

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 1

## NATURE'S WONDERS

### Visiting the Yosemite Valley

For several years I had been saying that I would not like to go "back East" and have to admit that I had spent several years in California without seeing Yosemite Valley; but the opportunity to make the trip to the valley did not come until after I had the chance to face that reproach. I firmly resolved, however, that I would visit Yosemite on my return to the Pacific Coast.

The second summer after my return to California we succeeded in completing arrangements to visit that most peculiar and wonderful of nature's workshops. With baggage enough for a trip to Dawson, and with costumes that would have done justice to the average mountain climber, we left Oakland one bright afternoon in the latter part of June, took ferry to San Francisco, and then embarked for an all-night's ride up the bay and winding river to the city of Stockton.

Bright and early we arrived there, and bright and early we found ourselves with our pyramid of baggage deposited on the wharf, waiting the arrival of the conveyances that were to take us to our destination. They arrived after we had endured some hours of most tedious waiting; but we were prepared to endure some hardships, and there was little grumbling. It was nearly eleven o'clock when we finally found ourselves really on the road to the valley, bag and baggage, seven of us all told, happy in the prospect of three weeks' release from the cares and routine of office, household, and schoolroom.

At least an hour before the sun went down, we were tired enough to pitch tent and prepare for supper and bed. We had covered thirty miles of the one hundred twenty between Stockton and Yosemite, and were now near Oakdale. We went to sleep listening to the night songs of three hundred swine of all sizes and dispositions. With that one exception, it was an ideal camping place, but had we known at night what we learned during the night, that one exception

would have been considered ample excuse for choosing another camping place; for in no place in all this fertile and productive State is the California flea more in evidence.

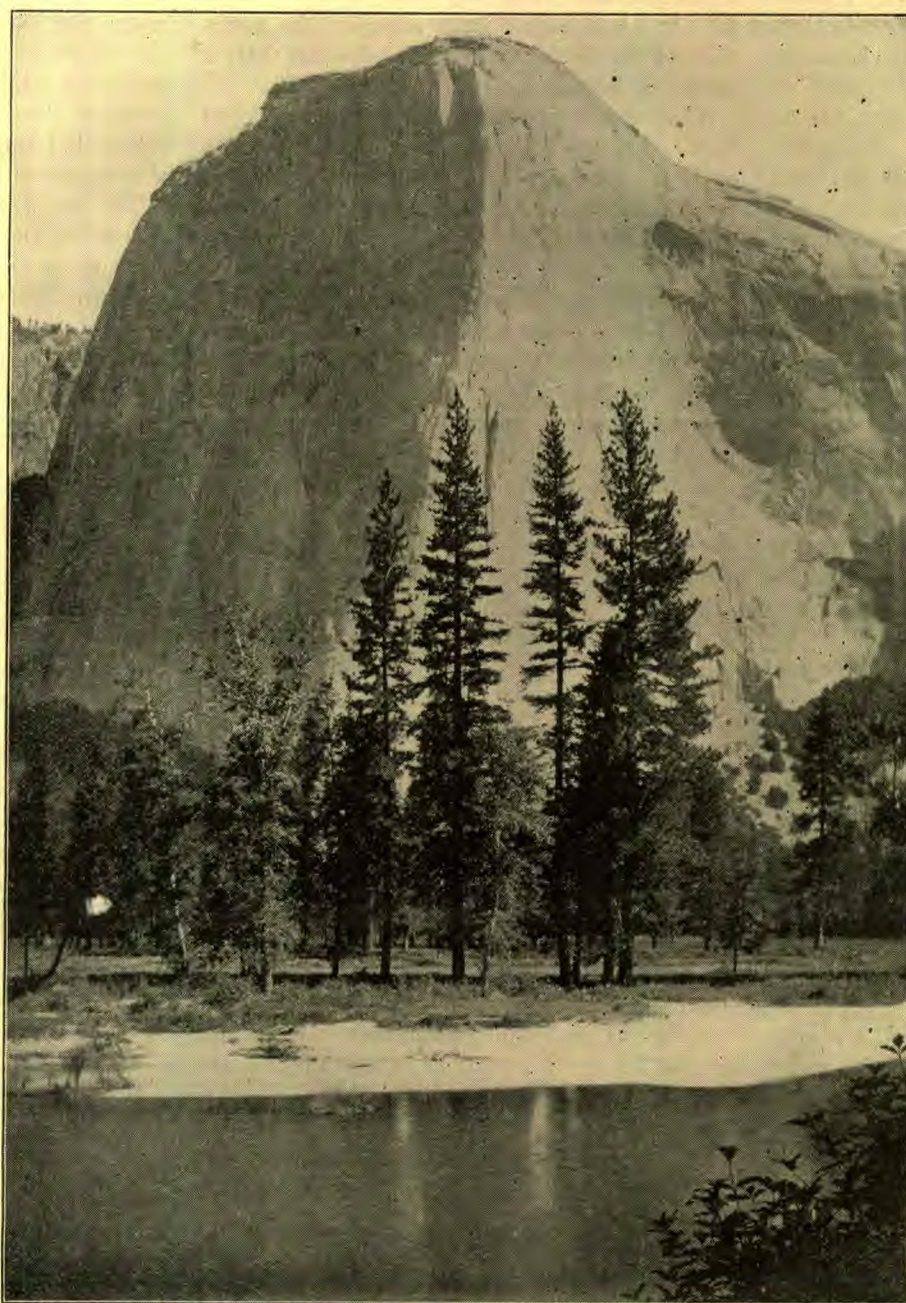
Bright and early we were on the road again, speeding away toward the mountains, now and then catching a glimpse of their snow-covered crest, and now and again a refreshing breath that seemed to come from their cool abode. It was gratefully received, too; for the San Joaquin Valley does not stop to get warm in the summer-time—it is simply wonderfully hot when

tent in the morning, and were now well up in the foothills in a cooler, fresher, more invigorating atmosphere. This place was a well-known mining camp in early days, and is known as Chinese Camp, or Chinese. The Chinese are still there, but there was little evidence now to be seen of the wealth that has been taken out of that part of the golden State. It was Friday night when we arrived at Chinese; so we rested there the following day, "according to the commandment," and were up long before the sun on Sunday morning; for the great task of the journey was before us—the climbing of Priests' Hill, that steady, inclined plane of three and one-half miles. There are no level spots on that grade, the same steep pull from the bottom of the hill to the hotel at the top. We all dismounted at the beginning of the grade, and the ladies of the party went ahead on foot. They were at the top nearly an hour before we reached there with the teams. We carried blocks to trig the wheels, and they were in almost constant use. At eleven o'clock we were at the top of the hill, three hours having been consumed in its ascent. One mile an hour is not considered very rapid traveling; but there was more real work in that piece of road than in any other of its length which I have ever seen.

The hillsides along this part of the journey were covered with holes, where the pick and shovel of the mining prospector had been busy testing the ground for "pay dirt," and little paths ran along the hills from cabin to cabin, looking much like the little paths that the farmer boys find in the fields in the spring from one mouse nest to another.

After a half-hour's rest at the summit, we drove on to that little mining village whose name has been made famous throughout the West by the number of stage robberies that have occurred in its vicinity—Big Oak Flat. Here we took dinner with the miners in a real miners' eating house—a rough but good-natured lot of men they were.

We were now in the mountains, and sixty miles a day was an impossibility for horses unaccustomed to mountain traveling. Nightfall found us at Hamilton's, and an apple orchard was placed at our disposal for a camping place. We were not the only campers there; for a great pipe line was being laid from the headwaters of some river whose name we did not learn, across hills and valleys to a large placer mine, and the



**ElCapitan. It is three thousand three hundred feet high. More than three times as tall as the Eiffel tower, the highest structure built by man**

Photo by Mrs. T. H. Moore, a member of the party.

the sun is up. We took dinner under the cool shade of a cluster of the largest fig trees in the State, and the ripe figs were not the least portion of that pleasing repast. They grow by the side of the road, and are considered public property. The largest of the trees must have been over sixty feet in height.

When nightfall came again, we were sixty miles nearer our goal than when we folded our

workmen were camped in the same orchard. They were a pleasant and gentlemanly lot, and entertained us until a late hour with much better music than one might expect to hear in such a place.

There was nothing in the texture of the ground upon which we spread our blankets to induce one to take a morning nap, so we were up with the birds; and while they were picking up their breakfast, we were picking the ever-present "stickers" from our bedding and clothing. This was the one drawback to the pleasure of a trip through that part of the country; for whatever fabric the "stickers" touch they proceed to go through as if they were alive, and it does not take long to ascertain the direction they are taking. All the grass seems armed with them, and they are as penetrating as the quills of a porcupine.

Some of us had vaguely hoped that by the close of this day we should be at our journey's end; but such was not to be. After a day of traveling in the midst of most delightful scenery, we found ourselves still within three miles of "The Summit," and consequently seventeen miles from Sentinel Hotel in the valley. We pitched tent again, this time in the vicinity of some deserted buildings. We thought we had reached a little village; but on investigation found that, though the doors of the buildings were invitingly open, and easy chairs were on the veranda of the principal house, there was no sign of a living human being near. It made a peculiar feeling come over one to find this dead village where we had expected a live one, and the deserted chairs and tables and other furniture added to the uncanniness of the place.

But it was growing late, and by the time we had the horses taken care of, supper prepared and disposed of, darkness had come down over the scene. We were now in the high mountains, and the little cleared patch where we were camped was surrounded by the dense forest. We had not yet rolled ourselves in our blankets, when from every quarter of the dismal woods there came the most hideous noises we had ever heard. It seemed as if the woods were full of howlings, and that a horde of monsters was ready to swoop down upon us in revenge for disturbing the quiet of their abode. We had heard enough of the noise-producing powers of the coyote to know in a moment the source of the disturbance. It is probable that there were not more than two of them, yet it seemed as if the woods were full of them.

The sun was well up next morning before we were again on our way. By nine o'clock we had reached "The Summit," where we gave the tired horses a rest, while we laid in a supply of fresh bread and milk, procured from the one lone house at this point. Then we began the journey down into the valley. It was ten miles from "The Summit" to the floor of the valley, but unlike Priests' Hill, it was not steady down grade all the way.

It was not long after leaving "The Summit" until we reached the place known as "Inspiration Point," where the eye looks out into the blue haze of a deep and far-winding valley. Five paces from the road at this point one could leap into eternity in a moment. We are standing on the side of a great promontory whose foot is seemingly hid in the blue ethereal depths. Miles on miles we can look out over the receding hills, and over the deep, winding valley far below, with a narrow, silvery ribbon threading its floor. It is not Yosemite, but it is a view that is worth a trip to the Yosemite to see.

Before we reached the floor of Yosemite Valley, dinner time had arrived, and people and horses were ready for it. At a sharp turn on the mountainside we took our nooning, and the whole floor of the glorious Yosemite was below

us. El Capitan, the guardian of the gate, was towering majestically above us, while across the valley Bridal Veil Fall was shaking out its filmy folds of lace-like spray, whipped into fantastic drapery by the gale that rushes up the face of the cliff over which it pours. Imagine a great, beautiful lace curtain about nine hundred feet in length hanging down the face of a great perpendicular cliff, with the breeze catching it, bending it, folding it up, and swaying it now far to one side, and again far out of its course to the other side, with continual meteors of spray shooting down from the bended body of the fall, and you have a slight likeness of the Bridal Veil.

C. M. SNOW.

(To be continued)



### The Risen Saviour

"I AM the resurrection, and the life." He who had said, "I lay down my life, that I might take it again," came forth from the grave to life that was in himself. Humanity died; divinity did not die. In his divinity, Christ possessed the power to break the bonds of death. He declares that he has life in himself to quicken whom he will.

All created beings live by the will and power of God. They are recipients of the life of the Son of God. However able and talented, however large their capacities, they are replenished with life from the source of all life. He is the spring, the fountain, of life. Only he who alone hath immortality, dwelling in light and life, should say, "I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again."

The words of Christ, "I am the resurrection, and the life," were distinctly heard by the Roman guard. The whole army of Satan heard them. And we understand them when we hear. Christ had come to give his life a ransom for many. As the Good Shepherd, he had laid down his life for the sheep. It was the righteousness of God to maintain his law by inflicting the penalty. This was the only way in which the law could be maintained, and pronounced holy, and just, and good. It was the only way by which sin could be made to appear exceeding sinful, and the honor and majesty of divine authority be maintained.

The law of God's government was to be magnified by the death of God's only begotten Son. Christ bore the guilt of the sins of the world. Our sufficiency is found only in the incarnation and death of the Son of God. He could suffer, because sustained by divinity. He could endure, because he was without one taint of disloyalty or sin. Christ triumphed in man's behalf in thus bearing the justice of punishment. He secured eternal life to men, while he exalted the law, and made it honorable.

Christ was invested with the right to give immortality. The life which he had laid down in humanity, he again took up and gave to humanity. "I am come," he says, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

All who are one with Christ through faith in him gain an experience which is life unto eternal life. "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." He "dwelleth in me, and I in him." "I will raise him up at the last day." "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Christ became one with humanity, that humanity might become one in spirit and life with him. By virtue of this union in obedience to the word of God, his life becomes their life. He says to the penitent, "I am the resurrection, and the life." Death is looked upon by Christ as sleep,—silence, darkness, sleep. He speaks of it as if it were of little moment. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me," he says, "shall never die." "If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death." "He shall never see death." And to the believing one, death is but a small matter. With him to die is but to sleep. "Them also which sleep in Jesus God will bring with him."

While the women were making known their message as witnesses of the risen Saviour, and while Jesus was preparing to reveal himself to a large number of his followers, another scene was taking place. The Roman guard had been enabled to view the mighty angel who sang the song of triumph at the birth of Christ, and hear the angels who now sang the song of redeeming love. At the wonderful scene which they were permitted to behold, they had fainted and become as dead men. When the heavenly train was hidden from their sight, they arose to their feet, and made their way to the gate of the garden as quickly as their tottering limbs would carry them. Staggering like blind or drunken men, their faces pale as the dead, they told those they met of the wonderful scenes they had witnessed. Messengers preceded them quickly to the chief priests and rulers, declaring, as best they could, the remarkable incidents that had taken place.

The guard were making their way first to Pilate, but the priests and rulers sent word for them to be brought into their presence. These hardened soldiers presented a strange appearance, as they bore testimony to the resurrection of Christ, and also of the multitude whom he brought forth with him. They told the chief priests what they had seen at the sepulcher. They had not time to think or speak anything but the truth. But the rulers were displeased with the report. They knew that great publicity had been given to the trial of Christ, by holding it at the time of the Passover. They knew that the wonderful events which had taken place—the supernatural darkness, the mighty earthquake—could not be without effect, and they at once planned how they might deceive the people. The soldiers were bribed to report a falsehood; and the priests guaranteed that if the matter should come to Pilate's ears, as it most assuredly would, they would be responsible for the action of the soldiers. They bribed Pilate to silence, and by special messengers sent the report they had prepared to every part of the country.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

### A Sensible Printer

A NEW ORLEANS paper tells of a printer who, when his fellow workmen went out to drink beer during working hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to drink with them. He kept to his resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account and found that he had on deposit \$521.85. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill health.

Four or five of his fellow workmen had, in the meantime, become drunkards, were worthless as workmen, and were discharged. The water drinker bought a printing-office, went on enlarging his business, and in twenty years from the time he began to put by his money, was worth one hundred thousand dollars.—*Youth's Friend*.

"SECRET prayer is the secret of prayer."

"We mar our work for God by noise and bustle; Can we not do our part and not be heard?"



## AROUND THE WORK-TABLE

### A Simple Work Basket

(Concluded)

For stakes cut nineteen pieces of No. 4 reed thirteen inches long. Point one end of each by a slanting cut with the shears. Place base and stakes in hot water for a few moments; then lay the base, convex side up, on the table; at

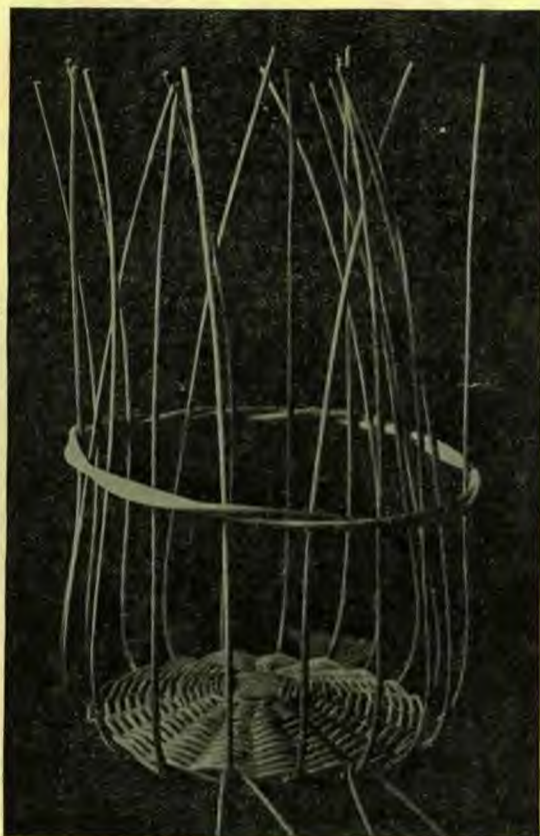


FIG. 4

the right of any spoke push the awl through the weaving as far toward the center of base as possible; withdraw it; and insert the pointed end of a stake. It should enter the base a distance of at least one and one-half inches. In the same manner place a stake at the right of each spoke. Coil a piece of reed to form a ring about the size of base. Gather up the loose ends of stakes, and slip the ring over them. Fig. 4. Be sure to have convex side of base on inside of basket. Give the lower part of stakes the shape you wish the basket to assume, and allow to *partly* dry in that position. Take two long well-soaked No. 3 weavers; measure



FIG. 5

off from one enough to loosely compass the basket; bend as previously directed, slip the loop over any stake, leaving the short end at the left. Bend the second weaver near the center, and slip over second stake at right of one just used. Fig. 4. This basket will have a rope twist around the bottom. To form it remove the ring, place the basket on its side with the bottom toward the worker; take the weaver at the left (the short end), pass it over the other three weavers,

in front of three stakes, and back of one stake, and out at first vacant space at right. Repeat, taking the left-hand weaver each time until you have worked entirely around the basket. Draw *very* tight at each stroke, so that the rope will lie close against the base, entirely covering the ends of the spokes. The importance of having this part of the work very tight can not be too strongly emphasized. This is really the joint which unites the base and sides. The rope and the method of forming it are shown in Fig. 5. At the finishing point of the rope drop the short weaver, and with the remaining three weavers form four rows of triple twist by passing left weaver over the other two, in front of two stakes, back of one stake, and out at first space to right. Let the weaving be drawn tight enough to give the basket the desired shape. To splice either the triple or waling twist, bring the short end forward, insert a new weaver behind it, and proceed as before, leaving the end of the old weaver on the outside, and one end of the new weaver inside, to be trimmed short when the work is finished. Method of splicing is shown in Fig. 6. When the four rows of triple twist are completed, drop two weavers by cutting them so each end will rest against a stake on inside of basket. The rope and the triple twist form the "upset." Use the one remaining weaver for single weaving—in front of one stake and back of the next. Keep the stakes bent slightly outward, and see that the slant is uniform. To splice single weaving leave the last end of the old weaver and the first end of the new one back of the same stake. When sufficiently high,—about one and one-half inches of single weaving,—insert



FIG. 6

weavers, leaving ends *inside*, each cut to rest against a stake. With the remaining two



FIG. 7

weavers, form one row of pairing by placing one weaver before and the other back of the same stake, crossing weavers between stakes. When the row is completed, bring both weavers to the front under last row of weaving. Fig. 8. Trim each to rest against a stake. This binds off the work ready for open border. Cut stakes to six and one-half inches with slanting cut. Take any stake, pass it to right back of two stakes; at right of second stake push it down through the waling, siding, and upset, leaving a loop at top about one inch deep. Fig. 8. Use the awl to open a passage for the stake. Treat each stake in the same



FIG. 8



FINISHED BASKET

manner, giving special attention to the placing of the last two. This lesson *thoroughly mastered* will make the succeeding ones easy.

MRS. EMMA M. LONG.

### Notice to Basket Makers

WHERE TO GET THE MATERIAL.—The necessary material for making the basket described in this article, and also for the one illustrated in the INSTRUCTOR of December 20, can be secured for thirty-five cents each, postpaid, if ordered at once. This is an especially low price, and orders should be sent in promptly, with remittance accompanying. Address South Lancaster Academy, South Lancaster, Massachusetts.



### JANUARY FIELD STUDY

(January 14)

OPENING SONG.

SERVICE OF PRAYER.

SCRIPTURE READING.

SONG.

REMARKS BY THE LEADER: What we can do for missions during 1905.

FIELD STUDY:—

Malaysia.

India and its needs.

A trip to South America.

Peru unentered.

Brief map exercise, locating recent openings in mission fields.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

#### Notes

The following texts may be used as a Scripture reading. In this way a large number can take part.

#### Missions

THE NEED: 1 John 5:19; Matt. 13:38; Matt. 9:36-38; Rom. 10:13-15.

THE PROVISION TO SUPPLY: Luke 2:30-32; 1 John 4:14; John 3:16, 17.

THE PROPHECY: Isa. 49:6; Matt. 24:14; Acts 1:8.

THE COMMISSION: Rev. 10:11; Matt. 28:18-20.

THE RESULTS: Mark 16:20; Acts 11:21; 2 Cor. 2:14; Rev. 7:9, 10.

### Ingathering Service at Columbus, Ohio

SEPTEMBER 24 the Columbus church held their first "Harvest Ingathering" service, and it surely was a day long to be remembered on account of God's presence.

Last spring, at one of our children's meetings, the plan of a "Harvest Ingathering" service was presented, and each child was provided with a little bag in which to save his earnings. All were enthusiastic, and their little heads seemed

full of plans for earning money to give the gospel in the regions beyond. The hope and earnestness of the children inspired many an older heart, and all went to work with a determination to "do with our might what our hands find to do."

At last the long-expected day came. The house of God had put on a festive garment such as God alone can provide. Tall, majestic corn with its golden ears gleaming through the foliage, beautiful goldenrod which seemed to have stored all the sunshine, flowers, berries, and leaves from the forest in all their autumn glory proclaimed that God is good, and refreshed our weary eyes. Kind friends had loaned a profusion of potted plants, and these, with the many flowers of every kind, made a beautiful place of the house of worship. Every heart was softened and subdued, and when the children came marching from the room below, each carrying a small sheaf and singing "Bringing in the Sheaves," our hearts sent up the prayer that at last we might all lay a sheaf at the Saviour's feet, just as the children brought their sheaves to the altar. Appropriate songs, with prayer and Scripture readings by the elders, were part of the program. Among the interesting features, the kindergarten and primary classes deserve to be mentioned. As they stood on the platform, the very smallest one in the front holding a beautiful lily while quoting Matt. 6:28, 29, then all together singing "God Made the Lilies," many an eye became dim, and silent prayers were offered that God might keep his little people as white as the lilies. The intermediate class of girls gave an instructive Bible reading on "The Gospel Commission and How We Should Give."

But the best of all was when eight boys with little white baskets stood before us, each one repeating a verse, while the four smallest went among the congregation to take up the offering. The children marched around and dropped their bags into the two larger baskets held by the remaining four boys. When all was gathered, they held up their baskets and presented their offering to the Lord, and asked his blessing upon it, that it might aid in giving the bread of life to hungry souls.

While the offering was being counted, the children told how they had earned their money. Some had missionary hens, some gardens. Others had mowed lawns, picked berries, sold vegetables, scissors, the *Little Friend*, the *Life Boat*, and *Signs*. Those too small to work had saved their pennies, and as result the little bags ranged all the way from fifty cents to five dollars. More than fifty-nine dollars was collected. The older people offered heartfelt praise to God for what their eyes had seen and their ears heard.

"Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow" closed this, our first Harvest Ingathering service, which I hope was only a beginning in this direction.

MRS. LENA GRANMAN.

#### "El Hafed"

UPON the banks of Indus long ago  
El Hafed dwelt, with modest wealth content.  
His orchard trees their weighted boughs hung low;  
His grain fields caught the sunbeams' golden glow;  
His money was for honest gain well lent;  
A gentle wife sat 'neath his roof tree's shade,  
And happy children in his garden played.

There came one day, within his door to rest,  
A Persian priest, El Hafed's countryman;  
And as he entertained his welcome guest,  
The conversation, howe'er it began,  
Always on diamonds, ere it ended ran.

"One diamond, though no larger than your thumb,  
Would buy your fields and orchards, fair and wide,"

The priest declared; "of many such, the sum  
Would make you lord of all the countryside."

El Hafed listened long; and as he heard,  
His acres shrank; he felt that he was poor.  
To discontent his tranquil soul was stirred,  
Until his heart with envious longing burned,  
And all his slowly gotten wealth he spurned.  
And to the priest he said: "Now tell me where  
Others have found these gems in richest store,  
And I will journey far to seek them there."

"Where rivers deep o'er beds of white sand flow,  
'Twixt mountains high — there are the diamonds found."

So spake the priest. In anxious haste to go,  
His host disposed of orchard, house, and field  
To one content with sure though moderate yield;  
And soon 'twas known through all the country round

El Hafed to the diamond fields was bound.

Long years he wandered, and in many lands;  
Looked on the pyramids, and later trod,  
Always with searching eyes and empty hands,  
The regions hallowed by the Son of God.  
He passed to Europe; where proud rivers flow  
'Neath mountain crags crowned with eternal snow

His quest he urged, in valleys far and nigh  
Sought vainly for the diamond's flashing eye.

At last he stood by Barcelona Bay.  
Heart-broken, weary, hungry, bowed with care;  
Gazed long where sunlit waters stretched away,  
Whose calmness seemed to mock his own despair.  
"No more for wealth I long; but peace I crave,"  
El Hafed sighed, and sought it 'neath the wave;  
And the blue sea smiled on above his grave.

One day there came again the Persian priest,  
El Hafed's countryman and former guest,  
And sat within the door to rest himself,  
And glancing idly round the room, espied  
A gleam of light from something on a shelf.  
"And has El Hafed then returned?" he cried,  
"With wealth to purchase all the countryside?  
Yon diamond's flash betokens prosperous quest."

But he who dwelt there calmly made reply:  
"That is no diamond; 'tis a stone I took  
From out the sand beside the garden brook.  
One day I led my camel down to drink;  
And, as I waited there upon the brink,  
This point of light flashed out and caught my eye;  
I had forgotten that I laid it by."

Forth to the brook in haste the Persian came,  
Followed his host; and, as they stirred the sands,  
Lo, other gems more precious than the first,  
Kissed by the sunlight, into splendor burst  
Or unresponsive lay within their hands.  
El Hafed's garden held within its bound  
The wealth he sought afar, but never found.  
Its owner made himself an honored name,  
That still is read upon the scroll of fame.

Why point a moral when there is no need,  
Since 'tis so plain that "he who runs may read?"  
— *Selected.*

### Mystic Maidens of the Silver Shield

"WE, the undersigned members of The Mystic Maidens of the Silver Shield, do solemnly promise:—

1. To think kindly and lovingly of one another, and to be charitable in our judgments of every one.
2. Not to be fretful or faultfinding, but always to hope for the best.
3. To be patient with one another and with ourselves.
4. To have courage to do right under all circumstances, and that means to act right, to read good books, and to choose good companions.
5. To be polite to every one, to our own family and to one another as well as to strangers, on the street as well as in company.
6. To think the best of every one, and to believe in and trust one another.
7. To be just always, and that means never to speak evil of any one."

The secret of attaining the beautiful ideals portrayed in these seven rules lies in seeking through the Saviour strength to live a sincere Christian life. A young woman whose life reveals the fragrance of holy living is one of the chief charms of earth.



### What Is the Way?

"Good morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,  
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood  
Town?"

"Oh, this way and that way, never a stop.  
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,  
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,  
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,  
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,  
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,  
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,  
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town!"

"Just wait, my brave lad, one moment I pray.  
Manhood Town lies where? Can you tell me  
the way?"

"Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land—  
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand!  
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,  
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,  
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,  
'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart,  
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,  
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town!"

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand  
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.

—Selected.

### Fatima—the Moorish Maiden

"I MUST speak to the foreign woman quick.  
In the name of the prophet, bring her to me."

The English missionary's wife came out from  
the hospital ward, and found in the waiting-room  
a Moorish woman, enveloped in folds of white  
garments, the veil being a fine gauze of silk and  
wool, deftly fitting the top of the head like a fez,  
and drawn across the mouth and nose.

"My little daughter is dying; come and make  
her well."

The missionary's heart was touched. She  
thought of these words spoken to her Master, and  
his response to them. "Can you not bring her  
here?" she asked.

"Ah, no! She would die in the sun. Come,  
I have no money, but you shall have my jewels;  
only be quick."

"I can not promise to cure her," said the mis-  
sionary, "but I will do my best; and I do not  
want your jewels."

It was a long walk. They had almost reached  
the dilapidated wall of the city when the woman  
turned down a narrow alley, running along the  
wall of a small, one-story house, built of white-  
washed tappa, and entered a square, unclean  
court, crossing over to a still more unclean room  
where a sick child lay.

Poor little Fatima! She was in a raging fever,  
wildly delirious, with parched lips and fetid  
breath.

"The medicine-man gave me drugs, but they  
did no good; so he bored a hole in her left foot  
to let the fever out."

The missionary groaned as she looked at the  
poor little brown foot, swollen and inflamed.  
"Was that all?"

"No; when the fever would not go out at the  
hole he had made, he said I must scare it away;  
so last night when she was asleep, he made me run  
up to her, shouting, 'Fatima, there is a snake in  
your bed!' She jumped out on the floor to run

away, but fell against the door and broke her  
arm."

Here the poor mother burst into tears, and the  
lady from the hospital wept with her.

It seemed that she must die; but in the cool  
of the twilight she was gently moved to the  
hospital, built by Christian hands as a witness  
to the love of God in Jesus Christ. There, with  
soothing drinks, with cool baths, and tender care,  
little Fatima came back to life, and to a belief in  
the Heavenly Father and in Jesus Christ his Son.

She has learned to read in the missionary  
schools, and her favorite page is the story of the  
little maid of Galilee whom Jesus raised from the  
dead.

"Teacher," she says, "perhaps Jesus came with  
you that day to my bedside, though we could not  
see him."

"I am sure he was there," answered the mis-  
sionary, "and although we could not hear him,  
he was saying, 'Little maid, arise!'" — *Presby-  
terian Review.*

### Master of Himself

A MERCHANT needed a boy, and put the follow-  
ing sign in his window: "Boy Wanted—  
Wages, four dollars a week; six dollars to the  
right one. The boy must be master of himself."

Many parents who had sons were interested,  
but the latter part of the notice puzzled them.  
They had never thought of teaching their boys  
to be masters of themselves. However, many  
of them sent their sons to the merchant to apply  
for the situation. As each boy applied the mer-  
chant asked him, "Can you read?"

"Yes, sir," was the frank reply.

"Can you read this?" asked the merchant,  
pointing to a certain passage in the paper.

"Yes, sir."

The merchant then took the boy into a back  
room, where all was quiet, and shut the door.  
Giving the boy the paper, he reminded him of  
his promise to read the passage through steadily  
and without a break, and commanded him to  
read. The boy took the paper, and bravely  
started. While he was reading, the merchant  
opened a basket, in which were a number of  
lively little puppies, and tumbled them around  
the boy's feet. The temptation to turn and see  
the puppies and note what they were doing was  
too strong, the boy looked away from his read-  
ing, blundered, and was at once dismissed.

Boy after boy underwent the same treatment,  
till seventy-six were thus tried, and proved fail-  
ures to master themselves. At last one was  
found, who, in spite of the puppies playing  
around his feet, read the passage through. When  
he had finished, the merchant was delighted, and  
asked him, "Did you see the puppies that were  
playing around your feet while you were read-  
ing?"

"No, sir."

"Did you know that they were there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you not look to see what they were  
doing?"

"I couldn't, sir, while I was reading what I  
said I would."

"Do you always do what you say you will?"

"Yes, sir; I try to."

"You are the boy I want," said the merchant,  
enthusiastically.

"Come to-morrow. Your wages will start at  
six dollars, with good prospects of increase." —  
*Our Boys.*

### Are You a Candidate?

"I've only been a member of the Academy  
Club a year, and now I'm a candidate for presi-  
dent," announced Roy to his family, with an air  
meant to be imposing.

"Anything for the president to do?" inquired  
Richard, teasingly.

"Enough to keep him busy," was the lofty  
reply. "He has to have his wits about him to  
preside. So many things come up to be settled  
that the chair has a time of it."

"Are you a candidate, a real candidate, my  
son?"

"Why, my name's been proposed for the office,  
and that makes me one, doesn't it, father?" asked  
Roy.

"I wondered whether you knew what the word  
candidate once meant," said Mr. Grayson. "It  
comes from the same root as 'candid,' which  
means 'glowing white,' and a candidate ought to  
be a person of candor, impartial, and in every  
way honest, clear as light. In old Roman times  
a candidate was known as a man in white. He  
was obliged to wear a white toga, if he sought  
office, and this was supposed to stand for his  
character."

"I guess candidates nowadays are not all of  
them men in white," said Richard, laughing.

"They should be," returned Mr. Grayson, with  
spirit. "So, boys, look out for yourselves; and if  
you want any good position, remember what the  
word means, and ask yourselves, each of you,  
'Am I a candidate—a man in white?' — *Julia A.  
Johnston.*

### The Cost of a Boy

Written by a Boy

I READ the other day that it cost nearly a thou-  
sand pounds to bring up a London boy, and  
educate him and dress him well. I said to  
myself: "That is because everything in the city  
has to be bought, and living is high." But I  
began to study, and I found that even a country  
boy costs his parents a great deal.

When you count what a boy eats and what he  
wears, and the school-books he must have, the  
doctor's bills which have to be paid when he gets  
the measles or the scarlet fever, he will cost his  
folks at home at least a hundred dollars a year.  
If a boy is given to breaking things, kicking the  
toes out of his boots, and so on, he costs more  
than that; so when I am twenty-one and old  
enough to do for myself, I shall have cost my  
father more than two thousand dollars.

Mother cooked my food, and made my clothes,  
and patched them, washed and ironed for me,

took care of me when I was a little fellow, and whenever I was sick, and she never charged anything for that. If she were dead, and father had to pay for all that, it would cost another hundred dollars a year, and that two thousand dollars' worth of work mother will have done for me by the time I am a man.

Four thousand dollars for a boy! What do you think of that? These are hard times. When parents put four thousand dollars into a boy, what have they a right to expect from him? Is it fair for a boy to play truant at school? Is it fair for him to play ball, go swimming, or hang around town all the time, when, maybe, his father's potatoes are not dug, nor the wood brought in for his mother? Is it fair for him to disappoint them by smoking, swearing, or drinking? Is it fair to forget his parents after leaving home, neglecting even to write them letters?

I remember a bright young man's saying: "Some of our parents have put about all the property they have into us boys and girls. If we make whisky decanters of ourselves, they will be poor indeed; but if we make good citizens and substantial men and women, they will feel as if they had good pay for bringing us up."

Boys, what are you worth to your parents?—*Children's Friend.*

### An Impolite Dog

A MAN in New York State, writes a correspondent, is the owner of a small dog named Rex, whose intelligence is remarkable. Some of Rex's bright performances are certainly the result of reasoning power, which used to be regarded as the gift of the human family only.

Rex sleeps at the foot of his master's bed, upon a soft rug of his own. He is a dog of good habits, better behaved than many children, in fact; but, like some children, he insists upon his rights,—his own spot before the fire, his own corner of the sofa, his own bed, and, what is most interesting, his own bedtime.

Often in the evening when visitors remain beyond ten o'clock, Rex enters the parlor, walks anxiously about, and lies down in the very midst of the circle, with a wearied air that can not be mistaken. If the visitors still remain, he will rise and yawn, then mildly whine, and with rapidly wagging tail seek his master's side, and look expectantly up into his face, as if to say, "Why don't they go, so we may retire?"

If all these tactics fail, he will drop his ears and tail, and walk to the door, sometimes giving a sharp, cross bark, his whole manner indicating deep disapproval of such late hours.

Twice in his life he has done more than to hint at his wishes on occasions of this kind.

One wet evening a stranger, who was calling on Rex's mistress, left his rubbers near the hall door. With the privilege of an old friend, his call was extended beyond the hour for Rex's retirement. As usual, the dog displayed his sleepiness and evident opinion that the gentleman was outstaying his welcome, but no notice was taken of him until, with an air of desperation, he marched into the parlor with one of the caller's rubbers, laid it at his feet, and then quickly returned with the other, which he placed beside it. Then, with a triumphant gleam in his eyes, he backed off, and stood looking at the stranger as if to say, "There! Do you understand that hint?"

His second exploit was even more remarkable. On this occasion a half-dozen persons had been playing a game with his master and mistress. When the game was over, between ten and eleven o'clock, they still stood or sat about the room, engaged in conversation.

Rex was tired and thoroughly out of humor. No one seemed to give a thought to him, and

nothing that he could do attracted any attention. There were too many visitors to urge them all to depart by producing their overshoes, even if they wore them, but a brilliant idea came to him. He dashed up-stairs to the sleeping-rooms, seized his master's nightrobe, which lay ready for use upon the bed, and dragging it behind him, spread it at his master's feet in the parlor below, in full view of the assembled guests.

This stratagem was a brilliant success; for, amid shouts of laughter and the consternation of the master, the callers said good-night.—*Animal Life.*

### Will Do It Better Later

MOST persons have an idea that they will do a thing better later. It is just as delusive as the idea that you will have more time later to put a thing where it belongs,—that you will drop it for the present where you happen to use it, but you will pick everything up and put it where it belongs later.

A great many young persons fall into this delusion of always thinking that they are going to have plenty of time later to put a thing where it belongs. They will just drop the article of clothing, the book or the paper, or whatever they have been using, just where they are, and they will hang it up or put it in the drawer or in the bookcase or wherever it belongs later. They feel sure that they will pick everything up. But many of them are surprised later in life to find that this habit of dropping things just where they use them, doing the thing just for now, expecting to do it better later, has become a fixed habit with them, and it is almost impossible to break it.

In a great many homes we find things scattered all over the house by the children or the parents. Things go on this way until they become unbearable, and then they have a general cleaning up and putting things away. But in a few days they are all out again. Everybody drops things where they happen to use them, until everything is out of place.

In other homes we find an orderly mother and father with system, who insist that everybody shall put everything where it belongs. No matter how busy, they find it better to do the thing right at the time.

No matter if it does take a little more time, even though you are busy, you will find in the long run that it pays to take time to do a thing right the first time. You will lose more time than you gain, even when in a hurry, by dropping things and having to pick them up and put them away later.

Do not get into the habit of doing things just for now. It has crippled many a life, and you can not afford to take chances with such a dangerous habit. Learn to clean up as you go. It will have a marked influence upon your life. It will help you wonderfully in your vocation if you are systematic. You will be a more successful man or woman if you form this habit of never putting things off,—never doing things just for now.

How many families are troubled, mortified, and embarrassed by having callers come in suddenly and find everything in the house all topsyturvy. They apologize and stammer and make excuses, but callers draw their own conclusions. They think that there must be some flaw, some weakness, some lack of system somewhere in the head of the family which will allow such things.

The most unfortunate thing about forming slack, slipshod habits in one's room or home, or in regard to one's clothing, is that these habits are contagious, and the first you know this looseness, slipshodness, slackness, will honeycomb your entire business. The only safe way is to make it an inexorable rule of your life to keep

everything in order. Do not leave things lying all around even in your own room. Put everything away just where it belongs after you use it. Do not trust to luck, nor be deluded by thinking that you will have more time later. The probabilities are that you never will, and that you will form a bad habit which will mar your whole life. Clean up as you go. Keep everything snuggled up and orderly. Let your own room be a model of neatness and system. Then you will find that it will be much easier to keep your office, your factory or place of business, up to standard.

We know a young man who has made most remarkable strides in the last ten years who makes it an invariable rule of life never to neglect anything or to leave anything half done or out of place. The result is that his whole life is one beautiful symphony of order, system, regularity, punctuality. There are no loose ends about him or his work. If you go into his home, you will find everything just so. There are no buttons off his clothing, no ragged ends,—everything is spick and span.

We realize that some persons carry this to such extremes of nicety and precision that there is no living with them in comfort, but we do not refer to these overprecise minds, but the orderly, the systematic, the business-like way of doing everything. You will be surprised to see what a marked influence it will have on your whole life. Everything you do will be colored by this habit of doing everything just right,—not pretty nearly right, but exactly, promptly, and perfectly.—*Orison Swett Marden, in Young Americans.*

### Giant Fishes of the Sea

IN the lagoons, sounds, and bayous of the West Indies and our southern coast, there exists in abundance a fish of great length called the sawfish. The species is well known to those who reside on or visit the South Atlantic and Gulf seaboard, and the "saws" are familiar objects in "curio" stores all over the country. This fish has a broad, depressed body, and its greatest length exceeds twenty feet. The largest examples have saws six feet long, and a foot wide at the base, with teeth several inches long. The sawfish is without commercial value, and is never sought; but it has the faculty of getting entangled in the fishermen's nets, and badly damaging them in its struggles to escape, so that the fishermen regard it as a nuisance, and have to handle it with care in order to avoid the serious injury that might be inflicted by a lateral sweep of a big fish's saw.

Among the rays are several members which reach colossal proportions. The largest and best known of these is the so-called "devil-fish" of our South Atlantic coast and the tropical waters of America. It occasionally strays as far north as Cape May, and is common south of Cape Hatteras. It is shaped like a butterfly or bat, and has been called the "ocean vampire." Projecting from either side of the head is a horn-like appendage, which, in reality, is a detached part of the pectoral fin, or "wing;" these horns, to which the name "devil-fish" owes its origin, are sometimes three feet long, and are movable, being used for bringing food to the mouth.

Many years ago the pursuit of this fish was a favorite pastime of the Carolina planters; and William Elliott, in his "Carolina Sports by Land and Water," says: "Imagine a monster from sixteen to twenty feet across the back, full three feet in depth, possessed of powerful yet flexible flaps, or wings, with which he drives himself furiously in the water, or vaults high in the air." There are well-authenticated instances of this fish entangling its horns in the anchor ropes of small vessels, and towing the vessels rapidly for long distances, to the mystification of the people on board. The expanse of body

is greater in this species than in any other known animal. Examples sixteen feet wide are common, and those twenty feet across and over four feet thick are not rare. The maximum width is stated by authors to be from twenty-five to thirty feet. One specimen, of which the writer has a photograph, caught in Lapaz Bay, Mexico, many years ago, by the crew of the United States Steamer "Narragansett," of which Admiral Dewey was then captain, was seventeen feet wide, and weighed nearly two ton. A fish of the largest size mentioned would weigh not less than six ton.—*Hugh M. Smith, in St. Nicholas.*



## INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### II—The Decree of Darius

(January 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ezra 4 to 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Zech. 4:6.

Not long after the Jews began to rebuild the temple, the Samaritans asked to be allowed to help in the work. Now the city of Samaria, where the Samaritans dwelt, had been founded by the Jews; but after standing about two hundred years, an Assyrian king besieged it, and carried its people away captive. Afterward he sent peoples from the East to live in Samaria. These mingled with the Jews who were left in the city and the country round about, and the united people were called Samaritans. Though they offered sacrifices, and professed to worship the true God, they also bowed down to idols. For this reason the Jews refused to accept their help in building the temple. Then the Samaritans were very angry, and did everything in their power to hinder the Jews in their work on the Lord's house.

Not long after the Jews returned to Jerusalem, King Cyrus died, and Cambyses became king of Persia. In the Bible this king is called Ahasuerus; but this was only a title of honor, and was given to a number of other kings. Cambyses reigned eight years; then Smerdis, who is called Artaxerxes in Ezra 4:7, was made king. Artaxerxes is another title of honor used by several Persian kings, and means "the great king."

As long as Cyrus lived, the Samaritans could not really put a stop to the work of rebuilding the temple; but in the reigns of Cambyses and Smerdis they sent letters to these kings complaining against the Jews, and professing to be greatly concerned for the welfare of Persia. If Jerusalem was rebuilt, they said in these letters, the Jews would rebel against the king of Persia, and no longer pay tribute to him.

When this letter was read before King Smerdis, he searched the records, and found that Jerusalem had indeed once been a mighty city, whose kings had themselves received tribute from many countries. He at once wrote a decree forbidding the Jews to go on with the building, and sent men to Jerusalem to compel them to stop.

But the work was not hindered long. Smerdis died, and another Darius was made king of Persia. Two prophets, Haggai and Zechariah, were raised up, and they encouraged the Jews to go on with their work, declaring that the Lord would be with them, and that Zerubbabel, who

had laid the foundation of the temple, should yet help to finish it with his own hands.

So the Jews set to work again; but word of what they were doing was soon carried to the Persian governor. He visited the Jews at Jerusalem at once, and asked, "Who hath commanded you to build this house, and to make up this wall?"

The Jews told the governor about the decree that Cyrus had made; and the man wrote a letter to King Darius, his master, telling all about the matter, and asking that a search be made in the king's treasure-house to see if such a decree could be found.

When Darius read the letter, he caused a search to be made among the records, and the decree that King Cyrus had written was found. From it Darius learned that Cyrus had not only given the Jews permission to build the temple, but had promised that money for the work should be furnished from the king's treasury.

Then Darius sent an answer to the letter from the governor, saying, "Let the work of this house of God alone; let the governor of the Jews and the elders of the Jews build this house of God in his place." He also said that money should be given them to pay the expense of the building.

From this time the work of rebuilding the temple was not hindered, and it was finished about four years later—twenty years from the time that the foundation was laid by Zerubbabel.

When the temple was finished, the Jews gathered at Jerusalem, and kept the feast of the passover. "And the children of Israel, which were come again out of captivity, and all such as had separated themselves unto them from the filthiness of the heathen of the land, to seek the Lord God of Israel, did eat, and kept the feast of unleavened bread seven days with joy: for the Lord had made them joyful."

#### Questions

1. Who were the Samaritans? In what work did they ask to have a part? Why was their request refused? What did they then try to do?

2. Who were the next two kings of Persia after Cyrus? By what titles are they called in the Bible? What did the Samaritans do in the reigns of these kings? Ezra 4:6, 7.

3. Give the substance of the letter they wrote to Smerdis. Verses 12-16. Tell the effect that this letter had on the Persian king. What did he learn by searching the records? What command did he then give? Verses 17-24.

4. Who was the next king of Persia? Name two prophets who were raised up in Jerusalem about this time, and tell how they encouraged the people.

5. As soon as the Jews began to work on the temple again, who visited them? What did he ask? How did the Jews answer? To whom did the governor write?

6. What was found among the king's records? What word did Darius send to the governor when he had read the decree of Cyrus? Ezra 6:7-12.

7. When was the temple finished? What feast was kept at that time? Who only ate the feast? Verses 21, 22.



### II—The Sabbath and Liberty

(January 14)

MEMORY VERSE: "Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." Heb. 4:1.

#### Questions

1. Why did the Lord deliver Israel from Egyptian bondage? Ps. 105:43-45.

2. What commandment evidently did they have difficulty in obeying? Deut. 5:12-15; note 1.

3. As a further evidence that they could not keep the Sabbath, read Pharaoh's accusation against Moses and Aaron. Ex. 5:4, 5. What did Pharaoh say these men were doing? Verse 5.

4. What command did Pharaoh make? Verses 8, 9.

5. What promise did the Lord make to Israel if they would observe the Sabbath faithfully? Jer. 17:24, 25.

6. What was to follow if they disregarded the Sabbath? Verse 27.

7. Tell how they treated the law of God. Eze. 22:8, 26.

8. What had the Lord said they would be the result of such a course? Jer. 34:17.

9. When and by whom was this fulfilled? 2 Chron. 36:17-20.

10. How long did this captivity continue? Jer. 25:8-11.

11. What did the land enjoy during this period? 2 Chron. 36:21.

12. For how long a time will the earth lie desolate? Rev. 20:1-4; note 2.

13. What will the millennium be to the redeemed? Note 3.

14. What even now remains to the people of God? Heb. 4:9.

15. From what cause is there danger of our failing to enter into this rest, even as Israel failed? Verses 1, 11.

16. What is our hope and password? Verses 10, 14-16.

17. For what, therefore, does the Sabbath stand? Note 4.

#### Notes

1. "In their bondage the Israelites had to some extent lost the knowledge of God's law, and they had departed from its precepts. The Sabbath had been generally disregarded, and the exactions of their taskmasters made its observance apparently impossible. But Moses had shown his people that obedience to God was the first condition of deliverance; and the efforts made to restore the observance of the Sabbath had come to the notice of their oppressors."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 260.

2. "The Revelator foretells of the banishment of Satan, and the condition of chaos and desolation to which the earth is to be reduced; and he declares that this condition will exist for a thousand years."—"Great Controversy," page 658.

"The great plan of redemption results in fully bringing back the world into God's favor. All that was lost by sin is restored. Not only man, but the earth is redeemed, to be the eternal abode of the obedient. For six thousand years Satan has struggled to maintain possession of the earth. Now (after the one thousand years and the destruction of the wicked) God's original purpose in its creation is accomplished."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 342.

3. The millennium will be a time of freedom and rest from earth's six thousand years of sin, slavery, and Sabbath-breaking, through which the redeemed have passed.

4. From the study of this and the preceding lesson, it is evident that the Sabbath, or seventh day, stands for rest and liberty. On the first seventh day God rested from all his works, and was refreshed. In the seventh, or Sabbatical year, the Hebrew servants were to be released and "go out free." In the jubilee, or the great Sabbatical year, the year after seven times seven years, universal liberty was to be proclaimed. And in the great millennial Sabbath, the seventh thousand years, God's people are to be released from all bondage and oppression, and spend a Sabbath of rest in the kingdom of God.



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### Gleanings from the Missionary Convention at the Washington Memorial Church

THE chief feature of the meeting was the relating of personal experiences in distributing our literature from house to house. These incidents inspired many to renewed diligence in the work. Elder Spicer told of a tract, pressed full of the Sabbath truth, that a worker in London put in a letter box. The man who received the tract was so impressed by its contents that he paid for the printing of fifty thousand and had them distributed in the city. A gentleman who received one of these was so interested in the truths of the leaflet that he asked for permission to reprint. He hired a handbill distributing agency to put out fifty thousand.

The story of another tract was told. This one fell into the hands of a lady stenographer employed by a Presbyterian minister. The stenographer was interested in its contents, and took it to the minister to read. He thought he could very soon show the lady that the teachings were erroneous, so began studying to that end. His study, however, resulted in establishing him in the belief of the third angel's message. In time he and his wife and three children—one of whom is now an earnest worker in the cause of Christ—together with the stenographer, took their stand for the truth. Not long ago he baptized his mother into the faith. Now he purposes visiting England to tell his relatives of a soon-coming Saviour. Who can tell where the good work resulting from the handing out of that tract will end? One brother said that he was at one time very timid about distributing tracts. He sold a minister "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation," and not wishing to offer a tract to the man, slipped one into the book before delivering it. As the result of that simple act, nine persons were led to the truth.

One sister related her own experience, which is but another illustration of the many ways the Lord has of reaching hearts. She was a worldly, proud-spirited young woman, though a daughter of pious Methodist parents. Her chief pleasure was the New-year's ball. The day preceding a ball that she was anticipating, a stranger handed her a tract entitled, "The Third Angel's Message." She had never heard of an Adventist, but had read the third angel's message as given in Revelation. Not understanding the expression, she was curious to read the tract. She was impressed by what she read, and handed the tract to her mother, with the request that she get her father to read it. While she was at the ball, her mother and father studied the tract, continuing their study all night. He secured other literature, and in three weeks from the time of reading the leaflet, he who had thought the Methodist the only true faith, and who had

been an exceedingly strict observer of Sunday, was out on his farm at work on the first day of the week. The mother also took hold of the truth, and, later on in life, the young lady consecrated herself to the work of the third angel's message. These experiences certainly bid us to scatter the truth; for the Lord will water the seed, and cause it to bring forth fruit for his kingdom.

### The Light of the New Year

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December, So let your dead sins with your dead days lie. A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember God builds for us ladders to climb to the sky. Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong; We waste half our strength in a useless regretting.

We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining;

Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next;

Did the clouds drive you back? but see yonder their lining;

Were you tempted and fell? let it serve for a text.

As each year hurries by, let it join that procession Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,

While you take your place in the line of progression,

With your eyes on the Saviour, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors

For any sad soul while the stars revolve,

If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,

And, instead of regretting, through Christ resolve!

It is never too late to begin rebuilding,

Though all into ruins your life seems hurled.

For look! how the light of the new year is gilding The worn, wan face of the bruised old world!

—Selected.

### Then and Now

Not until February of 1812 did the people of Kentucky know that Madison was elected president in the previous November.

WHEN Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia, many of his friends advised against it, because there was a paper published in Boston. Some of them doubted that the country would be able to support two newspapers.

ONE hundred years ago, the fastest land travel in the world was on the Great North road, in England, after it had been put into its best condition. There the York mail-coach tore along at the rate of ninety miles a day, and many persons confidently predicted divine vengeance on such unseemly haste.

WHEN Thomas Jefferson was elected president of the United States, on Feb. 17, 1801, after one of the most exciting political campaigns in our history, the gratifying news did not reach the successful candidate for as many days as it now takes hours to transmit the result of a presidential election to the whole civilized world.

WHEN, in 1809, Richard Trevithick uttered the following words, there were many who considered him an insane, dangerous person: "The present generation will use canals, the next will prefer railroads with horses, but their more enlightened successors will employ steam carriages on railways as the perfection of the art of conveyance."

WHEN Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York, he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that, as the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage-coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on

between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.

NAPOLEON, at the height of his power, could not command our every-day conveniences, such as steam heat, running water, bath and sanitary plumbing, gas, electric light, railroads, steamboats, the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, daily newspapers, magazines, and a thousand other blessings which are now part of the daily necessities of even manual laborers.

WHEN the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia, in 1803, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff; but, at length disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later, Colonel George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagon-loads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretenses.—Success.



FREDERICKSBURG, VA., Nov. 18, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: As I read Oren Durham's letter, I wanted to thank Mr. Edison Driver for the articles entitled "Around the Work Table." I have made the Climbing Sailor, Knotty Problem, Enchanted Egg, and have also tried some of the experiments. I hope my letter will not crowd any other letter out.

H. WILLIE HERRELL.

There is always room in the heart for words of gratitude and appreciation; and there is room for the same in the Letter Box.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., Nov. 18, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I read the articles in the INSTRUCTOR, and enjoy them very much, especially the articles, written in the past, upon Good Reading.

I feel very thankful to the one who writes the Weekly Study, for I think these lessons are beneficial for us young people; and it makes my heart rejoice to read the good reports from the different Young People's Societies.

Although there are no young people here to have a Society, I ask the prayers of all the INSTRUCTOR readers that I may be an ever-willing and faithful worker in the Lord's vineyard, that at last we may all meet in heaven.

NAOMI M. HERRELL.

MONROE, GA., Nov. 13, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy the good pieces in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I am now at Monroe, but my home is at Atharett. I am here canvassing. I enjoy the Lord's work. When I am at home, I attend the church-school. About Christmas I expect to go home and enter school. I am a boy of thirteen.

Will you please have "Making Home Peaceful" put in the INSTRUCTOR; that is, have a chapter in each paper? If you can not find space, will you tell me where I can get one? I have read "Making Home Happy."

I would like to have some of the INSTRUCTOR boys write to me.

OLIVER EATON.

I wish you had a hundred comrades, Oliver, in your canvassing work. I am glad you enjoy it, and hope your success and courage are both good. "Making Home Peaceful" is out of print. Sometime it may be reprinted.

BOOKKEEPING

SHORTHAND OR PENMANSHIP by mail. Address Fireside Accounting Institute, Battle Creek, Mich.