

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LIII

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 17, 1905

No. 3

NATURE'S WONDERS

Visiting the Yosemite Valley

As we stood on Inspiration Point, we could make out, far below us, the horses of other campers, grazing on the floor of the valley. The horses looked like ants, and the trees like sprigs of grass, or like the smallest of toy trees on a beautiful green carpet. At two o'clock we were in the valley, with a drive of four miles before us to reach the office of the superintendent, where every guest must register before he is allowed

above us. On the left and beyond the Three Brothers, tumbles down the great Yosemite Falls, fairly dropping out of the clouds; for the water begins its descent twenty-six hundred feet above the floor of the valley. It was a wonderfully inspiring sight. The first section of the fall came down sixteen hundred feet, almost hid itself among the great boulders, and then took two more plunges to reach the pool at the foot of the cliff. This is one of the most beautiful sights of the valley. It is utterly impossible to describe the captivating beauty of Yosemite Fall as it swings and sways in misty festoons down the dripping face of the great black cliff. The wind plays with it as a romping child might play with a lace curtain, only the wind is never weary of the game. It really seems as if there were a great loom at the top of the cliff, weaving and flinging out

Royal Arches are simply great arch-like configurations of the north wall of the valley. During some cataclysm the sides of the cliff had split away and fallen off, leaving on the sides of the mountain the arch-like formations mentioned.

North Dome is a mountain peak, round and bald and gray, ever aging, but never crumbling. Half Dome is also round and smooth on its top and sides, but the half toward the valley has been split off, clean and perpendicular, down about two thousand feet. Its lower section slopes steeply into the valley floor, down to the very edge of Mirror Lake. But the latter is not visible from our camp. By the time we had finished making camp, the floor of the valley began to bloom with evening primroses. It did not take these flowers long to make a very perceptible change in the coloring of the valley carpet.



Half Dome, with Cloud's Rest directly behind it, and Vernal and Nevada Falls at the right

Photo by E. J. Drake

to pitch his tent. But that drive up the valley is something that no tourist will ever forget. On the right is Bridal Veil, then, towering high above, are the Two Sisters and the Cathedral Spires. On the left, grand, unapproachable, and smooth as a block of ice, reaching three thousand three hundred feet straight up into the sky, is El Capitan. As we gaze upon its great white face, the sense of our own littleness becomes oppressive. I thought to myself, The pictures do not show it; words can not tell it; one will have to come and see it in order to get any idea of how it looks. The more I saw of it, the feebler seemed any words that I might use in the attempt to describe it. It seems as if El Capitan stands at the head of the valley for the express purpose of frustrating any attempt of man to tell the secrets of those mountain wonders. It seemed like a veritable buttress of the hills.

Beyond El Capitan are the Three Brothers, the tallest of which is known as Eagle Peak. On the right, again, is Sentinel Rock, reaching up, tall and silent; from the precipitous heights

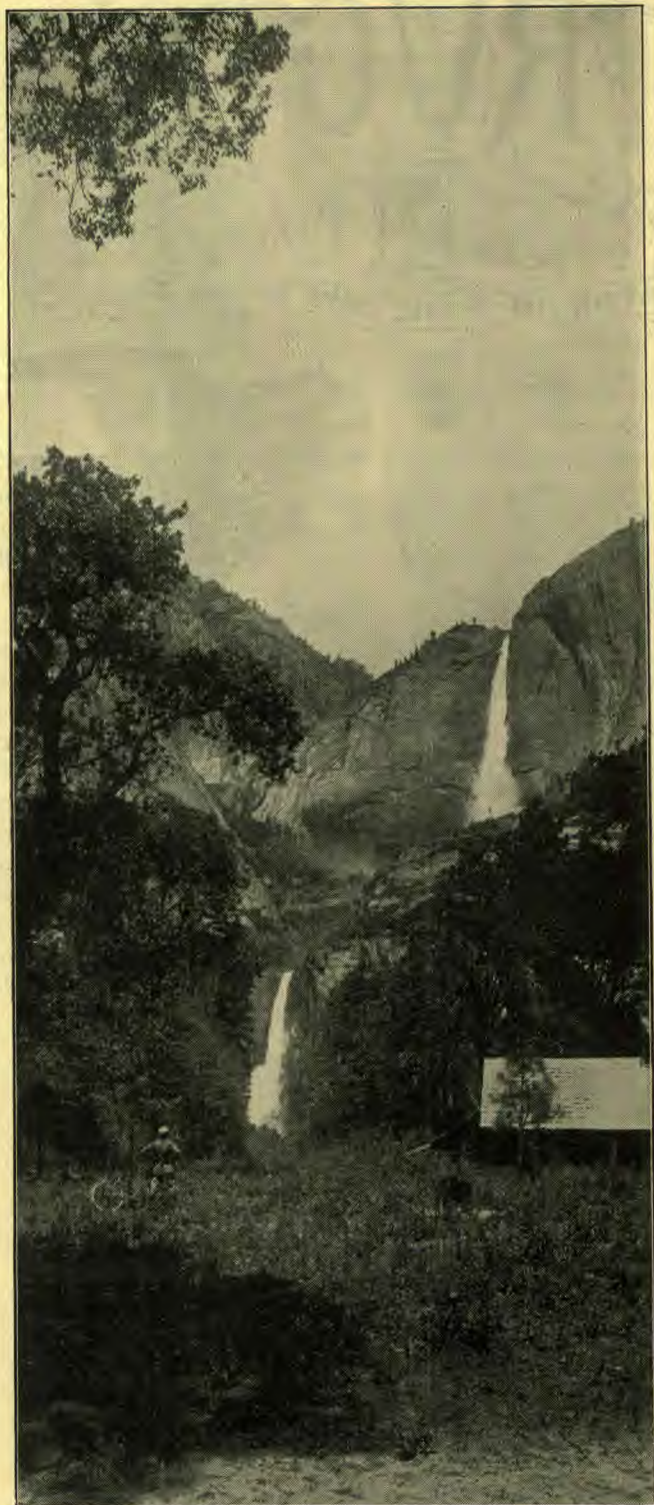
this unending web of entrancing texture, whose warp is the mist, and into whose threads the shuttles of the sun are weaving the woof of rainbows.

But we turn from the entrancing scene, cross the bridge over Merced River, and enter the village. There are about twenty buildings here, including hotels, post-office, express office, superintendent's home and office, stores, and photograph galleries. There are also a school and a chapel in the valley, but these are not in the village. After registering, securing our location for a camp site, and patronizing the grocery, we returned across the bridge, and pitched our tent in a shady spot near the foot of Yosemite Fall, "next door" to the abode of Mr. E. S. Ballenger, who had entered the valley about one week in advance of us.

From our camping place we had a good view of the whole contour of the valley. Opposite our camp the valley takes a turn to the right, and there are the Royal Arches, the great Half Dome, North Dome, and Cloud's Rest. The

No tourist sees Yosemite Valley who does not take the trails to the different vantage points on the top of its ramparts. So at about eight o'clock we "struck" the Yosemite and Eagle Peak trail, which winds back and forth up the side of the mountain wall. It was a puzzle to us how the road builders ever found the way; for from the valley we could see no possible way of reaching the top of Yosemite Fall along the sides of the precipitous cliff. There is a way, however, but it is not down-hill. We hired no burros to carry us up. At eleven o'clock we relieved the lunch basket of its load, and as this distributed the weight more evenly among the members of the party, the writer also felt a sense of relief. As we had not yet reached the foot of the upper Yosemite Fall, we had over sixteen hundred feet of perpendicular climb still before us. As we mounted higher and higher, we got a better view of the valley, and this inspired us to keep on. The result more than paid for the exertion.

We rested for a time at the foot of the upper fall, and then pushed on; for we had to climb



Yosemite Falls, showing only the first and third falls, the second being hid by a projection of the hill. In the foreground is the cabin of J. M. Hutchings, known as the Father of the Valley.

up all the distance that water was falling down. How we wished that we might accomplish at least a small part of the distance with as great ease as the water did. But all difficult undertakings come to an end in time, and so did this. When we reached the top, it was a dizzy and difficult climb down the sheer face of the cliff to the point where the water plunges over. There is an iron railing to prevent the dizzy tourist's plunging over with the water. The view from this point comprehends all the valley, and is one of the grandest views on earth. One can see nearly all the great points of interest. No writer can give to any reader an adequate description of the scene laid out before him. It is an awe-inspiring spectacle to lean out over the iron railing and watch the mad plunge of the waters.

Across the valley, and at a greater height, are Glacier Peak and Glacier House. At that point adventurous tourists have their pictures taken on the large overhanging rock, where a misstep would send them down thirty-seven hundred feet to the valley floor.

But we had to continue the trail around to Eagle Peak to get a different view of the valley, and so could not spend all the time here that we would have been glad to. This part of the trail was not so difficult, and the view from Eagle

Peak was another matchless one; but caution was necessary here, for there was much loose gravel and shale at the top, and no protecting rails to save one if he should step in a dangerous place.

After a half-hour's rest we began the descent; but the sun was down long before we were, and being on the dark side of the valley, it was often difficult to retain one's footing on the narrow, shaded trail. We were tired enough when we reached camp; for we had made a journey of sixteen miles, half of which was up, and sometimes our protesting knees almost made us wish that the other half was up too, instead of down. After a time, traveling down a steep incline is almost as hard as going up the same incline.

The trip to Mirror Lake, taken on the following day, was an easy one, as the lake is situated in a portion of the valley that is easy of access by team. The powers of this lake as a mirror are beyond comparison. No mirror we have ever seen could give a more perfect reflection. The great mountains and the trees are faithfully pictured there. We mounted a large rock at the edge of the lake, and noticed that some persons standing on another rock that projected out into the lake seemed to be making fun of us. It was some time before we realized what it was all about; but when we did, it was our turn to laugh. They were laughing at the ludicrous picture we all made standing on our heads in the water; but when we looked into the water below their standing place, we could see them in a similar position, and the amusement was mutual. But the picture of the mirrored mountains is one never to be forgotten. We saw the sun rise that morning several times in this little lake, as it came up over different mountain peaks. We decided that the reason for this lake's being such a perfect mirror is because it is so completely surrounded by high mountainous walls. C. M. SNOW.

(To be continued)

How God's Foresight Is Seen in Nature

WE may look through the volumes of history, and, looking through, see God's foresight in many events that have taken place. But the view is so marred by man's mistakes and attempted improvements that those who see only the surface do not see the underlying thread, and those who look deeply see much else that is sad. But this foresight can be seen by any one plainly in the natural world. Active with their wonderful life, yet passive because they have no will, plants give unimpeded flow to God's will, and here we can see his thoughts and plans. Let us notice a few ways in which they are revealed.

Were the lessons that nature teaches us put there just for us who live now?—Ah, no. Away back in the dim past, when God made the grass and lilies, he gave

them the lessons that they should carry to the man and woman soon to be formed. And as he looked down through the long avenue of years, his thought was so great and far-reaching that it extended to us, at the other end of time.

"But," you say, "how can nature do it when marred and blighted by sin?" Stop a moment. At the fall, God's thought traveled ahead to the time when men's hearts should devise evil continually, and their hands should seek to accomplish it. Nature, bright and joyous, made life a round of ease. He saw that such a life would be his eternal ruin; and so he cursed the beautiful world, and the plants grew small or withered and died. Instead of finding all that he wanted prepared for him, man had to work to keep the life that God had given. His head and hands, and heart, too, were occupied with something besides evil continually. Does the blighted plant life of to-day show any foresight?

One of the sad things that our plant friends have to tell us is, "All flesh is as grass," "As the flower of the grass he shall pass away." The leaves fall and wither. Yet no bleeding, unhealed scar is left as they are whirled away by the autumn wind; for away back in the sunny days of spring God knew the lesson that they must teach. Accordingly he caused a little bud to grow in the axil of each leaf, and next summer will have even more leaves than this. Nor is that all. As the time drew on when the leaf should fall, a little layer of cells grew over the scar, and as it covered the last spot the leaf's hold was loosened. It could give its lesson then, and with it the other one that God would have joined with every death, the resurrection through Christ, who healed the wound of sin before it was made.

Trees show foresight in their functions as well as their structure. Evaporation continues to take place in winter, but roots can not absorb much, if any, water then. Even if they could furnish sap, it would freeze, expand, and kill the trees. But this is provided for in advance. In the autumn the tiny root-hairs die. Then



MIRROR LAKE

a corky layer grows over the whole tree,—root, trunk, branch, and tiniest twig,—preventing the slightest evaporation. The sap is drawn down into the trunk and roots. The north wind may blow as cold as it likes, the tree is safe and snug.

The same divine foresight is seen in the relation between foliage and evaporation. Notice the immense surface for evaporation that the eucalyptus, or even one of our common shade trees, offers. These trees grow in a comparatively humid atmosphere, where they have an abundant water-supply. The ferns and palms of the tropics, with their great surface for exposure show this even more plainly. But take a trip to the deserts of Arizona or New Mexico, and what do you see?—Only cacti. Far and near the thick, green trunks arise. No leaves, no graceful fronds there. The green trunk supplies coloring matter, that acts as the plants' digestive juice, and leaves would only supply so many more inches to the scorching sun and fever-parched air.

Then, too, God saw the need of sunshine to work with the green coloring matter, the chlorophyl, and gave each plant—

"An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly upward for light,
Climbs to a soul in leaves and flowers."

This tendency of the plant to reach toward light, to spread its leaves to the sun, is only another example of this foresight. The tree that grows in the forest with many supporting companions, grows up tall and slender in its effort to reach the light. By so growing, more room is left for the other dwellers in the dark, quiet depths of its sylvan home. But the oak that stands on the hillside is sturdy, gnarled, and spreading. Deep and wide spreading also are its roots. The oak would be sadly crushed in the forest depths, and the slender beauty from the deep woods would be wrenched, and twisted, and probably overthrown, by the first heavy wind. Their foreordained laws of growth fit each for its own place in life.

Even the hidden rootlets reveal this foresight. A calla needs much water, and from each of its great leaves water is led down through a conductor pipe in its stem. The trees send their rootlets far out to catch the drops that the leaves pass down, and the bellwort bows gracefully over its hidden rootstock. This same prescience is seen in the adaptation of plants to their habitat. Down under the pressure of the ocean are the algæ, soft, pliable things that could only lie prostrate on land, beaten and whipped by every wind, but which float in dreamy fantastic beauty in the ocean currents. The lichens, almost structureless and functionless, are perfectly fitted to their arctic home.

Seeds show foresight in several ways. One is in the very fact that they exist. Then, as the tiny embryo, rootless and practically leafless, and so tender that the slightest thing would crush it, comes out of its brown home, it finds that provision has been made for its nourishment. When the plant was formed the preceding summer, a supply of food was put in the seed-coat with it. In some plants an excess is put in for the formation of extra leaves. God has also given the tiny plant a wonderful power of adaptation. It readily adapts itself to the soil, the humidity and temperature of the air, and to many things that tend to hinder its growth. The tiny plumule is extremely delicate, but the thick, strong cotyledons close over it to protect it from the heavy clods as it breaks through the earth, and from the chilling dew and frost.

The same thing is seen in the protection of buds. In our northern climes the delicate buds are wrapped in silk or woolen coverlets, and over them a shingled brown house is placed, nicely sealed by water-proof resin. No rain, no

frost, no driving sleet, can injure them; but the buds of the summer flowers or conservatory plants, have none of this elaborate covering. It would only be unnecessary, extravagant, and worse than useless.

The tiny colored pathways leading down to the honeyed depths of some sweet flower are only these everlasting thought tracks. There the insect on his journey is brushed off by the waiting pistil. The same wonderful foresight is also seen in the way that pollen is protected. And so every nodding lily-bell breathes its message to the whispering wind, and the closing petals of the portulacas enclose a vital mystery in their depth—the mystery of the all-knowledge, all-fore-knowledge of God. BESSIE JACKSON.

Oil Springs Found in Gulf of Mexico

REPORTS of the existence of petroleum springs in the Gulf of Mexico were brought to New York on December 14 by Captain Risk, of the Mallory Line steamer "San Jacinto," which arrived from Galveston that morning. Captain Risk says that while in latitude twenty-seven degrees twenty minutes and longitude ninety degrees fifteen minutes, the "San Jacinto" passed through a large field of crude petroleum. This crude oil was floating on the surface, and covered a large area. Plainly visible on both sides of the ship, the petroleum was bubbling to the surface, showing the existence of numberless oil springs in the submarine depths. This phenomenon was observed in the Gulf of Mexico on December 8, one day out from Galveston. It was the first time that Captain Risk had ever seen this field of crude petroleum, although he had sailed over the same course many times. A light north wind was blowing at the time, and the sun was shining, giving the sea a most peculiar, glassy effect with its coat of petroleum. It is thought that a slight earthquake released the oil.—*Selected.*

LIKE the star
That shines afar,
Without haste
And without rest,
Let each man wheel, with steady sway,
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best.

—Goethe.



"To Be Good Is to Be Happy"

WOULD you have a happy new year, go forth to scatter seeds of gladness in the sorrowing world around you, reach forth to lend a helping hand to relieve suffering humanity pleading on every side.

The world is dark with want and woe, but heaven is full of light and blessings, which God places at our disposal, to dispense to others. He makes us stewards of his bounty, and bids us go work in his vineyard. Do not delay to scatter broadcast deeds of kindness in every pathway, high or low, but especially in homes less favored than your own. Spread no feast for a rich neighbor, to win favor; but feed the hungry, and "clothe the naked." Place the sweet morsel where luxury is unknown; listen to the wails of hunger and cold in the cheerless hovel, and share your bounty with the shivering child of poverty, giving warmth and comfort. Remember especially the untold sorrows of the fatherless, the homeless, the friendless. Smooth the couch of pain, inspire hope in the sinking heart,

place a smile of joy on the tear-stained cheek, and waken a song of praise in the house of weeping. Walking thus in the Master's steps, you will surely find the blessed reward.

MRS. S. M. SPICER.

Making a Dictionary Stand

DICTIONARIES have now become so bulky that there is more need than ever of some support for them while one is hunting for the desired information. There are patent dictionary holders, to be sure, but these are so expensive that most persons feel that enough money has been spent when the great dictionary has been bought.

One of the most satisfactory ways of handling such a heavy book is to have a stand with a sloping top just large enough to hold the book when it is lying open. Such a stand as is shown in the illustration can be made by a boy who has two broken bamboo fishing poles. These are for legs, the two rear legs being a few inches longer than those in front.

The top and shelves should be of single pieces of board, three quarters of an inch thick, fifteen inches from front to back, and twenty-five inches from side to side. The shelves will be an inch



or so less than this from front to back, since they lie in a horizontal position. The sloping top requires a wider board than is needed for shelves. The two rear legs are fastened to the top by round-headed screws that pass through the side

pieces. The hollow tops of the bamboo should have wooden plugs inserted in them, that the screws may hold the legs securely. The front legs enter little sockets bored in the under side of the top, as shown, and are also held by screws passing down through the top from above, these screws being later hidden by the strip of wood that holds the dictionary from slipping. Wooden plugs should also be inserted in the tops of these front legs, that the screws may have something to enter, since the bamboo is hollow. The two shelves are held in place by round-headed screws that pass through the legs, as shown. These shelves will be found very useful for magazines and papers, or for other books of reference that one may wish to consult as well as the dictionary. Any handsomely grained wood can be used for the top and shelves, and finished in oil in the natural color, while pine or whitewood will be found to "work" more easily than the hard woods, and these can be stained some attractive color when the table has been finished. The bamboo legs should be varnished, to bring out their own attractive color.—*Webb Donnell, in Young People's Weekly.*

Raiatea

WE are greatly interested in the missionary reports in the INSTRUCTOR and the *Review*. It is encouraging to hear of the experiences of workers in other lands. By these reports we see God is no respecter of persons. He loves all alike, and is able to save to the uttermost. I have often been led to praise God when I see how his power raises men from the very depths of sin and heathenism to a noble Christian life. As I see the native in his ordinary every-day life, an indolent, careless creature, ignorant of all that is pure and elevating, I can not wonder that the people of the world say it is no use to try to convert him. This is true in ourselves,

but with God all things are possible. I said that the native is *ignorant* of all that is pure and elevating. Perhaps I should not say this, but might better repeat these words of Geikie, which apply to them as well as to us: "We are not so much ignorant as perverted. We see through a prism. We are so entirely the creatures of education, of the opinions of our neighbors and of our family, and of the thousand influences of life, that the only way we can hope to see truth in its own light is, as Christ tells us, by our becoming little children." There is a world of truth in these words. The natives are so entirely the creatures of the opinions of their neighbors and of their family and of the thousand influences of life, also of the opinions of the former missionaries, that they do not want to become as a little child, and be taught more. For this reason the work here is necessarily slow, and the way to best work for them is to begin while they are children in reality, and educate them into the truth. If this work is needed at home,—as all know it is,—it is doubly needed in these islands, where the children are not at all restrained by the parents, but left to run about in the streets in the midst of licentiousness and sin of every description.

This work has been begun in Fiji, in Rarotonga, Cook Islands, and here on Raiatea. Since coming I have been steadily engaged in training children and young people. Our home, as most of you know, was built with donations from the people in the States of Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, California, Oregon, and some personal and miscellaneous donations. There is yet a debt of about three hundred dollars to be paid on it. The building is open, airy, and well suited to this climate and people. It has wide verandas on three sides. Much of our time is spent on these verandas, sewing, ironing, studying; here also is our recitation room all the time.

This Home stands on Elder B. J. Cady's plantation. We have a large tract of land, furnishing an abundance of labor for the boys. There are two thousand cocoanut trees, yielding fruit every month in the year. Much of the land has not yet been cleared, but we want to have it cleared as fast as possible, and planted to sugarcane, manioc, sweet potatoes, yams, and other things. The sugar-mill is running at present. Mr. Cady now superintends this work himself, but is instructing others that they may do it in the future.

There is another house on the plantation in which Leonard Christian (of Pitcairn) and family live. He looks after the place, working with the boys. Outside of their working hours the boys are in the Home also.

Our object is not to conduct an ordinary school, but to provide a home where children and youth may be taken in and taught the Bible and trained to be missionaries. These islands need true Christian men and women of their own people to go among them and teach them the way of life. We hope to develop just such workers in this Home. We have seen some encouraging results, and have strong hopes of more. We wish we could have many more young men here, but this would necessitate having more help. The demand for suitable workers is very great the world over, but especially outside of America. I am rejoiced to hear that Iowa has placed half of its laborers and half of its tithe at the disposal of the General Conference. I know God will bless the people in this, and will spread the work even faster in the home State. If others follow their example, we may hope for more workers in foreign fields in the near future.

Our general meeting was held here on the plantation. We enjoyed much of the blessing of God. At its close all declared it was one of the best meetings they had ever attended. This was neither because of great numbers nor unusual

talent, but because of the presence of the Holy Spirit, as you will see if you read Sister Cady's article in the *Review*. Before we separated, we had the blessed privilege of seeing five young persons baptized. Four were out of our number here, and one was a boy from Rarotonga.

May a new interest be aroused in your hearts for the far-away fields, where the work is progressing slowly because of a lack of laborers and means. If you can not go to these needy places, and have not much means to send, remember, you can pray. It has been said that the one who faithfully prays at home does as much for foreign missions as the one on the field.

ANNA M. NELSON.

His Answer

I WORKED, but failure greeted me;
At eve I watched the sun go down,
And in the gath'ring darkness asked,
"Why is my work without a crown?"

"My strength was offered willingly
To right the wrongs, so hard to bear;
Now tired, and hurt, I come to Thee
With joyless heart. Dost thou not care?"

Under the pines his answer came,
There in an open sunlit place,
The mountain river meets with rocks
Immovable in narrowed space.

Yet, to the murmur of the pines,
Rises a full deep roundelay,
As o'er the dark-gray rocks there sweeps
The onward flow of flashing spray.

Ah, those hindering barriers!
What meant they to its steadfast course?
They but revealed, with subtle power,
The water's purity and force.

—Mary B. Fowler.



"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Glimpses of Paul from His Epistles to the Thessalonians

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: 1 Thessalonians.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 109-116.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

Sympathy for converts. 1 Thess. 2:7, 17.

Pastoral care. Chap. 2:11.

Self-denial for others. Chap. 2:9.

Gentleness. Chap. 2:7, 8.

Missed the companionship of others. Chap.

3:1.

Often desired to visit them. Chap. 2:17, 18;

3:10.

Exhorts to purity. Chap. 4:1-5.

To love. Chap. 4:9, 10.

To belief in spirit of prophecy. Chap. 5:20.

To faith in the coming of the Lord. Chap.

1:9, 10; 2:19, 20; 3:11-13; 4:13-18; 5:1-6.

Notes

The epistles to the Thessalonians are the first of his inspired letters which have been presented to us. They were written while his visit to Thessalonica was still fresh in his memory (Chap. 1:2), after he had been to Athens and left it (3:1), after he had been joined by Tim-

othy and Silas (Chap. 1:1; Acts 18:5), while he could speak of having only left them for a short season. Chap. 2:17. He wrote both these epistles during his stay of a year and six months at Corinth.

The epistle to the church at Thessalonica is not one of special reproof, as are some of the epistles of this great apostle. It appears that this church had a genuine faith, manifesting itself in love, patience, and active work for lost souls. 1 Thess. 1:3, 8; 2:13. That they had a strong faith in the return of the Lord the second time is evident throughout the epistle.

"While Paul was still at Corinth, laboring in word and doctrine, and also in the workshop, Silas and Timothy came from Macedonia. The pleasure of meeting these two faithful colaborers gave him fresh zeal and courage to withstand the continually increasing opposition, which had greatly hindered his labors. . . . Paul had sent Timothy to revisit the places of his former labors, and to confirm and establish the church at Thessalonica."—*Sketches from the Life of Paul.*

"His first and second epistles to the church are given us. His heart was drawn out in love to those who had embraced the doctrine of Christ, which subjected them to reproach and persecution heretofore unknown to them."—*Id.*

"There was still another reason for Paul's communication to these brethren. Some who were newly brought into the faith had fallen into errors in regard to those who had died since their conversion. They had hoped that all would witness the second coming of Christ. . . . Some who had fallen into the error that Christ was to come in their day, imbibed the fanatical idea that it was praiseworthy to show their faith by giving up all business, and resigning themselves to idle waiting for the great event which they thought was near. Others despised the gift of prophecy, exalting all other gifts above that."—*Id.*

"The Thessalonians had eagerly grasped the idea that Christ was coming to change the faithful who were alive, and take them to himself. They had carefully guarded the lives of their friends, lest they should die, and lose the blessing which they anticipated at the coming of their Lord. But, one after another, death had laid their loved ones low; and they had buried them from their sight with fear and trembling. All their ancestors had thus been buried, and with anguish the Thessalonians looked upon the faces of their dead for the last time, never expecting to meet them again in a future life."—*Id.*

"The reception of Paul's epistle was to them a great event. Written communications passing between friends were of rare occurrence in those times. There was great joy in the church as the epistle was opened and read. What consolation was afforded them by those words which revealed the true state of the dead. . . . The hope and joy which this assurance gave to the young church at Thessalonica can scarcely be understood by us. . . . The darkness that had enshrouded the sepulcher of the dead was dispelled; for they now knew that their believing friends would be resurrected from the grave, and enjoy immortal life in the kingdom of God."

G. B. T.

"God will not change: the restless years may bring
Sunlight and shade, the glories of the spring,
And darkest gleam of sunless winter hours;
Joy mixed with grief, sharp thorns with fragrant flowers.
Earth's light may shine awhile, and then grow dim:
But God is true;
There is no change in him."

• • CHILDREN'S • • PAGE • •

Elnathan's Gold

ONE morning Christopher Lighthouse, aged sixty-eight, received an unexpected legacy of six hundred dollars. His good old face betokened no surprise, but it shone with a great joy. "I'm never surprised at the Lord's mercies," he said, reverently. Then, with a step to which vigor had suddenly returned, he sought out Elnathan Owsley, aged twelve.

"Elnathan," he said, "I guess I'm the oldest man in the poorhouse, but I feel just about your age. Suppose you and I get out of here."

The boy smiled. He was very old for twelve, even as Christopher Lighthouse was very young for sixty-eight.

"For a poorhouse this is a good place," continued Christopher, still with that jubilant tone in his voice. "It's well conducted, just as the country reports say. Still there are other places that suit me better. You come and live with me, Elnathan. What do you say to it, boy?"

"Where you going to live?" asked Elnathan, cautiously.

The old man regarded him approvingly. "You'll never be one to get out of the frying-pan into the fire, will you?" he said. "But I know a room. I've had my eye on it. It's big enough to have a bed, a table, a cook-stove, and three chairs in it, and we could live there like lords. Like lords, boy! Just think of it! I can get it for two dollars a month."

"With all these things in it?"

"No, with nothing in it. But I can buy the things, Elnathan. Get them cheap at the second-hand store. And I can cook to beat—well to beat some women anyway." He paused to think a moment of Adelizy, one of the pauper cooks. "Yes," he thought, "Adelizy has her days. She's systematic. Some days things are all but pickled in brine, and other days she doesn't put in any salt at all. Some days they're overcooked, and other days it seems as if Adelizy jerked them off the stove before they were heated through." Then he looked eagerly into the unresponsive young face before him. "What's the matter with my plan, Elnathan?" he asked, gravely. "Why don't you fall in with it? I never knew you to hang off like this before."

"I haven't any money," was the slow answer. "I can't do my share toward it. And I'm not going to live off of you. Your money will last you twice as long if you don't have me to keep. Adelizy says six hundred dollars isn't much, if you do think it's a fortune, and you'll soon run through with it, and be back here again."

For a moment the old man was stung. "I sha'n't spend the most of it for salt to put into my victuals anyway," he said. Then his face cleared, and he laughed. "So you haven't any money, and you won't let me keep you," he continued. "Well, those are pretty honorable objections. I expect to do away with them though, immediately." He drew himself up, and said, impressively: "'That is gold which is worth gold.' You've got the gold all right, Elnathan, or the money, whichever you choose to call it."

Elnathan stared.

"Why, boy, look here!" Mr. Lighthouse exclaimed, as he seized the hard young arm where much enforced toil had developed good muscle. "There's your gold, in that right arm of yours. What you want to do is to get it out of your arm and into your pocket. I don't need to keep you. You can live with me and keep yourself. What do you say now?"

The boy's face was alight. "Let's go to-day," he said.

"Not to-day — to-morrow," decided Mr. Lighthouse, gravely. "When I was young, before misfortune met me and I was cheated out of all I had, I was used to giving spreads. We'll give one to-night to those we used to be fellow paupers with no longer ago than yesterday, and to-morrow we'll go. We began this year in the poorhouse, we'll end it in our own home. That's one of the bad beginnings that made a good ending, boy. There's more than one of them. Mind that."

The morrow came, and the little home was started. Another morrow followed, and Elnathan began in earnest to try getting the gold out of his arm and into his pocket. He was a dreamy boy, with whom very few had had patience, for nobody, not even himself, knew the resistless energy and dogged perseverance that lay dormant within him. Mr. Lighthouse, however, suspected it. "I believe," he said to himself, "that Elnathan, when he once gets awakened, will be a hustler. But the poorhouse isn't exactly the place to rouse up the ambition of Napoleon Bonaparte in any boy. Having a chance to scold somebody is what Adelizy calls one of the comforts of a home. And she certainly took out her comforts on Elnathan, and all the rest helped her—sort of deadening to him, though. Living here with me and doing for him-

self is a little more like what's needed in his case."

Slowly Elnathan waked, and Mr. Lighthouse had patience with him. He earned all he could, and he kept himself from being a burden on his only friend, but he disliked work, and so he lagged over it, but he did all that he did well, and he was thoroughly trustworthy.

Three years went by. Elnathan was fifteen, and Christopher Lighthouse was seventy-one.

The little room had always been clean. There had been each day enough of nourishing food to eat, though the old man, remembering Adelizy's prediction, had set his face like flint against even the slightest indulgence in table luxuries. And although there had been days when Elnathan had recklessly brought home a ten-cent pie and half a dozen doughnuts from the baker's as his share of provision for their common dinner, Mr. Lighthouse felt that he had managed well. And yet there were only fifty dollars of the original six hundred left, and the poorhouse was looming once more on the old man's sight. He sighed. An expression of patience grew on the kind, old face. He felt it to be a great pity that six hundred dollars could not be made to go further. And there was a wistfulness in the glance he cast upon the boy. Elnathan was, as yet, only half awake. The little room and the taste of honest independence had done their best. Were they to fail?

The old man began to economize. His mittens wore out. He did not buy more. He needed new flannels, but he did not buy them. Instead he tried to patch the old ones, and Elnathan, coming in suddenly, caught him doing it.

"Why, Uncle Chris!" he exclaimed. "What are you patching those old things for? Why don't you pitch 'em out and get new ones?"

The old man kept silent till he had his needle threaded. Then he said, softly, with a half apology in his tone: "The money's 'most gone, Elnathan."

The boy started. He knew as well as Mr. Lighthouse that when the last coin was spent, the doors of the poorhouse would open once more to receive his only friend. At the thought a thrill of gladness went through him as he recognized that he himself was safe. He could provide for himself. He need never return. And by that thrill in his own bosom he guessed the feeling of his friend. He could not put what he guessed into words. Nevertheless he felt sure that the old man would not falter nor complain.

"How much have you?" he asked.

Mr. Lighthouse told him.

Then, without a word, Elnathan got up and went out. His head sunk in thought, and his hands in his trousers pockets, he sauntered on in the wintry air while he mentally calculated how long Mr. Lighthouse's funds would last. "Not any later than next spring anyhow," he said at last. "And next Christmas he'll be in the poorhouse again." He walked on a few steps. Then he stopped. "Will he?" he cried. "Not if I know it."

This was a big resolve for a boy of fifteen, and the next morning Elnathan himself thought so. He thought so even to the extent of considering a retreat from the high task which he had the previous day laid before himself. Then he looked at Mr. Lighthouse, who had aged perceptibly in the last hours. Evidently he had lain awake in the night calculating how long his money would last. The sight of him nerved the boy afresh. "I'm not going back on it," he told himself, vigorously. "I'm just going to dig out all the gold there is in me. Keeping Uncle Chris out of the poorhouse is worth it."

But he did not confide in the old man. "He'd say it was too big a job for me, and talk about how I ought to get myself some schooling," concluded the boy.

Now it came about that the room, which while it had not been the habitation of lords, had been the abode of kingly kindness, became a silent place. The anxious old man had no heart to joke. He had been to the poorhouse, and had escaped from it into freedom. His whole nature rebelled at the thought of returning. And yet he tried to school himself to look forward to it bravely. "If it is the Lord's will," he told himself, "I'll have to bow to it."

Meanwhile those who employed Elnathan were finding him a very different boy from the slow, lagging Elnathan they had known. If he was sent on an errand, he made speed. "Here! get the gold out of your legs," he would say to himself. If he sprouted potatoes for a grocer in his cellar, "There's gold in your fingers, El," he would say. "Get it out as quick as you can."

He now worked more hours in a day than he had ever worked before, so he was too tired to talk much at meals, and too sleepy in the evening. But there was a light in his eyes when they rested on Mr. Lighthouse that made the old man's heart thrill. "Elnathan would stand by me if he could," he would say to himself.



READY FOR A FROLIC

"He's a good boy. I must not worry him."

A month after Elnathan had begun his great labor of love, an astonishing thing happened to him. He had a choice of two places offered him as general utility boy in a grocery. Once he would have told Mr. Lighthouse, and asked his advice as to which offer he should take, but he was now carrying his own burdens. He considered carefully, and then he went to Mr. Benson. "Mr. Benson," he said, "Mr. Dale wants me, too, and you both offer the same wages. Now which one of you will give me my groceries reduced as you do your other clerks?"

"I will not," replied Mr. Benson, firmly. "Your demand is ridiculous. You are not a clerk."

The irate Mr. Benson turned on his heel, and Elnathan felt himself dismissed. He then went to Mr. Dale, to whom he honestly related the whole.

Mr. Dale laughed. "But you are not a clerk," he said, kindly.

"I know it, but I mean to be, and I mean to do all I can for you, too."

Mr. Dale looked at him, and he liked the bearing of the lad. "Go ahead," he said. "You may have your groceries at the same rate I make my clerks."

"Thank you," responded Elnathan, while the gratitude he felt crept into his tones. "For myself," he thought, "I wouldn't have asked for a reduction, but for Uncle Chris I will. I've a big job on hand."

That day he told Mr. Lighthouse that he had secured a place at Mr. Dale's, and that he was to have a reduction on groceries. "Which means, Uncle Chris, that I pay for the groceries for us both while you do the cooking and pay the rent."

Silently and swiftly Mr. Lighthouse calculated. He saw that if he were saved the buying of the groceries for himself, he could eke out his small hoard till after Christmas. The poorhouse receded a little from the foreground of his vision as he gazed into the eyes of the boy opposite him at the table. He did not know that his own eyes spoke eloquently of his deliverance, but Elnathan choked as he went on eating.

"Now hustle, El!" he commanded one day on his way back to the store. "There's gold in your eyes if you keep 'em open, and in your tongue if you keep it civil, and in your back and in your wits if they're nimble. All I have to say is, get it out."

"Get it out," he repeated when he had reached the rear of the store. And he began busily to fill and label kerosene cans, gasoline cans, and molasses jugs. From there he went to the cellar to measure up potatoes.

"Never saw such a fellow!" grumbled his companion utility boy. "You'd think he run the store by the way he steps round with his head up and them sharp eyes of his into everything. 'Hi there!' he said to me. 'Fill that measure of gasolene full before you pour into the can. Mr. Dale doesn't want the name of giving short measure because you're careless.' Let's do some reporting on him, and get him out of the store," he said.

"But there's nothing to report, and there never will be."

But the boy persisted, and very shortly he found himself out of a position.

"You needn't get another boy if you don't want to, Mr. Dale," observed Elnathan, cheerily. "I'm so used to the place now that I can do all he did, as well as my own work. And anyway I'd rather do the extra work than go on watching somebody to keep him from measuring up short or wrong grade on everything he touches." And Elnathan smiled. He had lately discovered that he had ceased to hate work.

Mr. Dale smiled in return. "Very well," he said. "Go ahead and do it all if you want to."

A week he went ahead, and at the end of that time he found, to his delight, that Mr. Dale had increased his wages. "Did you think I would take the work of two boys and pay for the work of one?" asked Mr. Dale.

"I didn't think at all, sir," replied Elnathan joyously, "but I'm the gladdest boy in Kingston to get a raise."

"Uncle Chris," he said that night, "I got a raise to-day."

Mr. Lighthouse expressed his pleasure and his sense that the honor was well merited, but Elnathan did not hear a word he said because he had something more to say, himself. "Uncle Chris," he went on, his face very red, "I've been saving up for some time, and to-morrow's your birthday. Here's a present for you;" and he thrust out a ten-dollar gold piece, with the words, "I never made a present before."

Slowly the old man took the money, and again his eyes outdid his tongue in speaking his gratitude. And there was a great glow in the heart of the boy.

"That's some of the gold I dug out of myself, Uncle Chris," he laughed. "You're the one who first told me it was in me. I don't know whether it came out of my arms or my legs or my head."

"I know where the very best gold there is in you is located, Elnathan," smiled the old man. "It's your heart that is gold, my boy."

Two months later Elnathan was a clerk at twenty-five dollars a month. "Now we're fixed, Uncle Chris!" he cried when he told the news. "You and I can live forever on twenty-five dollars a month."

"Do you mean it?" asked the old man, tremblingly. "Do you wish to be cumbered with me?"

"No, I do not, Uncle Chris," answered the boy, with a beaming look. "I don't want to be cumbered with you. I just want to go on living here with you."

Then to the old man the poorhouse forever receded from sight. He remembered Adeliza no more as he looked with pride and tenderness on the boy who stood erect and alert before him; looked again and yet again, for he saw in him the Lord's deliverer, though he knew not he had been raised up by his own kind hand.—*The Well-spring.*

Rules for a Quiet Household

WE were impressed lately by the orderly behavior of a large family of children, particularly while at the table. We spoke of it to their father, and he pointed to a paper pinned to the wall, on which were written some excellent rules. We begged a copy for the benefit of our readers. Here it is:—

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Don't make a practise of shouting, jumping, or running in the house.
3. Never call to persons up-stairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to everybody, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do or not to do a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your shoes before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table or in the sitting-room with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your time to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for com-

pany, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

12. Let your first, last, and best confidant be your mother. Have no secrets from her.—*Youth's Friend.*

The Skill of a Mouse

ONE day a naturalist lay motionless on a fallen log in the forest, and silently watched an animal at play in the grass near by. This was a large, brown-backed mouse, a meadow mouse, which had come out from his home under the log, and, when tired of play, had sat up to make his toilet. Using his forepaws as hands, the mouse combed the white fur on his breast, and licked himself smooth and sleek. Satisfied at length with his appearance, he began to search for food.

He did not have far to go, for a few stalks of wheat grew among the thick weeds near at hand. The mouse was so large that he could probably have bent the stalk down, and brought the grain within reach. If not, he could certainly have climbed the stalk. He did not try either of these plans, however; for these were not his ways. Sitting up very straight, he bit through the stalk as high up as he could reach. The weeds were so thick that the straw could not fall its full length; and the freshly cut end settled down upon the ground, with the straw still erect, and the grain out of reach. The mouse again bit the straw in two, and again the upper portion settled down. In this way he bit off five lengths of straw before he could bring the grain within reach of his paws. These forepaws were very skilful little hands; and he deftly husked a grain and ate it, sitting erect, and holding it to his mouth as naturally as a boy would hold an apple.—*Our Animal Friends.*

BIBLE READERS COURSE

The New Jerusalem

1. For what did Abraham look?

"For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." **Heb. 11: 10.**

2. What did the Lord say he would make Jerusalem?

"For, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy." **Isa. 65: 18.**

3. As John looked up to heaven, what did he see coming down?

"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." **Rev. 21: 2.**

4. Did the city have foundations?

"And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones." **Rev. 21: 19.**

5. How is the city lighted?

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." **Rev. 21: 23.**

6. Who will be sad there?

"And the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying." **Isa. 65: 19.**

7. Who may not enter the city, and who may enter it?

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." **Rev. 21: 27.**

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

"THERE is only one unconquerable sin, and that is the sin you are not trying to conquer."

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV—Nehemiah Builds the Wall

(January 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Nehemiah 2 to 8.

MEMORY VERSE: "So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof: for the people had a mind to work." Neh. 4:6.

Three days after Nehemiah came to Jerusalem, he arose in the night, and went out to look at the wall of the city. It was broken down, and lay in heaps; there was no place for the beast that he rode to find a foothold. But Nehemiah was not discouraged. He called the chief men of the Jews together, and said: "Come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach." Then he told them how the Lord had helped him, and what the king had done for him. And the people answered, "Let us rise up and build."

Nehemiah at once began the work. He organized the men, and gave each company a certain section of the wall to build. Every one took part in the work, the goldsmiths and merchants and the priests and governors and rulers working side by side with the common people.

But the enemies of the Jews did not leave them in peace. Sanballat, who hated the Jews, spoke before his brethren and the army of Samaria, and said: "What do these feeble Jews? will they fortify themselves? will they sacrifice? will they make an end in a day? will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned?"

And Tobiah the Ammonite answered that if a fox should walk over the wall they were building, it would fall down.

But Nehemiah did not stop his work to answer these men. Day by day, hour by hour, out of the heaps of rubbish a new wall was rising. The people worked, and as they worked, they prayed. At last the wall was half done. Nehemiah says: "So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof: for the people had a mind to work."

Sanballat and Tobiah were very wroth when they heard how swiftly the work was progressing. They joined their armies and came against the city, to fight against it. They expected to surprise the Jews, and take them unaware, but the Lord helped his people. Nehemiah set watches to guard the weak places in the wall, and encouraged the people with these words: "Be not ye afraid of them: remember the Lord, which is great and terrible."

The work on the wall was not allowed to cease. The men worked with their swords by their sides, and their shields and spears in their hands,—worked "from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared." And wherever the danger was greatest, or the work hardest, there was Nehemiah, cheering and encouraging the people. Day and night he was alert and watching, not even putting off his clothes, he tells us, except for washing. When Sanballat and Tobiah saw they could not hinder the wall from being built, they tried to frighten Nehemiah, and lead him to sin, so that the blessing and power of the Lord could not be with him. But all their efforts failed.

In fifty-two days the wall was finished, and the gates were hung in place. This was a very short time for so great a work, carried forward under such great difficulties; but it shows what can be done, with the Lord's blessing, when the leaders in a work are brave and true-hearted, and the people "have a mind to work."

After this the people gathered at Jerusalem, and Ezra stood on a pulpit of wood, and read

to them from the book of the law. "And Ezra opened the book in the sight of all the people; . . . and when he opened it, all the people stood up: and Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God. And all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with lifting up their hands: and they bowed their heads, and worshipped the Lord with their faces to the ground."

At this time, also, the people kept the feast of tabernacles, for the first time in hundreds of years, living in booths made of the branches of trees. Every day for seven days they listened to the reading of the law of God. "And there was very great gladness."

Questions

1. In what condition did Nehemiah find the wall of Jerusalem? What did he say to the chief men of the city? What did he tell them to encourage them? How did they answer him? Neh. 2:12-20.

2. When was the work begun? How many took a part in it?

3. What two men were angry to see the work going forward? What did they say? Neh. 4:1-3.

4. What did the people keep on doing? What does Nehemiah say about the wall? Memory Verse.

5. What did Sanballat now do? Why could he not succeed in his plans to stop the work? With what words did Nehemiah encourage the builders? Verses 9-14.

6. Tell how the work was now carried forward. Were the hours long? Verse 21. In what way did Sanballat and Tobiah again try to hinder the building of the wall?

7. How many days did it take to finish the wall? Neh. 6:15. Give your reasons for thinking this a short time to do so great a work. What lesson may we learn from this experience of the Jews?

8. Where did the Jews gather at this time? Who read to the people from the book of the law? Neh. 8:3, 7, 8. For how many days did the people keep the feast of tabernacles? What did they do each day? What feeling was in their hearts? Verses 14-18.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV—An Epoch of Freedom

(January 28)

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 22:21.

Questions

1. By what method did some of the Pharisees seek to entangle Jesus? Matt. 22:16, 17.

2. What question did Jesus ask in reply? Verses 18-20.

3. What great principle did he lay down showing the distinction between religion and civil government? Verse 21.

4. What nation in its Constitution adopted this principle?—The United States.

5. What statements in the Constitution are an evidence of this fact? Note 1.

6. What declaration preceded the framing of this Constitution, and laid the foundation for it? Note 2.

7. By what symbol is the United States represented in prophecy? Rev. 13:11.

8. What were the chief characteristics of this power in the beginning? What change followed? Note 3.

9. What indicates that this power will yet become a persecuting power? Verses 15-17.

10. What effect will this have upon other nations? Note 4.

11. What relic of the union of church and state has been retained by most of the States? For how long a time did Congress refuse to

pass a Sunday law? Mention some attempts that have been made to bring this about? Note 5.

12. What will the success of their efforts result in forming? Rev. 13:14.

13. What warning is given against worshipping this image or receiving its mark? Rev. 14:9-12.

14. Describe the victory of the persecuted ones who refuse to worship the beast or his image which has been set up. Rev. 15:2, 3.

Notes

1. Article VI of the Constitution says: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office of public trust under the United States." And the first amendment says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The fourteenth amendment says: "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

2. The Declaration of Independence laid the foundation for a government in which there would be a distinct separation of church and state. After the introduction, the opening words are as follows:—

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men."

3. The characteristics of this power were symbolized by the lamb-like horns, which seemed to indicate "youthfulness, innocence, and gentleness;" the two horns evidently representing "the two leading principles of the government—civil and religious liberty." Later "he spake as a dragon," showing that this power is to follow the course of the dragon power, which was a relentless persecutor of the church of God. This persecution will be the result of the enactment of "unjust and oppressive laws against the religious profession and practise of some of its subjects." See "Thoughts on Revelation."

4. "As America, the land of religious liberty, shall unite with the papacy in forcing the conscience and compelling men to honor the false sabbath, the people of every country on the globe will be led to follow her example." "Foreign nations will follow the example of the United States. Though she leads out, yet the same crisis will come upon our people in all parts of the world."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VI, pages 18, 395.

5. Sunday laws exist in most of the States and territories—California, Arizona, Idaho, and Nevada being the only exceptions. The Philippines also have none. From 1789 to 1892, a period of one hundred three years, the Congress of the United States refused to pass a Sunday law. The first attempts to induce Congress to pass such a law were made in 1828 and 1829, over the question of transportation of the mails and the closing of post-offices on Sunday. The next was in 1888, when the Blair National Sunday Rest bill was introduced. Then came the Breckinridge Sunday bill for the District of Columbia in 1890. All these, in turn, were defeated in 1892. But through threats on the part of certain church leaders, Congress was finally induced to pass a measure for the closing of the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, on Sunday. In 1901 it passed another like measure for the closing of the St. Louis Fair, in 1904, on Sunday. April 6, 1904, another bill for Sunday-closing in the District of Columbia passed the House of Representatives, but was not brought before the Senate before Congress adjourned, thus leaving the bill still pending.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE M. DICKERSON

EDITOR

Subscription Rates

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

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

The Year 1904

THE close of the year 1904 is at hand, and it may be well for us to recall a few of the startling events that have occurred in rapid succession during the year. At the close of 1903 the whole country was shocked by the burning of the Iroquois theater in Chicago, and the attendant loss of life. This fell like a pall over the new year, and it seems to us to have been a year of unprecedented disasters by fire, flood, railway collisions, explosions of various kinds, foundering of steamships, hurricanes, tornadoes, cloudbursts, and various other disasters.

Passing over all except events of unusual magnitude, we will mention the Baltimore fire, with its estimated destruction of one hundred twenty-five million dollars' worth of property, the fires at Buffalo and Oswego, New York; Toronto, Canada; Progresso, Mexico; and Minneapolis, Minnesota, the smallest of which destroyed one million dollars' worth of property, and the largest twelve million dollars' worth.

Among the disasters on board ship are the explosion of two thousand pounds of powder on the American battle-ship "Missouri," by which twenty-nine lives were lost; the fire on the "Slocum," causing the death of seven or eight hundred persons, mostly children; the foundering of the "Norge," with seven hundred emigrants, few of whom were saved; and the sinking of a Cunard liner, carrying two thousand two hundred emigrants.

The railway accidents have been legion, but perhaps the most appalling are the falling of a train through a bridge near Eden, Colorado, and the collision of two trains near Hodges, Tennessee. In each of these more than one hundred persons were reported killed or injured.

There have been a large number of mine explosions, and the loss of life caused by the explosion of gas in a coal-mine at Cheswick, Pennsylvania, was one hundred seventy-four.

In these various disasters hundreds and thousands of human beings have suddenly closed their life's record, in many instances without a moment's warning.

Strikes, riots, murders, suicides, mysterious disappearances, gigantic forgeries, and shocking crimes of all descriptions have so steadily thickened around us that what would have startled humanity a few years ago is now passed by with scarcely a comment. So little value is placed upon human life, that there seems to be no safety except in the shadow of the Rock—our only refuge.

The war in the East, with its vast armies and its reckless loss of life, is but another sickening scene in the sad drama which the year 1904 has enacted.

Surely, when the man of the world reflects

upon the present situation, his heart must fail him for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth. But, to the child of God, these are the long-anticipated signal-lights which declare that the coming of the Messiah is near and hasteth greatly.—*Editor of Atlantic Union Gleaner.*

The Word

THE old motto of the city of Glasgow used to be, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word." That is the way things flourish in this world. Any place, any city, any church, any people, where the Word of God has free course and is glorified, will flourish. It is like the river flowing through the desert sands, the wilderness begins to rejoice, and the desert to blossom like the rose. On those waters are carried seeds, and fertility comes wherever the river runs. No matter how sandy the desert, there is a green strip on each side of the river. Wherever the Word of God runs and has free course, there you will see life and brightness and fertility and beauty.—*H. L. Hastings.*

The Friendly Hand

WHEN a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear-drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart.
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey an' its gall,
With its cares an' bitter crosses; but a good world, after all.
An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that's what I say
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Japan's Care of Her Sick Soldiers

MAJOR LOUIS L. SEAMAN, of New York, who was a surgeon in the army during the Spanish War, and who made extensive investigations at that time into the sanitary regulations of the United States army, and who afterward went to Porto Rico and China with a similar object, has returned from Japan, where he went to investigate the sanitary side of Japan's army.

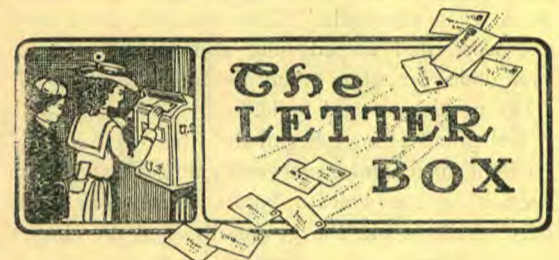
In a recent address made before the International Congress on Military Surgeons, he gave his experiences, and it was evident that his eyes were wide open during his visit. There can be no doubt, from what he says, that the Japanese are far ahead of any other people in this very important branch of military discipline, and, it may be added, that the sooner other countries adopt the Japanese methods of sanitation, the better it will be, both for themselves and their armies.

The Japanese have great surgeons, and their hospital arrangements are well-nigh perfect. Other countries have great surgeons, but it is doubtful if their duties are systemized as they are in Japan, and the hospital arrangements in time of war have never compared with those of Japan. In the Civil War an immense deal of surgery was performed in the field, and many limbs were sacrificed after every battle which might have been saved had the Japanese system prevailed, of sending all but the most desperate cases directly to headquarters hospitals, a much

easier plan with us than it is with the Japanese.

Out of one thousand cases brought to Tokyo before July 1 not a single one died. The Spanish War does not really furnish a comparison as to the wounded, because there were very few Americans killed or wounded in that affair, but it does present a striking contrast with regard to the ravages of disease. The deaths from sickness at Chattanooga, Porto Rico, and Tampa of men who were never in action were about fourteen hundred to one hundred killed in actual fighting.

The Japanese lose practically none by disease contracted in the field, which is accounted for by the fact that sanitation at the front is as rigid as at the hospital. Food supplies of every description are inspected microscopically for microbes, and streams and wells are subjected to tests before the troops are allowed to use them.—*Week's Progress.*



KINGSTON, PA., Dec. 8, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I greatly enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR, for there are so many encouraging thoughts in it. I find it helpful in my Sabbath-school lessons. I am a Seventh-day Adventist, and attend church and Sabbath-school at Wilkes Barre. We have a Young People's Society, which meets every Sunday evening, and our leader, Brother Swartzfagor, makes the lesson interesting, as well as instructive.

I do not want to make my letter too long, for fear of taking up too much space. I would be glad to hear from some of the girls among the INSTRUCTOR readers. I would like to see this printed, as it is my first letter to the paper.

JESSIE STATES.

It is a good thing to early join the church. It helps to fasten the life-anchor in the Eternal Rock, so that one can not drift.

SOUTH LANCASTER, MASS., Nov. 29, 1904.

MY DEAR MISS DICKERSON: Miriam and I were very much pleased to receive a letter from you not many days ago. It was better than getting an INSTRUCTOR, though we always look upon that as a letter from you. So you think we have a big brother; he is nice; he runs all around, talks some, and gets into every possible sort of mischief. I have not yet been to see Mrs. Griggs and her pupils, but have been able to read for some time. I like those nice long stories that you sometimes put in the INSTRUCTOR. I wish you would put them in oftener. I am also taking music lessons.

It is almost a year since you left us; and we think it is about time you made us a visit. When will you come? Miriam sends love, so do I. Good-by.

RUTH GILBERT.

I hope my little friend won't think I have taken too great liberty in putting in the Letter Box corner what was meant only as a personal letter. We are told to pass on to others the good things we hear and receive. This letter was written by a little girl but two or three months past seven years of age, and it is printed exactly as she wrote it without any suggestions from older ones. It was also written by herself on her own typewriter, and remarkably well-written, too. It pays, little people, to study hard, and learn to write well. By studying the letters in the INSTRUCTOR, one can get a number of useful points. Some who have not thought of this, send their letters without a single mark of punctuation in the heading.