

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LII

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 14, 1904

No. 24

Famous Authors

Bryant on His Birthday

WE praise not now the poet's art,
The rounded beauty of his song;
Who weighs him from his life apart
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

Not for the eye, familiar grown
With charms to common sight denied,—
The marvelous gift he shares alone
With him who walked on Rydal-side;

Not for rapt hymn or woodland lay,
Too grave for smiles, too sweet for
tears;
We speak of his praise who wears to-day
The glory of his seventy years.

When peace brings freedom in her train,
Let happy lips his song rehearse;
His life is now his noblest strain,
His manhood better than his verse!

Thank God! his hand on nature's keys
Its cunning keeps at life's full span;
But dimmed and dwarfed, in times like
these,
The poet seems beside the man!

So be it! let the garlands die,
The singer's wreath, the painter's meed.
Let our names perish, if thereby
Our country may be saved and freed!

— J. G. Whittier.

William Cullen Bryant

THE mother of William Cullen Bryant was in the habit of keeping a diary, from which it appears that the future poet was an unusually precocious child. On his first birthday he could toddle alone; he knew all the letters of the alphabet when but a few days more than sixteen months old; before the close of his third year he began to read the Bible, and he had read the Scriptures through from beginning to end before the completion of his fourth year. This may indicate why he was a puny child of a painfully delicate, nervous temperament, giving little promise of surviving to boyhood. But before he had completed his fourth year, he was sent to the district school, and perhaps the association with other boys in play and mischief improved his physique. That he participated in mischief was shown by a mark which he carried on his forehead to the end of his days; it was made by the hoof of a horse that he persisted in teasing from behind until it flung out its heels and laid him flat.

The boy began to make verses in his ninth year, and in his tenth year wrote some that were thought worthy of publication in the county newspaper. Two years later, in 1806, he celebrated the great eclipse in rhyme. He was the author of some political verses against Jefferson and his administration, which were published in Boston at his father's instance, in a little pamphlet entitled "The Embargo, or, Sketches of

the Times: a Satire by a Youth of Thirteen," which ran into a second edition, and was praised in the *Monthly Anthology*, then the chief critical authority of New England.

The two years from 1808 to 1810 were spent in preparing himself for college, and in October, 1810, he entered the sophomore class at Williams College, which he left the May following in the hope of joining a friend who had gone to Yale. But his father, a country doctor, was far from rich, and when the expenses of graduating at Yale were estimated, they obviously exceeded what the family could give to the young poet. He was thus obliged to stay at home, and share with his brothers the labor of managing the farm, giving his evenings to the choicer books of his

death. Its publication at once placed young Bryant in the foremost rank of the poets of America.

It was by this time apparent that he should endeavor to earn his bread by one of the literary professions, especially as his two brothers were quite sufficient for the work of the farm, which would hardly suffice for the three.

After much family debate, it was decided that William Cullen should study law in Bridgewater, where his grandfather lived. In that place there was a highly cultivated jurist, Mr. Baylies, who consented to receive the youth in his office.

There the young man of genius worked so earnestly, and acquired so entirely the confidence of his teacher, then a member of Congress, that he was entrusted with the control of nearly all the business during his prolonged absences. Yet William Cullen did not neglect the muses, and many of the pieces which he later thought worthy of preservation were written during his law course at Bridgewater.

Leaving Bridgewater in 1815, he began the practise of law on his own account in Plainfield, his office being in full view of the Bryant homestead; but after a residence of about eight months there, he went into partnership with a young lawyer named Ives, at Great Barrington. There he suffered by what he described as "a complaint of the lungs," by which he may be said to have profited greatly; for it led him to take unusual care of his health, to avoid the use of drugs, to abstain rigorously from tea, coffee, spices, tobacco, and all stimulants, and to eat sparingly of meat. Probably the adoption of this regimen at so early an age contributed largely toward securing to him length of days, riches, and honor.

Many young persons believe themselves full of genius because they are disinclined to ordinary work,

and these may do well to reflect on Bryant's apparent liking and aptitude for the commonplace tasks of life. During his five years at Great Barrington he was very industrious. Besides attending carefully to his law practise, he wrote many of the verses which contributed most to his popularity as a poet, as well as criticism for the *North American Review*, Fourth of July orations, and occasional addresses in large numbers and volume.

Removal to New York

Friends in Boston and New York finally succeeded in persuading him that he ought to move to New York, where he arrived without any assured resources, and expecting to live by his wits. He wrote criticisms and stories and poetry for many different magazines, and was grateful to a Boston editor for allowing him two dollars apiece for certain verses. His pecuniary value, however, was not long hidden; for he had been in New York but two years when he was invited to assist Mr. Coleman in the editorship of the



AUTHOR OF THANATOPSIS

father's tolerably well-stocked library. He used to read sprawled on the floor by the fire, to avoid the cost of a more expensive light.

It was after this stay with his parents that his father accidentally discovered, in the drawer of a desk at which William Cullen had been accustomed to write, some verses that seemed to him of unusual merit. He took these with him to Boston, and submitted them to the editor of the *North American Review*, then in its infancy, mentioning that they were written by his son seventeen years of age.

From Schoolboy to Editor

The editorial council pronounced the lines to be of high merit, but Mr. Richard H. Dana, a poet himself and one of the editorial council, thought it impossible that such verses should have come from the pen of so young a man. When investigation removed all doubts upon that subject, the poem appeared in the succeeding number of the *Review*. It was the famous "Thanatopsis"—a Greek word for a view of

New York *Evening Post*, then, as now, one of the leading daily papers. After some two years' apprenticeship at the editorial desk, Mr. Coleman, the editor, died, and Mr. Bryant became part proprietor and editor-in-chief—a position which he occupied for the rest of his life.

His editorials were conspicuous for the purity, grace, and dignity of their style. I asked him once how he had managed to keep the standard of his literary work in the *Evening Post* so high, compelled, as editors usually are, to write with little time for deliberation, or for care as to manner. His reply was, in substance, "If my style has not suffered by the exigencies of our profession, I suppose it is for the same reason that Johnson gave to Boswell for always talking so well, 'because he always talked his best.'"

"But," I said, "editors are frequently called upon to write without any time to review what they have written, or even time to deliberate upon what they shall say."

"Well," he replied, "I would sooner let the paper go to press without an editorial than send anything to the printer with which I was not satisfied."

His Marvelous Memory

Mr. Bryant's exceptionally abstemious habits no doubt accounted largely for the fact that he was always ready for his work. He was not a man of moods; he never said to himself or to any one else, "I do not feel like work to-day." He was always ready, and ready to do his best, which could never be said of any man who made habitual use of stimulants or drugs.

He had a marvelous memory. I am not sure that it was excelled by Gladstone's; possibly it was by Macaulay's. On one occasion I saw it announced in the morning paper that a new poem of Mr. Bryant's had just appeared in *Graham's Magazine*. As the magazine had not yet reached the office, I proposed to send to the editor for a copy. He said, "I will give you a copy," and turned to his desk to write it down. I complimented him upon his memory, and he said, "I have no doubt that, with a little time for reflection, I could write out a copy of every poem I have ever printed." He had then published four fifths of all the poetry he ever published.

His favorite recreation from the editorial desk was travel in foreign countries, but he never felt quite well at sea, and he told me that his chief recreation on shipboard was repeating poetry. He added that he always had remembered enough to last him through his longest voyages.

Although a man of genial manners with those whom he knew well and respected, he was a man of great personal dignity, with whom no one would ever feel disposed to take a liberty. He was naturally rather shy, and generally esteemed inaccessible to strangers.

Mr. Bryant believed that political parties are necessary, but he was never the slave of any party. He regarded the most important function of an editor to be that of a critic, in contradistinction from the theory of journalism which makes the collection of news the paramount business of a journal, and he never allowed his partiality for any party to influence unduly his judgment of its actions. In this independence, both as a man and as a journalist, he persisted with truthfulness, and with refusal of any sort of compromise with transgression or the transgressor, but he was very careful to temper his judgments with justice and charity.

A Scrupulous Gentleman

Although compelled, while he was still very young, to support himself, he managed to make himself familiar with the French, German, Spanish, and Italian languages.

Of the Latin and Greek he had a better knowledge before leaving his father's house than was possessed by most of the professors in the col-

leges of that day. He also later learned to read modern Greek fluently.

Mr. Bryant was essentially a gentleman in his correspondence from abroad with his newspaper. Although he met in England all the most prominent men of letters of the period, he never once alluded in his published letters to any of the acquaintances and friendships thus formed abroad. He scrupulously respected the sanctity of private hospitality, and revolted at the thought of making merchandise of its privileges.

In keeping with this feeling was his aversion to publicity. Although he had overcome this to some extent after he had passed his threescore years and ten, his face prior to that period of his life was probably less familiar to the people of New York than that of any other New Yorker of even half his prominence or importance.

On his return from his first visit to Europe, in the winter of 1836, he was invited by Washington Irving, Fitz-Green Halleck, A. B. Durand, G. C. Verplanck, and many others of their class, to allow them to give him a public dinner. In his letter declining the compliment, and after testifying his sense of the flattering honor intended for him, he added:—

"I can not but feel, however, that although it might be worthily conferred upon one whose literary labors had contributed to raise the reputation of his country, yet that I, who have passed the period of my absence only in observation and study, have done nothing to merit such a distinction. This alone would be a sufficient motive with me, even were there no others which I might mention, to decline your flattering invitation."

Although Mr. Bryant lived to the age of eighty-four years, his death, humanly speaking, was premature. His health, mentally and physically, up to May 29, 1878, seemed to be unimpaired.

On that day a memorial statue was erected in Central Park to Mazzini, the Italian patriot, and Mr. Bryant delivered the address on this occasion. When he had finished, he was obliged to stand for some time with his head uncovered and exposed to the full glare of the blazing sun.

As he descended from the stage, he was joined by an acquaintance, who invited him to walk with him across the park to his house. Although weak and exhausted by the labors of the morning, he consented. He ascended the steps of the house to which he was invited, and while his companion went forward to open the door, Mr. Bryant seems to have been attacked with a faintness or vertigo, and fell back, striking his head against the stone steps. He was taken to his home in Sixteenth Street, and after lingering in a state of comparative insensibility for fourteen days, he died.—*Hon. John Bigelow.*



The Downfall of the Jewish Nation

In previous articles the events have all clustered about that city which for centuries ruled the world, and which, in human strength and power, towers above all others. In this one, we turn our attention to a city located near the southeastern corner of the Mediterranean, the capital of Palestine. If the inhabitants of Jerusalem had been faithful to the Lord in keeping the Sabbath, his promise, "This city shall remain forever," would have been fulfilled. The Lord promised if they would obey his voice, to make them "the head," and to set them "on high above all nations of the earth."

The history of this chosen people, instead of being what it might have been, is a sad, sad story. It is true that under David, Solomon,

and a few others who were loyal to God, the kingdom became strong; but a period of strength would early be followed by rebellion and idolatry, causing the glory to fade. Servants of the Lord who had the courage to warn the people of their evil ways, were persecuted and slain.

Finally Nebuchadnezzar overcame them, and for seventy years they were captives to the king of Babylon. In burning Jerusalem, he destroyed the temple of Solomon, the most beautiful building that the world has ever seen. When the captivity was over, the Jews rebuilt the city and temple; but from that time on they were ruled in turn by Persia, Grecia, and Rome. In beauty and grandeur the second temple could not be compared to the first, yet the Lord promised, "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former."

This was fulfilled when our Saviour himself stood in the temple courts, taught the multitudes, and healed the sick. But the Jews scorned to be taught by him, thus hastening the fulfilment of his words, "Your house is left unto you desolate." For forty-six years the work of repairing the temple had been going forward. Herod the Great had spent immense sums of money to beautify and adorn it, and Augustus Cæsar had sent gifts. Great blocks of white marble were brought from Rome to be used in the building, and Josephus tells us that they were about thirty-eight feet in length, eighteen in breadth, and twelve in height. The disciples said, "See what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" But Jesus made reply, "There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." And in the trial of Jesus when Pilate shrank from taking the Saviour's life, the people cried out, "His blood be on us, and on our children." It came even as they had said.

The Jews had long been looking for a king to take the throne of David, and deliver them from the Roman yoke. Under different leaders and false prophets, they had rebelled time after time, only to be defeated, and to make their condition more wretched. When Nero became emperor, the Jews were oppressed more than ever, and again they revolted. Never were the minds of people so held under control of priests. These leaders now promised that heaven would surely give them the victory, and the desperate warfare that followed is hardly equaled in all history.

The Roman army, in command of Cestius, surrounded Jerusalem, and then "without any reason in the world,"—to use the language of Josephus,—he retreated from the city, being pursued and beaten by the Jewish army. Thus the Christians were given the sign foretold by Christ (Luke 21:20, 21); and while the Romans were retreating before the Jews, the Christians fled in safety to a city beyond the Jordan.

Vespasian became emperor in 69 A. D., and entrusted his son Titus with an army of eighty thousand to complete the war. Early in the next year Titus marched against Jerusalem with all his forces. Within the city, multitudes had gathered to celebrate the Passover feast, and behind the walls were twenty-four thousand regular soldiers, besides a large army that had been raised and armed for the occasion. Nature had given to the city great strength, it being built upon two hills which were partly surrounded with impassable valleys. In other places, three massive walls protected the city, one of which made the entire circuit.

Had the Jews been united, it would seem that no earthly power of that age could have captured the city. But false prophets and wicked leaders excited the people to fighting among themselves, and in so doing destroyed the stores of provision that would otherwise have lasted for years. Famine stared them in the face, and soon the prophecy found in Deut 28:53, that parents would eat their own chil-

dren in the straitness of the siege, was fulfilled. All the engines of war known at that time were used by Titus in battering down the walls, and one after another they fell. Several times he sent messengers to persuade the Jews to make terms of peace, but those who carried the appeals were met with curses and darts. Hundreds of prisoners were taken daily, tortured, and crucified, that the remainder might take warning and surrender. Titus desired to spare the temple, but the people could not be induced to fight elsewhere. The battering-rams were then brought to bear upon Mt. Moriah, and soon the place was taken by storm. Titus made every effort to restrain his soldiers, but in their fury, they rushed into the holy place over heaps of the dead, applied firebrands, and the building was soon wrapped in flames.

The people now fled to the upper city known as Mount Zion, and here made their last defense. But all in vain; thousands died of starvation, and the rest soon fell into the hands of the Romans. The city was left a ruin; the temple was leveled to the ground; more than a million Jews perished in the siege, while the survivors were sold in the slave markets of Rome, or worked in the rock quarries of Egypt.

The destruction of the Jewish nation was complete. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

ROY F. COTTRELL.



Japan and Her People

JUST now, all of us, of course, are hearing much about soldiers, and no doubt you will be interested to learn what kind of fellow the Japanese soldier is. First of all, he is one of the cheapest soldiers as well as one of the best in the world. This means a great deal, for it is very necessary that a soldier should be cheap as well as skilled in the use of arms.

This all seems quite remarkable, because Japan has had only thirty years' experience in training modern soldiers. Before that time the Japanese used bows and arrows as their chief weapons. They were such skilful bowmen that the best of them could even shoot through the stem of a fan as it was being swayed in the wind.

Once upon a time a fish was being carried off in the talons of a bird called the osprey, and the emperor ordered one of his archers to rescue it. This the archer did without killing either the bird or the fish. He shot through the legs of the osprey so that it had to drop the fish, and the latter fell into a lake below.

The Japanese "Tommies," as they are called, have been trained during these last thirty years by the very best officers in the European armies, and many of the Japanese have come over to America also to study our soldiers, and then they have gone back to Japan to teach the home soldiers what they themselves have learned. Japanese soldiers are full of courage and patriotism.

Every man in Japan between seventeen and forty years of age is liable to have to serve in the army. There is only one class of the people who are not allowed to serve, and that is the criminals, or anybody who has had to serve a term for crime.

The soldier's pay amounts to less than fifty cents a month; and even many of the officers receive only a little more than five dollars a month. But the "Tommies" know how to make their pay go a long way. Indeed, they have to, because in the Japanese army no one is allowed to fall into debt, and in their army they have no mess. Every soldier must live outside the bar-

racks with his home people. While on the march, the soldier requires very little to eat. It consists of rice and fish. The rice is called "hos-bill," and is prepared by boiling, and then being dried in the sun or some other heat. This makes it shrink into very small space. Each soldier can easily carry three days' supplies in his bag. When he is ready to eat it, he soaks it in water until it swells up again, and he is satisfied with it, especially if he can have a little fish, or, as a special luxury, a little dried seaweed.

The soldier has hard muscles, and even when he is heavily armed, he prefers running to ordinary walking or marching, and he can keep up his running for miles and miles at a time.

Japanese Houses

You ought to see a Japanese house, boys and girls. You know what a sliding door is like? Most of us have sliding doors between the parlor and sitting-room, or between the sitting-room and the dining-room. Well, try to imagine what our houses would be like if they consisted altogether of sliding doors, so that you could go from one room into another at any point in the wall that you might choose. Wouldn't that be queer? But that is the style of house that Japanese boys and girls live in.

All a Japanese carpenter does when he builds a house is to set up four corner posts, put in a floor, place four cross-beams from post to post, put a roof on top, and then make a groove all around the under side of the cross-beams and in the floor (just like the grooves that our carpenters make for our sliding doors), then between the grooves in the floor and the grooves in the cross-beams the Japanese carpenter fits ever so many running shutters. Then he divides the house up into as many rooms as the owner wishes, and these are divided from one another by the same kind of sliding shutters.

So, you see, a Japanese house really has no doors at all, for it is easy enough to shove any shutter back, and pass from one room into another. Every shutter has a little burnished handle to it for that purpose.

How Japanese Children Play

In Japan the boys and girls have many holidays. The favorite holiday sport for both boys and men is kite-flying. Their kites are very gorgeous, and very large, many of them, some being as big as two doors put together. These huge ones, of course, require several men to raise and fly. And they are in all sorts of wonderful shapes—birds with outspread wings, flowers, butterflies, and hideous ogres. Then, too, the boys have just a simple square kite with a picture of some favorite military or naval hero pasted on it.

The boys like to wage kite battles with one another. The way they do this is by pasting bits of glass to the strings, and then running with all their might, trying to cross the strings of the other boys with their own, and to cut them by means of the glass.

Many of them make their kites sing. It is probably done by fastening various little things to the strings. The sound is like that of an Eolian harp.

The favorite game of the girls of Japan is battledore and shuttlecock. And a very pretty sight it is when a bevy of pretty Japanese girls enter into this game, and yet it is not a very wise custom. Their faces are painted perfectly white, while their lips are colored a bright vermilion. Their hair is done up into bows and butterfly shapes, and from head to foot they are dressed in robes of brilliant colors fastened with handsome girdles and sashes.

Baby Parks in Japan

Have you ever heard of the wonderful dwarf trees in Japan? It is said that several specimens are to be seen in the Roman garden owned by a North Philadelphia family. These dwarf trees are perfect in every respect, with gnarled

trunks and twisted branches—but are only a foot or two in height.

In Japan dwarf parks are laid out filled with these tiny trees, and little bits of streams of water and bridges and walks are put in here and there. Instead of grass, a tiny green moss is used. And in the tiny (two or three inch) flower beds the most wonderful little Alpine flowers are to be found. The whole park—trees, flower beds, streams, bridges, and all—would stand easily on an ordinary dining-table.

No other people in the world know how to dwarf trees. It is a secret carefully preserved by the Japanese.

Japanese Ideas of Politeness

It is not the custom in Japan for the men to rise when women enter the room, or to show any of the courtesies that all gentlemen pay to women in this country.

They always walk ahead of women, and are always waited on first.

They do not knock before entering a room. Servants sit down in the presence of their superiors.

They do not kiss nor embrace—at least not before people.

Reverence Shown to Policemen

The policemen of Japan are not very dignified looking contrasted with our stalwart American policemen.

They are short, lean back too far to stand straight, dress in badly fitting white duck uniforms, wear huge blue goggles on their eyes, and earn about five dollars a month.

But the Japanese stand in the deepest awe of them, and obey their slightest command.

When a policeman makes an arrest, all he has to say is "Come!"

No Profanity

It is said that not a single "swear word" is to be found in the Japanese language. That means that the people have no need for such words. And no wonder! For they think it is very silly for any one to get angry. "What's the use?" they say. "Why get angry about things one can not help."—*The Inter Ocean*.

The Giant Who Wanted to Work

In a little Scotch kitchen, with rafters above,
And the wide, open fireplace that grandmothers love,
The kettle was making a terrible din.
Would you guess that a giant was prisoned within?

No one knew what he said; no one heeded the noise;
People don't know when they live in a house full of boys.
And, with grandma asleep, and James on the settle,
Small wonder they heard not the voice in the kettle.

"I'm a giant imprisoned!" the cry came again.
"I have strength for the work of a million of men;

Your ships I will carry, your carriages draw."
(Jamie looked in surprise, but no giant he saw.)

"I can print all your books, and your cloth I could weave;
Your grain I will grind, if you'll but give me leave;
Great weights I can lift, as you quickly will see,
Only give me more room. Come, my lad; set me free."

Just then grandma awoke, and she cried, "Lazy thing,
Have you nothing to do but hear teakettles sing?"
But he answered her gently, and told her his plan—

More room for the giant to do all he can.
Just a dream?—No, indeed! You will own it was not,

When I tell you the name of the lad was James Watt.

'Twas the giant who is working for you and for me;

Aren't you glad that he listened, and then set him free?

—S. E. Eastman.

A Story of Edison

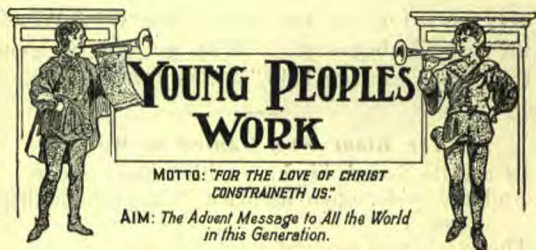
A TALL young countryman, looking as green as a suit of "butternut" clothes and a slouch hat could make him, applied for work in the Broad Street, New York, office of Maury Smith, in 1871. Mr. Smith was manager of the consolidated telegraph lines then in opposition to the Western Union. Like all other managers, he could make room for an expert operator, and told the young rustic that an engagement depended altogether upon his skill.

"Try me; I can keep up with the best of them," said the stranger.

Mr. Smith noticed that the applicant appeared to be quite deaf; but, out of curiosity, and possibly with the idea of having some fun with him, he gave him a table, and told him to "receive" a message then due.

"You will have to work pretty fast," he warned him, "for our man is in the habit of rushing things."

Mr. Smith connected the receiver with a "sender" in another part of the same operating room, and put his fastest operator, "Dick" Hutchinson, at work sending a two-thousand-word message. Edison, for it was he, grasped a pen, and, as soon as the instrument began to click, dashed off the copy in a large, round, legible hand. While deaf to all other sounds, he could catch the faintest metallic click. On came the message, faster and faster, twenty, thirty, forty words a minute. A crowd of operators gathered around, curiosity, and then amazement depicted on their faces. Page after page was reeled off, with never a break, and with the last click of the instrument the forty-minute message had been received, and lay in a heap of manuscript on the table. The young man's triumph was complete. Hutchinson rushed up and shook hands with him, and Smith gave him a job on the spot.—*Selected.*



THE WEEKLY STUDY

God's People Delivered

(Concluded)

CHAPTER STUDY: "Great Controversy," Chapter Forty, pages 640-652.

LESSON TOPICS:—

- Announcement of the exact time of the Saviour's coming.
- Sign of the Son of man.
- Coming of the Redeemer.
- Difference in the way the righteous and the wicked receive his coming.
- Awakened memory of the Saviour's persecutors.
- His Messiahship acknowledged.
- Jesus speaks to the righteous dead.
- The ascension.
- Jesus himself crowns the righteous, and gives to each the victor's palm and the shining harp.
- Meeting of Adam and Jesus.
- The science and song of the redeemed.

Good Words from Wellsville, New York

OUR Young People's Society consists of ten members. A good interest has been manifested by every member each Sabbath afternoon. An active interest has been shown in the weekly studies in "Great Controversy," and the mission fields. Besides selling about thirty copies of "Story of Joseph" and forty *Signs*, there has

been eleven dollars raised for mission work, home and foreign.

The homes of the poor have been visited by the children, and food given to needy ones. I think more valuable lessons were learned on these trips than could be learned at school or from a weekly program.

Many Bible readings have been given, and each member has been provided with a set of the *Family Bible Teacher*.

Three of the members have missionary chickens. We have found various ways of serving; yet we trust, as the children older grow, their spiritual sight may enlarge, enabling them to see many more things about them which they may do for the love of Christ.

I give these few items, realizing that we have been blessed more than it seemed to us at the time, and while Satan tried many ways of discouraging us in our work, yet at its close we are full of courage, in seeing already some fruit appear.

EFFA G. GILBERT.

Young People's Work in South Dakota

SOMETHING more than a year ago we organized our first regular Young People's Society in South Dakota, at Elk Point. The membership was largely made up of the students of our intermediate school located at that point. It is hard to say what the membership of this Society is, as it is constantly changing as the students come and go. Several lines of missionary work have been taken up by the Society; chief among them have been work with our papers and literature. Canvassing for our smaller books, and also with "Christ's Object Lessons," has been very successful, not only in getting the truth before the people, but in giving the young people an experience in practical work along with their studies. It makes their preparatory work along missionary lines very much more beneficial to them.

At Webster we have a nice little Society with a membership of eighteen. Most of these are children under fifteen years of age. They took an active part in selling the special number of the *Signs*, and have also sold a number of copies of the "Story of Joseph." However, the line of work that seems to interest them the most is that of Christian Help work. It is wonderful what children can do in this work, when directed by older minds who are interested in the work, and in the children, too. Several boxes of clothing have been collected, and sent to the poor of our large cities. Flower gardens proved a blessing to many in that city last year, and preparations are again being made for more extensive ones this year. The band is rightly named the "Helping Band."

At Ash Grove there is a company of young people who once a week meet to study the lessons that are particularly needed by them in their work. During the week they sell and distribute papers, books, and tracts. Much good has already resulted from these visits. At their meetings the papers are wrapped and sent away. The one receiving the most attention is the *Signs*. They find this a most excellent paper for house-to-house work, and also to send through the mails to friends or acquaintances.

At Viborg we have a very strong Society, with a membership of about twenty-four. The *Life Boat* and *Signs* have been used freely by them in their neighborhood, as well as through the mails. They have been taking up a systematic study of the doctrinal points of our faith, the leader appointing different ones to take the burden of the meeting from week to week. Excellent experiences have been gained in this way, and new interest has been awakened in the heart of some to devote their life to the furtherance of this work and message.

Truly, there is life and power in this message, and may the time be hastened when our young people shall be trained for service, and go forth

in the ardor and strength of youth, filled with the Holy Spirit, to carry this blessed gospel to all the world.

MATTIE E. RANDALL.

A Strong Christian Experience

DAVID, who had an earnest Christian experience in his youth, said: "I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved. Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net." Here is the secret of David's strength and of every young person who has a living experience in the things of God. Isaiah said: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." Paul says: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, and not on things on the earth."

The only way for young people ever to have a living experience is to always have the Lord set before them, and their eyes ever toward God, as did David. We can not hope to have day by day that joy, rest, and peace which Jesus gives unless our minds are stayed on him. Past experience has taught me that the surest way to have this fixedness of purpose is to have a daily talk with Jesus, and then let him talk with me through his Word.

Satan's aim is to keep our minds on worldly pleasures and amusements, and thereby cause us in the end to lose everlasting life.

F. A. ZAPPE.

Loving His Appearing

A CROWN of righteousness is promised to all who love the Lord's appearing. Just before the apostle Paul was beheaded, when looking back over his life of toil for the Master, he said, "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." We are living very near to "that day." The message of the soon-coming King is being preached to the world. How many of the boys and girls of Seventh-day Adventist parents really "love his appearing"?

When we desire to see persons come, it is because we love them; for when we love any one, we appreciate his companionship. But we do not desire to be in the presence of the person who we know does not approve of our actions. Therefore, if we really love Jesus, we shall want to do his will, and nothing contrary to it.

We are told that those young persons who "really love Jesus" should go to work for God. As we love him, and bring our lives to conform to his will, and work earnestly for others, to get them to do the same, we shall more and more love the Saviour's appearing. In that wonderful prayer of Jesus for us just before he died, he said, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am." John 17:24. If there are those who do not always want to do just what Jesus wants them to do, and hence rather fear and tremble when the soon coming of Jesus is mentioned, wishing that it might not be so soon, will they not take the promise in Rev. 3:20, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me"? What a blessed companionship! It means much to be a Christian, and to "love His appearing."

M. E. KERN.

"BEST time is present time."

"ALWAYS know more than you are expected to know."



CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Frown Folk

THERE'S not much joy where the frown folk stay,
They're always in one another's way;
They seldom speak of the wise or glad—
They're always moping, or glum, or sad.

But if you catch one away from home,—
For frowns, I'm sorry to say, will roam,—
I think—don't you?—'twould be well worth
while
To lead that frown to a merry smile?

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Don and Nelly

A True Story

DON and Nelly lived in a large house on the west side of Chicago. They were handsome dogs, and were as intelligent as the best of their kind. Their owners—Mr. Hackett and his wife—were very fond of them, and freely fed and petted them. Dolly, their mother, seemed to think no mother-dog ever had finer-looking children. But Nelly would run away whenever the gate was accidentally left open; and of course she often got lost and fell into bad company. Don did not at all like this. He was anxious to have her conduct herself as any well-bred dog should. If he discovered she was missing, he would go in search of her, and usually proved successful in his quest. If there were other dogs with her, he drove them away. He would not associate with street dogs himself, nor did he think it becoming in Nelly to do so. Not all little boys take as good care of their sisters as Don did of Nelly.

She was always frightened when Mrs. Hackett played on the organ, and would run all around the room crying piteously, hiding under the sofa, or jumping on the chairs, while Don would follow, trying his best to comfort her. It was quite amusing to watch him.

But with all his proud notions and manly care for his sister, Don was not always honestly chivalrous. One day he was standing with his fore paws on the sill of the kitchen window, looking into the back yard, when he saw Nelly bounding out of the basement door with a tempting bone in her mouth. He watched her until she had buried the bone, and had gone back into the house to curl herself up on the rug for a nap. Then he sneaked out, dug up the bone, and buried it in another place, carefully replacing the dirt over Nelly's storehouse. When she awakened and went to get her supper, he followed, and assisted her dig for it as innocently as could be. Not finding it, Nelly suspected his trickery, and gave him a well-deserved thrashing.

Don and Nelly were both fond of hunting, and not a rat was allowed to infest the premises. They would take up their watch at the kitchen window, and whenever they saw one, would bark to be let out. They would chase the rat from one point to another until it was caught and killed.

Don once went with his mistress on a visit across Lake Michigan to a peach farm. The owner of the farm, a gruff Englishman, was one day engaged with his son filling a large number of baskets with early Crawford peaches for the Chicago market, when he chanced to spy the

hole of some wild animal. Being anxious to capture it, he called Don to help him dig it out. Don walked to the hole, sniffed several times, and turning, trotted off, as much as to say, "There's nothing there, sir!" The man was irritated, and said, "That city dog doesn't know a thing; we will dig the weasel out ourselves." but after working for a long time they found Don knew more than they, for the wily weasel had escaped by another path.

Poor Don met with a sad end. He was sent one morning to hunt up the runaway Nelly, and an unkind man threw him a piece of poisoned meat. He hastened home when he found he was ill, but his mistress did not understand what the trouble was until it was too late to save his life. After his death, Nelly was given away,



but Dolly—the mother—is still alive, and is kept busy hunting rats.

MRS. ROXANA WINCE.

Self-Made

A WEALTHY business man not long ago made a short visit in his native town, a thriving little place, and while there, was asked to address a Sunday-school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you not a *self-made* man?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early struggles! You went into Mr. Wheeler's office when you were only ten —"

"So I did! So I did! But my mother got me the place, and while I was there, she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I became discouraged, told me to cheer up, and to remember tears were for babies."

"While you were there, you studied by yourself —"

"Oh, no, bless you, no! Not by myself! Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she beat up cakes for breakfast. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, ugly with pothooks and trammels, into the fire, and mother burned her hand pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you had saved a little money, you invested in fruit, and began to peddle it out on the evening train?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled, and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said slowly, "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sunday-school good. The second lot of apples I bought for peddling were specked and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down into the cellar, and filled my basket as usual, for the next day's business.

"They look very well on the outside," I thought, "and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and just as soon as they're gone, I'll get some sound ones." Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had seen the basket.

"Ned," said she, in her clear voice, "what are you going to do with those specked apples?"

"Se-sell them," stammered I, ashamed in advance.

"Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son," she said, promptly. "Oh, to think you could dream of such a thing

as that!" Then she cried and cried, and—I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir, haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles. But I wish you'd remind your boys and girls every week that their mothers are probably doing far more for them than they do themselves." Long live the mothers!—*Youth's Companion*.

June

"THE month of June brings roses sweet,
And daisies blooming at our feet;
When Nature sings her sweetest tune,
'Tis in the balmy month of June.

"Now lilies white upon the stream,
In early morning will be seen;
And cherries ripe upon the tree
Are tempting to the birds and me.

"This is the month that suits me best,
And I love it better than all the rest;
I'd always sing the same gay tune
If all the months were just like June."



A Scrap of a Blue-Eyed Girl

"I WANT a penfil, papa,
An' a slice o' paper, too.
I guess I'll write a letter,
An' p'rhaps I'll write to you."
And into my quiet workroom,
With dizzy clatter and whirl,
Came dancing, upon a sunbeam,
A scrap of a blue-eyed girl.
And, presto! the quiet vanished,
In a trice tranquillity fled,
For with gentle, continuous patter
Questions rained down on my head.
"How do you 'pell A, papa?
How do you 'pell W?"
A tiny space of silence,
Then the steady rain anew.
Till, half laughing, half cross with the baby,
In despair I drove her away,
And settled back to my working,
Unhindered, the rest of the day.

* * * * *

That was long ago, and this morning,
Sitting here in my lonesome room,
I would pay king's ransom to see there,
Dancing into the quiet gloom,
On a shaft of heaven's sunshine,
With short little skirts awhirl,
And a voice in my ear, like a sweet bell clear.
A scrap of a blue-eyed girl.
"I want a penfil, papa,
An' a slice o' paper, too,"—
How hungry I am to hear it
Again, as I used to do!
And I look across the table
For the little face not there,
And the sober, intent little features,
In halo of golden hair.
Hark! "How do you 'pell A, papa?
How do you 'pell W?"
Ah, me, that the rain of questions
Cleared away so long ago!
I can scarcely bear the silence,
The room gets dim to my eyes,
And for comfort I turn to the table
Where my mail of the morning lies.
A trim little letter is waiting,
Inscribed with a dainty squirl.
I read it twice over, like any lover,—
The scrap of a blue-eyed girl!

—Annie H. Donnell.

The Girl Who Is Just a Daughter

WHEN you came running in the other morning, Mary dear, with your hands full of hyacinths, and your eyes sparkling, and all the good news about your mother's recovery from illness, and your little sister's pleasure in the kindergarten, and a half-dozen other home happenings, you brought more sunshine than you knew. Your voice is a rare pleasure to me; it is low-pitched and sweet, and has no accent of strain or worry. Your words are not snipped off carelessly, nor do they run together in confusion. They are clear-cut, like coins from the mint. This is a great distinction in itself. Then, Mary, if you will pardon me for saying it, I do like the way in which you dress; you are as tidy in the morning at the breakfast-table as though you were going to a party. I do not wonder that everybody in your home is the gayer and braver when you bid them good-morning.

Your father has had a good deal of care and responsibility all his life. I wonder if you dream how often in the struggles of the past twenty years the thought of his darling little girl has renewed his courage, and made a hard world easier, and kept him from weakness and retreat? No, this you can not even faintly imagine, yet it has been, and is, his invisible coat of mail that turns off many a hostile weapon, and makes it fall harmless to the ground. And were your father the poorest of men, earning his livelihood

by the most strenuous daily labor, standing in all weathers at a motor on a car, guiding a sloop in the bay when the fisherman's work is perilous, or building a bridge in mid-air, the daughter at home would still be his comfort, incentive, and delight. A girl is more to her father in many ways than she can be to any one else.

Your mother is leaning on you too, and she begins to let you lift her burdens. She has a right to enjoy your society at home, now that you can be to her friend, comrade, and sister, as well as daughter. Of course you will always be her little girl, but now that you are out of school, and free to go about with her, and to share her confidences, and be her constant companion, she is entering on halcyon days. You do not need to supersede her, or take her house-keeping out of her hands. Few mothers wish to resign the headship of the home, even to a dear daughter, but you can aid her.

I am glad to be assured by those who know, that you are mistress of the homely culinary arts on which health and contentment depend, and that you learned them in the best school of domestic science in the world—your dear mother's kitchen. You will always be queen of your home, though maids may come and go. Your mother is able, when she chooses, to trust the whole management to you, while she takes an outing or makes a long visit in her old home, meeting her girlhood friends, and feeling entirely at rest about home affairs with her capable daughter at the helm.

To be just a dear home-daughter requires an equipment of courage, elasticity, knowledge, and common sense that is inferior to nothing ever bestowed by a university. The sunny nature that is not daunted by disappointments, the self-restraint that holds back the hasty word, and the tact that harmonizes old and young, sheers the talk away from dangerous subjects, keeps the children happy and well-behaved, are worth more than any treasure weighed in earthly scales.

Your hyacinths are perfuming this den where I write. How like you it was to remember my fondness for them, with their clustering cups of fragrance. That is a very gracious attribute of the daughter, to recollect one's little caprices and tastes; to recall how many lumps of sugar a guest likes in her tea, and which chair an elderly cousin finds most agreeable. By degrees the daughter modifies whatever in the home may have been crude, and makes beautiful a home that was at first only comfortable. To economically crown comfort with beauty is the daughter's province.

As a daughter with home for your background there are many lovely acts of charity and practical helpfulness that you can do for other girls. The Children's Hospital knows your value. You have your class at the neighborhood settlement, and in your own unobtrusive way, with home for a starting-point, you are doing good and blessing the world. So, Mary dear, let me end by saying again how glad I am of the girl who is just a daughter.—Mrs. Margaret Sangster, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

The Woodpecker's Musical Discovery

WHILE emptying the new-fallen snow out of the tin "sap-buckets" in a Vermont sugar orchard on the morning of April 21, I was surprised and a little startled by a familiar sound near by which was yet peculiarly unfamiliar. I looked and listened some minutes for the cause of my

perplexity without avail, then went on with my work. Soon, however, the mystery was solved.

Every country boy is probably well acquainted with the "call" of the red-headed woodpecker. He has heard these birds drum on a hard splinter of some old hollow "stub." Rival concerts are thus often held in the woods. As one bird gives the call, another in a distant part of the woods hears, and seeking some good "sounding-board," will answer. Each endeavors to outdo the other in loudness and rapidity. Such was supposedly the source of my perplexity.

Hearing again the sound which had puzzled me, and looking up quickly, a red-headed woodpecker was caught in the act of drumming on the rim of an empty tin sap-bucket. After giving his call, he would jump a few inches away on the side of the tree and wait a moment, then return to the tin bucket and repeat his call. This he did five times in succession.

Many times after that the same bird was observed to drum on different buckets. Once he was seen to drum on the bottom of an empty one, but he seemed to prefer the rim as the source of amusement. It seemed more self-amusement than otherwise, as he was seldom answered by other of his kind.

Now the sugar season is past, and the buckets gathered, and my friend who amused himself and me that April morning will have to forego the repetition of his new-found entertainment until another spring comes round.

FRANK A. PAGE.

A Wise Blacksmith

"SET your pride
In its proper place, and never be ashamed
Of any honest calling."

Where do you suppose I saw those words for the first time? I saw them in a place that gave them a special significance, and that place was the shop of a blacksmith. The words were crudely painted in black letters on a bit of pine board nailed above the door of his shop. I was visiting in the neighborhood, and I said to the farmer friend with whom I was staying: "That man is a good blacksmith, isn't he?"

"The best we ever had in this town. When he sets a shoe or a wagon tire, it stays. I know farmers who go right by two or three blacksmith shops and pay a little higher price here, because they know that Simon Taft does the very best work. He takes pride in his work."

"I am sure of that."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because of that fine sentiment over his door. If he has that same sentiment in his heart, his work will always be of the best. He honors his occupation."

"Well, he certainly does, if being thorough and honest in it counts for anything."

"It counts for everything. And the man or the boy who is ashamed of an honest calling, dishonors that calling, and will never do good work in it."

All pride is out of place when it makes one ashamed of an honest occupation. It is a far worse form of pride to vaunt one's self because of success in a calling that is not honorable.

"Set your pride
In its proper place, and never be ashamed
Of any honest calling."

—Selected.

"THE rust of the mind is the blight of genius."

Is Immigration a Peril?

O. P. AUSTIN, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, in the Department of Commerce, has published an article in the *North American Review*, in which he gives some salient facts regarding immigration. Immigrants came at the average rate of 12,000 a year to 1825, 100,000 a year to 1850, 260,000 a year to 1875, 400,000 a year to 1900, and 665,000 a year since then. In all, 22,000,000 have come. Yet the percentage of residents of foreign birth was greater in 1870 than it is now.

Of the 22,000,000, 5,000,000 were from Germany, 4,000,000 from Ireland, 2,750,000 from England, 2,000,000 from Canada, 1,500,000 each from Norway, Sweden, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. The three latter elements have predominated in recent years.

Some critics hold that the last-named nationalities furnish less desirable immigrants than the earlier arrivals. The census of 1890, showing the percentage of persons of each nationality in jails, prisons, or asylums, or otherwise public charges, puts the Poles lowest on the list, followed in order by Austrians, Russians, Germans, Hungarians, English, Scotch, Italians, French, and Irish. The average of all foreign-born who were public charges was 7.718 per million; of native born only 3.708.

Contrary to usual impressions, 3,843 out of every million foreign-born are insane, and only 1,329 of each million natives.

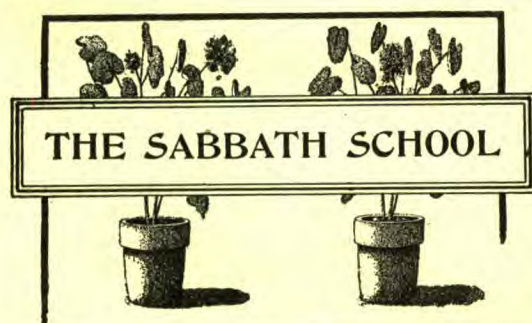
More children of foreign-born than of native-born persons are in school. More persons born in the United States of foreign parents can read and write than among those born of native parents.

The twelve States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and California contain half the people of the country, seventy-eight per cent of the foreign-born population, eighty-one per cent of the Italians, Russians, and Austrians, and two thirds of the property. Immigration makes prosperity.—*Week's Progress.*

The Hidden Gift

It was long ago I read the story sweet—
Of how the German mothers, o'er the sea,
Wind in throughout the yarn their girlies knit,
Some trinkets small, and tiny, shining coins,
That when the little fingers weary grow,
And fain would lay aside the tiresome task,
From out the ball will drop the hidden gift,
To please and urge them on in search of more.
And so, I think, the Father kind above,
Winds in and out the skein of life we weave
Through all the years, bright tokens of his love;
Then when we weary grow, and long for rest,
They help to cheer and urge us on for more;
And far adown within the ball we find,
When all the threads of life at last are spun,
The grandest gift of all—eternal life.

—Selected.

**INTERMEDIATE LESSON****XIII—Review**

(June 25)

Questions

1. NAME the first three kings of Israel. Tell how long each reigned. Who was Rehoboam? What request did the people make of him when he took the kingdom? What answer did he give

them? As a result, what did ten of the tribes do? Whom did they make king over them? What was Jeroboam's kingdom called? Over what two tribes did Rehoboam reign? By what name was his kingdom known? 1 Kings 12:1-25.

2. How did Jeroboam lead Israel to worship idols? What message was sent to him? Who brought it? What sign was given that his words were true? When the king stretched out his hand against the man of God, what happened? How was his hand restored? What command had the Lord given to this messenger? How did he come to disobey it? What was the result? 1 Kings 12:25 to 1 Kings 13:1-24.

3. After these things, what member of Jeroboam's family was sick? To whom did the king send to learn if the child would get well? What message did God send to Jeroboam? What was said about the child? 1 Kings 14:1-16. Name the kings of Israel from Jeroboam to Ahab, and tell how long each reigned. (Jeroboam, 22 years; Nadab, 2 years; Baasha, 24 years; Elah, 2 years; Zimri, 7 days; Omri, 12 years; Ahab.)

4. What message did Elijah give to King Ahab? Where did the prophet then go? How was he fed there? Why did he leave that place? Where did he next go? Tell the story of the widow of Zarephath and the miracle by which she and her family and Elijah were fed. When her son died, how was he restored to life? 1 Kings 17.

5. In the third year of the famine in Samaria, what message did the Lord send to Ahab by Elijah? What question did the king ask of Elijah when he met him? How did the prophet answer him? Tell the story of the test of the prophets of Baal. What did the people say when they saw the fire from heaven? What was done with the wicked prophets? 1 Kings 18:1-40.

6. Where did Elijah go to pray for rain? How was his faith tested there? Tell how the rain came. Why was Elijah obliged to flee for his life? Where did he go? Who ministered to him there? How long did he go in the strength of that food? In what mountain did he find a refuge? What question did the Lord ask him? Give Elijah's answer. How did the Lord show his power to his prophet? How did he speak to him? What did he tell him to do? How many did he say there were in Israel who had not worshiped Baal? 1 Kings 18, last part; 19.

7. Whom did Elijah meet on his way to Canaan? What did he put upon Elisha? Who was Ben-hadad? How many times did he come up against Samaria? Tell how he was defeated each time. Why did the Lord allow the wicked King Ahab to gain these victories?

8. Tell how Ahab tried to get Naboth's vineyard, and how he finally obtained it. When he went to take it, who met him? What message did the prophet give to the king? Because of Ahab's repentance, what did the Lord say he would not bring upon the house of Ahab during his life? 1 Kings 21.

9. Who was king after Ahab? What accident happened to him? To what god did he send messengers to ask if he would recover? Who met these men? What did he say to them? Tell how Ahaziah tried to take the prophet, and how he was hindered. When Elijah finally came to Ahaziah, what did he tell the king? Who was the next king of Israel? 2 Kings 1.

10. Tell how Elijah was taken to heaven. What had Elisha asked might be given to him? On what condition was it to be granted? What did he exclaim when he saw the chariot and horses of fire? What miracle performed by Elisha soon after this, showed that the Spirit of the Lord was with him? 2 Kings 2. What two classes of people are represented by Moses and Elijah?

11. What was the first miracle performed by

Elisha after Elijah was taken to heaven? Tell how the waters of Jericho were healed. What sad thing happened as the prophet was going from Jericho to Bethel? 2 Kings 2. Tell how the host of Israel were supplied with water when they had gone out against Moab. 2 Kings 3.

12. Tell how the widow's oil was multiplied. At what place was a room prepared especially for Elisha? Tell how the son of the Shunammite woman was raised to life. At what place was the pottage healed? Tell the story of this miracle. 2 Kings 4.

13. Name the first three kings of united Israel, and tell how long each reigned. Name the kings of divided Israel, as we have studied them this quarter. (Jeroboam, Nadab, Baasha, Elah, Zimri, Omri, Ahab, Ahaziah, Jehoram.)

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XIII—Events of the Seventh Trumpet

(June 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rev. 11:14-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." 2 Tim. 1:12.

Questions

1. What was to intervene between the second and third woes? Rev. 11:14.

2. When did the sixth trumpet, or second woe, end?—Aug. 11, 1840. See Lesson X.

3. When did the seventh trumpet begin to sound?—1844.

4. What surety have we of this? Rev. 10:7; note 1.

5. What was heard under the seventh trumpet? Rev. 11:15; note 2.

6. What prophecy will then be fulfilled? Dan. 7:27.

7. What takes place in the heavenly sanctuary before this event? Dan. 7:9-11, 26.

8. How is the opening of the judgment referred to in the record of the seventh trumpet? Rev. 11:19; note 3.

9. With whom does the judgment work begin? Verse 18.

10. What will be the condition of the nations during the time of the judgment? Same verse. See also Luke 21:25, 26; Joel 3:9-11, 14-17. Do these conditions exist to-day?

11. What will the Lord do with these nations? Verse 18, last part. When? 2 Thess. 1:7-10.

12. When will Christ receive the kingdom?—At the close of the judgment work. Dan. 7:13, 14.

13. What will then be heard in heaven? Rev. 11:15-17.

14. What evidence have we that the judgment of the righteous will be completed before Christ comes? Rev. 22:12.

15. What is our assurance during this time? Rev. 3:10, 11; 2 Tim. 1:12.

Notes

1. Rev. 10:7 shows that Christ was to begin the final work of his ministry as the seventh trumpet began to sound. The beginning of this final ministry—the cleansing of the sanctuary—is fixed by the twenty-three hundred days of Dan. 8:14, which ended in 1844.

2. The prophet is here permitted to see the events which will occur when Christ's ministry for sin is completed.

3. The study of the sanctuary question shows that the investigative judgment, which precedes the coming of the Lord, is the cleansing of the sanctuary,—the finishing of Christ's ministry in the second apartment of the heavenly temple. The opening of this apartment, where the ark of the testament is, and the opening of the judgment are one and the same event.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE M. DICKERSON . . . EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	-\$.75
SIX MONTHS	-.40
THREE MONTHS	-.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25
CLUB RATES	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	-.55
10 to 100 " " " "	-.50
100 or more " " " "	-.45

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

"SHE had a sunny nature that sought, like a flower in a dark place, for the light."

"THOSE there are whose hearts have a slope southward, and are open to the whole noon of nature."

A church-school teacher writes: "The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has been of great help to myself and pupils during my school work here. It has helped me to send home truths which can never be forgotten, I am sure."

We trust that many other church-school teachers will find it a valuable aid in their work.

Empress of China and the World's Fair

A CABLEGRAM to a St. Louis paper from Tientsin, conveyed the interesting information that a special railroad had been constructed from Peking to tide-water, to transport the portrait of the empress dowager to the coast for shipment to the St. Louis World's Fair, the special railroad and car being considered necessary to prevent the semi-sacred painting from being handled by unhallowed coolies. This picture is unique for still other reasons. It is the first portrait of Empress An, or of any other Chinese ruler, ever painted, and it is the work of an American girl, Miss Carl, who has resided in Paris for a number of years, and has distinguished herself there. Mrs. Conger, wife of the American minister, induced the empress to consent to sit for her portrait, and upon Miss Carl's arrival in Peking she was installed in splendid quarters in the summer palace, where the sittings were given.—*Selected.*

Why Pop Corn Pops

AN everyday scientific problem that has puzzled many persons is, Why does pop-corn pop? The reason appears very simple since science has condescended to offer an explanation. It pops because of the explosive force of steam.

"A grain of pop-corn is a receptacle filled with tightly packed starch-grains," says the *Saturday Evening Post*. "Its interior is divided into a large number of cells, each of which may be regarded as a tiny box, with walls strong enough to resist considerable pressure from within. When heat is applied, the moisture present in each little box is converted into steam, which finally escapes by explosion."

"In order to secure a satisfactory popping there is required a very high heat, which causes most of the cells to explode simultaneously. The grain of corn then turns literally inside out, and is transformed into a relatively large mass of snow-white starch, beautiful to the eye."

"Though gaining so largely in bulk by popping, the grain of corn loses considerably in weight. It has been found that one hundred

average grains of unpopped corn weigh thirteen grams, whereas the same number of grains after popping weigh only eleven grams. The difference is the weight of the evaporated water originally contained in the corn grains.

"If the pop-corn is old and dry, it will not pop well. At best, a few cells near the center of the grain will burst, and the result is not satisfactory. At the base of the kernels, where the latter are attached to the cob, the cells appear to be dryest, and it is noticed that these cells are seldom ruptured in the popping."—*Week's Progress.*

Daily Papers Aboard Ship

As a result of his tests of his wireless apparatus while crossing the Atlantic last week, Signor Marconi has decided to establish a daily newspaper service on the vessels of the Cunard Line. This step was inevitable from the time wireless telegraphy became an assured success. However much some may cry that the last refuge from the daily paper will be gone, there is no question but the mid-Atlantic news service will be welcomed to those whose aim it has been to reduce the time of separation from land and land interests to the lowest point. In his experiments last week Signor Marconi says that he learned at sea of the British victory over the Tibetans at Karo Pass, the calling out of one hundred thousand more men to re-enforce Kuropatkin, the death of Henry M. Stanley, the arrest of Hooley, and the retirement of Mr. Schwab from the Steel directorate, as well as about the stock market and the large gold shipments.—*Week's Progress.*

The Better Way

I LIVE where in bitter wintry weather I can see hundreds of horses struggling to keep their feet, or to start afresh after a necessary halt, and I have learned to see many human similitudes in these poor beasts and their attempts to do what they are asked to perform. On a day when fine, courageous, willing creatures struggled and fell and were strained and maimed, and alas, unmercifully beaten, a poor vender with a feeble horse, saved his load, his animal, and himself by laying a bit of torn blanket over the icy spot, giving an encouraging pat on a tired shoulder, and speaking a kindly word in a drooping ear. Delighted to discover that he could step without sliding, his energies returned, and he trotted past his strong, stumbling, abused comrades, who were urged to do what was impossible, as if he were a prize-winner instead of a poor Pariah among beasts. On the slippery places where the weak stumble and fall, it is, oh! so often our ennobling duty to put within reach some blessed bit of comfort which is a revelation to a man that he yet has strength left for his journey, and power to carry his burden. Out of his danger and feebleness has come our chance to help him attain success.—*Selected.*

How Toil Conquered Pride

JOHN ADAMS, the second president of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:—

"When I was a boy, I studied Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I thoroughly disliked it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till it seemed that I could stand it no longer, and going to my father, I told him that I did not like to study, and asked for some other employment."

"My father said: 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, try ditching, perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and so you may put by Latin and try digging.'"

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But soon I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the

longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it."

"I dug all next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner, but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told father that if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar."

"He was glad of it, and whatever distinction I have since gained, it has been largely owing to the two days' labor in that ditch."—*Selected.*

New Book Now Ready—How A Little Girl Went to Africa

As Told by Herself

IN this day of "making of many books," parents are puzzled to know what is good literature to place before their children.

"How a Little Girl Went to Africa" is written by a little Seventh-day Adventist girl—Miss Leona M. Bicknell—who went to Africa with her parents. The volume is written in her own language, and describes in a child's way the wonders she saw on land and sea. It gives an interesting description of leaving home, boarding a big steamer in New York, a trip across the great ocean, landing in England, sights seen in London; another ocean voyage and arrival in Africa; strange peoples, flowers, and fruits, up to Zululand, ostrich farms and diamond mines; among the Boers, etc.

This little girl evidently had a kodak with her; for she has brought back many original pictures of scenes which she saw along the way—too many to enumerate in this space. These are reproduced in this book, and aid in making it a very pretty, interesting, and instructive volume.

Bound in red cloth, printed with decorations of tropical foliage. Price, postpaid, \$1.—*Review and Herald.*



ROCK HALL, MD., May 8, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the Children's Page of the INSTRUCTOR, and anxiously look for it every week. I study my Sabbath-school lesson from the INSTRUCTOR, also use it in my church-school work. We have an enrolment of twenty-eight pupils.

I enjoyed especially the story in the INSTRUCTOR entitled "The Corner Grocery," by Mr. Benjamin Keech, and only wish that we might have continued stories oftener. I wish that you could get the story "The Man That Died for Me," and have it published, because I would like to read it. I would like to know whether you think Ernest Thompson Seton's animal stories good? also could you tell me where his book "Wild Animals I Have Known" is published?

Sincerely,

IRENA COLEMAN.

This is an excellent letter. I am very glad to answer letters that show that some one is thinking, and is interested in good reading.

I will try to get the story of "The Man That Died for Me," and have it printed in the INSTRUCTOR. Meanwhile would it not be well to read again the *old, old story* as told by Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John? Some Sabbath day is a good time for this.

I regard some of Mr. Seton's animal stories as very good, and others as entirely too fanciful to be of real worth. You will no doubt find the book "Wild Animals I Have Known" interesting in connection with your school work. It is published by C. Scribner's Sons, New York.