

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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The Heavenward Call

WHAT shall I do, my Lord, my God,
To make my life worth more to thee?
Within my heart, through earth abroad,
Deep voices stir and summon me.

Through strange confusions of the time
I hear thy beckoning call resound;
There is a pathway more sublime
Than yet my laggard feet have found.

The dearest voice may lead astray:
Speak thou! Thy words my guide shall be,
O, not from life and men away,
But through them, with them, up to thee.

It is not much these hands can do:
Keep thou my spirit close to thine,
Till every thought thy love throbs through,
And all my words breathe truth divine!

With souls that seek thy pure abode,
Let my unfaltering soul aspire;
Make me a radiance on the road;
A bearer of the sacred fire!

—Lucy Larcom.

The Chinese New-Year

To residents in Occidental lands the ways of the Oriental are strange and interesting. The Chinaman writes from right to left and from top to bottom; the Hindu covers his head and bares his feet in the presence of his superiors; the Japanese saws by pulling his implement instead of pushing it; and the Malay tailor sews with the point of his needle away from his body, instead of toward him, as in the case of Western tailors; that is to say, he pushes the needle outward instead of inward.

In like manner the Chinese New-year is an event of far greater importance than is our New-year to us. It is a "movable feast," as the reckoning depends upon the time of the moon rather than that of the sun. It may come as early as the middle of January, or as late as the middle or end of February.

All business transactions that can possibly be closed up are adjusted; all debts paid; all stock taken; all profits for the old year reckoned up; the entire house receives its annual cleaning; and the greatest excitement,

especially among the children and youth, prevails at an increasing degree as the New-year approaches. The rich have new garments made, and new decorations added to the house and grounds. The poor always afford some little addition to their cheap finery, and all work is laid aside the day before the first day of the Chinese new year, which is called the "little New-year." More or less of a fusillade of firecrackers is heard on the evening preceding the New-year's morning, and all through the night, too, for that matter. The amount of money expended in this way runs up into the thousands in a small community of Chinamen, and in China proper it must reach the millions. They have small crackers and large crackers, crackers in bunches, and crackers one by one. They fasten them in long bunches or ropes from two to twenty feet long, having the smaller ones at the bottom, and increasing in size as they ascend, until the last ten or twenty are giant crackers. Last of all there is a thick round bunch of rather small ones, which go off rapidly with a whir-r-r! These ropes are suspended from a second-story window or a pole in the ground. The streets are impassable for horses and carriages, and the foot-passenger must keep his wits about him if he does not want to get into trouble. The ground is always red with the rent and riddled remains of the crackers that have been exploded, particularly in front of the Chinese houses and stores. A Chinese New-year without firecrackers would be like a fourth of July on which no boy should be heard letting off a dozen or more bunches of fireworks. There is this difference, that while to the American child the fireworks are a useful adjunct in giving expression to his exuberant spirits, to the Chinese boy there is something more than that. It is a

sort of religious performance by means of which the evil spirits are frightened away, and a safe and propitious beginning made for the new year, which it is hoped will bring much prosperity and happiness.

There is no doubt whatever that the Chinaman has, or thinks he has, a jolly good time at New-year, and it doesn't end with one day's sport either. For two whole weeks he abandons himself to the pleasures and festivities of the season,



CHINESE LITERATI

which are of great variety, and furnish far too much opportunity for dissipation and drunkenness, not to mention gambling, which is one of the Chinaman's worst vices. Free rein is given to his passions, and instead of being a time of merrymaking it is a time of sorrow because of losses at the gaming-table.

However, if the Chinaman is unfortunate or has occasion to sorrow, he carefully hides his feelings; for it would be bad taste and out of keeping with his fatalistic ideas to weep over losses that had to come to him anyway.

One of the ways in which the Chinese find pleasure is in decorating themselves with gorgeous attire, if their circumstances permit. They not only dress in brocaded silks of the most delicate tints of yellow, orange, pink, lavender, and blue, but the women especially load themselves with costly jewelry of various designs and set with precious stones. The gorgeousness of their apparel is beyond the imagination of one who has not seen them dressed in their most elegant robes.

The long outer garment is made of the most expensive silk, usually brocaded, and covered with the most elaborately embroidered flowers done in silk of various colors upon the darker background of peacock blue or deep sea-green. The borders of a rich orange, are also embroidered in silk flowers, dragons, birds, or beasts of fantastic forms, drawn from Chinese mythology. The shorter, coat-like garment is perhaps of a delicate rose or cardinal, similarly ornamented. The shoes are of another color, but



harmonizing with the rest of the costume. The head-dress is perhaps encrusted with diamonds, and the fingers loaded with diamond rings, while the ornaments about the neck are equally rich and elaborate. In fact, here may be seen a fine illustration of that luxuriousness which we read about in the first book of Kings in connection with Solomon's magnificent equipage. It is also shown in the description of the temple which Solomon built.

New-year's time is an excellent opportunity of beholding what the Oriental imagination is capable of in the matter of dress. It throws a very clear light also upon the apostle Paul's instruction to the church concerning women wearing "braided hair, and gold or pearls or costly raiment." Peter also alludes to the same thing in his first epistle, thus indicating that it was a fundamental principle of Christianity to put off such forms of ornamentation as unbecoming a modest Christian woman. We have the same difficulty here. The one thing that absorbs the thoughts and mind of native women above all others, is the matter of dress. And gold is the great desideratum without which no woman is willing to be seen upon the streets. From this it will be seen how it is that these Oriental women are tempted to do things that no virtuous woman will do, in order to gratify this vanity that in all ages has been so great a snare to their sex.

If they are wealthy, they can gratify to the fullest extent this love of jewelry, but when they are not, they often gamble, in hope of gaining money to be spent thus. I have had trouble with some of our Christian women over this very thing. They *must* have gold ornaments. They thought about it and talked about and dreamed about it almost incessantly until I came to feel a perfect hatred of the very word for gold. I had to read them the Bible teaching upon this subject, and show them the evil of it all, but it has taken years to begin to open their eyes to the wrong of it. The Holy Spirit alone can work the change necessary before they are sufficiently spiritually minded to let go of these vanities.

But to return to the New-year festivities. On the first and fifteenth day of the first month the children are exempt from punishment, no matter what they do. You may be quite sure that they make good use of their liberty, although their wholesome fear of their elders keeps them within reasonable bounds. In the case of the youth it is not so well; for they are allowed to go about the town and to smoke and gamble and drink wine and beer; that is, the boys are allowed to do so; of course the girls must remain shut up in the home. They find ways of availing themselves of the liberty which the New-year brings for a day or two, we may be sure. From these things we can understand how true it is that, as an educated Chinaman of Singapore said recently, "The boys are given too much freedom, and the girls too little." All this, of course, tends to ruin the morals of the boys, and to rob the girls of all independence of spirit or character.

Very early on the morning of the New-year the young men and their elders start out with their large red paper calling-cards with their names written in Chinese characters in black. Many of the babas, Chinamen descended from Malay mothers and Chinese fathers, have their cards printed in Malay with the Roman letter. They sometimes start out as early as four or half-past four in the morning, so as to get their calls all made before the heat of the day; also because a late caller is quite certain to be regarded

as wanting in devotion to the customs of the race. It is good form, so to speak, to call early.

After returning home they are usually so weary and sleepy that they take a siesta, or rest, and then prepare for the pleasures of the afternoon and evening. Each one has his circle of friends, just as Western people do, and he meets them at feasts especially arranged for the celebration of the New-year festivities and good cheer. At these feasts they observe most punctiliously the etiquette prescribed by long ages of custom. Their code of manners touching these things is far more elaborate and precise than anything known in Western social circles.

The tables must be placed in just a certain position, and the host has a particular seat prescribed for him, and he may sit in no other. Each dish has its proper place on the table, and under no circumstances may it be placed elsewhere. The different courses are served in just

her with money, or suffer another form of disgrace which is dreaded more than failure in business, the disgrace of a family quarrel and being made the subject of every man's quizzing and questioning.

Well, to return to the New-year. The government grants a license to the Chinese at their New-year (and the Malays at theirs) to gamble as much as they like without restraint; so in passing along the narrow streets, one sees groups of small boys collected around some old man of very shabby appearance, gambling for cents. In another place may be seen a crowd of young men squatting in a circle, their heads almost touching in their eagerness to see how the dice will fall. There is more or less loud talk, with now and then an angry altercation, and then the silence of the grave as they watch with devouring eyes the man in charge of the game shaking and casting the dice. The stakes are in silver.

It is sad beyond expression to see what power Satan has over the minds of men through this appeal to the worst passions of the human heart. It honeycombs all Oriental life. With the Malay the game-cock is the greatest fascination, and large sums are expended not only upon the finest breeds of fighting cocks, but in bets on the results of a fight. This instinct to fight is so widely extended and so deeply seated that if you have a dozen hens and chickens, you have to separate the hens, or they kill one another's chickens. Hens will fight with all the fierceness of the veteran cock of a hundred battles, and even little chicks hardly out of their shells will stand with bill to bill, and spar and strike in

true imitation of their elders. We tried to keep a few fowls the year we were in the mountains at Fort de Kock, but this constant fighting made life a burden, and so we sold them all, and got some ducks instead. We ate the eggs, but not the fowls.

One of the most amusing things, at New-year's and on other festive occasions, is to watch a crowd of grown men as well as children stand for hours before a Chinese Punch and Judy show. The story, of course, is more dignified and more interesting, but they do not understand a word of what is said; for it is all rendered in Mandarin. They have learned most of these popular stories from hearing them read or narrated by some wayside story-teller.

I must say that some of these exhibitions are very cleverly executed for marionette shows. The lifelike movements and attitudes are striking. The costumes are elaborate and suited to the characters. More interesting still is the live show itself. I remember at Singapore ten years or more ago seeing a great variety of these outdoor theatricals at the time of "All Souls' day" celebration of the Chinese. By the way, there is a striking similarity between the so-called "Christian" festival and this pagan feast-day for the benefit of all the souls of the dead.

The glitter and dazzle of the costumes of these actors (see small cut on first page) was something most surprising, and must have entailed enormous expense. It was a fine example of Oriental splendor, and is not often witnessed.


Practically no business is undertaken at the New-year, except in the shops and stores that supply the public with necessary food and clothing. All care is thrown off, and the time is devoted to revelry and pleasure.

R. W. MUNSON,
Missionary in Sumatra.

(To be continued)

THE picture on this page is of Elder Munson and his family.





INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT INTERESTING PLANTS

"THE roses speak of the Rose of Sharon,
The lilies of Christ of the vale:
And every sweet flower unfolds his power,
And his love that never can fail."

Why the Maple Makes Maple Sugar

THOUGH the Indians made maple sugar long before Columbus landed, and the Pilgrim Fathers in New England learned from them the art, which has been practised by white folk ever since, the phenomenon of the sweet sap-flow has remained up to now a partial mystery.

How does the sugar maple tree manufacture sugar? Why does it do so? What is the chemical process involved? And, finally, what is the mechanical cause of the spring flow of sap, when the tree is tapped, which amounts to something like fifty quarts for a good-sized maple.

Answers to these questions can now be given fully for the first time, thanks to a scientific study of the subject which has just been completed by the agricultural experiment station at Burlington, Vermont. That State produces one third of the country's entire yield of maple sugar, and, quite naturally, it afforded the most appropriate field for the investigation.

The tree is a sugar factory. Primarily, however, it is a starch factory, storing away food in the form of starch in its leaves and woody cells. The food is wanted for spring growth; but the sap can not dissolve starch, and so the latter is transformed by a special ferment into sugar, and, in the shape of a very dilute sirup, as one might say, is carried to all parts of the plant, to build up its living tissues.

This explains how the tree makes sugar, and why it manufactures such a product. But what is the cause of the sap-flow when the maple is tapped? That was, indeed, a most difficult problem; but it has been solved. The sugary sap in spring-time, it appears, travels outward to the twigs and growing leaves, and the sun's heat causes it to expand, exerting a pressure downward toward the roots below. When a hole is bored in the trunk, the juice is forced out.

It seems quite simple when explained, but the riddle of the maple was no easy one. To understand it one should realize that the inner body of the tree is a mass as lifeless as so much brick or stone. The life of the plant is in the sap-wood, next to the bark, which is made up of closely packed cells and vessels. Water enters through the roots and ascends the trunk, bringing food for tissue-building.

Eventually it escapes by evaporation through the leaves, which, under the influence of sunlight, manufacture starch, and, later, convert it into sugar.

The starch is stored away in the sap-wood cells in summer, and is transformed into sugar, for use the following spring, by the action of certain microscopic organisms called "enzymes." These organisms cause a sort of fermentation, which brings about the metamorphosis, the sugar, as already explained, being dissolved by the watery

sap, and carried in solution to the growing parts of the maple. The supply of sirup produced in this way is so plentiful that, by judicious tapping, many gallons of it can be drawn off annually without injury to the tree.

Various ingenious means have been employed by the scientists to ascertain every possible fact in regard to the physiology of the tree. Thermometers were placed at various heights, on the trunk and along the branches, to record the temperature of different parts of the maple, and ingenious indicators (with dials) were so adjusted as to show the force of the sap pressure at various heights. It was found that the sap pressure came from above, and not from the roots, and that it was greatest on sunny days. As for the temperature, it was much higher in the outer twigs and branches than in the trunk.

In late winter and early spring there is a great flow of water up through the trunk of the maple, which at all times contains much gas, within the cells of the sap-wood. The sunshine from above causes the gas as well as the water to expand as the branches at the top are warmed, and thus the pressure downward toward the roots becomes very strong. Then comes the sugar-maker, with his pail and auger, and through a hole bored in the trunk he draws the dilute sirup.

From what has been said, it will easily be understood why a maple with plenty of foliage and exposure to sunshine is a good sugar-maker. If, on the other hand, its leaves are scanty, and the supply of sunlight is inadequate, it is a poor producer. A sunny summer, other conditions being equal, brings a large crop of sap the following spring. So closely related are cause and effect in this matter, that a visitation of defoliating caterpillars will seriously lessen the sugar output of a region for the next season. The maple leaf is the starch-maker, and any damage that it suffers is reflected in the sugar production.

Maples well exposed to the sun give richer sap as well as more of it. Sap that contains three per cent of sugar is of good quality, but some trees do a trifle better, while others fall as low as two per cent. A good-sized tree ought to yield three pounds of sugar, which represents, it is estimated, from four to nine per cent of the total sugar contained in the maple. The larger percentage is for small trees.

It was found by experiment that most of the sap came from the wood nearest the bark, representing a depth of not more than one and one-half inches. Three inches, the scientists say, is deep enough to bore into the biggest trees. Sixty-three per cent of the total sap-flow is obtained between 9 A. M. and 12 M.;

in the afternoon the flow steadily diminishes.

Early settlers in New England, especially in Vermont, depended almost entirely upon the maple for their supply of sugar for domestic purposes. To-day maple sugar is an article of luxury, and to obtain it in a pure state has become difficult, owing to the prevalence and ease of adulteration. About forty-five million pounds are produced annually, representing a money value of three million dollars. The bulk of it is made in six States,—Vermont, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and New Hampshire, named in the order of their output,—and these furnish ninety-five per cent of the sugar and over eighty per cent of the sirup. Vermont supplies from a quarter to a third of the gross yield—from one third to two thirds of the sugar, and a tenth of the sirup. Her farmers realize not far from a million dollars annually from this industry; an interesting fact, when one remembers that the Indians tapped the maple trees in the forests and boiled the sweet sap in exactly the same fashion as is now adopted by the white men who have fallen heirs to their landed possessions.—*Rene Bache, in Youth's Companion.*

Lilacs

Ah, I've seen the pussy-willow
With dainty, furry faces;
I've found the pretty violets
Abloom in shady places;
The jonquil and the crocus
Have told me of the spring,
And in the orchard up and down
Has glanced the bluebird's wing.

But here's the purple lilac
That lifts its fragrant plumes,
And sends a waft of sweetness
Through homely cottage rooms,
Its hardy branches tapping
Against the farmhouse eaves,
The flowers it gives us growing
In generous, waving sheaves!

I'm sure the mother robin
Is very glad to see
The lilacs' screen about her
Wee nest and fledglings three.
And father wren is singing
In pure delight to-day
That spring is here already,
And summer on the way.

And I am glad our Father
Whose love is over all,
Who counts the stars by number
And sees the sparrow fall,
Has sent again the lilacs
To make the garden fair,
And waft their honey sweetness
Upon the wandering air.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Yellow Adder's Tongue

AMONG the joys of childhood in the country, that of searching for and welcoming the wild flowers is one that affords especial delight.

As acquaintance deepens our interest and increases our love for these little friends of the woods and fields, let us study together for a short time this unassuming flower, known as the Yellow Adder's-tongue. Very early in the spring when the sharp, purplish point first appears above ground, it looks like an adder's tongue. This is not the only name it bears, for it has several titles. Dog's-tooth violet is one, but it is wrongly applied, as it is



ADDER'S TONGUE AND BLOODROOT

not a violet at all. Trout lily is more applicable, since "the leaves are speckled like a trout, and because it loves brooks where trout hides."

It was Mr. Burroughs who suggested Fawn Lily "because a fawn is also mottled, and the two leaves stand up with the alert, startled look of a fawn's ears."

There is also a long hard name which some find difficult to remember; it is the Latin—*Erythronium Americanum*.

The adder's-tongue belongs to the aristocratic lily family. It grows from Nova Scotia to Florida, and westward to the Mississippi, blooming through the spring months, from March until May. We are familiar with only the pale-yellow, purple-marked blossom in the West, but there grows a white variety.

It loves the moist, open woods and brooksides, or shady spots in swampy places near the country roadsides.

The flower is terminal, solitary, and nodding, by which we mean that the plant bears a single blossom on the summit of the stem, and that it is not stiff and erect as some plants are, but bends gracefully from the top.

If you look at the perianth, or flower part, you will find six slender, recurved sepals and no petals, six stamens and one pistil. Some botanists, however, regard the flower as having three sepals and three petals.

The leaves are oblong, lance-shaped, of a pale-green color, mottled with purple and white. The stem rises from a corm or solid bulb, like the crocus.

We have read that the first settlers of Pennsylvania, remembering their "harbinger of spring" in the old world, called this early comer in the new land, "the yellow snowdrop."

The speckles, or spots, help to guide fertilizing bees and butterflies to the nectaries found at the base of the flower, while the nodding blossom hinders robbers from crawling up the stem and stealing the nectar.

Children, and older ones too, who rightly study the things of God all about them, grow happier and wiser as the days go by; therefore don't forget to make friends with the things of nature.

CORNELIA SNOW.



JUNE STUDY OF THE FIELD

The Orient

(June 11)

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.

Scripture Reading—Isa. 49: 1-16.

Prayer. (Let a number take part.)

FIELD STUDY:—

China's First Missionary. *Review*, April 21.
The Karmatar Training-school. *Review*, April 14.

Our Work in Sumatra. *Review*, April 28 and May 5.

Lessons From the War in the East. *Review*, May 5.

Messages (one minute each) from Brazil, Cuba, Costa Rica, British Honduras, Canton (China), Paris (France), Sin Tsai Hsien (China).

CLOSING EXERCISES:—

Developments in Rome, A Sign of the Times. Three minutes. *Review*, April 21 and 28, May 12.

Prayer.

Notes

The use of the map will add materially to the interest of this meeting. Our work in the East is enlarging, and we can well afford to devote one entire service to a consideration of it. It may be desirable to drop out the messages from the field for one Sabbath. It depends upon the time at your disposal, and the number who take part. Aim always to make the meeting a spiritual blessing.

E. H.

Other Missionary Garden Workers

AN interesting force of missionary gardeners is found in Waverly, Maryland, in connection with the church-school. Four gardens have been planted, and each contains lettuce, radishes, sweet peas, and sweet corn. The teacher describes the work thus: "The corn is so arranged that it forms the dividing line between the gardens. At the front of the yard is a flower-garden having a row of grain with fancy striped leaves, then a row of brightly colored cockscomb for a background. Besides a few small flowers, we expect to have pansies and pinks. These have been started in boxes in the house. As yet the plants have not made their appearance because of the dry, cold weather; but we hope with the blessing of God to have many vegetables and flowers to sell for the missionary work."

"While sowing the seed, the children were taught the parables of seed-sowing, and I found that the practical part added more interest to the lessons. We learned that as each expects to reap what he sowed in his garden, so he must expect to reap the fruit of every act of his life. Among many other lessons was one that seemed of special importance. As great care was taken to properly prepare the soil for our garden seed, so we must allow God to prepare the soil of our hearts that the good seed sown in the schoolroom and elsewhere may spring up and bring forth a hundredfold."

"Sow thy seed, be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy,
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy."

"Thus while planting the seed to obtain means for carrying the gospel to others, we trust that we ourselves learned more thoroughly some of the real, gospel principles."

A Sad Sight

"I DISCERNED among the youth, a young man void of understanding." Prov. 7:7. Here is a sad sight. "Understanding," or reason, is the glory of human nature. It is "the candle of the Lord," to light us on our destiny. Where this is not, you have a traveler on a devious path without light; a vessel on a treacherous sea without rudder or compass.

Who is the young man void of understanding? He is one who pays more attention to his outward appearance than to his inner character. He spends more time at his toilet than with books. His grand effort is not to train his faculties in knowledge and goodness, but to have a fine presence and gentlemanly deportment, to make an impression by his person. This is sad, for it is folly; it is sacrificing the jewel for the casket.

He is one who seeks happiness without rather than within. He looks for pleasure, not in the contemplation of elevating subjects, and in the harmonious flow of holy sympathies, but in the gratification of his sensual nature. The tavern, the saloon, the ballroom, the theater, and various other places of like nature, are where he seeks his heaven.

This is a sad sight. Such a young man is "void of understanding;" for all true happiness must spring from within. The well of true joy must be found in the heart, if anywhere.

He is one who identifies greatness with circumstances rather than with character. To

wardrobes, office, rank, wealth, he looks for true greatness, rather than to the cultivation of a noble character by diligent study and virtuous deeds. He who acts thus is "void of understanding." True greatness is in the person, else nowhere.

He is one who is guided more by the dictates of his own nature than by the counsels of experience. He acts from the suggestions of his own immature judgment. To attend to the counsels of his seniors, his parents, and those who are further advanced in the path of life, he proudly deems beneath his dignity. The lessons of the past are nothing to him. The bible of experience has no verse worthy of his notice. He is his own master. He will be taught by no one, not he. He who thinks thus is "void of understanding," and acts a lamentable part.

He is one who lives in show and ignores realities. He who lives in those pursuits and pleasures which are in vogue for the hour, and neglects the great realities of the soul and eternity, is "void of understanding." And how lamentable a sight is this: the sight of a young man living and acting thus without understanding, a young man thus forming a wretched character for manhood and age—a young man, the hope of the future. Solomon intimates that he only saw one of this class among many. In this age, alas! they abound. They crowd almost every street, appear in every circle, and throng our places of resort.

Thoughtful men feel solemn at the sight. God looks down with pity, and longs to have these souls walk in the light he so freely sheds abroad everywhere. "The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." Ps. 119:130.

ARTHUR FOX.

The History of a Word

MISS BLAKE, our teacher, had been giving one of her talks on "Success," and during the course of her remarks she spoke particularly on the theme of honesty and frankness. She had made her talk the more interesting by taking examples from the lives of great men who had achieved success through frankness in all their dealings. I was very much impressed with the subject, and on our way from the lecture-room the thought revolved in my mind, What is the meaning of this word "frankness," and where did it originate? So, being aroused to the question, I decided to look it up. I turned to the dictionary, and found many things pertaining to this much-used word.

I learned that the Franks were a powerful German tribe which, at the breaking up of the Roman empire, overthrew the Roman power in Gaul and took possession, founding the Frankish monarchy, and gave origin to the name France. The Franks were then the ruling people, and were honorably distinguished from the Gauls and degenerate Romans, among whom they established themselves, by their independence, their love of freedom, and their scorn of lies.

They had, in short, the virtues which belong to a conquering and dominant race in the midst of an inferior one. And thus it came to pass that by degrees the name "Frank," which may have originally indicated merely a national, came to involve a moral distinction as well; and the word "frank" was synonymous not merely with a man of the conquering German race, but was an epithet applied to a person possessed of certain high moral qualities. And thus in men's daily talk, when they speak of a person being "frank," or when they use the word "franchise" to express civil liberties and immunities, their language is the outgrowth, the record, and the result of great historical changes.

Thus, you see, is the history of that little word which signifies one of man's strongest and most beautiful characteristics.—Thomas De Cator.

Childrens

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Thirsty Little Travelers

Two little travelers are Teddy and May.
Long journeys they take in their morning's play,
Exploring the brooks, the garden and lane.
They range through the pasture and fields of grain;
They visit points of the greatest renown
Without so much as a shilling or crown.
Their forests are stretches of waving grass,
Their ocean the meadow, and there, alas!
They often are shipwrecked among the flowers,
And suffer delay for long, sunny hours.
But though to marvelous places they fare,
Their wanderings have but one end,
for this pair
Always return with a hop, skip, and jump,
To refresh themselves at the dear old pump.

— Youth's Companion.

The Fate of Old Abe, the War Eagle

WHILE the capitol building at Madison, Wisconsin, was burning on the twenty-seventh of February last, boys and girls, as well as men and women, wandered about the capitol park, exclaiming: "O, it is too bad they can't get poor Old Abe out!" "O, why can't they save poor Old Abe?"

Perhaps there are few boys who do not know something of the history of Old Abe, the war eagle of Company C, of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment.

In the spring of 1861 Old Abe was an eaglet in a great, untidy nest in a tree among the Wisconsin forests. An Indian—Chief Sky, of the Chipewas—discovered his home on the banks of the Flambeau River, and capturing him, sold him for a bushel of corn. The purchaser, in turn, sold him for five dollars, and in the autumn of 1861 he came into the possession of Company C, of the Eighth Wisconsin, which was just then departing for the war. The soldiers named the bird Old Abe, in honor of President Lincoln. They made for him a perch in the form of a shield shaped like a heart, which, embellished with the stars and stripes, was mounted upon a staff and borne aloft beside the regimental flag which it was the glory of this company to carry. The bearing of Old Abe at the head of the regiment called forth such wild enthusiasm that before leaving Wisconsin, Company C was offered two hundred dollars for him. When the Company reached St. Louis, the amount was raised to five hundred dollars, but the soldiers refused to sell him.

Old Abe seemed to realize the importance of his position, and conducted himself like a soldier. No soldier was braver in battle than was he. Though he was a target for many shots, and although the Confederate General Price once said, "I would rather capture the Wisconsin eagle than a whole brigade," still the soldier bird was never wounded nor taken prisoner. He was a constant source of inspiration to the men. When the battle raged most fiercely, then it was that Old Abe appeared to be in his element; for, flapping his wings in the midst of the furious

storm, he held his head erect, faced the flying bullets, and screamed his defiance.

Old Abe seemed always to know when there was danger in the night, and his note of warning more than once saved the soldiers from threatened danger. At times he was full of fun. On one occasion he snatched a chicken from a frying-pan, and whirled off like a rocket with his prize, amid the cheers of the soldiers and the execrations of the cook. He would often visit the tents, overturning buckets of water, tearing clothing,

times appearing in a carriage or riding majestically on a cannon, or borne by his keeper on the old familiar perch, and everywhere greeted with cheers. He was one of the popular features of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and in the winter of 1878-79 he was a conspicuous figure at the old South Church Fair at Boston. Among his visitors there were a number of blind children, who longed to touch his plumage, as they could not see him. His keeper, willing to gratify the wish, placed his arm around the eagle's neck and head, thus protecting them from his sharp beak, while they tenderly stroked his glossy feathers.

Once while attending a State fair, a dominick cock was given him for his dinner, and the crowd watched to see him devour his prey, but, strange to say, the eagle regarded the young fowl with favor and spared his life, the pair dwelling together in harmony until the close of the fair, when the cock was liberated.

When at home in Madison, Old Abe occupied a room in the basement of the State house, but he frequently visited Lake Monona for a plunge bath, and was often seen in the capitol park mounted upon an old cannon. In the spring of 1881 Old Abe died in the arms of his sorrowing keeper. The first thought was to bury him with military honors in the capitol city cemetery, where lie hundreds of soldier dead, but it was finally decided to have him mounted and kept in the war museum of the State house. Here the remains of the brave old soldier for years occupied a prominent position, still winning the attention of old and young, until a few weeks ago the cruel flames reduced what was once "Old Abe—the War Eagle," to a handful of ashes.—*The American Boy*.



The Youth's Companion

TEDDY AND MAY

and committing all kinds of pranks. He never forgot an injury done him. One day he endured the insults heaped upon him by a negro boy who persisted in tormenting him; thereupon he attacked the lad savagely and drove him out of the camp, and was never afterward known to be friendly to the colored race.

One day he discovered a cup of peach brandy, which he promptly appropriated to his own use, and the soldiers saw the humiliating spectacle of their proud eagle staggering like a drunken man, but that was the only time he so misbehaved.

After the war was over, Old Abe came into the possession of the State of Wisconsin. The Captain of Company C, on presenting the bird to the governor, said, "Old Abe has been a good soldier, never flinching in battle nor on the march." Although his fighting days were over, he did not cease to hold a conspicuous place in the public eye. He was carried about in processions and parades and made an object of interest at fairs, reunions, and conventions without number, some-

Kindness

KINDNESS makes sunshine wherever it goes. It is one of the purest traits which find a place in the human heart. Each should have a kind word for every one; it may give happiness to some for a whole day, though it should not discourage one if his kindness is not acknowledged, for it is seldom that it does not have an influence for good. A kindness which appears very small to the giver, may seem great to the receiver, and may be the means of doing a vast amount of good.

One should not permit ease or any worldly pleasure to contract his affections, and cause him to become selfish; but he should think of the sorrow and distresses of others, and seek to relieve them. When a Christian, kindly habit is formed by one, its acts flow on like a stream, purifying his own life and that of others.

Kindness does not consist in gifts alone; a word may often be more effective. Surely all can afford to speak at least a few kind words each day, and thus bring cheer to many. Now is the time to scatter the seeds of kindness.

MYRTLE AMICK.



Waiting

As an exile in some far-off place
Counts the hours that he still must stay,
Dreams of his home, and of each loved face,
And longs to journey the homeward way,

So I, 'mid the wrecks and sands of time,
Am waiting the call from the summerland,
Waiting the hour when the King sublime,
Shall come with his shining angel band,—

Waiting the time when the trumpet sound
Shall raise from their slumbers the righteous
dead,

Waken the loved from the trembling ground,
And call each child from its dusty bed.

Father and mother, I'll meet you then,
Sister and brother, I'll greet you there,
Meet you, never to part again,
With your happy faces, and shining hair,

Never again to be sick or sad,
To be weary or wrinkled, or wan and old,
But with a rapture, that earth ne'er had,
Pass through the beautiful gates of gold.

O, do you wonder I sigh for home?
And long for the shadowless bliss of heaven,
Waiting the time when my loved shall come
Forth from the grave, with their fetters
riven?

Waiting the time when my woes shall cease,
And my age, as a dream, shall pass away—
Waiting the rest, that perfect peace,
When the glory of God shall abide for aye.

And many a time when the shadows fall,
When the dew is weeping their pearly
tears,
I think that soon will the Master call
His own to heaven's unending years.

And harps shall quiver with sweetest airs,
To welcome the loved ones homeward led,
And fadeless flowers, both pure and rare,
Shall strew all the path the redeemed shall
tread.

And now, as an exile afar from home,
I wait, in hope of that coming day,
When the Saviour from glory shall bid me
come,
And then, I shall journey the homeward way.

L. D. SANTEE.

Human Hands

THE molding of the potter's vessel, the beating of the golden flowers for the candlesticks in the holy place, the breaking of the bread,—these all required the ministry of human hands. The cutting of the diamond, the pruning of the vine, the beautiful painting, the duties of home and household, innumerable tasks, call for their aid. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Hands can not work that way without some "heart" behind them. Sir Philip Sidney says, "He serves best who serves because he loves." What a touch of beauty is added to work that has the heart—the might—behind it! How we prize anything that a friend has made for us, because there is love behind the deed.

"Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is noble and good and true,
Moment by moment the whole day through."

It may be the gentle touch of the nurse on the fevered brow, or it may be the caress of sympathy, which is meant to give help to one bowed beneath the weight of sorrow or discouragement.

Human hands! How much they may do to make the world's burden lighter! I remember reading of a family in which there were several girls, of various dispositions and tastes. But when anything needing painstaking or responsibility came to the household, the statement would

invariably come, "Oh! Margaret will do that." Always Margaret! And hers were the hands that were missed when she went to the country for a rest; then the buttons were missing from Bertie's coat, and the rent in Alice's dress was not mended, and many other things were there that missed the ministry of the faithful hands. Her enjoyment of music and art and nature was no less than that of her sisters, but she did what her hands found to do, cheerfully and with her might.

We may not all have the same way of being useful; our talent may not be so great as that of another, but our best, accepting reproof for that, if necessary, may help some one immeasurably—it must help one, at least, and that is one's self.

Long ago in the old town of Nuremberg lived two boys, Albrecht Durer, and Franz Knigstein. Both aspired to be artists, and worked to that end. Albrecht Durer had genius; his companion enjoyed art and could appreciate its beauty, but could not picture on canvas the scenes that lit his imagination.

After years of study each decided to make an etching of the Lord's Supper. When they compared their work, Albrecht's was full of pathos and beauty, while Franz's was cold and lifeless.

Then Franz realized that he could never be an artist. His heart was almost broken, yet he said, "Yours is the gift, but perhaps there awaits me some lowlier task somewhere."

"Wait one moment, Franz, just as you are," cried Albrecht, and seizing his pencil, he quickly sketched a picture of Franz's hands, as he sat there in an attitude of surrender.

"Those hands may never paint a picture," said Albrecht, as he showed the drawing to his friend, "but they most certainly can make one. They will go to men's hearts in days to come."

And they did, for Albrecht Durer's famous "Folded Hands" is but a picture of Franz Knigstein's, as they were folded on that day, in brave, sweet resignation, when he gave up his heart's best wish, and yet believed that God had some homelier duty still worth his doing.

And so our hands may never accomplish the high task our fondest hopes set for them, yet if they do well the lowliest work of earth, they will receive heaven's benediction.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Then comes the thought of those other hands that helped in the carpenter's shop, that were folded in Gethsemane, and again in death; those hands that carried the cross; those hands into which the false scepter was pressed, and which at last were pierced on Calvary. They are stretched out still, bidding us, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." These are the hands that will give strength for the right performance of every duty whether high or low.

MAY COLE.

The Intensity of the Lover's Love

Nor only is God love, not only did he love, but one word tells us of the intensity of that love—"so" loved. It is a degree beyond expression and conception. Lexicographers define the monosyllable "so" in its relations as adverb, conjunction, and interjection; but no one dares attempt to explain it in its relation to God's love. Scientists claim to have weighed our globe, and measured the distance between us and Mars; but no man dares attempt to weigh or measure this little word "so." In this connection it is the Mount Blanc of the Biblical monosyllables, the hieroglyphic that human intelligence can not decipher, the incomprehensible word whose full meaning even the angels have failed to grasp.

Cicero is said to have seen Homer's Iliad written in such small characters that it could have been contained in a nutshell. In the Elizabethan

age, Peter Bales, a celebrated calligrapher, is said to have written the whole Bible so minutely that the manuscript could be shut up in a common walnut shell. Wendell Phillips relates that he had a friend who owned a ring three quarters of an inch in diameter, on the seal of which was engraved the naked figure of Hercules. By the aid of glasses there could be distinguished the interlacing muscles, and every hair in the eyebrows could be counted. Queen Victoria had a needle which was made at Redditch, and which represented the column of Trajan in miniature. The well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, perpetuating Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle, scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut that a magnifying glass is required to see them. Moreover, it can be opened, disclosing a number of needles in smaller size, which are adorned with scenes in relief. On the occasion of Pope Leo's jubilee, he was presented by the celebrated Neapolitan artist, Andrea Cartello, with a topaz weighing seven hundred eighty-four grains on which he had engraved a picture of "The Last Supper." This design took the artist twelve years to accomplish, and the gem with its decoration is estimated to be worth eighty thousand dollars. But in this little word "so," connected with the word "loved," there is more to see, more to learn, than in a hundred of Homer's minute Iliads, or Victoria's needle, or the engraved topaz of Leo the Thirteenth. In it is expressed a love which baffles description in its extent, diversity, and vastness,—a love as incomprehensible as eternity,—a love that human thought can not fathom, nor human language describe. By the receding of the Falls of Niagara, geologists have endeavored to determine the antiquity of the river; but where is the geologist who can unearth the footprints of love, or the astronomer who can find its starting point? It existed long before the creation of the planet.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made;
Were every blade of grass a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,—
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though spread from sky to sky."

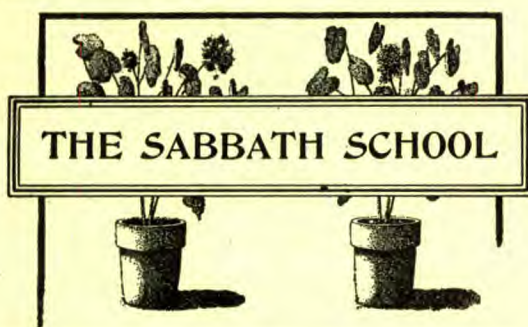
God "so loved." Such a statement is not without proof. Everything demonstrates it. He so loved as to make a pure man to inhabit the world; so loved as to walk and talk with this man in the world; so loved as to devise a plan to save man when he fell a victim to temptation; so loved as to warn transgressors of their ways, and to give promises and hold out inducements to live holy lives; so loved as to give a Redeemer to restore unto man what he had forfeited by sin; so loved as to adopt into his family all who would approach him in the name of his Son; so loved as to prepare mansions for all in his celestial paradise.

And still he loves us. Are we weary? He desires to give us rest. Are we sad? He desires to give us joy. Are we weak? He desires to give us strength. Are we in darkness? He desires to give us light. Are we living in the shadow? He desires to lead us into the sunshine. Are we longing for home? He desires us to trust him; for said he, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

"So loved!" O that every mind would grasp the thought of this phrase! then would youth and age, intelligent and ignorant, rich and poor, see in this little word the infinite ocean of God's affection. "God so loved!"

"His Word proclaims it;
Day by day the truth we've proved;
Heaven and earth with joy are telling,
Ever telling, 'God so loved!'"

—William Pearce, in "The Lover's Love."



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XI—The Jordan Divided—Other Miracles

(June 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 2: 13-25; chapter 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Prov. 20: 11.

When Elijah was caught up in the chariot of fire, his mantle fell to the ground, and Elisha took it up, and went back, and stood by Jordan. "And he took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters, and said, Where is the Lord God of Elijah? and when he also had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither: and Elisha went over." When the sons of the prophets saw the river parted, they said, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha."

Elisha stopped for a while at Jericho. "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. . . . And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed. . . .

"And he went up from thence unto Bethel: and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head." In speaking in this way to the servant of the Lord, these children were really mocking God, and he allowed a grievous punishment to come upon them because of their sin. Two bears came out of the wood, and forty-two of the children were killed. This should teach us that the Lord holds children responsible for the wrong things that they do, just as much as if they were older. "Even a child is known by his doings."

After this Jehoram, king of Israel, and Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, and the king of Edom united their armies, and went to make war on the king of Moab. When they had gone a seven-days' journey, they had no water, either for themselves or for their cattle, and they were in great distress.

It was told King Jehoshaphat that Elisha was near, and he and the king of Israel and the king of Edom went to ask him what they should do. And Elisha said, "Bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him. And he said, . . . Make this valley full of ditches. For thus saith the Lord, Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, that ye may drink, both ye, and your cattle, and your beasts. . . .

"And it came to pass in the morning, when the meat offering was offered, that, behold, there came water by the way of Edom, and the country was filled with water." The Moabites rose up early in the morning, and the sun shone on the water, and it looked red as blood. "And they said, This is blood; the kings are surely slain, and they have smitten one another: now, therefore, Moab, to the spoil."

Then the Moabites rushed to the camp of

Israel; but the Israelites rose up, and smote them, and followed them into their country, beating down their cities, and destroying their lands.

Questions

1. What fell from Elijah as he was caught up to heaven? What did Elisha do with the mantle? What did he say? Tell what happened to the waters.
2. Who was watching this? What did these men say?
3. What complaint did the men of Jericho make to the prophet? Tell how the waters were healed.
4. As Elisha left that place, and was going to Bethel, who came out of the city? What did they say to him? What were those children really doing in thus mocking the servant of the Lord? How were they punished?
5. What lesson may we learn from this sad story? Does the Lord hold even children responsible for doing what they know is wrong? How is "even a child" known? Repeat the Memory Verse.
6. What three kings went out against Moab? What trouble did they have? Of whom did they ask counsel?
7. What did the prophet tell them to do? What did he say that the Lord had said? Tell how the ditches were filled.
8. How did the water look in the morning when the sun shone upon it? What did the Moabites say when they saw it? What did they do?
9. Who gained the victory that day? How far did the Israelites follow the Moabites?

"It is better to strive and climb,
And never to reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time,
An aimless, worthless soul.
Ay, better to climb and fall,
Or sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away day after day
And never strive at all."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XI—The Early Advent Movement

(June 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: "And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many people, and nations, and tongues, and kings." Rev. 10: 11.

Questions

1. What event marked the close of the sixth trumpet?—The passing of the independence of the Ottoman empire, Aug. 11, 1840, into the hands of the powers.
2. What indicates that there would be a short interval before the beginning of the seventh trumpet? Rev. 11: 14.
3. What event marks the beginning of the seventh trumpet?—The beginning of the judgment. Verse 18.
4. What else connected with the judgment work was to take place at this time?—The opening of the most holy place in the heavenly temple. Verse 19; note 1.
5. When did the judgment begin?—In 1844, at the close of the 2300 prophetic days. Dan. 8: 14.
6. What did the prophet see at the close of the sixth trumpet? Rev. 10: 1; note 2.
7. What did the angel have in his hand? Where did he stand? Verse 2; note 3.
8. What did he proclaim? Verses 5, 6; note 4.
9. What book, dealing with prophetic time, had just been opened to the world at this time?—The book of Daniel.
10. What command had been given Daniel concerning his book? Dan. 12: 4.

11. In the vision of Revelation 10, what indicates the opening of Daniel's book of prophecy? Verses 2 (last part), 8; note 5.

12. What was to be the experience of those who studied it? Verses 9, 10.

13. What bitter experience came to those who proclaimed the end of time in 1844?—They expected the coming of the Lord at that time, but the day passed, and he did not appear. Note 6.

14. In what were they mistaken?—They thought the cleansing of the sanctuary, at the close of the 2300 days of Dan. 8: 14, meant the second coming of Christ to cleanse the earth by fire. By further study, they discovered that the sanctuary was in heaven, and this date marked the beginning of the day of atonement, or cleansing of the sanctuary there.

15. What were these advent believers yet to do? Verse 11.

16. What remained to be finished in the days of the sounding of the seventh trumpet? Verse 7.

17. What is the mystery of God? Col. 1: 26-28; note 7.

18. What may we expect when it is finished? Matt. 24: 14.

Notes

1. We have already seen that the work of judgment in heaven was typified by the day of atonement in Israel's time. On that day the priest went into the most holy place. So in the heavenly sanctuary, on the day of atonement our great High Priest entered the most holy place. The prophet was privileged to see this apartment opened in heaven. We know it was the most holy place, because he saw in it the ark of the testament, the only piece of furniture in this part of the temple.

2. Although the preaching of the gospel is committed to men, angels are frequently used in Revelation to represent the work of the church. There is a significance in this; for they are ministering spirits, and stand by the side of God's faithful servants. Heb. 1: 14.

3. The attitude of the angel indicates the worldwide proclamation of his message by land and sea. The advent message of 1844 was proclaimed to all the world.

4. No longer would prophetic time periods point the way in history. The longest time prophecy—the 2300 days of Dan. 8: 14 (reaching from the commandment to restore Jerusalem, 457 B. C. to 1844 A. D.)—was about to close. The time of the end had come, and the only thing remaining to be done was the finishing of the mystery of God.

5. The book of Daniel is the only prophetic book giving the specific time of the cleansing of the sanctuary, the finishing work of Christ's ministry. It is the only book that was declared shut and sealed to the time of the end. The words in Revelation 10 indicate a book that had been shut, which then was to be opened. The great advent movement was based on the opening of the prophecies, particularly of Daniel, to the understanding of men, for the time was at hand. The preaching of these prophecies stirred the world in the 1844 times.

6. The bitter experience of the early advent believers is well described by these few verses in Revelation. The hope of the soon coming of the Lord was most sweet. Their hearts rejoiced in this. Nothing could be more precious to them. But the disappointment that followed was bitter indeed.

7. The mystery of God is the gospel. When its work is finished, and Christ closes his ministry for sin, all who will be saved at his coming will have allowed his grace to finish its work in their hearts. Now is our opportunity. To-day we may yield our hearts to him, and with the early advent believers, rejoice in the soon return of our Lord.



Verestchagin a Victim

AMONG those who lost their lives on the "Petropavlovsk" was Vassili Verestchagin, who was a guest of Admiral Makaroff. A few years ago his name was in every mouth in this country because of his exhibition of paintings in all of the principal cities. These, as will be remembered, were all of war subjects, and depicted the horrors of warfare with a realistic touch which made them awful to contemplate. Artists admitted his power and his strength, but called him a "sensationalist," and credited him with nothing of the true artistic sense which sought only the beautiful, and while they could not deny his power and his technique, refused to acknowledge him as one of themselves. Attracted largely by the morbid desire to see the horrors of war faithfully depicted, hundreds of thousands viewed these paintings not only in this, but in other countries, where he exhibited freely, and invariably the visitors went away with a sickening feeling of repulsion. He shocked them into thinking. This was really Verestchagin's mission. He lived only to bring to the minds of the people of the world the awfulness of human warfare. Having a talent, he developed it, and used his skill with the brush as another would his gift of expression, to describe in the strongest way in his power that which he would abolish. He brought the awfulness of battle-fields before as many eyes as he could reach through his exhibitions, and painted for this sole purpose—never for sale or for a market. Thus it falls out that he was with the Russian fleet to carry to canvas the horrors of the war, to one of which he has become a victim. In a double sense he has given his life to his mission.—*Week's Progress.*

The Czar and His Money

THE fact that the czar has just made a little contribution of \$100,000,000 from his private purse to the Russian war fund reminds us that Mr. Rockefeller is not the only rich man in the world. There are a few others, and there is hardly a doubt that the Russian monarch overtops the Standard Oil emperor, not only as the first of autocrats, but as the first of plutocrats.

Most royalties do not rank very high when financially compared with any one of several American millionaires. Mr. Rockefeller could put all the sovereigns of Europe, except the czar, on his pay-roll at their present wages without depriving himself of a single bowl of crackers and milk or ever lacking a quarter to drop into the contribution box on Sunday. He could pay the salary of King Edward or of the kaiser for a year out of a month's income, and have something left for car-fare.

But the Russian emperor is in a different class. In the imperial budget the allowance for his household is figured at the meager rate of about \$8,000,000 a year, but that is merely the beginning of his resources. He owns a great part of Russia as his private property—mines, forests, and illimitable stretches of arable lands. In European Russia alone the strictly private domains of the imperial family are as large as Indiana. The state owns twenty times as much more, and the czar is the state. In Siberia the imperial resources are still more opulent. Most of the rich mines of gold, platinum, and precious stones are worked for the benefit of the czar and his family.

But beyond all this, the emperor is the absolute master of the national treasury and all its varied

sources of income. In England the king talks in his speeches of "my army," "my navy," and "my exchequer," but all this is understood to be a legal fiction. Everything is regulated by Parliament, and the king can not touch a penny that is not appropriated to his use. But in Russia the czar can speak of "my army" and "my navy" in literal fact. He could disband the whole outfit if he chose, and pocket the money saved by the operation. His civil list is simply the amount that he sees fit to dip out of the treasury. He could double or triple it without asking anybody's permission. The whole treasury is his, and all the taxing power of the empire, to the limit of the ability of his subjects to pay.—*Editor of Saturday Evening Post.*

Fragrance

THERE is said to be a church at Metlakatla, Alaska, built by the civilized and Christianized Indians, that exhales perpetually a fragrance as if the finest incense were being burned within its walls. This exquisite odor proceeds, not from any one quarter, but from the entire building, which is made throughout from the wood of the giant arbor vitae—Thuja gigantea. It is continuous, unvarying in quality and intensity, and will last as long as the sacred edifice stands.

Here is a beautiful illustration of the true fragrance of Christian character. Holiness, goodness, ought to exhale from the whole life and personality, just as this aromatic odor streams forth from every beam and plank of the Indian church at Matlakatla. The occasional burning of incense before an altar is too often taken as a type of personal holiness—something transitory, spectacular, unduly and unnaturally intense for the time being, like the stifling pungency of the censer's smoke, but bound to die out and float away in a little while. How few Christians manifest that even, characteristic, homogeneous, unchanging sweetness of soul and life that corresponds to the structural fragrance of a temple built of cedar.

How are we to obtain this ideal fragrance of Christian character? There is only one way—by making the aim of life single and holy; by accepting Christ as our ideal, and striving to live as he lived. The aroma of the divine life must penetrate and saturate every fiber of the soul's temple. Instead of mechanically burning our incense now and then, we must vitally exhale it, breathe it forth, all the time. Nothing short of this sincerity and entirety of Christian living and thinking ought to be called by the sacred name of consecration.—*Wellspring.*

Wanted—A Boy

WANTED—a boy. A brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy; one who is not afraid of the truth; one who scorns a lie; one who hates deceit; one who loves his mother; one who does not know more than his parents; one who has the courage to say No, and stick to it; one who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work upward; one who thinks it would be unmanly to smoke; one who thinks an education is worth striving for; one who is willing to obey his superiors; one who knows his home is better than the street; one who won't cheat in a fair game; one who won't be a sneak and do a mean act when unseen; one who won't spend every penny he earns or gets; one who thinks he should respect himself, and keep himself in decent appearance; one who won't attack an old man because he is feeble and defenseless; one who won't torture dumb animals; one who won't steal; one who won't revile and jeer at drunken persons on the street; one who won't do a mean act for another boy who is too cowardly to do it himself; one who loves to do right because it is right. Wanted—a whole-souled, earnest, honorable, square boy. Where can he be found?—*Selected.*

The Work of Congress

THE session of Congress which adjourned April 28, will go on record, it is said, as one of the most expensive in the matter of appropriations, it having expended or authorized the expenditure of \$781,574,629.99. The total estimated revenues for 1905 are \$704,472,060.72; therefore the revenues fall behind the expenditures by \$77,000,000.

There were 15,398 bills introduced in the House, and 5,645 in the Senate. Of these more than 1,400 were passed; still many persons evidently were disappointed. Only about 150 of the bills passed were of a public nature.

The chairman of the Appropriation Committee gives the following statement of appropriations for the coming year:—

TITLE OF BILL	AMOUNT
Agriculture	\$ 5,902,040.00
Army	77,070,300.88
Diplomatic and Consular	2,020,100.69
District of Columbia	11,021,740.00
Fortifications	7,518,192.00
Indian	9,447,961.40
Legislative, etc.	28,556,913.22
Military Academy	975,966.84
Navy	98,005,140.94
Pension	138,360,700.00
Post-office	172,574,998.75
River and Harbor	3,000,000.00
Sundry Civil	57,846,911.34

Total	\$612,300,966.06
Urgent deficiency, 1904 and prior years	\$ 16,130,111.39
Deficiency, 1904 and prior years..	10,671,732.54

Total	\$639,102,809.99
Miscellaneous	1,000,000.00

Total regular annual appropriations	\$640,102,809.99
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