hurts me,—I wish 'twould stop;
don't you?"
"We prayed to-night, dear sister, to be kept safe
from harm.
Don't you know that Jesus can save us from the
storm?
So I'm not 'fraid of storms at all." Thus answered
Bert,—
"Just snuggle close to Jesus, and you won't get
hurt."
Both little babes that stormy night were made to
see
That very close to Jesus is the safest place to be.
But, in the stormy days of
life, there's greater
danger dire,
As Satan brings tempta-
tion in poisoned darts
of fire:
And so, in all life's storms,
the safest place to
hide,
For old, as well as young,
is close at Jesus' side;
And he who stilled the
tempest once, on ra-
ging Galilee,
Can deliver from tempta-
tions that come to you
and me.
Then let's remember, in
the storms, the words
of little Bert,
"Just snuggle close to
Jesus, and you won't
get hurt."

— Selected.

The Missionary Pumpkin

CALEB sat in church listening to a man who was telling of the heathen in far-away lands. How his heart swelled in hearing of little ones, like himself, who were neglected and abused because those who should have been kind to them had never heard of the Saviour, who loves the children.

Caleb lived with his grandmother, who was very old and quite deaf. And even if she could have heard him tell of what was on his heart, he knew very well she had no money to give him.

They were talking about raising money to send men to tell these poor people the story of God's Son, and how he came to save sinners.

"Why are we so much better off than they?" the speaker said. "We can not tell why the Lord has chosen that we should be born to this blessed knowledge instead of them. How can we ever expect his favor unless we do our best to send the glad tidings to our poor brethren who sit in darkness?"

How, indeed! The thought fell like a weight on Caleb's heart. Some of the men in the church got up, and told what they would give—a great,

great deal, it seemed to Caleb. Then the plate was being passed to those who could not give so much.

"I haven't got anything except this pumpkin seed," said Caleb, showing one to his teacher, who sat near him. "It's a good kind to plant. Do you suppose the heathen like pumpkin pies?"

With a smile, Miss Lane took the small hand which held the pumpkin seed.

"I haven't a doubt of it, especially if they are boys. But why don't you plant it yourself?" she said. "Then you could sell the pumpkins you raise, and give the money."

"It would be so long to wait," said Caleb.

"But it would be so much more to give."

That settled it. Caleb put the seed back into his pocket, and the same evening sought out what he thought the best spot in his grandmother's untidy back yard in which to soften the earth and

soms full of the sunshine's gold came, and then the green promise of good things to come.

Miss Lane came one day to see his vine.

"The Lord's servants are helping in your work, Caleb. He sent his sun and wind and rains to do their best by you. I think they must almost know that you are preparing a gift for him—as everything is, you know, which we do for the least of those he loves."

Caleb stopped playing truant, and saying ugly words because his grandmother could not hear them. Such things would not do for a boy who was raising an offering for the Lord, for one who hoped to pass on his blessing to those who stood in sore need.

"You have a fine vine there, Caleb," said Mr. Ward, his nearest neighbor, looking over the fence one morning.

Caleb's heart swelled with pride as he regarded the half dozen green disks, which were growing larger every day.

"But if I were you, I'd pull off all but one."

Caleb stared in dismay at such a proposition.

"Yes, I would. Then that one would get all the strength of the vine. It would grow to be a monster. You could sell the seeds alone for more than all the others would bring."

It brought a pang to Caleb's heart to do it, but he was willing to take advice, and soon had his reward in the rapid growth of his one pumpkin. Lovingly he watched it, believing that with each day he could see new growth. He greeted the first tinge of yellow with joy.

"I tell you, Caleb,"—Mr. Ward viewed earnestly the great pumpkin in its full ripeness,— "that pumpkin must go to the county fair. It'll take first premium, I'm sure. Two dollars, very likely, it will bring."

"Oh, my!"

"And it'll be yours just the same afterward."

Caleb's eyes shone.

"I'll get it there for you."

Anxious eyes followed the big pumpkin as it went away in Mr. Ward's wagon. Caleb missed it sadly, feeling lonely at this sudden ending of his summer care. The last day of the fair he walked five miles to see it again, and

to hear if it had won a premium.

There it was, in all its glory, standing among other big pumpkins, by far the largest among them. And there, tied around its great stem, was the blue ribbon.

"You've got it, Caleb, just as I told you," said Mr. Ward, crowding up to him. "Now, you want to sell that pumpkin, don't you?"

"Yes," said Caleb.

It was a little hard to part with it, but it be-



SHALL I?

entrust his treasure to it; then away to the woods for bush to place about for shelter.

He rejoiced in the earliest green shoots, removing everything in the way of the vine as it set out on its travels. That corner of the yard was swept and garnished, for a missionary pumpkin must grow in a clean place. And before long, as there was no telling which way that dainty green plant would choose, Caleb cleaned the whole space as it had never been cleaned before. Bloss-

longed to the heathen, and not to himself.

And a few minutes later Mr. Ward was standing up beside the pumpkin, calling attention to it.

"Gentlemen, this pumpkin is for sale. I needn't tell you it is the biggest one you ever saw in your lives, for you can see that for yourselves. I needn't tell you it will make the finest pies you ever tasted, for you know it without telling. But there's one thing about it you don't know. It is a missionary pumpkin, and the very best quality of the Lord's sunshine has gone into it. What am I offered? One dollar. Thank you—that might be a good bid for a small pumpkin, but not for a giant like this. Why, there isn't a lady here that hasn't been just aching to try her hands at making pies out of this pumpkin. Two—three—why, gentlemen—in lands thousands of miles away men have been raising stuff to put into those pies, trying their very best to make them good enough, and hardly reaching it. Sugar and spices such as never grew before—four dollars—thank you sir—a good bid for a common, every-day pumpkin, but not for a missionary pumpkin. Five—I can 'most fancy," the orator dropped his light tone and spoke in earnest tones, "little ones away across the ocean listening to hear how far our thought of them can go down into our pockets—six—seven—yes, they're beginning to believe we're thinking of them—nine—how much more, gentlemen? Make it an even ten for them. Going? Going? Am I offered the ten? Going? Ten! Going at ten dollars. Going—gone, at ten dollars."

"Where's the man that raised it?" came from the crowd that had gathered near.

"Here he is!"

Caleb had remained close at Mr. Ward's feet, gazing up with eager, shining eyes. With a quick movement he was lifted, and stood beside Mr. Ward.

There was a moment's silence, and then a shout as the morsel of a boy looked shyly about him, at first half-frightened, then, meeting only kindly faces, breaking into a smile.

Many who looked knew him, and knew the small hardships and neglect unavoidably belonging to the life of the orphan boy. Smiling glances deepened into sympathy, and he bashfully hung his head as the crowd cheered heartily the little missionary.

"Caleb, here is your missionary money," said Mr. Ward to him, after the excitement had subsided. "It isn't many of us that have such a sum to give."—*Herald*.

FOUNTAIN of Life, in thee alone is light.
Shine through our being, cleansing us of sin,
Till we grow lucid with thy presence bright—
The peace of God within."

He Will Come Soon

No truth of the Bible is more plainly and pointedly set before us in the Scriptures than this, that Jesus will come again. Through all the ages this has been the belief of God's people, and from Adam's day until now, the pure in heart have prayed and waited for the Messiah. Luke 1: 69, 70.

The important question, however, is not, What have others believed? nor, What do others believe? The faith of others can not save me. It is as the Lord said to his people so long ago, when dangers threatened: "Though these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness, saith the Lord God." Eze. 14: 14.

Now, it is a fact, that many of those who read these lines have been brought up to believe that Jesus will come again, and that he will come soon. And, moreover, in the simplicity of childhood they really believed it and acted upon the belief. They loved to think it was true. More than once, as I have taken little ones and told them of his coming, of the "little while,"

and of what that coming meant to them and their loved ones, I have seen their eyes fill with tears of joy, and have heard them say, "I will be so glad when he comes." Can you not remember, dear young friend, when you were in the same condition of mind?

It is undoubtedly true that some hearts still yearn to see Jesus come in his glory. They are in harmony with him, and therefore want to be in his presence. Like the weary traveler, they long to reach home and be with the loved ones. It is also true, however, that thousands of the young men and young women of to-day look with terror to the appearing of the Saviour; and, instead of cherishing the thought, and with joy making their preparations to receive him when he comes, they are trying to drive it from the mind, and forget it entirely.

But the fact remains that he is coming soon. It matters not what the attitude may be, the truth remains the same. Unbelief can not alter the fact. A railroad train left Chicago to-day at noon. Its destination is New York. The great track of steel stretches out before it. Faster than the wind it rushes on to that Eastern city, minute by minute lessening the distance before it. Many are the messages it carries in its treasures of mail—messages of joy and of sorrow, of life and of death. Little does the great city think of the train, the great multitude really knowing nothing of its existence; but does the ignorance of some, the forgetfulness of others, change the fact that that train is thundering on to New York?—Ah, no; at the appointed hour it enters the Grand Central Station. So with the coming of the Saviour. Daily and hourly it approaches. It is a great oncoming fact that neither time, men, nor circumstances can stay. The thought of it may be blotted from the mind and stamped out of the life; but at the appointed hour the great event will occur.

My dear young friend, down deep in your better nature you really believe that the end is near. There are very few who can deny this. But you do not find peace in the thought. If, therefore, you are to-day trying to drown it in worldly pleasure, worldly plans, and worldly practises, is it not because you have been defeated in your fight against sin? It is not because you consider the thing a delusion and a snare that you would forget it, but rather that you feel utterly unable to bring into your life that which fits you to meet it aright. O, how many sad young people there are to-day, sad because they know truth which they do not live.

Coming again! Coming soon! "For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Heb. 10: 37. This is a rock of truth which can not be removed. It is true that the world scorns the idea, that the church of Christ is asleep, and that many who profess to believe he will soon appear are making no real preparation; but, notwithstanding, there will be a people ready for him when he comes.

Will you be one of that people? Let not the fact that everywhere and in many lives you find hypocrisy and doubt and unfaithfulness, deter you from choosing a place among the people of God. Though you may be tempted as Elijah once was, to believe that you are standing alone in the effort, remember that it is not so. Read 1 Kings 19: 13-18. It is time now, as we have been told, to gather courage from others' cowardice, warmth from their coldness, and loyalty from their treason. Deliberately and positively place yourself on the side of right. Remember that you have a case at God's judgment bar. The work of preparation which you must do is great, and the time in which to do it very short. The only sensible, reasonable thing to do, therefore, is to at once call into action all the faculties of your being, and make a faithful, determined, and persevering effort in well-doing.

You are tempted to think, probably, that if

others make such miserable failures, it is useless for you to try. Do not entertain such thoughts for a moment. *You can succeed.* There is always a cause for failure, and if you discover what the cause is, and give it no place in your life, the failure will not come. Certainly, the grace of God is sufficient. Let me tell you that the only reason why so many fail in their efforts to reach heaven, is because they do not cut the cords that bind them to earth. But if you are willing to have all the cords cut in order that you may live for God, then God will surely sever the cords.

The coming of the Lord should appeal to the love in our hearts, but not to the fear. We are not to be frightened into heaven. To attempt to do right now simply because we are afraid of that which is to come by and by, is only selfishness. The great need is to love the right, and to do right for right's sake. He who loves the right, whenever and wherever he finds it, loves the Saviour; and, loving the Saviour, he will love his appearing.

These are important days. God is calling to the young people to find in him that which satisfies every longing of the soul; that which will make them to rejoice in the thought that Jesus will come again, and come soon; that which will move them out to work earnestly for the perishing world. In the confession and forgiveness of sin, and the reception of the Holy Spirit all these blessings lie hidden. And "now is the accepted time."

O, dear young friend, fear not the day of his coming, but fear that which causes you to fear his coming. Fear wrong. Love him. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." "He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." C. L. TAYLOR.

Welcome Glad Day

Lo, o'er yonder mountain breaking,
See the reddening dawn of day;
Blow thy trumpets, souls awakening,
Shout with joy, and watch, and pray!
O, my Saviour,
We will welcome thy glad day.

Long, too long, have we now wandered
From thy precious, bleeding side;
Long, too long, has life been squandered
In selfish gain and mortal pride;
Blessed Jesus,
We would now with thee abide.

Soon we'll see the pearly portals;
Gates will be ajar for thee;
Shining saints and glad immortals
Sing thy praise eternally.
O my Jesus,
Soon thy blessed face we'll see.

We would hasten thy returning,
As we bow before thy throne,
With our lamps all trimmed and burning.
Come, and take us to thy home;
Come, dear Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come!

ARTHUR FOX.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III—From Jeroboam to Ahab

(April 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 14, 15, 16.

MEMORY VERSE: "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Prov. 8: 17.

King Jeroboam did not heed the message sent to him by the Lord, nor turn from his evil ways; but kept on leading Israel into idolatry.

At this time Abijah, the son of Jeroboam, was very sick. The wicked king loved this child, and sent his wife to Shiloh to ask the prophet Ahijah if the boy would get well. He told her

to disguise herself, so the prophet would not know who she was.

Ahijah was old, and his eyes were dim, but the Lord told him that the wife of Jeroboam was coming, and gave him a message for her to carry to the wicked king. When the prophet heard her at the door, he said, "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thou thyself to be another? for I am sent to thee with heavy tidings."

Then he told her that because the king had not honored the Lord and kept his commandments, and had led Israel to worship idols, the house of Jeroboam would be cut off. They would not die and be buried, for the Lord said: "Him that dieth of Jeroboam in the city shall the dogs eat; and him that dieth in the fields shall the fowls of the air eat."

Of the child that lay at home sick, the prophet said to the woman: "When thy feet enter into the city, the child shall die. And all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him: for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel."

Jeroboam reigned twenty-two years. Then Nadab, his son, took the kingdom. The prophet had told the wife of Jeroboam that the Lord would raise up a king who would "cut off the house of Jeroboam;" and in the days of Nadab this king came. His name was Baasha, and he slew Nadab and all the members of Jeroboam's household.

Baasha reigned twenty-four years; but he did so wickedly that the Lord sent him a message that his house should be cut off, just as was the house of Jeroboam. When Baasha died, Elah his son reigned for two years.

Elah was another wicked king. Zimri, the captain of half his chariots, conspired against him, and slew him and all the family of Baasha, just as Baasha had slain all the family of Jeroboam.

Zimri was king only seven days. The army then made Omri, the captain of the host, king of Israel, and Omri went up against Zimri. When Zimri saw that the city was taken, he shut himself up in the king's palace, and set fire to it, and so died.

Then Omri was king. "But Omri wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord, and did worse than all that were before him." He was king for nearly twelve years. When he died, Ahab, his son, reigned in his stead. Ahab not only worshiped the idols that Jeroboam had set up, but he married Jezebel, a very wicked woman, and served Baal. He built a house for Baal in Samaria, and made a grove. "And Ahab the son of Omri did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him."

This was a dark time in the history of Israel. First the people wanted a king, and not the Lord, to rule over them. Then their kings forsook the Lord, and led the people to sin still more. But in those dark days there were some who loved the Lord. Elijah, the Tishbite, was one of these, and the Lord spoke through him in the days of the wicked king Ahab.

Questions

1. What did King Jeroboam continue to do? What member of his family was taken ill? To whom did the king send his wife? What did he hope to find out from the prophet? Who was Ahijah? Read 1 Kings 14:2.

2. How did the prophet know who was coming? What did he call her when she stood at the door? What question did he ask her? What did he say he had for her?

3. What did he say that the Lord would do to the house of Jeroboam? Why?

4. What would become of the child that was ill? What did the Lord say about this boy? Whom especially does the Lord love? Find the answer in the Memory Verse. What does he say of those who seek him?

5. How long did Jeroboam reign? Who was king after him? For how long?

6. What had the Lord said he would bring against the house of Jeroboam? What king followed Nadab? What did he do to the house of Jeroboam? How many years did Baasha rule?

7. Who was the next king? What kind of man was Elah? Who was allowed to destroy him and all the house of Baasha? How many days was Zimri king?

8. Who was Omri? Who made him king? Where did he go? When Zimri saw that the city was taken, what did he do?

9. What kind of king was Omri? How long did he reign? Who was king after him? What are we told about Ahab? What wicked woman was his wife? What god did he worship?

10. What prophet of the Lord lived in the days of the wicked king Ahab?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III—The Seven Churches—Pergamos and Thyatira

(April 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rev. 2:12-29.

MEMORY VERSE: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Verse 17.

Questions

1. To what time did the second period of the church extend?—To the time when Constantine, the Roman emperor, professed conversion, and with him many of the people, so that the Roman empire was called Christian.

2. By what name was the third period of the church represented? How is the speaker described? Verse 12; note 1.

3. What is this sharp, two-edged sword? Chap. 1:16; Heb. 4:12.

4. With what words of commendation is this church addressed? What in their surroundings made the way more difficult? Verse 13; note 2.

5. For what were they reproved? Verses 14, 15; note 3.

6. What warning is given? Verse 16.

7. What promise is extended not only to the church of Pergamos, but to every one that overcomes? Verse 17; note 4.

8. How is the next period of the church described? Verse 18; note 5.

9. During what period of the history of God's people did this church exist? Note 5.

10. How are they commended? Verse 19.

11. What did the Lord hold against them? Verse 20; note 6.

12. What was to be the fate of this apostate power? How will all be rewarded? Verses 21-23.

13. What encouragement did he offer to every one that had not become entangled in this great apostasy? Verses 24, 25.

14. What promise does he make to those who overcome? Verses 26, 27.

15. With whom will the saints share in the judgment of the wicked? Ps. 2:6, 9; 149:5-9.

16. What assurance is held out to the believer, in this dark hour? Verse 28; note 7.

17. To how many is this message to the churches addressed? Verse 29; note 8.

Notes

1. "Pergamos" means elevation, or height. This very fittingly represents the condition of the church from the professed conversion of Constantine, A. D. 323, to the establishment of the papacy, A. D. 538. The Christian religion became popular.

2. During this period the true servants of God had to struggle against worldly pride and pop-

ularity among professed Christians. Satan was already laying the foundation for the development of the papacy. The conversion of Constantine brought into the church many pagan doctrines, some of which are still retained in the churches to-day. You will think immediately of Sunday, a heathen festival day in Constantine's time.

3. The apostate Balaam, having failed by direct attack to bring a curse upon Israel, counseled Balak to seduce them into sin, and so indirectly accomplish the end. Num. 31:16. Here the church that had withstood the pagan persecutions was weakened by popularity, and the compromise with worldly principles, evil and falsehood springing up within. It is still the greatest danger of the church.

4. We do not expect to understand these promises in their fulness here, but by and by we shall understand. Yet sometimes they are made plainer by a knowledge of the customs of the people at the time they were written. A simple custom of primitive times adds interest to the description of the white stone of this verse:—

"When traveling was rendered difficult from want of places of public entertainment, hospitality was exercised by private individuals to a very great extent, of which, indeed, we find frequent traces in all history, and in none more than the Old Testament. Persons who partook of this hospitality, and those who practised it, frequently contracted habits of friendship and regard for each other, and it became a well-established custom among the Greeks and Romans to provide their guests with some particular mark, which was handed down from father to son, and insured hospitality and kind treatment whenever it was presented. This mark was usually a small stone or pebble, cut in half, upon the halves of which the host and the guest mutually inscribed their names, and then interchanged with each other. The production of this tessera was quite sufficient to insure friendship for themselves or descendants whenever they traveled again in the same direction, while it is evident that these stones required to be privately kept, and the names written upon them carefully concealed, lest others should obtain the privileges instead of the persons for whom they were intended."

5. Thyatira signifies "sweet savor of labor," or "sacrifice of contrition," and fittingly suggests the torn and bleeding church during the dark days of papal rule. This period of the church began about A. D. 538, covering the 1260 years of Dan. 7:25, to A. D. 1798.

6. "Jezebel is a figurative name, alluding to Ahab's wife, who slew the prophets of the Lord, led her husband into idolatry, and fed the prophets of Baal at her own table. A more striking figure could not have been used to denote the papal abominations. (See 1 Kings, chapters 18, 19, and 21.) It is very evident from history, as well as from this verse, that the church of Christ did suffer some of the papal monks to preach and teach among them. See the 'History of the Waldenses.'"—*William Miller's Lectures*.

7. The coming of the Lord is given as assurance in this dark hour. See Rev. 22:16.

8. The one lesson to be learned from this study is that these promises and reproofs were not only for the periods mentioned, but apply wherever the same conditions exist, even to-day. Not only to these churches, but to every one having ears to hear, are these messages addressed. In the closing days of the history of God's church in the earth, we can not afford to neglect these words of counsel. We may enjoy rich blessings by presenting these same promises to our Heavenly Father, who, at our call, will do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. Make the study of each lesson personal. Accept the reproof, and claim the promises for your own, and your experience in the things of God will deepen, and your opportunities for service extend.



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.

"YOUNG men, don't drift."

BEWARE of novel-reading.

GIVE up the cause of past failure.

"His own heart is the curse of a man unkind."

"It's never too late to mend—if you begin now."

"A PERSON who is good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else."

MORE things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. For so the whole round earth is every way bound by gold chains about the feet of God.—*Tennyson.*

KNITTING needles are cheap and common enough, but on them may be wrought the fairest designs in the richest wools. So the incidents of daily life may be commonplace in the extreme, but on them as the material foundation one may build the unseen but everlasting fabric of a noble and beautiful character.—*F. B. Meyer.*

"FAR down beneath the surge of common life the foundations of a character are laid, more beautiful and enduring than coral, which shall presently rear itself before the eyes of men and angels, and become an emerald islet, green with perennial beauty, and vocal with the songs of paradise."

ARE YOU in need of counsel? Reverently and thoughtfully claim the wisdom of the Counselor; reckon that you have it, and act to the best of your judgment, believing that his wisdom is threading it with his unseen direction. And when you have acted, whatever be the results, dare to believe that you were directed to do the best thing, and never look back.—*F. B. Meyer.*

"MINE eyes and mine heart shall be there continually." These are the words of the Lord to Solomon relative to the temple that the king had just finished building. What a precious promise to that nation—"mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually." These words show that God's eye and heart are with his chosen ones. Now that the Jews have forsaken the Lord, and he has chosen another people to be his peculiar people, his eyes and his heart will be with this people continually. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." His heart is with us that he may show himself strong in our behalf. Do we not need to take hold of his strength that we may make peace with him, and that we may carry this message to every perishing soul ere it is too late?

Harvard Boys to Rough It

A UNIQUE movement has been adopted by the present junior class at Harvard. Next year they will be seniors, and the plan is to have the entire class live in the college yard. "Roughing it" is the term the boys apply to the manner of life they will adopt. It is said that the luxuries of steam heat, private bath rooms, bell boys, telephones and the like have tended to enervate the boys, and they will return to the old regime of rooms where water freezes in the pitchers overnight, and where one has to carry his own coal up from the cellar. The students believe that what was good enough for their fathers will be good enough for them.

Among the leaders in the movement are the president of the class and the editor of the *Harvard Crimson*.—*Young People's Weekly.*

China's Change

RECENT letters from China announce that there has been a great change in the attitude of the Chinese toward foreign things since the Boxer uprising. The dowager empress has an automobile and an electric launch, both of which she uses. Her newest gowns have foreign trimmings. She likes a feather bed and a rocking-chair, and has some chairs of foreign make with springs and soft cushions to ease her aged bones. Following the fashion set by their ruler, the government officers are adopting foreign customs. Six princes drive about Peking in broughams, and more than sixty decent civilized carriages are used by the various officers. A rock-crushing machine and two steam road-rollers have been ordered for use in improving the streets, and Prince Su, who has charge of the city, promises to have the roads in such good condition in a year that an automobile may be driven safely all over the capital.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Photographic Feat

THOSE who have wished that larger photographs could be taken of places dear to them from association or because of their beauty or picturesqueness, can certainly in the near future have their highest ambitions in this direction realized. At a recent exhibition in Germany, a photograph was exhibited which is said to surpass all others in size. This gigantic photograph measures thirty-nine feet and eight inches by nearly five feet. A copy of the photograph will be displayed at the St. Louis Fair. The picture represents the Bay of Naples, and includes the city and bay as far as Mount Vesuvius. Special machinery and vessels had to be manufactured for developing the photograph, and the developing was done in the open air at night on account of the great size of the wheel that reeled off the paper into the developing liquid. This wheel measured forty-one feet in circumference. The total amount of water used in washing the print was about ten thousand five hundred ninety-three cubic feet.

Korea Necessary to Japan

KOREA is the great stake for which Japan and Russia have plunged into war. Just why Japan wants Korea and why Russia is determined that Japan shall not have it, is explained by the *Review of Reviews* as follows:—

"Japan desires Korea because her population is crowding the home island, and must have a place in which to overflow; because the climate, the soil, the products, the environment generally, are little different from those at home, and hence would make an attractive place for this overflow. Also, she wants Korea because she can not afford to have Korea in the possession of her arch-enemy, Russia. If Russia should take Korea, it would bring the Northern Bear to the very portals of the household of Japan. On the other

hand, if Japan should take Korea, it would bring the little yellow man to the borders of Manchuria. . . . In addition to her fine, ice-free harbors, which Russia wants, and access to which she is determined to have, Korea commands the Yellow Sea and the Japan Sea, and Russia wants no aggressive power like Japan occupying the position Korea commands. Korea has fertile fields, genial climate, unsurpassed fisheries, rich mines, and room for growth. Japan wants these, as well as a place to stand to meet the aggressions of the Slav. Besides, Korea in Russian hands means a dagger pointed at the heart of Japan. It is a life-and-death struggle for Japan. She may be only feinting and diplomating in demanding guarantees as to trade and privileges in Manchuria and insisting upon her rights in that province, although her commercial transactions with the people of Manchuria outweigh those of all other nations combined; but as to Korea, there is no room for diplomating. The vital importance to Japan of this peninsula is realized by the whole people, from the throne to the Japanese fishermen. The Japanese people are a passionate unit upon this point, and whatever else may be said or done, there will be war, and desperate war, before Japan will willingly consent to seeing Korea in the possession and control of Russia."—*The Week's Progress.*

The Way

ONCE as I toiled along the world's rough road,
I longed to lift each fellow pilgrim's load.

I yearned to smooth all obstacles away,
And make the journey one glad holiday.

Now that so much of life's long path is trod,
I better know the purposes of God.

As I come nearer to the final goal,
I grasp the meaning of the Over-Soul.

This is the message as it comes to me—
Do well the task thy Maker set for thee.

Cheer the despairing; ease his load a bit,
Or teach him how he best may carry it;

But do not lift it wholly, lest at length
Thy too great kindness rob him of his strength.
—*Selected.*



DEAR EDITOR,—

I saw an article in the *INSTRUCTOR* on "Winter Bird Studies," and I have been thinking that I would like a book on birds. Will you kindly give me the name of a good bird-book, and the name of the publishers? I would like a book that names and describes all the birds of North America. I have been making bird-houses to-day, and I want to know the names of the birds that come to live in them. I enclose stamps for reply.

Yours respectfully,

HORACE A. HALL.

I have given only a part of this interesting letter. The best book that I know of that can be obtained at a reasonable price is "Bird-Life," by Frank Chapman, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City. Another good book is "Birdcraft," by Mable Osgood Wright, published by MacMillan Co., New York. I am glad that you are interested in birds; for there is pleasure, health, and knowledge in the study of them. Why not study them? "It is he who made the flowers, and who gave to the sparrow its song, that says, 'Consider the lilies,' 'Behold the birds.' In the loveliness of the things of nature you may learn more of the wisdom of God than the schoolmen know. Why has he given you the *singing birds* and the gentle blossoms, but from the overflowing love of a Father's heart that would brighten and gladden your path of life?"