

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LII

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No. 32

IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON



The General Post Office Department

We who receive from week to week letters filled with kindly greetings from friends, seldom, if ever, think of the handsome but expensive mail service of our country that makes the enjoyment of such luxuries possible. There is no country that provides for as perfect a mail service as does our own.

The General Post-office work began in a postal system organized in the American Colonies in 1692 by patent to Thomas Neale. On the expiration of this patent in 1710, England introduced her postal system, and in 1753 Benjamin Franklin was appointed deputy postmaster-general for the colonies. The royal system was overthrown by the Revolution, but the Continental Congress established a new service, and put in charge the former postmaster-general, Mr. Franklin. The rapid, continuous growth of the mail service has been phenomenal. In the interval from 1800 to 1903, the receipts of the Postal Department grew from \$280,804 to \$134,224,443, and in number of post-offices from 903 to over 76,000. The task of supplying this large number of offices with the requisite quantity of stamps alone is not insignificant. The Bureau of Engraving does this work, it manufacturing the stamps as well as all the paper money made by the government. Until recent times the stamps were printed by private contractors. Not until 1847 did the government adopt the use of stamps; but during 1902 more than five billion were sold, and nearly ten million dollars' worth of stamp-books.

The total cost of the service for the year ending June 30, 1902, was \$138,784,487, just about the pension appropriation for that year. The expenditures exceeded the receipts by more than four and one-half million dollars; but such deficits are not to be viewed with apprehension. It is the policy, whenever the postal receipts exceed or come near the expenditures, to extend postal facilities and cheapen the cost of the service to the public. One very practical result of this policy is seen in the dropping of the postage for a letter from twenty-five cents to two cents in less than sixty years. During 1902 the department handled

nearly nine billion pieces of mail-matter. Seven hundred seventy millions of these were postal cards from frugal correspondents. The value of the money orders was more than seven hundred fifty millions of dollars; this feature alone is a marked source of revenue to the department. One can hardly appreciate the extensive demands made upon the government by its admirable mail service. The little item of providing wrapping-twine for the work was estimated to have cost during the past year \$135,000.

Entering upon the fortieth year of its opera-



"Kind Messages that Pass from Land to Land"

tion, the city delivery service presents a record of remarkable expansion. It is the feature of the service with which the public is most familiar, and has aptly been described as the "fingers of the Department." Were the city mail carriers to colonize, they would form a settlement of over twenty thousand, and the rural carriers a city of twelve thousand.

The rural free delivery is now regarded as a necessity, a luxury; though it is an enormous burden on the finances of the nation, and every year more is required to maintain it. It does much, however, toward maintaining itself, and it is an admitted mutual benefit to the rural communities and the nation both socially and educationally.

Post Office Building

The present General Post-office is a new building, having been completed in 1899 at a total cost of \$3,325,200. Its lofty square clock tower makes it one of the most conspicuous of the government buildings. Its plan for securing well-lighted offices is admirable, the center being a court roofed by a skylight 180 x 99 feet. An interior skylight covers the court at the height of the first story, forming an immense room for the accommodation of the city post-office. The nine floors above the main floor are devoted to the business of the postmaster-general and his department, and contain nothing of special interest to the public, save the Dead Letter Office.

The department of the Dead Letter Office, founded in 1825, was at first quite insignificant, but has grown into an establishment giving employment to an average force of one hundred thirty-four persons. The huge piles of mail-bags along the corridors, holding the unclaimed mail of one month only, and the scores of busy persons looking over the packages, papers, and letters that have found their way to this "last resort," must certainly determine the visitor to be careful in the future to properly address his friends, and make a full, clear superscription on every letter. The fact that in one year nearly 50,000 letters and 41,000 parcels were received at the office without any address whatever shows clearly that there is need of many abiding by a resolve of future carefulness.

Interesting Figures

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, 10,153,000 pieces of mail-matter were received at the Dead Letter Office, or about 33,000 pieces for every working day in the year. Through the generosity of the government nearly four millions of these found their way back to the sender; but the "left-overs" were sufficient to provide Uncle Sam with interesting reading-matter and curios in abundance.

Of the ten-million pieces received, 977,286 were of foreign origin, and were returned unopened to the countries from which they were sent. The United States had the compliment returned by receiving 688,000 pieces that had failed to reach those for whom they were intended. From ten to fifteen persons are constantly employed in opening letters and parcels. Of course they in time become expert, and often some of the most rapid counters exceed the daily average of two thousand or three thousand pieces.

A Paying Business

During the last year \$48,634.04 in actual money was found, or nearly \$160 for each working day. About \$33,800 of this amount reached the owners, the rest was turned over to the Treasury. The

face value of the commercial papers found was \$1,493,563.65.

One unregistered letter was found containing three one hundred-dollar bills, and one letter had three one-dollar bills sent by a son to his mother, saying that this was *all* he had; but as soon as he could get more, he would send it to her. Fortunately the money was returned to the young man, but the delay doubtless caused the mother anxiety. If all the disappointments these millions of unfortunate letters have caused were rolled into one, would it not make a big heartache?

Unregistered parcels received numbered about 250,000, of which nearly one half were in time delivered. Over 80,000 photographs were received, and nearly 250,000 stamps came in letters. The number of registered packages was 62,986. Articles of value that can not be identified are recorded, and laid aside for six months; at the end of this time they are sold at auction. The annual sales occur in December. The amount realized from the December sale of 1902 was \$3,535.85, 22,382 parcels having been disposed of. At a special sale held in February, 1903, 104,854 parcels were sold for \$5,244.15. These two sales made the year's auction receipts nearly nine thousand dollars.

From the large quantity of printed matter received, including papers, pictures, fancy cards, thousands of pieces are selected annually and given to the benevolent institutions of the District of Columbia; the rest are destroyed.

The Museum

The museum of the Dead Letter Office reveals an endless variety of things that have found their way into the mails. Some of these are now on exhibit at the World's Fair in St. Louis. "All sorts of small animals, stuffed, dried, in alcohol, and otherwise preserved, are here; a human skull and many bones; surgical instruments and death-dealing implements. Books have been gathered by thousands, dolls and toys enough to furnish half a dozen kindergartens might be taken from here, and, in short, it would be hard to find a path of industry or a region of pleasure or profit of which some reminder might not be found among this queer conglomeration of lost property."

Foreign Service

The little mail-bag is the star passenger on the great Atlantic steamers. Everywhere it is given the right of way. The flight of the foreign mails now is marvelous, and does much toward lessening the separation that the great sea makes. Our country regards the postal service as a mere matter of business, and so sends its mails by the fastest lines, irrespective of the flag the vessel floats. England is more conservative, patronizing only those carrying the British flag. As only two English mail lines sail a week, there are only two American mails, while from this country there are five sent out. Mr. Roger Waite, in speaking of the foreign service, says:—

"Look in at the foreign branch of the New York office about nine o'clock some Saturday morning. Things are on the run about that time. Two thousand sacks have already gone down to the boat. Now they are handling, on the jump, the supplementary mails. The fingers of the clerks fairly fly. The sacks are not hung up on racks as they were last night and yesterday; men stand on the alert holding them open, and the instant the last letter is in, snap goes the cord, and the bag is thrown into the last mail wagon to make the trip. Down West Street it goes, and just before nine-thirty, the sailing time of the American liner, it dashes up on the pier. At the vessel's side a string of men seize the bags as they are dumped from the van, and run them up the gang-plank. Everybody and everything else is aboard and waiting.

"Even during the voyage Uncle Sam keeps at it, racing against time, always. On several

of the big liners to-day is the ocean post-office, where from port to port, mail clerks are hard at work sorting letters. In this way hours of time are saved; for instead of the entire mail going to the London office and being rehandled there, it is properly bagged at sea, and on landing is sent direct to its destination.

"On the Liverpool route, when Fastnet Light peers above the horizon, the mail-bags are hoisted from the hold and piled high on the deck, ready to be moved at an instant's notice. Off Queens-town out comes the tender. The liner stops her engines, the tender is made fast alongside, and down the run-ways slide the sacks. In a short time the liner proceeds, and in sixteen to twenty hours you are landed at Liverpool, but the letters are ahead of you. By dropping them off at Queenstown, they went up through Ireland on the fast mail-train, across the Dublin ferry, and up to London, while you were asleep that last night of the voyage in St. George's Channel.

"On the Southampton route, the American liners cut down the mail time considerably between New York and London by touching at the first possible English port, Plymouth. Off the sacks are rushed here, and as the train can always beat the steamer, the mail is in London long before the ship reaches its final port, Southampton."

Expensive as is the postal service, a panic would certainly follow any attempt of the government to suppress it for even one day. So perfect and extensive is it, that no adequate reason exists for friends neglecting absent friends.

The Spider's Thread

"Just let me spin a single thread,"
The spider to the rosebush said.
"Under this leaf, quite out of sight,
I'll spin it so delicate and light
No one will ever know, and no one will see
Excepting only you and me."

So beneath the leaf its thread it spun,
But it did not stop with only one,
It spun another—two—three—four,
And so on, steadily, more and more
Till the rose felt the web, and cried, "Dear me!
You'd better stop or people will see!"

But the spider smiled in satisfied mood,
For it had hatched a swarming brood,
And over the rosebush they crawled and spun
Till all its beauty and strength were gone,
Till the buds and leaves were choked and dead,
And over it all the gray webs spread.

Just one small spider—just one small sin,
Ah, that is the way that troubles begin!
—Mary Whiting Adams.

The Harpy Eagle

ONE of the treasures, and I think the greatest pet, in the National Zoo in Washington, D. C., is the beautiful harpy eagle. So far as I know, this is the only one in a zoological collection, and I doubt if a finer specimen could be found in his native jungles in Central and South America.

For good behavior generally, and dignity of deportment, he is the model captive bird; nor is this merely the result of the taming influence of long captivity, for he has always been so, and you can see in his face that he could not well be otherwise. I know of no other beast or bird that can look at one with a more keen, intelligent, and searching expression; and he has never been known to make the wild, futile dashes against the bars of his prison characteristic of other eagles.

I must mention right here that, for reasons interesting only to scientists, he is really not accepted as a true eagle, as he possesses some of the attributes of the buzzard family; but to all appearance he is royal clean through, and when he draws himself up and raises his crown-like crest, he looks it completely.

Visitors sometimes make many strange mistakes when reading the signs attached to the

cages. The polar bear is read and accepted as "parlor bear," and the harpy eagle as frequently is called the "happy eagle;" and I fancy that he is as happy as a bird can be. The interest he displays in everything about him is wonderful. Once I was painting a life-sized portrait of him, and when it was nearly completed I chanced to place it against the opposite wall in such a position that he could see it; this was purely accidental on my part, for I had never seen an animal notice in any way a drawing or painting. He noticed it at once, and fixed on it such a look of intelligent wonder and inquiry that I was filled with amazement. He thrust his head forward, then tilted it to one side, then to the other, exactly in the manner of people in looking at a picture; finally he jumped down from his perch and hopped over to the front of the cage to get a nearer look.

He was known to the Aztecs by the name of "winged wolf," and it is said that they used him for hunting purposes, as the falcon is used in Europe; and I can well believe it, for his beauty, intelligence, and high courage eminently fit him to be the servant and companion of man. He does not hesitate to attack game three times his size and weight; peccaries, monkeys, young deer, badgers, almost anything that moves in his native jungles, is his legitimate prey. His strength must be very great. No other bird possesses such powerful legs and feet. In my drawing I purposely selected a position rarely taken by him, in which they are fully exposed.

In size he equals any of our eagles. The wings are long and powerful; the tail is long and rather square; the head looks large on account of the crest and ruff which surround the face; the beak is very heavy and hooked, of a bluish color tipped with black; the eyes are deep-set and of a dark hazel color, the pupil, which is rather small, being black. The head, face, and upper part of neck are a rich gray. About the lower part of the neck and running into the breast-feathers is a broad collar of grayish black, which is the color of the back wings and upper surface of the tail. Many of the wing-feathers are edged with a thin line of white, giving a beautiful scale-armor effect. The breast-feathers are snowy white, one feather laid over another in a soft, fluffy manner. The upper parts of the legs are covered with soft, gray feathers, marked with thin semicircles of black; the legs and feet are lemon yellow; and the huge, horn-like claws are black, the under surface of the tail is almost white, broken by broad bars of black.

In a free state his cry is said to be loud and harsh, but in captivity I have never heard him make any sound.—J. M. Gleeson, in *St. Nicholas*.

A New Ocean Leviathan

WHAT is to-day the largest vessel in the world entered New York harbor last week, it being the new White Star liner "Baltic." She measures 725 feet in length, and has a beam of 75 feet. When fully loaded she displaces 40,000 tons of water. Her engines are of 26,000 horsepower, and consume about 250 tons of coal a day. Standing on the main deck, four decks are under foot, while four more rise overhead. One of the most striking features of the big vessel is the great dining-saloon, a vast apartment extending the full width of the ship, and having a seating capacity of three hundred seventy-five persons. The saloon is lofty, airy, and artistically decorated. The smoking-room and library are also finely fitted up. The staterooms are extremely tasteful in design, and have every comfort and convenience. In these days of excitement about the life-saving equipment of steam vessels, it is interesting to note that the "Baltic" carries fourteen life-boats, with a capacity of 766 persons; four boats, with a capacity for 182; eight collapsible boats, with a capacity for 424. In addition, there are 3,100 life-belts and 48 buoys.—*Week's Progress*.

A Plant Cistern

THE following is not only interesting information as to the air-plant referred to, but is a good illustration of the fact that those who keep their eyes open often see many things to their advantage. The item is credited to "an exchange:"—

A surveying party in Florida, were resting at noon in a forest, when one of the men exclaimed: "I would give fifty cents a swallow for all the water I could drink!"

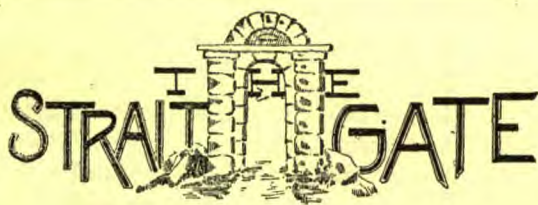
He expressed the sentiment of the others. All were very thirsty, and there was not a spring or stream anywhere in the vicinity.

While the men were thus talking, the surveyor saw a crow put his bill into a cluster of broad, long leaves growing on the side of a tall cypress. The leaves were those of a peculiar air-plant. They were green, and bulged out at the bottom, forming an inverted bell. The smaller end was held to the tree by roots grappling the bark. Feeding on the air and water that it catches and holds, the air-plant becomes a sort of cistern. The surveyor sprang to his feet with a laugh. "Boys," he said, "that old crow is wiser than every one of us. He knows that there are a hundred thousand water-tanks in this forest."

"Where?" they cried.

The surveyor cut an air-plant in two, and drained nearly a pint of cold water from it. The men did not suffer for water after that, for every tree in the forest had at least one air-plant, and almost every air-plant contained a drink of water. — *Wellspring.*

"WHEN I heard it, my heart enlisted." This is what Lafayette said in speaking of our Revolution. Would that every one who hears the truth for this time would say as did Lafayette: "When I heard it, my heart enlisted"—enlisted for life-service under the banner of Prince Emmanuel.



The Face of Christ

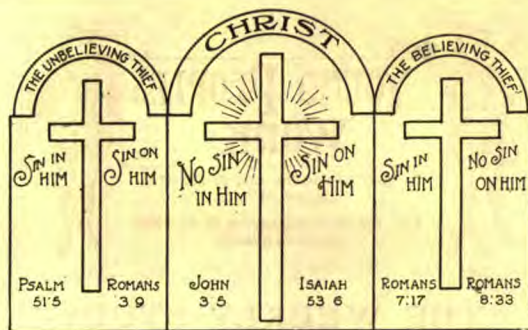
If I could gather every look of love

That ever any human creature wore,
And all the looks that joy is mother of,
All looks of grief that mortals ever bore,
And mingle all with God-begotten grace,
Methinks that I should see the Saviour's face.
— *Clara Elizabeth Ward, in Sunday School Times.*

The Impulse of Service

PAUL, like his Master, "went about doing good." He never stopped to rest. When his work was done in one place, he was instantly off to another. When one door was closed, he sought another that was open. No opposition checked him. No persecution daunted him. He is thus a model for all Christ's followers.

But we must get his motive before we can have his career. There is no use in our trying to imitate his zeal unless we can first get his spirit. Here are two locomotive engines. They are precisely alike, but one of them rolls over the rails at fifty miles an hour, drawing its immense train, while the other stands quiet and motionless in the roundhouse. The difference is that the one has a heart of fire, which gives it power, while the heart of the other is cold. It was a heart of fire that made Paul the great missionary he was. There are plenty of people of the other kind in the churches, wanting only the fire to make them mighty workers for Christ. — *J. R. Miller.*



The Three Crosses

WHEN Jesus was crucified, we are told that two other men were crucified with him. "There they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left" (Luke 23:33)—three crosses in a row, and three different characters on them. On the center cross was the sinless Jesus. Peter, speaking of him, said, "Who did no sin." 1 Peter 2:22. Paul declares, "He knew no sin" (2 Cor. 5:21), and John affirms, "In him is no sin." 1 John 3:5. But sin was upon him, as Isaiah said, "Hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." What a shame that Jesus should bear your and my sins, and yet what a blessed thing; for without that Sinless Bearer there would be no way to approach God.

It is said that many years ago when the Swiss were fighting against the Austrians, they saw that the enemy had arranged themselves in a solid phalanx. To break it seemed out of the question, but Arnold von Winkelried rushed out in front of his regiment, and shouted: "Make way for liberty!" The weapons of the enemy were plunged into his heart, but while they were slaying him, a gap was made in the ranks, and the Swiss dashed to victory. Christ saw that all sin and sinners were arrayed against him, and he knew that if any of the human family were saved, he would have to die. So he marched to Calvary, and while the weapons of infernal hate struck him, he opened a way for the redemption of the world.

The cross on the left may be called the unbeliever's. Upon it a thief hung. Differing from Jesus, he, like us, had sin in him; for all are "shapen in iniquity, and born in sin." Ps. 51:5. But like Christ he had sin on him—not the sin of others, but his own, for Paul tells us that all are "under sin." Rom. 3:9. This thief was very impolite. He insulted Jesus even in his dying moments. The scripture says that he railed on Christ, saying, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." One would think a dying man would be more considerate; yet more than one have died like him, with blasphemy upon their lips. Thousands have died unbelieving, and the Word tells us of the awfulness of such. "He that believeth not shall be damned." Mark 16:16.

The cross on the right may be called the believer's. Upon it another thief hung. Like the other, he had sin in him. He could say, as did Paul, Sin dwelleth in me (Rom. 7:17), but unlike him and Jesus there was no sin on him. There had been such, for he confessed that his punishment was the due reward of his deeds (Luke 23:41), but sin had been removed, he had become one of God's elect, and "who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth." Rom. 8:33. This thief believed Jesus was Christ. He did not sanction the way his companion spoke to Jesus; for we read he "rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; . . . but this man hath done nothing amiss." This thief did not question Christ's divinity with an "if," as the other did; but he said, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." What a beautiful petition! What a simple faith in Jesus! And what a blessed assurance from Jesus! "Verily

I say unto thee to-day, shalt thou be with me in paradise."

What lessons we find here! Jesus on the center cross dying for sin, the thief on the left cross dying in sin, the thief on the right cross dying of sin. Dear readers, if you "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," as this last thief, the promise is that you, too, "shalt be saved" (Acts 16:31); for—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

WILLIAM P. PEARCE.

What Relation Should Young People Who Love Jesus Sustain to the World and Its Ways?

NEVER before in the history of man was this question more pertinent than it is to-day. Never before did it require a more definite answer. Living, as we do, in the closing hours of time, it is vitally important that we know on which side we are standing, and also that we may take that stand so firmly and truly that the whole world, if need be, may know where we stand. Our daily life, our conversation, and our dealings with our fellow men are the criteria by which men judge us; and if we claim to be subjects of the heavenly kingdom, will they not judge that kingdom by the same criteria? And, this being so, is it not very essential that our lives should be such as to make us true representatives of that kingdom? Do we treat our fellow men exactly as we would have them treat us at all times? Is our conversation such that those to whom we speak may know that we expect to give an account of all that we say? Do we attend places where Jesus is not welcome, and where we could not invite him if he were here? Is our deportment such that our associates may know that we are serving a higher master than self? If we can not rightly answer these questions, we need to examine our hearts to know what is wrong.

Some day, God will bring everything into judgment. Is it not better to settle these things now, and let them "go beforehand" unto judgment? Probation is nearly over; the time to do things is almost past, and if we are not living now just as God would have us live, when shall we begin? If we are still following the ways and fashions of the world, when shall we begin following God's ways and walking in his paths? Why not now? To-morrow may be too late.

There are some among us who have not yet decided in which way they will walk. God has a message for them to-day. "Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest to your souls." Jer. 6:16. In Jeremiah's time the people had made paths of their own. They had gone out of the "old paths," the "good way," and had set up ways and paths of their own that God never intended them to have. They had a *new style*. And, of course, since man is changeable, the style was changeable; but no matter how often it changed, it was still *something new*, and not the *old way*. Is Satan less active now that he was then? Are not the same conditions prevalent in our day? And one of the easiest ways he has now of getting persons' minds off of God is by getting them to follow his new styles instead of God's ways. Must we as young people be caught in this dreadful snare of the enemy? Must we be led along in the same paths that Satan sets for the feet of his servants? Why not remember the direction in which these paths lead, and then by the Lord's help get out of them?

Christ said, "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, . . . the world hateth you." John 15:19. We belong, as adopted sons of

God, to a different country from this. Hence we should not feel hurt if people think we are "peculiar," and wish to avoid our association. Jesus says again, "My kingdom is not of this world." Then should we not feel to rejoice that we can make a change in our lives, thereby proving that we are citizens of the heavenly kingdom? My brother, my sister, if you have not made this change in your life, or if you have not made it as marked as it should be, then I ask you in all candor and earnestness, when will you make it? This is a solemn question, and one upon which hinges your eternal life or eternal death. At a time not far hence, all decisions will be irrevocably made. Why not make yours for the right now? The line of separation between God's people and the world is being drawn to-day. Do you positively know on which side you are standing? If you do not, if you are not quite sure, you must, in the interest of your own soul, look into your heart to find why you are not anchored firmly on the side of right.

We must begin to *do definite things and do them now*. Do not put this decision off; for it may be too late when your mind is led to this question again. Examine closely your motives, and if they are wrong, make the decision for eternity at once. Do not let little things keep you from having Christ in your heart. If that ring on your finger, or that new dress, or that new hat is going to come between you and your choice for God, would you not better let the personal adornment go? If that party or that excursion picnic is going to prevent you from making a decision for eternal life, you can not afford to go. If that new book or magazine, full of foolish stories, is going to cause you to make a decision for the world, better drop the book now. If you can not serve God and read those foolish stories, why not let the bad reading go? If that habit of jesting and silly talking is standing between you and your duty to God, better stop the foolish talk. It requires an effort to break away from all these things, but eternity is worth everything, and the promise says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." If each young person would thus clear everything out of his heart that is not right before God, and then let the blessed Master come in, would we not all by this means be united in one great army, with but a single purpose, and that the salvation of souls?

We believe that Christ has nearly finished his work. When this is entirely completed, and he has "risen up," there will be no more opportunity to get rid of these things. If you have held to that bad reading, you can keep it then. If you have continued that foolish talking until then, you can keep right on. If you have clung to that little bit of jewelry, you can keep it. There will be no time then to make changes. Why not make them now? Why not clean up all these things, and make thorough work of it? You have such a short time in which to make your decision that you can not afford to wait until some time when it will be easier than it is now; for that time will never come. You can not afford to wait even until next Sabbath at meeting, for it may be too late then. The time is *now*. God is asking *to-day* for a full and complete surrender of every heart. He wants to prepare us all to meet his Son when he comes; and Jesus is coming very soon—much sooner than we really think. If we but realized the nearness of this great event, there *would* be a change in our lives. Shall we not make the choice to-day, and, letting everything else go, cling to the simple ways of Christ, thus uniting in the decision that we will be clean before God and our fellow men, that we *will* let these things go that have been holding us, and take a definite stand for the right? May God help each in making his decision.

WESLEY D. BEARD.



THE WEEKLY STUDY

Redeemed for Service

(Concluded)

SCRIPTURE STUDY: Matt. 25: 13-30.

CHAPTER STUDY: "Christ's Object Lessons," chapter on the "Talents," from the topic, Mental Faculties.

SUGGESTIVE SCRIPTURES:—

Speech, Col. 4: 16; Titus 2: 6-8; Ps. 50: 23.
Health, Jer. 8: 22; Ps. 67: 1, 2; 43: 5; Mal. 4: 2.
Strength, Isa. 40: 31; Ps. 18: 32; Isa. 30: 15.

Notes

Would it not be interesting and profitable for the leader to select, one week at least before the time of study, ten or twelve persons, each to occupy not more than five minutes, to present the salient points of each division of the Chapter Study?

Be sure to select and impress upon the hearers the main points suggested in each division of the study. For example:—

Mental Faculties.

God's ideal for his children.

God's command to his children.

The Christian's vantage-ground.

Duty of youth relative to an education.

Self-discipline imperative.

Precious scriptures may be found dealing with the various points in the lesson. Only a few are suggested in the outline. The book "Education" will be helpful in the study of this subject. One thought on speech or language, is found on page 235 of this book: "The chief requisite of language is that it be pure and kind and true,—the outward expression of an inward grace."

Young People's Work of California

Quarter Ending March 31, 1904

TWELVE Societies have reported this quarter, and three new ones have been organized since March 31. The donations during the quarter have amounted to \$75.19. This has been expended in the purchase of papers for distribution, helping to print a Japanese tract, assisting in the education of a young Chinese in Berrien Springs, purchasing supplies for correspondence work, etc. One Society has also sent to India this quarter fifty dollars which had been raised the preceding quarter.

Most of the Societies are studying the lessons in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and others are studying the lives of missionaries. They are engaged in home missionary work, such as visiting the sick, filling reading-racks, selling and giving away the *Life Boat*, *Save the Boys*, and the *Signs*, besides carrying on correspondence in connection with the mailing of papers.

MRS. CARRIE R. KING, Secretary.

Gleanings from General Reports

NINE Young People's Societies of the Southern California Conference report for the quarter ending March 31, 1904. The total membership is 265. The total contributions are \$16.59. The following summary of the reports of Young People's Societies of Pennsylvania is interesting. The items are compiled from report blanks; hence their brevity:—

PITTSBURG.—Twenty-six members. Meetings

are held every Sunday evening. Donations, \$4.13, of which forty-five cents was paid as express charges to send fruit to Haskell Home. The lessons on "Great Controversy" have been studied. The members are much interested, and are actively engaged in selling papers.

WEST PHILADELPHIA.—Seventeen members, two were added during the quarter. Meetings are held each Sabbath at 4 P. M. The donations amounted to \$4.50, of which \$3.70 has been expended for *Family Bible Teacher* and tracts. The lessons in the INSTRUCTOR have been used in the meetings. The *Signs of the Times* and the *Life Boat* have been sold, and tracts have been distributed.

KINGSTON.—Sixteen members. Meetings are held once each week. The members of the Society are working, and the meetings are interesting. *Signs* are being sold, Bible readings given, literature distributed, and the jail is visited in behalf of the souls of those confined there.

NORTH PHILADELPHIA.—Fifteen members, nine have been added during the quarter. Weekly meetings are held, and the studies have been on the lives of Reformers and work in foreign fields. *Signs* have been sold, but the exact number is not known. Each member is interested in the work.

WILLIAMSPORT.—Twelve members. The subjects for study have been those outlined in the INSTRUCTOR. The members have been visiting in the hospitals and the homes for the friendless, caring for the sick, and distributing literature.

WRIGHTS.—Twelve members, two were added during the quarter. This Society meets once a month. Donations amounted to \$1.20. Plans for missionary work have been considered at the meetings. Tracts and papers have been sold, and papers have been given away. All are interested in distributing the papers. Children five years old give their experience in the meetings.

NORTH WARREN.—Though there are only seven members, all take an active part in the meetings. The older church-members are much interested in the life of William Miller and his work. Meetings are held every two weeks. The studies outlined in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR have been used.

CONNEAUTVILLE.—Six members, one was added during the quarter. The interest is good. Books and papers are sold, and tracts distributed. The lessons in the INSTRUCTOR have been studied.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

Boys and Flowers

MEN interested in reforming boys have long known that flowers exert a wonderfully refining influence. There is a farm-school in New York on which the boys are taught how to cultivate the land, and how to care for animals and plants. One boy seemed incorrigible. He would not work in the fields, and he would torment the animals. The superintendent was about to ask that he be taken away, when he happened to see the youth looking at some flowers with a different expression than had appeared on his face before.

The superintendent decided to give him another chance, and sent him out to work among the plants. Pretty soon the boy asked if he might have a flower-bed of his own. It was given to him, and in a few weeks the wilful, destructive young lad was tamed, and captive to a chain of fragrant blossoms. The prison board in charge of the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania also seems to believe in the refining effect of flowers; for it has recently accepted the offer of a wealthy Pittsburgh man to build a conservatory at the penitentiary for the use of the prisoners.—*Selected*.

"In stretching out his hands to catch the stars, man forgets oftentimes the flowers at his feet, so varied and so fragrant."



CHILDREN'S PAGE

A New Governor

DEAR mother at the fireplace
Sat "toasting" her tired feet —
They had carried her many a mile that day
On jaunts regretless, sweet.

Still working (darning hosiery)
Though the day 'd been measured off;
For ne'er had she time to cease from work,
Nor her care-full cap to doff.

The children, playing about the room,
Came suddenly to a pause,
And Master Ire with his selfish tongue
Began to plead his cause.

Then each in turn to mother dear
His injured innocence (?) took.
The tales of woe she listened to
Might fill a little book.

Without a word she harkened through,
Nor a smile, nor her mind exposed
Till the least unto the greatest "man"
His argument had closed.

Upon expostulating as
Only a mother can,
She surprised them all by a little talk
On a very wise new plan.

"A new governor is needed sore
In this house, I do declare,
One who'll keep peace, yes, order too,
And see that games are fair.

"But you must each determine, dears,
Whom this governor shall be,
If you would be Republicans
Precisely to a T."

She dwelt upon the subject new
In a gentle, winning way,
Until, in *Self-defense*, no child
Had aught that he could say.

But when her speech its climax reached,
Each now repenting soul
Cast in his vote at the booth of prayer
For Governor *Self-Control*.

LETTA STERLING LEWIS.

The Children's Hour

DON and Teddy had but recently moved, with their papa and mama, big sister Ruth and little Anna, to a town in Colorado. Everything was wonderful and strange here, from the cactus that grew on the mesas, to the mighty, snow-capped mountains. But what the boys loved and admired more than anything else was the funny, little, patient, long-eared burro, belonging to Jose Martinez, their little Mexican neighbor. Indeed, when Sabbath came, the boys seemed unable to talk of anything else; so mama said.

"I know some lovely burro stories that have come down to us in history from long ago."

"Do tell us some of them, mama," said Don and Teddy. Ruth laid down the book she was reading, and Anna climbed on mama's lap to hear the story.

"First, I will tell you of some burros, or asses, as they were called in that land, that were lost. Their owner sent his son, a tall, handsome young man, and a servant, to search for them. They sought for three days, and then, as they found no trace of them, the son said to the servant, 'Come, and let us return; lest my father leave caring for the asses, and take thought for us.'"

But the servant persuaded him to go into the

city near them, and ask a prophet who lived there, if he could tell them where to look for the lost animals. The prophet assured them that the asses were found, then kept them as guests of honor at a feast he had prepared; and in the morning as he sent them away, he anointed the young man to be king over the country."

"That young man was Saul," said Don.

"His father's name was Kish," added Teddy.

"And Samuel was the prophet," said Ruth.

"Tell another, mama, please," begged little Anna.

"Perhaps papa now will tell you one."

"Well," said papa, after a moment's thought, "I do not know how many asses Kish had, but the man of whom I speak had five hundred, beside five hundred yoke of oxen, seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels; so he was a very rich man. Not only was he rich, but he was a very good man, 'perfect and upright,' the



MEXICAN BURROS

history says. And because he was blessed of the Lord, Satan was full of jealousy, and sought to destroy him.

"So one day, when the oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding in a field near by, a band of robbers drove them off, and killed all the servants but one, who carried the news to his master. Quickly following him came others telling of the loss of the man's sheep and camels, and, last of all, of the death of his seven sons and three daughters. Then he himself was stricken with disease, so that he was for a long time in great misery.

"All this trouble was brought on this good man by Satan, to tempt him; but through it all he was faithful to God. And in the end God blessed and prospered him twice as much as before; for he had fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand asses. The Lord also gave him a second time seven sons and three daughters.

"That was Job, and the Sabeans took his asses and oxen," said Ruth.

"Yes, and fire killed his sheep," said Don.

"And the Chaldeans took his camels," said Teddy.

"And the wind that killed his sons and daughters," said mama, "must have been what we call in these days a cyclone."

"There was a prophet," said Ruth, "who had

owned and ridden upon an ass for a long time; but one day, as he was going on a journey with her, she saw an angel before her, and turned out of the way. This angered her master so that he struck her. A little farther on, in a narrow place between two walls, she saw again the same angel, and in trying to pass, she crushed her master's foot against the wall; and he struck her again. A little farther on, in a place so narrow that she could not turn out at all, she saw the angel once more, and fell to the ground under her master, who became very angry and struck her with his staff.

"Then the ass did what no dumb beast ever did before or since,—she spoke, reproving her master for his treatment of her.

"Immediately afterward, he, too, saw in the way the angel with a drawn sword in his hand. Then the man was very much afraid, and fell upon his face on the ground. The angel rebuked him for the way in which he had treated his faithful beast, telling him that if she had not turned out of the way, he would surely have been slain. He also said, 'Thy way is perverse before me.'

Then the prophet offered to turn back; but the angel permitted him to go on, but not to do at the end of his journey as he had purposed."

"Balaam was the prophet's name," said mama.

"And he was going to curse Israel," said papa; "but his curse was turned into a blessing instead. I should like to tell one more story of this humble creature,—a story that should give it forever a place of honor in our minds. Two men came into a village, and untied an ass they found there. Some standing by said, 'What do ye?' and they answered, 'The Lord hath need of him,' and led him away.

"Then they placed their garments on him, and their Master rode upon him into the city, while many spread their garments or branches of trees in the way. And those that went before and those that followed after united their voices in the glad cry, 'Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.'"

MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSER.

You will now find it very interesting, I am sure, to read these stories from the Bible itself. The first is found in 1 Samuel 9, the second in Job, the third in Numbers 22, and the last and most beautiful of all in Matthew 21.

"But we'd rather all be little girls,
And let them call us babies,
Than all the boys with pistol toys,
For they don't grow to ladies."



The Praise Meeting of the Flowers

THE flowers of many climates,
That bloom all seasons through,
Met in a stately garden
Bright with the morning dew.

For praise and loving worship,
The Lord they came to meet.
Her box of precious ointment
The Rose broke at his feet.

The Passion flower his symbols
Wore fondly on her breast,
She spoke of self-denial
As what might please him best.

The Morning Glories, fragile
Like infants soon to go,
Had dainty, toy-like trumpets,
And praised the Master so.

"His word is like to honey,"
The Clover testified,
"And all who trust thy promise"
Shall in thy love abide.

The Lilies said, "O trust him,
We neither toil nor spin,
And yet his home of beauty,
See how we enter in!"

The King-cup and her kindred
Said, "Let us all be glad;
Of his redundant sunshine,
Behold how we are clad."

"And let us follow Jesus,"
The Star-of-Bethlehem said.
And all the band of flowers
Bent down with rev'rent head.

The glad Sunflower answered,
And little Daisies bright,
And all the cousin Asters,
"We follow toward the Light."

"We praise him for the mountains,"
The Alpine Roses cried:
"We bless him for the valleys,"
The Violets replied.

"We praise him," said the Air plant,
"For breath we never lack:"
"And for the rocks we praise him,"
The Lichens answered back.

"We praise him for the waters,"
The gray Sea-mosses sighed;
And all his baptized Lilies
"Amen! Amen!" replied.

"And for the green, cool woodlands,
We praise and thanks return,"
Said Kalmas and Azalias,
And graceful, Feathery Fern;

"And for the wealth of garden
And all the gard'ner thinks,"
Said Rose and Camelias
And all the sweet-breathed Pinks.

"Hosannah in the highest,"
The Baby Bluets sang;
And little, trembling Harebells
With softest music rang.

"The winter hath been bitter,
But sunshine follows storm;
Thanks for his loving-kindness,
The earth's great heart is warm,"

So said the pilgrim May Flower
That cometh after snow,
The humblest and the sweetest
Of all the flowers that blow.

"Thank God for every weather,
The sunshine and the wet,"
Spoke out the cheerful Pansies
And darling Mignonette.

And then the sun descended,
The heavens were all aglow.
The little Morning Glories
Had faded long ago.

And now the bright Day Lilies
Their love watch ceased to keep;
"He giveth," said the Poppies,
"To his beloved, sleep."

The gray of evening deepened,
The soft wind stirred the corn,
Then sudden in the garden
Another flower was born.

It was the Evening Primrose
Her sisters followed fast;
With perfumed lips they whispered,
"Thank God for night at last."

—Selected.



Flourishing Rice Fields

So fast is the area devoted to rice culture in Texas and Louisiana increasing, and with such good results, that it is expected the domestic crop this year will for the first time be equal to the consumption. Enormous areas of swamp-lands along the Gulf coast, sold by the States for twenty-five cents an acre, are diked and drained and turned into flourishing fields. Two hundred and fifty thousand acres were planted in rice in Texas last year. Rice exchanges and rice mills are springing up all through southwestern Louisiana, and are creating an unusual prosperity. The Department of Agriculture is helping in many ways to advance the industry. One of the greatest troubles has been that the area one man could harvest was but a small part of that which he could sow and irrigate. Rice of a given kind tended to ripen at the same time, and the farmer found himself unable to gather the crops which he had raised. The department imported last year forty-one varieties of seed, which were planted in Louisiana, and from which thirty thousand bushels are now ready for distribution. By selecting varieties it has been made possible to plant all at the same time, and to stretch the harvest over nearly two months. The normal period from planting to harvest had been one hundred and three days. Some of the new varieties require a month, some fifty days longer than that. The annual crop is fast approaching two hundred thousand tons.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Self-Tamed Muskrat

THAT so shy an animal as a muskrat should of his own choice become tame seems strange. Yet this happened at the home of a neighbor of mine, whose boys liked pets.

The family lived on the banks of a stream where the water, free from ice, flowed swiftly until it emptied into the pond near by. Along the shores of the pond the muskrats each season built their huts. In winter they frequently swam about in the open stream, and the boys threw apples into the water for them.

At length one rat ventured to climb up the steep bank and prow about the house. Not being molested in his visits, one night he crawled under the floor and gnawed through into the kitchen. After that he was the pet of the family.

He took food from the boys' hands, and allowed them to stroke his fur. He did not object to being taken into their laps. He preferred, however, to lie behind the stove; there he would stay for hours. The hole he gnawed was boarded up, and he was taught to come and go through the door. When he wished to come in, he scratched at the door. At night he sometimes proved troublesome. If no one answered his call, he crawled under the house, and began gnawing a new hole.

A queer pet he proved. He was not nearly so quick on land as in water. When he walked across the floor, his long, scaly tail dragged noisily after him. His favorite food was apples. While eating, he "scooped" on his haunches, and held

the food in his paws. When he had eaten enough, he pushed the rest into a dark corner.

In the spring he went away. What became of him they never knew.—*Rev. H. G. Piper*.

Story of Our Flag

A LONG time ago, when our country was fighting to be free, the people thought they would like a flag different from any they had ever seen,—a flag to wave over their homes and schoolhouses, over their ships when they sailed away to other countries, and one to lead their soldiers to battle.

So they told George Washington to have the right kind of flag made. He and a friend, Mr. Morris, talked about a flag, and wondered just what kind of flag it should be. They wanted a beautiful one, and one that would please the people.

At last, after they had talked it over, George Washington drew a picture with his pencil of a flag with stars and stripes, and took the drawing to Mrs. Betsey Ross, a good milliner who lived in Philadelphia. Washington told her to make the stripes red and white, and the stars white on a blue sky, and he told her to make the stars with six points.

"O, no!" said Mrs. Ross, "I think they should have only five points." And Mr. Washington wanted to know why she wanted the five points. Mrs. Ross said: "When we look up into the beautiful blue sky at night, the stars seem to have only five points. They look just like this." And she took a square piece of paper, folded it, and with her scissors made the five-pointed star.

So Mr. Washington and his friend gave up to Mrs. Ross, and told her to make the stars with five points. Then she got some bunting, red, white, and blue, and in her own little shop she cut out and made our first flag with the stars and stripes.—*Anna K. Dunlap*.

STEPHEN GIRARD, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, one Saturday bade his clerks come the following day and unload a vessel which had just arrived. One of the clerks, who had strong convictions and the power to act upon them, refused to comply with the demand.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Girard, "if you can not do as I wish, we can separate."

"I know that, sir," said the hero. "I also know that I have a widowed mother to care for, but I can not work on Sunday."

"Very well, sir," said the proprietor; "go to the cashier's desk, and he will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man tramped the streets of Philadelphia, looking for work. One day a bank president asked Mr. Girard to name a suitable person for cashier for a new bank about to be started. After reflection, Mr. Girard named this young man.

"But I thought you discharged him?"

"I did," was the answer, "because he would not work on Sunday, and the man who will lose his situation from principle is the man to whom you can entrust your money."—*Youth's Friend*.



THE editor is getting anxious to hear how the missionary gardens are prospering. Will not the little gardeners send some word?

Near at Hand

"If haply they might feel after him . . . though he is not very far from each one of us." Acts 17:27.

This is a wondrously true picture of human souls in this world. They are like blind men, groping in the darkness, trying to find some hand to lead them, some path to take them home. Without God in this world, we are like —

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

Without the gospel we can not find God. At the same time he is not far from any one of us. There is a story of a returning prodigal seeking his father's house and unable to find it, wandering wearily along the highway, and at last, in his faintness falling down on the threshold of a cottage,—his own father's house. Inside sat the father and mother for whose love he was hungering; yet he knew it not. So near to every one of us in our need and craving is our Heavenly Father.—*Selected.*

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VIII—From Jehoram to Jotham

(August 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Chronicles 21-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." 1 Cor. 10:12.

Jehoram, the son of Jehoshaphat, was the next king of Judah. He killed all his brothers, married the daughter of the wicked king Ahab, and led Judah into idolatry. Because of his sins the Lord allowed the enemies of Israel to come against Jerusalem. They slew all the king's sons, save one; and the king himself died of a dreadful disease. Jehoram reigned eight years, and, we are told, "departed without being desired." What a sad thing to be said about one who might have been loved by the people, and honored by the Lord!

Ahaziah, the youngest son of Jehoram, now reigned for one year. His mother, Athaliah, was a very wicked woman. While the king lived, she counseled him to do wickedly; and when he was dead, she slew all the seed royal of the house of Judah, and made herself queen. But the king's sister saved one of his sons, a baby only a year old, and hid him in the house of the Lord.

This baby's name was Joash, and he was cared for by the good priest Jehoida for six years. At the end of that time the people took the kingdom from Athaliah, and made Joash king. He was only seven years old when he began to reign, and he reigned for forty years in Jerusalem. As long as Jehoida lived to counsel and direct him, Joash reigned well. He asked the people to bring gifts to repair the temple, which Athaliah's sons had broken up; and when this work was finished, they used the rest of the gifts to make vessels for the temple service, in place of those that had been carried away to be used in the service of Baalim.

After Jehoida died, Joash listened to the princes of Judah, and served idols. Then the Lord sent Zechariah, the son of Jehoida, to Joash with a message from him; but the king was angry, and had the prophet put to death, forgetting the kindness of Jehoida, who had cared for him, and made him king.

Amaziah was the next king, and he reigned twenty-nine years. At first he served the Lord, but afterward he worshiped idols. When he died, the people made Uzziah, his son, king in his place.

Uzziah was only sixteen years old when he

began to reign, and he reigned for fifty-two years in Jerusalem. "And he sought God in the days of Zechariah, who had understanding in the visions of God; and as long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper. . . . And his name spread far abroad; for he was marvelously helped, till he was strong.

"But when he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction; for he transgressed against the Lord his God, and went into the temple of the Lord to burn incense upon the altar of incense." The priests reprov'd the king, and told him to go out of the sanctuary; but he was very angry, and would not listen to them. Then the Lord smote the king with leprosy, in token of his displeasure. All the rest of his life he had to dwell in a house by himself; "for he was cut off from the house of the Lord."

Jotham, the son of Uzziah, was the next king. He built many cities in the mountains of Judah, and in the forests he built castles and towers. He subdued the Ammonites, also, and put them under tribute. "So Jotham became mighty, because he prepared his ways before the Lord his God." "And Jotham slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city of David: and Ahaz his son reigned in his stead."

Questions

1. Who was the next king of Judah? What wicked thing did Jehoram do? How was he punished? What is said about his death?
2. How long did Ahaziah reign? Who was his chief counselor? Describe her character.
3. When Ahaziah died, what was done by Athaliah? Who only was saved? How old was Joash at this time? Where was he kept? Who cared for him?
4. What did the people do when Joash was seven years old? For how many years did he reign in Jerusalem? What good work was done under his direction?
5. How long did Joash reign well? After Jehoida died, who were his counselors? What did the king then serve? Who was sent to him with a message of reproof from the Lord? How did Joash receive the message?
6. Name the next king, and tell how many years he reigned. What kind of king was he? Whom did the people make king when this Amaziah died? How old was Uzziah when he came to the throne?
7. How long did Uzziah prosper? How was he helped? 2 Chron. 26:5, 15.
8. When Uzziah was strong, what did he do? Who reprov'd him? How did this make the king feel? How did the Lord show that he was displeased at what Uzziah had done? Where did Uzziah dwell all the rest of his life?
9. What warning has the Lord given to those who think that they are in no danger of doing wrong? Memory Verse. What must each one do who would not fall into sin?—"Watch unto prayer." 1 Peter 4:7.
10. Who was king after Uzziah? What did he build? What nation did he subdue? Why did he prosper? At his death, who was king?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VIII—Babylon

(August 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 18.

MEMORY VERSE: "And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." Rev. 18:4.

Questions

1. What is the burden of the second angel's message? Rev. 14:8.
2. To what is the name "Babylon" applied? Rev. 17:3-5.

3. What does a woman represent in prophecy? Rev. 14:4, 5; note 2.

4. What indicates that many churches are included in the fall of Babylon? Rev. 17:5.

5. How is the condition of the fallen church described? Rev. 17:2.

6. Of what great sin has she been guilty? Verse 3. In what similar terms is the church corrupted by worldly alliances, described by James? James 4:4.

7. Then what has brought about this fallen condition? Note 3.

8. How unrighteous has the church become? Rev. 18:5.

9. What judgment is pronounced upon her? Verses 6, 8; Rev. 16:19.

10. Does the fallen church see her condition? Rev. 18:7.

11. What evidence have we that this is a description of the church in the last days? Verse 8; Rev. 14:8-11; note 4.

12. What does Paul say of the condition of the church in the last days? 2 Tim. 3:1-5.

13. What shows that some of God's people are still in this church? What are they called to do? Rev. 18:4; note 5.

14. What message follows the one announcing the fall of Babylon?

15. What is the simple faith of those who respond to the call to come out of Babylon? Rev. 12:17; 14:12.

16. After the destruction of Babylon, where is the true church next seen? Rev. 19:1-3.

Notes

1. "Revelation 18 points to the time when, as a result of rejecting the threefold warning of Rev. 14:6-12, the church will have fully reached the condition foretold by the second angel, and the people of God, still in Babylon, will be called upon to separate from her communion. This message is the last that will ever be given to the world; and it will accomplish its work. When those that believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness, shall be left to receive strong delusion, and to believe a lie, then the light of truth will shine upon all whose hearts are open to receive it, and all the children of the Lord that remain in Babylon, will heed God's call.

2. A woman in prophecy symbolizes a church. The true church is represented by a virgin, or a pure woman, while the apostate church is represented by a fallen woman. In this case the woman is the mother of daughters—churches.

3. The illicit connection between the church and worldly power is here clearly illustrated by the woman, a symbol of the church, seated upon a beast, a symbol of earthly government. The Church of Rome with its gigantic organization stands as chief representative of this iniquitous system, and is here called Babylon.

4. From the very fact that the message going with that one which announces the fall of Babylon, is to prepare a people for the coming of the Lord, we know that this church exists just before his coming. Then, too, God's people are called out, so that they will not be partakers of her punishment which is about to fall.

5. Some of the true people of the Lord are scattered throughout Babylon. In all the churches there are those who sigh and cry because of the abominations which are cherished in their midst. On these the Lord has his eye; they are dear to him. And as the storm of indignation against sin gathers and is about to break, a voice from heaven, a mighty message, calls them to "come out of her." "Servants of God; endowed with power from on high, with their faces lighted up, and shining with holy consecration, went forth to proclaim the message from heaven. Souls that were scattered all through the religious bodies answered to the call, and the precious were hurried out of the doomed churches, as Lot was hurried out of Sodom before the destruction."—"Early Writings," page 139.



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Bread out of Stone

LITTLE men and women, and older ones, too, all like to read the story of the miracles given in the Bible. We like to read of Elisha making the iron to swim; of Elijah raising the Shunammite's son to life; and of his healing Naaman of his leprosy. We like to read of the Saviour's many miracles of healing the sick, raising the dead, and feeding the multitudes; we like to read of Peter and John opening the eyes of the blind man at the gate Beautiful of the temple; and of the poor people straining every nerve to pass even into the shadow of the good apostle, hoping thus to be healed of the dreadful diseases from which they were suffering. Our God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He heals the sick to-day even as then. God is constantly working miracles all about us.

Jesus turned the crystal water at Cana's marriage feast into pure wine; so he does now; the only difference is that he takes a little longer time than he did then when the wedding guests were waiting for it, and were anxious to have it at once. Watch the emerald grape of summer as it changes to the amethyst hue of autumn. Why this change from the bright green to the purple? *It is the juice, or water, turning to wine.* The grape vine slowly draws the water from the earth, carries it from cell to cell, and finally deposits it in the grape, where it yields to the magic touch of Life, which soon changes it into the sweet, ruby wine that cheers, but does not intoxicate.

Satan, when tempting Christ in the wilderness, said, "Command that this stone be made bread." The Saviour would not do it because Satan asked him to do it; but he has done it many times since, and had many times before. The soil is largely made of decayed or weathered rock. That field of ripened wheat dissolved and absorbed some of this weathered rock, and built it into its own living tissue. Yes, the stone became a part of the wheat kernels, and these were made into bread—the rock became bread.

But the miracle ends not here. A man eats the bread made from the wheat, and by the mysterious processes of digestion, absorption, circulation, and assimilation, it becomes a part of his brain. The man thinks; the energy that he receives from the bread gives birth to a thought that moves thousands to right action. Is there a greater miracle?—a rock changed into wheat, then into bread, then into brain tissue, then into a thought that stirs the world.

No man living can make these changes. Only the Saviour can turn stone into bread, into living, thinking brain tissue. Our daily bread is given to us in this way.

What can not our Father make out of this same soil or rock? Take a handful of earth. Out of that he makes our luscious strawberries, juicy oranges, melons, grains; or the beautiful

roses, the sweet forget-me-nots, the dainty bluets; or the graceful fern, the sturdy oak, and the giant cypress.

Multitudes followed Jesus to see his wonderful miracles; multitudes to-day ought to be looking about them to see the wonders of his power.

To Those Who Are Selling Life and Health

As this is written before the date of the INSTRUCTOR which contained the special offer on *Life and Health*, there has not been time to hear from many, but the orders are already coming in. We can see in our mind's eye the wide-awake, energetic company of young people who will go out to sell the journal, and can imagine some of their experiences. Some will meet rebuffs, some will hear unkind words, and some will receive hearty encouragement in their work. In any case, let us remember that the Lord has promised that he will never leave us nor forsake us. We may be assured of his help and presence as we engage in his work.

Now the August issue of *Life and Health* is ready, and those who have been selling the July number will want a supply of the August number. You can probably sell this month's magazine to all who bought last month's, and perhaps some who refused before will buy now. Follow up your work each month, and you will establish a regular route where your subscribers will look for your monthly visits.

The following are a few of the interesting articles in the August *Life and Health*:—

Mosquitoes and Disease; Summer Cook Stove Slavery; How to Keep Baby Well in Hot Weather; Medical Missionary Work as a Church Work; "Suffer Little Children" (illustrated); Summer Salads and Salad Dressing; How to Can Vegetables; Hot Weather Diet.

In the Questions and Answers Department some very excellent instruction is given in regard to sweating feet, chapped hands, prevention and cure of poison from poison ivy or poison oak, etc. These two pages of suggestions and prescriptions by a physician are well worth the price of the magazine to any one who desires such information.

Our price to agents on *Life and Health* is \$3 a hundred copies. We will supply the August number to INSTRUCTOR readers at the same rate—3 cents each—where ten copies or more are ordered at one time. Address *Life and Health*, 222 North Capitol St., Washington, D. C.

An Extraordinary Offer

Would you not like to talk with a bright little girl who had made a journey of thousands of miles by ship and by rail, visiting strange lands and strange people? Her story of what she saw and did would be intensely interesting, would it not? But if such a girl could be found, not all of us would be able to see her, because we are so widely separated. The next best thing would be to read a letter written by herself describing her trip.

Now Miss Leona M. Bicknell, a little girl of ten years, who went with her father and mother on a missionary journey to South Africa, has written a story of her trip. This was first published in one of the papers of the city where she lives; but the story was so interesting and instructive that it was thought many other boys and girls would like to read it, and so her parents have arranged for its publication in book form. The book is entitled "How a Little Girl Went to Africa," and tells all about her remarkable journey, her experiences by sea and by land, in the greatest city of the world, in Central Africa, of the excitement when the recent Boer war broke out, of the ocean voyage, of the Zulus and Kaffirs—all this and much more the little author tells with remarkable descriptive power. And the best

of all is that it is a true story, all seen through the eyes of a little girl, and described in her own simple language.

Besides the descriptive matter, the book contains a picture of Miss Bicknell, and more than twenty other illustrations showing some of the strange peoples and scenes which she saw.

The following chapter headings will give some idea of the interesting contents of this remarkable book:—

Leaving Home, and a Day in New York.
My First Sea Voyage.
A Large Church in a Great City.
A Visit to the Tower of London.
What I Saw in Westminster Abbey.
My Arrival in Africa.
Strange People, Flowers, and Fruits.
Children of South Africa.
Up the East Coast to Zululand.
How the Boers Look and Live.
Ostrich Farms and Diamond Mines.
Among the Hyenas and Natives.
Frightened by Boer Soldiers.
Terrible Sightings among the Lepers.
An Awful Storm at Sea, and Home Again.

The price of this book is \$1, and we feel sure that many of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will want it. We will send it, postpaid, on receipt of price.

A Chance to Earn the Book

Perhaps there are some of your young friends and neighbors who do not take the INSTRUCTOR, but who, if their attention was called to it, would enjoy it as much as you do. If you will show your paper to others and secure three yearly subscriptions from persons who are *not now taking* the INSTRUCTOR, we will send you a copy of "How a Little Girl Went to Africa," free for your trouble. Simply send us \$2.25 with the names of three new subscribers, and the book is yours. Be sure to write all names and addresses *very plainly*, and ask for the book when you send the subscriptions. Address Youth's Instructor, 222 North Capitol St., Washington, D. C.



MOUND CITY, KAN., July 15, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a boy nine years old. I take the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and like to read it very much. I think it is the best paper I ever read. I went to church-school in Keene, Texas, two winters. We are now living on our farm in Kansas. We have no Sabbath-school near us.

I am learning the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew. I can repeat seventeen verses now. I began it the first day of July.

As this is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR, I hope it will be printed. W. IVAN MONTANYE.

P. S.—Enclosed find seventy-five cents to renew my subscription to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. W. I. M.

The editor likes this letter, and the postscript too. The postscript is sometimes called "the forgetful man's paragraph;" but if postscripts were all as valuable as this one of yours, Ivan, I believe the editor would want every letter to have one or two postscripts.

You have chosen a long chapter to memorize, but it is a good one. I wish a score of boys would join you in the interesting task. When a little girl, living in Texas, I learned that chapter, and I have never regretted the effort. Perhaps the fourteenth chapter of John will claim your attention later on, Ivan.

Bookkeeping, Penmanship, or Shorthand successfully taught by mail. A number of persons have been qualified for greater usefulness by taking work with us. You can do the same. Write for particulars. Fireside Accounting Institute, Battle Creek, Mich.