

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

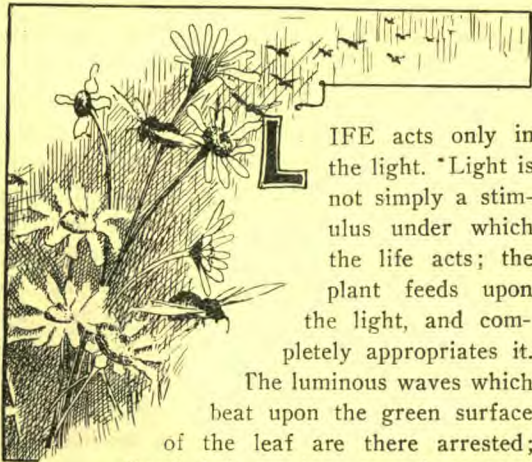
REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## Seeking the Light



**L**IFE acts only in the light. "Light is not simply a stimulus under which the life acts; the plant feeds upon the light, and completely appropriates it. The luminous waves which beat upon the green surface of the leaf are there arrested; and their moving power is so completely absorbed that the reflected rays will not even affect the exquisitely sensitive plate of the photographer." The plant lives and feeds upon the light; it takes the light into its inner self, and converts the energy of the light into the energy of life and growth. In the same manner, spiritual light is not a mere influence under which spiritual life acts; it is a condition of life; it is appropriated into spiritual lives; it is to be lived and fed upon. It is thus converted into the energy of spiritual life and growth.

But remember that life acts only in the sunlight. Have you ever noticed the potato plant? If it grows in a darkened cellar, it is a weakly, white, frail thing, with no strength or vigor; it has had but little light, so it has but little life. But when it grows out in the garden plot, it has a far different appearance. It is then one of the most vigorous and thrifty of our plants; it has plenty of life, for it has had abundance of light. Fulness of life comes only with fulness of light.

Are you dwelling in the sunshine? Are you basking in the sunlight? "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise." Our "God is a sun." Let us not try to live in the cellar, but rather in the light, where we can grow and thrive. The church is filled with weak plants that have grown in the shade, the basement, and the cellar.

Is this because there is not enough light?—Of course not; there is fulness of light out in the open field. Abundance of light is beating down there upon the waving heads of wheat. There, too, the grain is ripe for the harvest. In the field you will find light; in the field you will find labor: light and labor, these are life. Yes, light is the condition of life; for light acts only in the light. Let your soul, then, bathe in the light of God; let your soul drink it in. God sheds every ray for the life of your soul. If you shut the light away, you shut out that much of life and God. There is enough of darkness at night; let us not make any darkness of our own. Remember you can have fulness of life only by dwelling in abundance of light. Do not attempt to be a basement Christian; do not try to be a cellar Christian; do not try to grow in somebody's shade. Grow in God's sunlight. So shall you be a living Christian. "Ye are

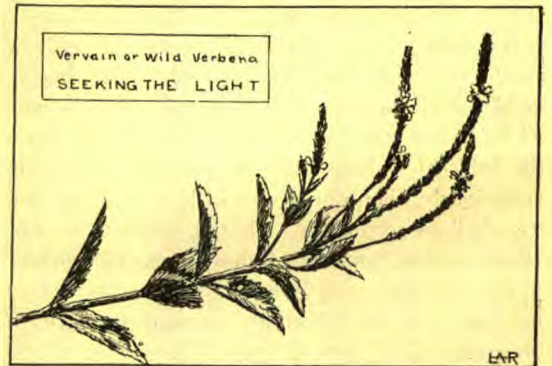
all children of the light, and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of darkness." Can it be truly said of us that we are not children of the night, nor of darkness? Do we ever seek darkness? Do we love, even for a moment, to dwell in the blackness? It is the baneful plants that grow in the darkness. It is the fermentations of death and decay that thrive and increase in the absence of the light.

Some of the most deadly germs are speedily killed when exposed to direct sunlight. Koch says that the "tubercle bacillus is killed by the action of direct sunlight, in a time varying from a few minutes to several hours, depending upon the thickness of the layer exposed."

The only hope of the consumptive is abundance of pure air and sunlight. The admonition to the consumptive is the admonition to the Christian,—Keep out of the shade and the darkness; live in the sunshine. "Live not in the shadow" even of the cross of Christ; "but on the sunny side of the cross, where the Sun of Righteousness may shine into your heart."

O, how the plants condemn our ways of living! We set our potted plant in the window, and, in a few hours, we find its leaves and blossoms all turned toward the light. It seeks the light; for light is necessary for its very existence. Some of our common weeds are very sensitive to the light. Late one afternoon I brought home a downy vervain, and, to keep its roots moist, threw it carelessly into the sink. Although the plant lay prostrate, it could lift its blossoms to the light; in a very short time the flower-stalk was bent at a right angle with the plant, thus lifting the flower upward as far as possible to receive every living ray of light.

Often I have found this same plant, lying pros-



trate on the ground, where it had been trampled by unheeding feet, and always the flower-stalk is bent upward to lift the blossom toward the light. The picture is of one of these plants which, growing on the edge of a bank, had been thrown over from its original erect position. True to its nature, its blossoms are lifted to the sky. There is a lowly little weed, called the mallow, which ordinarily closely hugs the earth. It lies so close to the ground that a lawn mower will scarcely cut it. And yet, when it happens to grow where the grass and weeds are uncut, it will run long stems up out of the rank weeds, thus carrying its foliage into the sunlight. The yellow sorrel, the clovers, and many other plants will do the same.

How fully sin has perverted our natures that we act so differently with reference to the light of heaven! The plant will violate every law of its being, before it will refuse to seek the light. It must have light, and every influence of its life works to this end.

L. A. REED.

## The Spirit of Progress

"OPEN thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,  
And let in manhood; let in happiness;  
Admit the boundless theater of thought  
From nothing up to God — which makes a man."

True manhood and true womanhood, true happiness and success at last, surely come as a result of thought, but it is the cheerful thought of a progressive mind that accomplishes most in the world; never the drifter or idle dreamer.

If there is a divine spark in our beings, it must be the longing for progress, for something better; and the progressive man is so busy with the duties of the hour, and the opportunities of the future that he has no time to waste looking at the dead past, except to gain wisdom for his future life.

If we are to advance we must keep our faces forward, always looking toward our ideal, which should be a noble character, and a position to labor where we are the most needed. The world's need is our opportunity, so where exists the greatest need, there are found the greatest opportunities. Never were there better openings for entering the sunshine business than now, when everybody is bending every energy to the task of making money. Happy smiles and cheery words are welcome anywhere, and should be the passport of every Christian.

We young people who love truth better than gold can not afford to let our nobler impulses be choked by greed; and we should scorn even the



thought of measuring a man's success by his income. There is a better measure of success,—“Unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,” who went about doing good. Whatever work we hope to do, whether it be that of a farmer, teacher, minister, or physician, our chief object should be to do good.

Our usefulness in the world will be aided greatly by a cultivated mind and courteous manners, and these are for all. A former mayor of New York City always carried in his pocket a copy of maxims, and among them was one which, if followed, must result in culture, “If your hands can not be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.” That is surely the essence of the spirit of progress.

We hear it said often that a man is only a bundle of habits, and that in youth is the time to mold the character. This must be true; so now while habits are easily formed, let us all form the habit of making daily progress, and of living victoriously, then our lives will be a blessing, and we shall be crowned with the highest success, which is the “stature of the fulness of Christ.”

The goal lies ever onward, and the spirit that reaches it is the cheerful, courageous spirit of progress.

“If to-day you've made some progress,  
Do not tire.  
Sit not down! Upon the morrow  
Step up higher!

“If to-day you've felt a soul growth,  
Then aspire.  
Loftier ideals still await thee,  
Step up higher.

“If you've seen the mountain summits  
Tipped with fire,  
Beyond are scenes aflame with glory,  
Step up higher.

“If you've heard the Master's whisper,  
Then draw nigher;  
There is offered life to him who  
Steps up higher.”

J. W. PEABODY.

### The Christian's Library

#### The Bible

It would seem idle for me to recommend the Bible for study. We say we all recognize its importance, but certainly we do not appreciate it, and we never can appreciate it until we study it so that we love it. Then we shall begin to see some of the benefits. I am convinced, however, that one reason we do not study it more is because story reading has spoiled our power of appreciation. We want to read something that tells us the whole thing itself, and thereby we miss the exercise of a most precious faculty, the faculty of imagination. What wonders can not our fancies conjure (fancies, too, which will be realized in exact or better form), as we read the meager but grand revelations of our future new earth home? Do you ever walk with Johnathan and David? Did you ever go down into the slimy hole in the courtyard with Jeremiah? Have you rocked on the sunny waters of Galilee while you heard, “Behold, a sower went forth to sow”? Or have you merely read the words, perhaps to enable you to answer certain questions, and put away only a verbal memory? Try a new way of reading; take time, and live what you read. The Bible will be a new book, and you will be a new person.

#### Hymns

Some of the best literature in the English language is found in our hymns. They hold a treasure which often we miss because we know only the tunes to which they are sung; we suppose the hymn belongs to the tune. We need to learn hymns as literary productions, so that

we shall not have to hold our song-book when we praise God with music, and so that the blessed influence of these musical prayers may often be with us when we are alone. More than one poet has been made through the influence of hymns. I fear, sometimes, that the knowledge of the best hymns which constitute true literature, will be lost among us as Adventist young people; I find so many who are wholly ignorant of the standard hymns which have voiced the thoughts of Christians for decades and centuries. We would do well to come back to the best collection of hymns we have, the “Seventh-day Adventist Hymn and Tune Book,” and use it more in praise than we do. Our taste would be much better trained, and by such a training we would be saved the humiliation which sometime, as workers, we shall have, if, when in the presence of other Christian people, we know only the tinkling rhymes and rag-time tunes of modern versifying commercialists. Certainly there are hymns of recent composition which deserve to rank high among hymns of all times, but they are, in the common collections, mixed with a vast majority of mediocre and despicable rhymes, such as the great hymns of past years have disengaged from themselves and left far behind to die. A careful study of hymnology and of hymn writers will be helpful in forming a good taste.

#### Denominational Literature

We should be well acquainted with the works of most of our own writers; and this we may well do, not merely to make ourselves familiar with present-day truths which will stir us to action, but as well for the culture in language which they give. Some of these will rank high in literature, as compared with the productions of the masters, and in the style of all our most important works there is a dignity and a poise such as only the utterance of truth can give, and these works can well be set as models for the prospective writer or speaker. While it may not be in good taste in such an article as this, to discuss critically the works of living authors, it is not out of place to mention as models of rhetoric in varying degree, such works as “The Desire of Ages,” “Education,” “Christ's Object Lessons,” “Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation,” “Great Controversy,” and “Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing.” The number of our works which might be added make a very respectable list of books which should not be left to the last in the scheme of reading.

#### History

It is commonly felt that the reading of history to any extent is proper and good. That is to be challenged. Earth's history is but an account of the struggle of evil against good. Any history which deals wholly with the internal paroxysms of evil, the wars, the conspiracies, the treacheries of wicked men, with no apparent relation to the progress of God's cause, is the conveyor of more evil than good. It is better for us to stay entrenched within the camp of God, and study history only as it relates to the assaults of evil upon those ramparts. That does not bar us from any field of history, but it does protect us from some phases of history study, and from some books upon history.

Biographies of such men as Columba, Wycliffe, Luther, Penn, Howard, Livingstone, Miller, Mann, and Lincoln, and histories of such peoples as the Waldenses, the Lollards, the Dutch Protestants, the Puritans, and the Moravians, should take the place of indiscriminate perusal of the deeds of ambitious kings and priests and bloody captains. Not that general history shall not be known, but that it shall be studied from the right point of view. There is room for the production of works of such a nature which shall be at once virtuous and entertaining.

A similar view should be taken of works of travel. Special attention should be given to such works as have connection with the cause of God. The great travelers are not Marco Polo, Captain Cook, Fremont, and Peary; they are Livingstone, Howard, Williams, Robinson, Barrow, Wolfe. Studies of foreign countries should be through the reports of those who have been urged on by the claims of God upon them.

#### Science

So wide a field is presented in this that a few words could lay no proper bounds. Science of the hand, the eye, the machine, the instrument,—every phase is represented by a multitude of books. Let it suffice to say that those which will supply the needs of a well-defined purpose should be carefully selected and studied. From among the many popular, well-written books upon various handicrafts, I would select the one that especially interests me for the time, the instructions of which I can put into practise. Some books of an entertaining nature upon natural history may help me to learn for myself in the fields and woods, but this subject is being drowned by a flood of books of an unworthy character. Better to take a few suggestions, and let nature be the text-book, and God the teacher. Most other branches of science, perhaps, belong to the school, where a wise teacher should be a good counselor.

Let us remember, finally, that our time is not to be given wholly, nor half, to reading. To put into practise a little which we have learned, thereby adding to the talent bestowed five other talents, is to use wisely and justly the power of acquirement. The purpose of our learning is not to absorb as a sponge, but to take, convert, and give, as a tree. We have a little space in which to learn our A B C's before we enter the higher school a few days hence. He who is wise will not dispute the lesson set; he who is diligent will not idle away his time upon frivolities, he who is persevering will win entrance, and take many with him.

A. W. SPAULDING.

(Concluded)

#### My Library

THE lords of the lyre and the laurel  
Look silently down from my shelves.  
And the proud theologians that quarrel  
Have written their books like themselves;  
They speak of their foes with aspersions,  
For prejudice hinders their view,—  
I'm weary of their groundless assertions,  
I long for a volume that's true.

My pen has been trailing here idle,  
While my eyes wandered over each book,  
Now I take up my well-beloved Bible,  
And in its dear pages I look;  
I find there a rest for the weary,  
A solace for trouble and care,  
A home full of love for the dreary,  
Where the mansions await over there.

I read of a life that is endless,  
Where time lays his hand not on youth,  
And though we were lonely and friendless,  
We may walk in the sunshine of truth.  
I read of a happy awakening,  
In the day when the white robes are given,  
And the righteous, their earth-life forsaking,  
Shall enter the glories of heaven.

I read of a city of beauty,  
All radiant with jasper and gold.  
And for those who are faithful to duty,  
Their recompense can not be told.  
My pen has been lying here idle,  
And the shadows of night darker fall,  
But I say, as I lay down the Bible,  
Thank God, O thank God, for it all.

L. D. SANTEE.

Dost thou love life? Then waste not time;  
For time is the stuff that life is made of.—*Benjamin Franklin.*



### Russia: Its Youth and Its Life.

RUSSIA is the land of paradoxes and contrasts. It is at once the most autocratic and the most democratic of European nations. It presents the most extreme example of imperial power of national affairs and the most extreme type of popular sovereignty in local affairs. It exhibits at the same time the most stately magnificence and the most abject poverty. It has the most splendid court and the most servile people. It shows the richest culture and the deepest debasement. It offers much that is singularly attractive and much that is singularly repulsive.

St. Petersburg is one of the imposing capitals of the world. It was built by Peter the Great in the midst of a swamp; now it ranks among the marvels of modern development. That wonderful Titanic genius wanted a window to look out on Europe. He saw the naval power of the Western nations, and he wanted to be on the water.

He chose the miasmatic delta of the Neva, and although his capital is younger than Boston and Philadelphia, it is one of the greatest cities of the world. With its wide streets, its stately palaces, its grand churches, its cosmopolitan people, and its dashing life, it has a distinct character of its own.

The Neva is the noblest river which any capital can boast, and there is no such open, attractive place of residence in any great city as on the magnificent quay which stretches for three miles along its course.

The scene on the streets in the characteristic winter life is one of great animation. The Nevskiy Prospekt, which is the Broadway of St. Petersburg, is thronged with a motley crowd of pedestrians and sledges.

There is the prince with his rich sables and the muzhik with his unsavory sheepskin. There is the Turk, the Armenian, and the Persian. There is the Great Russian with his fair, full beard, and the Little Russian of a much darker type. The thousands of diminutive droshkies with their little, hardy, scraggy Russian horses, and the unkempt *istvostchiks* in their heavy fur caps and long blue caftans; the numerous private equipages with their fat, padded drivers in curious, velvet pincushion caps, and their shapely black Orloffs as swift as the wind—all unite to make the spectacle singularly picturesque and spirited.

#### Outside the Cities

The moment one passes from the city to the country, the whole impression completely changes. Everything becomes dreary and dismal. In England one sees a pretty country life, as in our own land—hawthorn hedges, radiant flowers, attractive homes. In France and Germany there are smiling rural scenes. But in Russia, outside of the cities, everything is crude and dull.

Among the peasantry life is of the most simple and primitive character. Their homes are log houses of a single room. The great brick oven in the center gives them heat, and the loft above it is their bed.

They live from hand to mouth. Their only capital is represented by their cheap buildings and their few farm animals. Their land is owned by the commune, and they are only tenants, liable to be dispossessed at any time, and certain to be changed at intervals of a few years. They have few schools, and none of much account.

The orthodox church in the form of the Greek cross, with its green pineapple dome, is the one

picturesque object amid all the dreary surroundings. The priest is the one person of authority, and he is oftentimes as much derided as respected; for, with all their reverence for religion, the Russians level many jests at its representatives.

In these rural communities the story of one year is very much the story of every year. The people know little of what is going on in the world. They know little even of the affairs of their own government. Their interest and their intelligence are limited to their own immediate concerns.

In these concerns the local communities are supreme, and they meet together in democratic fashion on the public green and regulate them. There are frequent *fete* days and harvest-feasts, when the peasants get together for their cheerless amusement.

Their two resources are music, and *vodka*, a poor kind of whisky—the former a national blessing and the latter a national bane. The national musical instrument is the accordion, and among the peasantry everybody plays it.

#### Contrasts

During the long winter evenings the women and girls spin, while the boys employ themselves at wickerwork or in making rude shoes of bark or something of that sort. Their clothes are of the simplest kind. In winter the greasy sheepskin over their homespun suit gives them warmth, and in summer the red blouse is the characteristic peasant garment.

When we turn again to the upper classes, everything is different. We find education, culture, gay life, prodigal expenditure, brilliant display, and large achievement.

The contrasts of Russia are strikingly illustrated in the system of education. There are splendid universities for the gentry, and practically no common schools for the people. The population of the United States is eighty millions, with more than eighteen million children enrolled in the public and private schools. The population of the Russian empire is one hundred and forty millions, with less than five millions on the school rolls.

The youth of the upper classes are prepared for the universities by private instruction. Their first necessity is to learn the modern languages. The Russian language is bounded by the Russian frontier, and if the Russians desire to travel or to know other literatures, they must learn other tongues.

Their own, with its thirty-six letters, more hieroglyphic than the Greek alphabet, is so difficult that the other principal languages seem easy in comparison.

Their general education in literature and science is not equal to that of our American boys and girls. From the nature of their institutions they have no such interest in public affairs. But in that social accomplishment which comes with travel and good breeding and excellent manners they are very superior. With this polished exterior they unite many vices. They are spendthrifts.

#### "Where Do You Serve?"

They all seek position in the army or in the civil service. The broad and varied field of work which invites the ambition of the American youth is not, with their false ideas, open to them.

When a young man is presented, the first question is: "Where do you serve?"

If he answers, "Nowhere," it is accepted as evidence that there is something wrong with him.

The two crack regiments of St. Petersburg, the Chevalier Guards and the Guards a Cheval, with their glittering helmets and their showy uniforms,—one of them the special regiment of the emperor and the other that of the empress.—are the objects of a great struggle on the part of all young men of position, and they are the centers of free life and lavish expenditure.

The Russian court is the most brilliant in the world. Strangely enough, it has a higher refinement of art in its ceremonials and a more exquisite courtesy than is possessed by the English court.

There is a nobility in Russia, but no aristocracy in the sense of the English aristocracy. The only strictly Russian title is that of prince, and that comes from the Tartar chieftains.

Peter the Great, who brought in so many notions from western Europe, created a few counts and barons, but they are a graft, and not indigenous. The possession of a title does not necessarily imply wealth or even position. Indeed, not a few of the titled families are utterly impoverished, and there are said to be princes among the droshky-drivers of St. Petersburg.

#### The Tribune of the People

It is an interesting circumstance that in this most autocratic of governments birth and blood are by no means the passports to place and influence. Several of the chief ministers of the empire are men who sprang from the ranks of the people. The late minister of finance, Witte, now president of the council, was not many years ago a subordinate railroad official, and rose by sheer force of ability. The emperor summons whoever he thinks will best serve him and the empire.

The Russians have great faith in their destiny. They nourish and cultivate the national spirit. Theirs is the patriarchal system. They believe in two things—the church and the czar. Under their theory the czar is the tribune of the people. The first of the Romanofs was elected, and he and his successors are regarded as the representatives of the masses.

Among the university students there is much ferment and agitation. They read revolutionary and socialistic literature, and imbibe its teachings to a considerable extent. But this spirit does not yet prevail among the mass of the people.

The resident of St. Petersburg, even as late as a few months ago, saw scarcely any signs of unrest. He saw the same agencies of vigilance and repression as at Berlin and Vienna, but nothing more. He saw the emperor driving about with full freedom. He saw a people apparently contented, tranquil, and happy. And he could not help wondering how long these conditions would continue, and what was to be the destiny of this mighty empire. To-day he would find this last question still more difficult to answer.—*Honorable Charles Emory Smith, in Youth's Companion.*

#### Selections from Pope's Essay on Criticism

BE thou the first true merit to defend.  
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.  
IN all you speak, let truth and candor shine.  
MEN must be taught as if you taught them not.  
A VILE conceit in pompous words expressed,  
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed.  
TRUST not yourself; but your defects to know,  
Make use of every friend—and every foe.  
IT is with our judgments as with our watches,  
none  
Go just alike, but each believes his own.

#### A Noble Art School

REMEMBER it is not so much in *buying* pictures, as in *being* pictures, that you can encourage a noble school. The best patronage of art is not that which seeks for the pleasure of sentiment in a vague ideality, nor for beauty of form in marble image; but that which educates your children into living heroes, and binds down the flights and the fondnesses of the heart into practical duty and faithful devotion.—*John Ruskin.*



MOTTO: "FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST  
CONSTRAINETH US"

AIM: *The Advent Message to All the World  
in this Generation.*

"Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.  
We have work to do, and loads to lift,  
Shun not the struggle,—face it; 'tis God's gift."

## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### Paul and Apollos

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 18:24-28; 1 Cor.  
1:10-17.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of  
Paul," pages 119-128.

SCRIPTURE FOR PERSONAL STUDY: 1 Cor. 1:18-31.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

Apollos.  
Birthplace.  
Mighty in Scripture.  
Eloquent.  
Learned.  
Fervent in spirit.  
His instructors.  
Baptism.  
Encouraged.  
Disciples of Paul.  
Disciples of Apollos.

#### Notes

Apollos was born at Alexandria, a city of Africa, founded by Alexander the Great, 332 B. C., and of great educational importance. It was here that the Septuagint version of the Old Testament was made.

Notice that although Apollos was a man of great learning and eloquence, and mighty in the Scriptures, he was not above receiving light from humble tent-makers. His example in this respect is worthy of imitation. In lowliness of heart we should be ever willing to receive truth, no matter how humble and obscure the instrument may be that brings it to us.

"Apollos, having become better acquainted [through the instruction of Aquila and Priscilla] with the doctrine of Christ, now felt anxious to visit Corinth, and the Ephesian brethren wrote to the Corinthians to receive him as a teacher in full harmony with the church of Christ. He accordingly went to Corinth, and labored with the very Jews who had rejected the truth as preached to them by Paul. . . . Thus Paul planted the seed of truth, and Apollos watered it."

"His success in preaching the gospel led some of the church to exalt his labors above those of Paul, while he himself was working in harmony with Paul for the advancement of the cause. This rival spirit threatened to greatly hinder the progress of truth. Paul had purposely presented the gospel to the Corinthians in its simplicity. Disappointed with the results of his labors at Athens, where he had brought his learning and eloquence to bear upon his hearers, he determined to pursue an entirely different course at Corinth. He presented there the plain, simple truth, unadorned with worldly wisdom, and studiously dwelt upon Christ, and his mission to the world. The eloquent discourses of Apollos, and his manifest learning, were contrasted by his hearers with the purposely simple and unadorned preaching of Paul."

"Many declared themselves to be under the

Christianity, met with conflicts and trials in the church as well as outside of it."

"There can be no stronger evidence in churches that the truths of the Bible have not sanctified the receivers, than their attachment to some favorite minister, and their unwillingness to accept the labors of some other teacher, and to be profited by them."

"Paul and Apollos were in perfect harmony. The latter was disappointed and grieved because of the dissension in the church; he took no advantage of the preference shown himself, nor did he encourage it, but hastily left the field of strife."

G. B. T.

### Report from California

THIS report of the Young People's Societies of Southern California is for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1904. There are seven Societies in this conference. They have a membership of two hundred eight. They study in their meetings the lesson outlines in the INSTRUCTOR, different foreign mission fields, the life of Paul and the Reformers. The report of the missionary work done is as follows:—

Missionary letters written.....	31
Missionary letters received.....	27
Missionary visits.....	46
Bible readings or cottage meetings.....	10
Subscriptions taken for periodicals.....	2
Papers sold.....	555
Papers mailed or given away.....	1,497
Books sold.....	43
Books loaned.....	24
Pages of tracts given away.....	575
Hours of Christian Help work.....	14
Persons supplied with food.....	6
Articles of clothing given away.....	71
Offerings for home mission work.....	\$17.00
Offerings for foreign mission work.....	2.84

There are other lines of work being carried on by the members, such as planting missionary gardens, supplying public free reading-racks, and assisting in the education of native missionaries. One Society reports several conversions, another several baptisms. We are not as systematically organized as we desire to be, but are laboring to that end, and rich blessings are attending our efforts. The Los Angeles Society gave a Christmas dinner to worthy poor at the Vegetarian Cafe. One hundred self-denial boxes were distributed among the different Societies, which we expect to hear from this quarter.

E. C. SILSBEE.

### A Boy's Gift to Missions

THE writer had spoken to the company of believers at Prospect, South Australia, on the work of the third angel's message in the Cook Islands. After the meeting, we were visiting at the home of one of the church-members, and while there, the eldest son, a lad about ten years of age, who had been deeply interested in what was said at the meeting, went to his money-box, in order to give all its contents to help some black boy to go to the mission school. The box, which was a good one, was locked, and the key could not be found. We suggested that when the key

leadership of Apollos, while others preferred the labors of Paul. Satan came in to take advantage of these imaginary differences in the Corinthian church, tempting them to hold these Christian ministers in contrast. Some claimed Apollos as their leader, some Paul, and some Peter. Thus Paul, in his efforts to establish

was found, he could forward the money. But, no, he wanted the money to go at once, and said, "Take the box, and break it open when you get there."

Then his younger brother brought all the money he had. It was only a shilling; for he had broken some of the household crockery a few days previous, and it had taken most of his money to replace it. But his last shilling was for the "black boys."

The joy and willingness with which these brothers gave their money was indeed refreshing and inspiring, but that is not all. The story was told to the secretary of a tract and missionary society, and she incorporated it in a circular letter to the church librarians. A little fellow in the Auburn Sabbath-school, New South Wales, heard the story read, and, on reaching his home after the meeting, went to his money-box and gave all its contents to his mother for the missionary work, saying, as he did so, "I want to be like that boy you read about this afternoon." And so the good work goes on. Boys and girls, what are you doing with the money in your money-boxes?—A. H. Piper.

PENNIES are "fortune seed;" save them for service.

"THERE is a mysterious attraction between us and heaven. God wants us, and we want God."

### Winning a Roommate

THE personal work that I have been able to do successfully has been of the most natural type. From work that was out of the ordinary there has been little apparent result.

I had known Harry since he entered college, but we were thrown together more than usual for a few days near the end of his sophomore year. The last night but one before vacation we spent together at my room. We chatted a while before we slept, and I knew that God had entrusted me with a rare opportunity.

"Harry," I said, "there is something I want to know very much. I am sure you will pardon a very personal question. Why aren't you a Christian?"

Slowly but earnestly he answered, "I wish I were." And he told me of the time when he had been an active Christian, and how he had drifted away, and in college especially had set a rapid pace until he had made a reputation that was not to his credit. His studies had led him into doubt, and his sin had cut him off from helpful friendships. Now he was confining himself to his books, and he hoped to finish his course without any further disgrace.

"That is a pretty gloomy prospect," I remarked, "for a man with his best two years before him."

"I know it," he acknowledged; "I'm ashamed of the past, and the future doesn't look much better. As I have watched some of these fellows here, I have wished for their chance and ambition. Somehow, my doubts don't seem so important as they did. But I failed once."

"You have yet time to show what Christ can do for a fellow," I said. "Leave the past to him. You know your weakness, and he will help you if you will let him, and he will take care of your doubts, too."

After some thoughtful minutes, he said: "I am a passionate fellow. I have thought a good deal about this, and if I go into it, I'll do it with all my might."

"Go into it," I urged. "You know the conditions."

He hesitated, but finally gave me his hand, saying, "I'll do it." And there in the quiet and darkness we prayed together, and he pledged allegiance anew to the Master.—Selected.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## Second-hand Clothes

ONCE there lived a little girl,—  
Her name, I think, I will not call,—  
Whose silly head was in a whirl,  
Because upon her closet wall  
There hung three dresses in a row,  
Of silk and wool, a pretty show.

One night she dreamed a dream like this:—  
Her little red shoes spoke aloud  
(For *they* had tongues), "Dear little miss,  
Why is it that you are so proud?  
You stole the silkworm's cradle-bed  
To make a dress," they sadly said.

"Out in the field, beside the way,  
There fed a flock as white as milk.  
Or gamboled o'er the grass in play,  
Their coats as fine and soft as silk.  
To make your gay, red woolen frock,  
You sheared the choicest of the flock.

"That you should have red shoes, dear miss,  
Some pretty, gentle creature died.  
Now will you please to tell us this,  
Why should you be so full of pride?  
We really can not understand,  
Since all you wear is second hand."  
MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## The Chickens' Napkin

"YOUR napkin, dear," reminded  
mama, gently.

Bernice, across the table, lifted her  
little bread-and-buttery face, and the  
tiniest of scowls traveled up and down  
between her eyes. Napkins were such  
a bother.

"I wish there weren't any!" she  
murmured, getting down from her high  
chair to pick hers up. "They always  
drop, an' they get all mixed up when  
you fold 'em up."

"When you don't fold them up,"  
corrected Earl, laughing.

"You couldn't have any pretty  
napkin-ring, dearie, if there weren't  
any napkins," remarked Esther, wisely.

Bernice turned her dainty, beloved  
little ring over and over thoughtfully in  
her small hands.

"Then I wish I was a chicken," she  
announced slowly.

"Oh, chickens use napkins regularly  
at every meal," said papa.

"Chickens!"

The word came in an astonished  
chorus from all the children.

"Why, of course. Did you think they hadn't  
any manners at all? I can tell you Mother Biddy  
is bringing them up better than that. After  
dinner you shall see. She teaches them to use  
their napkins very carefully."

"Only just one to them all?"

"Ye-es," papa said a little reluctantly, "only  
just one; but then it's plenty large enough."

The twinkles in papa's eyes were playing hide-  
and-seek.

"It's so large they share it with their relations,  
their aunts and cousins and uncles."

"Why, the idea!"

"Oh, my, I don't call that having good  
manners!" cried Bernice, scornfully.

The children started out with papa to the  
chicken yard, but mama had to call Bernice back  
again to fold her napkin. That happened very  
often.

The chickens' meal was nearly over, but they  
watched them take the last few dainty pecks.

"That's the dessert. They eat it slow because

they've eaten all their hungry up," exclaimed  
Esther.

"Where's their napkins? I don't see any,"  
Bernice exclaimed in disappointment.

"Wait," said papa.

"Now watch!" he said a minute later, as the  
downy little fellows finished their last crumbs.  
They walked away a few steps, and then every  
single one of them wiped his bill—this-a-way,  
that-a-way, very carefully—on the grass.

"Oh!"

"O-oh!"

"Oh, my!"

"Well," Bernice added triumphantly, "they  
didn't fold it up, papa."—*Selected.*

## Some Boys I Have Met

I SAW a small boy stealing a ride on the back  
of a street-car, says a writer in an exchange.



IT'S PAST MENDING

"Not much harm in that?" Well, it is cheating.

One boy I have seen I would not recommend  
for any position whatever. He is bright and  
energetic, he has winning manners, but he is  
dishonest.

What does he do? He cheats in little, mean  
ways—and thinks it's smart. He writes a note  
on the corner of a newspaper, and mails it at  
newspaper rates; he holds his railway ticket in  
such a way that when the conductor punches it,  
the boy gets three rides where he should have  
but two, and then boasts of "getting the better"  
of the railway; he borrowed a pencil when he  
entered an office on trial, and the pencil went  
away in his pocket. He has no *keen sense* of  
honor; he has lost his self-respect, and, worse  
still, he does not know it.

"John," said a lady in the office where John  
was employed, "don't you live near the corner  
of Fifth Street and West Avenue?" "Yes," he  
said. "Then will you take this parcel around  
there on your way home?"

John did not dare to say "No," but he grum-  
bled out after the lady had turned away: "There's  
no money in working overtime." He never knew  
that one listener might have recommended him  
for a better position, nor that his surly remarks  
lost him the chance.

"What he wants," two men were saying of  
a third, "is a truck that will come right up to  
the job and load itself." Tom was that kind of  
a boy. He would do his work—yes, but in a  
grudging sort of way, and never in the way he  
was told to do it if he could possibly devise an-  
other. Unless constantly called to order, he  
would tip back his chair in his leisure moments,  
put his feet on the top of the table, and drum  
with his fingers. Tom lost his place after a very  
short trial, and so will every boy who takes no  
pains to do as he is told or to be courteous.

"Across the lake? Take you over for one  
cent. Just as cheap as the bridge."

"No, thank you. I want to go down  
to the pavilion."

"Take you down there for five  
cents."

"All right! That's cheaper than  
walking," and I stepped into the boat,  
leaned back at my ease on the cush-  
ioned seat, and watched the young  
oarsman. He couldn't have been more  
than twelve years old. He had a frank,  
clear face, and he managed the oars  
as if used to them.

The camera in my hand gave the  
clue for opening conversation, and I  
soon learned that he owned one, and  
could use it, too. But he had discover-  
ed that "it costs a great deal to keep  
up a camera," and, being fond of music,  
he had agreed to a proposal by his  
mother to change it for a mandolin.

"Can you swim?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Mother wouldn't let me  
out with the boat if I couldn't."

Our ride was all too short for the  
talk with the active young American  
who had an eye for business, who be-  
lieved in his mother, and whose mother  
trusted him.

Coming from an office to which busi-  
ness occasionally calls me, I met a  
newsboy with the evening papers under  
his arm. Selecting one from the big  
bundle, and folding it with care as he  
spoke, he said, "*Mail and Express?*"  
in the confident tone of one who knew

what the answer would be.

Smiling and taking out my purse, I asked,  
"How did you know I wanted a *Mail and Ex-  
press?*"

"Oh, you've bought it from me two or three  
times," he replied, quickly.

"Well, you remember me better than I do  
you," I said.

"It's worth while to remember your custom-  
ers," was his answer.

One of these days that boy will be a treas-  
ure to an employer, and his customers will come  
again and again, and buy of him something more  
valuable than the daily papers.—*Selected.*

A FADELESS flower is now found in the "Aus-  
tralian starflower," which has been evolved from  
a hardy plant of Central Australia. The plant  
produces large clusters of flowers, varying in  
color from a rosy crimson to almost pure white.  
A cluster on exhibition in San Francisco has  
remained unchanged for over a year.



### A Stained-Glass Window

At the St. Louis Exposition there was an exquisite display of stained-glass work. The colors were so rich and so harmoniously blended that observers were fascinated, and would linger long before these works of art; for the artist's skill is revealed as clearly in these elegantly designed windows as in the rarest painting. A description of the mechanical construction of a stained-glass window may be of interest.

You have noticed that such windows are made of many pieces of glass. Some think that these pieces are stained by painting ordinary pieces the colors desired, but this is not true. Every piece of glass put into a stained-glass window is colored in the making. During the process of getting them ready to put into the window the pieces are shaded by means of a chocolate-brown pigment that is made of the same earths as the glass itself, with copper or iron added to render it semitransparent or opaque. The first thing necessary when a stained-glass window is wanted is a design. After the design is prepared, a sketch of it is made in water-colors, and from this sketch the artist takes his "color-scheme."

Next a drawing the exact size of the window wanted is made, and on this drawing the lead-glazing lines are shown; for the pieces of stained glass are put together firmly with lead, and the lead-glazing lines are necessary for the guidance of the workmen who cut the glass and put on the lead.

Much care is required in selecting the pieces of glass. Indeed, to get exactly what is necessary for a real art window, the artist stands by the cutter and chooses each little piece that has just the tint the color scheme calls for. When all the pieces have been thus chosen, they are cut into the size and shape indicated in the drawing already prepared. On these pieces of glass a workman then marks the main lines of the artist's drawing. Then by means of hot wax all of these carefully selected pieces of glass are fastened to a sheet of plate glass, and while thus fastening them the original design is strictly followed.

Then the entire design is given a tolerably thick coat of the chocolate-brown pigment that we have already mentioned. While this pigment is still wet, it is "stippled" to let the light through. As soon as the pigment is thoroughly dry, the lights and half-tones are picked out and brushed away, and here and there more pigment is applied to strengthen a shade.

Next comes the "diapering" process. The patterns of the design are called "diapers," and these diapers are either laid on in heavy, thick paints or etched out in very distinct lines.

The staining process comes next, and this process consists in painting with nitrate of silver the backs of such pieces of the glass as may need painting. These stained or painted pieces, when sufficiently heated and expertly manipulated, can be made to give all the shades from faintest yellow to a brilliant orange.

The staining completed, the pieces of glass are removed from the sheet of plate glass, and with much care put on flat iron trays. The iron trays are placed in a kiln, where the pieces of glass are heated to as high a point as can be reached without fusing. This heating process incorporates the pigment into the glass. When the pieces of

glass are taken out of the kiln, they are taken charge of by a glazier, who, with the original design and the drawing of the full-size window as guides, assort them, puts them into their proper places, and joins them securely together by means of grooved leads and solder. A very heavy piece of lead is bound around the outside of the entire window, so that the pieces of which it is composed may be well held together.

Now the window must be made weather-proof. This is accomplished by smearing it on both sides with a cement composed of whiting, oil, paints, and some other ingredients. This cement is thoroughly rubbed under the lines of lead, and then once more the window goes to the glazier. He cleans away the surplus cement from the window, and strengthens any weak places he may find by soldering copper wire on at different places. When the glazier this time gets through with the window, it is ready to be placed in the building it is to adorn.—*Children's Visitor*.

### How to Make a Simple Lantern

THE long dark evenings and the late break of day in the winter make some kind of artificial light indispensable. The simple lantern described below is used almost altogether by the people of Ymir, a small mining town in southern British Columbia.



Fig. 1.

Take a three- or five-pound ko-nut or lard pail. A two-and-one-half-pound tomato or fruit can is not too small. Cut a hole about the middle of one side sufficiently large to admit an ordinary candle. The following is a good way to do this: with a cold-chisel cut two slits, each about an inch and a half long, intersecting at right angles. See Fig. 1. Each one of the angular points thus formed should be pushed inward until an opening is made large enough for the candle. The points will also help to hold the candle in place, and keep it from slipping back when once it has been put in.

Punch two holes at each end of the opposite side of the can, and into these loop a wire for a handle. Fig. 2. Also put three or four small holes in the bottom of the can on the side nearest the handle, for ventilation. The lantern is now ready for the insertion of the light.

Put a common tallow candle, or a piece of one, into the hole first described. As the candle burns away inside the can, it may be pushed farther in. Figs. 2 and 3.

Of course this little "bug," as the Ymir people call it, will not stand in a hard wind, but it is amazing how much it will go through without being blown out. On a still night, it will serve every purpose of a kerosene lantern, costs

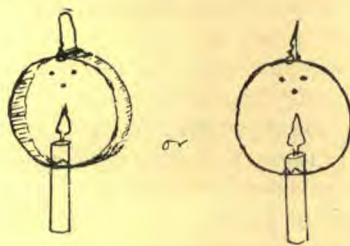


Fig. 3.

Front View - Complete

nothing to make, and is much simpler and less expensive in its operation. CLAUDE CONARD.

### A Clock Without Works

IN the courtyard of the palace of Versailles is a clock with one hand, called L'Horloge de la Mort du Roi. It contains no works, but consists merely of a face in the form of a sun, surrounded by rays. On the death of a king the hand is set to the moment of his decease, and remains unaltered till his successor has joined him in the grave. This custom originated under Louis XIII, and continued till the Revolution. It was revived on the death of Louis XVIII, and the hand still continues fixed on the precise moment of that monarch's death.



MR. WHITELOW REID is to succeed Mr. Joseph Choate as United States ambassador to Great Britain.

PROFESSOR MOISSAN, the celebrated French physicist, has discovered a number of small diamonds in meteoric stone.

FIFTEEN million bunches of bananas were brought to the United States last year by one fruit company. They came chiefly from Cuba, Costa Rica, Jamaica, and Honduras.

THE Standard Oil Company is planning to pump oil from its wells in the Indian Territory to the refineries in Long Island City. This will require an underground pipe line of two thousand miles.

THE government printing-house in Washington, D. C., is said to be the largest printing-house in the world. The annual expenditure for public printing has more than doubled in the last seventeen years. The printing bill for the year 1903 was \$5,345,720.11.

THE American bison may now take courage, for President Roosevelt is pleading his cause. In the president's annual message, he urges upon Congress the importance of authorizing the president to set aside land as game refuges for the preservation of the bison.

A PAIR of woman's shoes made in Lynn, Massachusetts, to establish a record for rapid shoe-making, required fifty-seven different operations, and the use of forty-two machines and one hundred different pieces. All these parts were assembled and made into a graceful pair of shoes, ready to wear, in thirteen minutes.

THE African explorer, Shillings, has brought to Berlin an extraordinarily interesting series of photographs of wild animals taken by themselves. His method was to attach to a piece of meat a string, which, on being touched, brought on a flash-light exposure. Leopards, hyenas, lions, apes, zebras, and other animals were thus taken in the most diverse attitudes.

THE aggressiveness of the "little Jap," as he is popularly called, is shown by the challenge recently received by the Leland Stanford University of California from the Wasada University of Japan for an international baseball match to be played in San Francisco. The game is distinctively American; but the Japanese have adopted it, and are said to be excellent players. This is the first definite challenge of the kind ever sent to this country. It may be that the agile Jap will be able to surprise the Americans as well as the Russians.

**The Progress of Civilization**

SOME one has written a dialogue between the years as follows:—

- 1594—What have those men in their mouths?
- 1894—Tobacco. We have special rooms for its use in public places.
- 1594—A kind of medicine? Many using it look pale and nervous.
- 1894—O, no. Instead, it's a delightful poison. It kills many, injures more; but some it doesn't seem to hurt.
- 1594—Probably it takes the place of the liquors we used?
- 1894—No; it gives an appetite for them.
- 1594—Do children use it?
- 1894—Fathers are seldom willing to let children under three years of age use it for themselves, although they often breathe the poisonous smoke from the day of their birth.
- 1594—Is the smell ever offensive?
- 1894—Any one with good manners (?) says, "I do not mind the smell," even if it sickens him.
- 1594—Is it not rather dirty?
- 1894—By using spittoons and being very careful, the user can keep himself pretty clean, except his breath and clothes and hair.
- 1594—Is it cheap?
- 1894—O dear, no!
- 1594—Do only rich people use it?
- 1894—O, no. It is one of the luxuries of the rich and the necessities of the poor. Tobacco first, bread next.
- 1594—Of course Christians don't use it?
- 1894—Well—

—Ram's Horn.

**THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON**

**VIII—The Story of Jonah**  
(February 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: The book of Jonah.  
MEMORY VERSE: "For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee." Ps. 86: 5.

About three hundred fifty years before the time of Esther, there lived a prophet whose name was Jonah. At one time the word of the Lord came to this man, saying, "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me."

Instead of obeying, Jonah tried to run away from the presence of the Lord. He went down to Joppa, and took passage on a ship that was sailing to Tarshish. But though one may shirk a duty, or run away from it, no one can escape from the presence of God. No sooner had the ship put out to sea, than "the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken."

Then the sailors cast lots, to see for whose sake this evil had come upon them, and the Lord caused the lot to fall upon Jonah. They asked him what he had done, and he replied that he was a Hebrew, and worshiped the God who made heaven and earth, and that he was fleeing from his presence.

"Then said they unto him, What shall we do unto thee? . . . And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you. Nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not." So after praying earnestly to Jehovah, they took Jonah up, and cast him into the sea. "And the sea ceased from her raging." Then the men offered sacrifices to the Lord, and made vows.

Jonah did not drown. The Lord had prepared

a great fish, which swallowed Jonah, and here he was preserved alive for three days and nights. During this time Jonah thought about what he had done, and prayed earnestly to the Lord to deliver him. "And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land."

"And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee. So Jonah arose and went unto Nineveh. . . . Now Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days' journey. And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

"So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them." Even the king put on sackcloth, and sat in ashes. "And he caused it to be proclaimed and published through Nineveh by the decree of the king and his nobles, saying, Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste anything: let them not feed, nor drink water: but let man and beast be covered with sackcloth and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that is in their hands."

"And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil, that he had said that he would do unto them; and he did it not."

Instead of rejoicing over the love and mercy that had spared this great city, Jonah was very angry. And instead of staying to teach the people, he went away and sat down where he could see the city, and wished that he might die.

The Lord was very patient with Jonah. He caused a gourd to grow up and cover the little booth of branches that Jonah had made, so that it might be a shadow over his head. Jonah was "exceeding glad of the gourd;" but he had no thought of thanking God for the love that had caused it to grow over him, to shield him from the sun.

The next day the Lord sent a worm that ate the gourd, so it withered. There was a strong east wind, too, and the sun beat upon the head of Jonah, so he fainted. Still, he had no thought of the Lord's mercy; still he wished in himself to die and said, "It is better for me to die than to live."

"And God said to Jonah, Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd? And he said, I do well to be angry, even unto death. Then said the Lord, Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that can not discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?"

**Questions**

1. What word came to Jonah the prophet? What did he do? Why? What happened when the ship put out to sea? Tell how the sailors came to place the blame on Jonah. What did they ask him? How did he answer?
2. What did Jonah tell the sailors to do with him? What did they do before they would cast him into the sea? What does this show?
3. What became of Jonah? What did he do while he was in this great fish? After a time what happened to Jonah?
4. What command was now given to the prophet? What warning did he give to the great city of Nineveh?
5. Tell how this warning was received. What was done by the king? What command did he give? What did the Lord do when he saw that the people of this great city truly repented of their evil ways?

6. How did Jonah feel when the Lord spared the city? What does this show? Where did he go? What did he make for himself? What did he say?

7. What did the Lord cause to grow to shield Jonah from the fierce heat of the sun? What happened to the gourd the next day? What did Jonah say?

8. What question did the Lord then ask Jonah? How did he try to teach the selfish prophet the lesson of love and pity for others? From this story what may we learn about the God whom we serve? Memory Verse.

**THE YOUTH'S LESSON**

**VIII—Daniel That Was, and Daniels That May Be**

(February 25)

1. WHAT circumstances brought Daniel and his three companions into Babylon? Dan. 1: 1-3.
2. For what purpose had the king commanded that these young men should be chosen from among Israel? Verse 4.
3. How had they evidently been trained in their homes? Deut. 6: 6-9.
4. What kind of food did the king appoint for them? Dan. 1: 5.
5. What purpose did Daniel make in his heart? Verse 8.
6. What request did he make of the king's servant? Verses 8, 12, 13.
7. What was the result? Verses 15, 19-21.
8. When the three Hebrews were brought to a severer test, how did they stand? Dan. 3: 17, 18.
9. How did Daniel stand in a time of trial when life was at stake? Dan. 6: 10.
10. When are habits of self-control best formed? Prov. 22: 6; note.
11. Why are such experiences as those of Daniel and the three Hebrew children recorded? Rom. 15: 4; note.
12. Will the conditions of the world near the end be any more helpful to right living than were Daniel's surroundings? Matt. 24: 12.
13. If careful, prayerful training in principles of strict temperance and obedience to God's law, brought such results in the lives of Daniel and his companions, what may we expect to see now if a similar course is pursued?
14. What will be the rule of life of such individuals? Matt. 4: 4.

**Note**

"Those who will not eat and drink from principle, will not be guided by principle in other things."—*Health Reformer*.

"To make plain natural law, and urge obedience to it, is the work that accompanies the third angel's message, to prepare a people for the coming of the Lord."—"*Testimonies*," Vol. III, page 161.

"Parents should seek to awaken in their children an interest in the study of physiology. Youth need to be instructed in regard to their own bodies. . . . If parents themselves would obtain knowledge upon this subject, and felt the importance of putting it to a practical use, we should see a better condition of things. Teach your children to reason from cause to effect. Show them that if they violate the laws of their being, they must pay the penalty by suffering. . . . Recklessness in regard to bodily health tends to recklessness in morals. Do not neglect to teach your children how to prepare healthful food. In giving them lessons in physiology and in good cooking, you are giving them the first steps in some of the most useful branches of education, and inculcating principles which are needful elements in a religious education."



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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 article on Russia was written by a former United States Minister to St. Petersburg. The recent strike troubles of that city, together with those of Moscow and many smaller places of the empire, show the political situation in Russia to be even more uncertain than the author suggests.

LOOK in the Letter Box for suggestions from Mr. Carter. These suggestions were written in the form of a letter; so they seemed to fit in that department. The church-school teachers will be interested to read his letter. I wish it had also included Mrs. Loper's articles.

### Electing the President

EARLY in the summer preceding the election, each political party in a convention of delegates from all the States and Territories, selects the candidate for that party to support at the coming election. After the convention the candidate accepts the nomination, and expresses in a formal letter his approval of the platform of the party that has just chosen him as its candidate. The rest of the summer and early autumn is devoted to the canvass of the country under the guidance of the national committees.

The people do not vote directly for their president, but for *electors* of each party. Each State is allowed as many electors as it has senators and representatives in Congress. These are chosen by the people upon a general ticket in each State, so that usually all the electors from one State will be Republicans, and all those from another State Democrats. The Tuesday next after the first Monday in November is the date fixed for the choosing of the electors. The governor of each State sends to each elector a certificate of his election. The date fixed by law for the meeting of the electors is the first Wednesday in December; but they usually meet the day preceding the one fixed by law, and organize, choosing one of their number to preside, also a clerk and any other officers they may think they need. Since the first election it has been required that the electors choose a messenger to carry one certificate of the result of the election to the national government.

Another reason for this preliminary meeting is that in case any of the electors chosen are unable to be present, they may choose another in his stead. The electors' place of meeting is required by law to be "within their respective States," and the practise now is to hold the meeting at the State capital, and in the State-house.

On the day of the election, the first Wednesday in December, the electors meet, and vote, first for a president, and then for a vice-president. In each case it is required that they vote

by ballot. But it is the custom for the electors to announce, as each deposits his ballot, for whom the vote is cast. Frequently an elector at this time makes a long speech of eulogy upon the candidate.

After the counting of the votes, three certificates are made out, announcing the result of the votes. To these certificates are attached the names of the electors. The papers are then sealed. One is sent by mail to the president of the Senate at Washington; another is given to the messenger chosen by the electors to deliver personally to the president of the Senate, or if he is not in Washington at the time, to give it to the Secretary of State. The third copy is delivered to the judge of the district court of the district in which the meeting of the electors is held. The electors, having thus completed their duties, adjourn finally.

The Constitution says that "the president of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." This is done on the second Wednesday in February. If a majority is found, the president of the Senate formally announces who is elected president of the United States.

If no person has a majority of all the votes for president, the election devolves upon the House of Representatives. In such a case each State has one vote, depending upon the vote of the majority of the representatives of that State.

Thomas Jefferson, at his first election, and John Quincy Adams, were elected by the House of Representatives.



WASHINGTON, MASS., Dec. 5, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading all the articles in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, especially those by Mrs. Loper on "What to Read" and "Good Manners." I hope all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will gain precious knowledge through its pages.

I thank God that he has shown us this present truth. Our family of five are the only Seventh-day Adventists that we know of for thirty miles around. Still we do not feel lonely; for we know that God is with us, and then we have our papers and books to read.

I see that nobody has written from New England so far, so I thought I would write while I was sending in my subscription, and thus try to show my appreciation.

I am fifteen years old, and was baptized Aug. 22, 1904. I am willing to do all that the Lord wants me to do, and I hope that I may be a true child of God. For about three years we have lived on this farm; before that we lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., where we accepted the truth through the efforts of Captain Johnston.

Enclosed please find a check for two dollars and five cents, for which send me the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, *Life and Health*, and ten sets of the special *Signs*. FRANK L. WILLIMAN.

The spirit of this letter is marked by the two words "courage" and "work." Without which these stand for true success can not be. In the INSTRUCTOR for last week, dated Feb. 7, 1905, the editor suggests a plan to the young people in regard to reading. Can she not count on Master Williman to be among the first to begin the work?

KELSO, WASH., Dec. 17, 1904.

TO THE READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I have taken the INSTRUCTOR two years, and I like it very much. I send my renewal with this letter. I am in the seventh grade. Papa has bought a place near the Pacific Press Co., in Mountain View, and I think we shall soon move there. I made the frame and shuttle to the weaving machine, but could not make the comb. In the workshop part of the INSTRUCTOR, about two months ago you promised you would tell us how to make a wooden clock, and I have been looking for it ever since, but have not seen it yet. I hope there is a church-school in Mountain View. I am trying to be a good boy, and hope to meet you all in the earth made new. I live on a large farm about a quarter of a mile from town. JOSEPH HALL.

I am sorry you were not successful with every part of the weaving machine. Have you tried basket-making? I think the article about the wooden clock must be with our artist in Battle Creek. I will try to have it printed at an early date.

SANITARIUM, CAL., Dec. 12, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: Allow me to suggest through your paper, THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, that teachers of our church-schools preserve all copies of that paper containing articles "Around the Work-table." These are extremely interesting and useful for young folk, and wherever manual training is given to the youth, such instruction is invaluable.

Another matter for the consideration of our Young People's Societies: I read the other day about drunkenness being cured by the use of oranges and other fresh fruit. Whenever the desire for liquor is felt, the person should eat an orange. The daily use of fruit will take away the craving for strong drink. Here is an opportunity for our young people to help some unfortunate drunkard to reform.

Yours sincerely,

A. CARTER.

MILLINGTON, ILL., Dec. 13, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

I look forward each week with interest for the paper.

I have enjoyed the "Work-table" articles very much, and everything I tried worked all right.

I am fifteen years old, and go to the industrial school at Sheridan, Illinois. The teachers are Christians, and are trying hard to do their duty. I like the school, the teachers, and the students.

Will you tell me where I can get a book that treats upon birds, their color, eggs, and nests? I am especially interested in birds.

Pray for me, that I may be faithful.

VOLNEY E. COLGROVE.

I know of no better book that can be obtained at a reasonable price than "Bird-Life," by Frank M. Chapman, published by D. Appleton and Co., New York City. Another good book is "Bird-craft," by Mabel Osgood Wright, published by MacMillan Co., New York. If you are especially interested in birds, Volney, then we are akin. Only a morning or two ago I went out to the zoological park to see what my feathered friends were doing this cold, snowy weather. I was interested in the wild birds, not those in cages.

The scarlet grosbeaks were not slow in showing themselves, and these bits of bright red in the evergreens made a pretty picture. One little fellow was gracious enough to favor me with a very sweet song. Juncoes, goldfinches, wrens, kingfishers, woodpeckers, chickadees, sparrows, creepers, and the ever-present crows, all seemed to be as lively as in early spring.