

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LII

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 21, 1904

No. 25



Hankow, China

AFTER a voyage of three and one-half days, traveling six hundred miles, we caught our first glimpse, on October 31, of Hankow. As we drew near the harbor, several small boats came out to meet the steamer, the men jumping upon the boat while it was in motion. Three fell, one of whom was killed by the screw propeller striking him. The officers paid but little attention to the men, for they were only Chinamen; but it touched us, for our sympathies were with this race of people, who have not had the privileges of enlightenment.

Anchoring, we were expecting to see Brother Pilquist from Sin Iang Cheo, and in a short time two well-dressed and intelligent-looking Chinamen, their faces all aglow, came on the boat and sought us out from the rest of the passengers, and motioned to us sufficiently to make us understand that Brother Pilquist was in Hankow, and would soon be there to meet us. These men were two of our converts.

Hankow is to China what Chicago is to the United States. Located centrally in China, it has a railroad which connects it with the northern part of China, and another previously mentioned which connects it with the southern part. It is located on the Yangtse Kiang River at the point where the Han River joins it, these two rivers putting it in connection with western China, as both are navigable for many miles by steam launches and small river steamers.

Hankow is composed of the Chinese city proper, and several foreign settlements, the foreign portion lying east of the Chinese city. Foreigners are rapidly emigrating here, most of them for the purpose of speculating, and they are therefore rapidly building up new industries. The Russians have immense tea factories, and they control the tea industry of China, as Rockefeller does the oil in America.

There are twenty-two river steamers plying back and forth between Hankow and Shanghai each week; two of the small cruisers captured by Dewey at Manila were lying in the harbor at Hankow, subject to call by the American consul in case of trouble arising.

Here we found paved streets, four and five story buildings, and a newly built city after modern pattern.

All the draying and transferring of freight and baggage are accomplished by hand labor, instead of using animals. Our company had their baggage transferred to

a hotel, and it required twenty-two coolies to carry it.

Passports to travel in China had to be secured here. Having given evidence to the consul that we were citizens of the United States, he supplied us with a passport issued by the consul at Peking, and sealed by the Chinese imperial government, granting us the privilege of traveling through China, and offering us protection if needed, but we feel much safer under the protection of God, who has brought us here, and will allow nothing to harm us.

Brother Pilquist, who was clothed in Chinese costume, aided us in securing Chinese apparel, and here we made the change and became Chinamen. This costume has many superior qualities to our own, being lighter, looser, and altogether more comfortable.

Hankow to Sin Iang Cheo

From Hankow to Sin Iang Cheo

we go by way of the Hankow and Peking Railroad. When we learned that this line of railroad was being built through the central part of China, we felt that it was the Lord's work to serve as an aid in spreading his message to the benighted millions of this land.

Before the construction of this road, the only means of conveyance to the interior was by means of sedan-chairs, wheelbarrows, and donkey carts, methods too slow for an American.

At the present time there is being constructed a railroad running from Canton to Hankow, which will be completed within two years. The line running from Hankow to the north is now completed to within one hundred miles of the Yellow River.

The Hankow and Peking Railroad is being built by a company of French and Belgian capitalists. The operating of the road is under the joint control of this company and the Chinese government.

From Hankow northward, the country through

which the road is built is quite level until the Huai Yang Mountains are reached; here the road goes through a tunnel about eighty rods in length.

The road-bed is well constructed, and is probably equal to those made in the States, but as much can not be said for the service the road offers to its many patrons.

Locomotives are of the modern types. The exterior of the first and second-class passenger coaches presents the appearance of a freight-car with windows in the sides. The interior of the first-class coaches is divided into small compartments holding from two to four persons; all the seats and interior finishings are made of plain boards. The third-class passenger-cars are similar to the open box cars used in the States for hauling coal. No seats are provided in them, and the occupant is exposed to both wind and weather. No

baggage cars are provided, and the only allowance made the passenger is hand luggage, which, with the ordinary Chinaman, includes all his possessions.

The fare from Hankow to Sin Iang Cheo, a distance of one hundred thirty miles, is \$3.75 for first-class passengers, second-class fare is half of this, and third-class fare is half of the second-class.

The train crew is made up entirely of Chinese, with the exception of one foreigner, who has a general oversight of affairs.

Very few of the stations have any baggage room, and this necessitates one's looking after his baggage very carefully, lest some absent-minded native walk off with a part of it. The road is largely patronized by the Chinese, both for passenger and freight service.

Sin Iang Cheo is one of the most important stations along the line. Our mission station was located here for some time, but it was thought best to move away from this place, because the foreign element coming in with the newly constructed railroad had an evil influence on the natives. The Chinese are very prone to copy the vices of the foreigners, and these ungodly men coming into the country do much to hinder the work of the missionary.

Reaching this place late in the afternoon, we exchanged our box cars for a Chinese inn. The



DR. AND MRS. MILLER IN CHINESE COSTUME

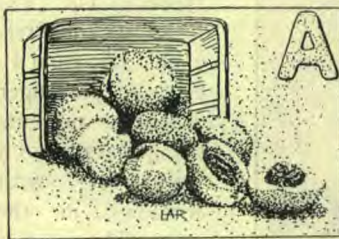


typical Chinese inn has mud walls and a roof of tile or thatch; some of the inns, however, have partitions between apartments, made of light bamboo work so loosely constructed that one is exposed to the gaze of his neighbor, and also to the smoke from his pipe. The furniture consists of a stool, a table, and a bamboo frame for a bed. In many of the inns one must dispense with this latter article, and be content with spreading his mats on the bare earth floor. The fare served to the guest is tea, a bowl of rice, a bowl of food consisting of a mixture of various vegetables, which, as a rule, is well seasoned with onions or red pepper.

At Sin Iang Cheo one must dispense with all modern traveling conveniences, and have recourse to those methods of travel which were used in the days of Abraham. A. C. SELMON, M. D.



Strength in Weakness



AND now to resume our study of the germination of the kernel of corn. We have spoken of the formation of the root, the sprouting of the

seed above the soil, and the formation of the foliage.

And foliage is the first thing the plant must secure, after obtaining a hold in the soil; for in the leaves the material of the plant is to be manufactured. The plant, to produce a root, a short stem, and the first leaves, depends upon the material laid up in the seed. But when once this supply in the seed has been exhausted, the plant must die unless the leaves and root work together to continue its life and growth.

Wheat and other grain will make quite a good start in plain, moist, warm sand; but in this soil it can never go farther than its original supply of food in the seed will carry it. The seed will furnish food for the start; but it will not carry the plant through all the round of its growth and life.

And this principle of the natural world holds true in the matter of spiritual birth and life. Every child of God must first be born of a seed, "an incorruptible seed," even the Word of God. This first experience carries him a certain distance in the spiritual life; but he can not depend upon this first experience solely for the attainments of the later years.

When the root, stem, and foliage have formed, a complete plant has come into existence. At this stage it must begin to be a fully organized plant indeed. No longer can it live upon a supply of energy already stored up by it from the parent plant. It must begin to do a work for itself. If it fails to do this individual work, it ceases to exist. Failure for it in this is death. Surrounded by a food-laden atmosphere, flooded with the energizing light, its root bathed in vivifying moisture, it dies because it does not appropriate these life-giving elements.

But a plant under these perfect conditions lives and does its work. The stones may keep its roots from moisture, the thorns may choke its foliage and keep away its supply of light and air; under such conditions, of course it must die. And so it is with the spiritual plant. Once born of the Spirit, it will continue to grow, unless the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, or other hindering things prevent it from appropriating the life of God.

Yes, there must be a growth of the plant as

well as a germinating of the seed. However, do not think you can find this later, maturing growth through effort or labor of your own. You have but to fulfil the conditions of growth, and, naturally and easily, life will do the work. Yet even so growing and maturing, it will be but an instrument, all weak and frail, yet thoroughly adapted to its purpose. In it God's great sufficiency shall be manifested and made perfect, even to the maturing and glorifying of a human soul.

In the following experiment, we have a remarkable example of great power manifested and made perfect in weakness:—

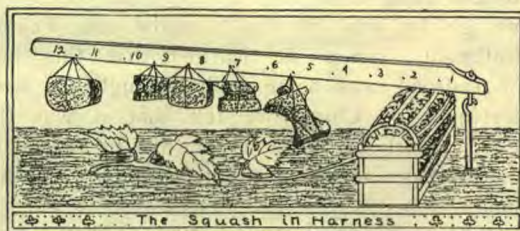
"In the Agricultural College at Amherst, Massachusetts, a squash of the yellow Chile variety was put in harness in 1874 to see how much it would lift by its power of growth.

"It was not an oak or mahogany tree, but a soft, pulpy, squashy squash that one could poke his finger into, nourished through a soft, succulent vine that one could mash between finger and thumb.

"The squash was confined in an open harness of iron and wood, and the amount lifted was indicated by weights on the lever over the top. There were, including seventy nodal roots, more than eighty thousand feet of roots and rootlets. The roots increased one thousand feet in twenty-four hours. They were afforded every advantage by being grown in a hotbed. On August 21 it lifted sixty pounds. By September 30 it lifted a ton. On October 24 it carried over two tons. The squash grew gnarled like an oak, and its substance was almost as compact as mahogany. Its cavity was very small, but it perfectly elaborated its seeds, as usual.

"The lever to indicate the weight had to be changed for stronger ones from time to time. More weights were sought. They scurried through the town and got an anvil and pieces of railroad iron, and hung them at varying distances, as shown in the cut. By the thirty-first of October it was carrying a weight of five thousand pounds. Then, owing to defects of the new contrivance, the rind was broken through without showing what might have been done under better conditions. Every particle of the squash had to be added and find itself elbow room under this enormous pressure. But life will assert itself."—*"Among the Forces,"* pages 139-141.

Such is the work wrought in those watery nothings, called protoplasm. Truly it is God's



power that worketh in them: God uses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty.

It matters not if we be unconscious of the working of this mighty power, for the leaf does not feel the might of the power that works within it; its cells could never endure the strain. The glory of the work is that, though mighty, it is performed so easily that a thin, watery protoplasm is a sufficient instrument for the work.

In like manner, we may not sense God's might in us. The perfection of his work lies in the fact that it is performed in instruments as weak as we. And therefore God has purposed to work in weak instruments of clay; for his "strength is made perfect in weakness."

The work in the leaf is, also, silent. And the work God works in us is no less silent, for the "kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation [or outward display]." Life or growth is always silent. No man ever heard plant or other living creature grow. Your relation with God,

if anything, is a life, a growth. True to the law of all growth, it is silent.

God is in the whirlwind and in the storm, but he is also in the silent and beneficent sunshine. His power may be in the thundering artillery of the heavens, but it is also in the silent current from an electric battery or dynamo.

God's voice may be in the wild convulsions of nature, but it may also be the still, small voice,—so still and small that, unless we walk softly and carefully before him, we shall fail to hear it. Our God is the God of thunders, but, too, he is the God of silence; and in that silence his work goes on.

"Be still, and know that I am God."

"In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." "Then judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field. And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever. And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places." Isa. 30: 15; 32: 16-18.

L. A. REED.

What Is Done with the Frisky Steer

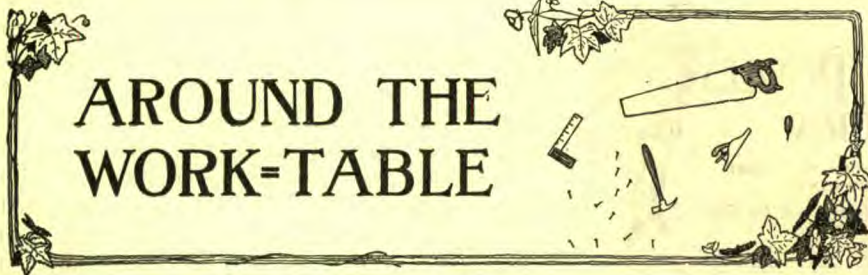
THE horns are cut off close to the head, and the pith is removed, to be sent to the glue-pot, while the horns themselves are dried, sorted into various grades, and eventually converted into combs and buttons. Most of the so-called tortoise-shell on the market is a really beautiful and very accurate imitation made from cattle horns, which are reduced to flat sheets with the help of steam, and afterward colored. The tips of the horns are converted into mouthpieces for pipes, and the scraps left over are sold to the florist as a superior kind of fertilizer.

The bones are utilized in a variety of ways, the knuckles from the feet and shanks being transformed into knife handles, toothbrushes, and buttons. The hard bone takes a high polish, and is hardly distinguishable from ivory; the scraps are used by manufacturers of bicycles for case-hardening steel, as well as for poultry food. As for the hoofs, they go to make buttons, glue, and gelatine.

From the blood, albumen is extracted for calico-printing and for finishing leathers. Such portions of the hide as are not utilized for leather, furnish isinglass, and such of the fat as will not saponify is converted into glycerine and nitroglycerine. From the fat also is obtained oil for oleomargarine and butterine; the feet yield neat's-foot oil, and the tail affords material for curled hair mattresses. The rest of the hair is transformed into felt, cheaper grades of which are used for insulating refrigerator cars and ice-boxes, as well as for under-carpeting, while the better qualities are employed for horse blankets, saddlery, and hats.

Glycerine, which is now so important a by-product of the packing-house, and for which so many valuable uses have been found, was formerly a waste substance evolved incidentally to the manufacture of candles from palm oil. It was thrown away in quantities. But to-day the problem of utilizing every portion of the slaughtered animal has been solved so completely that absolutely nothing is lost. Even the gray brain-stuff of the calf furnishes a substance valuable in the treatment of neurasthenia and other nervous diseases, and the stomach of the pig yields pepsin for the benefit of persons with weak digestion. All parts of the animal that are not utilized for food or manufacture find their way back to the farm as fertilizer.—*Rene Bache, in Saturday Evening Post.*

"Nor in pulling down, but in building up, does man find pure joy."



AROUND THE WORK-TABLE

Building a Simple Electric Engine

WHEN a current of electricity flows through a wrapping of wire on an iron bar, it makes a magnet of the bar, giving it power to pull other iron to itself. That pulling power is able to turn machinery, and, in fact, all the electric machinery in the world runs by it.

We work with our hands; electricity works with its hands, too, but they are magnets. They pull and push on the rims of wheels, and turn them, just as our hands do.

Knowing that one simple fact, I am sure no wide-awake "Work-Table" boy will say "I can't" when it comes to building our little electric engine. It is simplicity itself, can be constructed very cheaply, will run at a great speed, and will give a clear insight into the way electricity does things.

Making the Magnet

Every electric machine must have a magnet connected with it somewhere. The motor needs one of the little electric-bell magnets, and one can probably get an old one for five or ten cents at an electrical shop. But if he can not buy it, he can certainly make it in the following manner: bend a piece of round iron $\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches into a horseshoe, like Fig. 1. File the ends off level. With pasteboard, writing paper, and glue or mucilage make two bobbins as shown in Fig. 2. The stems of the bobbins consist of from three to five layers of paper, brought through the cardboard discs, and glued on the ends. The bobbins should fit loosely.

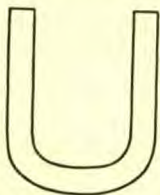


Fig. 1.

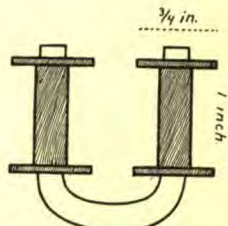


Fig. 2.

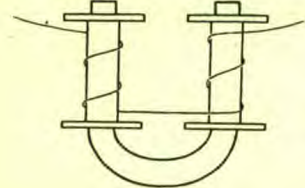


Fig. 4.

Fig. 3 shows the method of wrapping the magnet with wire. One should have from three-quarters to one ounce of cotton-covered copper magnet wire of No. 24 or 26 for each bobbin; it will cost from five to ten cents an ounce. Wrap tight and even and level. When both bobbins are wrapped as smooth as a spool of thread, without having the wire cut between them, they are ready to slip on the horseshoe-magnet. Fig. 4 shows how to put them on. One can see also that the two bobbins are wrapped differently, one one way and one the other. This is very necessary, for the magnet will not work unless it is thus wrapped.

The magnet is now ready for use, and when connected with a battery, it should lift large pieces of iron readily. If it does not, some mistake has been made in the wrapping, and the

net, the screw being long, and going down between the bobbins into the "magnet block" below. This holds the "electric hands" solid and steady.

Fig. 6 is the running-gear. The spindle is a piece of hat pin; a is a one-quarter inch strip of heavy tin soldered on the pin at c, one-half inch from the end; b and b are little pieces of iron three-eighths inch square, on which the magnet can pull; d is a little oval of copper or brass soldered near the other end and at right angles to a.

Some little strips of tin or sheet brass are quickly fashioned into bearings. The front bearing, Fig. 7, has an extra strip of brass or tin, against which the magnet pulls the spindle. It is marked t in the diagram, and is bent backward or forward quite close to the horseshoe, yet without striking it. The end bearing shown in F, Figs. 5 and 8, and also in the photograph, needs no further explanation.

Fig. 8 shows a very thin brass strip rubbing against the oval soldered on the spindle. Just how heavily this must touch, and just when it must begin and end its touch, can only be determined by experiment. The strip can, of course, be bent to touch just as may seem necessary.

Connecting with the Battery
Fig. 5 leaves little to be explained as regards the wiring. One wire from the magnet runs directly to the battery. The other magnet wire runs to the end bearing. Another wire goes from the spring shown in Figs. 5 and 8, to the battery.

The Battery Required

Almost any kind of battery that can be named will make this little engine hum. A dry battery, such as is used for door-bell and telephone work, will do very well; one cell is enough.

If one is to make a battery, and do it simply and cheaply, I would recommend him to make the bluestone gravity, or the bichromate tumbler battery described in the INSTRUCTOR dated Dec. 22, 1903.

The value of this little motor is not in the amount of work it can do, for it will do none, but rather in the experience and dexterity one acquires while making it, and in the insight he certainly gets into the workings of this mysterious power—electricity, which is the world's willing servant to-day.

spool will need to be rewrapped.

Building the Machine

Fig. 5 indicates the best way of mounting the magnet. A small block, c, is screwed upon the top of the mag-

Mushroom Poisoning

SOME one asks, "Will you kindly tell us through the INSTRUCTOR which of the mushrooms are really good for food? and what is mushroom poison?"

It would be impossible for me to tell you all you wish to know even in a great many pages of the INSTRUCTOR, because there are so very, very many kinds of good and of bad mushrooms. There are few dangerously poison kinds as com-

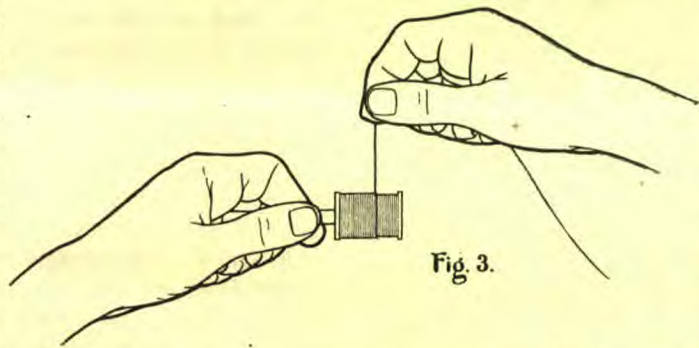
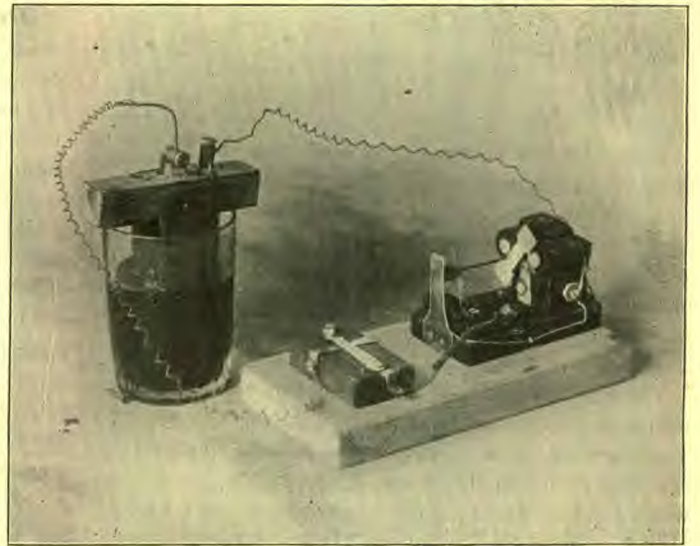


Fig. 3.

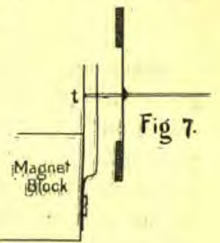


Fig. 7.

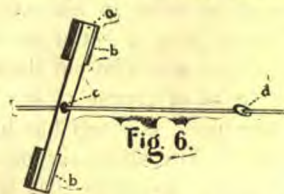


Fig. 6.

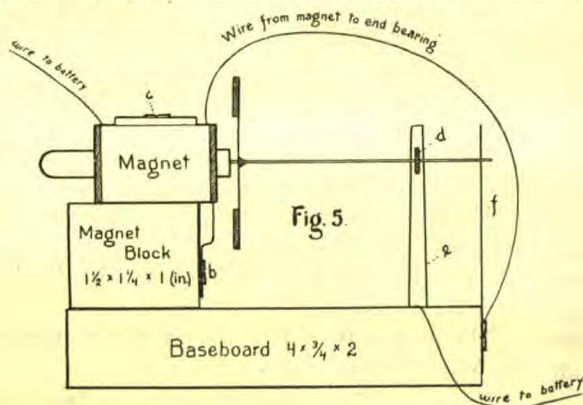


Fig. 5.

pared to the good, but these poison ones are so serious in their action that one should be really certain of the harmless nature of any variety he decides to use. There are books printed which give pictures and descriptions of hundreds of kinds, and which enable one to learn the exact quality of most of those he finds.

There are different kinds of poisons contained in mushrooms. Take, for instance, the one called "death cup." The poisonous principle of this is *phallin*, one of the tox-

albumins, somewhat related to rattlesnake poison. Once in the system, it quickly dissolves the blood corpuscles, allowing them to pass into the alimentary canal, and draining the whole system of its vitality. There is no known antidote. The only chance of saving life is by the stomach-pump and oil purgatives. If only a very small amount of poison has entered the system, it may wear itself out on the blood before death has been produced. The amount of poison necessary to produce death is alarmingly small. Some poisons in other members of the mushroom family exercise a deadening or paralyzing effect on the nerves controlling the action of the heart.

EDISON DRIVER.

THE tallest people are the Polynesians, that island race which includes the natives of Samoa, New Zealand, the Marquesas, and Hawaii. Their average full-grown men stand 5 feet 9 1-3 inches, whereas the American averages 5 feet 7 2-3 inches—Selected.

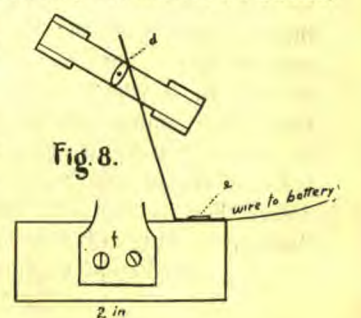


Fig. 8.

PARABLES FROM NATURE



The palm tree beaten by the scorching sun and fierce sand-storm, stands green and flourishing and fruitful in the midst of the desert. Its roots are fed by the living springs. Its crown of verdure is seen afar over the parched, desolate plain; and the traveler, ready to die, urges his failing steps to the cool shade and the life-giving water.

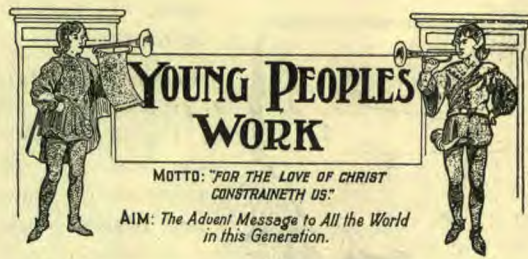
The tree of the desert is a symbol of what God means the life of his children in this world to be. They are to guide weary souls, full of unrest, ready to perish in the desert of sin, to the living water. They are to point their fellow men to Him who gives the invitation, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

A MAN found a wild torrent in the mountain. It could work only waste and ruin as it rushed, uncontrollable, down the gorge. He built a flume for it, and carried its wild floods in quiet streams down into the valley, where they watered the fields and gardens, gave drink to the thirsty, and turned many a wheel of industry. That was far better than if he had dried up the torrent. It was far better, too, than if it had been left to flow on forever with destructive force. Now it was flumed and made to do good, and make the world richer and more beautiful. That is what God wants to do with the cravings, the desires, the passions, the longings, and all the mighty energies of our nature. They are not to be allowed to work waste and ruin in efforts to find gratification in earthly channels, in unbridled license. That is sin's way. Rather, these great forces in our nature are to come under the yoke of Christ, and are to be led by him into all holy service for God and man.—*J. R. Miller.*

YEARS ago there were in southern California great stretches of burning plains, covered with dry sand, with scarcely a living thing growing anywhere upon them. Meanwhile, up in the mountains, there were streams of water produced by the melting snows, running to waste, oftentimes causing damage as they rushed down the gorges. Men saw that if those wasting and destructive streams could only be carried down into the valleys, and made to distribute their waters over the alkaline sands, the desert could be changed into a garden. To-day great orange orchards grow on what, twenty-five years ago, were barren wastes.

This is an illustration of what the forces of human nature, which now in so many lives run riot in dissipation, doing harm to others, and hurt to God's kingdom, might be trained to do, if all their energies were but turned to noble and beneficent uses. That is what Christ proposes to do with those who come to him. He sets them free, not by unleashing them to live without law or control, but by bringing them under his own yoke, where in true and holy serving and obedience they will not only find rest and peace for themselves, but will also become the means of carrying benediction to others.—*J. R. Miller.*

"A MINUTE'S drift may mean an hour's pull."



THE WEEKLY STUDY

Desolation of the Earth

CHAPTER STUDY: "Great Controversy," Chapter Forty-one.

LESSON TOPICS:—

- Time when God rewards according to the iniquity.
- Bemoanings of the wicked.
- Regrets of the wicked.
- False shepherd's harvest.
- People turn upon their spiritual leaders — strife and bloodshed everywhere.
- Prophecies fulfilled — wicked destroyed and earth desolated.
- Satan's long period of reflection.
- Judgment of the wicked.
- Second resurrection.

Note

Make the lesson a real Bible study, fixing in the minds of all the texts relating to the various points.

A Message to Our Young People From the Mission Field

I AM sure that none watch the growth of our Young People's Societies with more interest than the young men and women who have gone out from home and friends to spend their life and strength in carrying the Advent Message in the new fields. We can assure you that as the news of this awakening has reached us, we have been greatly cheered.

As we think of the thousands of young men and women dwelling in ease at home, and then face the great unwarned multitudes before us, with our workers laboring one by one, so far distant from one another as to be almost overwhelmed by the magnitude of the task before them, we are led to our knees in earnest prayer that the Lord will awaken his people to appreciate the situation as it is.

The Bible says that the Lord has chosen the young because they are strong. As we enter upon the last of the final conflict, the brunt of the battle will fall upon our young people. We shall look to our older ones for guidance, wisdom, and counsel, but our young men and women must step forward and bear the heat of the day, the fierceness of the conflict.

And why should it not be so? Why has the Lord endowed the young people of this denomination with strength, if not that they should spend and be spent in his service? There surely has never been a better or nobler cause set before men in which to put their talents out to usury.

It is of course a way of self-denial and self-sacrifice. But self has brought sin into the universe, with all its accompanying pain, misery, and death. Anything that will help in the work of subduing self should be welcomed heartily.

There is a pleasure in sin, but it is only for a season. The sweetness of self-sacrifice far outweighs those transitory pleasures. Self-sacrifice and self-denial should now be carried conscientiously into our daily life. Then whether at home or abroad, the rule is the same. The mind of every one of our young people should be divested of the idea that there is any romance connected with foreign missionary work. There is a pleasure, but it is the pleasure of toil and self-sacrifice for the Master. One can and should enjoy that wherever he is, and under all circumstances.

It means much to toil day after day under the heat of a tropical sun, with no cooler days to look forward to, but rather one unending "hot spell" stretching out in the distance, to be cut short only by the coming of the blessed Jesus; to spend your life near pestilential swamps, which contaminate the surrounding atmosphere with their deadly miasma; to be laid with those that are near and dear to you on beds of pain and suffering, with none to minister to your physical needs; yes, this and more for his dear name's sake.

We pray that each member of our Young People's Society shall volunteer for service. Let that service begin right where you are. In the Sabbath-school and the prayer-meeting there is abundant need of the help you can give. In the selling of the *Signs* or any of our good missionary papers and books, there lies before our young people, however limited their advantages, an unequaled opportunity to develop their talents. If you have grit, pluck, and perseverance, this, together with the facilities offered by our training-schools, either as a resident student or through the Correspondence Courses, places you in the way of an education that is not surpassed in the world to-day. There are great possibilities in our spare and wasted moments. We wish for young men and women out in the mission field, who are not daunted by the most discouraging outlook, and who are able even under the most forbidding circumstances to wring victory from apparent defeat.

With such a leader as Prince Emmanuel, with the privilege of linking up with the heavenly intelligences, with the opportunity before us of placing ourselves in the channel of all the wisdom and power of the universe, the young people of this denomination are well able to do the work committed to them.

"To the work, to the work!"

There is labor for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus 'Salvation is free.'

GEO. F. ENOCH.

Good Words

AN interesting report comes to us from the Boston Young People's Society. Their Society is not large, the average attendance being only ten, and a number of the members are children, from eight to twelve years of age.

The first Sabbath in each month is devoted to the study of some special country. The intervening lessons will be spent in Bible studies conducted in the form of readings, but more thorough than is usual in such readings, that the young people may "be ready to give an answer to every man that asketh" them a reason for the hope within. Prayer, social meeting, and recitation of Scripture form part of the regular exercises. It is expected that each one will do some practical work in spreading this message.

The program for the last Sabbath in May is given below; nearly all of those that took part were little people:—

Life of Livingstone, by Miss Leonard.

Poem, by Katie Mooney.

Story (bringing in points on the Sabbath questions), composed and read by Miss Russell.

Four comforting promises of God, repeated by Avis Leonard.

The biggest bear story in the Bible, told by Glen Russell.

Paper—"The Sweetest Love Story in the Word"—by Miss Clough.

Thirty of Solomon's proverbs, selected and read by Lewis Darouche.

Paper—"The Life of Moses"—by Mildred Hastings.

The most musical psalm—ten verses repeated by May Clough.

Paper—"The Japanese"—Gladys Darouche.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Little Faults

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines."

The polished shield, so bright and clear,
May dented be with heavy spear:
Its luster still, despite that blow,
Will dazzle the oncoming foe.

But prick it o'er with needles fine,
A million little shafts in line,
And, lo! the polish all is gone,
The knight who bears it limps forlorn.

One sin the conscience may not sear,
Nor make, atoned for, friend less dear;
But petty faults made numberless
Will lose one heaven, as all confess.

George Bancroft Griffith.

Something for the Little People

I NOW wish to present to you our children, whose photograph you may see on the first page, for I know that you are interested in looking at pictures. I presume you think they appear rather strange. From their clothing it would be difficult to say whether they are boys or girls, Swedish or Chinese. Therefore I gladly introduce our two little girls to the younger readers of this paper.

Hannah Elizabeth Pilquist is the larger one, a little more than six and one-half years old. She has just recovered from a siege of the typhoid fever, and consequently looks rather thin. Ellen Maria Josefina Pilquist, somewhat smaller than her sister, was four years old last August, and she also has been ill for some time, but is now, as you can tell from the picture, happy and robust, for which we praise the Lord. Now I presume you would like to hear something more about these two Swedish girls.

Hannah was born in Ning-hsafu, which is located in Kansu, a northwestern province of China. Since she was six weeks old, we have almost constantly traveled here and there in China, America, and Europe; but she, of course, does not remember much of what she has seen. Hannah is quite tall and spindling. She has light-blue eyes and brown hair, and a calm, quiet disposition, but is at times playful. She is intelligent for her age, and takes pleasure in making herself useful. She has already read through the first part of her A B C book, and she sews quite well, but the best thing of all is that Hannah loves Jesus, is an obedient girl, and never wearies of listening to what is said about our Saviour. Often she says to me, "Please read to me, read about Jesus."

On the way to the place where we now live. I was taken ill with malarial fever, and one evening when we stopped at a little country place to rest after the wearisome journey of the day, Hannah said, "To-day, when I saw mama so sick, I prayed to Jesus that she would not die." After our arrival she came to me one time when the fever was again raging, and asked, "Shall I read the Bible to mama?" I wished to hear read the fourteenth chapter of John, and Hannah tried to find this, but not succeeding, I helped her, and then in her childish voice, she read the beautiful words, "Let not your heart be troubled."

Little Ellen is quite different from her sister, both in appearance and in disposition. She is more playful and boisterous. She was born in America, in Battle Creek, Michigan, and is consequently neither Swedish nor Chinese, as far as her birthplace is concerned. She has a plump and robust appearance, and is well proportioned. In comparison with Chinese children of her own age, she is quite a little larger. Her hair is light brown, and her eyes are dark. I have nothing very remarkable to write about Ellen, only to

say that she is a sweet and lovely girl. Her large and beautiful eyes, her round and rosy cheeks, and her small, pretty mouth, which is continually busy speaking either Swedish or Chinese, makes her very attractive. She is just now engaged in ironing her doll's clothes after the Chinese fashion, which is done by laying a garment on a stool and pounding it with a piece of flat board. The children usually play in Swedish, but when playing school or store, or carrying a chair as the coolies do, they play in Chinese, which at such times is more natural.

We have a watch-dog named Tref, a few goats, which give us rich, delicious milk, and some lambs. The children are very fond of all of these.

Hannah and Ellen have some playmates of the same age, with whom they associate at times to while away the hours; and thus their childhood days are spent in a quiet and commonplace way.

Now we have made our little readers acquainted with our dear children, and when you pray for the poor heathen children, I hope you will not forget to pray for my two little girls. They send their love with mine to you. IDA PILQUIST.

Candy or Missions

"O GRANDMA, please tell me what I shall do, for I have joined the new mission band, and we have to pay a whole quarter of a dollar a year. Where do you suppose I shall get it?"

Grandma Wheatley laid down the stocking she was mending, and looked kindly at Katie, the girl who seemed to think twenty-five cents a large sum to send to the heathen.

By and by she said, slowly, "Long years ago money was not so easily gotten as it is now. Girls and boys in the town where I lived seldom had any. If we wanted something sweet, there was no candy for us, and I never heard of ice-cream. If we wanted dolls, we rolled up old shawls, dressed corn-cobs, or got some older persons to make rag babies.

"In those days I heard of some young ladies who formed a missionary society, agreeing to meet once a month, and pay one dollar a year. Where the money was coming from, not one of them knew, but as Jesus said, 'Go, teach all nations,' they were going to obey him as far as they could. One was mourning, when the dev came for their third meeting, because she had nothing to give; but when she turned and oiled the great cheeses in the dairy, under the last one lay just the sum she wanted, though how it came there was a mystery to the whole family.

"Another, having tried in vain to secure some money, found a quarter under some chips she was picking up in the yard. One did some writing for her father which he was to have a lawyer do, and, to her surprise, earned her money.

"But children now have more money. If you will try one month, and then can not get anything to help others to find the Saviour, we will talk it over again."

Katie went out, very slowly, for she knew she often had money to spend, but thought she must have that for candy, and the missionary money she would find somewhere, just as the young ladies did. She could not write well, and did not live on a farm where there were cheeses to turn; but there was the woodshed, and if that failed, the street.

She had heard of people finding money on the sidewalk; so, after filling all the baskets with chips, and kicking around in the shed until there was danger that she would ruin her new boots, vainly trying to strike a silver mine, she began to search the streets.

Day after day she went along with head bent

low, and was nearly thrown down several times. by persons who were carrying burdens and did not see her.

At last she went to her grandma, saying, "There, grandma! I have tried *hard* for a whole month, and not a single quarter can I find."

"What were you eating as you came in?" asked the dear old lady, with a sorrowful look in her eyes.

"Candy," said Katie.

"And how much have you spent for candy this week?"

"Oh, I don't know; three cents to-day, five yesterday, two the day before, and, let me see, ten Monday. Uncle Will gave me fifteen cents, and papa ten this week."

"Katie," said Grandma Wheatley, solemnly, "are you sure Jesus is pleased with a little girl who could spend twenty-five cents for candy in one short week, yet could not give as much in a whole year to send the story of his love to the heathen, though she knew there were millions and millions bowing down to wood and stone, knowing nothing of Christ and heaven? If you hunt the Bible through, you can find no promise of beautiful mansions in heaven for those who are too selfish to send others word that there is a heaven, and that Christ wants them there."

After Katie left grandma, she did a bit of thinking; she saw how very selfish she had been, and we are glad to say she found a way to get her quarter for the missionary work.—Mrs. N. C. Alger.

Half Past

"HALF past what?" asked Connie.

"Three," guessed Nan.

"No."

Then came Millie's turn.

"Nine," she guessed.

"No," said Connie. "Ada comes next."

And so it went on down the long line of girls who were playing the game, and at last it came to Kitty.

"Eight," she guessed.

"Right!" cried Connie, and then she started toward the corner, running as hard as she could, and Kitty ran after her. But Connie reached the post on the corner before Kitty caught up.

"You didn't get me!" she said, triumphantly.

"No, I can always guess the number, but I can never catch anybody," laughed the little girl, and she again took her place in the line.

Then Connie and a girl that she picked out chose a number, and the guessing went on.

"I wish I could catch somebody just once," sighed Kitty. "I'd like to be chased."

"Half past?" Nan was asking, and Kitty's turn had come to answer.

"Four," she said.

"Right."

Then Nan started on a run, but what was the matter with Kitty? When she heard the word, "Right," she had given a jump and a little scream, cried "Half-past four!" and started to run, not after Nan, but in the opposite direction. On and on she went, with the girls watching her in wonder.

When Nan saw that she was not being pursued, she went back to the others.

"Why did Kitty run that way?" she asked.

But nobody knew.

"She just looked up at the sky, hollered, and ran off," said one of the smaller girls.

"I think she has gone home," remarked another.

"Suppose we all go after her and find out why she did it," suggested Nan.

So off they started, going two by two, and looking very much like a procession of some kind. When they reached Kitty's home, they found her sitting on the front stoop. Her face was flushed, and she looked tired, but she smiled when she saw them.

"Why did you run away?" demanded several of the girls.

"I was so afraid that I wouldn't get here in time," Kitty told them. "You see, I promised mama that I would be here by half-past four, and when we said that in the game, I just thought of it, and I had to hurry as fast as I could so as to keep my word."

"Would your mother punish you if you hadn't come?" questioned Nan.

"O, no, but she would have been sorry!"

"Anyway," Kitty added, "when I say I'll do a thing, I want to do it, if possible."—*Jennie Smith.*



Unbelief

THERE is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must keep.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

—*Edward Bulwer Lytton.*

"My Faith Looks up to Thee"

THIS is probably the greatest hymn written by an American. Its author, Ray Palmer, was the son of a judge, Hon. Thomas Palmer, and was born at Little Compton, Rhode Island, on Nov. 12, 1808. He became a clerk in a Boston dry-goods store, a student at Phillips Academy and at Yale, a teacher in New York and New Haven, pastor of several churches, and corresponding secretary of the American Congregational Union.

In 1830, immediately after his graduation from Yale, when Mr. Palmer was teaching in New York, he wrote his great hymn. He was then a young man of twenty-two.

"The words of the hymn," he afterward said, "were born of my own soul." He was reading, in the quiet of his own room, a brief German poem of only two stanzas, picturing a suppliant before the cross. Touched by the lines, he translated them, and added four stanzas of his own—the immortal hymn:—

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

"May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

"While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

"When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!"

Dr. Palmer afterward said that when he was writing the last line, "A ransomed soul," "the thought that the whole work of redemption and salvation was involved in those words, and suggested the theme of eternal praises, moved the writer to a degree of emotion that brought abundant tears."

The hymn was copied into a little morocco-covered book, which Mr. Palmer carried in his pocket, reading the verses in his hours of communion with the Father. Its use as a hymn is due to a chance meeting of Mr. Palmer on a Boston street with Lowell Mason, the famous musician. He asked Mr. Palmer for a hymn which he might use in "Spiritual Songs for Social Worship," which he was then preparing, and a copy of "My faith looks up to Thee" was at once made out in a near-by store. Meeting the author on the street a few days later, Mr. Mason exclaimed, "You may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of 'My faith looks up to Thee.'"

Of this incident Prof. Austin Phelps once wrote: "One of those fleeting conjunctions of circumstances and men! The doctor of music and future doctor of theology are thrown together in the roaring thoroughfare of commerce for a brief interview, scarcely more than enough for a morning salutation; and the sequence is the publication of a Christian lyric which is to be sung around the world." The tune which Mason composed is the well-known and beautiful "Olivet," to which "My faith looks up to Thee" has always been sung.

The American publication was in 1832. In 1842 the hymn was introduced into Great Britain, and became very popular there. Indeed, it was not till it had received this approval over the sea that it became widely known in America.

This was Mr. Palmer's first hymn, and he afterward wrote many others, among them "Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me" and "Take me, O my Father, take me." His translations of Latin hymns are especially fine, the best known being "Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts," and "Come, Holy Ghost, in love." Mr. Palmer's own favorite among his hymns was "Jesus, these eyes have never seen." From this hymn were taken the last words the poet uttered, as, the day before he passed away, he was heard faintly murmuring the stanza:—

"When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal
All glorious as thou art."

Mr. Palmer was a man of gentle, lovable character, a saintly man, but a man of strong feeling and powerful enthusiasm.

The most touching incident connected with this great hymn is perhaps the story of eight young Christian soldiers that met for prayer in a tent just before one of the terrible battles of the Wilderness in the Civil War. They desired to write a statement which should show how they faced death, and go as a comforting message to the relatives of those whom the coming battle might remove from earth. They decided to copy this hymn, and sign it as their sufficient declaration of Christian faith, and they did so. On the morrow seven of these brave Union soldiers died for their country.—*Amos R. Wells.*

"And Hast Forgotten"

It is a solemn and terrible truth that many who have been zealous in proclaiming the third angel's message are now becoming listless and indifferent! The line of demarcation between

worldlings and many professed Christians is almost indistinguishable. Many who once were earnest Adventists are conforming to the world—to its practises, its customs, its selfishness. Instead of leading the world to render obedience to God's law, the church is uniting more and more closely with the world in transgression. Daily the church is becoming converted to the world. How many professing Christians are slaves of mammon! Their indulgence of appetite, their extravagant expenditure of money for selfish gratification, greatly dishonors God.—*"Testimonies for the Church."*

A Retrospect

I FLOAT on the stream of memory, that flows from the land of youth,
And I gently glide through the gates of the years to the dear old home with its truth.
The wrinkles of age I have left behind, and again I'm a fair-haired boy,
Where every day brought its gladness, and every hour had its joy,
And, oh! the songs that we used to sing—their cadence comes to me now,
When mother's eyes looked into mine, and her soft hand pressed my brow;
But the songs of those years have vanished, and the singers are scattered wide;
We ne'er shall clasp glad hands again till we meet on the farther side.

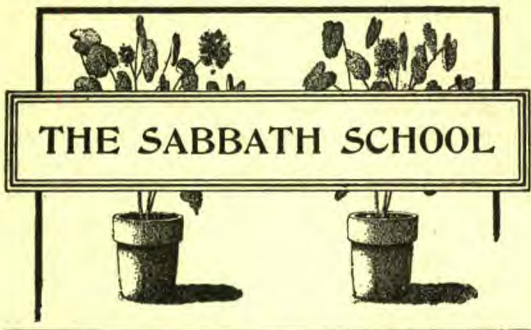
But the childish hands, so pure and sweet, reach out to me through the mist,
And memory brings the old-time smile, and the baby lips I've kissed,
And like half-forgotten music, so passionate and low,
The echo comes of those happy songs we sang so long ago.
And I list once more for the music, with a wild, expectant thrill,
But the songs have died into silence, and the voices are hushed and still.
Yes, the dear old home has passed away, and the children are scattered wide;
We ne'er shall clasp glad hands again till we meet on the farther side.

In mingled pain and pleasure, like a symphony sublime,
The waves of memory throb and beat on the shores and sands of time:
A mother comes to welcome me, from the silence of many years,
And I look on the dear familiar face, with my own eyes full of tears,
And again I'm a happy, careless boy, and one of the childhood band,
As the stream of memory carries me back to the dear enchanted land;
But we're scattered by death and distance, and sundered by land and tide;
We ne'er shall clasp glad hands again till we meet on the farther side.

Some are married, and some are dead, they are sleeping beneath the sky,
And all along the vanished years, like broken urns they lie.
And mother, too, has faded, ere the wrinkles had found her face,
Ere age had dimmed her azure eyes, or her form had lost its grace;
With her burdens for a pillow, from care she found release,
While her pale face bore the seal of rest, the hush of perfect peace.
I shall see her pure eyes beaming soft, as she stands with the glorified,
With a beauty that is not born of earth, when we meet on the farther side.

As in a pictured album each treasured form appears,
So memory brings their outlines, but the voice is hushed by years;
And father's prayer in the evening, the children's song through the day,—
These live in the heart's deep chambers, though the years have borne the dear ones away.
That loving family circle, though meeting on earth no more,
Shall meet in the joys of the blessed, on the bright, immortal shore.
God bless us, parents and children; the hope that shall e'er abide,
Is to clasp their hands, and to hear each voice, when we meet on the farther side.

L. D. SANTEE.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

1—A Captive Maid, and a Heathen King

(July 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 5: 1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Ps. 51:7.

"Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valor, but he was a leper." No matter how great a man was, if he had this dreadful disease, it was as if he were already dead.

"And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife." This little girl had a tender heart, and she had faith in the God of Israel. When she saw the sorrow that was in the house of Naaman, she said one day to her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria: for he would recover him of his leprosy."

"And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel. And the king of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment.

"And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have herewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy. And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me." The king did not have the simple faith of the little captive girl in Syria. Instead of sending for Elisha, and praying that the Lord would honor his name among the heathen by curing this man, the king of Israel rent his clothes.

Elisha heard about Naaman, and how the king had rent his clothes; and he sent to the king saying, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

"So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

Naaman was very angry. He was used, when his chariot stood at the door, to have the people in the house run out to meet him, and show him great respect. And Elisha did not even come out to see him, but only sent him word to go and wash in the Jordan seven times!

"Behold, I thought," said Naaman, "He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in

them, and be clean?" So Naaman turned away in a rage.

"And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?"

Then Naaman went down to the river, "and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."

Then Naaman went back to the prophet, and because he was very grateful for what had been done to him, he wanted to leave a rich present with Elisha. But Elisha would take nothing. "And he urged him to take it; but he refused." Before Naaman went away, he said: "Thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord."

This beautiful story should teach us how willing the Lord is to bless even the words of a little child, who bears a faithful witness for him.

Questions

1. Who was Naaman? Why was he honored? What dreadful disease did he have?
2. Whom had a company of Syrians brought out of Israel? What did this little girl do? When she saw the sorrow in the house of her master, what did she say to her mistress? What do her words show?
3. How did Naaman learn what she had said? When the matter was laid before the king of Syria, what did he say he would send to the king of Israel? What else did Naaman take with him?
4. To whom did Naaman give this letter, when he had come to Israel? What did the king do and say when he had read it? What did he think the king of Syria was trying to do?
5. Who heard of these things? What question did he ask the king?
6. Where did Naaman then go? What message did the prophet send to him? Why was Naaman angry when he heard it? What did he say?
7. What did Naaman's servants say to him? What effect did their words have? When Naaman had dipped in the Jordan seven times, what happened?
8. What did Naaman wish to give to Elisha? Why? Would the prophet take a gift? Why not? Whom did Naaman say he would henceforth serve?
9. Tell one good lesson that every one may learn from this story of the little girl who was a missionary in a distant country.
10. What is leprosy? Can it be cured? How is sin like leprosy? Who alone can wash away sin? In what may our sins be washed away, even as Naaman's leprosy was cleansed in the River Jordan. I John 1:7. What prayer should we frequently offer? See Memory Verse.



1—Prophetic Outline of the Church Till the End

(July 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 12.

MEMORY VERSE: "And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night." Rev. 12:10.

Questions

1. Describe in detail the scene presented to the prophet in Rev. 12:1.
2. What is the significance of the woman? The sun? The moon? The stars? Note 1.

3. What did this woman bring forth? Verses 2, 5. Who is this child? See also Isa. 9:6.

4. What is represented by the great red dragon described in verses 3 and 4? Verse 9; note 2. What did it attempt to do? Verse 4.

5. Describe the scene presented to the prophet in verses 7 and 9.

6. Who were engaged in this contest? What was the result? Who is Michael? Jude 9; 1 Thess. 4:16; John 5:28, 29.

7. After his defeat, against whom does Satan manifest his wrath? Rev. 12:13.

8. How was the church delivered in its early history? Verse 14.

9. During what prophetic time was it in this wilderness experience? Note 3.

10. What further deliverance was wrought in behalf of the church? Verse 16. To what does this doubtless refer? Note 4.

11. How long will this warfare continue? Verse 17, first part.

12. What is a remnant? How is the remnant of God's people described? Verse 17, last part. What is the testimony of Jesus? Rev. 19:10; note 4.

13. What causes Satan to work with greater wrath in these last days? Rev. 12:12.

14. What encouragement is held out to God's people? Verse 10.

15. How may we overcome Satan? Verse 11.

Notes

1. The apostolic church is here introduced, and its history briefly outlined till the end. "The Mosaic dispensation shone with a light borrowed from the Christian dispensation, just as the moon shines with light borrowed from the sun. How appropriate, therefore, to represent the former by the moon and the latter by the sun. The woman, the church, the moon under her feet, that is, the Mosaic dispensation had just ended. And the woman was clothed with the light of the gospel sun, which had just risen. The crown of twelve stars fittingly represents the twelve apostles."—*Thoughts on Revelation.*

2. Satan is symbolized by the dragon as shown in verse 9. At the time of which the prophet is speaking, he worked through Rome in pagan form.

3. The 1260 years of papal supremacy as a persecuting power are here brought to view, beginning in A. D. 538, and ending in A. D. 1798. The church was, indeed, in the wilderness during this time. "That church which during all the Dark Ages trumpeted her lordly commands into the ears of listening Christendom, and flaunted her ostentatious banners before gaping crowds, was not the church of Christ; it was the body of the mystery of iniquity."—*Thoughts on Revelation.*

4. "The earth helped the woman, by opening its mouth and swallowing up the flood. The Reformation of the sixteenth century began its work. God raised up Luther and his co-laborers to expose the true character of the papacy, and break the power with which superstition had enslaved the minds of the people. Luther nailed his theses to the door of the church, and the pen with which he wrote them did indeed span the continent, and shake the triple crown on the pope's head. Princes began to espouse the cause of the Reformers. It was the dawning of religious light and liberty. Defenders of the true faith multiplied, and soon there was enough Protestant soil found in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, England, Norway, and Sweden, to swallow up the flood of papal fury, and rob it of its power to harm the church. Thus 'the earth helped the woman.'"—*Thoughts on Revelation.*

"A good job soon gets a divorce from a bad man."

"The world pays a salary for what you know, wages for what you do."



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.

"A LEARNED man has said that the hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, 'I made a mistake.' When Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate: 'I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault,' Goldsmith says, 'His confession shows more greatness than his victories.'"

"THE world has precious little use for the man who half tries. We sometimes wonder if he has much use for himself. He is probably interested in his own ease and happiness, but in his work—never. And he can never taste to its full the joy of living. For the man who only half tries only half lives."

A PROSPEROUS newspaper published at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, has the distinction of being the smallest paper in existence. Its pages are less than two inches wide and three inches deep.

The young editor of *The Speck* writes the matter, sets the type, and prints the paper on his own press. It contains news and advertisements. It is said that the diminutive paper is making money—another illustration that size alone does not determine worth.

IT is said that twenty-three wireless telegraph stations have been or are being established under the direction and control of the Navy Department, and that negotiations are in progress for the establishment of as many more. Sixteen of these stations are located on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, two on the Pacific coast, two in the West Indies, and three in the possessions of the United States in the Pacific Ocean. The control of coast wireless telegraph apparatus by the government to the exclusion of private concerns is regarded as necessary to a proper defense of the coast; therefore it is thought that the Navy Department contemplates acquiring the exclusive right to use wireless telegraphy on the seacoasts of the United States.

NOVEL-READING, drinking, and tobacco-using are three things that are hastening the world's great army of youth down the broad road to ruin and eternal destruction. It is doubtful whether anything can now stay the tide of evil; but Christian workers must not sit with folded hands. There will be some who will respond to the reforming influences of truth and right.

The June number of the *Life Boat* is especially devoted to the suppression of one of these evils, novel-reading. Mrs. M. C. Wilcox, W. S. Sadler, Mrs. E. H. Whitney, Mrs. E. E. Kellogg, and other experienced workers are among the contributors to this Anti-fiction number. Let the boys and girls, the young men and women, and all who will, have an opportunity to read the paper. It can be secured at two cents a copy by addressing the *Life Boat*, Hinsdale, Illinois.

Bryan Condemns War

HON. WM. J. BRYAN, in an address last Sunday in New Haven, took the Tolstoian stand, denounced the Japanese-Russian war, and declared it wrong to encourage the military spirit among young men.

"Society is in danger," he continued, "because of the terrible conflict that threatens between the rich and the poor. Shall we say that the outcome will be a warfare between class and class, to end only in the rule of that class which can take the upper hand and rule because it has the strength? *How much better to recognize that all are brothers!* Recognition of that doctrine will not rob life of bravery; it will not make us cowards, for it takes a brave man to live righteously before men in the strenuous world of to day; it requires a brave man to stand up against error in his own political party, and to maintain a righteous principle."—*Selected.*

Flower Families

IT is not at all necessary for one to be a learned scientist, in order profitably to study nature. If one is observing, and loves the growing things about him, he may learn many interesting facts from plants and animals, and come into close touch with them, and get a great deal of pleasure from his study and observation. But it is well in studying plants to become acquainted with the different flower families, and now is a good time to begin.

For simple exercises which aid in remembering the related plants, this device has been used: Take a large sheet of bristol-board, and after pressing the blossoms, glue them, arranged in groups, upon the board. These sheets form convenient means for review and question exercises, as this representation of each family can be readily seen and discussed. But a better way for private study is to have a book prepared to receive the new additions as we find and classify them.

Botanists tell us that the beautiful rose, the "queen of flowers," is closely related to the humble little wild strawberry, and is cousin to the useful apple, plum, peach, and pear blossoms, as well as to all the bramble-berry, red cherry, and other small blooms which develop into the delicious fruit one appreciates so much.

If an apple blossom is compared with a wild rose or with a Japanese quince, you will see that the parts of each are arranged in fives—five sepals, five petals, five styles, and five stigmas, with many stamens. Through all the Rose family in its natural state, these characteristics are found. These flowers, beautiful in form and perfume, incline in color to white, yellow, and many shades of red; they compose not only a most beautiful, but a very useful part of the vegetable kingdom; for from them we derive all the important fruits of the temperate climate.

The cultivated varieties of the rose proper number over one thousand, and there are at least twenty species of native wild roses in this country; of these, we are all familiar with the Dog Rose, the Scotch Rose, and the Sweetbrier.

The seeds are often packed in a bright-red calyx tube or hip, a favorite food of birds. The seeds are thus widely distributed by the birds.

In literature, the rose is given a prominent place. When the Romans entered a public building over whose door the flower was placed, they were bound not to disclose the proceedings witnessed within. From this custom we still have the term "sub rosa," meaning, "in strict confidence." Among the Egyptians the rose was the emblem of the god of silence.

With plants, as in human families, there is often a wide difference between individuals of the same family. Who would think that the useful potato and tomato are near relatives of the narcotic weed which does so much harm in the world, and which bears the name of tobacco?

The Nightshade family, to which they belong, is an interesting one. The beautiful nicotiana noctiflora, which, as its name indicates, opens its delightful, white, fragrant blossoms at night, and fills the garden with perfume, is a member of this order; and it is a curious fact that the potato-bugs will soon find this plant in a garden, swarm upon it, and strip it of its green foliage with as much zest as that with which they eat the tender leaves of their favorite tuber.

The red pepper and our pretty petunia are also classified with these narcotic herbs—all belonging to the Nightshade family.

CORNELIA SNOW.

For the Sake of the Next One

"WHY, auntie, I thought you were through!" "So I am with my work," returned Aunt Carrie, as with a smile she went on threading her needle. "I am only trying to smooth the way for the next one."

"Who, for instance?" questioned Will, curiously.

"Well, supposing that just as papa is starting for business to-morrow morning, he discovers that he is about to lose a button from his coat, and he can spare only about two minutes in which to have it sewed on. Don't you think it would be quite a relief to mama to find her needle already threaded?"

"Of course, for I shouldn't think one could find that little bit of an eye at all if he were in a hurry. I had a dreadful time the other day when I wanted to mend my ball. I should have been glad to be your next one then."

"Suppose, again, Will, that whoever dropped that piece of wood upon the cellar stairs had stopped to pick it up, remembering that some one else would be coming that way soon. Wouldn't it have been worth while? Think how Bridget has suffered from her fall, and how the household has been inconvenienced!"

"Yes, auntie; and if I had wiped up the water I spilled this noon, sister wouldn't have been obliged to change her dress when she was in such a hurry to get back to school; but a fellow will have to keep pretty wide awake to remember every time." And with a thoughtful expression on his boyish face, Will passed out of the house and toward the front gate, leisurely munching a banana. Reaching the sidewalk, he threw down the banana skin, and proceeded on his way; but presently he turned, retraced his steps, and picked it up and flung it into the road.—*Selected.*



BATTLE CREEK, MICH., May 29, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I attend Sabbath-school every Sabbath. Miss Swan is my teacher. I like her very much. I am thankful for the instruction given in the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*.

I was baptized this winter. I learn a verse in the Bible every day. I think it is a great help in forming a character for eternal life.

I am thirteen years old. I have no brothers or sisters. My papa is dead; my mama is an invalid, and I take care of her. I hope soon to meet the readers of the *INSTRUCTOR* in the earth made new.

BESSIE M. JOHNSON.

Bessie speaks of three things of exceeding worth in strong character building: regular attendance at Sabbath services, appreciation of helpful reading, and the daily memorizing of texts of Scripture. Long after Harriet Beecher Stowe had forgotten that she was the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she could recite many beautiful poems learned in childhood. Youth is the time to memorize the Scripture.