

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## Korean Sketches

### The Country

KOREA is a peninsula projecting from the eastern coast of Asia, just west of Japan. Seoul, the capital, somewhat south of the center, is in latitude thirty-seven degrees and thirty-six minutes north, about the same as that of Richmond, Va.; and the longitude is one hundred and twenty-seven degrees east from Greenwich. Korea extends through rather more than eight and a half degrees of latitude, or about six hundred miles. The area is about eighty-two thousand square miles, nearly equal to that of Great Britain, and a little more than twice that of Ohio.

The climate is more continental than that of Japan, being dryer, and showing greater extremes of heat and cold. Even in the central part the winters are quite severe. But the September days of our brief stay in the country were most delightful, as calm and bright as an American Indian summer.

The surface of the country is mountainous. The higher ranges are nearer the eastern coast, and range from five to six thousand feet in height. Toward the west the slope to the sea is less abrupt, giving room for considerable stretches of lowlands. The coasts, especially on the south and west are strewn with innumerable islands. Many of these are of considerable size, and are inhabited by small communities of fisher folk. From the passing ship small patches of cultivated ground are occasionally seen; but generally these islands are broken and barren, the steep, rocky hills and mountains supporting a sparse growth of stunted pines. We saw very little timber in the parts we visited; but away to the north, along the Yalu River, there are extensive forests of pine and other conifers.

Korea is distinctively an agricultural country. The principal crops observed were rice, beans, millet, buckwheat, and cotton. Fruits of all kinds seem to be scarce, and to form a very small part of the people's diet. The rice fields and more level uplands are very fertile; but the more hilly land is of red clay or a slaty formation, and quite sterile. Back from the Tadong River, near Chinampho, are thousands of acres of waste land, unavailable for cultivation because daily covered

by the tides. These lands could be reclaimed with profit; but the people lack enterprise, and the government is loath to grant concessions to foreigners. So the lands lie waste.

The country is also believed to be rich in minerals. Gold, iron, copper, and coal are known to exist. Mining concessions have been granted by the government to companies from various countries; but some of these ventures have not proved successful, the ore not existing in sufficient quantities to be worked to advantage by Western methods. The most successful is a gold-mine worked by an American company. The total value of the gold exported during 1902 was



A TYPICAL KOREAN LANDSCAPE — ON THE LINE OF THE SEOUL-TUSAN RAILWAY

more than two and one half million dollars.

The government of Korea is a hereditary monarchy, and the present dynasty has occupied the throne since A. D. 1392. Until 1895 the king of Korea was a vassal of China; but by the treaty signed at the close of the recent war between China and Japan, Korea was acknowledged to be an independent power.

The government is still weak and corrupt; yet the country has opened its doors to foreign influences, and under the counsel of foreign advisers, many reforms have been introduced. However, the opinion seems to prevail among neighboring powers, that the government is incompetent to guide the destinies of the nation. The future control of Korea is one of the important questions to be settled by the present war between Russia and Japan.

The attitude of the Korean government and people toward foreigners is very friendly. Foreigners may reside in the country without annoying restrictions, and there are no laws to interfere with the preaching of the gospel. This is cause for gratitude, and is an indication that the Lord is opening the way for all nations to hear the everlasting gospel. F. W. FIELD.

## From Finland to Russia

We left Helsingfors Thursday night. Our tickets to St. Petersburg, including the right to the third-class sleeper—which means you are assured a plain board bench to lie down on—cost five and one-half rubles. A ruble is about fifty cents. In our apartment were sleeping places for eight persons—on either side the aisle, two below and two above. There were double windows, and the ventilators were two round metal wheels, having in them six or eight small holes. The wheel is about six inches in diameter. You can imagine the amount of air a ventilating apparatus of that sort will admit; and, often the ventilator is shut.

In the morning we arose about seven o'clock. I think I was up earlier. Of course one sleeps, or attempts to sleep, with his clothes on. I had my steamer rug, my winter overcoat, and my rain-mantle. Brother Conradi had practically the same, only his blanket was twice as thick as mine. We each had a small pillow. In the morning I noticed we were in a land of rather light soil, often rocky, sometimes swampy, and there were now and then patches of timber, pine and birch seeming to predominate. There are many lakes in Finland, so that it is sometimes known as the land of a thousand seas.

We passed some of these very pretty lakes. The prevailing style of houses is the low log-cabin-like cottage, in the country and smaller places; while in the city of Wiborg, the last large city passed before crossing the border, are the same building materials in use as in Helsingfors—stone, brick, cement, and wood.

In passing the customs, three officers assisted; one looked through our things, one watched him do it, and the other observed the passenger. As we had some forbidden literature in different parts of our clothes and in our overcoats hanging on the wall, of course we were anxious to pass the border without molestation. Now the officer came first to Elder Conradi's luggage, and when he began to feel around the overcoat, and put his hands on the precious package, it really took grit to look unconcerned. I did not look at Brother Conradi then. The man passed on to my luggage. I also had such a package in my coat. He had his hands on this package, too, but passed on. After they were gone, I looked at Brother Conradi's face; it was as white as the face of a dead man. He said, "I tell you that was a pretty close call." You may be sure we were thankful that the forbidden books were



not discovered, for that would mean their confiscation, and a close search of our clothing; and we would have lost all the Russian pamphlets and papers, which were the objects of our tenderest care. It is really true that "want makes the worth," and so these things are at a high premium in this land. I can better imagine now what will be our feelings when the Word of God becomes again a forbidden book. How glad we will be if, in the time of prosperity, we have stored the mind with its sacred truths.

The same is true of hearing the Word. As I write, in the adjoining room they are assembled for worship. We had a meeting Friday evening. Forty persons were in attendance. There were two meetings yesterday, and between twenty-five and forty persons were present. Some of these are dressed in Russian uniform; some of them are very nice, cultured people. I am astonished at the class who dare come to these unlawful gatherings. Education, refinement, intelligence, are all represented. One of the men in uniform is a pensioned government officer. Formerly he was an army official, then chief of police, and now he is honorably retired. He is especially interested in the books of Revelation and Daniel; indeed, he has written an exposition of these prophecies himself, to be printed. He has been refused permission to publish it in Russian, and may fail to secure it in German. The man is a Lutheran. Another man with the Russian uniform is a high government official. There are some Russians, one Bohemian, and many Germans in the church here. It is surprising to see the ease with which these folk speak so many languages. It is no rare thing for a man to use four or five of them. The services here are in German, and translated into Russian. Our church in St. Petersburg numbers about thirty. The people come in one by one to attend the services, and they go out in the same manner, to avoid attracting attention. We do not throw the double windows wide open to admit the air, and thus let out the sound of the speaker's voice so it may be heard in the court below. The air we breathe is not the free and pure air of heaven; but we do feel that God meets with us; and that it is a privilege to be here. There are in the congregation those who really hunger for the truth. Every one present is an outlaw, because he has no legal right to be here. At any time a policeman could come and look up the meeting, and send us to prison. We learn that about a year ago there was a detective in attendance at the meeting here right along for several weeks. As the leader of the company was away from the city, and those who came met in an informal way, and were very much guarded, no evil resulted, so far as we now know. But this will be enough to show you that the work in Russia needs the constant prayers of our people.

There are many interesting things about this people and city. The Russians are a kind, accommodating people; they treat you nicely, only they do not want anything to break down the established order in church and state. It is the people who attempt to introduce new ideas into these two realms of thought that get into trouble in Russia. Of course he who would preach the genuine gospel is regarded as a public enemy, and subject to the most severe penalties.

But from a few hours spent in the streets Sunday afternoon, I am convinced that there is great need of the gospel here. I never saw so many drunken men in so short a time in any other of the European cities. I was astonished. I saw one very religious man quite intoxicated, and yet he had enough religion to take off his hat and repeatedly cross his breast as he passed by a shrine. Sunday is not observed here as in sections of America or England; there is much more traffic, and trade is carried on not only in the stores, but also in the markets. Near where I

am stopping is a market-place. There are a number of old red frame buildings, with broken-in floors and surrounded by poorly-kept sidewalks, where persons were offering for sale apples, cabbage, turnips, a red berry somewhat resembling cranberries, huckleberries, watermelons, and grapes, and plums. I could not ask the venders what price they wanted for their wares; but things to eat are usually high-priced, and rent is exorbitant.

GUY DAIL.



### The Blind Hymn Writer, Fanny Crosby

THE twenty-sixth of March is to be observed by the Methodist churches throughout the country as Fanny Crosby's day. Other denominations also will join in this public demonstration of appreciation of Miss Crosby's service to the world. On the twenty-fourth of March she will be eighty-five years old. She is still in full possession of all her faculties, and in excellent health.

Fanny Crosby has given to the Christian world many of its best hymns, more than five thousand in all. Rescue the Perishing; Blessed Saviour; Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour; Safe in the Arms of Jesus; My Saviour First of All; Near the Cross; Saviour More Than Life to Me; All the Way My Saviour Leads Me; More Like Jesus; Redeemed; Some Sweet Day By and By; and Stand Like the Brave, are among her best-prized hymns. She has written under more than a hundred assumed names. Her best work, however, has been done under her maiden name; so she is usually spoken of as Miss Crosby, though in 1858 she was married to Alexander Van Alstyne, a blind musician. Miss Crosby believes that she was called by the Lord to the work of Christian hymn writing, and she also feels that because of her blindness, she has enjoyed peculiarly rich spiritual blessings. So appreciative is she of this close communion with the Lord, that she expresses sincere thankfulness that she was early deprived of her sight. She says: "I verily believe it was God's intention that I should live my days in physical darkness, so as to be better prepared to sing his praises, and incite others to do so. I could not have written thousands of hymns—many of which, if you will pardon me for saying it, are sung all over the world—if I had been hindered by the distractions of seeing all the interesting and beautiful objects that would have been presented to my notice." This expression of sweet submission to God's will that she might more effectually serve the world is akin to that remarkable but sincere statement of the apostle Paul: "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake."

Her blindness, earnest service to the world, her unexceptionally sunny disposition, and her happy resignation to the will of God,—these all must enlist interest in the life story of the blind poet.

#### Her Childhood

Fanny Crosby was born in Putnam County, New York. She was the first baby of John and Mercy Crosby. She had good eyes at birth; but when six weeks old, she suffered from slight inflammation of the eyes. The attending physician, it is claimed, prescribed treatment that wholly destroyed the sight. At the age of five years the services of the very best physician of New York City were secured, but without avail. Though left without any hope of ever seeing,

she did not grow morose and gloomy. She managed, even when a very little girl, to get much fun and happiness out of her dark world. She says in her autobiography:—

"One of my principal amusements was to sit with hands clasped, or engaged in some piece of work with needles, and listen to the many voices of nature. The laughing and sighing of the wind, the sobbing of the storm, the rippling of water, the 'rain on the roof,' the artillery of the thunder—all impressed me more than I can tell. I lived many lives with my imagination. Sometimes I was a sailor, standing at the masthead, and looking out into the storm; sometimes a general, leading armies to battle; then a clergyman, addressing large audiences and pleading with them to come to Christ; then the leader of a gigantic choir of voices, singing praises to God. My ambition was boundless; my desires were intense to live for some great purpose in the world, and to make for myself a name that should endure; but in what way was it to be done?"

"A poor little blind girl, without influential friends, could have as many ambitions as any one; but how was she to achieve them? What was there for her? The great world that could see was rushing past me day by day, and sweeping on toward the goal of its necessities and desires; while I was left stranded by the wayside. 'Oh, you can't do this, because you are blind, you know; you can never go there, because it would not be worth while: you could not see anything if you did, you know,'—these and other things were often said to me, in reply to my many and eager questionings.

"Often, when such circumstances as this made me blue and depressed, I would creep off alone, kneel down, and ask God if, though blind, I was not one of his children; if in all his great world he had not some little place for me; and it often seemed that I could hear him say, 'Do not be discouraged, little girl: you shall some day be happy and useful, even in your blindness.' And so it was that gradually I began to lose my regret and sorrow at having been robbed of sight. Little by little God's promises and consolations came throbbing into my mind. Not only the scriptures, but the hymns that I heard sung Sabbath after Sabbath, made deep impressions upon me. I began to wonder who made those hymns; and whether I myself could ever make one that people would sing."

Miss Crosby says that the greatest good fortune that attended her when a little girl was that she was taught the Bible. When ten years old she could recite without a mistake the first four books of both the Old and New Testaments. She also learned many beautiful poems. These created a desire to write stanzas herself; so when eight years old, she produced her first lines, which reveal her optimistic spirit even at this early age:—

"Oh, what a happy child I am,  
Although I can not see!  
I am resolved that in this world  
Contented I will be.

"How many blessings I enjoy  
That other people don't!  
So weep or sigh because I'm blind,  
I can not, nor I won't."

#### Thirst for Knowledge

Miss Crosby's description of her early desire for an education is both pathetic and interesting. She says: "There was one terrible hunger that afflicted me during all these years; and that was for knowledge,—knowledge, knowledge! I felt that there were a million things that I ought to know, and had no means of learning. If I ever lamented that I was blind, it was through these opening days of girlhood—and that for only one cause: the fact that it debarred me from reading for myself. The amount of literature in



raised letters for the blind was very limited in those days, and I had been so accustomed to knitting that my fingers were not adapted to learning how to read by such means, even if alphabets for the blind had been common.

"So, night after night, I have gone to bed dreading, weeping because I could not drink of the waters of knowledge that I knew were surging all around me. I felt at times like a sailor on a great lake of fresh, crystal water, heated and thirsty, but bound hand and foot, so that he could not get to the blessed relief.

"Dear God, please give me light!" was my

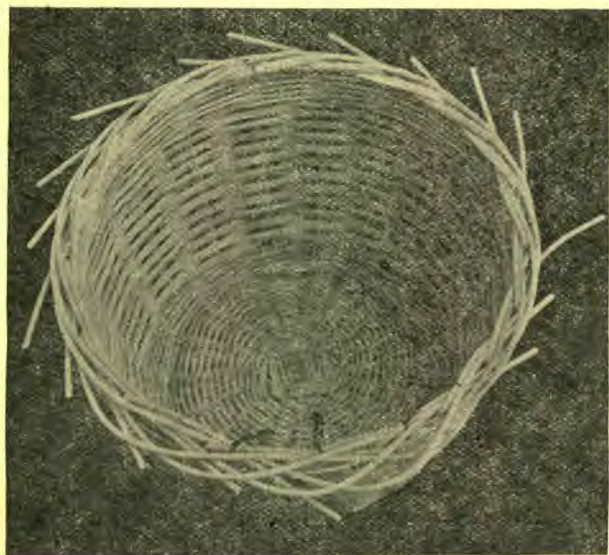


FIG. 1

prayer, day by day. I did not mean physical light, but mental. I always arose from my knees feeling that sooner or later those prayers would be answered. God has always had a way of granting my petitions to him."

(Continued next Week)

## SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS

### A Handy Basket

Model No. 4

MATERIAL, reeds Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 9. Diameter of base, six inches; top, nine inches; height, six inches. Base is exactly the same as model No. 2. Thirty-eight stakes of No. 4 reed, each twenty-two inches long. Insert one each side of each spoke and use double, as in Model No. 3. Stakes may be bent up sharply from base or rounded as preferred. Rope twist and four rows of triple

twist of No. 3 reed form the upset. Four inches of double weaving forms the sides; double weaving is spliced the same as single weaving. Five rows of waling twist complete the weaving. The border of this basket is the same as the braid on the bottom of Model No. 3. When the waling is finished, cut the right stake of each pair close to basket, and follow exactly the directions given for the braid. Tie thread around each of the first four stakes as suggested. Fig. 1 of this article shows how the last four stakes are threaded in to complete the border. When finished, tighten each stake, and cut close.

For the handle use a piece of No. 9 reed thirty inches long. Soak until sufficiently pliable to make the desired bend over the basket. Slant each end on the inside of handle only. Begin the slant six inches from the end, and graduate to the thinness of paper at the end. Insert one end at the left of any stake, pushing it down through border, waling, siding, and upsetting.

Use the awl if necessary, but if properly slanted there will be no difficulty. Insert the other end at the left of the opposite stake. Shape the handle as desired. Select a long No. 3 reed, and soak well. Slip one end between the third and fourth rows of waling at left of one end of handle, and pull through to about the center. Fig. 2.

Draw the reeds together quite near the top of basket and over the handle, then, keeping them close together, bring them on around, and push them through under the handle, and bring back over the top. Repeat five times, spacing so that the fifth time brings the winding to the opposite side of basket. Slip the ends between the third and fourth rows of waling at left of handle, and bring them up just as at the starting-point. Fig. 3. Turn and wind back again just as the first time, keeping the second row close to the first. Continue until the spaces are filled, carrying only one reed across the last time if there is not room for two. If the

winding reed is not long enough to finish, secure the ends by passing them down through the waling, and start another piece. The exact method of doing this can not well be told. It is only necessary to make it firm and neat. When the handle is closely covered, the winding reeds should be passed down through the waling and cut close. Fig. 4. For service this basket should have two coats of varnish or shellac.

Mrs. E. M. F. LONG.

### Autoplasty

MANY years ago, the rajahs of India pursued the barbaric custom of punishing crime by cutting off the nose, lips, or ears of the unfortunate and helpless culprits. Horrible as it may seem, one of the most remarkable additions to the medical science of the world is



FIG. 3

attributable to this heathenish and brutal practise.

It was serious enough for some poor native who had committed some minor offense, or who had in all probability incurred the displeasure and enmity of those above him, to part company with his nose or lips; but to go about among his fellows, bearing on his countenance the brand of a criminal in the shape of terrible scars, was

the greatest punishment of all. So it came to pass one day that a victim, after losing his nose, gained possession of it again, and, carrying it home, placed it back upon the bleeding wound in its former position, and bound it tightly in place. The experiment proved a success, as the wound healed as any other might, and only a scar remained to show that the punishment had been inflicted.

This practise was carried on for some time with continued success before the rulers became aware of it. After that, when a nose or ear was removed, it was cast in the fire, thus removing



FIG. 4

from the mutilated victim his only hope of escaping lifelong disfigurement. But here the science of surgery, though in its infancy at that time, stepped in and took a part.

The surgeons of the country had noted the

successful experiment of grafting a disjoined member back in its former place, and the fact that the natural part adhered after it had been cut off, suggested the idea that a portion of skin removed from some other part of the body and applied immediately to the mutilated part might heal, and act as a natural and acceptable



FIG. 2



AN ACCEPTABLE GIFT



substitute for the missing member of the body.

Willing to try anything that seemed likely to better their appearance after undergoing punishment, victim after victim readily submitted to the treatment proposed by the surgeons. Immediately after a nose had been removed by the executioner, the surgeon went to work, cutting a triangular portion of flesh from the forehead, leaving it still attached to the face by a small strip over the root of the nose which had been cut off.

The skin adhered to the wound, and although the operation left a scar upon the forehead, the deformity of the subject was greatly lessened. At last, as such things will, the fame of this remarkable operation, with the uniform success attending it, spread beyond the confines of India, and reached the ears of the surgeons and scientific men of Europe. Investigation proved the truth of the rumor, and the new method was adopted in other countries where the nose, eyelids, or any other portion of the face had been injured by accident or disease.

This new science was known as autoplasty, or skin-grafting. Celsus, a scientific writer, speaks of both nasal and labial autoplasty. In the fifteenth century the art was practised extensively and successfully by the Branca family of surgeons in Calabria, who may rightly claim the honor of having introduced the practise, since followed, of taking portions of skin from the arm or other part of body to replace deformity in the face, instead of turning over a piece of skin from the immediate neighborhood of the part repaired, thus leaving a scar almost as hideous as the deformity.

In the following century Lanfranc, an Italian surgeon, practised nasal autoplasty in Paris with notable success. The celebrated surgeon, Gaspar Tagliacozzo, also practised the art in Italy, writing a book which threw extensive light on this new addition to the realm of science.

Strange to say, the art was practised but little in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and was almost abandoned until it was revived by the noted English surgeon, Carpué.

Several new methods were introduced, of which three have been permanently adopted as the most practicable and successful. These methods are the Indian, French, and Italian, and one or the other is preferred according to the exact part involved by the operation. The Indian method, as already described, consists in turning over a contiguous portion of skin to repair deformity; the Italian, to take the desired piece of flesh from the arm or some distant part of the patient's body; the French, to loosen skin on either side of the injury, in order to detach it from the part beneath and draw it tightly together across the wound until it entirely covers the lost part, the borders being united with suture pins and ligatures.

By the practise of this method, discovered in far-off India hundreds of years ago, many remarkable operations have been performed, restoring disfigured patients to something like their original appearance.—Hilton R. Greer, in *Children's Visitor*.

## 2. For whom was the Sabbath made?

"And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Mark 2:27.

## 3. Who is the Lord of the Sabbath?

"Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." Mark 2:28.

## 4. How does the Lord command man to keep the Sabbath?

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work." Ex. 20:8, 9.

## 5. Which day does the Lord say is the Sabbath?

"But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." Ex. 20:10.

## 6. Why does the Lord specify the seventh day as the Sabbath?

"For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Ex. 20:11.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



## Paul Writes to the Corinthians

### OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR PERSONAL STUDY: Acts 20:18-32.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: 1 Corinthians; chapter 1.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 149-172.

### TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- To whom sent.
- For Corinthian church.
- Salutation.
- Prayer.
- Condition of the church.
- Paul's mission.
- Gospel defined.
- Who chosen.
- What Christ is made unto us.

### Notes

These lessons are not a study of the epistles of Paul. Reference is made to them simply that we may note the time, place, and circumstances under which some of them were written. The first chapter of this epistle gives an insight into some of the reasons why Paul wrote the Corinthian brethren. We suggest, however, that during the week the entire epistle be read. Two chapters daily and four on the Sabbath will complete the task in a week. Read it prayerfully.

Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians was written near the close of his three years' stay at Ephesus, probably in the spring of A. D. 57, near Pentecost.

Conybeare and Howson argues that during his sojourn at Ephesus, Paul paid a brief visit to Corinth which is not recorded by Luke in the Acts. A close study of 2 Cor. 12:14; 13:1; 12:21; 2:1 seems to indicate that this is so. It is by no means unreasonable that, during the three years he spent in Ephesus, with the easy means of communication between the two cities, he should have visited the brethren in Corinth.

From 1 Cor. 5:9 it appears that Paul had previously written a letter to the Corinthian church which is not preserved to us. Note also the expression "his letters (plural) are weighty," in 2 Cor. 10:10.

A letter informing Paul of the sad condition of the Corinthian church was sent to Paul by members of the household of Chloe. Paul hearing of their condition, however, by no means molded the instruction given by the Holy Spirit.

"With a heart throbbing with anguish, and eyes blinded with tears, he sought counsel from God, and made his plans. . . . In the present state of the church, they were not prepared to profit by his labors. He sent Titus to Corinth to inform them of his change of plans, and to do what he could to correct the existing evils. Then, summoning all the courage of his nature, and keeping his soul stayed upon God, stifling all feelings of indignation at the ingratitude which he had received, and throwing his whole soul into the work, he dictated to the faithful Sosthenes one of the richest, most instructive, and most powerful of all his letters,—the first extant epistle to the Corinthians."

"Though Paul was an inspired apostle, the Lord did not reveal to him at all times just the condition of his people. Those who were interested in the prosperity of the church, and saw evils creeping in, presented the matter before him, and from the light which he had previously received, he was prepared to judge of the developments. Because the Lord had not given him a new revelation for that special time, those who were really seeking light did not cast aside his message as only a common letter."

"Paul endeavored to impress upon the minds of his Corinthian brethren the importance of firm self-control, strict temperance, and unflagging zeal in the service of Christ."

"The apostle thus sought, in the most decided manner, to correct the false and dangerous ideas and practises which were prevailing in the Corinthian church."

"The servants of God who bear the burden of his work for this time, share the same experience of labor, conflict, and anxious care that fell to the lot of the great apostle." G. B. T.

### Charity

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind." 1 Cor. 13:4.

THE kind words of love and of pardon  
That we to the erring have given,  
There is One that will note and reward them;  
They secure recognition in heaven.  
God, pity us! we are so careless,  
And our love for each other so small!  
When our friends are so human and prayerless,  
What wonder that often they fall!

O Charity, daughter of heaven,  
How little men know of thy grace,  
Of the peace and the joy that are graven  
In the smile of thy pitying face!  
But poor fallen man in his blindness,  
Forgetting the weakness of clay,  
His brother reviles with unkindness,  
While the angels turn weeping away.

And Christ, ere returning to heaven,  
Left this prayer that his children should pray,  
That our "trespasses" might be forgiven  
As we forgive others astray.  
Then let us be kind to each other,  
Each action be prompted by love,  
And forgiving the faults of our brother,  
Lift our thoughts and affections above.

On earth, there is naught that can harm us  
If our hearts are uplifted to God;  
In heaven, there are beauties to charm us.  
If we walk as the Master has trod.  
O, the welcome, so sweet, to the portal  
Of the jasper walled city above!  
O, the holy existence immortal,  
Where saints dwell together in love!

L. D. SANTEE.

We are valued only as we make ourselves valuable.—Emerson.

"THE man who does the little thing well, is always ready to do the big thing better."



## The Sabbath

### 1. When was the Sabbath made?

"And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Gen. 2:2, 3.





### The Story of Grumble Tone

THERE was a boy named Grumble Tone, who ran away to sea;  
"I'm sick of things on land," he said; "as sick as I can be!  
A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me!"

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight,  
But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right.  
And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say,  
But always found the people dull, and longed to get away  
To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow,  
He reached the final bourn at last, where all of us must go,  
But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was that, north or south where'er his steps were bent,  
On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent;  
For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.

— Selected.

### Two Japanese Boys

DEAR CHILDREN: Since my last letter to you, I have been thinking what I could write to you again; so now I send you a story that shows the power of the gospel in this "land of the rising sun."

In the far northern part of Japan, in the city of A-ki-ta, live two Japanese boys named U-ki-chi and Kin. U-ki-chi is twelve years old, and Kin is eight. Their father is janitor at one of the schools in the city, and the mother keeps a little shop for the sale of cakes to children. She also spins twine, such as is used for kite strings. The boys attend the school near their home. In religion the family were Buddhists. I can not tell you much about what Buddhists believe, and how they worship, for it would take a large book to tell all this. But you should know that this is a heathen religion. The shrines and temples contain images, before which the people bow and pray. There are many gods worshiped by Buddhists, so there are many temples and shrines for the worship of the gods. Sometimes there are a large number of idol images enshrined in the same temple. Besides the public temples and shrines, every home contains one or more shrines. In the home of U-ki-chi and Kin there were several; for their parents were very devout and zealous in their religion. Such persons worship at their household shrines every day. It is common to see on such a shrine two little lamps or candles which are lighted at evening before supper. Then some food is placed on the shrine before the meal is eaten. After supper the food on the shrine is eaten by the father, and the lights are put out. In the morning also

there are prayers to be recited, and certain forms to be observed.

U-ki-chi and Kin have an older brother named Tor-a-ki-chi, who has been a Christian for several years. Very naturally he has had an earnest desire to have his brothers learn about Jesus. But for some time they were much opposed, and would not hear nor read about the new religion.

Over a year ago Tor-a-ki-chi visited his parents, and his friends found him so kind and helpful, so considerate of their needs, that their prejudice was quite removed. Since then they have been reading and thinking, and Tor-a-ki-chi has been praying for them. Last spring he visited them again, and this time their hearts seemed ready to receive the truth. The second day after his coming, his mother decided to put away her idols, and to serve the true God. The next morning, true to her new resolve, she did not worship at the household shrines, and began the day with prayer to God. Soon after, she and Tor-a-ki-chi destroyed her heathen idols and pictures. Two days later U-ki-chi and Kin decided that they would keep the Sabbath with their mother. She will close her little shop and lay aside her spinning, and the boys will remain at home from school, for school keeps on Sabbath in Japan. The boys said they would be faithful in keeping the Sabbath, even if the schoolmaster should try to compel them to attend school. This matter of attending school on Sabbath is one that very much troubles our young men and boys who wish to keep the Sabbath. Sometimes they can not secure permission of their parents to remain out of school, and some have had to leave home because they were determined to keep the Sabbath.

Tor-a-ki-chi had brought with him a number of short stories about Christian Japanese boys. These stories were written for young people, and tell how different Japanese boys have lived lives of faith and courage in the service of the true God. Tor-a-ki-chi read these stories to his brothers while the family were all home in the evening. The boys became very much interested, and were always ready for a story, no matter how sleepy they had felt before. The parents showed their interest, and sometimes the tears flowed freely from all eyes, as they listened to the simple stories of Christian faithfulness and love. No doubt U-ki-chi and Kin learned some good lessons, and were themselves drawn to the Saviour as they heard how others have been blessed in his service. When their brother went away, he kindly left all the stories for the folk at home to read as often as they like. Only a few days before Tor-a-ki-chi left home to return to Tokyo, his father decided that he, too, would give up the worship of false gods. What rejoicing there must have been in that home when they all bowed together in worshiping the Creator of heaven and earth. Now the boys will have the father's permission to keep the Sabbath; and their mother will have his sympathy and encouragement. And this she will need; for while there are a few Christians in their city, there are no other Sabbath-keepers within many miles of them. These dear souls need our prayers

that they may be led out into the clear light of the gospel, and be kept from the evil that surrounds them.

It is very common in Japan to serve the food at meal-time on small tables, each person having a table to himself. Such a table is sixteen or eighteen inches square, and less than a foot high; for the Japanese sit on the floor while they eat, as well as at other times. Now Tor-a-ki-chi thought that it would be better for a Christian family to have but one table, around which they could all gather and ask God's blessing upon the food. To this plan his parents consented. So during the last few days of his stay at home, the family united around one common table in partaking of God's bounties,—a beautiful representation of their union in the service of the God who feeds them.

And now, dear children, I have told my simple story. In closing, let me ask you to remember these Japanese boys and their parents in your prayers. And remember, too, that there are many other families in Japan that are waiting for the light of the gospel. What can you do to send it to them?

F. W. FIELD.

Tokyo, Japan.

### A Queer Streak

"PEANUTS! Fresh peanuts!" Ben tried to call out cheerfully, but somehow his voice would falter as he stood there beside the peanut roaster on the corner, and watched the groups of merry boys passing.

It was a great disappointment that he should have to stand there all day when he had been expecting that Teddy and he would have such a good time. It didn't matter so much for himself, but Teddy was so little; and then he would try to say something to cheer up the little fellow who sat on a box watching the passing people.

"Give me ten cents' worth," Tom Strong said, as he came running across the street from a group of boys. "Why Ben! Is this you? I didn't know that you sold peanuts."

"I don't; only when Uncle Jim's sick," he answered, sullenly.

"Aren't you going on the excursion?"

"No." Ben tried to speak naturally, but his voice suddenly choked.

"I'm sorry. We expect to have a fine time. There's going to be a band and lots of people; but I'll be left if I don't hurry."

"Who's that little ragamuffin you were talking to?" Ned Allen asked, as Tom joined him.

"Why, don't you know him? It's that boy who was in our class at school the last few weeks," Tom answered. "I pity him. He wanted to go to-day. Say, Ned, you go on with the others. I am going back a little."

"What's up now? You do take the queerest streaks."

But Tom was already half way across the street. He paused a moment, his face unusually grave.

"I want to go bad as ever can be," he said, half aloud, "but perhaps it's what Miss Milton meant when she told us to try to make some



one happy during this vacation, even if we had to deny ourselves some pleasure."

Then he was beside the peanut roaster.

"Say, Ben," he began, "I'm sorry that you can't go along."

The boy suddenly brushed aside a tear with his ragged sleeve.

"Well, it can't be helped in any way. I don't care so much for myself as for Teddy. He's never been any place, and he's been wanting to go ever since I told him about it, and every night when he says his prayers, he prays, 'Dear Lord, let's go to the 'scurion,' and I've worked to get money enough, but Uncle Jim got sick, and I gave it to him for medicine. Don't think that I didn't want to give it," he said suddenly, "I was glad I had it, for Uncle Jim is good to us; but we did so want to go to-day. Folks like us never get anywhere."

"Well, you are going to go now," Tom exclaimed. "I'll sell your peanuts until you get back. I don't care so much, seeing that I have gone so often."

Ben looked at him in surprise.

"I'll have a good time here. You can take my ticket, and I've plenty of money to get one for Teddy." Tom hoped that he did not look disappointed.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," Ben said, hesitatingly.

"Of course you can. You want to go, don't you, Teddy?" Tom said. "Won't he enjoy it, though?"

"But, Tom —" Ben began.

"Here, don't waste any time talking. You can take my lunch. I guess there's enough for both if you make up with ice-cream and such like. You put on my coat; it's warm enough here without. I know how to roast the nuts. I used to help old Billy sometimes;" and before Ben realized it, he had Tom's coat and cap, and with his lunch-box in one hand, and holding Teddy with the other, he was hurrying down to the wharf, while Tom stood at the corner and looked after them.

"That's another of your queer streaks, as Ned calls them," he said to himself; "you've never before in your life talked a hundred words to that boy, and you would have such a good time. You've got yourself into a snap, and you will have to stand here all day." Then he suddenly gave his shoulders a shrug.

"Tom Strong, I'm ashamed of you, being sorry for one minute that you are staying at home to let those two boys have a good time, when you have gone dozens of times, and can go lots more, and they never get any chance, and they have to work and wear old clothes, and—I am ashamed of you, Tom Strong—get to work, and see how many peanuts you can sell before they come home."

Then he went to work, roasting peanuts with a will; but how warm it was, and what fun Ned and the rest would be having! Then when he thought of Ben and Teddy, he didn't feel nearly so tired.

It was noon when two distinguished-looking men suddenly stopped.

"Judge, why, isn't that your boy?" the one suddenly exclaimed, in an undertone.

"Guess I'll have to claim him," the other replied, with a grim smile. "Why, Tom, what does this mean?" he asked, in surprise.

Tom looked around half frightened, for he stood in awe of his father.

"Why, I didn't go to the excursion. I gave my ticket and lunch to a poor boy and his little brother, who had to sell peanuts all day, and never got anywhere, and I'm selling the nuts for them until they get back. I really didn't want to go so badly when I found that Ben wanted to go and take Teddy," he said, earnestly.

Judge Strong smiled.

"I don't believe that this is the boy who was

so anxious to get off that he could scarcely eat his breakfast this morning. You must come with me and have luncheon."

Tom hesitated a moment.

"I can't leave here, and besides, Ben left his lunch, and he'd think it wasn't good enough for me if I wouldn't eat any of it," he said.

"Have it your own way, my boy. Here, Drummond, I know you like peanuts. We ought to patronize the boy a little."

Tom almost regretted that he had not gone with his father when he opened the little package of lunch that Ben left—dry bread and a few cold potatoes—but he tried bravely to eat it.

"I know how it is to be poor," he thought.

That afternoon, business became quite brisk, and when Ben and Teddy came back, all happy and excited over the day's pleasure, Tom was entirely sold out and waiting for them.

"Well, my boy, are you tired?" Judge Strong asked, putting his hand on Tom's curly head as he lay on the sofa in the library that evening.

Tom looked up with a bright smile.

"A little—but what a good time Ben and Teddy must have had."

"Do you think so?" and Judge Strong pushed the hair from Tom's face, and stooped and kissed him, and Tom felt that he was repaid.—*Selected.*

### "Don't Give Up the Ship"

NINETY-ONE years ago, June 1, 1813, there was fought a naval battle between the British ship "Shannon" and the United States ship "Chesapeake," in which the latter, after an action lasting only fifteen minutes, was whipped, and her flag hauled down in token of surrender. Great holes were shot in her sides, her rigging was torn away, her sails rendered useless, her bulwarks were a mass of splintered ruins, and worst of all, many of her brave crew were killed, and many more were wounded. Among the latter was her commander, Capt. James Lawrence. As he was being carried below, he called out: "Tell the men to fire faster, and don't give up the ship." In his delirium, for he was wounded, he kept calling: "Don't give up the ship," each day weaker and weaker, till, on the fourth day after the battle, his voice became silent in death.

Captain Broke of the "Shannon" was instantly killed during the action. The two ships were repaired as best they could be at sea, right where the battle took place, just off Boston Harbor, and then they sailed away together to Halifax, where it was that Captain Lawrence died. His body was sent by the British authorities to New York, with all possible honor and respect, where it was laid to rest in Trinity churchyard, close by the Broadway sidewalk, one of the most thronged places on the face of the globe. Probably not less than one hundred thousand people pass it every day. A noble monument was erected over the grave, and on it is carved a brief account of the battle, ending with, "Don't give up the ship."

These words have gone forth to the world, and wherever the English language is spoken, they are familiar and valued. They have been of help and strength to many a weary, fainting soul; they have put courage into weakening and almost conquered aim and endeavor; they have buoyed up many a disheartened and sinking mortal, and have replaced weak action with high resolve and valiant deed.

At Halifax the "Shannon" and "Chesapeake" were thoroughly repaired, the British flag was hoisted permanently on our ship, and she took her place as one of the ships of the British navy. The next year she crossed the ocean to England, and she was never again in American waters—lost to us forever. She had been terribly mauled in that few minutes' fight, and in

the year 1820, seven years after the battle, it was determined that her usefulness as a man-of-war was at an end, and the authorities decided to break her up. All the guns, ammunition, and stores of all sorts were taken out of her, and on a very high tide she was beached near Southampton, England, and a force of men went at her with crowbars, saws, axes, and hammers. For several months they spent their time hard at it, tearing her to pieces.

It was no easy task, for she was a large ship, and well built in every part; but as the time went on, her planks and timbers were gradually torn apart, and roughly piled on the shore near by. When they came to unstep her masts, they found under the heel of each one a silver dollar.

Sailors and ship-builders are very superstitious, and one of their fancies is that if a silver coin is laid on the step plate and the mast set over it, the ship will always be a lucky one. Their superstitious action failed in the case of the "Chesapeake," for as ships go she was one of the most unlucky ever afloat, from the start to finish, but that is another story.

After the workmen had taken her apart all they could, they set fire to what was left. By this means they got at several tons of copper bolts, nuts, and nails that had been used in her construction.

Not far from Southampton is a little village by the name of Wickam. Living there at that time was a miller by the name of John Prior, a Quaker. He had been watching the destruction of the Yankee man-of-war, and had seen come from her hulk, timbers the like of which could not be had in all England. Some of the beams were of white oak thirty-five feet long, and there were piles of beautiful white plank which could have come from nowhere but the forests of Maine. So, too, in these piles of lumber were live-oak knees and braces from Georgia and Florida, as black and nearly as hard as iron.

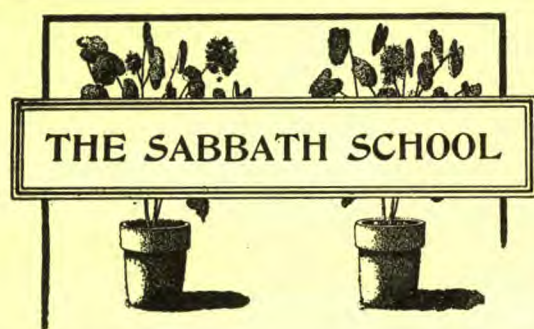
The British Navy Department finally decided to sell these timbers at auction. Mr. Prior figured matters over very thoroughly, and when the auction was held, he bought the whole lot just as it lay on the beach—and that, was the last of the United States man-of-war "Chesapeake." Then Mr. Prior went back to Wickam, and tore down his flour-mill, and rebuilt it, using, wherever he could, the timbers of the ship. You may be certain he has one of the most substantial mills in all England. The walls are of brick, but all the woodwork, even to the doors, window-frames, and floors, came from our old man-of-war. In many of the beams may yet be seen the little grape-shot which were imbedded in them that dreadful day, one hundred years ago, and many of the other timbers show battle scars.

The present miller, a grandson of John Prior, takes much pleasure in showing any person from the United States through the mill, and points out the battle marks; and he prints a picture of the ship and those immortal words of Captain Lawrence on every bag of flour he sells.

Looking at those dusty white beams and timbers, one can but think to what beneficent use they have come at last; in the first place, they were got out for the purpose of aiding in the work of destruction and death, but they helped along those lines only a few years,—only ten—then what change! Converted into a flour-mill, they have done their share in providing food and happiness to humanity, for nearly a century, and bid fair to do so for as much longer a time.

As one stands in this mill, he can but feel that he is in the presence of things immortal; for those words wrung from a defeated, dying man, "Don't give up the ship," will last as long as men have troubles, and courage to face them.—*S. Du Bois, in Los Angeles Times.*





## INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### I—The Birth of Jesus

(April 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 2:1-38.

MEMORY VERSE: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." Isa. 19:2.

The promise of the Saviour, who would give his life for men, and break the power of Satan in the world, was one of the first given to Adam and Eve after they had sinned. For nearly four thousand years this promise was repeated to God's people, and to the world, by his holy prophets. Enoch, who lived before the flood; Moses, who led Israel out of Egypt; Baalam, who for money sought to curse Israel; David, the shepherd king; Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos, Zechariah, and many others prophesied of Jesus. They told of his meekness and patience and love, of his sympathy for the poor, of his forgiveness to his enemies, of his betrayal and cruel death, and of his resurrection and ascension. The time of his coming was also made very clear; even the little village where he would be born was named. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah," says the prophet Micah, more than seven hundred years before, "though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." It was in the fields around Bethlehem that Ruth gleaned after the reapers of Boaz; it was in Bethlehem that David was born, and lived for many years; and it was here, more than a thousand years later, that the Son of God was born.

"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God,

and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

"And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

"And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them. And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called Jesus. . . .

"And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people: a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

"And Joseph and his mother marveled at those things which were spoken of him. And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against; (yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also), that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

"And there was one Anna, a prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Aser: she was of a great age, and had lived with an husband seven years from her virginity; and she was a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day. And she coming in that instant gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem."

#### Questions

1. To whom was the promise of the Saviour first given? Gen. 3:16. Through whom was it often repeated? Tell some of the things that were prophesied of Jesus. What prophet named the village where he would be born?
2. What king ruled the world when the time came for these promises to be fulfilled? Luke 2:1. What decree did he make? What man and woman went from Nazareth to Bethlehem at this time to be taxed? When the Saviour was born, where was he laid? Why?
3. What was seen that night by a company of shepherds outside of Bethlehem? How did they feel when they saw it? What did the angel of the Lord say to them? What were these "good tidings"? What sign was given to the shepherds to guide them to the infant Saviour? Repeat the song of the angels.
4. What did the shepherds say to one another when the angels had gone? What did they immediately do? What did they find? How did they tell the good news to others? What did they still do when they returned to their work?
5. What was the infant Saviour named? What does this name mean? — *Saviour, one who saves.* Read Matt. 1:21. What is this name given to do for us? Read Acts 4:12.

6. What old man lived in Jerusalem when Jesus was born? What promise had been made to him? When Jesus was brought to the temple by his parents, what did Simeon do? What did he say while he held the child in his arms? Did Joseph and Mary understand these words? What did Simeon say to Mary?

7. Who else came into the temple at this time? What did she do when she saw Jesus?



### I—Nature of Man

(April 1)

MEMORY VERSE: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." John 10:10.

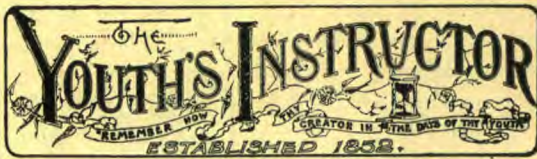
#### Questions

1. What is man by nature? Job 4:17.
2. How was he created? What was breathed into his nostrils? Gen. 2:7.
3. Was the breath of life limited to man? Gen. 7:21, 22.
4. To what did man have access in the garden of Eden? Gen. 2:16, 17.
5. How did he forfeit this privilege? Rom. 5:12.
6. Why was it necessary to shut him away from the tree of life? Gen. 3:22-24; note 1.
7. How has eternal life again been brought within the reach of man? 2 Tim. 1:9, 10.
8. What is this called? Rom. 6:23.
9. On what one condition may we obtain this gift? John 3:36; note 2.
10. Who only is by nature immortal? 1 Tim. 1:17; 6:15, 16; note 3.
11. What promise is made to those who patiently seek for immortality? Rom. 2:6, 7.
12. When will it be received? 1 Cor. 15:51-53; note 4.
13. Where is the tree of life now? Rev. 2:7; 22:2.
14. Who are to again have access to it? Rev. 22:14.

#### Notes

1. God did not purpose to perpetuate sin throughout eternity; therefore when man sinned, he was shut away from the tree of life. None of the human family has ever passed these cherubim and flaming sword sent to guard the way to the tree of life, so there is not an immortal sinner on earth.
2. The mission of Christ to this earth was to bring life to man, who, by reason of transgression, had been shut away from the tree of life. He offers to become a tree of life to all who will believe. Nothing could more effectually rob the Son of God of his glory, than to teach that man possesses by nature an immortal soul, and is capable of an eternal existence independent of faith in a Redeemer. Were this so, the mission of Christ to give life would have been in vain.
3. The words from which soul, spirit, etc., are translated occur about seventeen hundred times in their different forms in the Bible; but not in a single instance do we find it stated that the soul is immortal, or never-dying. Immortality is an attribute belonging only to God.
4. Note that it is through the gospel that both life and immortality are brought to light. We are exhorted to lay hold of life. 1 Tim. 6:12. The believer has life now through faith. John 3:36. But the life we receive by faith, we retain by faith. If we lose our faith, we lose this life also. The gift of immortality will be bestowed upon the overcomer at the resurrection of the just. We are assured of this by Paul in his first letter to the Corinthians.





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## God's Garden

ONE morning in my garden  
A thrifty plant I spied;  
It was a flower of promise,  
And my heart beat high with pride.

Each day with warmest sunshine  
And every morn with dew,  
Beneath my fond caressing,  
Most thriftily it grew.

At last one summer morning  
The longed-for buds appeared;  
I hovered o'er my flower,  
And every breeze I feared.

But oh! what was my sorrow,  
And what my bitter meed,  
To find, when they had opened,  
I had nurtured up a weed!

Then I thought of our loving Father,  
And his garden here below;  
Of all the seeds he's planted,  
And is watching as they grow.

He sends them heaven's sunshine,  
And cool, refreshing showers;  
He has tended them with patience,  
And is waiting for the flowers.

And shall we disappoint him  
Who satisfies our needs,  
And when he comes to claim us,  
Present him only weeds?

MRS. F. L. SMITH.

San Jose, Cal.

## The Lump in His Side

A MAN long noted for his intemperate habits was induced by Rev. John Abbott to sign the pledge "in his own way," which he did in these words: "I pledge myself to drink no more intoxicating drinks for one year." Few believed he could keep it, but near the end of the year he again appeared at the temperance meeting without once having touched a drop.

"Are you going to sign again?" asked Mr. Abbott.

"Yes," replied he, "if I can do it in my way," and accordingly he wrote, "I sign this pledge for nine hundred ninety-nine years."

A few days after this he called upon the tavern keeper, who welcomed him back to his old haunt, "O landlord!" said the man, as if in pain, "I have such a lump on my left side."

"That's because you have stopped drinking," said the landlord; "you won't live long if you keep on."

"Will drink take that lump away?"

"Yes; and if you don't drink, you'll soon have a lump on the other side. Come, let's drink together," and he poured out two glasses of whisky.

"I guess I won't drink," said the former inebri-

ate; "especially if keeping the pledge will bring on another lump. This one isn't very hard to bear, after all." With this he drew out the lump—a roll of greenbacks—from his side pocket, and walked off, leaving the landlord to his own reflections.—*Selected.*

## Too Much

A CONVERTED Indian asked Bishop Whipple to give him two one-dollar bills for a two-dollar bill. The bishop asked, "Why?" He said, "One dollar for me to give to Jesus, and one dollar for my wife to give." It was all the money he had. The bishop was about to say, "It is too much," when an Indian clergyman standing by whispered, "It might be too much for a white man, but not too much for an Indian who has this year heard for the first time of the love of Jesus."—*Sunday School Illustrator.*



DOWNS, KAN., Jan. 1, 1905.

DEAR FRIENDS: I will write a few lines to you to-night. I go to church-school. I am in the fifth reader. My papa and I made a telephone. I like the articles "Around the Work Table." I hope this will not crowd any of the letters out.

C. LEROY MCCOMAS.

DOWNS, KAN., Jan. 1, 1905.

DEAR FRIENDS: I will write a few lines to you. I am almost twelve years old. I get my lesson from the INSTRUCTOR. I am trying to be a good girl, and hope to see Jesus when he comes. I have three brothers and no sisters. I love to trust in Jesus. Pray for me.

V. PEARL HILL.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Jan. 14, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I look for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR every week. I am twelve years old, and live in the country. I go to the church-school, and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. C. N. Sanders.

I go to Sabbath-school, and get the INSTRUCTOR and *Little Friend*, and I like to read them very much.

FLOYD T. RANKIN.

WEST MILTON, N. H., Jan. 2, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am fifteen years old, and live in the country. We have a small Sabbath-school at home, and there are three persons from the village who come. I am going to send a box of things away to some poor children soon. There are twelve in our family, but only five are now at home.

I have a dog and a kitten. My dog's name is Foxie, and he is a fox-terrier.

I hope some of the readers who take the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR will write to me.

MABEL FRYE.

SOUTH BOLTON, QUEBEC, Jan. 8, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I enjoy reading the letters in the INSTRUCTOR, I thought I would write one, too. I am thirteen years old. I think the INSTRUCTOR is a very nice paper and I eagerly look for its weekly visit. I live on a farm of two hundred twenty-five acres. The nearest village is three and a half miles away. I like living in the country very much. I was baptized and joined the church last year. I am trying to live a Christian life, and hope to be accounted worthy of a home on the earth made new, when Jesus comes.

GOLDIE A. DINGMAN.

LOVINGTON, ILL., Jan. 8, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR seems like an old friend to me, as it has been in our family ever since I can remember. My mother took it when she was a little girl.

I enjoy reading Mrs. M. A. Loper's articles on Good Manners, and also the Health Hints by Mike Robe.

I am fifteen years old, and attend public school, as there is no church-school near. I was baptized in 1901, and joined the church. I am trying to follow Jesus, and hope to be a worker in his vineyard.

ELSIE NEWLAN.

TRONDJEM, MINN., Jan. 14, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I take the INSTRUCTOR and enjoy it very much. I lost my dear grandma a little while ago. She was an Adventist. She was very good to me. As we have no Sabbath-school here my brother and I get our lesson at home. I am eleven years old. I go to the public school. My mama is going to send for another year's subscription to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I ask the prayers of all the INSTRUCTOR readers that I may be a willing and faithful worker in the Lord's vineyard, that at last we may all meet in heaven.

MABEL MITCHELL.

GRESHAM, OREGON.

DEAR EDITOR: My papa planted some missionary potatoes for me early in the spring, but it was so wet that we lost all our seed; then we replanted them, and the summer was so dry and hot that there was only about a third of a crop, but papa gave me a sack full. These we sold for one dollar, which I enclose to you to be used wherever you think best. I am nine years old, and my mama writes this for me. I have to go to public school now; before I went to the church-school, and my teacher was Miss Anderson. I would like to see her again.

IRA NEWCOMBE.

OTTAWA, ILL., Jan. 12, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy the visits of the INSTRUCTOR to my home more and more as the weeks go by. I am a boy fourteen years of age, and am secretary of our Sabbath-school. Although there are not enough young people here to have a Young People's Society, I enjoy reading the reports from the other Societies. I have been attending the industrial school at Sheridan, Illinois. I like the school very much, and wish other young people could also attend Christian schools. I intend to go back to school in the spring. I am trying to be a Christian, and I ask the prayers of all the INSTRUCTOR readers that I may be ever willing to do the Lord's will.

LESTER STURDEVANT.

I AM glad Ira had a generous papa to help him out when his missionary crop failed. It is almost time for many little workers to begin their garden planting. I hope every one will bring at least a round dollar for the mission fields. One thousand children each with a silver dollar for an offering—I believe that would be more interesting than the inaugural parade.

I know that a great sorrow has come to our little friend Mabel; but however much we may miss our friends, we must not forget that it is a blessing to them to be safe from the enemy's power. I am glad Miss Elsie speaks of enjoying Mrs. Loper's articles, also those by Mike Robe. Some one sent in a year's subscription recently because he wanted all of the articles on germs. Mike Robe would smile, and so would the editor, if a hundred more would want the articles badly enough to subscribe for the INSTRUCTOR. Miss Goldie probably finds something to do most of the time; on a farm of two hundred twenty-five acres opportunities for work are not often lacking, either for boys or girls. But hard work is what makes the Garfields and Lincolns. Her carefully written letter shows that she has not neglected her studies. Master Lester also favored us with a good letter. We wish him a record at school of rapid progress in his studies, and of loyalty to right principles in all his actions.

I am glad somebody received at the hands of Mabel Frye a box of comfortable clothing. It takes a little trouble to pack a box to send away; but it makes the little people who get it happy, and some one has said that if we make a child happy now, we make him doubly happy twenty years hence. Little people remember a long time the pleasant things that come to them.