

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH!

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No. 10

FROM DISTANT CLIMES

Christmas in India

ON Christmas day the sanitarium family and a number of the mission workers went out to spend the day in the botanical garden of Calcutta. At this season the weather is like autumn in America, dry, bright, and cold enough to make one enjoy moving briskly about. Lunch baskets, bicycles, children, and older persons all found a place on a small steamer. Soon the whistle blew, and we started out in search of a pleasant place to spend the day. The trip was a few miles down the Hoogly River, which connects Calcutta with the high seas, and here all the year are ships from many countries, coming and going with various kinds of cargo. They bring to us all sorts of cloth and wares from the West, and take away tea, coffee, bamboo, coconuts, and spices.

The sailors honor Christmas day by stretching a long row of flags of all nations from one end of their ship to the top of the two or three masts, and then down to the other end of the vessel. Twenty-five or more large steamers together with many smaller crafts along the course of the river, all of which were thus decorated, made an interesting sight.

After enjoying for a while the changing scene of a busy harbor, we came to the garden. We entered at the beginning of two main drives, Palm and Banyan Avenues. Leaving our lunch baskets in a good place with a native to guard them, we passed down Palm Avenue. Soon after reaching the garden, the company scattered, some on bicycles and some on foot, to admire the beauty of the place; for this is in a tropical country with no cold as in the north, no ice nor snow, not even frost; so the plants, and even delicate flowers, are blooming as in May or June. The small greenhouses here and there are covered with pretty climbers, and are filled



PALM AVENUE

with a profusion of beautiful, blossoming plants.

Later on we all met at the banyan tree, the largest, handsomest, and most wonderful tree in the world. The picture gives you an idea, but it does not reveal the trunk from which some of the branches extend to a distance of eighty feet. These branches are supported by living props, which, being let down as tendrils, took root, and became trees also. The banyan has no limit to its size, though the tendrils are often destroyed, leaving only the main trunk. While we sat under the mammoth tree with the warm sun streaming down through the foliage, enjoying the beauty of God's handiwork, Elder Shaw read to us about India, its needs, and the importance of our work. After lunch we returned to Calcutta to work until another Christmas. L. F. HANSEN.

A Tree for a Watch-tower

It seemed very peculiar, when we first came to India, to see people sitting in the fields watching their crops.

At this season a crop called "jewari," which has the appearance of sugar-cane, is ripening. The birds seem to think a share belongs to them, and truly they must get their food somewhere. But the poor owner generally has only one field, and that sometimes not larger than a garden.

Therefore, upon a tree in the center of the field, or at the side, he makes himself a "nest," or a place on which to sit, and he looks not unlike a huge bird himself. The "nest" is made of brush with dried grass piled on top. He or his

wife and child sit day after day from early morning till night, watching the birds from the crop. Often he has a rope tied to another tree or stalk, and by catching the other end, he swings it back and forth across the bending heads of the "jewari." He also takes along up to this "nest," a sling and a supply of small stones, also a large basket

of balls the size of walnuts, which he has made of mud from the pond, and baked in the sun. There may be seen bottles and old clothes too, hanging up for "scarecrows."

And scream! oh, how he screams! it would frighten you at first. I must confess that was my experience, while walking on the road alone, one morning. A man in the field near by began



A BANYAN TREE OF INDIA

screaming so terribly that I thought he was telling me to beware of something,—but what? I could not understand a word of the language then, but I could see nothing dangerous.

When we say that watching is of no use, as the birds get all they want anyway, they reply: "That is true, but the other man watches, and so must I, or he will drive them all over on my crop."

It does seem that birds as well as monkeys do not fear the natives, for you know that the Hindoos will not kill them. The English and Americans use their guns, so the birds are rather shy of them.

There are many, many crows. They are tame, and are not always black, but rather of a lead-color. At our boarding-house when stopping in Bombay, they come into the rooms and sit about, "cawing."

At Anklesvar one day every one left the kitchen, and the door was open, so these black gentlemen went in, overturned a basket of eggs, and apparently greatly enjoyed the feast.

Pretty green parrots may be seen flying about too. We had "roasting-ears" in our garden, but they and the crows claimed their share.—*Effie S. Long.*

Let Your Light Shine

As we were approaching Cape Town, that pearl hidden away in beautiful Table Bay, and seemingly jealously guarded by the line of mountain tops, aptly called "The Twelve Apostles," which seem to lean out with parental interest over the city and bay, we saw a sight which impressed itself deeply upon me, and has followed me ever since. It was late, and quite dark for the beautiful southern midnight.

From looking ahead where the lights of our

long-anticipated haven gleamed like the unnumbered fireflies in the summer meadows of my far-away youthful home, my glance fell over the rail upon the water flung ruthlessly aside by the iron foot of our mighty ship. It glistened with a bright luster, for each little phosphorescent animal, irritated by the passage of the ship, had awakened and lighted its tiny lamp. Elsewhere the water was dark and motionless.

I could not keep from thinking: How much this is like the true Christian character. When everything is pleasant and calm about us, and there is nothing to irritate or trouble us in any way, there is little to indicate our true standing in the Christian life. But when the storms of life toss us to and fro; when the dark clouds which seemingly have no silver lining pile up around us; when the furnace of affliction is finding out our dross, and it seems that even God has veiled his face from us—then it is that true Christian character will shine out. Let us remember it was only the "troubled waters" which had healing power, and only when Table Bay was churned by the passage of our stately ship, did it shine with its silvery light.

It is in the darkness of this sin-cursed earth that our light should shine brightest. Therefore, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—*Alfred A. Robie.*

Come

COME! come! Love calls for thee!
Soul, art thou sad?
The Saviour died to cheer thy life
And make thee glad.

Come to his arms of love:
Delay not—come!—
And love and gladness are thy lot,
And heaven thy home.

Behold, he calls thee still!
Do not delay,
But take the purity, the joy,
He gives to-day.

B. F. M. SOURS.



The Place of the Imagination

ONE of the most precious faculties given the human mind is that of imagination. Because of the perverted use of that power, some have been led to frown upon it, and to look upon those who are imaginative as impractical and unreliable. And, indeed, it is one of the nicest tasks to distinguish and choose between those flights of the mind which are irresponsible and fantastic, and that exercise of the imagination which is proper and valuable. Yet we are no more justified in condemning or despising imagination because of the fantasies which its wrong use has created, than in decrying the faculty of reason because, by its unaided exercise, men have been led into infidelity.

We think of fiction as the realm of imagination, yet fiction is only the misuse of one form of imagination. All our memories, all our conceptions of things heard of but unseen, are illuminated by the aid of imagination. Imagination is the circumambient air which diffuses and reflects the light upon all sides of the object under inspection. Without it our memories would be but sharp forms and black shadows, like the mountains of the moon; our conceptions of objects described by others would be nothing, only words. We exercise imagination unconsciously in almost every mental action; it is an untiring minister to our pleasure and our progress.

To cease the reading of fiction is not to repress the imagination; it is to give a chance to train and develop imagination. Romance carries our imagination upon its back, letting it see many countries, many people, many things, but never encouraging it to exert itself for that purpose. Sober truth, by many a half-concealed secret, by many a partial glimpse, by many a reward of exertion, coaxes our imagination, buoys it up, until its free, strong limbs carry it lightly over the hills of Time and Eternity, ever free, yet self-controlled.

The normal child lives in a world of delightful imagination. All things which he is learning, new and wonderful, call out its power, and he thrives with its proper exercise. It may be easily spoiled in him; it is a delicate machine, not to be rudely touched by unskilled fingers. The reckless hand of a fairy may disarrange the wheels and hopelessly ruin its harmony; the rough buffet of giant or gnome may demoralize it in terror. Properly trained, through natural sights and true stories, it may be a useful servant, under the control of its master. And while it must yield its supremacy, at the proper age, to the rising power of logic, it continues, in its subordinate position, as a most important factor in mental life.

What are the proper fields for its exercise? First, it belongs to the time of childhood. There is a subtlety about its operation there which defies analysis. For us it transformed commonplace things into beautiful things; all the world, known and unknown, was romantic to us. There was a keen delight in play, in holidays, in gifts, which if we ever feel nowadays, gives us almost a spasm of pain by its intensity.

Largely by its correct or its wrong training has been determined our present mental condition. If the imagination was fed with fairy tales and fictitious stories, its powers became so debauched that it would not yield readily to legitimate rule when the new epoch was reached, and day-dreaming, dawdling, and fiction reading became more and more powerful temptations. If truth in word and thought was taught and enforced, the mind maintained its purity and freedom of action, and was ready to greet the change, and assume its new role of reason and action. Rosenkranz says: "The fostering of the sense of truth from the earliest years up, is the surest way of leading the pupil to gain the power of thinking. The unprejudiced, disinterested yielding to truth, as well as the effort to shun all deception and false seeming, is of the greatest value in strengthening the power of reflection."

Many young men and women who are not addicted to story reading, as well as many who are, have lost much of the power of imagination. Let us see where it should be used, and therefore why regained.

Probably all have read or heard many stories from the Bible which they do not remember. It is lamentable how many of our young people know but little of Biblical history. Perhaps they have heard the stories, but straightway have forgotten them. Why?—Because they heard only the words. If these had been real to them, they would have called into play their imaginations, and pictured out the scenes described, until there would have been, in their memories, not sentences, but mental, almost visual, pictures. Have you ever seen the ark that Noah built? Now, as the picture comes up, do you hear the ringing of the hammers? Do you see the groups of stalwart men and beautiful women who stand out in the bright sunshine this dewy morning, and laugh and chat together about the strange fantasy of the old man Noah? Have you ever sat and talked with Abraham under the oak trees in Moreh? Are you familiar with the shapes of the two great hills on either side? Have you ever walked forth with Isaac at Beersheba in

the cool of the evening, to meditate in the fields? I did that one day in the spring, as the sun was setting in a gorgeous vestment of clouds far over the rolling prairies of a Dakota scene. The low, rolling hills, the herds around the watering-trough, the stillness of the air, and the calm of the whole evening scene, brought irresistibly to my mind that evening when Isaac went out and met Rebecca coming with the camels. So I walked and talked with Isaac for a while, and I am sure I knew much more of his character than I did before.

Have you ever pictured the palace that is being built for you in the New Jerusalem? Are its walls opaque, and is its roof impervious to rain? Have you taken a Sabbath-day journey from the far northern lands of Asher, through the softly lighted woods and the fields where the lamb and the lion follow you peaceably together, up the gently swelling slopes of the great and high mountain from which you shall see the fair and glorious city, set like a jasper jewel in the green fields of Eden? Have you followed the lovely Jesus as he leads the one hundred forty-four thousand into the glorious temple without the gates; or when, with a voice like the musical flow of many waters, he calls to you and to me and to all our brethren to sit down at the feast of the marriage supper, where the tables, extending many miles, are loaded with the fruits of the new earth? Have you questions ready to ask Enoch? Do you anticipate some of your visits to Adam's estate? Do you think of the time when you will go out of the gate of Benjamin with Jonathan, for a visit toward the south? or when you will soar with a king of Arcturus through the glory-gates?

How much legitimate food there is for the imagination! Let one caution be given. The mind should not be left fancy-free to make for itself images which may bear no resemblance to the truth. There is material in the Bible, in the Testimonies, in the reports of geographical expeditions, in accounts of ancient customs and manners, which we should gather to make our creations exact. Let us study to find these facts, let us dig for them, before we clothe them with the garments of imagination, that we may have true, not spurious, creations. Fiction is content to let the fancy roam untrained; truth employs imagination to make clear pictures from dim realities.

The value of this exercise of the imagination is incalculable. It helps to fix our minds upon true, beautiful, and glorious things; it inspires us by its cheer, by making more real things which are now somewhat vague to us. A proper preparation for its exercise makes us careful and exact students, scholars indeed, in certain lines of study. We are compelled to search out and gain much which we miss in a casual reading. The exercise of the imagination makes us sympathetic, observant, quick of intuition. It is indispensable to the teacher. The fact is, the dearth of teachers is partly attributable to the neglect of the cultivation of the imagination in children and youth.

The scope of the field in which imagination may play is not limited, except by such barriers as were set Adam: "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." The directions for its employment are simple. If adhered to, they will guide the mind into right channels, and open before the soul visions of happiness, of beauty, and of glory that otherwise never can be realized.

A. W. SPAULDING.

REMEMBER the saying of Locke, "Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours." Telling puts another clasp on memory.

Science Stories

Making Apples Without Cores

A WESTERN horticultural genius has succeeded in producing a coreless apple, and arrangements have already been made to propagate it on a large scale in the great commercial apple orchards of the West. Two thousand of the trees are now available for propagation, but it is estimated that in 1906 the growers will be able to put 2,500,000 young trees on the market. It is claimed that the tree is hardy and suitable for any climate where the old style apple will grow.

The only thing resembling a blossom is a small cluster of tiny green leaves which grow around the newly formed apple, and shelter it. Being devoid of blossoms, it is claimed that the fruit offers no effective hiding-place in which the codling-moth may lay eggs. Moreover, there is nothing to fear from frosts.

The skin of the new apple is red, dotted with yellow. As with the seedless orange, so with the seedless apple, a slightly hardened substance makes its appearance at the navel end. But this can be removed by culture.

Apple culture is more important even than orange culture. In the United States there are 200,000,000 apple-trees in bearing, from which 250,000,000 bushels of fruit are annually harvested. In ten years these trees will give a yield of 400,000,000 bushels. At the present time the apple consumption of the United States is eighty pounds per head of the population per year. By bushel measure the American apple crop is four times greater than the entire wheat yield of Great Britain and Ireland.—*Search-Light*.

Gradual Vanishing of Great Salt Lake

THERE is much recent interest in the Great Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of America,—an interest based on two particulars, its salt production and its seeming shrinkage. The harvesting of salt from its waters began with the coming to its shores of the Mormons in 1847, when the salt then obtained was due to the summer evaporation of water held in little ponds or basins. About 1860, dams were built to increase the size of these ponds, which were flooded in the spring, and the water evaporated during the summer, the salt being raked up in piles along the banks, and used as needed.

When the process of reducing silver ore by the chlorin process was discovered, the demand for salt grew rapidly, and the output increased, reaching a total of fifty thousand tons in 1890. The increase has been steady since then, and to-day Utah is the sixth salt producer among the States, the fifth in value of product. The harvest increased from 96,720 barrels in 1880 to 417,501 barrels in the year 1902.

By continual loss of water through evaporation, Great Salt Lake has become a highly concentrated solution of salt, and there is much reason to believe that this process will continue, and the lake gradually dry up. In 1886 its area was estimated at about 2,700 square miles, while recent surveys make it only 2,125 square miles. The cause of this shrinkage, though not absolutely known, is variously believed to be due to evaporation, to irrigation, or to a subterranean outlet. Whichever it be, if this gradual vanishing continues, the lake is doomed.

Four barrels of the water will leave, after evaporation, nearly a barrel of salt. The lake was discovered in the year 1820, and no outlet from it has yet been ascertained. Four or five large streams empty themselves into it, and the fact of its still retaining its salient properties seems to point to the conclusion that there exists

a secret bed of saline deposit over which the waters flow, and that thus they continue salt; for though the lake may be the residue of an immense sea which once covered the whole of this region, yet by its continuing so salt with the amount of fresh water being poured into it daily, the idea of the existence of some such deposit from which it receives its supply seems to be only too probable.

There are no fish in the lake, but myriads of small flies cover the surface. The buoyancy of the water is so great that it is not at all an easy matter to drown in it. The entire length of the Salt Lake is eighty-five miles, and its breadth is forty-five miles. Compared with the Dead Sea, the Great Salt Lake is longer by forty-three miles and broader by thirty-five miles.—*Week's Progress*.

Anesthetics

DURING the month of December, 1844, Mr. Colton, a popular itinerant lecturer on chemistry, delivered a lecture on "laughing-gas" in the city of Hartford, Connecticut. In his audience was Mr. Horace Wells, an enterprising dentist of the town, with a marked leaning toward mechanical invention.

After the lecture, the speaker afforded his hearers the usual amusement of inhaling the gas in order to undergo its peculiar effects. Wells, who was an interested on-looker, noticed that one of the men, under the excitement brought about by inhalation of the gas, was not conscious of hurting himself when he fell on a bench near by and bruised and cut both knees severely.

This man, even after he became clear-headed again, was certain that he experienced no pain at the time of the fall. Wells had always believed that something would be found to make tooth-drawing a painless operation, and after witnessing the occurrence already mentioned, he was thoroughly convinced that during the temporary insensibility brought about by the use of the gas and the intense nervous excitement produced, teeth might be readily drawn without pain to the patient.

Wells at once decided to offer himself and one of his largest teeth to test the theory. The next morning Colton, the lecturer, gave him the gas, and his friend, Dr. Riggs, extracted the tooth. Wells remained unconscious for a few minutes, and then exclaimed: "A new era in tooth-pulling! It did not hurt me more than the prick of a pin. It is the greatest discovery ever made."

During the next few weeks Wells extracted teeth from twelve or fifteen persons under the influence of the nitrous oxid, or laughing-gas, and gave pain to only two or three. Encouraged by the success attained, Wells went to Boston, wishing to enlarge the reputation of his discovery, and to have the opportunity of administering the gas to some person undergoing a surgical operation.

Dr. Warren, the senior surgeon of the General Hospital of the State, asked that Wells demonstrate the effects of the gas on some one from whom he would draw a tooth, before permitting him to use it during a more difficult operation. Wells undertook to administer the gas before a large body of students, to whom he had previously explained his plan. Unfortunately, the bag of gas was taken away from the patient too soon, causing him to cry out when the tooth was drawn. The students hissed and hooted, the discovery was denounced as an imposture, and Wells left Boston, disappointed and disheartened.

Soon afterward he gave up dentistry, and neglected the use and study of nitrous oxid, till a discovery more important than his own recalled to him his former views. This other discovery was the effects produced by inhaling sulphuric

ether, which was often used for the relief of asthma and other similar diseases.

Ether could be more readily obtained than nitrous oxid, and for this reason it came to be often inhaled for amusement by chemists' lads and surgeons' pupils. It was often thus used by young people in many sections of the United States, and the fun occasioned was called "ether frolics." During one of these so-called frolics a negro boy lay unconscious for such a long time that he was supposed to be dead. The fright occasioned put an end to the ether frolics in that neighborhood; but a certain physician named Wilhite was so interested in the effects produced by the ether, that he continued to experiment with it, in company with other physicians. Under the excitement brought about by inhalation, one of the doctors observed that he was unconscious of the blows which he received by chance as he rushed aimlessly about under the influence of the ether.

This person was Dr. Long, who had heard of the remarkable recovery of the negro boy after an hour's insensibility, and, seeing something out of the ordinary in his own sensations, he determined to use the ether in an effort to allay the suffering during some surgical operation. In March, 1842, he induced a Mr. Venable, who was very fond of inhaling ether, to take it until he was quite unconscious. When this was done, Dr. Long removed a tumor from Venable's neck. No pain was felt, and no evil results followed the experiment, which was tried again during the next two or three years with similar success.

Although his successful operations were known and talked of in his neighborhood, Dr. Long did not publish any of his observations and discoveries for the benefit of the world at large. He wanted to test the ether more thoroughly in some more difficult and dangerous operation, after which he intended giving his observations to the world.

In the meantime other physicians, knowing nothing of Long's success, were experimenting, and in 1846 ether was administered with success during a difficult operation at the Massachusetts General Hospital, the patient experiencing no sensation of pain during the trying ordeal. The discovery first made by the unfortunate Wells was now complete, and in a few brief months was in use in the leading cities of Europe and America.—*Hilton R. Greer, in The Children's Visitor*.

The Dangerous Moment

THERE is no richer soil for sins against one's self than the mood of discouragement. It is in times of depression that men and women whose instincts are good, whose impulses are sound, and who mean to do right, fall into temptation.

Moods of spiritual depression are exactly like moods of physical depression; when the tone of the system is lowered, germs of disease, which are readily thrown off in health, find a foothold, and set in motion most dangerous disorders. In health a person can live with perfect impunity in conditions which become fatal when he is physically reduced. In like manner, when his hopes are high, and the outlook is fair, he easily repels temptations which have almost overwhelming force when he has lost confidence in himself, and sees no hope ahead. In depression clear judgment is almost impossible, and the man who wishes to guide his life wisely will learn that, although he can not at all times immediately throw off depression, he can have such a knowledge of himself that he will not, while in this state of mind, decide important matters or take important steps.

Depression and discouragement in every form ought to be recognized as things to be struggled against and overcome in the strength of God.

They are the open doors through which the worst evils come. Many a man on the verge of a worthy and enduring success has blighted his life hopelessly by wrecking his future in a passing mood of depression. There is but one safe rule, and that is always to hold ourselves spiritually at the highest valuation; to refuse to be cheapened even in thought by disasters, misfortunes, or apparent failures; to believe, with Browning, that "all turns to the best with the brave;" and to hold one's self something greater than the creature of circumstances, fortunate or unfortunate. The man who sets his face toward an ultimate aim which is worthy of himself can afford to disregard passing storms, the rising and falling of tides, cross-currents, or even the most appalling tempests. MAX TRUMAN SMITH.

Alone With God

ALONE with God in the evening,
When are past the cares of the day,
When the hot, flushed clouds of sunset
Have faded to sober gray.
The troubles that weighed my spirit,
In the hush of the darkness cease;
I'm alone with God in the evening,
And my soul is filled with peace.

Alone with God in the evening,
But memory's thoughts will stay,
Perchance the duty I did not do,
Or the word I did not say;
I think of those vanished chances,
With a tender, a sad regret,
Alas, for the good that I might have done,
Ere the sun of the day was set!

Alone with God in the evening;
Is the record dark or fair
That has gone all day to the gates of heaven,
To be recorded there?
I think of each sinful action,
With a troubled heart and brain;
For the day that's gone to eternity,
I can never live again.

Alone with God in the evening,
I fall on my knees and pray
That he, from his tender, pitying heart,
Will forgive the sins of the day,
And a peace settles down o'er my spirit,
I rest like a weary child;
I'm alone with God in the evening,
And to him I am reconciled.

L. D. SANTEE.



THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul at Ephesus

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 19:11-22.

TEXTS FOR PERSONAL STUDY: 1 Thess. 2:19, 20;
Phil. 4:1.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 134-140.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

Special miracles wrought.

Exorcists at work.

Their humiliation.

Many believed.

Books burned.

The word grew mightily.

Paul's purpose.

Timothy and Erastus sent to Macedonia.

Notes

"Ephesus was not only the most magnificent, but the most corrupt of the cities of Asia. Superstition and sensual pleasure held sway over her teeming population. Under the shadow of

her idol temples, criminals of every grade found shelter, and the most degrading vices flourished."

"As Paul was brought in direct contact with the idolatrous inhabitants of Ephesus, the power of God was strikingly displayed through him. The apostles were not always able to work miracles at will. The Lord granted his servants this special power as the progress of his cause or the honor of his name required. Like Moses and Aaron at the court of Pharaoh, the apostle had now to maintain the truth against the lying wonders of the magicians."

"The miracles of Paul were far more potent than had ever before been witnessed in Ephesus, and were of such a character that they could not be imitated by the skill of the juggler or the enchantments of the sorcerer."

"The influence of these events was more widespread than even Paul then realized. . . . These scenes in the ministry of Paul lived in the memory of men, and were the means of converting many to the gospel long after the apostle himself had finished his course."

"When the Ephesian converts burned their books on magic, they showed that the things in which they had once most delighted were now the most abhorred. . . . Here was given the best evidence of true conversion."

"Fifty thousand pieces of silver," according to Dr. Adam Clarke, amounted to about two thousand dollars. G. B. T.

Encouraging Words

THE Young People's Society of Westphalia, Michigan, has ten members. Some are quite young. When the Society was organized, the members wanted to begin work at once. It happened that the church had only one tract on hand, "The Sufferings of Christ." Three of the youngest children started out with seventy-two of these tracts to sell. At noon they came back with only four, and they had some good reports to give. They had sold one tract for four cents, given one away, and while the rest were offered for four cents each, sixty-six purchasers voluntarily paid five cents for the tract. So on their return the little workers could report sixty-seven tracts sold, one given away, and \$3.34 to invest in more tracts.

The Society has interested some not of our faith in the Southern work, and several of these have offered donations. Five dollars thus received has been sent, and some money is still on hand. All were of good courage when I last visited them. It is certainly encouraging to see that our young people are waking up to the work for this time.

While at the session of the conference, I learned that the Grand Rapids Society was planning to place a laborer in the field, and that it would be one of their own number if possible. Can not other Societies do likewise, or several Societies work together to this end?

D. H. LEWIS, Director.

A Man of Prayer

IN passing through Northampton I went into the old cemetery, swept off the snow that lay on the top of the slab, and I read these simple words: "Sacred to the memory of David Brainerd, the faithful and devoted missionary to the Susquehanna, Delaware, and Stockbridge Indians of America, who died in this town, aged thirty-two years, Oct. 8, 1747." That was all there was.

Now that man did his greatest work by prayer. He was in the depths of those forests alone, unable to speak the language of the Indians, but he spent whole days literally in prayer. What was he praying for? He knew that he could not reach these savages; he did not understand their language. If he wanted to speak at all, he must find somebody who could vaguely interpret his

thought; therefore he knew that anything he should do must be absolutely dependent upon the power of God. So he spent whole days in praying, simply that the power of the Holy Ghost might come upon him so unmistakably that these people should not be able to stand before him. What was his answer? Once he preached through a drunken interpreter, a man so intoxicated that he could hardly stand up. That was the best he could do. Yet scores were converted through that sermon. We can account for it only that it was the tremendous power of God behind him.

Now that man prayed in secret in the forests. A little while after, William Carey read his life, and he was so moved by it that he went to India. Henry Martyn read his life, and by its impulse he went to India. Payson read it as a young man of twenty years, and he said he had never been so impressed by anything in his life as by the story. Murray M'Cheyne read it, and was powerfully impressed by it.

But all I care is simply to enforce this thought, that the hidden life, a life whose days are spent in communion with God in trying to reach the Source of power, is the life that moves the world.—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

For India

MISS ISABEL DUNSCOMBE recently sent to the Mission Board secretary the following letter:—

The Boston church held missionary exercises January 7 for the benefit of the mission work in India. Interesting and instructive exercises were carried out by the children.

A year ago mite boxes were given to the intermediate class of eight. The proceeds from the boxes amounts to \$4.28. The children took up a collection from the audience amounting to \$6.02; total, \$10.30, which I send to you as a missionary offering to India.

Our prayers go with this offering that the Lord may bless.

Choosing a Life-Work

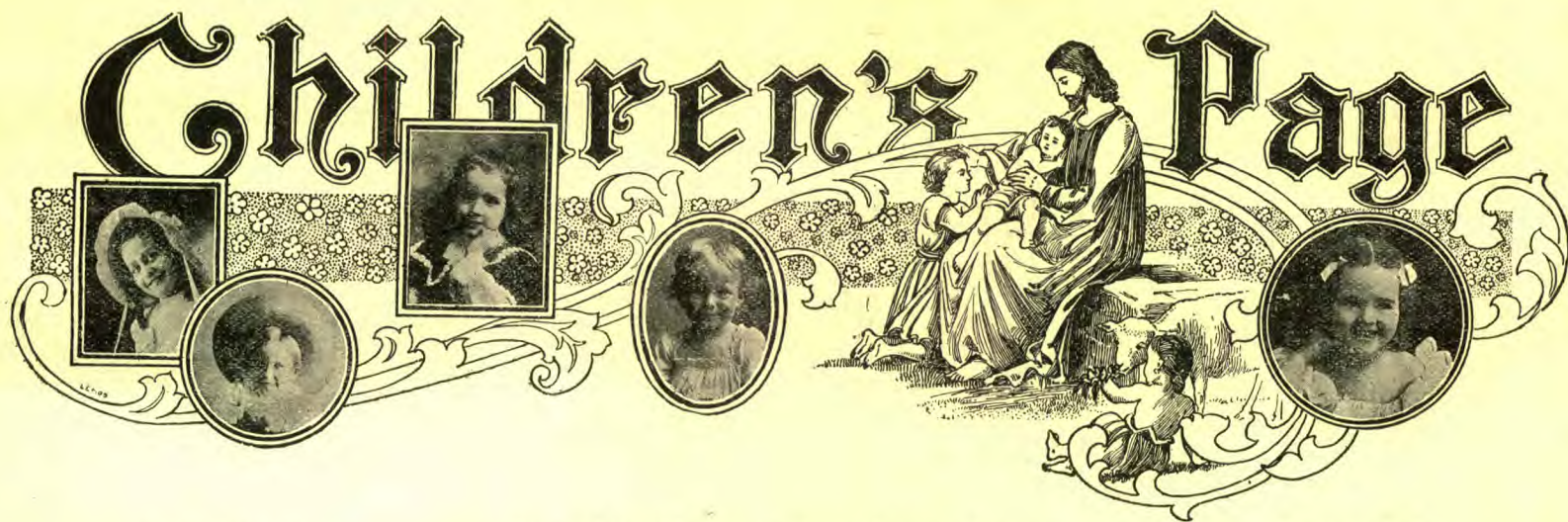
THIS is a most solemn matter. No one ought to drift into a life-work. No one ought to allow another to choose it for him. No one ought to inherit it. God alone knows for what calling he has endowed each person. He has foreordained certain good works for each one, in which he should walk. By waiting on him in faith and with an unbiased mind and a surrendered will, every young person may discover this sacred path, and walk in it to the joy of his heart, to the blessing of the world, and to the glory of God. If this should be done, there would be less misfits in life. We believe also that many more of our young people would feel called into definite Christian work as the result. What greater happiness or honor than to give one's whole time to the service of God and man?—*Christian and Missionary Alliance.*

Keep Moving

A LITTLE fellow one afternoon was thoughtfully studying a picture called "The Game of Life." His attention was centered upon the play board. He moved his fingers from square to square, then, pointing to the young man in the picture, and looking wonderingly at me, exclaimed, "Say, uncle, why doesn't he move?"

The question is a serious one. Every person is playing the game of life, but how we procrastinate! I sometimes think that angels exclaim, "Why doesn't he move?" The end of all things is at hand. The moments left us in which to move are very few. It is well to be careful, but far better simply to trust God and keep moving. While the earth revolves, while planets and suns make their circles without one moment's delay, let us, who are the special object of God's care, keep moving.

WILLIAM YARNELL.



Washing Dishes

"WHAT'S the trouble, little Edith,
With your rosy face awry?
That drooping frown upon your forehead
Makes you seem about to cry."

"O, I've got to wash those dishes!
How I hate it no one knows!"
And down her cheeks the tear-drops trickle,
And the frown much deeper grows.

"If this washing came but weekly,
And then it could be laid away,
But it seems to last forever,
Two or three times every day.

"Heavy pots and pans and kettles,
And a lot of things beside;
Hard the labor, yet not noticed,"
And poor Edith sobbed and cried.

"I am sorry you dislike it;
It is tiresome, well I know,
But, dear Edith, it is noticed
By Him who knows our ev'ry woe.

"And, looking down from highest heaven,
He'll cast on you his loving smile,
If you labor washing dishes
With a song of praise the while.

"In his teachings, you remember,
'Whatsoever task,' said he,
'That your hand may find to render,
Do it well as unto me.'

"That will make your task seem lighter;
Try it now, my Edith dear,
And whene'er you get discouraged,
Sing his praise with hearty cheer."

—Marietta C. Du Bois.

The Most Satisfactory Incident of My Life

AFTER a lapse of sixty years of active life, in looking over the events that have marked the course of that period, it would be a strangely selfish one indeed could I not note some event that gives a pleasant, warm, and quickening impulse to my feelings, and marks certain events as the happiest, or at least, the most satisfactory of my life.

The one I relate here is one which, while it cut off the aspirations of my young manhood, and deprived me of opportunities that every ambitious person desires at this period of life, still in the remembrance of a filial duty done, repays me well for all I otherwise might have gained by turning from the opportunity presented.

I was in my twentieth year. My ambition was to secure an education that would fit me for some position in life above the digging and delving of the masses.

My father, divining the thoughts that filled my mind,—I had said nothing, knowing his inability to help me,—told me I could have my time, and to do as I wished with the means I might henceforth earn.

I left my humble home about midsummer, and went to work in the harvest-field for advanced wages. Strong, and glowing with health and hope, I did my part with good cheer.

After securing the harvest for my employer,

he settled with me, partly paying me for my services, and asking me to allow him on my wages for some grain my father had gotten of him the spring before, but which, as yet, was unpaid for.

Here was a way which I felt rather glad of to express my gratitude to my father for allowing me to be the master of my future, although it would make quite an inroad upon my earnings and the carrying out of the ambition of my heart.

I next went over to my uncle's, about five miles away, where my father was securing his oat harvest on land he had taken on shares.

I thought I might help him some, as he was quite alone. I found him and my uncle getting in the grain, so I took my uncle's place, and went into the field for the next load, leaving him to rest in the shade.

In the course of conversation with my father, I learned that he was much straitened just then for means to supply the needs of his large family—my younger brothers and sisters.

I knew he needed money; even the few dollars I had with me would be of much help to him. I did some serious thinking as he pitched the bundles from the load over the big beam to my uncle, who mowed them away.

As the last bundle was tossed from the wagon, my mind was fully made up. I climbed upon the rack as my father took the lines to back the team from the barn for another load.

"Father," said I, "don't you want some money?"

"Yes, I do," said he.

"How much?" I asked.

"All you have," was his reply.

His whole expression touched my heart. I knew he needed it, and much more than I had to give.

I took from my pocket six five-franc pieces,—the principal silver in circulation at that time,—and handed them to him, retaining a twenty-five-cent piece for my own needs.

I could see by the expression of his countenance that it was received gladly as well as unexpectedly.

Father was grateful for even so small a sum; for it was much to him, as my mother told me after his death, which occurred about four weeks from that time.

When I next saw him, he was on his death-bed. He gave me his plans, told me to be faithful to my mother, and carry out his wishes as far as I was able; and here ended my ambition for an education.

I taught two terms of school, but felt that I was too handicapped to secure the desire of my heart, and so settled down to a life of farming and hard work, which, in those days, meant working early and late, cheap farm products, little money, high dry goods and groceries.

In speaking with my uncle some time after my father's death of what I had foregone, his reply was a consoling one, as I have realized in the passing years: "Boy! you can roll that act of yours under your tongue all your days, and find it a sweet morsel."

C. G.

Brave Coley

WHEN Coley Patteson was a boy at Eton, he was popular with all his schoolmates. He studied well, and besides he was "captain of the boats," and on the cricket eleven. At a certain gathering coarse songs were started. They were part of the traditions of the school, and had been sung for years.

But Coley was as brave morally as he was physically. He declared that these songs should not be sung in his presence. When one started, he left the room—something few boys would have dared to do under the circumstances. Then and there, however, the custom stopped.

That brave boy at Eton, who courageously stood up for his principles, even at the risk of being described as "tied to his mother's apron-strings," became a famous missionary in the South Seas. As missionary, Coleridge Patteson fearlessly faced the Melanesians with their clubs and arrows, and daily risked his life for the cause of Christ. Physical courage has a moral foundation. Dare to do right, boys, and nothing of physical danger then can daunt you.—*New York Observer*.

What a Chinese Boy Did

A boy was admitted into a missionary school in China, his mother being dead. He remained several years, and not only learned the truth, but received it into his heart. When only fourteen years of age, he went to his friends during what we call the Christmas holidays. One afternoon he went into a village temple. As he was looking at the idols, an old man, very feeble, came in with tottering steps, and, laying a few incense sticks before an idol, began to pray, and then passed to the next idol, and so on to all the rest.

The boy thought to himself: "Here is an old man, who has not long to live; and he does not know the way to heaven. But I am only a boy; I can't tell him." The young people in China are taught to treat the aged people with great respect; and it would have been impertinent for the little boy to attempt to teach the old man.

"What is to be done? He has no one to teach him," thought the boy, as he saw him pass from idol to idol; and, as he thought, the tears ran down his cheeks. These tears were eloquent, as the boy felt forced to go to the old man and say, "Would you mind a boy speaking to you? I am young; you are very old."

"What are you crying for?" said the old man. "Can I help you?"

"Sir, I am crying because I am sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! Why?"

"Because you are aged, and can not live long, and you don't know the way to heaven."

"What! Do you know the way to heaven?"

"I know that Jesus saves me, and will save you."

"Who is Jesus?" asked the old man.

The boy told him the story of God's love, and the man's heart melted as he listened. "Boy,"

he said, "I am over sixty years of age, and I have never heard such words. Have you had dinner?"

"No, sir; not yet."

"Come home with me, then, and you shall tell the old lady the story you have told me."

The boy went home with the old man, and told the story of the love of God, while the aged couple listened with great interest. He was invited again and again, and stayed in their house the whole of his holiday; and the result was that through this faithful servant of Christ, they were both led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary.

Four years later, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, who recently related this story, accompanied the youth to the home of the aged couple, and found them truly devoted Christians, and, naturally, warmly attached to the lad. Said the old man, "But for this boy, my wife and I would have died in darkness."—*Selected.*

A Lesson to the Young

THE world has recently been shocked by the murder of almost an entire family. The perpetrator of this monstrous crime is said to be one of the boys of this family. When arraigned for his terrible deed, he is said to have shown no sign of remorse. One of the things which prepared this depraved youth for his inhuman act is that of trashy reading. The *Washington Post* says:—

"He has been well educated along some lines, but his work in schools seems to have been subordinated by him to his own research. Although he has read a great deal of decent literature, dime novels have always fascinated him. . . ."

"His insatiable hunger for such reading, his seclusion from the rest of the residents of the

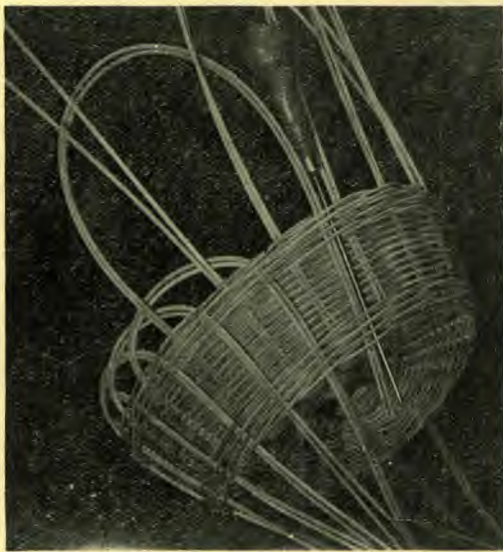


FIG. 1

town, and his intense imagination, fed as it has been by copious supplies of bad literature and delvings into the occult, seem to have combined to make him so abnormal that the abnormal itself has lost all terrors for him."

To feed the mind on the vicious literature of novels is a terrible vice. It ruins us for time as well as for eternity. The world is filled with the most precious literature, the study of which is elevating and refining. Instead of filling the mind with that which is wicked and vile, it lifts the thoughts to the pure atmosphere of heaven. Many a bandit and desperado, whose bloody deeds have startled the world, received, when boys, their early training around the home fireside, reading the imaginary deeds of some ruffian. The gray hairs of many a father and mother have gone down into the grave in sorrow and disgrace because of the lawless acts of a wayward son, whom they had seen laying the foundation for his reckless course in the reading of trashy literature, and restrained him not. I sincerely hope

that no reader of the INSTRUCTOR is addicted to the ruinous vice of "novel reading."

G. B. THOMPSON.

HOW THINGS ARE MADE

Another Work-basket

Model No. 3

MATERIAL, reeds Nos. 3, 4, and 5. Make a base exactly as directed for Model No. 2, but make it *seven* inches in diameter. The spokes should always be cut one inch longer than diameter of base. Cut thirty-eight stakes of No. 4 reed, each twenty-two inches long. Insert one stake *each side of each* spoke. Bend up sharply. If you have a small pair of pincers, give the well-soaked stakes a hard squeeze just at the edge of base. This will enable them to make a sharp bend without danger of breaking. This basket will be woven with double stakes, —two stakes (one each side of spoke) used as one,—and will *not* have a rope. Bend one long No. 3 weaver near its center, and place the loop over one pair of stakes; insert one end of another weaver into the base at the right of the next pair to the right of the one just used. With the bottom of basket toward the worker, and using the three weavers now ready, put on the upset—four rows of triple twist, drawing the first row *very* tight.

The ends of spokes may be left exposed, but they will be covered later with a braid. Above the upset put one and three-fourths inches of single weaving, then three rows of waling twist, and finish with one row of pairing, as in Model No. 2.

For the border, take any pair of stakes, pass them to the right back of two pairs of stakes, and with the aid of the awl drawn *through* pairing and waling, *outside* of single weaving and *through* the upset, leaving a loop one inch deep at top. Take next pair of stakes at right, and treat in the same manner. Fig. 1. Repeat until all are used. Give special attention to the last two pairs, and see that all the loops are even. Invert the basket; cut the right stake of each pair as short as possible. Pinch each of the remaining stakes close to the bottom of the basket.

To form the braid, take any stake, pass it to the right back of one stake, and draw it well down with end on outside; treat next stake at right in same way. Repeat until four are down. Take the left stake of the group laid down, pass it to right over the others that are down, in *front* of the first standing stake, *back* of the next stake and out at first vacant space; holding this firmly in position, lay the first standing stake



FINISHED BASKET

down close behind it, bringing the end out in same space. Fig. 2. Keep the two side by side, *not* one above the other. Now with the thumb of left hand placed in front of what has become first standing stake, let the forefinger hold in position the two stakes laid back of it. With the right hand take the left stake of the group that are down, pass it to right over those that are down, in front of first standing stake, back of next and out. Lay first standing stake close

down behind it. Repeat until all the stakes are down. When the first four stakes have been used, the rest will be found in pairs. Always use the right one of the pair—the longer one. The *last* four stakes will have to be threaded in *beside* the first four to complete the first part of braid. Tying a bit of thread near to basket around each of the first four stakes before they are laid down will help you to locate them in finishing off. When all the stakes are down, it will be seen that there are still four *pairs*, and

also four vacant spaces. Take the long stake of the left pair, pass it to right, and with the help of the awl slip it in *front* of the first stake laid down,—the left of the group with thread tied around,—bring it out *next to weaving of basket*, in *first vacant space*. The long stake of next pair should be placed in *front* of next one with thread, etc. When finished, this part should be exactly like the rest of the braid, and there should be one stake projecting from each space around the basket just below the braid. Give each a firm pull to insure its being tight, then cut close to basket. The ends should scarcely be visible. To avoid having them in the outside of basket, this braid may be made by working toward center of base instead of outside of

basket. This was done in the case of the finished braid shown in Fig. 3, but it is a more difficult method, and is not recommended for beginners unless they have an inexhaustible fund of patience.

A coat or two of white shellac added to any reed work gives greater firmness, and protects from soil. Wood-alcohol may be used to lessen the expense.

MRS. E. M. LONG.

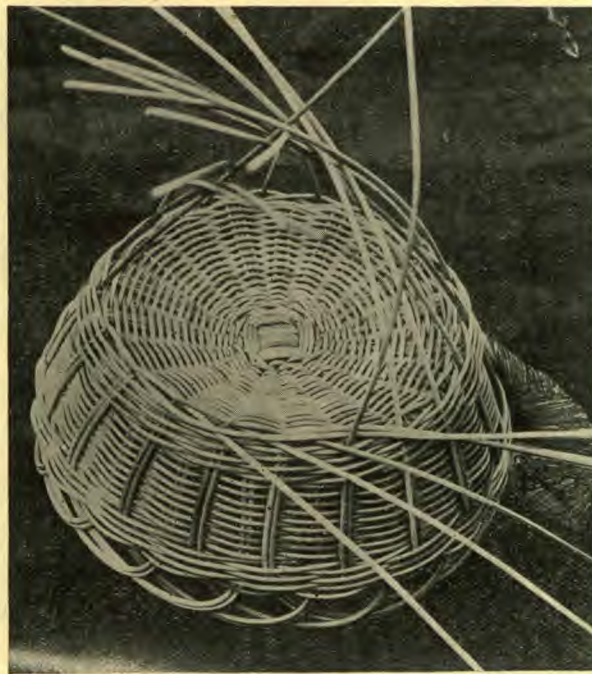
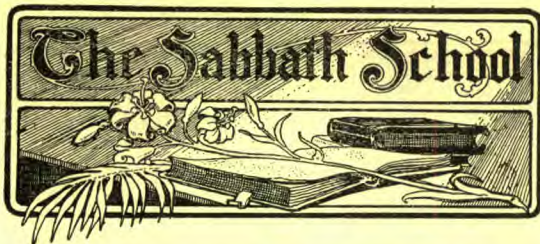


FIG. 2



FIG. 3



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XI—Synopsis of Old Testament History —Egypt to Babylon

(March 18)

MEMORY VERSE: "But made his own people to go forth like sheep, and guided them in the wilderness like a flock. And he led them on safely, so that they feared not." Ps. 78: 52, 53.

The children of Israel increased so fast in Egypt that the king feared they would become stronger than the Egyptians. So he commanded that all the little boy babies should be killed when they were born. It was at this time that Moses, whom the Lord raised up to lead Israel out of Egypt, was born. His mother hid him for three months, and he was afterward adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, and brought up in the court as her own son. Here he was taught all the learning of the Egyptians; but when he was forty years old, he was obliged to flee for his life from the wrath of the king. He found refuge in Midian, and became a keeper of sheep. After forty years the Lord appeared to him, and told him that the time had now come for him to lead Israel out of bondage. Aaron, his brother, was to help him in this great work.

Ten dreadful plagues were brought upon the people and the land of Egypt before the king would let Israel go. On the night of the last plague—the slaying of the first-born—the feast of the passover was instituted.

When Jacob and his sons came to Egypt, they, with their families, numbered about seventy persons; but now, four hundred years later, there went out of Egypt a great company of six hundred thousand men, besides women and children.

The Lord led his people by a pillar of fire by night, and a pillar of cloud by day; he parted the waters of the Red Sea before them, that they might pass over in safety, and destroyed the armies of Egypt that tried to cross after them; when Israel's food failed, he gave them manna to eat; and when there was no water, he caused a stream to spring out of the rock, that they might drink. Their health was preserved, and there was not one feeble person in all their tribes.

At Mount Sinai the children of Israel were encamped about a year. Here the ten commandments were spoken by God in the hearing of Israel, and the laws that were to govern them as a nation were given to Moses. The tabernacle was also built and set up at this time.

After this, the people journeyed to Kadesh-Barnea, on the southern coast of Canaan. Here twelve men were chosen to search out the land before the people entered it; but only two—Caleb and Joshua—brought back a good report of it. These faithful men urged the children of Israel to go up at once and possess the land; but they believed the evil report of the ten spies, and murmured against the Lord. They were even ready to stone Caleb and Joshua.

Because of their unbelief, the Lord said that none of those men, save Caleb and Joshua, should enter the land of Canaan. For forty years they wandered about in the wilderness till all those who were above twenty years of age on the night when the people left Egypt were dead. Near the end of this time, Aaron and Moses died, and Joshua was appointed leader of Israel. At the end of the forty years he led Israel to

the east side of the River Jordan, and the Lord caused the waters to divide, so they could pass over into the land that had been promised Abraham for his heirs.

Jericho was the first city taken by the children of Israel. After that, other cities were conquered, the Lord giving his people the victory over their enemies. The land was then divided by lot among the twelve tribes.

For a little more than three hundred years after the death of Joshua, the people were governed by judges. Gideon and Samson were two judges who were raised up to deliver Israel from their enemies. In the days of Samuel, who was both priest and judge, the men of Israel asked for a king. "Now make us a king," they said, "to judge us like all the nations." In thus asking for a king they were rejecting the Lord as their ruler.

Saul, the son of Kish, was the first king of Israel. He was "a choice young man, and a goodly;" and though he ruled well at first, he became so proud and disobedient that the Lord chose David, the son of Jesse, to be king in his place.

David reigned wisely and well in Israel for forty years. His son, Solomon, who also reigned forty years, built the beautiful temple. He was very wise and very rich; but in his old age he did not serve the Lord fully. At his death the kingdom of Israel was divided. Two of the tribes made Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, their king, and were called the kingdom of Judah. The remaining ten tribes chose Jeroboam, a great soldier, for their king, and were known as the kingdom of Israel.

The kingdom of Israel lasted about two hundred fifty years. Its kings were wicked men, who led the people into idolatry. At last the ten tribes were carried away into captivity by the Assyrians.

The kingdom of Judah was also governed by many wicked kings; but there were a few who loved the Lord, and tried to put away idol-worship during their reigns. This kingdom lasted nearly four hundred years, but was finally overthrown by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. This king laid waste the city of Jerusalem, burned the beautiful temple, and carried away its sacred vessels to Babylon, together with a great number of captives.

Thus the nation that God had chosen for his own people, but that rejected him as their Ruler, came to its end as an independent government.

Questions

1. How strong did the children of Israel become in Egypt? What order was finally given by the king? Who was born about this time? Tell how he came to be adopted by the daughter of Pharaoh.

2. How long did Moses live in the king's palace? What was he taught? Why did he go away? For how many years did he tend sheep? Who then appeared to him? What did he tell him?

3. How many plagues were brought upon Egypt before the king let Israel go? What was the last plague? What solemn feast was instituted on this night?

4. Tell how the Lord cared for his people on their journey. Where were they encamped about a year? What was done at this place?

5. Where is Kadesh-Barnea? How many men were chosen to search out the land of Canaan? What two reports were brought back? Which did the people choose to believe? What was the result?

6. Who was chosen to be leader of Israel? When did he lead them into the promised land? What city was first taken? How was the land divided among the tribes?

7. Tell how long the people were governed by judges, and name two of them. Why did they

wish a king? Who was the first king of Israel? How did he rule?

8. Who was David? How long did he rule Israel? Tell all you can about Solomon. How was the kingdom divided at his death?

9. How long did the kingdom of Israel endure? What became of it then? How long did the kingdom of Judah last? What kind of men were its kings?

10. Tell what finally became of this kingdom. What lesson may be learned from this experience of Israel in rejecting the Lord as their Ruler?

"Not one holy day, but seven.
Worshiping, not at the call of a bell, but at
the call of my soul.
Singing, not at the baton's sway, but to the
rhythm in my heart.
Loving because I must.
Giving because I can not keep.
Doing for the joy of it."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XI—Our Reasonable Service

(March 18)

MEMORY VERSE: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Rom. 12: 1.

Questions

1. How much was included in the redemption of man? 1 Cor. 6: 20.

2. What appeal is made by the apostle Paul showing that the body is included? Rom. 12: 1.

3. What kind of service does he say this living sacrifice is? Same verse, last clause.

4. That the sacrifice may be complete, what step must be taken? 2 Cor. 7: 1.

5. What transformation will these promises, accepted, work in our natures? 2 Peter 1: 4.

6. What is the one object to be obtained through health reform? Note 1.

7. For what will the message of which it is a part fit the people of God? Note 2.

8. Describe the conditions existing in the last days. Luke 17: 26-30.

9. Against what especially are those living in that time warned? Luke 21: 34.

10. What led to the giving of the principles of health reform to this people? Note 3.

11. What is our duty in view of such loving interest on the part of our Father? Note 4; Rom. 12: 1.

12. What is embraced in thus offering our bodies a living sacrifice? Rom. 12: 2.

13. What promise is made to the obedient? Isa. 1: 19.

Notes

1. "It should ever be kept prominent that the great object to be attained through this channel [health reform] is not only health, but perfection and the spirit of holiness, which can not be attained with diseased bodies and minds."—*"Testimonies," Vol. I, page 554.*

2. "Health reform is one branch of the great work which is to fit a people for the coming of the Lord. It is as closely connected with the third angel's message as the hand is with the body."—*Id., Vol. III, page 161.*

3. "It was in love that our Heavenly Father sent the light of health reform to guard against the evils that result from unrestrained appetite."—*"Christian Temperance," page 134.*

4. "Our first duty, one which we owe to God, to ourselves, and to our fellow men, is to obey the laws of God, which include the laws of health."—*"Testimonies," Vol. III, page 164.*



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THE article on basket making which contains the model for the base of the basket described in this number was printed in the INSTRUCTOR dated Jan. 7, 1905.

"ONE of our ministers recently handed a gentleman on the steam-cars a tract, and he said, 'You gave me a paper once before on the cars. It was called *The Signs of the Times*, and I liked it so well I subscribed for it.' The lesson is apparent.

IF our Young People's Societies are working in accordance with their aim, The Advent Message to All the World in This Generation, and are having blessings that always come as the result of earnest service, why are there not more reports sent to the INSTRUCTOR?

"THE receiver of the wireless telegraph station is ready to respond to a delicate electric wave, and so it gets and gives out the messages. So a heart that is adjusted to heavenly things will be always in receipt of good news from God, and will give it out to men."

"IT has been asked what would have been the result if the two men on the Emmaus road had been talking about the sheep-market down at Jerusalem, or the price of olive-oil, or doves, or young pigeons. Probably Christ would not have joined their company. The failure of religious conversation is one of the reasons why our hearts are not oftener made glad by Christ's presence."

A TRAVELER tells of holding in his hand an egg of a rare East Indian bird. The egg was so near the hatching that the bird inside was pecking away at the shell. He could hear it struggling for its freedom. It was not content with its cramped, dark life. There was a larger life for it outside. It could soar away on wings to greet the morning light; it could put on splendors of beauty; it could look on mountains, valleys, and rivers, and bathe in the pure air of sunny skies. So the Spirit of God in the heart makes one discontented with earthly limitations. It creates a longing for a larger life and a wider freedom. And it makes possible the satisfying of the longing for holiness, strength, beauty of character, and power of helpfulness.

Arkansas Against All Trusts

THE State of Arkansas by its legislature has taken the strongest stand possible against the horde of trusts, and it will be interesting to watch the inevitable struggle there between principle and business. The King-Davis-Logan anti-trust bill became a law last month, and the State now occupies the unique position of being the only one in the Union with a law so drastic that no

trust goods can be sold in the State, and no insurance company can do business within its borders if it is a member of any trust, combination, or organization anywhere on earth to control rates here or elsewhere.—*Search-Light*.

Our Means

THE goods that we handle are not our own, and never can this fact safely be lost sight of. We are but stewards, and on the discharge of our obligation to God and man depend both the welfare of our fellow beings and our own destiny for this life and for the life to come.—*Mrs. E. G. White*.

Hopeful Omens

TWO incidents in the official life of Russia occurred last week, which to some give occasion for a more hopeful view of Russia's future. On the first day of February the czar received in person a delegation of workmen from St. Petersburg factories. While he greeted each delegate cordially, there was no opportunity for a statement of grievances. The entire time was occupied by the czar's address. The only significant feature of the incident is that the workmen were received at all. Later the czar charged the committee of ministers to develop and extend principles of reform. He also commanded that a pension be paid to orphaned children and cripples whose misfortune was caused by the troops on January 22, and that order be restored in all parts of the country by peaceful methods.

The Hallowed Mouth

"Then the Lord put forth his hand, and touched my mouth."—*Jeremiah*.

Thy hand, the central point of power!
My mouth, so poor and weak!
But touch it, Lord, and in that hour
I shall be strong to speak.

My tongue shall thrill with eager stress,
Nor ever lag again;
And, touched by God's almightiness,
Shall touch the hearts of men.

—*Amos R. Wells*.

A Good Point

"OH, I had a lot of books to read!" said a young fellow who had been housed for six weeks with a lame leg. "I read so many books that I don't know what I did read. I can't remember a thing in any of them now." And he added, thoughtfully, "It seems like a waste of time; but how can you help forgetting?"

One of the simplest and safest ways to get the most out of good books is by discussing the characters and events in the books with other people. Taking notes is also a sure method, but many books come in one's way to read at a time when real note-taking is out of the question. The digesting of a book, by the process of thinking and talking about it, is the most important, and yet the most often neglected, method.

In a recent description of the daily life of a young Greek student who lived far back, three or four hundred years before Christ, occurs this statement: "It is said that his teachers spent a great deal of their time with him in expounding which hero was brave, and which was prudent, and who was famed for justice, who for temperance." That student remembered what he stopped to discuss. His own ideas and standards became modified by such discussions. He trained himself thus for practical life. A few good books and papers carefully read will give a liberal education.

Talking over a book with another person acts in the same way upon one's own mind and character. *Knowledge shared with another becomes knowledge saved to one's self.*—*The Myrtle*.



SAN JOSE, CAL., Jan. 1, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have three sisters and two brothers living, and one sister dead. I go to church-school, and like my teacher very much. I am twelve years old, and am in the fourth grade. I study reading, spelling, Bible, language, arithmetic, and geography. I attend Sabbath-school every Sabbath. We are all keeping the Sabbath, but none of us children have been baptized. I hope to meet you all in the earth made new.

HAZEL MAY FOLAND.

MT. STERLING, WIS., Dec. 29, 1904.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: As my subscription to the INSTRUCTOR has expired, I will renew at once, so as not to miss any of the papers; for I enjoy reading them so much. I always read them first. I have taken the paper a year this Christmas, and never received a present I enjoyed more. I like to read the letters from other readers of this paper.

Enclosed please find post-office order for seventy-five cents, for which send me the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for one year.

GLADYS CONEY.

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, Dec. 31, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: Mama and I are spending a few months with my sister. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR. Papa sends it to us from our home in Union, New York. I have two brothers, Forest, fourteen years old, and Howard, seven years old.

There is no Sabbath-school nearer us than Mayaguez, on the western coast of the island. Every town has a church and plaza. Nearly all the people are Catholics. The streets are narrow, and without sidewalks. There are no glass window-panes in the houses. We live on the military road, eight miles from San Juan. The trolley-car passes our door. It is warm here; so we made garden yesterday. Fruits are ripe, and flowers are in bloom. The natives talk Spanish. We see many ponies and ox-carts. Will someone please write to me?

MARY ESTHER NICOLA.

WAMESIT, MASS., Jan. 7, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I haven't seen a letter in the INSTRUCTOR from this place.

In our church at Lowell we have formed a Children's Society, and the children take papers and sell them. I have sold twelve copies of *Life and Health* and one of *The Signs of the Times* for the Society. My brother and I have a few chickens. We gave four chickens for missionary work.

I take the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and like it very much. I am eleven years old, and go to school. I am in the sixth grade.

JOHN G. MITCHELL.

P. S.—Are there any of our papers printed in French?

J. G. M.

THE INSTRUCTOR does make a good Christmas or birthday present. Why not remember friends by giving them the paper for a year or six months? Master Mitchell asks about French papers. There is printed in Basel, Switzerland, the French *Signs of the Times*. The work of the Children's Society in Lowell has interested me. Boys and girls can bravely and lovingly work for the Saviour, as he did for them. I hope that even now while snow and ice are everywhere, many of our earnest young people will work hard, and plan in the same way, what they can do in the spring about raising gardens and chickens. All will want to do something that will keep their eyes fixed on the missionary fields, which are all ready to harvest.

I am glad that our little INSTRUCTOR reader in San Juan gave us a glimpse of Porto Rican life.

"God's children are never absent from his mind."

"THE stability of thy times and the strength of thy happiness shall be wisdom and knowledge."