

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Korean Sketches

The People—Some Strange Customs

The population of Korea is variously estimated at from six to ten millions, the lower figure being probably nearer the truth. As a race they have the same yellow complexion, black eyes and hair, as the other Mongolian peoples. There is no authentic record of their origin; but there is a theory that they originated from the union of a Mongolian branch with an Aryan race from western Asia. It is said that there are elements in the language that show a derivation from the languages of India; and one often sees a face decidedly Aryan in type. In size they are quite well developed, being decidedly superior to the Japanese in stature.

In temperament the people are more expressive and boisterous than their island neighbors. An angry or excited Korean scolds and shouts, when a Japanese would only mutter, or perhaps smile. A Korean gentleman is polite and cordial, yet with far less ceremony than is observed by the Japanese. You miss the profound and repeated bowing seen in Japan; yet well-bred children are carefully taught to bow low before their elders, and to guests.

Intellectually the Koreans are bright and clever, and make good students. They excel as linguists, but do not take so well to mathematics and the sciences. It is to be regretted that they have no general system of education; the only schools are of a private character. Yet this very fact makes Korea a promising field in which to conduct Christian schools for the education of the young.

Every country has its customs that possess all the force of statute law. In Korea there are many sights and some sounds that seem strange to the foreigner. Several of the most striking ways of doing things may be worthy of notice here. In America we are accustomed to seeing the commodities of trade transported through the streets in wagons drawn by horses. In Japan it looks strange to see most of the drays and delivery wagons, or carts, drawn by men. But in Korea it looks stranger still to see everything carried upon men's backs. And here let me describe the rack or saddle which supports such a load. Two pieces of wood between three and four feet long are fastened together by several crosspieces, like a short ladder. Each of these two upright pieces has a natural branch projecting from it, these two branches project behind, and support the load. The whole is carried on the back, suspended from the shoulders by stout ropes of straw. At the ports of Korea, scores

of men are seen carrying heavy loads of all sorts upon these queer saddles. Farmers carry loads from the fields in the same way. During our trips across the country, we employed a man with one of these contrivances to carry our baggage. A similar thing is used in the country districts of Japan, where wagons are scarce. It seems a hard way to make a living; but there is a heavier bondage resting upon the world than any which daily toil imposes. It is the bondage of sin.



KOREAN LABORER RESTING FROM HIS BURDEN

The work which falls to the lot of women in Korea also presents some strange ways of doing things. One of the most interesting is their manner of doing laundry work. The soiled clothes are first taken to a well or pool of water, placed upon a flat stone after being well soaked with water, and then pounded with a wooden club. After this treatment, the clothes are well rinsed in a small tub. I could not see or learn that any soap is used; but the process is certainly effective, for the clothes are made spotlessly white.

But still more curious is the method of making the clothes smooth after drying. A garment, instead of being ironed, is folded in several layers, laid upon a smooth, flat stone, and pounded with wooden clubs. Usually two women sit facing each other, with a club in each hand, and pound with alternating strokes that make quite a rhythmic rub-a-dub-dub. Sometimes the garment is

wrapped around a wooden cylinder, and then beaten. In this case the roll is turned with the left hand, and beaten with the club in the right. Now, I may not have described this process accurately enough so that the reader could succeed well at it; but the women of Korea understand it well, as their smooth and even polished clothes bear witness. And there is never a garment scorched!

We may learn from the customs of other peoples that the whole sum of wisdom is not wrapped up in our ways of doing. Let us have charity and a teachable spirit; and then we shall be able to teach others the things that pertain to their eternal welfare.

F. W. FIELD.

Mission Work Among the Women of China

It is one year since our little party arrived in the province of Honan, China. The past year has been spent chiefly in the study of the language, and caring for the sick. After spending several months among the Chinese, and learning some of their customs, we decided that we must scatter; for the field is large, and the laborers are few, and the time is short in which to give the third angel's message to this great empire.

We have now four mission stations in the province of Honan. Miss Ericksen and myself have our station in Sin-tsai Hsien. We have a dispensary, and a portion of each day is devoted to caring for the numerous sick people who come to us for help. The Lord has certainly blessed the treatments given, and many have been restored to health and strength.

At the present time, we are caring for one little child who is paralyzed on one side, and has been in this condition two months. His mother walked many *li* on her poor, crippled, little feet to bring him to us. Wonderful results followed the few treatments given, and soon we hope to see the child restored. Last week a man came complaining of great pain in his side; we found he had a large growth on his side, which had been there for thirty years. After one week's treatment he declared himself well; he thought it was wonderful, for he had been treated for years by the Chinese doctors.

Some time ago a child was brought to us, low with pneumonia. We treated her, and she soon recovered. Since then mother and child have attended our Sabbath meetings regularly. We find that the medical work opens the hearts of the people to the gospel, and this is what we are working for, not that we may get the praise, but that they may know that God is working through us, and that all praise is due him.

Our Chinese teacher, who is one of Brother Pilquist's converts, holds meetings three times each Sabbath. The meetings are well attended, and we are praying that God's Spirit may convert many hearts to his truth for this time.

Our work is largely among the women and girls. Surely this is one of the most important features of mission work, to reach the mothers of growing families; but here in China it is the mothers-in-law we aim to reach; for they have entire control not only over their daughters-in-law, but also their children as well. Each week we hold two or three meetings with the women at their homes; they know when to expect us, and we usually find a large number of their friends and neighbors waiting for us. There are very few Chinese women who can read, and so it is no easy task to explain the Bible to them. We must take a very little at a time, and repeat it many times, to make sure they fully understand. We encourage them to visit us in our home; and when they come, we teach them hymns.

Some can learn one in a short time, by repeating it over after us. Some of the mothers bring their children, so they can learn also; for they say the little ones remember better than they, and can help them to sing the hymn after they get home.

Several boys also come to learn to sing the hymns. They are able to read a little, so in the evenings the boys and women meet at one of their homes to sing together. The boys are a real help to us; for they aid the women to learn more quickly than we could. Many have expressed a desire to learn to read, and we help them the best we can, and encourage the sons who can read a little to help their mothers and sisters. The Chinese women have few interests. Being unable to read and scarcely ever going out, it is no wonder they become more and more ignorant and superstitious.

We are anxious to see them interested in the gospel, and we are praying that many may become faithful and earnest workers in the Master's service.

CHARLOTTE SIMPSON.



The Blind Hymn-writer, Fanny Crosby A Thrilling Announcement

(Concluded)

WHEN fifteen years old, Fanny Crosby received the good news that arrangements had been made for her to attend the school for the blind in New York City. Her eagerness for an education led her to adjust herself quickly to her new life, and though for a time she was a bit homesick, she never allowed her feelings to prevent a proper improvement of opportunities. The first obstacle that she had to meet and bravely conquer by earnest effort was arithmetic. Her regard for that study she expressed in rather strong terms,—

"I loathe, abhor, it makes me sick
To hear the word 'arithmetic.'"

However, she determined to master its intricacies, though secretly she wished every assault she made upon the study would give it a twinge of pain. English, history, and the natural sciences she enjoyed exceedingly. The lessons were given in the form of lectures and readings, and the pupils grasped eagerly every word. They, like other students, were favored with examination days, when they were called to return what had been given them by the teachers. Miss Crosby made rapid progress in her studies, and afterward taught a number of years in the same school.

Advice from the Superintendent

From time to time during even the early part of her school life she composed little poems that pleased both pupils and teachers. In so young a girl this doubtless produced a feeling of self-

gratulation. But the good superintendent knew a quick remedy for any feelings of superiority that might come to young poets; so he called Miss Fanny to his office, and prescribed very heroic treatment for an aspiring schoolgirl. He said, "Fanny, your *attempts* at poetry have brought you into prominence here in the school, and a great deal of flattery has resulted. Shun a flatterer, Fanny, as you would a snake! As yet you know very little about poetry, or, in fact, anything else — compared with what there is to be known. Store your mind with useful knowledge, and think more of what you should *be* than of how you can *appear*. The favor and praise of the world is a very fragile thing upon which to depend. Seek the approval of God, and of your own conscience. Remember that the very air you breathe, the food you eat, and all the ability or talent you may develop come from God. Remember that you are always in his presence: and who has any right to be vain for a moment when standing before the great Creator of all things?"

These words were "like bombshells in the camp of her self-congratulatory thoughts," she said; but, despite the hot tears that came to her eyes, and the pain and mortification she felt, Fanny stepped around behind the superintendent's chair, put her arms around his neck, kissed his forehead, and thanked him sincerely for his kind words. But "the poetic sprite," she says, "was ever tugging away at my heart-strings, even though I had been forbidden to write for three months."

Visit to the Capital

In order to awaken general interest in the work of the school for the blind, the superintendent or some of the teachers would take a number of the pupils and visit the leading cities during the summer vacation. Miss Crosby went on several of these trips. On one tour they went from New York to Buffalo, stopping at many places on the way, then on to Chicago. In January, 1844, she was chosen to be one of a party to visit Washington. They were asked to appear before a joint session of the two houses of Congress, and she was to deliver a poetical address. She is the first lady ever granted the privilege of addressing Congress. John Quincy Adams, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, Hannibal Hamlin, Stephen A. Douglass, Rufus Choate, Jefferson Davis,—these, and many others whose names are familiar to the world, were among her auditors. Later on she made a second visit to the capital.

Miss Crosby has very pleasant reminiscences to relate concerning persons of renown who visited the blind school. She personally met William Cullen Bryant; Henry Clay; General Winfield Scott, of Mexico fame; and President Polk, who, with his cabinet, made two visits to the Institution. Jenny Lind visited them, and sang her sweetest songs for her appreciative but blind audience.

Miss Crosby and Grover Cleveland

Prof. William Cleveland in 1853 was head teacher in the school. He was called home to attend the funeral of his father. On his return he brought with him his younger brother, a youth of sixteen, to be clerk in the office. Professor Cleveland said to Miss Crosby that Grover had taken their father's death very hard, and he would like her to go down to the office at times and talk with him. One day the young man copied down for her a poem that she recited from memory. The superintendent, who had been newly installed in office, happened in, and gave a very severe rebuke to Miss Crosby, who was then a teacher in the school. She was both wounded and bewildered; but young Mr. Cleveland came to the rescue. He said, "We are entirely within our rights, Fanny, and the superintendent had no business to interrupt or reproach us. To-morrow, at this time, come down here with another poem; I will copy it for you; he will step into the office

again, as he generally does at this time; he will doubtless repeat his lecture; and then, if I were you, I would give him a few paragraphs of plain prose." The advice was acted upon, and the results were as anticipated. When the superintendent began administering his second reproof, Miss Crosby, in mildly spoken, but effective, prose, reminded the gentleman that her poems had been used largely for the benefit of the school, and that the reciting of them had helped to increase the attendance of the school, and that she thought it proper, if any of the employees of the Institution were willing to copy her poems, that they should do so, providing they did not neglect other duties. The justice of Miss Crosby's claim was acknowledged; at least no further interference was attempted by the superintendent.

A Marvelous Memory

"Memory, when cultivated," says Miss Crosby, "grows a wonderful treasure-house of ripened grain." She further adds "that recollecting is not entirely a lost art, although we live in rushing days of memorandum tablets and carefully kept journals and ledgers. The books of the mind are just as real and tangible as those of the desk and the library shelves, if we only use them enough to keep their binding flexible, and their pages free from dust."

Miss Crosby claims that if she were given a little while in which to do it, she could reproduce from memory, alone, hundreds, if not thousands, of her hymns. She does not write her stanzas as she composes them, but keeps the entire hymn in her mind for a few days, that she may "prune and trim it through the eyes of her memory."

Sometimes she wrote her hymns according to order, as it were. W. H. Doane, a musical composer, one day came hurriedly to Miss Crosby and said, "Fanny, I have just forty minutes to catch the cars for Cincinnati; during that time you must write me a hymn." He hummed the melody to which he wanted the words written. In fifteen minutes she gave him the words of the hymn "Safe in the arms of Jesus." At another time a friend asked her to provide words for a tune that she had composed. The words of "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine" were produced. She wrote words for many of Mr. William Bradbury's compositions.

Mission Work

Miss Crosby for many years has been much interested in mission work. She even now frequently speaks to large audiences in behalf of such work, or engages directly in the services of missions. One evening at a meeting in which Miss Crosby was assisting, a young man arose at the close of the song "Rescue the perishing," and said that he was led to Jesus by that hymn. Then he told of his wanderings, and how he had wasted his time and money in drink; and how, while passing along the street one night without a cent in his pocket, ragged, cold, and hungry, he heard some voices singing:—

"Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity
From sin and the grave."

He followed the voices until he came to a building where there was a mission meeting. He went in, and listened to the words of that hymn. "I was just ready to perish that night," he said; "but that song by the grace of God saved me." The young man then expressed a strong desire to meet the writer of the hymn, and tell her what it had done for his soul. As Miss Crosby was present, there was, after the service, an interesting meeting of the poet and the reclaimed man.

Miss Crosby is now living with a sister in Bridgeport, Connecticut. The money that is received from her autobiography written in 1903, she wishes to use in extending her labor of love for the betterment of earth's perishing millions.

More than eighty years of joyous, helpful living is the record of our blind poet, Fanny Crosby.

HEALTH HINTS

Germ as Friends and Enemies

IN general, it may be said that our business is to act as scavengers, to turn all organic matter—matter from plants and animals—back to a condition where the plants can use it again. Most of us are engaged in the common processes of decay. Others living in the ground are engaged in making ammonia, one of the plant foods. In the work of producing decay some of us get into mischief, causing all kinds of unpleasant smells, but perhaps this is not so bad after all, for it compels people to be clean, and thus avoid disease.

Some of us—shall I say it?—are murderers. We get into the throats or stomachs of little babies (or older people), and soon there is a fever, choking, and spasms; and then there is a family of sad, very sad people who follow the little fellow to the graveyard.

The people know how to protect their loved ones from cows, and dogs, and the larger dangers, but we are so small that we get into the place where we can cause mischief without any one's knowing it.

Sometimes we live in the mouth of a person without making him sick. Then when he kisses some one else, some of us germs get into the other mouth, and perhaps the other person dies—from a kiss! A customary place for us to be passed around is at school, in coughing, loud laughing, and in other ways.

Some of us make bright colors,—lemon yellow, orange, red, purple, blue, brown, snow white.

One germ, quite harmless, has innocently caused some very curious stories to get started. What would you think, if you left some fresh bread in your cupboard, to find it covered in the morning with a moist, dark-red, shiny covering, looking like clotted blood? This germ I am telling about grows very rapidly, and in one or two nights will cover over a surface of bread, or perhaps some other substance, with this red paint, and you may imagine that the poor, ignorant people who knew nothing of germs, would naturally suppose it was the blood of Jesus. But few such outbreaks have occurred since more is known about germs, and the microscope readily shows that the red was due to germs, and not to blood.

So you see we are constantly changing organic matter. We produce various substances, some comparatively harmless, such as vinegar, others, like alcohol, more harmful. We are the cause of many odors, most of them unpleasant, and of many flavors. We produce colors, and even light and heat. We are workers, never standing idle for a moment when our environment is favorable.

What We Do

You have been going down the road sometime, perhaps, when suddenly your nose detected an unpleasant odor, and you said, "There is something dead around here; I can smell it." What you smelled was not the dead animal, but a gas produced by some of us germs. A piece of meat cooked so as to kill all the germs, and then canned so that no germs get in the can, will, if opened twenty years from the time of canning, smell the same as when first canned. But if it is allowed to remain a few days after the can is opened, it will have a very foul odor.

An egg, after it has stood for a few weeks, or even days, in warm weather becomes "spoiled." The germs penetrate through the shell, which is porous for the admission of air, and they live on the egg mixture, producing substances which are not only unpleasant to the smell, but also

injurious if eaten. If the egg is dipped into "water glass," or some other substance which will render it impervious to air, it may be preserved a long time, the same as canned fruit, but then it would not hatch, as no air could get to it.

I might go on to give you many familiar instances of the action of germs,—the souring of milk, the turning of cider or wine to vinegar, the decay of fruit, the rotting of wood,—but you will think of them yourself.

One germ or one kind of germ does not do all this work. Some germs produce one thing, some another. A germ sometimes gets into ice-cream or into cheese, and makes very poisonous products, so that the people eating these things may be very sick or lose their lives. Some germs instead of souring milk, make it putrid or rotten, so that it does not taste like ordinary sour milk, and is liable to be very harmful. Milk which sours in large cities is liable to act this way. You have noticed in the decay of fruit, there is a difference in the rapidity and in the nature of the decay, caused by the difference in the germs.

There is a great difference in the flavor of different lots of butter. This is due sometimes, partly to the feed, some foods imparting marked and unpleasant flavors to the milk and butter; but the difference in flavor is very largely due to the difference in the germs that get into the cream. Some germs falling in from the air multiply rapidly, and produce very unpleasant flavors; others produce pleasant flavors. Bacteriologists, having obtained pure cultures of germs which produce certain agreeable flavors, now distribute them to the dairymen. A pure culture is a collection of germs all of one kind. Perhaps I will tell you later how pure cultures are obtained. It requires considerable care, for a single germ of another kind, if allowed to get into the culture, may multiply, and contaminate the culture. Pure cultures of germs are also prepared to give certain flavors to wines and to cheese.

In the manufacture of vinegar, weak wine, or cider, a weak solution of sugar is allowed to trickle over shavings which have a certain kind of germ on them. These germs transform the liquid into vinegar. You may wonder how it is that other germs do not get in from the air, and produce other undesirable changes. Sometimes they do; but these particular germs thrive so well on this kind of food that they grow rapidly, and crowd other germs out. Several kinds of germs may work successively on one food. For instance, with sweet cider, the yeast plants first convert the sugar to alcohol. Later a certain germ converts the alcohol to vinegar, and later on other germs may cause the vinegar to decay. In any decaying matter there are a great variety of germs present from the air; but only those thrive well and multiply rapidly that find the food best suited for their use. These germs finally exhaust all the food that is available for their use, or else produce substances which retard their own further action; then some other kind or kinds of germs find conditions suitable for them to multiply, and they proceed to work other changes. Thus the process continues, each change reducing the matter to more simple forms, until finally it is ready again for the plants to use as food.

Germ and Digestion

The question is sometimes asked, Do germs aid in digestion? The fact that the intestinal canals of all animals swarm with germs, and that the action of some of these germs seems to be similar to the action of the digestive juices, leads some to the belief that germs are essential to digestion; that they are a decided benefit to the body economy.

But there are some facts which seem very strongly to cast doubt on this theory. For instance, every infant or young animal, when born,

has its intestinal canal entirely free from germs.

One investigator, by great care, was able to keep part of a litter of newly born animals entirely free from germs for eight days.

They were kept in a glass case, and were supplied germ-free air and germ-free food. Such constant watching was required that it was decided to end the experiment after eight days. The sterile animals were at that time in better condition than the remainder of the litter which went through the ordinary treatment. They were killed, and found to be entirely free from germs.

Another fact is that, although germs are being constantly swallowed with the food, the upper part of the digestive passage,—the stomach and small intestine,—where most of the digestion is carried on, contains fewer germs than the large intestine, where comparatively little digestive work is going on.

It is supposed that if the food and mouth were entirely sterile (free from germs) it would not be long before the upper part of the intestinal tract would be entirely sterile. Many persons show an absence of all bacteria in the stomach at the end of an hour's digestion.

It is probable that the germs are not present as an aid to digestion, but that they grow because they find the favorable conditions of proper temperature, moisture, and abundant food. There is no doubt they often do harm. Very many of the symptoms which come under the head of dyspepsia are the result of poisons or irritating substances caused by the presence of germs.

The summer complaint of infants, dysentery, cholera, typhoid fever, and other diseases are the direct result of germs in the intestinal canal.

MIKE ROBE.

A Sick Man's Blessings

"AND we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Rom. 8:28.

It seems to me I ought to write a few lines to our younger brethren who understand the English language; and I believe it will do every one good. I was compelled to remain in bed for several days because of an operation made necessary by overlifting. As my mind was clear enough to read, I obtained several old books on the beginning of the advent message. Among them were sketches of the lives of William Miller, James White, Mrs. White, and Joseph Bates. I improved the time reading those books with joyful interest. I could see there the consecration, earnestness, self-denial, and love the pioneer workers in the Lord's last three messages of mercy to the world manifested by their lives, their works, and their deeds. Many times it was difficult to keep back the tears, as I read the words of warning and consolation the messengers of the Lord directed to sinners, and to the believers in hours of trial and affliction.

The reading of such books has, on one who is young and inexperienced in the work of the Lord, an untold influence for good. He learns what consecration and sacrifice mean. He takes hold and grasps the message right from its beginning, and sees the hand of God guiding his faithful servants through perils and difficulties, and leading them to precious truth and clear understanding of his good-will.

"Call to remembrance the former days, in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions. . . . Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have

no pleasure in him. But we are not of them who draw back unto perdition; but of them that believe to the saving of the soul." Heb. 10: 32-38.

When one reads these biographies, and Bible instances about the experience of the people whom God called to proclaim his messages to the world, faith grows stronger, confidence increases, and the prophetic word, which is surer than sight (2 Peter 1: 19), gives a hope that is worth more than all this world can offer.

I would recommend all our younger brethren to study closely the relations of the rise and progress of the last three messages, that they may be able to give a clear account and reason of the work God has done for this people, especially now when Satan tries to remove our confidence in the foundation of our faith.

E. W. THOMANN.

Valparaiso, Chili.

Nebuchadnezzar's Humiliation

FOR many months after Nebuchadnezzar's dream in regard to his humiliation, his position was unaltered. The judgment of God lingered. The king lost confidence in the dream, and regarded it as a delusion. More proud and haughty than ever, he jested at his former fears.

About a year after the king had received the divine warning, he was walking in his palace, and thinking with pride of his power as the ruler of the greatest universal kingdom, when he exclaimed, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?"

The proud boast had scarcely left his lips when a voice from heaven announced to him that God's appointed time of judgment had come. Upon his ears fell the mandate of the Almighty: "O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; The kingdom is departed from thee. And they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field: they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

In a moment Nebuchadnezzar's reason was taken away, and he was placed on a level with the beasts of the field. "He was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws."

As the beasts have no knowledge of God, and therefore do not acknowledge his sovereignty, so Nebuchadnezzar had been unmindful of God and his mercies. Prosperity and popularity had led him to feel independent of God, and to use for his own glory the talent of reason that God had entrusted to him. Messages of warning were sent to him, but he heeded them not. The heavenly Watcher took cognizance of the king's spirit and actions, and in a moment stripped the proud boaster of all that his Creator had given him.

Nebuchadnezzar did not profit by the warnings he received. Only through severest discipline did he learn the lesson that the Lord, and not man, is ruler, and that God's kingdom endures forever. Only after passing through long years of humiliation did the king of Babylon learn that it was not his scepter, but the scepter of him whose kingdom is everlasting, that held supreme sway over the affairs of the nations.

Man may lift himself up in pride and boast of his power, but in an instant God can bring him to nothingness. It is Satan's work to lead men to glorify themselves with their entrusted talents. Every man through whom God works will have to learn that the living, ever-present, ever-acting God is supreme, and has lent him talents to use,—an intellect to originate; a heart

to be the seat of his throne; affections to flow out in blessing to all with whom he shall come in contact; a conscience through which the Holy Spirit can convict him of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.

God is infinitely holy, and he hates every species of iniquity. He is great in power, and he will punish the mightiest with the most depraved. He first gives to transgressors oft-repeated warnings. If the heart is hardened, if it refuses to heed the warnings given, and to accept the means of salvation, God will make men feel that as he has exalted and favored them; so he has to do with their casting down. When God has forsaken those whom he has highly favored, no earthly power can avail. God is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish; but his forbearance has a limit, and when the boundary is passed, there is no second probation. His wrath will go forth, and he will destroy without remedy.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



"FROM many a river's temple bank,
Where pagans bend the knee;
From continental villages,
And islands of the sea,
Each ship that floats upon the wave,
And all the winds that blow,
Ring out to us the Lord's command—
'Go preach my gospel, go!'"

MONTHLY FIELD STUDY

(April 8)

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.
Scripture reading.
Prayer, in which a large number may participate.

REMARKS BY LEADER:—

The enlarging work, and what it means.

FIELD STUDY:—

Cuba an Open Field.
A Year in China.
The Plainfield Mission.
A Visit to Burma.

MINUTE REPORTS OF PROGRESS: Fiji, Latin Union, Chile, West Africa, Hayti, Mexico, Burma, Portugal, Panama, Ceylon, Basutoland, Natal-Transvaal, Jamaica, Colombia, Polynesia.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Note

The material for the study this month will be found in the issues of the *Review* of February 16 and 23, and March 2 and 9. We would suggest that the program be varied to suit the different companies. Where the information is available, it would add to the interest of the meeting to bring in something concerning the early missionary work in the fields. We can well afford to study the pioneer efforts of mission lands. The facilities at our hands for work in these once difficult fields will mean far more as we become familiar with the early missionary history.

E. H.

Loup City Society

THIS is a report from the Loup City Young People's Society, up to Jan. 1, 1905. We had our weekly meetings after Sabbath-school for more than a year, taking up the studies as outlined in the *INSTRUCTOR*, but we never organized for effectual work until Oct. 16, 1904. Since that time our Society has given away forty-five copies of

the special number of the *Signs*, 331 papers, 1,781 pages of tracts, and one copy of "Christ's Object Lessons."

We have also given five Bible readings, written five missionary letters, had eight missionary talks, made two missionary visits, loaned 1,200 pages of books, taken forty-five subscriptions for the *Life Boat*, sold 43 copies of the "Story of Joseph" and one of "Christ's Object Lesson."

Our Society has a membership of eleven. During the last quarter we have had ten visitors, all of whom took an active part in the meetings. We try to make our meetings as interesting and instructive as possible, and it is our aim to keep pressing forward in the work of soul saving till the last note of warning has been sounded to a dying world. Thus shall we hasten the coming of our Lord and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

FLORENCE E. NIGHTINGALE, *Leader*,
ORVILLE C. WAKENIGHT, *Secretary*.

The Legend of the Weeping Willow

A LITTLE girl with golden hair,
Whose home no trees or flowers knew,
Crept to a park gate, peering there
At what seemed fairy-land grown true.

The gardener threw dry cuttings out,
She saw on one a bud so small;
She thought, "If this will only grow
Into a live tree fine and tall!"

She took it home, and planted it
In darksome area all alone;
She closely watched and tended it,
And soon another bud had grown.

And then she knew it had a root,
And as she stood beside the pool,
She dreamed of birds that came and went
Amid its branches, soft and cool.

Years changed the gold-haired, winsome child
Into a maiden fair and tall;
The garden, now a lovely place,
But her tree loveliest of them all.

A pleasant mansion reared its head
Where once had been a lowly home,
And many a tree its branches spread,
But hers the dearest 'neath the dome.

She thought no tree cast shade so soft,
In none the birds so sweetly sung,
And none so fair in all the grounds
That shimmering shadows fell among.

But while the tree so graceful grew,
The maiden faded day by day;
On cheeks where once the roses bloomed,
The lily faded fast away.

Sweeter and sadder grew the light
That flickered in her eyes of blue;
Angels may come with dreamless sleep
To old or young—to me or you.

Kind, loving friends wove fairest wreaths
To grace her white and placid brow,
And 'neath the branches she had loved,
Dear, tender hands have placed her now.

But from that hour the stately tree,
As if in grief, its head bowed low,
Till boughs caressed the daisied mound
O'er her who once had loved it so.

"See," said her friends, "the tree now weeps
For her who rests on dreamless pillow,
And here its constant vigil keeps,"—
The legend of the Weeping Willow.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

Sunday Laws

THE people are willing and anxious for Sunday laws. It is already difficult to find those to oppose the enactment of such laws. Are all the Young People's Societies doing all they can to scatter the pages of truth, so that the people may at least intelligently take their stand on this question? A responsibility rests upon every one to whom has come the light of the third angel's message.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Mother's Comfort

I KNOW a little girlie,
With loving eyes so blue,
And lips just made for smiling,
And heart that's kind and true.
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own;
But the greatest of all treasures
Is her little self alone.

Her name is "Mother's Comfort,"
For all the livelong day
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away.
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

Oh, this darling little girlie,
With the diamonds in her eyes,
Makes in mother's heart a sunshine
Better far than floods the skies!
But the name that suits her better,
And makes her glad eyes shine,
Is the name of "Mother's Comfort,"
This little treasure, mine.

—Selected.

The True Story of Cornelius

BEFORE the middle of the last century, a family of three left their native Scotland to seek for themselves a new home in the West. They were Sandy Atherford, his wife, and only living child, Cornelius, aged thirteen. Up to middle life this father and mother had worked hard, and spent as little as possible, in the hope of saving their little home and laying by money enough to support them comfortably in their old age. But everything seemed to be against them. One after another their children sickened and died; work was scarce; crops failed, and at last, in some mysterious way, their house took fire and burned to the ground with most of their household belongings. Fortunately they saved a part of their clothing, and a small sum of money which they had laid by, and, remembering accounts which they had heard of the ease and certainty of gaining a good living in America, they sold their estate, and realized more than enough money to pay for their passage to this land of promise.

So they bade good-by to accustomed places and familiar faces, shed for the last time love's bounty of tears over the row of little graves, and went out as did Abraham of old, not knowing whither they went. Like Abraham, too, they trusted in the guiding and protecting care of the God of heaven and earth, and fully believed that their buried children were safe in his keeping, and that one day he would give them back immortal.

They journeyed by rail to Liverpool, and there took passage on the steamer "Etruria" to New York. To save money, they traveled in the steerage. The passage across the Atlantic Ocean was not then so swift as it is now. Three or four weeks the voyage lasted, if I am rightly informed. A few days out from Queenstown, ship-fever broke out among the steerage passengers, and among the first victims were Sandy Atherford and his wife.

They were too sick, from the first, to give their son any advice as to what to do in case they should die, and indeed they probably did not realize their danger before delirium set in.

Not long did Cornelius listen to their ravings, trying to catch a sentence that had reason in it, for within two days they died. There was no one to speak a word of comfort to the poor boy—so

many were sick unto death, and so great was the terror of those not as yet stricken down.

A terrible sight it was for the boy when they sewed up his parents in one hammock, with heavy weights at their feet, and after a brief prayer by the chaplain, cast them overboard into the sea. If he had not been left so utterly alone, if only there had been one friend to speak a word of comfort, he could have borne it a little better, but on that plague-stricken, terror-bound ship no one noticed him.

His parents, however, had been Christians, and though not yet a Christian himself, Cornelius believed in the God of his father and mother, and felt a sense of his protecting power. Bible passages which they had taught him years before, rose up in his memory and strengthened him. He



A FASCINATING TALE

remembered his parents' prayers, and was sure that God would not let him come to harm in vast, unknown America.

Under present immigration laws Cornelius would not have been allowed to land. He would have been sent back to Liverpool when the "Etruria" returned; for he had not even an acquaintance in this country, and some heartless wretch on board the ship had stolen the bag of money which his parents had saved so carefully.

The ship was kept at quarantine, off Staten Island, for two or three weeks before the passengers were allowed to land, so that the terrible fever might not be brought into the city, but at last Cornelius went ashore, with a crowd of people who took but little heed of the lonely lad.

The heart of the poor boy sank within him, as at last he stood in the streets of New York, without a place in which to spend the night, without money enough to buy more than two or three loaves of bread. And the blue-coated policeman said, "Move on!"

Cornelius did "move on" and as soon as he could find the way, he left the paved streets, the big buildings, the bewildering, hurrying, noisy crowds, and found himself once more out in the blessed country, alone in the wide world.

The wide expanse of sky, the broad green fields, the trees in which sang free and happy birds were like messages from home to the little Scottish exile. For weeks he "moved on." Sometimes he slept in a barn or in the shelter of some haystack, sometimes in a good bed in a farmer's attic, and everywhere he told his story. A farmer would hire him for a day or two, and pay him a little money; the farmer's wife would need little jobs done, for which she gave him food; but he found no place where a boy of his size was wanted for steady work. Sometimes he was very hungry, but with the honest obstinacy of his race he never would take anything from the hands of charity.

So he passed out of New York State into Connecticut, through Connecticut into Massachusetts, and across the Connecticut River, some miles north of Springfield. At last, in a village on the eastern bank of the river, he applied at a large hotel for work. The landlord looked at him curiously. His clothes were the worse for wear, his shoes badly broken, but his face and hands were clean; and though small for his age, he looked strong and well. He seemed thoroughly in earnest, too, and had an honest face.

"I would have given you work early in the season," said the man, not unkindly, "but the rush is over for the summer, and I am sending off a number of my help."

Cornelius was turning away almost discouraged, for winter was coming on, and it would soon be impossible for him to get along as he had done, when the man called him back.

"Here, boy, they want a fellow about your size at that other hotel. They need a boy there badly, and you tell them I sent you, and I guess they'll take you."

Cornelius did not notice that the little group he had left were laughing, and after thanking the man for his kindness, he went hopefully down the street and up the broad front steps of the big four-story brick building, with two piazzas, one above the other, running the whole length of it, and whose top was crowned with a cupola.

The door was locked, so he rang the bell. A young lady came to the door.

"Can I see the landlord, miss?"

"The landlord! There is some mistake, I think. Did you take this for a hotel?"

"He sent me here; the man back there. He said a boy was wanted at this hotel,—wanted badly. I am older than I look to be."

The girl wanted to laugh at the idea of a boy being wanted in a girls' school, where all the work was done by themselves, and where the teachers, from the principal down, were all women, but she checked herself. She could not bear to hurt the feelings of the sturdy young fellow whose honest blue eyes looked into hers with an expression of such frank entreaty. She turned, and said something in a low tone to an older lady who came down the long hall just then. Cornelius, catching the words, "a cruel joke," and seeing the indignant look on the lady's face, turned away with a sinking heart. There must be a place somewhere in the great world for him, but would he ever find it?

"Wait, my boy," said the lady, "till we see what can be done about this."

Turning again, he saw that the woman's eyes were kind as well as keen, and read in her face a true motherly interest; so he gladly obeyed.

"I am busy just now," she went on. "We work by the clock in this establishment. A class is now waiting. Follow this young lady to the basement, and get something to eat, and rest yourself till five o'clock, and I will see you again."

Cornelius felt very bashful while telling his oft-repeated story to that group of lady teachers, but he did not fail to interest every one of them, and temporary arrangements were made for his stay there, till a better place could be found for him. A good suit of clothes was provided; he was to board with the steward, who lived on the grounds, and was expected to make himself generally useful.

They taught him book learning in the evenings, and he proved so useful that the temporary arrangement became a permanent one. In a very short time everybody was wondering how they had gotten along before he came. At first he did errands, attended fires, and did all sorts of little jobs about the premises. They found him always cheerful, energetic, and trustworthy, and his duties became more and more responsible, as the years went on, until, at the time I knew him, he did most of the marketing, and had charge of whatever provisions were kept in store, and was as ready for errands and little odd jobs as at first.

I remember him as a man of middle age, small in stature, with curly brown hair and twinkling blue eyes, and a smile and pleasant word and helpful hand for every one. He could make a harmless joke, as well as appreciate one, and the man who played the trick on him never found out just what to make of Cornelius. The boy thanked him so warmly, every time they met, especially if there were some one else to hear it, for getting him such a good place, that the man tried to avoid meeting him.

"Of course," Cornelius would say, "if I had known it was a young ladies' seminary, I should never have come here at the first, not thinking they'd be in want of a boy. It was so good of you to think of sending me."

Then the man would slink away ashamed of his sorry joke, though to do him justice, he was not sorry that good fortune had come to the friendless stranger by means of that same joke; but he would have given considerable to know if Cornelius really knew how the case stood.

Cornelius was called by the townspeople "Mr. Atherford," and was much respected by them, but he was always called Cornelius at the school. Not that we respected him any the less, but he seemed somehow like one of the family to those who met him daily, and we learned some wholesome lessons from his cheery face, his ready helpfulness, his unselfish Christian character.

Cornelius never became a great man nor a rich man, as the world counts greatness and wealth. He married a girl in the village, and saved enough money from his moderate wages to buy a small farm, which his boys worked; for, except through the long summer vacation, their father's days were spent at the school building.

I believe God answered the prayers of his father and mother in providing for their orphan boy; but I am just as sure that this kind of success would not have come to him if he had not been the upright, hopeful, energetic, truthful boy that he was.

It pays in this world to be honest and unselfish, and love to God and to one's fellow men will reap eternal reward in the life to come.—*Selected.*

"Carrots"

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago a young medical student at the London hospital opened a "ragged school" in a disused donkey stable, teaching there Sundays and the evenings of week-days. One bitter night, just as he was closing the room, a boy crept in and begged to be allowed to stay by the fire. The student told him he had better run home; for home was the place for boys.

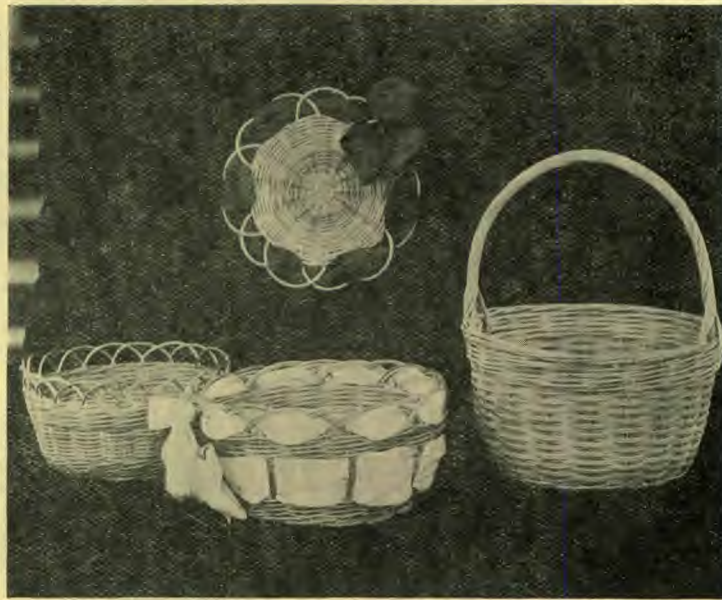
"I haven't got any home," he retorted.

"But where are your friends? where do you live?" the student asked.

"Don't live anywhere. Got no friends," the boy replied.

The young teacher stood appalled. Was it possible that there were children—*children*—homeless, friendless, shelterless, on nights like that? The boy answered quite simply; it was a common fact of life to him: "O, yes, sir, 'eaps on 'em; more'n I could count."

Of what followed—how the two, the boy serving as guide, went down into one of the city wildernesses and found a "lay" of eleven boys sleeping in the gutters of an iron roof, with nothing to shelter them from the bitter cold; and how the sight led the young medical student to give up his cherished dream of missionary work in China, to care instead for the waifs of his own city; and how the work grew from the support of fifteen or twenty boys by himself and his friends to the establishment of the Barnardo Homes, in which over fifty-seven thousand children have been cared for, trained and loved into happy boys and girls and self-supporting men



These articles were made wholly from the directions in the articles on Basket Making. The young lady had had no previous instruction in such work.

and women—all this is a story known the world over; but of the cost by which success has been won—the toil, the faith, the very life-blood spent for it—this no record can ever tell.

There is, for instance, the story of "Carrots." Carrots was an awkward, most unprepossessing boy, whose red hair had won him his name. He had never known a father, and it would have been better if he had never known his mother. He was only seven when she turned him adrift, and in the four years that followed, he was newsboy, bootblack, vender of matches—anything that turned up. He rarely earned enough to buy both food and lodging, so that most of the time he "slept out" in Covent Garden Market or somewhere in the Billingsgate Market. After four years of this life he heard of the Barnardo Homes, and begged for admission. He was told that he could be admitted in a week.

A few mornings later some men, moving a large sugar cask, found two boys there. One waked at the movement, but the other did not stir or answer when he was spoken to. It was Carrots,—dead, the jury declared, from exhaustion, the result of frequent exposure and want of food.

Poor little eleven-year-old martyr! What, save the friendship of other child-outcasts like himself, had life ever given him? What place could such a pitiful little creature, ignorant, wretched, unlovely, ever have in God's great world-purposes?

What place? The door that little Carrots' thin hand could not open for himself has ever since

stood open for every destitute child. The ever-open door means no weak sentimentality; every case is strictly investigated, and impostors unhesitatingly turned away. But it does mean that no starving, perishing child who seeks shelter there will ever again be left uncared for even for a night. Of the little London street child, ignorant and unconscious though he was, that was true which has been true of the martyrs of all ages, as in divinest sense it was true of the Master whom some of them never knew—he saved others, himself he could not save.

A useless life? Thank God, no life is so poor, so ignorant, so helpless or hopeless, that he can not, through it, bless the world!—*Selected.*

March Fourth

THE inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt as president of the United States is a thing of the past. Four years of earnest work now is his. Those who have never been in Washington at the time of an inauguration can scarcely appreciate the elaborate preparations that are made for the event. The government, however, makes

no provision for the inauguration, but the necessary preparations are all left to the city of Washington. Congress is considering the advisability of managing the affair itself, thus making it official, instead of a private enterprise. Such a change would not seem inappropriate.

The chairman of the national committee of the party that won in the election, names the chairman of the inaugural committee, and the chairman selects his own assistants. The question of funds is one of the first points to receive attention. This is usually settled by a half hundred or more of Washington's patriotic citizens guaranteeing the expenses. This year the committee so ably managed the financial part of

the inauguration that a surplus of several thousand dollars is on hand, to be used, doubtless, in the erection of a permanent inaugural hall in the city.

More than one hundred thousand visitors, it is claimed, were in the city at the time of the inauguration. Mr. Roosevelt's unique, forceful, and attractive personality doubtless was responsible for so large a company of visitors. "It was Theodore Roosevelt," says the *Washington Post*, "that the people came to see, rather than the president of the United States."

Large reviewing stands had been built along the main avenue, and these, with every building on the avenue, were handsomely decorated. The city furnished a very large number of flags to be used by any who would properly display them. Not a window could be seen for miles from which some evidence of patriotism did not float. Seats in the reviewing stands were sold for sums not exceeding five dollars. The president's stand was erected on the very spot where President Johnson and Generals Grant and Sherman reviewed the armies of the Union in 1865.

The inauguration ceremony being held out of doors, the weather conditions became a very practical and absorbing theme to all concerned. It is said that only about one out of four inauguration days is bright and sunny; one is fair, and the other two are exceedingly disagreeable days. March 4, 1905, dawned bright and fair; but the blue soon changed to gray, and from the gray blew a chilling gale. The senior senator from Tennessee, Senator Bate, died a few days after

the inauguration from a cold contracted from the winds that swept across the inaugural stand.

Vice-President Fairbanks was sworn into office in the senate-chamber before the inauguration. The President, members of the Supreme Court, diplomatic corps, and other distinguished visitors were present. Mr. Fairbanks is a man of strength in the Senate. It may be of interest to some to know that he is the owner of the Fairbanks' scales, his father being the inventor. These have brought him great wealth. Mr. Fairbanks' name has already been suggested as a possible candidate for the presidency in 1908. Immediately following the exercises in the Senate, the President, with Chief Justice Fuller, repaired to the stand outside. After delivering his inaugural address, the oath of office was administered by the chief justice. The exercises were brief, and at the close of them the President's carriage started for the White House. Pennsylvania Avenue at once became the center of interest. From the stand in front of the executive mansion the President reviewed the parade. For more than three hours there marched in front of him a procession consisting of nearly forty thousand men. The parade was chiefly military, yet there were several interesting departures. Indian chiefs, a company of schoolboys from the Carlyle Indian school, cowboys from South Dakota, men dressed as Uncle Sam, and little boys and girls in the national colors, a company of citizens from the President's county in New York, made interesting variations to the martial effect. Governors from fifteen States were present at the inauguration, some of whom led the military organizations from their States. The President's continuous smiles well expressed his pleasure and appreciation of the day's proceedings.

In the evening there was an elaborate display of fireworks; also the inaugural reception, which was held in the pension building. For several days before the inauguration the government employees of the Pension Office gave up their work so that the building could be cleared of desks and chairs, and then suitably decorated. Within this immense building—two hundred by four hundred feet—is a vast court with lofty roof of iron and glass. Surrounding the court are three galleries, and tiers of offices. An attractive feature of the architecture of the room is the two rows of supporting columns, three in a row. Each of the immense pillars appears to be made of one solid piece of polished marble, with gold capitals and bases. The floral decorations were both rich and artistic, and under the light of the electrical display made a picture quite satisfying. Ten thousand men and women handsomely attired completed the brilliant spectacle. The reception tickets sold for five dollars each. There were no complimentary tickets; even the President insisted on purchasing his, as the sale of the tickets is used for defraying the inaugural expenses.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II—The Visit of the Wise Men—Flight into Egypt

(April 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 2.

MEMORY VERSE: "When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." Verse 9.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem:

saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

"When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

"Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

"When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshiped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

"And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him. When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt: and was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son.

"Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, In Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

"But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life.

"And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel. But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither: notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee: and he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene."

Questions

1. Near what village was Jesus born? Who came to Jerusalem seeking Jesus? What question did they ask? What did they say they had seen?
2. Why was Herod troubled when he heard these things? Whom did he call together? What did he ask these learned men? How did they answer? What prophecy did they read to him?
3. For whom did Herod then send? What

did he ask them? What did he command them to do?

4. When the wise men started again on their journey, what went before them? Where did it stand still? When they had entered the place, whom did they see? What did they do when they saw Jesus? What did they give to him?

5. What warning did the wise men receive? When they had gone away, who appeared to Joseph? What was Joseph told to do? Why?

6. Where did Joseph take the child Jesus and his mother? What prophecy was fulfilled by their stay in Egypt?

7. When Herod saw that the wise men did not return to him, how did he feel? What cruel order did he give? What did he thus expect to do? What words of the prophet Jeremiah were thus fulfilled?

8. When Joseph had lived a few years in Egypt, who again appeared to him? What did the angel say? Where did Joseph then go? What warning did he receive on the way? In what city did he dwell? What word of the prophet was thus fulfilled?

9. Notice the prophecies relating to Jesus in this lesson, and tell where each is found.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

II—The State of the Dead

(April 8)

MEMORY VERSE: "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." Ps. 17:15.

Questions

1. By what was death brought into the world? Rom. 5:12.
2. When were Adam and Eve warned that transgression would bring death? What was this warning? Gen. 2:17.
3. Who disputed God's word? What did he say? Gen. 3:1-4; note.
4. To what is death likened in the Scriptures? John 11:11-14; 1 Thess. 4:13.
5. What is said of the knowledge of the dead? Eccl. 9:5, 6. Of their thoughts? Ps. 146:4.
6. How much do the dead know of God? Ps. 6:5.
7. How completely has their knowledge perished? Job 14:21; Eccl. 9:10.
8. Did David enter heaven at death? Acts 2:29, 34.
9. Where are the dead? Job 17:13.
10. What is this called by Jeremiah? Jer. 31:15-17.
11. How long will man sleep in the grave? Job 14:12.
12. What was Job's hope as he faced the grave? Job 19:25-27.
13. When will the righteous see God? 1 John 3:2.
14. When did the psalmist expect to behold the face of his God? Ps. 17:15.
15. What comforting promise did Jesus leave with his disciples? John 14:1-3.
16. Whence will the righteous be gathered when Jesus comes? 1 Thess. 4:13-17.

Note

The Lord warned man that the penalty for sin is death. Satan plainly contradicted the word of God, by stating that man would not die, but be "as God, knowing good and evil." The doctrine, therefore, of consciousness in death had its origin wholly from this declaration of Satan in Eden. To make good his statement, "Ye shall not surely die," he has filled the world with the false idea of an immortal soul which survives the stroke of death, and continues to live in consciousness separate from the body.



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Unveiling of Miss Willard's Statue

STATUARY HALL in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., is dedicated to the States, each one being requested to send statues of two of its most gifted men. There are at present in the hall thirty-four life-size figures; but not until Feb. 7, 1905, was a statue of a lady offered by any State. On that day Illinois unveiled the statue of Frances E.



Willard. The affection and regard in which the memory of Miss Willard is held by the people of Illinois, and the honor conferred upon her by the placing of her statue in the Capitol, will be better appreciated if one stops to think of the illustrious names that Illinois passed

over by choosing Miss Willard as the one to be honored. Lincoln, Douglas, Trumbull, Yates, Baker, Browning, Grant, John A. Logan, and many others worthily challenged recognition.

At the time of unveiling the statue, hundreds of school children in procession covered it with flowers, and many women paid their tribute by the silent tear. Exercises were held in both houses of Congress. Senators and representatives by thrilling speeches paid a high tribute to the character and work of Miss Willard as student, teacher, woman, orator, organizer, and philanthropist; in all of which capacities she served the world as president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Senator Dolliver said: "I think the highest point in the public career of the late Senator Hanna was that last speech of his before a meeting of laboring men and capitalists belonging to the Civic Federation in New York. He there laid down the proposition, based on a long experience as a laborer and an employer, and on an intimate acquaintance with the leaders of political thought in all parties, that the rights of labor and the rights of capital can never be established on a lasting basis of justice except as both bow in loyal obedience to the law of Christ. Frances E. Willard had, for twenty years before her death, taught that doctrine, not only in its application to the labor question, but to all the complex social problems of these times."

The individual surrender of the heart to the law or will of Christ is the only solution to the gigantic evils that are filling the world with fear and terrible perplexity. We need now, more than ever before, many voices to proclaim with even greater power than Miss Willard's that "law of Christ" throughout the earth. Would that all Christians would earnestly espouse this cause.

Worth Remembering

"FOLLOW the path of duty, and leave results with God."

THE teaching of nature is as varied and infinite as it is constant.

"IF a man's vocation brings him happiness, he has won a fortune by it."

MANNERS are not gloves to be put on and off at will.—Margaret E. Sangster.

"ONE secret of successful labor is being found in the right place at the right time."

To Sabbath-School Secretaries

WHEN a club of INSTRUCTORS is ordered, be sure to give very plainly the name and address to which the papers are to be mailed. When renewing, if the papers have been going to another name (the former secretary, for instance), please state to whom the papers are now being sent, and give also the new name and address.

This is very important, and sometimes orders are of necessity delayed until we can write and secure this information.

This instruction concerning a renewal and change of address is doubly necessary, where, as is the case in a number of large cities, more than one club of papers is going to the same city.

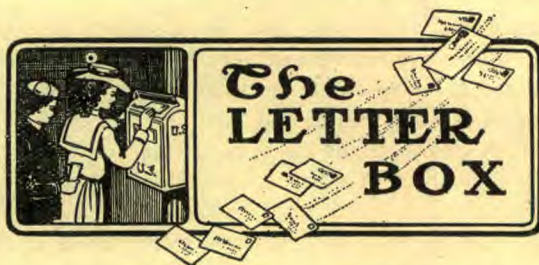
We do not open accounts with individuals or with local schools for the INSTRUCTOR. Remittance should therefore accompany every order sent to this office. The required amount can readily be computed by referring to the club rates published at the top of the last page in every paper.

Will not all secretaries be careful to follow these instructions, and thus aid us in the prompt entering of their subscriptions?

THE PUBLISHERS.

"ONE little hour for watching with the Master,
Eternal years to walk with him in white;
One little hour to bravely meet disaster,
Eternal years to reign with him in light.

"One little hour for weary toils and trials,
Eternal years to walk with him in white;
One little hour for patient self-denials,
Eternal years of life where life is blest."



RIDGEFIELD, WASH., Jan. 15, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR very much. I do not take the paper myself, but get it at Sabbath-school.

My father and I are the only Sabbath-keepers here. I have four brothers dead, and three living. They are young men. My mother died when I was eight years old. I am thirteen years of age. Pray for me, that I may be the means of leading my brothers into the truth. I am going to church-school, and am in the fifth grade. My school-teacher's name is Miss Ruth Watson, and my Sabbath-school teacher's name is Mr. Wilkinson.
ESTHER E. SOULES.

HARRISON, IDAHO, Jan. 15, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I like the articles on "Good Manners" very much. We live eight miles from town. My mother is an Adventist, but my father is not. I have two brothers and two sisters.

There is no Sabbath-school near here, so we

have Sabbath-school at home. We learn our lesson from the Youth's Lesson in the INSTRUCTOR. We live on Cœur d'Alene Lake, and have beautiful lake and mountain scenery. I am fourteen years old.

I hope I may meet you all in the new earth.
Pray for me.
BESSIE SUMNER.

BRIGGSDALE, OHIO, Jan. 21, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I just love to read the nice stories in the INSTRUCTOR every Sabbath afternoon. I go to Sabbath-school and church. I am a boy twelve years old. I have a sister and a brother younger than I. Their names are Lucile and George. Lucile is eleven years old, and George is seven years old. My father will not let me go to public school, and there is no church-school at Columbus, so I do not go at all. We have a nice horse; her name is Daisy. She is a great pet. My father and mother both keep the Sabbath. I would like to hear from some of the INSTRUCTOR readers. I would like to have this published sure, please. My father is deacon in the church. I hope to hear from some of the readers, and to see my letter in the INSTRUCTOR next Sabbath, January 28.

THEODORE S. DUNHAM.

P. S.—I want to say something for Jesus. I want to say that I love him very much, and I know that he loves me.

FILION, MICH., Jan. 16, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have received the INSTRUCTOR weekly, and was much pleased to get it.

I have been especially interested in the reading. I have two sisters, two brothers, and a mother keeping the Sabbath. We hold our Sabbath-school at our neighbor's house, as we are a long way from the church.

There are nine in our school, and we hope to have more. Mrs. Gooderham is my teacher, and she makes our lesson very interesting. There are six in my class.

I have been keeping the Sabbath for over four months. I am sixteen years old, and I wish to go to some of our schools in the near future. My desire is to be a nurse.

I have a father and four brothers, but they do not keep the Sabbath, and I ask all who take the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR to pray for them, that they may do what God wants them to do.

I also ask them to pray for my dear ones and myself, that we may prove faithful to the end, and meet one another in the world made new.

I am sorry to say I shall not want the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR any longer, as I am going in the Bible Class; but hope to get some one else who will be interested to get it.
LOUISE CRAMPTON.

I am glad Miss Louise is thinking of attending one of our training-schools. They offer many opportunities to our young people. The nurses' work is a good work, and I am glad she has chosen it for her life-work. But allow me to whisper one word: I can't see, Miss Louise, how you can get along without the INSTRUCTOR. It is a paper meant for all our young people. It helps to keep them in touch with the work and with one another. I know men and women with gray hair, intelligent men and women, who enjoy the INSTRUCTOR, and claim to receive benefit from reading it. Seventy-five cents is a small sum for a paper filled every week with good articles. A single article often is worth many times the subscription price of the paper.

We must all remember to pray for Esther in her work of holding up the light of truth in her life. I think Miss Bessie is favored in having a home near both the water and the mountains. If she reads aright and remembers all the lessons God has written for her in her picturesque surroundings, she will have the purity and strength of a beautiful young womanhood.

Master Theodore can learn much without books, if he keeps his eyes and ears wide open. And he can learn much from books, without being in school, if he really thinks it is worth while. I am sorry that letters can not appear more promptly in the Letter Box corner. But all must remember that there are scores of little people who enjoy writing; so each one must gracefully take his place in the line, and "meekly wait, and murmur not," until his turn comes.