

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LII

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 10, 1904

No. 19

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Meeting Waters

CLOSE beside the meeting waters,
Long I stood as in a dream,
Watching how the little river
Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still the mingled current
Glided to the waiting sea;
On its breast serenely pictured
Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And I thought, "O human spirit!
Strong and deep and pure and blest,
Let the stream of my existence
Blend with thine, and find its rest!"

I could die as dies the river,
In that current deep and wide;
I would live as lives its waters,
Flashing from a stronger tide!

— J. G. Whittier.

Jottings from the Life of John Greenleaf Whittier

"If you wish to be successful in life, seek out some righteous but unpopular cause and stand by it till its triumph." Surely truer words were never uttered; and to the truth of this principle an innumerable cloud of witnesses bears unerring testimony.

Though Whittier's poems in general delight our varied moods, my loving hope for our dear young people is that the principle in the man that caused him to dare stand alone, if need be, for right, in the face of unpopularity, derision, persecution, yea, even death itself, will most forcibly challenge their admiration and emulation; for we, too, have a cause to stand by, than which one more righteous never demanded our loyalty. And it is bound to triumph gloriously. Its triumph means not the suppression for a time of one evil in one little spot, but the utter annihilation of all evil forever from God's entire universe. Its triumph means not simply the emancipation of a few thousand people from one little phase of slavery, leaving them still in vastly more galling soul-slavery, but eternal emancipation from every form of bondage, because of the chaining and final execution of the chief of slaveholders — Satan. And when this great struggle shall have thus ended, it will not leave us on this poor sin-cursed earth, to toil on a few years, then decay and die; but lands us with —

"Our toils all past, our joys complete,
Safe in our Father's home."

With these thoughts in mind, let us for a little time study the life of John Greenleaf Whittier, with the special object of viewing in that life "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

Doubtless, as in the case of Timothy, those principles of loyalty to right dwelt first in his

"grandmother Lois," and in his "mother Eunice."

Whittier was born a come-outer. His ancestors had severed from the English Church and cast in their lot with the despised Quakers, "when to be an advocate of this new doctrine was a sure road to martyrdom, when for preaching according to the dictates of conscience, men were flogged, chained in loathsome dungeons, half-starved, banished under pain of death, yea, more. — men of blameless lives were actually hanged as malefactors on Boston Common."

As the history of those times was told around the old fireplace in the Whittier home, doubtless John Greenleaf's boyish heart burned within him,

has so well described the place in "Snow-Bound," "Barefoot Boy," and other poems, I will not now go into details in my description.

Within a few years the Whittier Club, of Haverhill, has obtained control of the place, and through the kindness of friends and relatives, has refitted it with many of the old Whittier furnishings, including chairs, tables, the poet's old desk, his mother's dishes, and various other things. In a large front room on the lower floor, John Greenleaf was born, December 17, 1807, the same year as his brother poet Henry W. Longfellow.

Among other interesting things in this room is a collection of old silhouettes of different members of his home. Also one of the little girl who, in his poem, "In School-Days," says: —

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you;
Because, — the brown eyes lower
fell, —
'Because, you see, I love you!'"

But we must hasten on up the well-worn staircase to the room above, which Whittier occupied as a boy.

It has been but little changed since those boyhood days, and even now fits his description of it, where he says: —

"We heard the loosened clapboards
tost,
And board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered
wall,
Felt the light sifted snowflakes fall."

Perhaps no other room is quite as interesting as the kitchen, the living-room of this estimable family. As we sit down in the now lonely and quiet room, we will let Whittier himself tell us about the dear ones who once made the room merry and bright as they sat around the very fireplace about which we are now sitting.

Of his mother he says: —

"Our mother, while she turned her
wheel,

Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
Then, haply, with a look more grave
And somber tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewell's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith, fire-winged by martyrdom."

From a picture we have seen of this sweet, benign, dignified mother, we do not wonder that her boy was a credit to her. A strong but very brief picture of his father also comes to mind. It is the first morning after the storm. We can easily see this resolute father at the foot of the old staircase, calling his boys to their share in the day's toil; but we will still let Whittier speak from "Snow-Bound": —

"A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: 'Boys, a path!'"

In those few words it is not difficult to detect the sturdy character that would dare be loyal to an unpopular cause.



OUR QUAKER POET

and found vent in later years in earnest, fiery words resembling the lofty tone of the ancient prophets.

But let us now for a little time glance at the early life of our Quaker poet.

About three miles from Haverhill, on the electric line to Amesbury, the conductor calls out, "Whittier's Birthplace." I would very much enjoy having the INSTRUCTOR family visit this place with me. In fancy we may take the trip, stopping at a number of places of interest on the way. As we get off the car in answer to the conductor's call, we notice a large granite slab by the roadside, bearing the inscription, "Whittier's Birthplace." Looking up the road to our left, in plain sight from the main street, we see the house in which our poet first opened his wondering eyes. As we pass over the little old bridge spanning the brook made memorable in "Barefoot Boy," we realize we are entering memory-haunted grounds. As Whittier himself

His Aunt Mercy Hussey, for many years a member of the family, is thus tenderly remembered:—

"Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams, I see and hear,—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate."

Uncle Moses, his father's brother, is not forgotten, and from the following description, one fancies that the poet was more like this uncle, in some respects, than like the very practical father. He thus speaks of him:—

"Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear."

Then came the description of his older sister Mary:—

"A full, rich nature,
free to trust,
Truthful and almost
sternly just,
Keeping with many a
light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice."

The large braided mat before the fireplace reminds one of his description of the baby of the family:—

"Upon the motley-braided mat

Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes."

This baby was Elizabeth, the noble sister of later years, who was so closely associated with her brother's joys and sorrows, as well as in his literary pursuits.

At the time "Snow-Bound" was written, in 1866, the entire family except himself and his only brother, were sleeping in the cemetery at Amesbury.

The poet thus sadly writes:—

"Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now."

We must leave the old homestead, with its many pleasant memories; but we will still study the life which began in this old home.

Of Whittier's babyhood we hear little; but his mother, doubtless, treasured in her heart his little experiences, including his baby lisplings and childish trials, though of the latter we fancy he had less than the overpetted child of the present.

We do hear in due time of the little seven-year-old John Greenleaf as starting for school. There was usually but one three-months' term of school in the year; and with a new teacher every winter, it is readily seen that Whittier's educational advantages were limited.

Unlike George Washington, we have no record of immaculate copy-books, in connection with Whittier's school record; but we do know that after-years proved most indisputably that somewhere, somehow, he had amassed a store of information and acquired an unusual mastery of his mother tongue. Who shall say that there was not a compensating string in his missing the privileges of a classical education? Had he been longer amid the clatter of the schools, might he not have missed hearing Nature's finer notes?

In those early days Whittier's reading was also limited in variety, which also may not have been so great a calamity, as it led him to dig deeper into the few books at his command. It is safe to say that the bulk of the future poet's reading was the Bible. His cousin, Mrs. Gertrude Cartland, of Newburyport, thus describes Whittier's Bible training: "In the Whittier home the reading of the Holy Scriptures was a constant practise. On First-day afternoons, especially, the mother would read them with the children, endeavoring to impress their truths by

familiar conversation; and to this early and habitual instruction we may attribute in great measure the full and accurate knowledge of Bible history which the poems of Whittier indicate."

The family attended church in Amesbury, eight miles away. The simple church still stands, a monument to Quaker simplicity. Neither steeple nor bell adorns it.

Well has Underwood, one of Whittier's biographers, said: "If the energies and resources of Christianity are to be expended in building gorgeous temples furnished with luxury and adorned with triumphs of art, where professed musicians and singers are employed to display their accomplishments, and great men give scholarly lectures to people of the highest fashion, that is one thing. But if Christianity reverts to

its primitive type, its home will be once more in the 'upper chambers,' among humble and sincere believers who are alive with divine love, and from whose hearts worship arises as naturally as fragrance from flowers, whose songs and ascriptions of praise are not echoes from the opera or the mass, and who are not 'conformed to the world,' but are 'unspotted' from it, and

who live 'as ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye.'"

What would have been the result had the influences which molded the character of Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, Emerson, and Lowell been thrown around Whittier, we can not say. Doubtless something gained, and probably something lost. May we not believe that God was training him in this quiet life for his future work, even as Moses was trained during those quiet years in Midian's pastures?

"Whittier seems to have made the most of his opportunities, and his sincere and just mind and character, aided by unflinching tact, seem to have supplied the place of what are termed cultivated manners, so that the plowboy manifested the simple dignity and courtesy of a gentleman."

A few years at Haverhill Academy supplemented his district school-days. During these days poems were frequently written by him. His first poem was published when he was about nineteen years of age. Up to this time he had only written poems to hide them; but his faithful sister Mary sent one of these hidden poems to a newspaper, and its appearance in print of course greatly surprised and delighted the young writer.

Burns and Scott are the only poets who can be said to have influenced in the least Whittier's poetry.

Among his early poems was the well-known "Vaudois Teacher," picturing the faithful Waldensians, who under disguise of peddlers, carried the "Pearl of great price" to the needy.

Another poem dear to us is a selection from "Tent on the Beach," describing the wonderful dark day of May 19, 1780. He thus speaks of it:—

"'Twas on a May-day of the far old
year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there
fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the
spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of
noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the
night.

* * * *

The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where
its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which
climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard
fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leath-
ern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew
sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he
looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law."

As students of prophecy we are surely grateful for this testimony.

CARRIE E. ROBIE.

(To be continued)

Only a Piece of Paper

THE following illustration of what may be accomplished by good literature is recounted by an exchange:—

"I was asked to go to a public house in Nottingham to see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. I asked her how she found the Lord. 'Reading that,' she replied, handing me a torn piece of paper.

"I looked at it, and found that it was a piece of an American newspaper, containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion.

"Where did you find this newspaper?' I asked.

"She answered: 'It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia.'

"Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that! A sermon preached in London, conveyed to America, then to Australia, part of it torn off for the parcel dispatched to England, and after all its wanderings, giving the message of salvation to that woman's soul! God's word shall not return unto him void."

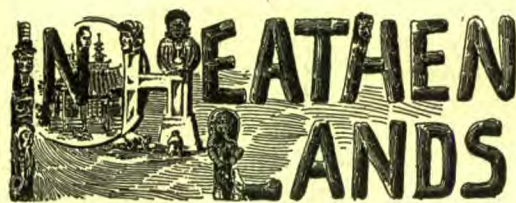
"THERE is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving."



WHITTIER'S HOME, HAVERHILL



WIDEST STREET IN ZANZIBAR



Stanley in Africa

STANLEY came to a number of intelligent tribes, who gave him information about the rest of the river to the coast. There were yet three great falls below him, and any number of dangerous rapids; also Boma, on the Atlantic coast, could be reached by easy journeys across the country. His main problem had been solved—whether the Lualaba and the Congo were the same. He had been following the Congo all the time, had seen its splendid forests and mighty affluents, its dashing rapids and bewildering whirlpools and falls. What need, then, to risk life further? He resolved to leave the river, and make direct for the coast. When he gave this welcome news to his men, they were overcome with joy. One poor man, the coxswain of the "Lady Alice," went mad with rapture, and fled into the forest. Three precious days were spent searching for the poor fellow, but he was never seen again.

Leaving all unnecessary equipage at the cataract of Isangila, the party started for Boma, but gave out entirely within three days of it. A messenger was sent in advance for aid, and returned with abundance of food and carriers, in time to save the perishing men. Pressing on, they were soon receiving the care of the good people of Boma, and all forgot toil and peril, amid civilized comforts.

Stanley's exploit is unparalleled in the history of African adventure. While not the first to cross the continent, he had hewed an unknown way, and had done more to unravel African mysteries and to settle geographic problems than had any other explorer. August 12, 1877—eight months after he set out from Lake Nyangwe to follow the Lualaba—he stood on the Atlantic shore at Boma, and gazing upon the mouth of the Congo, he could still hardly believe that this mighty flood pouring into the sea was the same that he had followed through wood and morass, rapid and cataract, rock-bound channel and wide expanse, for so long a time. In the three years' journey of seventy-two hundred miles from Zanzibar, one hundred and fourteen of his original party had perished. The remnant which had survived were returned to their Zanzibar home, according to contract, Stanley himself going with them by steamer around the Cape of Good Hope. It was a joyful time when these people again beheld their home. Their friends rushed to the beach to welcome back the wanderers; wives, husbands, children, and parents "literally leaped into one another's arms, and with weeping and laughter," the wonderful story was told of their long and terrible journey. Stanley paid his followers in full, and rewarded some over their lawful claims. Many of his men were thus able to buy neat little homes.

The scene on the beach on the day of Stanley's departure was affecting and strange. The people of the expedition wrung his hand over and over again. Then, lifting him upon their shoulders, they carried him through the surf to his boat, then on a lighter they followed his boat to the steamer, where they bade their beloved leader a last farewell. Stanley's own feelings were almost beyond control, as his mind turned to the three strange, eventful years, during which these simple black people had followed him with a fidelity which had been simple and noble, child-like and heroic. To him, his comrades in travel through the Dark Continent would ever remain heroes; for their obedient, loyal aid had enabled him to accomplish the three tasks he had set himself to perform—the exploration of the great Victoria Nyanza Lake, the circumnavigation of

the Tanganyika, and the identification of Livingstone's Lualaba River with the Congo.

Immediately after this memorable journey, Mr. Stanley began enthusiastically working to found a great Congo free government and commercial empire. This was at last accomplished, and the Congo Free State was constituted and defined by the International Conference held at Berlin, February 26, 1885, placing it under the sovereignty of Leopold II, king of Belgium, and declared to be free to the trade of all nations for the period of twenty years. Besides the most rigid injunctions enforcing free trade, absolute religious liberty and freedom of worship are guaranteed; special favor and protection are provided for all missionaries and religious and scientific enterprises. The slave trade, also, is not to be tolerated in any part. We can not fail to see the hand of God in this result, a marvelous providence guiding the decisions of men.

Until the missionary explorations of Dr. Livingstone had given the knowledge of the interior of Africa, nothing could be done toward evangelizing its teeming population, and all efforts were confined to the coast. To Livingstone, the end of his geographical work was to be the beginning of missionary enterprise. When the news of his death reached England, it was felt to be a call for a new effort for evangelizing the central part of Africa. Thus, in May, 1875, as Stanley was solving the problems of the great lakes, a party from the Free Church of Scotland started to ascend the Zambesi, and by way of the Shire to reach Nyassa Lake. They took with them a steam launch, and putting it together at the mouth of the Zambesi, ascended as far as the Murchison Cataract on the Shire. Then the steamer was taken to pieces, and transported, in seven hundred loads, on the heads of natives, past the cataracts, reconstructed, and, in October, they steamed into Lake Nyassa, and a week later the foundation of the Livingstonia settlement began. Many other societies have since entered this part of Central Africa, as well as northward portions, and along the Congo, until this central part of the Dark Continent is studded nearly from the east to its western shore, with missionary stations.

Roughly we may describe the basin of the Congo as extending from the fifth degree of north latitude to the twelfth degree of south latitude, and from the hills on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean to the thirty-first degree of east longitude, an area of 1,056,200 square miles. The Congo Free State has an area of about nine hundred thousand square miles. The resources of this region are exhaustless. The forests are dense and valuable. Their rubber wealth is untouched. Everywhere there is a vast amount of ivory, which is turned into the commonest utensils by the natives. There are palms which yield oil, and plantains, bananas, maize, tobacco, peanuts, yams, wild coffee, and soil, equal to any in the world for fertility. Europeans must guard against the climate, but it is possible with care to become inured to it. Day temperature averages ninety degrees the year round, but the average of the night is seventy to seventy-five degrees. Rain falls frequently, mostly in the night, often with violent tornadoes. The natives are hostile only where they have suffered from Arab slave dealers.

Many and wonderful have been the changes during the years since Stanley followed the course of the Congo. To-day over two hundred and fifty miles of railway along the river from the west coast obviate the difficulties of navigation; and from Stanley Pool for eleven hundred miles, twenty-four steamers ply its waters. Steamers have also been placed upon the great lakes in the interior. Our own training-school at the Plainfield Mission, in Cholo, Central Africa, is situated west of Lake Nyassa, within the free territory. Lake Nyassa was discovered by Livingstone, September 16, 1859. It is three hun-

dred miles long and sixty wide. Its shores are overhung by tall mountains, down which cascades plunge into the lake. These mountains are high table-lands, stretching off in all directions. The inhabitants are the wildest kind of Zulus, and carry formidable weapons, painting their bodies in fiendish devices. They have been the victims of the slave traders, to an extent which would shock even the cruel Arab brigands of the White Nile. Elton and Thompson, exploring the country north of Nyassa, found it to be full of elephants, and the mountain heights were sublime, the valleys deep and fertile. The mountains rise to a height of twelve thousand to fourteen thousand feet, and are snow-capped. In the valley of the Shire lie the bones of many an African explorer. Bishop Mackenzie is buried in its swamps. Thornton found a grave at the foot of a cataract. And a few miles below its mouth, beneath a giant baobab tree, repose the remains of Mrs. Livingstone. Near her is the resting-place of Kirkpatrick of the Zambesi Survey of 1826.

Many things combine to make the location of the Plainfield Mission one of deep interest, even the fact that Dr. Livingstone yielded up his life not far to its west, on the southern shore of Lake Bangweolo. Surely our God has so shaped events in the past history of this dark land that now, even so late, the third angel's message may be sounded in the very heart of Africa.

MRS. L. E. LABONTI.

Out of Touch

ONLY a word, yes, only a word,
That the Spirit's small voice whispered "speak;"
But the worker passed onward unblessed and weak,

Whom you were meant to have stirred
To courage, devotion, and love anew,
Because when the message came to you,
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a note, yes, only a note
To a friend in a distant land;
The Spirit said, "Write," but then you had planned

Some different work, and you thought
It mattered little. You did not know
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe—
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a song, yes, only a song
That the Spirit said "sing to-night,
Thy voice is thy Master's by purchased right;"
But you thought, "Mid this motley throng,
I care not to sing of the city of gold"—
And the heart that your words might have reached
grew cold,
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a day, yes, only a day,
But O! can you guess, my friend,
Where the influence reaches, and where it will end,

Of the hours that you frittered away?
The Master's command is, "Abide in me:"
And fruitless and vain will your service be
If "out of touch" with your Lord.

—Jean H. Watson.

Polish Versus Kindness

IN society one may pass as polished, and yet in no sense fulfil the command, "Be ye kind one to another." A polished surface may cover much that is undesirable, but real kindness must win; for it comes from a heart in touch with the Author of all good. Favors may be extended that are actuated by a selfishness of which the giver himself would be ashamed had he not gradually become blinded to his own character. Selfishness may be set aside and kindness cultivated, even late in life, if one allows the Spirit of God to enter the heart and exercise its benign and purifying influence. The youth have the advantage in the fact that they are not so strongly entrenched in habit as those in middle or aged life. Characters are more readily changed in youth than in age, but the grace of God is sufficient for any work in any stage of life or in any place on earth.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.



A Work of Reform—Restoring the Seal to the Law

CHAPTER STUDY: "Great Controversy," Chapter Twenty-six.

LESSON TOPICS:—

Reform predicted by Isaiah.

Where prosecuted. Isa. 58: 1, 2; 8: 16.

When and how the "breach" was made in the law.

Importance of the reform.

Who is to sound the message of reform.

Obstacles in the way of the reform movement.

Reproofs and warnings to the reformers.

Promises of encouragement to the reformers.

Isa. 51: 7, 8; Eze. 33: 7-9; Isa. 58: 12, 13; 62: 11, 12.

Note

If the leader would ask a number of persons or all of the Society one week before the lesson study to be prepared to give at the next meeting a short, terse statement relative to the fourth topic, it would add to the interest and profit of the study. Why the Sabbath reform is *necessary*, is the real meaning of the topic. Since many are innocently keeping Sunday, why couldn't the work be closed up without the reform movement?

Obstacles

Obstacles to the advancement of the work of God will appear; but fear not. To the omnipotence of the King of kings, our covenant-keeping God unites the gentleness and care of a tender shepherd. Nothing can stand in his way. His power is absolute, and it is the pledge of the sure fulfilment of his promises to his people. He can remove all obstructions to the advancement of his work. He has means for the removal of every difficulty, that those who serve him and respect the means he employs may be delivered. His goodness and love are infinite, and his covenant is unalterable.

The plans of the enemies of God's work may seem to be firm and well established, but he can overthrow the strongest of these plans, and in his own time and way he will do this, when he sees that our faith has been sufficiently tested, and that we are drawing near to him, and making him our counselor.—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VIII.

Our Responsibility

There are times when a distinct view is presented to me of the condition of the remnant church,—a condition of appalling indifference to the needs of a world perishing for lack of a knowledge of the truth for this time.

God has made his people stewards of his grace and truth, and how does he regard their neglect to impart these blessings to their fellow men? Let us suppose that a distant colony belonging to Great Britain is in great distress because of famine and threatened war. Multitudes are dying of starvation, and a powerful enemy is gathering on the frontier, threatening to hasten the work of death. The government at home opens its stores; public charity pours forth; relief flows through many channels. A fleet is freighted with the precious means of life, and is sent to the scene of suffering, accompanied by the prayers of those whose hearts are stirred to help. And for a time the fleet sails directly for its destination. But, having lost sight of land, the ardor of those entrusted with carrying food to the starving sufferers abates. Though engaged in a work that makes them co-laborers with angels, they lose the good impressions with which they

started forth. Through evil counselors, temptation enters.

A group of islands lies in their course, and, though far short of their destination, they decide to call. The temptation that has already entered grows stronger. The selfish spirit of gain takes possession of their minds. Mercantile advantages present themselves. Those in charge of the fleet are prevailed on to remain on the islands. Their original purpose of mercy fades from their sight. They forget the starving people to whom they were sent. The stores entrusted to them are used for their own benefit. The means of beneficence is diverted into channels of selfishness. They barter the means of life for selfish gain, and leave their fellow-beings to die. The cries of the perishing ascend to heaven, and the Lord writes in his record the tale of robbery.—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VIII.

A View of the Conflict

"In vision I saw two armies in terrible conflict. One army was led by banners bearing the world's insignia; the other was led by the blood-stained banner of Prince Emmanuel. Standard after standard was left to trail in the dust, as company after company from the Lord's army joined the foe, and tribe after tribe from the ranks of the enemy united with the commandment-keeping people of God. An angel flying in the midst of heaven put the standard of Emmanuel into many hands, while a mighty general cried out with a loud voice: 'Come into line. Let those who are loyal to the commandments of God and the testimony of Christ now take their position. *Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters.* Let all who will, come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.'

"The battle raged. Victory alternated from side to side. Now the soldiers of the cross gave way, 'as when a standard-bearer fainteth.' Isa. 10: 18. But their apparent retreat was but to gain a more advantageous position.

"At last the victory was gained. The army following the banner with the inscription, 'The commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus,' was gloriously triumphant. The soldiers of Christ were close beside the gates of the city, and with joy the city received her King. The kingdom of peace and joy and everlasting righteousness was established."

The Parkersburg Society

THE Parkersburg, West Virginia, Society seems to be growing. The members are distributing literature, the work for the present hour. The Society publishes a small typewritten bimonthly, named *The Parkersburg Observer*. A few selections from the paper will be given below:—

Sow for Sheaves

I DROPPED a seed of grain one day,
And covered it with earth,
And left it alone there to die:
But, lo, its death gave birth,

And from its silent tomb came forth
A stalk of green and gold;
And when the harvest-time drew on,
I reaped a hundredfold.

How oft we drop a seed of truth,
And think perhaps 'tis dead;
But lo, it germinates, and bears
A hundredfold instead.

Then, brother, sow in youth's bright morn,
Sow in thy manhood's noon,
Scatter the good seed near and far,
Life's evening cometh soon.

The harvest-time comes by and by,
And we may yet behold
The seeds we've sown in weakness here
Return in sheaves of gold.

—Selected.

Duty and Principles

Duty rounds out the whole of life, from its beginning until the end. An abiding sense of duty is the very crown of character, and makes one strong and full of courage.

When one does not do his duty, he becomes selfish, and selfishness is one of the most destructive vices of the world. Every act of duty is an act of faith, and it commands one to look neither to the right nor to the left, but straight ahead, which is the only sure road to real greatness.

Duty rests upon principles, which are the foundation of all action. No young person can hope to rise in society who lives without plan, without object, spending his time in idleness and pleasure.

There is nothing better for any young person than to have his character firmly established upon true principles, and to always be willing and ready to do his duty, notwithstanding what the idle world may say.—*Hazel Amick.*

Report of Young People's Society of Rome, N. Y.

Like all other small Societies, our means for working are limited, yet we are doing what we can, and the Lord is blessing our efforts greatly. Our first active work was done with "Paradise Home." The proceeds from the sale of this book were sent to Sister Robinson to be used in supporting a teacher in India. Our next work was with the *Signs*. Between two and three hundred of the special number were distributed in the city; however, we had the financial aid of one older brother.

We are now working with the Anti-cigarette number of the *Life Boat*, and are also preparing to send a barrel, packed with quilts, pictures, and various things to the Pedicord Farm. We feel that the Lord has especially blessed in this part of the work. The vice-president, Miss Groff, wrote to an absent member about the needs of the Pedicord Farm. Soon after we received a letter from her containing one dollar. She also gave us a number of quilts to put in the barrel.

Our meetings are held Friday evenings. Generally some from the city are in. We take up the lessons in the INSTRUCTOR, and besides add music and other features to the program. May all the young people keep in mind that our aim is, "The Advent Message to the World in This Generation."—*Florence M. Kidder, President.*

"There's surely somewhere a lonely place
In earth's harvest field so wide,
Where I may labor through life's short day
For Jesus, the crucified."

Young People's Society, Rock Hall

The meeting of the Young People's Society at Rock Hall, Maryland, is held every Sunday evening, for we find at this time that many strangers come to our church who would not come at any other time. We have in attendance a goodly number of young men who are not Christians, and for the benefit of these we present from time to time programs bearing upon the subject of temperance.

Our studies in our meetings are along the lines presented in the INSTRUCTOR, and we are enjoying these important lessons. Not long ago a family living some distance was found who needed help. Some of our younger members gathered together food, clothes, and money, and our vice-president and another gentleman took them with a team to the family. We all felt repaid for the little which we had done, as we heard of the joy and happiness which our small efforts had given.

A few of our members are giving Bible readings, and others are giving away our literature. We are just about to start on the work of distributing our tracts, and trust that it will be successful.—*Lula I. Tarbell, President.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Spring News Notes

We're pleased to state that Mr. Wren
And wife are back, and at the Eaves;
The Robins occupy again
Their summer home at Maple Leaves.

The Gardens restaurant reports
A fresh supply of angleworms;
The Elms — that fav'rite of resorts —
Has boughs to rent on easy terms.

We learn that Mrs. Early Bee
Is still quite lame with frosted wings;
Ye Editor thanks Cherry Tree
For sundry floral offerings.

Down Cistern-way a water-spout
Has been a source of active floods;
We hear of rumored comings out
Of some of Springville's choicest buds.

In case you run across Green Lawn,
Don't wonder why he looks so queer —
'Tis only that he's undergone
His first short hair-cut of the year.
— St. Nicholas.

Forgotten Thanks

OF course, you boys and girls are not the kind who forget to say, "Thank you," when any one does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, father and mother taught you these two little words, and ever since, I trust, you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are many people who are careful to say, "Thank you," when some one passes them the bread at dinner, or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word.

"Where are my gloves?" cries Jack, as he is about to start for school some cold morning. "O, dear! I wish folks would let my gloves alone!"

"Here they are, Jack," mama says, quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. "I put them away for you when you left them lying about."

And perhaps Jack says, "O!" and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says, "Thank you." We fear his mother is used to it, however. Many mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying "Thank you" for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick, or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that whatever they want mother will give them, if she possibly can; and so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start this very day to say "Thank you" whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.
— Selected.

Imitation Among Animals

THE article in a recent INSTRUCTOR with the above title, reminds me of a pet lamb we once had when on a farm.

Like most farmers, we raised chickens, and there were several broods of them in coops or pens near the house. During the day their mothers were allowed the liberty of the yard, and the lamb was with them constantly; he imitated their manner of life as much as he could except at bedtime; he would not retire early.

After the mother hens weaned the chicks, the little ones would each night cuddle down in the pens where they were wont to sleep. One night I heard a great commotion among them, and upon investigating the cause I found that when



"I'M GRANDPA'S LITTLE DEMOCRAT"

the chickens got nicely fixed for the night, the lamb would jump in among them and wake them all up. Then he would let them settle down, when he would repeat the performance.

The chickens must have lost much sleep on his account; for this program was carried out a good many nights.

When winter came, he took up his quarters in the chicken-house, and the interesting part came in the spring.

As soon as the chip-pile became thawed out, the chickens would scratch for grubs; lambie was there, also. After watching them awhile, he, too, went to scratching with his little front foot, and then would root around in the dirt with his nose just as the chickens did.

MRS. J. E. GREEN.

"THE Chinese coined iron money two thousand six hundred years before Christ."

"I Would Not Steal"

HENRY M. STANLEY tells how once in the heart of dark Africa a native was dragged before him by some of his followers for stealing a gun.

Stanley looked at the gun; it clearly belonged to his expedition. The poor man who had it was frightened at the mention of Stanley's name, and could hardly find his voice or say a word, only, "I am a son of God; I would not steal!" This he repeated again and again.

Stanley was interested, and it dawned on him that this man was probably one of the converts of some of the missionaries laboring in that region, and he accordingly gave him the gun, and allowed him to go, while they pursued their way.

At the next station where they stopped, they found the gun waiting for them. It appeared that the gun had probably been lost. This man had found it, and when he was set free, he at once went to the missionary for instructions, and by his directions it was sent where Stanley would get it.

But what a light must have touched that darkened son of Africa, who though brought up in villainy and theft and sin, had come to realize the glorious dignity of a divine paternity, and say, "I am a son of God; I would not steal!" — Selected.

Proverbs of Various Nations

NATURE lives: every pore is bursting with life.

Where the bee sucks honey, the spider sucks poison.

Who will not be ruled by the rudder, must be ruled by the rock.

Who has a mouth, let him not say to another, Blow!

Stones and sticks are flung only at fruit-bearing trees.

He who laughs at an impertinence, makes himself an accomplice.

When you grind your corn, give not the flour to the devil, and the bran to the Lord.

Measure thy cloth ten times; thou canst not cut it but once.

God is a good worker, but he loves to be helped.

Better the child weep than the father.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

THE horse is one-toed, the ox is two-toed, the rhinoceros is three-toed, the hippopotamus is four-toed, and the elephant is five-toed.

ABOUT five hundred of the twelve hundred locomotive engines used on the railroads of Japan were manufactured in the United States.

THERE are 1,500,000,000 people on earth to-day according to the most reliable estimate. Thirty-two and a quarter million people die each year; nearly a hundred thousand each day; over four thousand each hour. But while sixty-seven of our fellow mortals die each minute, seventy are born. And faster than the tick of the second-hand of your watch one soul makes its exit and another its entrance into our realm. — Ladies' Home Journal.



Rome, under the First Five Emperors

AUGUSTUS CAESAR ruled the world for forty-three years. He made many great improvements throughout the empire, and boasted that he found Rome a city of brick, and left it a city of marble. One of the most important acts of his reign was the formation of the Praetorian Guard, the body-guard of the emperor. These soldiers, about ten thousand in number, were soon after given a camp by the side of the city walls, and became so powerful that they made and unmade emperors as they chose.

To the very last, Augustus kept up the forms of the old republic, and now at his death the new government would be put to its greatest test. But his successor, Tiberius, knew well how to play the hypocrite. For a long time he pretended to refuse the crown, saying it was such a burden. This he did to cause the Senate to fairly force the kingly honors upon him, and so stand with him to defend him. For nine years his reign was mild and just, but when at last he felt secure upon the throne, he called himself "divine," and became a cruel tyrant. To speak a careless word or to have an unfriendly thought regarding the emperor was "high treason;" even an unintentional gesture was enough to call forth the death sentence. The law demanded that one fourth of the estate of the accused should be given as a reward to the informer, and so there arose a regular class who made it their business to act as spies.

It was during this time that Christ was tried before Pilate. All the arguments seemed of little weight to Pilate until the Jews cried out, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: whoso maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar. When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth," knowing that if he should be accused at Rome of pardoning one who was called "The King of the Jews," it would mean his own death.

Tiberius placed affairs in the hands of Sejanus, and then retired to the island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, where he gave himself up to all kinds of foolish enjoyment. Sejanus was one of the worst of men, and finally planned to put the emperor out of the way, and make himself supreme. But the scheme was found out, and he was put to death. After this Tiberius was cruel in the extreme, and when at length he was laid to rest, the world wept not. Caligula (Caius Cæsar) then became emperor. He was brought up in the camp, and when large enough to run about, the soldiers made him a pair of boots after the pattern of their own, and nicknamed him "Caligula," which means "Little Boots." He was twenty-five years old when called to the throne, and for the first eight months showed such kindness and skill that every one rejoiced.

But the height of his position seems to have turned his mind, and he became wild in his pleasures, and more cruel if possible than Tiberius. He dressed his favorite horse, "Go-ahead," in purple and jewels, and made him a marble stable with an ivory manger. Sometimes he would have the horse eat at his own table, and would feed him gilded grain from a golden basin. He finally gave out that he proposed to make this horse consul of the empire. He caused that all the images of the famous gods should have their heads removed, and his own put on instead. His insane acts were more than the people could bear; and after ruling four years he was killed by some soldiers.

Claudius, his uncle, was immediately proclaimed emperor. Julius Cæsar had twice crossed over into Britain (England), but nearly a hundred years had passed since then, and it was still un-

conquered. This task was accomplished by Claudius; the rough and warlike Britains were brought under, and the southern part of the island soon became a flourishing Roman province.

The Christians at this time had gone into all parts of the empire, preaching Jesus as the Saviour of the world. The Jews opposed them bitterly, and raised such contentions that Claudius commanded all of both classes to depart from Rome. Acts 18:2. Claudius was not really bad, but he lacked self-respect and determination, and was ruled by scheming favorites, and wicked wives. At his death, Nero, the son of Agrippina, his fourth wife, came to the throne.

Nero was then but seventeen years of age. In all manner of wickedness he was worse than all who came before him. He caused a terrible fire to be kindled in Rome, which destroyed about half the city. He was accused of the crime, and to clear himself, he charged the act upon the Christians. Thousands were put to death; some crucified, some torn in pieces by dogs, and others were covered with inflammable material, and set on fire at night to light up the circus and pleasure gardens of Nero. Belief in the second coming of Christ and the destruction of the world by fire, helped to fix the charge on the Christians. Before this, Paul had had his first trial, and was now at liberty in Asia Minor. Not one of the Jews believed him guilty, but he was arrested for the same reason, and was hurried away to Rome.

Paul stood before Nero, his face aglow with the light of heaven, declared his innocence, and pointed forward to the time when he, the ruler of the world, would stand before the great Judge and receive his just reward. Nero did not pass sentence at this time, but shortly after, at his command, Paul was laid to rest in a martyr's grave. The apostle Peter was crucified in Rome at about the same time. But the world was getting about tired of this monster Nero. Revolt broke out in many places, and now a mob filled the streets of Rome. He ran about crying, "I am lost! I am lost!" and finally, with the help of a slave, used a dagger to end his life. Unlike the faithful Paul, he had not a loving, powerful God to give him peace in the hour of death. He died as a tyrant, a coward, while Paul, with hope and peace, left as his dying testimony the words: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

ROY F. COTTRELL.



What a Devout Welsh Girl Did

A HUNDRED years ago it was quite exceptional to see a copy of the Bible in the homes of the Welsh peasantry. About this time a humble Welsh peasant girl, who had been taught in one of the schools, expressed an earnest and fervent desire to study the Bible. And a farmer in the neighborhood gave her permission to read his copy. For six years, in all kinds of weather, Mary Jones, of Abergynolwn, walked two miles each way, once or twice a week, in order to read the farmer's Bible. Meanwhile Mary saved up her coppers in order to purchase a copy for herself, and when she had enough for the purpose, she asked Rev. William Hughes, the Calvinistic Methodist minister, where she could obtain a copy, and he referred her to Mr. Charles, of Bala. Although Bala was twenty-five miles away, Mary Jones, then in her sixteenth year, started early one morning to walk the distance. It was

late in the evening when she reached Bala, and on her arrival there she was received by the Rev. David Edwards, who sheltered her for the night. About the dawn of the next day, accompanied by Mr. Edwards, Mary went to see Mr. Charles, who was very much touched with the story. But he had sold all his Bibles, and it was uncertain whether he could obtain any more. This was said regretfully and sadly, and poor Mary wept bitterly.

For six years she had saved her coppers, counting them each day during all that wearisome time; for six years she had walked eight miles a week in order to read the book she loved so well; and at the end of the six years she had walked twenty-five miles to purchase a copy, only to find herself still as far from the Bible as ever. This was more than Charles, of Bala, could endure, and forthwith he spared her a copy that had been reserved for another, and Mary Jones went home rejoicing.

In 1802 Mr. Charles attended the committee meeting of the Religious Tract Society, where he eloquently told the simple yet touching story of the Welsh girl who had walked fifty miles for her Bible. Everybody present was deeply affected, and Mr. Charles thereupon asked that a Bible society should be instituted for Wales. Then one responded, "If a Bible society is needed for Wales, why should there not be one for the United Kingdom? and why not for the whole world?" This conversation led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society. And so to the touching story of Mary Jones, a humble Welsh girl, is the world indebted for the circulation of the Bible in every language. Mary Jones died in 1864, aged eighty, and the book she loved so well is now in the possession of the British and Foreign Bible Society.—From "Glimpses of Welsh Life and Character."

Two Songs and Their Tunes Wedded

CHATTING with Prof. Theodore E. Perkins a while ago, I asked him to tell me the circumstances under which he composed the two most famous of his long list of greatly used hymn-tunes, "Fade, fade, each earthly joy" and "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." He did so in substantially the following words:—

"Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy"

"As I was riding one day over to Andover, Massachusetts, with Dr. Lowell Mason, he spoke of the new hymn and tune book he was working on, and said, 'Perkins, try your hand at making a tune for "Nearer, my God, to Thee."' To be commissioned by Dr. Mason to do anything was in itself an inspiration and an appeal to one to do his best; and a little time afterward I handed him the result of my labors, and he put the production into his pocket without comment. Some days later, when we chanced to be together again, he said, 'By the way, Perkins, I used my own tune for "Nearer, my God, to Thee" in the book; but I like that one of yours, and want to keep it, and when I find a hymn that suits it, I will let you know.'

"I was not at all disappointed that mine was not to be the tune used, and felt gratified to have so unsparing a critic as Dr. Mason desire to retain the composition.

"A year passed, when one day, while I was in the office of the Mason Brothers, one of the firm, Mr. Daniel Mason, said, 'Perkins, there is a letter for you at the desk from father;' and in it was the hymn by Mrs. Bonar,—

'Fade, fade, each earthly joy:
Jesus is mine;'

and pinned to it was my tune, with this written on it:—

'MARRIED — 18—,
BY LOWELL MASON.'

"Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By"

"Back in the sixties I was living in New York, and one day I received a telegram from Rev.

Mathew Hale Smith, reading, 'Come to my office, quick.'

"What in the world can he want of me?' I asked my wife. 'I'm too busy to take time to go down just now if I can help it, and why didn't he tell me in the telegram what was desired?'

"Oh, well, you'd better go,' replied my wife; 'somebody may need your help.' So I hurried off.

"I found Mr. Smith at his office; and, when we met, he thrust a paper into my hand as he said: 'Here's a song that is bound to live. Take it; and, if you can write a tune as good as the words, your reputation is made.' I read it over, and remarked that I did not think it very uncommon; but he insisted on my taking it.

"You'll have it out of your pocket working at it half a dozen times on the way upon the cars. See if you don't.' The more I read it, the more I liked it; and when I reached home, and wife asked me, 'What was the hurry?' I handed her the song as I said, having noticed the fact for the first time, 'It just fits the tune I made for "Sweet hour of prayer."' So the words and the tune were joined then and there, and that is the origin of 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,' which has gone round the world since that day."

Professor Perkins, hale and hearty at an age when most men are entirely ceasing to labor, is busy directing choruses, writing music, and filling the days with incessant activity.—*John R. Clements.*

"Where Is Thy Victory?"

The Grave

"THERE once was a time in the long, long ago,
When earth knew no sickness, no sin, and no woe;
When death had not entered, the wages of sin,
And through my dark portal no soul had come in.

"But man sold his birthright of life,—endless life;
And entered a period of sin, woe, and strife.
And no man that liveth is able to save
His life or another's,—their end is the grave.

"The high and the lowly, the rich and the poor,
Must, sooner or later, pass through my low door.
However unwilling to me they may come,
I force them forever to make me their home."

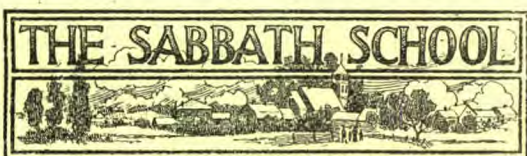
Christ

"I came from the throne of my kingdom above
To rescue thy victims, the souls that I love;
For I knew that to set all thy prisoners free
I must pass through thy door, and must capture its key.

"I laid down my life when my labor was o'er,
And, like all my brethren, I passed through thy door;
But thou couldst not keep me, thou darest of foes,—
When God called my name, from the grave I arose.

"My voice shall be heard to the ends of the earth,
And all who are mine from the grave will come forth.
I lost but to conquer, I died but to save,—
The keys still I carry of death and the grave."

MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSER.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VIII—Naboth's Vineyard

(May 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I Kings 21.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidserv-

ant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's." Ex. 20: 17.

"And it came to pass after these things, that Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel, hard by the palace of Ahab king of Samaria. And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs: . . . and I will give thee for it a better vineyard than it: or, if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money. And Naboth said to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

Ahab was greatly displeased because Naboth would not give him the vineyard. He went into his house, and lay down, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread. Then Jezebel his wife came to him, and said to him, "Why is thy spirit so sad, that thou eatest no bread?" When he told her the reason, she said, "Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? arise and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite."

Then Jezebel "wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal, and sent the letters unto the elders and to the nobles that were in the city, dwelling with Naboth. And she wrote in the letters, saying, Proclaim a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people: and set two men, sons of Belial, before him, to bear witness against him, saying, Thou didst blaspheme God and the king. And then carry him out, and stone him; that he may die."

All this was done; and when Naboth had been put to death, Jezebel said to Ahab: "Arise, take possession of the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, which he refused to give thee for money: for Naboth is not alive, but dead."

"And the word of the Lord came to Elijah the Tishbite, saying, Arise, go down to meet Ahab king of Israel, which is in Samaria: behold, he is in the vineyard of Naboth, whither he is gone down to possess it. And thou shalt speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Hast thou killed, and also taken possession? . . . Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine.

"And Ahab said to Elijah, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? And he answered, I have found thee: because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord."

Then the prophet gave the king the message from the Lord, telling him that because of his evil works, he would make his house like the house of Jeroboam, and like the house of Baasha. And of Jezebel was it said, "The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel."

"And it came to pass, when Ahab heard those words, that he rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his flesh, and fasted, and lay in sackcloth, and went softly. And the word of the Lord came to Elijah the Tishbite, saying, Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself before me? because he humbleth himself before me, I will not bring the evil in his days: but in his son's days will I bring the evil upon his house."

Questions

1. What request did King Ahab make of Naboth? Why did he want this vineyard? What did he offer to give in exchange for it? Why did Naboth refuse to sell his vineyard to the king?
2. How did the king act when he found that he could not buy the vineyard? Who came to him? What did she say? What did she promise to do?
3. What did Jezebel write? In whose name? How did she seal them? To whom did she send these letters? What did she tell the elders to do?
4. When Naboth was dead, what did Jezebel say to Ahab? Where did he at once go?
5. Who else went to the vineyard? Who sent him there? What message had he for Ahab?

6. What question did Ahab ask when he saw Elijah? How did the prophet answer? What did he say that the king had sold himself to do?

7. What message did the prophet then give to Ahab? What was said of Jezebel?

8. When Ahab heard these words, what did he do? Because he thus humbled his heart before the Lord, what did the Lord say he would not do?

9. What is the tenth commandment? Repeat it. Find it in your Bible. What is it to covet? To what other sin does it lead? What personal lesson may we learn from Ahab's experience?

Loss and Gain

You thought that bitter loss of yesterday,
That hope resigned, proved all your toil in vain;
You did not know it was a step toward heaven,
Though taken slowly, with a sense of pain.

—*Anna J. Granniss.*



VIII—Events Under the Sixth and Seventh Seals

(May 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rev. 6: 12 to 8: 1.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever." Rev. 7: 12.

Questions

1. With what events did the sixth seal open? Rev. 6: 12.
2. What was to follow the darkening of the sun and moon? Verses 13, 14.
3. Where are we living in this history of the seals?—In the time following the falling of the stars and preceding the great events of verses 14-17.
4. How will the great day of the Lord come upon those who are unprepared? Verses 15-17.
5. What special message has the Lord given for the time preceding his second advent? Rev. 14: 6, 7, 12.
6. Why are the winds of strife restrained during this time? Rev. 7: 1-3.
7. What is the sign, or seal, of the living God? Eze. 20: 20; Ex. 20: 8-11.
8. What follows the closing of the sealing message, under the sixth seal? Rev. 8: 1; note.
9. What scene of triumph did John then behold? Rev. 7: 9, 10.
10. What question was raised and answered for the benefit of those who meet temptation and trial? Verses 13, 14.
11. What glorious picture is set before us who must serve a little longer here? Verses 15-17.
12. What special incentive to service have we in present-day conditions?—While gusty winds of strife blow here and there, still God in mercy restrains the coming universal strife, in order that the sealing message of the Sabbath reform and the Advent may be carried by us to all the world. Work not done in times of peace must be done in times of war and hardship. Now, just now, is the time to work.

Note

The silence in heaven at the opening of the seventh seal shows that this seal covers the actual appearing of Christ in the clouds of heaven as he comes with all the angels to gather his saints. Ministry in heaven ceases, and the scene of activity among the heavenly beings is transferred to the earth for a little time, until the hosts of angels and the redeemed, led by their Captain and Saviour, return to the city of God. Half an hour, prophetic time, would be about seven days. In a description of this scene in "Early Writings," we are told: "We all entered the cloud together, and were seven days ascending to the sea of glass."



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.

"To the man who takes counsel of duty rather than of difficulty there are no impossibilities."

"If God writes 'opportunity' on one side of open doors, he writes 'responsibility' on the other side."

OKLAHOMA celebrated her fifteenth birthday on April 22, 1904. In 1889, on April 22, there were none here save the red man and an occasional cowboy; to-day there are 700,000 happy and contented people—so the newspapers say—within the Territory. Statehood is promised by Congress within the next two years.

A BILL for the Sunday closing of all provision stores has been receiving the attention of Congress. Five hundred or more persons in the District signed a remonstrance paper, and many names from all parts of the country have been coming in; so that in view of these the bill has been postponed for further consideration.

FOR the first time in the history of the capital, a Chinese prince is in Washington. Sir Liang is on his way to the World's Fair at St. Louis. His arrival at the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Station, Sunday, April 24, was the occasion for the gathering of a crowd, to witness the reception of the prince by the Chinese legation and the American representative. The prince's gorgeous attire formed the chief attraction.

WHEN a very small boy, the present president was about to take a journey in charge of his mother. The night before his father called him aside and said: "Ted, you must take good care of your mother while away."

Weighted with an overwhelming sense of responsibility, the youngster refused to let his nurse undress him, and when he knelt at the maternal knee, this was his prayer:—

"Please, God, take good care of papa while we are away. I will look after mama."—*Selected.*

THE Russian Red Cross Society gave a fair in behalf of the sick and wounded in the far East. It was held in the afternoon and evening of April 26, at Belmont Park, Washington. It was under the management of Countess Marguerite Cassini. She received gifts from all parts of the country; these were sold at the Park for the benefit of the soldiers. The countess herself appears as a flower girl, and it is anticipated that she will make a small fortune selling nose-gays. The wife of the French ambassador presides at one of the booths.

These offerings doubtless will be appreciated by the wounded soldiers, but how much better it would be were there no wars to bring so much sorrow to thousands and millions.

SULTAN ABDUL HAMID on having the yearly estimate presented to him by the minister of finance of the Ottoman empire, and discovering that it showed a deficit of \$25,000,000, returned the budget to the minister, told him it was unsatisfactory, and commanded him under divers pains and penalties to produce a statement that would show at least an equilibrium between the revenues and the expenditures. The sultan did not intend to add to his difficulty in borrowing money abroad—when a better showing *might just as well be made as not.*

Strength

Is it strength to have climbed the heights of fame
O'er the trampled souls of the base-born throng,
That millions should tremble in fear at a name,
Or that ages should tell it through centuries long?

Is it strength to be brave with comrades close by,
When vict'ry, triumphant, leads, splendid and strong;
Or alone to fight boldly with friends standing nigh,
Who give cheers for each effort and tears for each wrong?

No! 'tis strength to be lowly, when wrong bids us rise;
'Tis strength to be gentle 'spite unmeasured power;
And to do each task well, though unpraised, leaving sighs
To the minions of Failure, and waiting God's hour.

'Tis strength to fight bravely alone amid foes,
And still to be brave though we know our cause lost;
And to stand thus alone, in calm and repose,
Itself full reward is, whatever the cost.

But stronger than all else is he who can win
'Gainst the surgings of passion, tumultuous, dire;
Who can stifle vain longings, the soul-cry within,
And quietly smile with a heart on fire.

Ah, that is strength! Lord, make us strong;
No weakling ever served thee long.
But we are small; great is the task;
Lord, grant us strength, is all we ask.

H. A. PEEBLES.

Not Doing Anything

TWENTY years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Son," he said, "how are you getting along?"
"I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young man had an unsalaried position.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to his task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth: "I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," exclaimed the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow man? Never mind the money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn enough to support you as long as I live."

"That speech," I said to a friend of mine, one who had spent many years as a conspicuously successful teacher, "went into the bones of the young man's life, and strengthened him for a life of unselfish usefulness."

"Ah!" said the professor, "that one speech was worth years of text-book teaching! And yet it was made without an instant's preparation."

"Far from it," I answered, quickly. "It had taken sixty years of noble living, struggling against sin and self, pressing forward in the paths of righteousness, bearing the cross, following hard after the Perfect Man, to prepare him to make this speech.—*Our Young Folks.*

Something Worth More Than Money

MANY years ago two girls attending an academy and rooming together called one evening on two of their classmates, one of whom went to bring something from an adjoining room. After a prolonged absence she called that she could not find the article looked for. Her friend replied, jocularly, "Take the big spoon and stir through the trunk, and it will come to the top." It was not found at that time, however. One of the girls returned home each week, and although the family might be asleep when she reached there, she knew where she could put her hand on everything without a light, so orderly were all the arrangements. Some persons associate the thought of order and system with scolding, but there was no scolding in that home.

If it be possible for scolding to be necessary under any circumstances, surely order and system will obviate a large proportion of such necessity.

Dear young girls launching out into the world often find themselves expected to room with others. A fine order, and high degree of heroism are often manifested, but sometimes forbearance ceases to be a virtue. It is astonishing how much confusion one disorderly brain can originate. You can not always tell by the looks of a person what kind of a room she has left, nor the amount of misery that is being inflicted upon a roommate. One girl with numberless fine qualities, beautiful as a violet, faultlessly neat, and always dressed in exquisitely correct taste, left a room that looked as if young cyclones had been playing hide-and-seek there. It would be well for the world if *only one* such room existed.

Sometimes it is a boy who enjoys things in neat, orderly shape, but he expects mother or sister to follow in his wake, and bring symmetry from chaos. Many in the futile attempt to do this, have fallen asleep only to waken where order reigns forevermore.

It would be difficult to estimate how many wrecked homes could trace their misery to this unfortunate habit. No fine qualities of heart or brain can counterbalance it. Fortunately it can be remedied, although only each for himself. Many children and people spend from fifteen minutes to hours each day looking for things that are out of place. Think how much this would amount to in a lifetime! How much could be accomplished in that time!

I knew a blind woman who got along very comfortably with her work because she had a place for everything, and always put everything in place. I knew another who could see, but whose memory became broken, and she never could have succeeded with her work at all if it had not been for the habits of orderliness acquired when young.

If you have the habit of putting things where it is most convenient for the present moment, and accident or illness should impair your memory, you would find yourself bankrupt indeed. Life would be hard enough if you had always been an orderly, systematic person.

Because you care for your own comfort and convenience—because you care for others—and "no man liveth unto himself"—because of your hope of a home one day in heaven, let me entreat you to cultivate the habit of order. If disorderly persons were admitted to heaven, how long would it be heaven?

MARY MARTIN MORSE.