

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Trailing Arbutus

I WANDERED lonely where the pine trees made
Against the bitter east their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I bent,
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged and pent,
Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.

— J. G. Whittier.

Jottings from the Life of John Greenleaf Whittier

(Concluded)

WHITTIER taught school a short time, but fortunately did not long follow this calling. His talents were not in that line, neither was he an orator. Through his pen he was to reach and influence hearts. Quite early in life he served as editor of various papers, including the *New England Weekly Review*, published in Hartford, Connecticut. From this time on, Whittier's life becomes intensely interesting, as he mingles in the strife of those stirring times from eighteen hundred thirty-two to eighteen sixty-five.

At about this time a strong character was coming to the front, who was destined to influence and be influenced by Whittier. This very interesting person was William Lloyd Garrison, who had just started that fearless paper, *The Liberator*, which he, with one negro boy as assistant, was publishing. Garrison's watchword was, "Unconditional emancipation is the immediate duty of the master, and the immediate right of the slave." For this the stanch editor proclaimed: "I will be as hard as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." Garrison stood like Luther after he had nailed his theses on the church at Wittenberg. From Luther's courage came Protestantism. From Garrison's stand came the liberation of four millions of slaves.

At this time, however, ministers, lawyers, and

prominent citizens of all classes vilified, mobbed, and persecuted generally this stanchest of heroes.

A few years later they accepted gratefully his blood-bought boon, and now acknowledge him as one of our country's noblest sons.

Such is the fickleness of public sentiment. Happy indeed is he who, regardless of the smiles or frowns of a changeful world, stands true to principle, come what may. It is true that every reform movement has come up through tribulation and persecution. Let us then dare own our dear cause when it so much needs us. Let us be ready to recognize Truth in her rags as quickly as in her velvet slippers. Then, and only then, may we rest in hope that He who is the Truth will own us when he comes with the Father and all the holy angels.

Whittier now saw two paths before him. In one lay worldly fame, ease, and the association of literary people. In the other path were Garrison and his negro boy, working in an obscure hole for the right. But to one who had accustomed himself to hear quickly Duty's call, the choice was a natural, if not an easy one.



WHITTIER'S HOME, AMESBURY

From now on, his pen was seldom idle, and most of his poems at this time were, in truth, "Voices of Freedom." In those days the name Abolitionist was regarded by many only as another name for fool or fanatic. His appearance on the public platform was the occasion for brutal insult, and that not from the so-called baser sort only, but with the approval of the fashionable, wealthy, and learned classes.

As we read of meetings of Abolitionists being broken up by mobs, we wonder whether we shall be so true to principle that we too may be accounted worthy to suffer for the truths so dear to us.

Though Whittier was not a great orator like Garrison, yet by his pen he became identified with the despised party, and shared their persecution. He was a frequent visitor at the office of *The Liberator*; and it was his painful privilege to be present on that well-known occasion when Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck, at the mercy of a heartless mob, until seized for safety by friends, and lodged in jail. As we think of these associations, what wonder that his poems rang with protest against this crying evil. Very few magazines would publish a line bearing his signature. Hence

there was little money to be had from his writings, and we find the faithful lover of right, toiling for bread in the meanwhile on the little home farm in East Haverhill until it was sold in 1840, leaving him entirely dependent



WHITTIER'S CHILDHOOD HOME

for support upon his own resources. At about this time he moved to Amesbury, and here, with renewed vigor, he took up his work for humanity.

As one has aptly said: "His aim has been to reach the hearts of men, and poetic diction has only been the feathering of his arrows." The same writer further says: "Whatever he has done or has failed to do, there is no uncertain sound in his verse."

Among the most outspoken of his poems is "Massachusetts to Virginia." We can not forbear quoting from this most interesting poem:—

"We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell;
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the blood-hound's yell;
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves!
Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow;
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow,
and calm, and cool,
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool!"

"But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given
For freedom and humanity is registered in heaven;
No slave-hunt in our borders,—no pirates on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State,—no slave upon our land!"

Did not space forbid, I would gladly record the entire poem, as it is grandly worthy of our study.

It is to Whittier's credit that he has not sought out the world's heroes, but has devoted his eulogies and tributes of affection to the neglected and despised ones, the poor Indian and unfortunate debtor, as well as the outcast in general, coming in for their share.

When in course of time the clash of arms sounded in our land, we can imagine how abhorrent all this was to the Quaker poet, who regarded war as murder. His strictly war poems are neither as numerous nor as striking as his



"OAK KNOLL," DANVERS

antislavery poems. The pomp of war did not inspire his muse. "Barbara Frietche" is the only romantic poem founded on this period, I think.

Perhaps a little description of our poet by himself will add a few thoughts concerning his mission. In "The Tent on the Beach," after making pen sketches of his two friends, Bayard Taylor and James T. Field, who were camping with him near Salisbury Beach, he thus describes himself:—

"And one there was, a dreamer born,
Who, with a mission to fulfil,
Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion-mill,
Making his rustic reed of song
A weapon in the war with wrong."

Whittier wrote much excellent prose as well as verse. The following is perhaps a fair sample of his prose: "What a monster Napoleon is! Was he born without moral sense? The prayers of all the priests of Rome are with him, but the cry of innocent blood rising to Heaven will drown them. I think he is rushing upon his fate."

I have purposely dwelt at some length on Whittier's life as connected with those stirring times, which so much demanded his talent. Since his death he is so much better known as the popular poet, that I love best to linger over the faithful days, the loyal days, the trying days, the triumphant days, of our poet. Of his later quiet life much has been written. His time was divided between his "Oak Knoll" home in Danvers, Massachusetts, and his home in Amesbury, about an hour's ride by rail from Danvers. After the turmoil of the troublous times in which he took so active a part, it would seem as though his quiet old age was a well-deserved rest.

All along, in addition to his antislavery poems, Whittier had been giving the world other very beautiful poems, many of which are closely associated with numerous local scenes. Our New England beaches, mountains, rivers, lakes, and points of interest in general, are Whittier-hallowed. From Mount Wachusett in Massachusetts to Mount Agamenticus in Maine, and on to our northern New Hampshire lakes and mountains, his memorials have been set.

Besides these local descriptive poems, which in most cases can be readily found from the index of any of his complete works; by the proper names which usually appear in the title, I can not forbear giving a list of my own favorites. "In School-Days," "Annie and Rhoda," "The Witch's Daughter," "Barefoot Boy," and "Snow-Bound," I early learned to love. Later I have enjoyed "Massachusetts to Virginia" (prime favorite), "Eternal Goodness," "The Meeting," "The Captain's Well," "The Lumbermen," "The Pumpkin," and "The Friends' Burial."

Whittier was on very friendly terms with Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and Bryant. Of his association with his more immediate literary neighbors, Gail Hamilton (Abigail Dodge), of Hamilton, Massachusetts; Harriet Prescott Spofford, of Newburyport, Massachusetts; Lucy Larcom, of Beverly, and numerous other literary lights, much has been written in the magazines of the day. Of his home life with his pets and his flowers, school-books have given us much of interest. A touching view of Whittier's old age, which is also typical of old age in general, is aptly given by one of his biographers: "It is the fate of age to be saddened by the departure of friends. As the long day draws near its close, the blithe companions of morning and the stout-hearted workers of midday begin to fall by the way. The man of seventy years might almost pass his time at funerals of his comrades. Poems at this time are mostly elegies, tributes, and sorrowful memories."

I think that the writer of the above might have brightened his sad picture with the Christian's strong hope, that "blessed hope" that almost

spans these sad scenes, and lights the way to the city of God.

Whittier, now the aged poet, was called upon to bid good-by to Bayard Taylor, Garrison, Longfellow, Lowell, and others equally as dear but less widely known. Nearly all these sadnesses have found expression in some of his poems.

At length, Sept. 7, 1892, he who had thus mourned for loved friends, himself the last of his family, was laid to rest in the little cemetery at Amesbury—the circle complete once more.

As we have many times visited the quiet spot, these words from his own "Snow-Bound" come involuntarily to mind:—

"Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

CARRIE E. ROBIE.

A Reminder

HAVE you thought you yourself have both brothers
And sisters in darkness and sin,
Who are waiting for you, not for others,
To help Christian life to begin?
So long with the wanderers erring,
So far from the heavenly home,
While you, precious light and truth sharing—
Have you thought of the dear ones who roam?

Christ came not to call to repentance
The righteous, but souls who are lost;
Have you thought, only sinners find entrance
To heaven, at infinite cost?
But, O, the great price has been given;
Christ died that poor sinners might live,
He opened the portals of heaven,
His wandering ones to receive.

O you who have heard the sweet story,
Repeat the glad news o'er and o'er;
For soon Christ will come in his glory,
Probation forever be o'er;
Awake, Christian, rouse from thy slumber
To rescue the perishing one,
If thou would'st be one of the number
To hear from the Master, "Well done."

—Mrs. M. A. Loper.



The Fate of Tomato Cans and Sawdust

OLD rags and paper are gathered up by the women on the ash dump, and sold to the junkman. All sorts of rags there are, from silk to calico, and all kinds of paper, from cream-laid note to waste stuff that has been taken from under carpets and thrown away. The junkmen buy it all; there is nothing they will not pay something for. And in the spring contractors come and dig in the great heap for ashes, of which they cart away vast quantities for use, in a mixture with asphalt and water, in cementing cellar and basement floors.

The tin cans consigned to the ash dumps in such great numbers are collected, and rolled out into sheets for roofing shanties. This, however, is only one of the many ways in which they are utilized. Great quantities of cans are converted into sheet tin for covering parts of trunks, the inside of them usually retaining the original polish. Not a few factories devote their entire attention to the conversion of old tin cans, which are heated until the solder that holds them together runs into a separate receptacle, to be afterward sold for twelve cents a pound—the

profit from this source alone almost paying for the gathering and handling of the raw material. The tops and bottoms are melted for sash-weights. Nothing is lost except the labels, which are removed by soaking, as a preliminary to rolling the cylinders flat, and thus it is that a two-horse load of old cans has a market value of six to eight dollars.

When an old shoe has got beyond the point where it can possibly be of any use for wearing, whether whole or in part, it is still valuable as scrap leather. All leather scraps, such as come in large quantities from the shoe factories, are chopped fine and converted into artificial leather. Sometimes, for this purpose, they are mixed with paper pulp and molded for the counters and insoles of boots and shoes, the material thus utilized being treated with a mixture of oil, rubber, and glycerine. The glycerine softens it, and the oil and rubber render it waterproof. Then it is cut into the required shapes. Much material of this kind, in the shape of what is known as "leather-board," is employed in the manufacture of traveling-bags.

There is always a market for waste paper, and even old newspapers, which represent the lowest and least desirable grade, are worth fifteen cents a hundred pounds. The uses to which such material is put are almost innumerable, extending even to the manufacture of car-wheels and coffins. In the making of trunks and valises, as a substitute for leather, there is commonly used a sort of paper board, composed of layers of paper which has previously been subjected to a chemical treatment that renders it extremely hard and tough. All the paper money issued by the United States government is eventually, after being redeemed, ground up and reduced to a pulp, which, being of the finest linen stock, is eagerly purchased by paper-makers.

Sawdust, which was formerly a waste product, is put to a multitude of uses in these modern days. Mixed with tar and compressed into bricks, it is employed for gas-making, a ton of the bricks yielding from 30,000 to 40,000 cubic feet of gas. Bricks of clay and sawdust mixed are considered very superior for building purposes, being only half the weight of ordinary bricks, and taking plaster direct without the intervention of laths. Sawdust is also employed instead of sand for mortar, and it is utilized quite commonly for filling the walls and floors of apartment houses to deaden sound. In cold-storage houses and market ice-boxes sawdust serves as a non-conductor, and hardwood sawdust is said to be excellent for smoking hams. Wood alcohol is also derived from sawdust by distillation.

Mixed with a glue solution and bichromate of potash, sawdust is now converted into an artificial wood, which is very durable and takes a high polish. It is shaped in molds, and many handsome articles are made out of it. The bichromate is to render it waterproof. In France great success has been obtained in the manufacture of wood pastes, as they are called, from sawdust, with an admixture of dyewoods for color. Not to be forgotten are the bottle stoppers, which, made from sawdust, serve quite satisfactorily in place of corks for certain purposes, holding the corkscrew well.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"Lost time is never found again."

"Nothing good bursts forth all at once."

"If thou art wise, thou knowest thine own ignorance."

"Ignorance shuts its eye, and believes it is right."

"Experience is a good teacher, but charges like a specialist."



THE INGLENOOK



"SCATTER the gems of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They will bud and blossom and bear fruit
While the endless ages roll."

Strength in Weakness



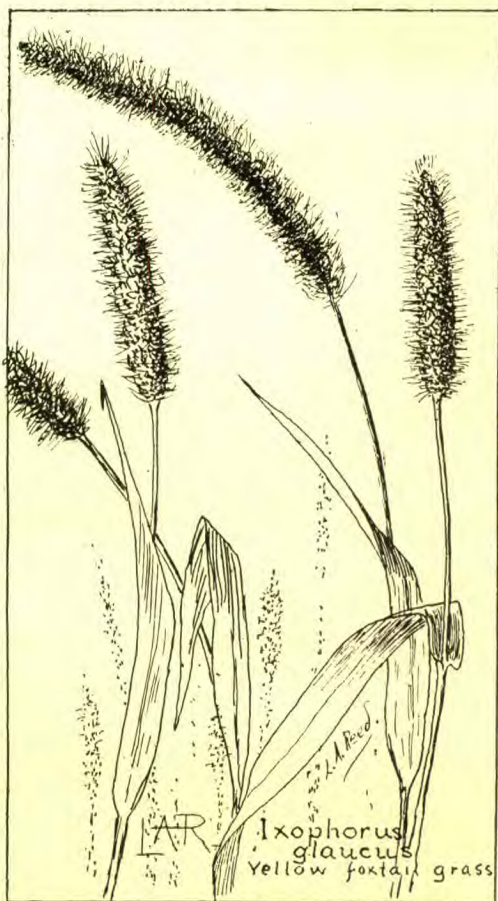
IN this work of the leaves there is for us a lesson. God can do whatever he wills in whatever he will. In yon burning building the mighty force of fire is at work; but in the watery cells of the delicate leaf the Creator has placed a power, silent, effective, that, being stronger and more powerful, can outdo and undo the work of the fire.

Here, at least, the Creator's power is made perfect in weakness. And this is but a type of the work to be wrought in human lives. As we behold the great things God seeks to work in us, we cry out because of our weakness. But we are not more weak than the watery cells of the delicate leaf.

Their might is the might of the fire, but made manifest and "made perfect in weakness." In leaves and tender blades of grass, God does a work that is equal to the might revealed in the convulsions of nature.

And so in your weakness God can do, yes, seeks to do, a work more mighty than that of all the combined powers of the kingdom of hell. In weak instruments of earth, God can do the almighty work of heaven. He pours the treasure into earthen vessels that the sufficiency may be of him.

"Weak as water," is a very common expression. "Unstable as water," is a Scriptural expression. The two sayings have very similar meanings. The instability of water is the cause of its weakness. And yet weak and unstable as it is, if it can but unite in the right way with something that will make up for this instability, it is one of the strongest, yes, one of the most unyielding, things we know.



until the water, under the heavy pressure, oozed through the lead like fine dew.

The shell of metal made up for the instability of the water, and in this condition it offered an immense resistance to compression. Man may be "unstable as water;" but surrounded by Christ his instability is made up, and he can withstand the mighty pressure of evil which otherwise would sweep him before it.

There have been men as weak as their fellows, who through faith, "out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Heb. 11:34.

God's strength was made perfect in weakness in Gideon and his handful of followers, and they smote the countless hosts of the Ismaelites as one man, driving them in utter rout across the Jordan.

There are no Ishmaelish hordes for us to fight; but we have an enemy before whose attacks we must flee discomfited, unless we have God's might within to hold us "steadfast, unmovable."

"All flesh is as grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field;" but even so God's almighty power may there be perfected, even as in nature it is forever glorified by the insufficiency of the instrument.

Our weakness, bless God, is no hindrance. It is the all-enduring assurance that God will work. It is in instruments of weakness that he especially chooses to work; for there, and there only, his "strength is made perfect in weakness." The leaf and the blade of grass are weak, but God's power is made perfect in their weakness. We, too, are weak, but we are not weaker than the leaf or the blade of grass. Since his strength for them is made perfect in their weakness, we are sure that his strength may be—God help us to say, is—made perfect in our weakness.

In fact, in the example of the plant, it is the weakness of the instrument that teaches us that it must be God who works. We see that the instrument is adapted to the work, but we know that weak as it is, out of its weakness can not come this almost almighty power; the sufficiency must be of God.

And so our weakness is to teach us that it is not we who do the work of righteousness. Weak as we are, and full of sin, out of our weakness and sinfulness can not come this almighty might that makes and keeps men righteous. The might, the righteousness, the sufficiency, is of God.

Our weakness is thus the witness which proclaims God at work. Shall we therefore lament this which reveals him? Let us rather say with Paul, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong."

When once we fully realize our weakness, we shall cease attempting all self-work, for this is but for us to reveal our utter weakness and ac-

complish nothing; we shall rather rest forever in the all-sufficient might of God. It is he that must work in us "both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

L. A. REED.

Go Work in My Vineyard

NEVER put off that which can be done *now*. God's day of salvation is "*now*," "*to-day*." Reader, are there not souls in your neighborhood or city who have not yet heard the last message of mercy? Who is responsible for these souls? Are you waiting for the conference to send workers into your neighborhood? Do you not think it would be much more pleasing to the Lord if you would do this work yourself, and thus leave the workers free to carry the message to new fields? Have you thought what you might do if you were to adopt a systematic use of the *Family Bible Teacher*? Just think, by the use of this



little messenger you can place practically the entire truth, in a clear, concise manner, in the hands of your friends and neighbors at the small cost of about *seven cents* for each family. This plan is so simple that even the weakest of the Lord's children may successfully engage in it.

The plan of work is this: The first week visit the homes of the people, tell them about the course of study, and invite them to become regular readers; with those who accept, leave Lesson No. 1, promising to bring them one lesson each week thereafter until the entire course is completed. Any one who is willing to spend a few minutes each week can easily teach from ten to fifty families by this method. For further information regarding plans of work, send for free booklet entitled "The Family Bible Teacher and Suggestions for Its Use." This also tells how to make the work self-supporting. Ascertain the number of lessons each member of your company is willing to distribute weekly, add the totals together, and place the order with your State tract society.

If you have not yet read this important course of lessons yourself, send ten cents, and a full course will be sent you, postpaid.

The *Family Bible Teacher* was formerly published at Cincinnati, Ohio, but has recently been sold to the Southern Publishing Association, so that now this publication is owned by the denomination, and should receive the hearty support of our people.



THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Time of Trouble

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Psalm 46.

CHAPTER STUDY: "Great Controversy," Chapter Thirty-nine, pages 613-624.

LESSON TOPICS:—

Condition of the world.

The "death" decree.

Time of "Jacob's distress."

A time of real prayer.

Cause of the trouble as indicated in the prophetic woe.

The words of the text are so well chosen, and carry with them such force, that it might be best to urge all members to bring "Great Controversy" to the meeting, so that each one may follow carefully the study as one, previously appointed, reads the lesson aloud.

Good Words from Paris

I THINK that no one can place too high an estimate upon the value of well-organized and constantly continued efforts for our young people. We have already taken steps in this direction with the young people in Paris, and the results are immediately visible. They attend our meetings, assist us in bringing souls under the preaching of the Word, and are putting themselves in line for self-discipline. Last summer, following our camp-meeting, I was called to try to perfect a reconciliation in a church of about seventy members in French Switzerland, where only three or four attended Sabbath worship, so deeply had Satan done his work. I began through the young people, and after a week the Spirit of God had made a complete reconciliation, and as a result the impetus given to the young people continued, they organizing a Young People's Society. The news spread to the other churches, and immediately Young People's Societies were formed in almost all the French-Swiss churches. The only thing I regret is that I can not untie myself long enough from the union affairs and from the local evangelization in Paris to give the young people the help they should have.

As to Plans

A very encouraging thing about work with the young people is that it does not take long to form them into line and to get them to work. In my experience I have found that even a week or two in a church is sufficient to get them in favor of the movement, and organized to continue faithfully in it, with the help of the church officers. On account of this I think that your central committee ought to have a man who occupies himself entirely in supervising and urging forward this work. He could see that the States are organized, or assist them in doing so, and help them along when organized. He or the State officer could visit the churches lacking in this organization, and after a time, indeed a short visit with such churches, set them in running order. When I was connected with the Young Men's Christian Association, I realized how great was the value of the general or State man in the local work; and also the same thing in the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Perhaps you have just such an arrangement, and so my remarks here are not in season. The general secretary asks me for plans of missionary work, and also for supplementary exercises for the meetings of the Societies. I will suggest the

following, having participated in their successful operation either in America or in this country:—

Plans of Missionary Work

Activity is the keynote of ideal Societies. As I will suggest in the supplementary exercises, if the meetings of the Society are themselves well conducted, they will serve as a great means in bringing the message to the world in this generation. To this end let good committees be formed in the Society, such as an Invitation Committee, to invite and bring in people to the Society's meetings; and a good Reception Committee, to receive and look after all visitors. These committees should be trained to do personal work with the strangers.

Let the Societies put aside certain days to visit the hospital in their neighborhood, perhaps once in two weeks, once a month, or once a week, according to the circumstances. Let them on this day bring flowers to the sick, which is always permitted, sing if that is permitted, and then select certain favorable cases to follow up with visits in reading the Bible, or even more serious Bible studies. We had a remarkable case of conversion, and later full acceptance of the truth, in our field from this line of work.

In cities or localities where we have a hygienic restaurant or mission let the Society choose a certain night, Saturday night I have found preferable, in which to arrange a *missionary raid*. That is to say, prepare a little feast of hot coffee and sandwiches, and visit the saloons or hotels to invite men to a lunch and Bible study. Then let personal work be done after the meeting has been held. I have seen and assisted in the doing of this with and without the lunch. Great care, however, in this plan is necessary, especially when the lunch plan is added.

Supplementary Exercises

In churches where the material at disposal is solid, let the elder sometimes turn over to the Young People's Society the morning worship on the Sabbath. Then let a text be given to three young people, who are to develop this text in spiritual edification to the church, the elder taking good surveillance all the time of the proceedings. Say, for example, the text is, "Now all these things happened to them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come." 1 Cor. 10: 11. Let the speakers each develop one division of the subject as given below:—

Sins of the Israelites, and the lessons therefrom.

The relation of these events to the time of the end.

Special lessons that the ensamples should give to God's people living in the "time of the end."

Let these three talks be interspersed with prayers and hymns; and let those who pray be asked previously to do so, that no time be lost. I thank God for the successful operation of this plan in building up the spiritual life of the church and developing spiritual and capable young people. But if there is not a good elder to guide this plan, it is better to have it carried out in a meeting of the young people direct.

The assignment of papers on a given subject to the young people is a well-known plan. In this case the study of the lives of missionaries who have laid down their lives for the cause of God in foreign fields is an excellent course of study, and one much needed.

If the Society can choose a critic competent enough, then let the young ladies for one time prepare a Bible reading on a subject, say Faith. Let these readings be placed on a blackboard in the public assembly of the Society, and let the leader chosen draw out the lessons from the readings, at the same time comparing them and pointing out the possible places of improvement. This I personally have found a never-failing source of interest and instruction. The young men can prepare the reading for the next time.

In some of the Societies in this field much benefit to the work has been secured in the education of the Society in musical lines. If a person capable of taking charge can be found, let the Society meet to learn sacred music. Especially where public meetings are carried on, this is a great help; but care must be taken not to allow a worldly element to enter in.

An unfailing source of interest and spiritual growth to the young people is the study of surrounding objects in the light of the Bible. Let, for instance, the Society choose for the study of the week following, the subject of "trees." When the hour comes, if it is good weather, let the Society go out under the trees. Here let the leader call for texts and thoughts. What a revelation is here!—*the tree*, the place where Adam took what was not his own, thus becoming a thief and making necessary the plan of atonement for us who are his children,—*the tree*, where our Saviour was crucified,—*the tree*, around which we shall all assemble in the kingdom of God to eat of its fruit.

Of course all recognize from experience that the best of plans miss their mark if the "man behind the gun" is not a good gunner. But I am thoroughly convinced that the Young People's Societies of the United States is the soil where a great and mighty movement can be developed to do work for the spread of the message. I believe that in these Societies in the local church a development can be given in some practical lines much better even than in the schools. And a little thought will show that if much effort is expended on the young children in the Sabbath-school work, the children now grown older should not be neglected at the critical moment when they are in the deciding period of their life. If I was convinced of this when I left America, I have been doubly convinced of it since I have been on the mission field, and have recognized the facilities and material which are at the disposition of those who "remain by the stuff."

B. G. WILKINSON.

It Would Bring a Second Pentecost

THIS is what Elder W. C. Wales, who is using the *Family Bible Teacher* in his work at Knoxville, Tennessee, says:—

"DEAR BROTHER: I was very glad to get your encouraging letter. . . . With two churches and seven hundred families to look after, I am much pressed for time. I am of excellent courage in the work. It is a grand work. Hundreds seem to be interested. Many say these readings make the truths of the Bible plainer than anything they have seen before. O that all would arouse and use these seeds of truth! It would bring a second Pentecost. We use about one thousand or more here a week. It wakes everybody up. I am glad that this work is now on a broad basis.

"Yours at work,

"W. C. WALES."

We are sure that all will agree that Elder Wales is certainly "at work." But is this not as it should be? Think, brethren, of what might be accomplished if every worker and church would take hold of this plan of work with a corresponding degree of energy. All who give the *Family Bible Teacher* a fair trial are unanimous in its praise, as being the grandest method ever adopted for teaching the third angel's message to the masses. The Lord has pronounced this house-to-house work the grandest missionary work in which we can engage. Brother, sister, would you like to experience a second Pentecost in your own soul, as well as to bring the truth to your friends and neighbors? If so, try this house-to-house work with the *Family Bible Teacher*. For plans of work, or discount in quantities, address your State tract society, or the Southern Publishing Association, Nashville, Tennessee.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Comrades, True

DEAR little boy, with eyes of blue,
Sweet little laddie, with locks of gold,
Deep is the love that I have for you,—
Deep is the love that for you I hold.
What would this world mean to me, my sweet,
What would it mean if no sunny light
Shone from your eyes, and no dimpled feet
Wandered beside me, through vistas bright?

You and I, little one,— comrades true,
I am your teacher, but you are my guide;
Thus may we wander 'neath skies of blue,
Onward together, love, side by side.
When, with your trusting hand clasped in mine,
We two go faring o'er life's rough strand,
Then does my heart fill with joy divine,
Led by the strength of a little hand.

BENJAMIN KEECH.

"Handsome Is That Handsome Does"

SUSIE GREY, a bright, pretty girl of ten years, came running in from school full of excitement, and said: "O mama, mama! what do you think I heard to-day in school? The very funniest thing!"

Mama expressed curiosity, of course, and Susie went on to tell of an old gentleman who had called at the school with one of the trustees, and made the children laugh with funny stories of his foreign travels.

"And then," continued Susie, "he said the oddest thing: that he was to remain in this village one month, and before he went away, he meant to make a present to the *handsomest girl in school*. He said he had known people to grow very handsome in a month, no matter how plain they might have been before, and he would give us all an equal chance. Isn't it an odd thing to do, mama? But, dear me," thought Susie, complacently, "I know *I'm* the prettiest girl in this place, and I don't believe a month or a year will start any girl ahead of me."

Susie walked to the mirror as she spoke, and viewed her reflection with evident satisfaction. Mrs. Grey's eyes lingered long and lovingly upon the little daughter who was indeed the prettiest of all the village children.

But she lacked the brightest and best jewel of all, the "ornament of a meek and lowly spirit," and it would have been hard to find a vainer, more thoughtless little girl than Susie, though neither her mother nor she seemed conscious of the fact.

Of course the old gentleman, of whom Susie had told her mother, was the subject of much eager discussion among the young and old of the village.

It was laughable to see the various arts which some of those little schoolgirls resorted to in their endeavors to improve their complexions and increase the growth of their hair. Vain mothers encouraged vainer children to such efforts, while parents of the wise sort reproved and restrained the nonsense as well as was possible under the pressure of the promised prize.

Susie Grey, however, save that she devoted more time to brushing out her beautiful hair, and to the contemplation of her still more beautiful little face, did not give herself any trouble concerning the winning of the prize.

But one little girl, whose parents were poor, Madge Nuderwood, knew well enough that a prize given for beauty would never be placed within her hand; for the small glass over mama's little bureau told her every day in the plainest of language, "Madge, you are a very plain little maid! Your skin is rough, your complexion muddy, your eyes are not like stars, and your hair, instead of hanging below your waist in beautiful profusion, is only short and disorderly like a boy's, flying about over your forehead, and often looking as though a brush had never touched it."

Madge's father was ill, and most of the time confined to his bed. Her mother was feeble, and two little ones, of four and six years, claimed attention from Madge when home from school. She was an affectionate, earnest-hearted little girl, doing the best she could to help her mother and father, and amuse and take care of the "baby." If the prize had been offered for study, possibly Madge might have felt encouraged to try to win it; for all the school knew her to be a bright, ready scholar. But for beauty! Ah, no! no chance for little Madge Nuderwood.

The month was rapidly passing away. To Susie Grey, however, it seemed to drag, and to

kindness and attention of their neighbors, and these old women considered Madge's plain little face the sweetest in the world, and the drawing near of the plainly clad little figure was to them like sudden sunshine.

On this very afternoon, while Susie and her companions were taking a walk to pass away the time, Madge, having finished some home duties, went to fulfil a promise to an old blind and sick woman at the farther end of the village.

Erelong there was a pretty picture to be seen through the open door of Granny Brown's cottage, and the minister and a gentleman with him stopped in passing by to look upon it.

A white-haired woman (from whose eyes the light of day had fled forever) bowed her cheek on the head of a little girl, who sat on a stool at her knee. Across the child's knees lay a large old-fashioned Bible, and while the woman's tremulous hands held within their clasp the little brown fingers of the child, a young clear voice read slowly and distinctly from the pages of the book the aged hearer loved best in the world.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," read Madge, and the woman interrupted affectionately with, "Yes, dear child, that's what you are, and Madgie, I do sometimes wonder why the dear Lord didn't make more like you. But, go on, dearie, I didn't mean to interrupt."

And Madge, blushing at the kind praise, read on and on, while the minister and friend, unseen, listened, and watched to their hearts' content.

"God bless that dear little girl!" at last whispered the minister, wiping a suspicious tear from his eyes; "she isn't a pretty child, but if handsome *is* as handsome *does*, why she's certainly the beauty of this village," he continued, walking on with his friend.

At last the day arrived, the important day which was to crown Susie Grey with honors, or fill her little vain soul with vexation.

There were many visitors present, and conspicuous among them were Susie's parents. The little maid herself was very handsomely gowned, and looked her brightest and prettiest as she

sat among the children, and thought of the gift so soon to be hers.

"The trustees will be here in a moment, children," the teacher said. "Are all present? The old gentleman who kindly offers the prize will not care to wait for a tardy pupil."

All were found to be present save little Madge Nuderwood. Presently Madge entered.

Then the old gentleman, with a merry smile on his good-natured face, came to the edge of the platform.

"Dear children," said he, "it does my old eyes good to see such a host of bright, pretty faces here to-day, and I hardly know how to make a speech worthy of my young audience. I won't attempt, therefore, to detain you with my prosy old tongue longer than to hope that you all understood me when I promised, one month ago, a present to the handsomest girl among you. But," here the old man glanced around with a comical smile, "I am afraid you have paid more attention to your *faces* than to your *hearts*, and you know, my children, that true beauty is worth of char-



A HOME IN LAPLAND

Madge — studying hard at school, and working busily at home, with no time for the play and sport which are the right of childhood — it seemed to fly; to the other children it was proving a season of disquiet and worry, and at last the mothers wished heartily that the queer old man and his queerer proposal had been in the Rocky Mountains instead of this village.

"The month is nearly up, Madge Nuderwood; the month is nearly up," said Susie one afternoon as school was dismissed. "Are you prepared for the prize?" The question was sneeringly put, and caused a rude laugh from the girls around. Susie was unkind, and Madge felt it, but she smiled and said: "I am prepared to congratulate you, Miss Susie Grey, if you receive it, and I know you will."

A toss of the golden head, which sent the wealth of bright hair all over Susie's shoulders, and the reply, "Lucky you don't expect it, Madge," followed Madge's pleasant words.

There were two or three sick old ladies of the village whose comfort depended mainly upon the

acter, which can never be defaced by time.

Then, to the amazement of all, the gentleman called out distinctly, "Miss Madge Nuderwood, please come forward and receive the prize which is due not for beauty of flesh, which will perish so easily, but for that true beauty of the soul, which, from all I have heard, abides always in your loving, unselfish heart."

He lifted up before the school a well-filled purse of gold, and held it, while a smile rippled over the faces of all on the platform, as little Madge, bewildered and perplexed, was being actually pushed out of her seat by her companions, and bidden in loud whispers to "go when the gentleman calls you."

Poor Susie! She turned cold and then hot. "It isn't possible!" she thought. "It is a mistake!" And the blue eyes she turned to her mother were running over with tears.

As for Madge, she lifted her amazed eyes to the gentleman, and with burning cheeks, cried, "O, sir, you have made a mistake in the name!"

"There is no mistake," said the gentleman, "not the least error, my dear, and I congratulate your mother on the possession of a little daughter like you. I hope you will enjoy your gift, though I know it to be as unexpected to you—as to some others present."

Then he addressed the school wisely and kindly, and pointed out certain truths many had not learned before. And certainly some better understood the meaning of the old adage, "Handsome is that handsome does."—*Selected.*

The "Blacksmith Nation"

Or the Story of a Bar of Iron

It is said that when Solomon offered a premium to the most important among the builders of the temple, the blacksmith claimed the prize and won it, because without his work nothing else could have been done.

What was true of the man in time became true of the nations, until it seems as though the best "blacksmith nation"—the one that can make the most and the best iron and steel—is the one upon which others depend; the one that takes the prize of supremacy. Many years ago it was Russia. No country could equal her in making iron and steel. Even so great a country as England was compelled to say that only Russian iron should be used in her navy. Naturally, Russia profited by her skill. She demanded double prices, and obtained them. In other words, the "blacksmith" won the prize again.

This continued until a man named Henry Cort did with the iron industry of England about what Mr. Edison and Professor Bell in this country did with the incandescent lights and telephones; that is, topped off and rounded out the work of other men, and made what was before an incomplete success a lasting and permanent one. At all events, this Mr. Cort succeeded so well that England discontinued the use of Russia's iron, and used her own.

From that time on England began laying the foundations of her own iron and steel supremacy. Other nations, such as Norway and Sweden, Germany, Russia, and, later, the United States, continued to improve; but none could compare with England in point of quantity and quality of the iron produced. She became, and until recent years continued to be, the "master blacksmith" of the world. The prize she won and the tribute paid her have been truly enormous.

It will not do to say that the one and only thing needful in establishing a nation is ability to excel in making iron and steel. Still, so long as the material needs of the world depend helplessly upon iron and steel, just so long will that nation making the most, the best, and the cheapest be a leader among the peoples of the earth.

If it is true that such vital importance attaches to the mastership in iron and steel making, then every American, young and old, will feel an inter-

est and pride in knowing that within the past few years leadership in this important industry has passed from England, and now belongs to the United States. It is hardly likely she will ever again equal us.

Three principal things caused this change. The first two happened at about the same time, and caused the growth of the third.

First, the constantly increasing demand, custom, and habit of making things of iron and steel, in recent years, to an extent never known in the history of mankind.

Second, the discovery that there were in this country, especially in Michigan, Minnesota, and the South, deposits of iron so easily reached, so gigantic in size, and so surrounded with all needed conveniences that there has not yet been found the round world over anything to surpass, if indeed to equal, them.

With this supply on the one hand, and urgent need for its use on the other, there came,—

Third, the expenditure of millions of dollars, and the efforts of armies of men in building, pulling down, and rebuilding furnaces and mills, to make the best iron and steel in the best way.

It is this last cause in which every American man and boy should take a just and reasonable pride—not in the mere existence of our mines, but because of the splendid use we have made of them. No amount of effort and money has been too great to expend. The result has been that in skill and quality of their work American engineers and workmen are unexcelled, while the perfection and performance of our iron and steel machinery are equaled nowhere.

We, then, have become the "blacksmith nation" of the world, and it will remain to be seen what the full measure of our prize will be.

If, then, this industry is of such commanding importance, if leadership in it has always carried so great a prestige and power, and the possession of that leadership now lies with us, it would seem to be a matter of some interest to every American boy to have a clear outline idea of just what iron and steel are, where they come from, and how they are made.

To trace a bar of iron or steel from start to finish would necessitate going back to the original iron deposits. The iron in them is mixed with all sorts of things, and is called *ore*.

Geology

In whatever way it was done, iron has been distributed practically everywhere over the surface of the globe: sometimes by itself, sometimes with other things; near the surface, and at depths below it; heaped in quantities in one place, and finely scattered and divided in others.

It has been said that the characteristic tone and coloring of rocks and soil are due to the presence of iron, and that if by some miracle every atom of iron could be destroyed, the earth would present a dazzling whiteness. However that may be, it is certainly one of the few metals that are in greatest abundance, most generally distributed, most easily obtained, and that in all times mankind has most urgently needed.

Ore and Ore-Deposits

The way in which iron ore has been tossed about and deposited on the earth has of itself made varieties enough, but nothing as compared with the endless differences caused by the iron combining and uniting with other things. In school we are taught that when pepper and salt are shaken up together, the salt remains salt and the pepper pepper, but that oxygen and hydrogen properly joined cease to be oxygen and hydrogen, and form practically a new substance—water.

The difference is that one is a *mechanical mixture*, and the other a *chemical combination*. But iron has been both chemically and mechanically mixed up and combined with almost everything that happened to be in its immediate neighborhood when the final deposits were being made. It can be taken to be almost literally true that,

as found in nature, pure iron—that is, the iron separate and distinct from every other known substance—is a thing unknown. Iron is iron all the world over, but as found in the form of ore the different deposits bear not the slightest resemblance to one another. Some are red, others black; some hard, others soft. Ores from one place are rich in iron, from another lean. Some deposits contain phosphorus, others sulphur, others silicon, manganese, etc. So, throughout an endless variety, the ores of one place differ from those of another. Those of Norway and Sweden are unlike those of England and Scotland, while those of Spain and Cuba are unlike either. All are different, yet all are exceedingly useful in mixing and blending to produce the particular kind of iron or steel required.

United States Ores

Generally speaking,—though not always so,—iron has been found in rocky, mountainous places, and often at a considerable distance below the surface of the ground, requiring the drilling, digging, and blasting usually associated with mining. The ore, as mined, is usually a big lump that looks like a rusty stone. Such is the character of the ore that comes, for instance, from Pennsylvania, Missouri, and Alabama.

In certain regions of the United States there have been discovered, comparatively recently, deposits of iron ore so utterly unlike this, and so unusual in every way, that particular reference to them may be of special interest. The most important of these deposits are located in northern Michigan and Minnesota, in what are known as the Messaba and Vermillion ranges. It is not a particularly mountainous country. There is nothing about the place to suggest the presence of iron ore. Indeed, nobody suspected that any was there until one day an uprooted tree revealed the ore beneath it.

It is only a commonplace and ordinary piece of woodland, not at all such as would be expected to yield iron ore. Yet beneath those woods is mineral wealth the vastness and value of which are yet unknown. For twenty-five years or more prospectors have been investigating, yet how broad and deep and far it goes can not with certainty be told. This "find" has been one of the most momentous events in the history of iron and steel making, and, in connection with other resources, will probably fix for generations the center of the industry in this land. And important as these deposits are, the United States is not dependent upon them. Aside from the mines of the Middle States, those of the far West, Alabama, and even Alaska, hold possibilities only beginning to be known.

But as showing what is being done, these northern mines furnish a startling object-lesson.

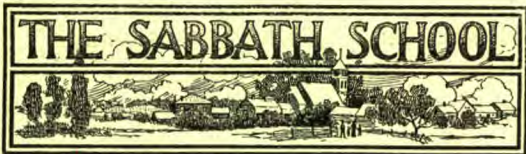
Properly speaking, the Messaba and Vermillion deposits are not mines—not in the usual sense of the term. They are great masses of ore forming the outer surface of the earth only a little distance beneath the thin top soil.

A huge bank of the richest ore lies stripped and ready for shipment. Would you call this a mine? No miners, cramped and stooping, work here with pick and drill, but, instead, a great steam shovel. No sunken shafts and narrow tunnels, but one great, wide, open out-of-doors. No smoking lamps and gloomy night, no deadly gas and forced drafts, but, instead, the noonday sun to work by, and the winds from the Michigan woods to breathe.

Of course there have been species of open mines elsewhere, but even they are rare, and nowhere of the complete, open character of these.

The vastness of the Michigan iron deposits tempts one into seemingly immoderate language; and yet it is hard to describe in ordinary terms deposits two thousand feet in length and five or six hundred feet wide, containing millions upon millions of tons of ore.—*W. S. Harwood, in St. Nicholas.*

(To be continued)



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IX—Ahab's Death—The Captains Slain by Fire

(May 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 22; 2 Kings 1.

MEMORY VERSE: "Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper." 2 Chron. 20:20.

For three years there was no war between Syria and Israel. Then Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, asked Ahab to help him take from the Syrians the city of Ramoth-gilead, which had once belonged to Israel. Before the two kings went out to battle, they asked counsel of the Lord, through his prophet Micaiah. The prophet told the king that the armies of Israel would be scattered, and that he himself would fall. Then Ahab was angry, and said, "Put this fellow in prison, and feed him with bread of affliction, and with water of affliction, until I come in peace." And the prophet answered, "If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me."

When the king went out in battle, he was wounded, and died at even. "And the blood ran out of the wound into the midst of the chariot. . . . And one washed the chariot in the pool of Samaria; and the dogs licked up his blood." Thus was fulfilled the word of the Lord to Ahab: "In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood."

After Ahab was dead, his son, Ahaziah, took the kingdom. He was a very wicked king, and walked in the evil way of his father and mother, serving Baal, and leading Israel to sin.

Now one day Ahaziah fell down through a lattice in his upper chamber, and was sick. And he sent messengers to inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron, whether he would get well. But the angel of the Lord told Elijah to go and meet the messengers, and say unto them: "Is it not because there is not a God in Israel, that ye go to inquire of Baal-zebub the god of Ekron? Now therefore thus saith the Lord, Thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up, but shalt surely die."

Then the messengers turned back, and brought this message to the king. Ahaziah asked the messengers what kind of man it was who had spoken these words; and they answered: "He was an hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins." Then the king said, "It is Elijah the Tishbite."

The king sent a captain with fifty men to take the prophet, and they found him sitting at the top of a hill. Then the captain commanded, "Thou man of God, the king hath said, Come down."

And Elijah answered: "If I be a man of God, then let fire come down from heaven, and consume thee and thy fifty." And it was so. Again the king sent another captain with his fifty, who said, "O man of God, thus hath the king said, Come down quickly." "And Elijah answered and said unto them, If I be a man of God, let fire come down from heaven, and consume thee and thy fifty. And the fire of God came down from heaven, and consumed him and his fifty."

"And he sent again a captain of the third fifty with his fifty. And the third captain of fifty went up, and came and fell on his knees before Elijah, and besought him, and said unto him, O man of God, I pray thee, let my life, and the life of these fifty thy servants, be precious in thy sight."

"And the angel of the Lord said unto Elijah, Go down with him: be not afraid of him. And

he arose, and went down with him unto the king." Elijah told Ahaziah that because he had sent to inquire of Baal-zebub, and had not asked help of the God of Israel, therefore he should surely die.

Not long after this King Ahaziah died, and Jehoram, his brother, reigned in his stead, because Ahaziah had no son.

Questions

1. How long was there peace between Israel and Syria? Who asked Ahab to help him take the city of Ramoth-gilead? What counsel did the two kings seek before they went out to battle?
2. What did the prophet tell Ahab would be the result if he went out to fight against Syria at this time? What command did Ahab then give? What solemn words did the prophet speak? Whom does the Lord say will be established? Who will prosper? See Memory Verse.
3. What was the result of the battle with the king of Syria? Tell how Ahab died. How was the word of the Lord concerning Ahab fulfilled?
4. Who was the next king of Israel? What kind of man was he?
5. What accident did this king have? To whom did he send messengers? What did he want to know?
6. Who met these messengers? What question did he ask them? What did he say about the king?
7. How did the messengers describe Elijah to the king? What did he at once say? How many men did he send to take the prophet?
8. Where did the first captain of fifty find Elijah? What did he command him to do? How did Elijah answer? What happened then that showed the weakness of men to harm one who is protected by the Lord?
9. Tell what occurred when the captain of the second fifty came to take the prophet?
10. Whom did the king again send? When this man came near Elijah, what did he do? What did he ask?
11. What did the angel of the Lord tell Elijah to do? What message did the prophet give to the king? When Ahaziah died, who took the kingdom?



IX—The Seven Trumpets—The Breaking up of the Empire of Rome—Fall of the Western Empire

(May 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 8.

MEMORY VERSE: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Isa. 40:31.

Questions

1. What scene was presented to the prophet following the vision of the seven seals? Rev. 8:2.
2. Of what is the trumpet a symbol? Jer. 4:19; 1 Cor. 14:8.
3. What scene was next presented? Rev. 8:3.
4. What is represented by the incense? Note 1.
5. Before whom do the prayers ascend? Verse 4.
6. What followed the sounding of the first trumpet? What was the result? Verse 7.
7. How is the same scene described by the historian? Note 2.
8. What occurred when the second trumpet sounded? What effect did this have? Verses 8, 9; note 3.
9. What was seen when the third trumpet sounded? Verse 10.
10. What was the name of the star? Where

did it fall? With what result? Verse 11; note 4.

11. What scenes occurred under the fourth trumpet? Verse 12; note 5.

12. What more ancient prophecy was fulfilled in the history of these times? Dan. 7:23, 24.

13. What work of the "little horn" was to follow the subduing of the three kings? Verse 25.

14. How long would this continue? Verse 26.

15. What event is next in order? Verse 27; Dan. 2:44.

16. What assurance have we in the word of prophecy that God still overrules in the kingdoms of the world? Isa. 46:9-11; 40:9, 22, 23, 29-31.

Notes

1. "The incense, ascending with the prayers of Israel, represents the merits and intercession of Christ."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 353.

2. "Hail and fire mingled with blood," suggests war from the north with fire and sword. The Goths fell upon Rome from the icy north, like a hail-storm, A. D. 395-410, particularly under Alaric. Compare these significant phrases from the historian Gibbon's account with the language of the prophet: "They (the Goths) deserted their farms at the first sound of the trumpet." "Armies . . . issuing from the frozen regions of the north." "The consuming flames of war spread from the banks of the Rhine over the greater part of seventeen provinces of Gaul." "His (the poet Claudian) trees, his old contemporary trees, must blaze in the conflagration of the whole country." The text says, "the third part of trees." The phrase, "third part" often repeated in this series, evidently has reference to the division of the empire into three parts, effected in Constantine's day,—the *eastern*, with Constantinople the capital; the *western*, including Britain, Gaul (France), and Spain; and the *central* division, having the city of Rome as capital.

3. The next crushing attack was from the burning regions of the south, by the Vandals, A. D. 428-476. The sea is the scene of conflict. Under Genseric, "monarch of the sea," naval attacks were made upon the empire, aptly described in the symbol of the burning mountain cast into the sea. Twice he burned the entire Roman fleet. Carthage, in northern Africa, was his capital. "He beheld," says Gibbon, "the final extinction of the empire of the west."

4. This undoubtedly refers to the invasion of the Huns under Attila, whose forces struck most heavily in the regions in which the main river systems of the empire have their fountain head. His career in Western Rome was brief, as a blazing meteor, covering the time from A. D. 451 to 453. Attila gloried in the titles, "The scourge of God," "The terror of the world," and bitter as wormwood was the cup of affliction pressed to the lips of the inhabitants of the desolated regions.

5. "In the political firmament of the ancient world, while under the reign of imperial Rome, the emperorship, the consulate, and the senate shone like the sun, the moon, and the stars."—Kieth. After the conquest of Italy (A. D. 476), Odoacer, king of the Heruli, abolished the office and title of emperor, in Western Rome, and in the course of history soon following, the consulship (in 541) and senate (542) were also set aside, "till Rome was without an emperor, a consul, or a senate." The original Roman empire had been divided. The ancient seat of empire, the city of Rome, was henceforth to enthrone a pope instead of a Cæsar. In coming up he had schemed the overthrow of three of the ten new nations, the Heruli, Vandals, and Ostrogoths, and in A. D. 538 the political supremacy of the papacy was established, with seven nations in the territory of Western Rome, represented in the present-day nations of western Europe. Constantinople was the sole imperial city. And in the events of the next two trumpets the scene is transferred to the East.



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"MAKE good use of other men's brains."

"SUCCESS comes, but it has to be invited."

"EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune."

"SUCCESS treads on the heels of every right effort."

"THE best part of a man's education is that which he gives himself."

"THE want of knowledge is like a leak—a constant source of loss."

SOME have begun work in earnest upon their missionary gardens. Are you one of the number?

"THE Russian national debt is about \$4,000,000,000, and that of Japan about \$300,000,000."

"THE man who fears he will do more than his salary calls for, will never have much salary to call for."

"THOUGHT enough to keep the world busy for years can be put into a ten minutes' speech; and it is amazing how little thought can be spread out through an hour of talk."

OHIO has had nine of its native-born citizens in the Senate, thirty-two in the House, and two in the Cabinet. The earth is getting small for Ohio people.—*Louisville Herald*.

THE colored sunset and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetical life.—*F. W. Faber*.

"THE strangest sight that the Filipinos now at the St. Louis Exposition ever saw was the snow that fell on the grounds the other day. The little people from the Orient had never seen 'the beautiful,' and they rushed out to collect it in wholesale quantity, thinking it was sugar that had fallen from the heavens."

It is to be hoped that all the Young People's Societies will study the two or three remaining chapters in "Great Controversy," even though the INSTRUCTOR lessons have not been regularly studied. It will be difficult to find anything that will make the meetings more helpful than a thorough study of these important and solemn truths for the last days.

Words for Ordinary Purposes

THE small number of words actually necessary for ordinary purposes in our every-day life is surprising, and nothing illustrates this better than the limited vocabulary of a little child. Dr. M. Harris said: "I have a daughter six years old. She is able to make all her wants known, to talk freely and easily. If an adult knew just the number of words in a foreign tongue that she knows in her own, he would be able to get along nicely in a conversational way with people who spoke nothing but that language. What the child's vocabulary comprises, how many words and of what classes, I recently made it my business to ascertain in a series of investigations extending over a considerable period of time. I found that the total number of words she knew and used was just three hundred fifty-two, omitting proper names, and that fifty-four per cent of these were nouns, eighteen per cent verbs, and eleven per cent adjectives, the remainder being made up of conjunctions, prepositions, and pronouns."—*Selected*.

Immense Empires

FEW persons realize how vast is the area of the Russian empire. Into that enormous country you could put all of non-Russian Europe, and yet only take up a little more than one eighth of the czar's domains. Then you could add the United States, including Alaska, and still have almost enough territory left to place Canada in. In fact, the Russian empire comprises one seventh of the land surface of the globe.

Though not comparable in extent of territory with the empire of the czar, the United States seems of enormous area when compared with the European countries other than Russia.

The State of Texas alone would take in Germany, Greece, Holland, and Switzerland, and still have room to spare. Belgium would simply be lost in the Maine woods. In fact, you could put two Beligiums into the State of Maine, and have a State left nearly as large as New Jersey.

France could be stowed away up in Montana and Wyoming, with enough territory left over to take in Portugal. Sweden would fit into California, with lots of room to spare, and Spain would almost, but not quite, fit into Nevada and Idaho.

To make Spain comfortable we should have to borrow about four thousand square miles from Arizona, but that would still leave Arizona enough territory to take in Italy, leaving out Sardinia.

As for the British Isles, we could stow them away in New Mexico, and have land to spare afterward. The dual empire of Austria-Hungary would be a more difficult matter to deal with, and in order to give it elbow room we should have to devote the States of Colorado and Oregon to it, and then borrow forty-three thousand square miles from Washington, which would still leave Washington room in which to put the kingdom of Servia, and have enough left over for a fair-sized State.

The kingdom of Rumania could be placed in Arkansas, with about five thousand square miles to spare, and Bulgaria would have more than enough room in Oklahoma.

Turkey's possessions in Europe are about as large as Missouri, and Norway could be placed into the two Dakotas, with lots of room left over. The pieces left over from the various States and Territories mentioned would be more than enough to make an area as large as Denmark and the other odds and ends of non-Russian Europe not mentioned. But if we did not want to spare so much territory in the Western States and Territories, we could economize by placing Germany, France, Italy, and Belgium up in Alaska, and the British Isles could be distributed among the Philippines, Hawaii, and Porto Rico.—*The American Boy*.

"The Union College Messenger"

No. 1, Vol. I, of this periodical will be issued May first. It will be a thirty-two-page magazine, issued semimonthly by Union College, and will be of great interest, not only to all students and teachers of Union College, but to all who are interested in the cause of education in general, and the work of our schools in particular. The editorial force is strong, and one especially salient feature of the paper will be reports from and news of the alumni of the college.

A year's subscription *free* to any one who will send us a club of five subscribers at 35 cents each.

The subscription price will be 35 cents a year, twenty-four numbers. Send all subscriptions and requests for sample copies to The Union College Messenger, College View, Nebraska.

"ONLY a smile, yes, only a smile
That a woman o'erburdened with grief
Expected from you. 'Twould have given her relief,

For her heart ached sore the while;
But weary and cheerless she went away
Because, as it happened, that very day
You were 'out of touch' with your Lord."



ROCK HALL, MD., April 20, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy the articles "Around the Work-Table" that appear in the INSTRUCTOR. I have made two things, the climbing sailor and the telephone, from the instructions given in these articles. I also made the oscillating cylinder engine described in the number of September 15. I connected our house and the stable by the telephone. I made it of two tin cans, string, and rosin. It was great fun to have some one come to the "phone" at the house, while I was down to the stable, and tell me what to do. I shall be glad when next week's paper comes, so I can make what is in it.

BERTIE M. COLEMAN.

I feel sure the making of these three things that Master Coleman speaks of in his letter, has given him increased knowledge and skill, besides the pleasure their successful operation afforded him and his friends.

BAXTER, IOWA, April 4, 1904.

EDITOR OF THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,—

As I am going to subscribe for the INSTRUCTOR, I thought I would write a letter for the paper. Mama and I are lone Sabbath-keepers here in Baxter; so we do not have any Sabbath-school to attend. We have a reading-rack in the depot, and I would like to have some copies of the *Life Boat* or any other Adventist papers to put into it; back numbers will do all right. We think that we could do good with the *Life Boat*, as this is a great town for saloons. I am thirteen years old. I was baptized at the last camp-meeting held at Colfax. I would be glad to have some of the INSTRUCTOR readers write to me, if they have time.

Enclosed find fifty cents, for which please send me the INSTRUCTOR for nine months; also twenty-five cents for the *Life Boat* for one year.

ELVA MAY BOWKER.

We trust that some one will correspond with Elva. It means a good deal to be the only Sabbath-keeper in a place, and letters can give much courage and pleasure. When one finds that he is alone in the truth, the best thing to do is to begin to work for others. Are there not some who will send papers to the reading-rack in Baxter?