

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Dominion of Canada

THE word "Canada" is believed by some to have its origin in the Indian word "Kannatha," meaning a "collection of huts."

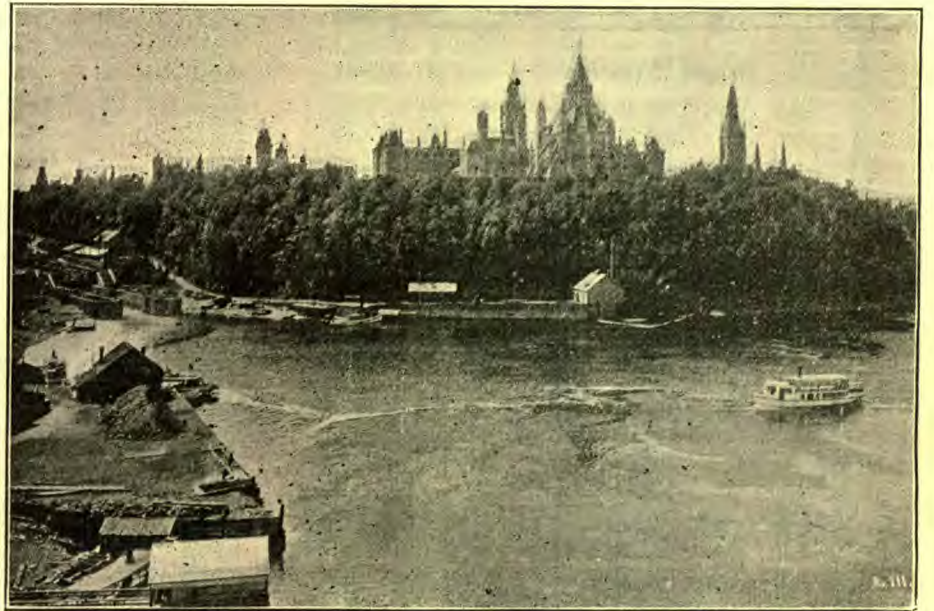
Of this picturesque northern neighbor many have but a vague understanding concerning its territory and people. The area of this great country has not been realized. The map has unfolded until its dimensions are such as almost to confound the arithmetic of the surveyor. Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, constituting the entire northern boundary of the United States, it reaches north till lost in the snow and ice of the frigid zone. Its greatest length east and west is about 3,800 miles, and north and south over 2,000 miles, making an area about as large as that of the United States, including Alaska. It contains a population of perhaps 6,000,000, and the number of inhabitants is being rapidly increased by immigration, especially into the immense and fertile farming region of the "Northwest," which may not be improperly spoken of as the "granary of the world." With the exception of the Province of Quebec, which contains a large French population, the inhabitants are chiefly of English and Scotch descent, a sturdy, intelligent, and enterprising class of citizens. There are perhaps one hundred thousand Indians well cared for on the various government reservations. The country is subject to Great Britain, which is very satisfactory to all. Annexation to the United States finds no expression on this side of the line.

To write the history of Canada would be to give the annals of half a continent for four hundred years. Like the history of other lands, many romantic incidents could be given.

Through its primeval forests, over its lakes and rivers, echoed the din of war of a revolutionary period between England and France. The discovery of the country is credited to John Cabot, who in 1497 landed at Cape Breton, in Nova Scotia. A French discoverer, Jacques Cartier, in 1534, discovered those portions of the Dominion now called New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Quebec. Captain Cook in 1778 gave the first authentic record of the discovery of Vancouver Island and the Pacific Ocean coast. In 1605 Baron de Poutrincourt established the first European settlement at Port Royal, Nova Scotia. After an obstinate struggle the national duel between France and England ended when General Wolfe, with nine thousand English troops, scaled the Heights of Abraham on Sept. 12, 1759, and successfully stormed the ramparts of Quebec. A notable incident in this battle was that both General Wolfe and General Montcalm were killed. The Treaty of Paris in 1763 closed the struggle, and Canada, with all her dependencies, has ever since been under the flag of Great Britain.

The country is rich in resources, and should time continue long, would doubtless have a great future. The surface, generally speaking, is a level plain, broken here and there with hills of no great elevation. Many virgin forests yet remain, and lumbering is a great industry. The agricultural area is well adapted to raising grain, and fruit grows abundantly in some sections. The

winters, of course, are cold, but generally speaking, the climate is healthful, some places in the Muskoka Lake region being highly recommended for pulmonary diseases. Much of the country is prosperous, and everywhere the hum of industry and manufacturing is heard. The



FROM NEPEAN POINT, OTTAWA

cities are substantially built, and many of the smaller towns and villages have an aristocratic appearance. Montreal, with a population in 1901 of 267,730, is the largest city. Toronto, called the "Queen City," is a beautiful place, containing a population of 208,040. Over eighteen hundred miles of railroad is being operated, and other extensive lines are being surveyed. Minerals, such as gold, silver, iron, coal, lead, copper, nickel, and others, are mined, and constitute a considerable revenue. The total amount of mineral products in 1902 was \$64,970,732. The religious and educational advantages of the country are excellent. A system of free schools, similar to that of the United States, is maintained.

In 1867 the confederation of the provinces, comprising the whole of Canada except Newfoundland, was effected. Lord Monch was the first governor-general, and Sir John Macdonald the first prime minister. The governor-general is appointed by the Crown, and advised by a cabinet chosen from members of the privy council, of Canada, and consisting of fourteen members. The principles of parliamentary government are those of England. The senate is composed of eighty-one members, appointed by the Crown. The House of Commons consists of two hundred thirteen members elected by the people. The provinces and territories each have a lieutenant-governor, appointed by the governor-general in council, with a legislature. The Earl of Ninto is the present governor-general, and the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, a Liberal, is prime minister.

Since 1858 Ottawa has been the capital city; and has a population of over 60,000. Parliament Square, where the government buildings are lo-



HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA

cated, is the chief seat of interest, and is harmoniously and artistically laid out. The Houses of Parliament, with their attendant departmental buildings, are beautifully and substantially built of cream-colored sandstone, though not so elaborate as the Capitol at Washington. The buildings as they now stand are said to have cost about \$5,000,000. Rideau Hall, the residence of the governor-general, is situated in a pleasant park on the outskirts of the city. It was once the residence of a lumber king, but has been enlarged by successive additions.

The sessions of Parliament usually begin in February or March, and then, like other capital cities, Ottawa is the center of political life, and thronged with politicians, statesmen, "wire-pullers," and lobbyists. Decked in the garb of winter, the city presents a beautiful and romantic appearance.

G. B. THOMPSON.

A Study of Words

Word Studies

SANGUINE.—When you hear a person described as "sanguine," you know at once that he is enthusiastic, hopeful, and of a buoyant disposition. The word "sanguine" is from the Latin *sanguis*, signifying "blood," and reminds us of an idea held nearly two thousand years ago. According to the ancient school of medicine, a person's temperament was governed by the excess of certain fluids in the body. If he had an excess of bile, he was choleric, or easily irritated. If he was depressed and morose, it indicated the excess of black bile (melancholy). If phlegm abounded, the person was of a sluggish, heavy disposition. With fulness of blood was supposed to go a cheerful and vivacious spirit. From this fact we have come to use sanguine (the Latin for blood) to indicate a confident, ardent disposition.

INFANT.—It distresses every one to see a little baby ill. It seems sad for the tiny creature to suffer and waste away and be unable to speak to us and tell where the pain is. It may not surprise you that this helplessness struck some one else long ago. The word "infant" itself shows this. It is derived from two Latin words, *in*, "not," and *fans*, from *faro*, "to speak." So an infant is literally a little baby that can not talk. What a helpless picture Tennyson's lines gives us:—

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

SUSPENSE.—Nothing is more wearing on the nerves than suspense. Even little people know something of this word. They ask mother to let them do a certain thing that they are anxious to do, and she says that she will "think about it," and tell them to-morrow. They run away, and they think about it, too, until the minutes grow into hours, and the time seems long indeed. They would almost rather have mother say "No" than to endure the suspense any longer. Now recall what the word means, and you can appreciate the etymology of it. The word is from the Latin *sub*, "under," and *pendere*, "to hang;" so it means to be swinging from something above.

The uncertainty and restless feeling suspense gives is sometimes almost as painful as the physical torture of being swung up by the thumbs.

PALMY.—When we hear of "palmy days," we in this region generally think of the days "before the war." The palm is a symbol of victory, and the expression "palmy days" indicates days of prosperity. We have borrowed the figure from the Eastern custom of celebrating a triumph. The victors, with palms in their hands, formed in a procession, and trumpets sounded the approach of the triumphant army. The people of the East are very fond of the palm tree. It means so much to them, sometimes providing both shelter and food. After traveling through the desert, the Arab takes heart when he sees in the distance a clump of palm trees; for this means that an oasis is not far off, where refreshment and water can be secured. To him the palm is the symbol of everything flourishing and prospering. We need no longer dream of the days "before the war" as the "palmy days" of our land. Many priceless things are gone which can never be redeemed, and a halo of glory rests on the splendid memory of the Old South. But the New South has risen from her ashes, and entered on an era of prosperity in many ways such as our fathers never dreamed of. She is



SENATE, PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

developing as never before her mineral resources, increasing her manufactories, farming more intelligently, and building more schools and libraries.

PERNICIOUS.—Many people have a way of painting things in too glowing colors, or rather of describing things in exaggerated language and expressing themselves in too intense a style. One naturally divides in half the statements of some people to get a fair account of the matter described. Well, some of our English words are as much exaggerations as are the statements of some people. We find that "astonish" means literally "thunderstruck;" "mortified" has *mors*, "death," as its root, and "nuisance" is a positive injury. "Pernicious" is in the same class of words, and literally means "deadly," coming, as it does, from the Latin *per* and *neco*, "to kill." In reality the word is much milder in meaning. We speak of pernicious books, pernicious habits, both of which are harmful but not necessarily destructive to life, not to the physical at least.

CANVASS.—When the candidates for political office begin their campaign, we realize what canvass really means. It is from an old French word which means "to search out," "to ex-

amine," "to run through a sieve." The candidates sift out the voters in a community, and try to win their esteem and their votes. The idea of sifting is seen in the root word *cannabus*, which indicates "hemp." It soon came to mean coarse cloth made of hemp, and then a strainer made of this cloth. From this came our present use of the word—to sift or examine closely.

BUREAU.—When we are told that our word "bureau" comes remotely from a Greek word (*pyr*, meaning "fire"), it seems almost incredible. Yet we can trace it through various stages of growth from this root. The Latins borrowed the Greek word, and made from it *burrus*, "fiery red." After this we find the French changed the form into *buire*, meaning "reddish brown." From this it is but a step to the French word *bure*, "a drugget," or "coarse brown woolen cloth." This material was often used for covering writing tables, and in time these tables and the rooms in which they were kept were both called bureaux. As these writing tables were used by the government officials to keep important documents in, it soon became customary to call the different departments of the government bureaux, as the Bureau of War, the Bureau of Finance. We also use bureau to mean a chest of drawers in which clothing is kept. Both of these senses seem far removed from the original root word, *pyr*, "fire."—*Kathleen L. Willson.*

The Story of a Word

EVERY one is familiar with the little black pictures that we know as "silhouettes;" but few of those who use the word know that they are named in ridicule of a French statesman, Etienne Silhouette. He had charge of the money matters of France at a time when the nation was very deep in debt, and to prevent bankruptcy he tried from the first to be very economical in his policy. But economy is not one of the virtues of the French, and they lost no time in making fun of him. They had their clothes cut in a fashion that took very little material, and called them *a la Silhouette*; and they introduced, in the place of delicate paintings,

a cheap kind of portrait made by drawing around a person's shadow and filling in the outline with black, and this they called a "silhouette." At last they succeeded in making life so unendurable to the poor man that he gave up in despair. And now everything else about him is forgotten, and it is only in the joke of his opponents that we keep his name.—*Constance Fuller.*

Imperfectus

I WONDER if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
But the thought surpassed the meter!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found,
And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground,
And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! never on earth shall we find the best,
But it waits for us in the Land of Rest;
And a perfect thing we shall never behold
Till we pass the portal of shining gold.

—*Selected.*



What Is Your Aim? the Ministry?

In the days of youth we prepare for work in after years. The Lord has given definite talent to every person, and "to every man his work."

I can not say that one line of legitimate work is more important than another, since the same God that has the control of the entire work, has distributed the talents according to the needs of the various branches.

Since the Master has given to every man his definite work, and talent to occupy with success that definite field, it is clearly evident that every person, by coming in close touch with Christ, who gave the talent and planned the life-work, can know to what work he has been called. In other words, every youth should have an aim in life. An aimless life is like a rudderless ship adrift on the great ocean. It reaches no destination.

Jesus, the author of life, gave us an example of its purpose. From childhood to death he had a definite aim. He came "to seek and to save that which was lost." Whether at study, at the carpenter's bench, or talking with the woman at the well of Samaria, healing the sick, or preaching the gospel, he had but one purpose,—the salvation of the lost. With this aim, his work as a minister preaching the gospel, was no more honorable than his ministry as a carpenter. It was the work of a true minister throughout. He was as devoted to his mission and as truly a missionary when a carpenter, as when preaching the gospel in Jerusalem.

The background for the ministry is laid in the home life. Preaching is but a small part of it. It is a life of self-denial, of earnest, faithful labor. He who engages in it from thoughts of selfish ease, is sure to fail.

The call to the gospel ministry is a call to service, with all power in heaven and earth given for the accomplishment of this purpose: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Paul describes the work of the ministry to be the work of carrying a gospel that is able to deliver the receiver from the power of darkness, and translate him into the kingdom of God's dear Son, "whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." What more honorable calling can engage our ambition than such opportunity of labor for our fellow men? What can more strongly appeal to us than a call to a life laden with such opportunities,—a call to co-operate with the Master in taking souls from the kingdom of darkness and translating them into the kingdom of Christ, and presenting every man perfect in Christ Jesus?

This call is so worthy that it is accompanied with the exhortation, "Give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all." "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." But "the husbandman that laboreth must be first partaker of the fruits." A call so important that we are instructed that it is worthy of our efforts to the exclusion of every other thing, and one which carries the assurance of saving ourselves and those that hear us,—such a call can

not be considered of secondary importance. It stands unsurpassed in opportunities for doing good. It is a call to stand in Christ's stead and offer the word of life to a dying race. It invites us to labor publicly and from house to house; it draws upon our undivided effort so strongly that it invites us to surrender the financial care of the church affairs to the deacons, that we may not be drawn from the Word of God to serve tables. It leads us into the palaces of kings and the cabins of the lowly. It bids us enter the chariot of the wealthy, and work with the poor in their poverty. It calls us to stand before the bridal pair at the altar, and mingle in the joys of the marriage feast; and it calls us into the chamber of sorrow to "weep with them that weep," and to "lay hands on the sick" that they may recover. It lays open the entire world as our field, with fathers and mothers and sisters and brethren in every land to welcome our coming. It gives us at last a welcome from Christ our King through those pearly gates into the New Jerusalem, with all the sheaves representing our life-work.

It is a work so intensely interesting that the angels desire to look into its plan of operation; and the Son of God left the throne of the universe for the privilege of sharing its labors and reward. The work was regarded so honorable that Christ felt that no greater honor could be attributed to his Father than to testify that in this world "I and my Father are one." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Is not the call to the gospel ministry, which affords so great opportunities for time and eternity, a most worthy aim for our young people? That the youth are included in this call we are assured: "Let no man despise thy youth." Who will respond, and till Jesus comes, give himself to reading, to exhortation, and to doctrine, studying to show himself "approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," ready to "endure afflictions," to "do the work of an evangelist," and to "make full proof of thy ministry"? Such a calling makes it possible to close life's labors with the sweet consolation, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." R. C. PORTER.



All Honor to the Hen

THE hens of the United States produce enough eggs in any two days to give one to every human being from Alaska to Porto Rico, not leaving out the Eskimos of Bering Straits.

Forty-two and one-half millions of eggs a day is the average now. That gigantic one day's work weighs 2,658 tons, almost as much as the tonnage of a United States cruiser like the "Atlanta."

While industrial combinations and financial operations have filled the air with their clamorous processes, the hen has scratched along in humble privacy, and she has beaten even the record of King Wheat; for the value of her modest specialty has turned out to be greater than the value of the whole wheat crop of twenty-eight States and Territories in one year.

The gold- and silver-mines of the country aren't worth mentioning in comparison with the simple bird. Only once in fifty years has the value of the gold and silver of the United States beaten the value of its eggs.

The value in dollars of that noble aggregation of laying talent is \$70,000,000.

The wonderful flock of birds laid more than one and one-quarter billion dozens of eggs in one year. These figures are not "estimated;" they are exact statistics collected through the various departments of the government day by day as the eggs were put on the market.

This number would entitle every man, woman, and child in the country, from the Pacific to the Atlantic and from Canada to Mexico, to two hundred three eggs in the year.

Counting the hens of egg-laying age alone, Uncle Sam's men find that these industrious and non-striking workers have produced almost \$137,000,000 in the form of marketable progeny, and a little more than \$144,000,000 worth of eggs,—the exact total of their production in dollars is \$281,178,247,—and that, on the original valuation of the "plant" of \$70,000,000 means, the American hen has produced four hundred per cent on the original investment, with a little bagatelle of \$1,178,247 left over for pin-money.

Steers and cows by the thousands stream into ships at wharves in Boston, New York, and Baltimore. Mules and horses in unending procession day after day go into ships in all the ports around the coast from Portland, Maine, to Galveston, Texas. And still more herds go into still more ships on the Pacific shores.

Hogs and sheep and mules and cows and steers and horses—count them, watch them trampling, rushing to the sea, and then turn to the figures gathered by the Census and Treasury Departments, and find that all that jostling, never-ceasing stream of stock from millions of acres of pasture, does not amount in value to one quarter of the value of the eggs laid by the little hen. And if you add the value of the hen herself to the value of the eggs, that whole aggregation does not amount in value to one eighth of what fowls and eggs are worth.

Now sweep your eye over the vast extent of continent from the great ranches under the Rocky Mountains, over the plains of Texas, over the domains of railroad and slaughter-houses from Omaha to Chicago. Take in with it the immense city of Chicago itself, with its duchies and principalities of stock-yards. The combined weight of the products of these do not come within 130,000 tons of the weight of the eggs laid during the year in the United States; for the weight of all those animal products is "only" 846,860 tons; and the weight of the one and a quarter billion dozens of eggs, at the average weight of eight to the pound, is 970,363 tons.

Not so many years ago, in the midst of a battle over tariffs, the whole country was shaken by the fight over wool; and it was well worth while, for the wool product amounts to forty-five and three-quarter millions of dollars annually. But the poultry sold in a year exceeds that by ninety-one millions, and the eggs by ninety-eight and a half millions of dollars.

All the gold and silver that engineers and miners and sluices and dynamite and thundering stamp-mills have wrested from a whole continent do not equal in combined value, year by year, the value of the tiny, white oval that is gathered in aprons and baskets every morning in every hamlet, without a single adventure that is worth the telling. Only in one year—that of 1900—since records were kept by the government, has it happened that the American mines surpassed the hen. In that exceptional year the precious metals were ahead by nine and one-half millions of dollars.

The hens therefore do a prosperous little business, exceeding most banks and speculators in percentage of income.—*Evening Star.*

"If one has devotion to duty for the guide of life's daily course, nothing can ultimately go wrong."

The Chinese New-Year

(Concluded)

BESIDES the gambling and feasting at New-year, the Chinese find pleasure in driving, especially on the last two days of the two weeks devoted to the New-year celebration.

They have either their own or their hired carriage, which here consists of a two-wheeled cart something like a low "dog-cart," drawn by a native pony. These small horses are very fast, and the manner in which they go tearing about the principal streets is frightful. The Chinese are fond of racing to see whose pony is the fastest, showing again that depraved tendency so prevalent in the human heart to get ahead of some one. The innate selfishness of the pleasure which consists in another's defeat is of the same character as gambling. Nor is it confined to Orientals by any means.

It is almost hopeless to try to interest these people in eternal interests; for when you tell them that they must give up gambling, opium-smoking, drinking, and worse indulgences, they regard you as an ascetic, and laugh at you for imagining that they can be fooled into giving up all the pleasure there is in life, becoming the objects of universal hatred and reproach. They can not believe that we are actuated by unselfish motives, therefore they seek for some ulterior object in our efforts to Christianize them.

Timothy, my native helper, who, by the way, is a thoroughly converted and godly young man, set sail for China, in order to study the Chinese language. One day since his departure I was in the Chinese quarter, and I met a man whom I did not recognize, but who knew me. He asked me to employ him in Timothy's place to preach the gospel, because he knew the Chinese and Malay languages well. But I said, "You are not a Christian; how can you teach a religion you do not believe?" "O, you pay me for it, and I will become a true Christian," he replied. When I told him what it meant to be a Christian and tried to show him how much it meant, he was not in the least daunted, but affirmed that he would walk straight and lead a holy life. From my familiarity with the Chinese character I knew full well that if I were foolish enough to take him up at his offer, he would not hesitate a moment to assume the most solemn obligations, and all the time be living in sin just as he is now, but trust to his ability to deceive me in regard to his real character. It made me sad to think how mercenary he was, and what little hope there is of saving such men. I can do nothing. If the Holy Spirit does not produce conviction, not a solitary heathen will be saved. There are a great horde of "Christians" that are simply so in name, for the sake of the loaves and fishes in the foreign fields among the different missions. That there are many true disciples of Christ is not to be doubted for a moment, but there are more that are not.

It is the fashion in America, at least for men, to "swear off" their drinks, and to make New-year resolutions, which are broken almost in the making. Now and then, it may be, can be found a man who really means to reform, but as a rule all such resolutions are made with no thought of trusting in God to save from relapsing into sin, and have no higher motive than one's own advantage.

I have no reason to suppose that the Oriental ever makes any New-year resolves. Nor do the European rulers furnish the native races with any incentive to a higher and nobler life. Indeed, the example and influence of these "Christians" is mischievous and hurtful so far as the question of religion is concerned, nor do they care anything about these things; in fact, they are sorry to see the missionary come into their midst, and are glad when he goes away.

The New-year has come and gone, and the Chinese have settled down to the business of

money-making and money-losing for another year.

There are few Chinese, relatively speaking, here in Padang when compared with Samarang, Sourabaya, Batavia, and other towns in the Dutch East Indies.

There is a wide field among them, and in Java very many more have become Christians than even in the Straits Settlements, the English colony lying just to the north of Java.

I am hoping ere long to visit Java, and see what opening there is for a mission in one of these larger centers of Chinese population. Will not the readers of the INSTRUCTOR pray earnestly that God will direct and bless us in this purpose to carry the gospel to the regions beyond?

R. W. MUNSON.

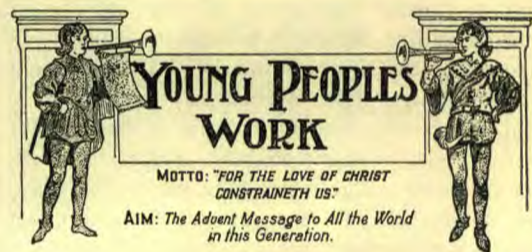
For the Student

A YOUNG student was very ambitious to gain a certain rank in his class which would entitle him to a scholarship. A well-known professor was interested in the lad's success. He instructed him in a part of his studies, and found him a very bright student; so he thought it possible for him to gain his purpose, though it meant perfect marks for him in everything for a whole year.

"Nobody gets perfect marks for everything," the boy objected.

"That is nothing to the point," said the teacher. "You are perfect in my recitations. Do as well in others. But I notice that you write poorly. Now begin there. Whenever you form a word, with either the pen or tongue, do it plainly, so that there will be no mistake. This will help you to think clearly and to speak accurately. Let your whole mind be given to the least thing you do while you are about it. *Form the habit of excellence.*"

The student went resolutely to work. He gained his scholarship, and, more than that, he acquired character that has since won him a shining success.—*Selected.*



BITTER the hour wherein thou must
Thy friend's disloyalty confess;
But bitterer still when friendship's trust
Is met by thine own faithlessness!

—Emma C. Dowd.

News from Arizona

AT Nogales, Arizona, is a company of Mexicans who are earnestly and faithfully carrying forward the work of their Young People's Society. Though they have had various obstacles to meet, their interest in the truth, in the Bible studies, and missionary work has not been allowed to wane. They have sold the "Gospel Primer," distributed tracts, and given away some books.

Young People's Society of Kingston, Jamaica

WE have had a Young People's Society here for some time. In 1903 the young people were in a lukewarm condition—indifferent to their highest trust; but the Lord in his goodness did not leave us to go on thus, but kept lovingly, tenderly calling us, and in January, 1904, we reorganized, and to-day we have an active and earnest Society of forty-nine members. Twenty-five of these were added during the past quarter.

We are holding cottage Bible readings, visiting the sick, endeavoring to increase the attendance at our services, giving away and lending tracts and periodicals, and selling small books, also the *Caribbean Watchman* and *Good Health*.

We hold our meetings every fortnight, at which time we have Bible readings by two or three members on different subjects. We are studying some of the Bible characters and the lives of some of the Reformers.

Our aim is to hasten the spread of this glorious message.

M. LUTHER TOMLINSON.

Young People's Society of Perkins, Oklahoma

OUR membership here is only eight; our attendance, however, averages from twelve to fifteen. We meet every Friday evening, taking up the study outlined in the INSTRUCTOR. That the lessons are appreciated is shown by the intense interest manifested by all present.

Our facilities for active work are few; but we have tried to do our best, and are therefore of good courage. Having given our "mite," we enjoy the work, and feel sure the Lord is blessing our efforts to interest persons in their soul's salvation. We took one hundred fifty *Signs* and fifty *Life Boats*, to distribute in town, and meet with success in disposing of them. We have a reading-rack in the post-office, and are also sending papers and tracts by mail, and corresponding with those to whom we send them. I know that all have an important part to act in this closing message, and it is my prayer that as young people we shall aid in carrying out our aim—"The Advent Message to All the World in this Generation."

HATTIE MCPHEE,
Secretary.

The Light That Is Felt

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly,
"O mother, take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light!"

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of thee!

—J. G. Whittier.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

God's People Delivered

(To be continued)

CHAPTER STUDY: "Great Controversy," Chapter Forty, the first five and one-half pages.

LESSON TOPICS:—

- Formation of the last great "union."
- Object of the union.
- Union aided by supernatural forces.
- Union methods.
- The interposition of God.
- The heavenly scene presented to the righteous.
- Time of deliverance.
- Nature's part in the conflict.
- Breaking of fetters.
- Day of God described by the prophets.
- The star of hope.
- The shield of the righteous—"Those who have sacrificed *all* for Christ are now secure, hidden as in the secret of the Lord's pavilion."
- The song of triumph. Ps. 46:1-3.
- The vision in the heavens.
- Result of the vision.



The Little Reader
 THERE'S a funny little girl who reads to me every day
 The most surprising travels, from a volume torn and gray,
 In lands where monkeys buy and sell and talk and go to school,
 And where are lions, numerous as fishes in a pool,
 And dreadful savage men who build great cities out of stones.
 But the book in which she reads about these travelers of renown,
 Is the family *receipt book*, and she holds it upside down.

ARTHUR FOX.

"A Merry Heart Doeth Good Like a Medicine."—Prov. 17: 22

OUTSIDE it was raining heavily. Inside—well, inside the weather was threatening, to say the least. One of the nurses, going to the linen room with an armful of fresh towels, shook her head.

"I pity ourselves to-day," she said. "I know—it will be difficult to keep the children bright," the other answered. A nurse was taking the temperatures, and marking the charts that hung at the head of each white bed. She stopped a moment, and looked down at one especially listless face.

"Don't you want some of the scrap-books to look over, Jennie?" she asked.

Jennie's weak voice was utterly uninterested. "No," she answered. The nurse's voice kept its brightness in spite of her discouragement. "Then wouldn't you like one of the puzzles? You could play with it nicely there."

"No, I don't want any," Jennie announced, wearily.

A hand pulled at the nurse's skirt, and she turned quickly. The thin, pain-sharpened face of the girl in the next bed smiled at her cheerfully.

"Don't bother about Jennie. I think I can get her to do something," she said, in a low voice.

The nurse bent over her with a swift, caressing touch. "Thank you, little assistant," she said, tenderly.

Maggie lay thinking for a few minutes. In the room outside, where the patients' clothes were kept in a case full of large pigeonholes, was one bundle shabbier than the others; this was Maggie's. In one of the beds were some queer, cruel-looking weights that meant suffering far greater than most of the little invalids there could imagine, and they were Maggie's too. Perhaps in all the long roomful, she had the fewest things to make her glad; but what of that? God teaches us how to make our happiness, if we will; God and Maggie together made hers.

She opened her eyes when the sharpest pain had passed, and called across to the next bed, "Jennie!"

"What is it?" Jennie asked, listlessly. "Jennie, let's 'see things;' we haven't for

ever so long. You wanted to the other day, you know."

"Well," Jennie answered, doubtfully; "you'll have to begin."

"O, yes, I'll begin. Well, then, I see some great red roses, just as soft and dark as velvet; and they feel all cool when you touch them, and they smell—Oh, how sweet they smell!"

"I know something prettier than that," Jennie answered. "It's violets—a lady gave me some once. There isn't anything like them, velvet nor anything else. I almost cried when they withered. That's prettier than yours, Maggie!"



LITTLE MIRIAM

"But I see something else," Maggie went on. "It's a great green place, and the grass is all nice and thick under your feet, and it's full of the most beautiful flowers, yellow and white, and all colors, and there isn't any sign to keep off the grass—you can lie and roll in it all day long. And there are birds in the trees, and you never heard anything sing like them; and you can see the sky, just miles of it, and you can almost taste the air, it's so pure and sweet."

Round the ward word sped quickly, "Maggie's seeing things!" Children who could walk went over to her corner; wheel-chairs rolled there; from some of the cots eager patients sent messages to her, and waited for hers back again. The dull day was forgotten, and the long room was crowded with visions. Flowers bloomed there, and birds sang, and happy girls went to parties or cherished wonderful dolls. The gladness of the world was theirs, as God meant it to be; and all because one girl knew how to keep fresh in her life every bit of beauty she had seen.

The doctor smiled as he went his rounds. "She's as good medicine as the sunshine," he said.

"Poor little thing!" the nurse answered, with a loving glance toward the corner.

The doctor corrected her. "It's the heart that makes one rich or poor—rich little girl!" he said.—*Woman's Journal*.

Saved Her Baby

FOR several weeks the wonder and delight of an English zoological park was a baby hippopotamus, which was named Guy Fawkes, because its birthday fell upon the fifth of November.

The young hippopotamus was about the size of a bacon pig, of a pinkish slate-color, and as playful as a kitten. It was only three days old, when, as the superintendent of the "Zoo" was watching the little fellow's antics, it dived to the bottom, and did not rise. The grown animals never remain under water longer than three minutes; so, as time went on, and no baby reappeared, the superintendent became alarmed.

When twenty minutes had elapsed, he gave orders that the water be drawn from the tank to recover the body of what he felt sure was a dead baby hippopotamus. As the plug was being removed, young Guy Fawkes appeared, shaking his funny little horse-like ears, and wearing a hippopotamic grin, which seemed to say, "Don't be frightened; I'm all right. You don't know all about me yet." The young animals have great power of remaining under water, which they lose as they increase in years.

The next time baby went to the bottom, however, was not so much of a joke. He tried to climb up the side of the tank in which there were no steps. He fell back again and again, until he sank exhausted. The keepers were gathered about the tank

in great anxiety, but unable to help. The mother, however, hurried to her baby with all her clumsy haste. She dived, put her broad nose under Guy Fawkes, shoveled him up, and held him above the surface until he had recovered his breath and was rested.

It was nearly half an hour before the little fellow was able to make another attempt. Then he made a huge effort, mama hippopotamus gave a big shove with her head, and Master Guy Fawkes clambered triumphantly up the side of the tank.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

"WHAT has been done can be done again."

"GREAT BRITAIN has a longer sea-coast line than any other nation in Europe. It measures 2,755 miles. Italy comes second, with 2,472 miles."

"REFINEMENT is more a spirit than an accomplishment. All the books of etiquette that have been written can not make a person refined. True refinement springs from a gentle, unselfish heart. Without a refined spirit a refined life is impossible."



The Things Undone

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were too hurried to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own,—

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find,—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And the blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Girl's Friend and Counselor

THE first time I saw Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, writer, speaker, and poetess, was not at a literary meeting, nor was she addressing a convention. She was in the act of crossing a mud puddle.

There had been a heavy shower, but the sun had burst forth, rejoicing. All nature was brightened for having had its face freshly washed, and puddles abounded.

Now, a mud puddle is not the most desirable obstacle to encounter when one is in a hurry, even if one stops, by Ruskin's suggestion, to see the cloud-reflection on the principle of finding what one looks for. Yet they resemble many other problems in life which one meets with, and has either to go around or settle by going bravely through or over. Mrs. Sangster chose the latter course. A halt, a closer gathering of the skirts, an energetic, agile movement; and it was done,—gracefully done, too,—and the even tenor of her way resumed.

That was characteristic. Is it the writing of a book or a note? is it singing comfort to saddened hearts by her verses? is she speaking to eager listeners at meetings where girls congregate? or has she met with an obstacle in life? Calmly, deliberately, and graciously it is done.

It may be of interest to the many who know her only through her writings to learn something of her personality, and to have a glimpse into her home life.

When meeting Mrs. Sangster in her home, or in the church porch, or on the streets, and stopping for the cheery greeting one never fails to get, you are at once impressed with her *motherliness*. Soft, snowy hair becomingly arranged, frames a sweet and yet unwrinkled face (she is now in the prime of life); features not beautiful, perhaps, from an artist's point of view, yet beautiful with soul-expression. When she speaks, a

sunny smile lights up her countenance. In stature she is of medium height, with a well-rounded figure, always daintily and appropriately gowned, usually in soft clinging stuffs. The picture is enhanced by her charm of manner, which lies in her perfect naturalness. She is essentially a gentlewoman in the fine sense of that word. Courteous, gracious, responsive, she makes one feel at home in her presence. She is possessed of strong common sense and a keen sense of humor.

Some one has said that the people who influence us most are those that believe in us. Have you never been with people who instinctively appeal to the best that is in you? Our neighbor is of this kind, and you feel her personal interest in you. One does not wonder that her "girls," the world over, love her, and pour their confidences into her motherly ear, and accept her advice. This gifted writer has a faculty for giving practical suggestions on matters pertaining to the every-day affairs of life.

To illustrate: A little woman from back in the mountains came into the writer's home. Some remark about her shining and abundant hair elicited this reply: "I came near losing all my hair; but I followed Mrs. Margaret Sang-



MRS. SANGSTER

ster's advice, and rubbed vaseline on the scalp. I do not know Mrs. Sangster, or even where she lives, but whatever she says is absolutely true." You may imagine the funny look of surprise when my friend was told who our near neighbor was!

As a worker one could scarcely find a busier woman or one who accomplishes more, and yet without giving the impression of being busy. In her, always calm and tranquil, it is refreshing in this age of "hustle" to find a practical example of "power through repose." Yet Mrs. Sangster is in reality an indefatigable worker, seated for hours at her desk, writing manuscript or correcting proof. Interruptions? She has them constantly; yet so controlled is her manner and her greeting so gracious that any one not knowing the value of time to a busy person might be readily deceived. Her superb health is greatly due to regular and systematic habits of living. Rising in the summer-time at daybreak, a refreshing bath, and then an hour's work before the family breakfast; and a busy day is started.

Besides her literary work Mrs. Sangster is a "home-keeper." In this she is ably assisted by a niece. She attends meetings, and is always ready to enter into the social life of the community in which she lives. She also takes advantage of her church privileges, for she is an earnest and loyal Christian. "Early to bed" must follow the "early to rise" by the rule for health and wisdom; so Mrs. Sangster often seeks her well-earned rest when the town clock is striking nine. —Margaret A. Muir, in *Youth's Companion*.

"Do something, do it soon with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest;
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest."

Leisure Time Is Unused Capital

ANY careful reading of the mechanical achievements of the nineteenth century will reveal that our most important inventions had for their primary object the saving of time. It was the desire to lessen the time and labor of weaving that brought the steam-power loom from the brain of Cartwright. To keep up with the intellectual requirements of man, the hand-press of Gutenberg gave place to the fast-running machinery of Nicholson. To supply the world with cloth, the primitive spinning-wheel, driven by foot or hand, and winding but a single thread, evolved into Hargreave's jenny, with vertical spindles operating countless threads. To furnish food for the race, the stout arm and scythe of the farmer gave place to the reaping-machine. In a similar manner have come the swift-sailing steamship, the express train, the telegraph, and the telephone. Give this subject any reasonable investigation, and you will discover that the "time element" has played an exceedingly important part in the development of our twentieth century.

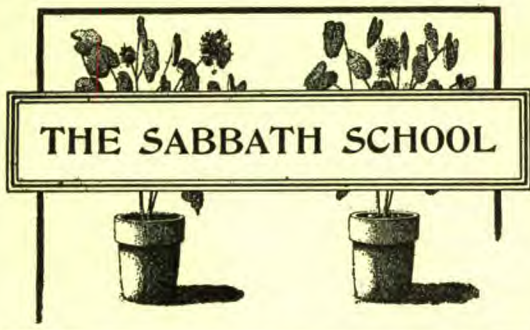
One of the most valuable arts that the average person can master is the ability to economize time skilfully by avoiding those harmful by-paths that

dissipate the odd half-hours that rightly belong to the day of labor. It is one of the verities of history that the world owes less to the men and women of leisure than to any other class. Of course there are a few noble exceptions; but as a general rule, the more leisure men or women have, the less real work you get out of them. The Bishop of London was standing in the door of his home, when a wealthy gentleman approached him, and said, "I want your advice, my lord:

how am I to bring up my son so as to make him get forward in the world?" "I know of but one way," replied the Bishop; "give him parts and poverty."

Any young person who has an intelligent estimate of his own value will appreciate what may be accomplished in a few minutes. A single half-hour each evening, devoted to the study of any science or language, would enable a man of average ability to master the one or the other in a few years. One half-hour each evening, devoted to study, would make a man of no education intelligently informed on a wide range of important subjects.

It would surprise the most of men, if they knew how much of what is most valuable in our civilization we owe to the spare quarter- and half-hours saved by men and women who had a purpose in life, and who labored for its perfection. Robert Burns composed many of his sweetest poems while returning from the field after a hard day's work. To an hour each evening, the world owes the steam locomotive of George Stephenson. Grote, the author of one of the standard histories of Greece, was a busy banker, and history was the recreation of his spare moments. Sir John Lubbock became one of the foremost authorities in prehistoric archeology by using the odd half-hours after his work. Hundreds of men and women have risen into prominence and power, not so much from any special genius, but rather by discovering the value of time and making a wise use of it. Promptness as related to business, friendship, recreation, and study, is a great virtue. It will enable a youth of average ability to win, when that unclassified species, the genius, fails.—*The Technical World*.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII—The Shunammite's Son Restored to Life

(June 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 4.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." Job 33:4.

A certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets cried to Elisha, saying: "Thy servant my husband is dead; and thou knowest that thy servant did fear the Lord: and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondmen. And Elisha said unto her, What shall I do for thee? tell me, what hast thou in the house? And she said, Thine handmaid hath not anything in the house, save a pot of oil."

"Then he said, Go, borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty vessels; borrow not a few. And when thou art come in, thou shalt even shut the door upon thee and upon thy sons, and shalt pour out into all those vessels, and thou shalt set aside that which is full."

"So she went from him, and shut the door upon her and upon her sons, who brought the vessels to her; and she poured out. And it came to pass, when the vessels were full, that she said unto her son, Bring me yet a vessel. And he said unto her, There is not a vessel more. And the oil stayed. Then she came and told the man of God. And he said, Go, sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest."

As Elisha went here and there, he frequently stopped in a certain city called Shunem, and as often as he came, he ate bread with a woman who lived there. This was a good woman, and she said to her husband: "I perceive that this is a holy man of God, which passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick;" so they made a little room for him to rest in when he came that way, and put in it all the things that he would need.

This man and his wife had one child, a little boy, whom they dearly loved. One day when the child was old enough, "he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head." His father had the child carried to his mother, and he lay on her lap till noon, when he died.

When he was dead, his mother laid him in the room they had prepared for Elisha; and when she had closed the door, she saddled an ass, and went quickly to Mount Carmel, where Elisha was. When Elisha knew her trouble, he told Gehazi to go with all haste, not stopping to salute any one on the way, and lay his staff on the face of the child.

But the woman would not go home till the prophet went with her. "And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed." He went into the room, and when he had closed the door, he prayed earnestly, and the Lord restored the child to life. His servant called the woman, and Elisha said, "Take up thy son." And the woman fell at his feet, so great was her joy because the child's life was restored.

After this Elisha came to Gilgal. And there was a dearth in the land. The sons of the prophets were with him, and he told his servant to make pottage that they might eat. One of the young men who had been sent to gather herbs, had plucked a wild vine, and some of this was put in the pottage. And as they were eating, one cried, "O thou man of God, there is death in the pot." But Elisha commanded that meat be brought; and when he had cast some of it in, the pottage was healed, and the people ate without danger.

Questions

1. What trouble was a certain woman in? To whom did she tell her trouble? What did Elisha ask her? What did she say was the only thing she had in the house?

2. What did he tell her to borrow? How many? What was she to do then? How did the woman show her faith in what the prophet said?

3. Tell how her faith was rewarded. What did Elisha tell her to do with the oil?

4. To what city did Elisha often come? With whom did he eat bread there? What did this woman and her husband prepare for the man of God?

5. Where did their little boy go one day? When he was in the field, what did he say? Where did the child's father have him taken? What happened to him?

6. Where did his mother put him? Where did she go? What did Elisha tell his servant to do, when he knew her trouble?

7. Where did the woman want Elisha to go? Tell how the child was raised to life. Who is it that has given all men life? Repeat the Memory Verse. When we remember that our life is God's gift, what will it help us to do?

8. When the Shunammite woman received her little son alive, how did she show her joy and gratitude?

9. To what place did Elisha next go? Tell how the pottage was healed at Gilgal. Find the places mentioned in this lesson on your maps.

"THE purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine,
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me: 'She did her best for one of thine.'"



XII—The Measuring of the Temple, and the Two Witnesses

(June 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rev. 11:1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Eccl. 12:13, 14.

Questions

1. After the bitter disappointment of 1844, what commission was given the church? Rev. 10:11.

2. Since that time, what solemn work has been going forward in heaven? Dan. 8:14; Rev. 14:6.

3. To what place is the faith of Israel directed at this time? Heb. 8:1, 2; Rev. 11:19; note 1.

4. What, then, must be the aim of the gospel message for these days?—To call attention to the work going forward in the temple of God, and to the means of grace by which to meet the standard, or measure, of the judgment.

5. What view in John's vision shows that

this was the very message assigned the church after 1844? Rev. 10:11 and 11:1, together.

6. What is the standard of measurement in the temple and service of God? Rev. 11:19, second clause; Rev. 14:12; Eccl. 12:13, 14.

7. What was not to be measured? Why? To whom had it been given? For what length of time? Rev. 11:2; note 2.

8. How was the work of God to be represented during these days? Verse 3.

9. Who are these two witnesses? Verse 4; Zech. 4:2-6; note 3.

10. What power have these two witnesses? Verses 5, 6; note 4.

11. What experience did these two witnesses pass through? Verses 7-9.

12. How was this literally fulfilled? Note 5.

13. Why did infidelity hate the Word of God? Verse 10. Compare 1 Kings 22:8.

14. How were the two witnesses revived? What effect did this have? Rev. 11:11.

15. What followed the infidel effort to overthrow the two witnesses? Verses 12, 13; note 6.

16. What lesson is there for us in this effort to silence the Word of God? Matt. 24:33-35; Rev. 12:11; Isa. 40:8-10.

Notes

1. The faith of God's people at this time is directed to the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary. There the prophet was permitted to see the ark of the testament. In the ark, the law which is to be the standard of the judgment, is kept.

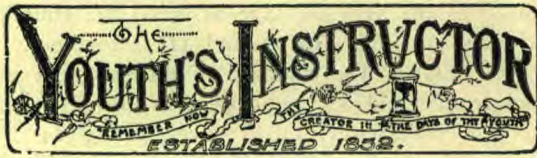
2. The Gentiles (nations, Revised Version) could not enter the inner court of the earthly temple. The nations are of this world, not of the world to come, with which this measuring work is dealing. Not all the powers of earth can help a man to meet the standard. Rom. 8:7, 8. The introduction of earthly powers, treading down the truth of God, here leads to reference to that 42 months, or 1260 days (1260 literal years), of papal rule, spoken of in Dan. 7:25. This historic period began in 538 A. D., and ended in 1798.

3. The figure is borrowed from Zechariah 4, where, in verse 6, the olive-trees and the candlesticks are explained to be "the word of the Lord." Also Ps. 119:105; John 5:39. Through all the Dark Ages the Scriptures, the Old and New Testaments, testified for God. Because of this the enemy sought to burn the Word, and keep it from the people. And all through these dark days God found men and women ready to hold forth the Word at the peril of life itself.

4. Not all the opposition to the Scripture could put it out of the world. God maintained his own word. When he speaks judgments and warnings, none can turn aside the word. See Rev. 22:18, 19. In facing Bible truth men are not dealing with a common book, to be lightly accepted or rejected.

5. The infidel attack upon the Bible in the French Revolution was a literal fulfilment of this prophecy. Bibles were burned, and every sacred institution turned to mockery.

6. Frightened by the fearful scenes that followed the decree suppressing the Bible in 1793, the Assembly revoked the decree just three and one-half years later. The lesson taught by the bloody scenes of the Revolution startled men. From about that time dates the modern era of Bible circulation. Soon came the Bible Societies and the Protestant missionary movement, putting the Bible into all the leading languages of earth, and exalting and glorifying it before the eyes of all. The shock as of an earthquake shattered France, one of the ten kingdoms (the Franks) of divided Rome. The marginal reading in verse 13, "names," or titles of men, suggests the titles of nobility that were abolished in the French Revolution.



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"LESSONS hard to learn are sweet to know."

"NOTHING is difficult to a willing mind."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT never uses tobacco in any form.

THE second article of the series "An Aim in Life" appears in this number. Let every young man read it.

A SUCCESSFUL automobile trip across the continent is recorded. The automobile party left San Francisco in the evening of June 20, and arrived in New York August 21.

THE funeral services of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, were held in Westminster Abbey, May 17, 1904. King Edward and King Leopold of Belgium attended the services. The body was afterward taken to the London necropolis.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES, the author of "Self-Help," "Duty," "Thrift," and "Character," recently died at the age of ninety-two. His book "Self-Help" has been translated into a score of languages, and hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold. Thousands of persons doubtless still will receive inspiration and help from his books—for he "being dead yet speaketh."

IN the INSTRUCTOR dated May 3, 1904, appeared the picture of a little girl on the Children's Page. The apparel of this little would-be missionary has occasioned some criticism on the part of some readers. The cut was borrowed from a *Sunday-school exchange*, and the editor of the INSTRUCTOR, on finding it, only observed the thoughtful expression of the child, and wholly failed to see the "jewelry and ribbons"—until it was too late. The picture was not intended even incidentally to countenance unnecessary expenditure of means.

Prohibition World

IT is stated that the intoxicating liquor consumed by Americans last year would fill a canal one hundred miles long, one hundred feet wide, and ten feet deep.

IT is also said that the total cost of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 was \$25,000,000. The gate receipts were \$10,000,000, and the city of Chicago appropriated \$5,000,000. And yet the money annually paid to the Chicago saloon-keepers is nearly twice the combined construction and general expenses of the World's Fair. During the six months of the fair, the saloons of the city received three times the gate receipts, \$3,000 going to them for every \$1,000 paid to the fair.—*Selected.*

Washable Books

ONE of the unrecognized terrors of police courts in many lands is the copy of the Bible on which the witnesses are sworn. London officials are seeking a waterproof binding for their court Bibles, so that the soil of filthy fingers can be washed from the sacred volume. It has been suggested that the much-read books of public libraries be bound in the same hygienic fashion, and one person has even gone so far as to hope for a washable paper, so that an entire book may be laundered inside and out, when it becomes soiled.

That is all well enough, but the foulness of some books is far beyond the reach of soap and water. No laundry can purify the typical French novel. The dirtiest Bible in the darkest London police court is purity itself by the side of some books fresh from the press.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Think of It!

ONE of the scientists of the Biological Survey, while stopping at a hotel in New Orleans, learned that birds were to be served for dinner. Wandering around to the kitchen, he found to his amazement an assortment of *olive-backed thrush, hermit thrush, cardinals, vireos, and thrashers*. These little birds came duly to the table in tempting array under the disguise of *grasse*, but the naturalist had no appetite for them.

"You do not like birds?" asked his host. "I love them," replied the scientist, sadly, "but I can not eat these."

"They are the best birds in the market."

"The very best, the most priceless," asserted the ornithologist, "but you might as well invite a lover of the opera to dine on his favorite prima donna as to expect a naturalist to sit down to a meal of warbling vireos."—*Selected.*

The Difference

TENNYSON could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth \$65,000—that's *genius*. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper, and make it worth \$5,000,000—that's *capital*. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold, stamp upon it an "eagle bird," and make it worth \$20—that's *money*. A mechanic can take material worth \$5, and make it into watch-springs worth \$1,000—that's *skill*. A merchant can take an article worth 75 cents, and sell it for \$1—that's *business*. A lady can purchase a \$5 hat, but she prefers one for \$20—that's *foolishness*. A ditch digger works ten hours a day and handles several tons of earth for \$3—that's *labor*. The writer of this could write a check for \$100,000,000, but it wouldn't be worth while—that's *sad*.—*Selected.*

What an Ingenious and Perseverant Civilization Does with the Odds and Ends

LITTLE things count for more in the year 1904 A. D. than ever before in the history of the world. Nothing is so unimportant as to be without some value in the market of to-day, and much of what was formerly thrown away as worthless is now converted into precious commercial products. The refuse of yesterday is the wealth of to-day.

Mankind no longer depends wholly upon flowers for the perfumes which are required for toilet purposes and in the manufacture of confectionery and fancy soaps. Many of the most delicious scents are procured from more humble and much less attractive sources, such as fusel oil (a waste product of distilleries), from which are obtained oil of apples, oil of grapes, and oil of pears. Putrid cheese is not the kind of substance from which one would expect to get an agree-

able odor, and yet it is the principal substance employed in making the commercial oil of pineapple. In the same way oil of bitter almonds, which is utilized so widely by perfumers and candy makers, is derived from gas-tar, a by-product of the gas factory.

Pearl buttons and other articles of mother-of-pearl are cut from various kinds of marine and fresh-water shells, the finest quality of raw material being furnished by the so-called pearl oyster, and until recently the residue of the nacreous valves was thrown away. To-day, however, all remnants of the shells are carefully preserved, and the pearly part of them is ground to a glittering powder, which, under the trade name of "pearl silver," is used in making artificial flowers, and as a coating for wall-paper. The residue of the shell is separately ground, affording a powder of silky, metallic luster, which, being colorable in any tint or shade, is employed in many ways.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Lincoln

HE was the North, the South, the East, the West,
 The thrall, the master, all of us in one;
 There was no section that he held the best;
 His love shone as impartial as the sun;
 And so revenge appealed to him in vain,
 He smiled at it, as at a thing forlorn,
 And gently put it from him, rose and stood
 A moment's space in pain,
 Remembering the prairies and the corn
 And the glad voices of the field and wood.

—*Maurice Thompson.*



DANA, IND., May 20, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I looked for letters from the readers, in the paper dated May 24, and was disappointed not to find any.

I suppose all have been busy with their gardens, and other lines of missionary work.

I should like to know where I can obtain membership cards for a Society, and instructions how to organize for work.

I now live in the country, but we are going to move soon to Du Quoin, Illinois, so that I may attend the school there. This letter is rather long, but I hope it will not crowd out others. I am fourteen years old. If this letter is welcomed, I will send a story to be printed.

BERTA FORD.

THE INSTRUCTOR has had to appear two or three times without anything in the Letter Box. I hope this is because all are "busy with their gardens and other lines of missionary work." In that case we could well forego the pleasure of a few letters.

Membership cards for the Young People's Society, also the Manuals which give instruction for organizing and working, can be obtained by writing to the Sabbath-school Department, 222 North Capitol St., Washington, D. C. The Manuals are free, and the cards are but one cent each.

IT will be easier, I am sure, to keep something in the Boys and Girls' Corner, and more helpful too, if each writes to some definite end. To aid in this the editor will give a few suggestions. Choose one of the subjects mentioned below, and give your best effort to it. Who will respond? All really *good* responses will be printed in the INSTRUCTOR.

Write a description of the bird you like best, telling the most interesting things that you have observed or read about it.

Write a story of Jenny Lind or of Carl Linnaeus. Make it short, but crowd it full of interesting and helpful things.

Tell how one hears or sees. The power to hear and the power to see are marvelous gifts.