

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## GOOD MANNERS

### Writing

SPEECH is of divine origin, whether oral or written; and it is just as important that written words be of a high standard, free from everything that would demoralize, as it is that spoken words be pure and elevating. Every rule that applies to oral speech in this respect, applies with equal force to written words. Speech, of whatever kind, should always be of such a character as to be above ill criticism.

The old saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword," is but the utterance of a great truth; for surely it wields an unlimited power either for good or for ill. Only eternity will reveal the souls saved by means of the proper use of the pen, and the myriads lost forever as the result of injurious writing. That soul who fritters away the golden moments of a precious lifetime in writing thoughts the perusal of which can have only a downward tendency, is not only spending his life in vain, but will have a fearful record to meet because of the evil influence exerted upon others. It is a great sin to deflect into an evil channel that which the Giver of all good meant to be a blessing. One should exercise even greater care in regard to what he writes than in regard to what he speaks. Words given the permanence of writing sometimes have a different effect from the same words merely spoken. By all means, one should never stoop to inscribe a word that it would not be perfectly proper for him to speak; nor should he ever write anything to which he ought to be ashamed to attach his name. There are individuals who are so ill-mannered as to write names and evil words in unseemly places. There are pupils who mar their school desks by writing upon them, and even deface their surface with knives. Boys and girls write silly, degrading notes to each other, little realizing the outcome of their folly. This practise of note writing is wholly unnecessary; it is sinful in its tendency, and poisonous to the soul; it is evil, and only evil continually. Boys and girls who practise writing notes while yet little children, write what they vainly imagine to be love letters when but little older; and often while in their teens, their brightest prospects for usefulness are blighted, sometimes by a fatal plunge into matrimony, only to be followed a little later by divorce proceedings. Children should have something higher, something grander, placed before them than sick sentimentalism, which is so foreign to all that is pure and elevating in noble manhood and womanhood, and which so unnecessarily gives rise to trouble and sorrow which time can never efface.

Boys and girls, if you would be happy and be useful in the world about you, place a high estimate upon true moral worth. Bid a final adieu to the deadly miasma of note writing, and henceforth dwell in the intellectual uplands of life,

where the atmosphere is conducive to the healthy development of the finer qualities of the soul. Children who will deign to write anything in any place that is of such a questionable nature that they would be ashamed to have their parents know all about it, have a record in the books above that some day they will be ashamed to meet. What a volume of evil existing in our schools would be obliterated at one stroke, if only evil writing were forever dispensed with.

But writing has a beautiful mission to the world, and every child should learn rightly to appreciate it. It is an accomplishment to be able to write a really valuable letter or essay. Perfection in penmanship without excellence of thought, is of little worth. Artistic covers are useless when the volume which they enclose is harmful to the reader. Beautiful penmanship is commendable; but every writer can not achieve equal success in this direction, any more than every artist can become a Raphael or a Rembrandt. Every one can observe the essential point, however, which is legibility,—the writing of every word so that it can be easily read. One should seek to cultivate a smooth, even hand, ever aiming at perfection as his standard.

It is a source of some consolation to those not proficient in penmanship, to note that good thinkers are not necessarily beautiful penmen. Even the important point of legibility is one upon which many well-educated thinking persons fail. It is a well-known fact that many individuals of prominence do not write even the familiar combination of letters composing their own name, with a sufficient degree of legibility "that he may run that readeth it." If a child practise writing plainly, after a time it becomes second nature to him, and he finds he can do so with ease. But after one has acquired the habit of writing illegibly, it is difficult to overcome it.

In conversation, the pronunciation of words is ever prominent, while in writing their spelling is ever conspicuous, and every one should seek to become proficient in the much-neglected branch of orthography. If you are deficient in spelling, seek to overcome that deficiency, even though you may find it necessary frequently to consult a dictionary. And do not be satisfied with merely spelling the words correctly. Become familiar with the proper use of capitals and the rules of punctuation, and be careful that the grammatical construction is as it should be. Of course, every proper noun and the first word of every sentence should be capitalized. But even this simple rule, which admits of no exception, is often transgressed. A recent telegram included the combination of letters, "santafe," which was deciphered to mean, Santa Fe. Such an exhibition of ignorance or slackness on the part of any individual, is surely a poor recommendation.

Many persons seemingly place a small estimate upon proper punctuation. But it makes a great difference whether the text reads, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise;" or, "Verily I say unto thee to-day, Thou shalt be with me in paradise." One should learn to punctuate what he writes, that the exact meaning may be understood. Thus the reader

may sometimes be spared much perplexity, which might otherwise arise.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.  
(To be concluded)

### Lessons from the Life of Daniel Self-exaltation

FROM the record of Nebuchadnezzar's experience we may learn how the Lord regards the spirit of self-exaltation. Had the Babylonian king heeded God's warnings in regard to self-exaltation, the humiliation with which he was threatened might have been averted; but he went on with proud superiority, using the gifts of God as his own to exalt self, until he felt the humbling hand of the Almighty. Not until he had passed through seven years of shame and suffering, did the king learn that God is able to abase those who walk in pride and self-exaltation. Nebuchadnezzar's experience is a warning to all.

The Creator has given abundant evidence that his power is unlimited, that he can establish kingdoms, and overturn kingdoms. He upholds the world by the word of his power. He made the night, marshaling the shining stars in the firmament. He calls them all by name. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork, showing man that this little world is but a jot in God's creation. Should every member of the human family refuse to acknowledge him, saying, There is no God, he would not want for subjects to proclaim his power.

The inhabitants of the unfallen worlds look with pity and reproach on man's pride and self-importance. The wealthy and the honored of the world are not the only ones who glorify self. Many who profess to revere God, talk of their wisdom and their might. They act as if God is under obligations to them, as if he can not carry on his work without their aid. Let such gaze into the starry heavens, and with admiration and awe study the marvelous works of God. Let them think of the wisdom he displays in maintaining perfect order in the vast universe, and of the little reason that man has to boast of his attainments.

All that man has—life, the means of existence, happiness, and other blessings unnumbered that come to him day by day—is from the Father above. Man is a debtor for all he proudly claims as his own. God gives his precious gifts, that they may be used in his service. Every particle of the glory of man's success belongs to God. It is his manifold wisdom that is displayed in the works of men, and to him belongs the praise.

Every moment the Lord's grace is exercised in behalf of human agencies. Unless the Lord keeps the heart, we are overcome by the enemy. It is Satan who perverts man's powers, and fills the heart with thoughts of self-exaltation. To fear the Lord in holiness, to walk before him in contrition and humility, is the only way to true exaltation, for nations and for individuals; while to walk boasting and proudly, in presumptuous-

ness and transgression, ends in speedy humiliation, defeat, and ruin.

Men may forget, men may deny their wrong course of action, but a record of it is kept in the book of remembrance, and in the great day of judgment, unless men repent and walk humbly before God, they will meet this dread record just as it stands. If they repent, and keep the fear of the Lord before them, their sins will be blotted out.

God is infinitely gracious. He waits for us to return to him by heart-humiliation, confession, and repentance. He will have mercy on all, and will save all who cherish contrition of soul. The renunciation of self-confidence prepares the way for true faith in God. The moment human beings renounce their selfishness, covetousness, and idolatry, that moment God becomes their all-sufficient Helper. In the infinite fulness of his grace he imparts, for time and for eternity, whatever is needed for the souls and bodies of those who believe.

O that those upon whom light has been shining in rich abundance, might become humble, faithful men and women! O that they would, like the king of Babylon, raise their voices in recognition of God, revealing that they have come to their senses, and that their heart of stone has been changed to a heart of flesh! Then they might form the cabinet of God, being made, in truth, guardians of sacred trusts.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

## Science Stories

### Our Common Ants and a Few of Their Relatives

OF all the insects, I think one can truthfully say that the ant is the most intelligent. But with ants, as with men, some are much more intelligent than others. Men who have spent much time in experimenting with ants say that some are willing to drop several feet for sweets, while others refuse to drop one third of an inch. Some ants will construct a bridge with a straw or a few grains of sand, while others will go rods around. These ants which show the most intelligence save time and labor.

The common red ant, also the black ants, build their nests in the earth, having both underground and above-ground chambers. The part above is mostly made of sand; sometimes straws and sticks are used. In the home there is always harmony; but if a stranger enters the nest, he is immediately seized, killed, and put out. For two reasons the entrances to their nests are always made small: they can more easily and quickly be closed,—the ants close the doors at night, in rainy weather, and at the approach of the enemy,—and it keeps out the light. Ants are very sensitive to light in their nest. Rays which are dark to us it is thought appear as color to them. I wonder, then, how the world appears to the ants.

At the door is always stationed a soldier, whose duty it is to warn those within of danger. Inside are many roadways, galleries, closed chambers, small rooms which lead out of larger rooms. These large rooms are supported by pillars. Here most of the ants live.

There are three different kinds of ants,—the queen, the males, and the workers. There is generally only one queen in a nest, but several have been known to live together peacefully. They are winged until after they take their marriage flight, then they or some of the workers pull off the wings. The males are winged, and do not live so long as the others. The workers are smaller and winged. All ants pass through three

stages before they are true insects: First, the eggs, which are laid by the queen;—workers have been known to lay eggs, but these always hatch out males;—second, the larva, a white, legless body; third, the pupa, which is a full-grown larva. In some species the pupa spins a cocoon around itself. The imago, a perfect insect, is the fourth stage.

All the work is done by the workers, and it keeps them busy. They bring the food to the nest; and some ants, called honey-ants, seem to be used for storing honey. Their abdomen is much extended, and in it honey is put to be given to the larvæ pupæ, and to hungry ants too busy to go out for food. The workers nurse these larvæ and pupæ; they not only feed them, but they keep them dry, sun them just enough, move them if too warm, and keep them clean. The workers help the ants as they come out of the pupa stage. They unfold the wings, straighten the legs, and clean them. They watch over the young ant for two or three days until it is strong. Besides all this the workers take the best care of their queen, tend the sick, carefully guard the house, care for their domestic animals, and spend time in sports. The domestic animals are plant-lice. The ants keep these lice for the liquid they secrete. They pasture the lice on the best plants and trees, and gather their eggs, taking them into the nest, where they are kept through the winter.

Ants sometimes keep other insects for pets. There is a blind beetle often found in their nests, which does not seem of any use unless it is a pet. Some ants keep slaves. These ants go in large numbers to a smaller ants' nest, and take away the eggs, larvæ and pupæ they find. These they tend as carefully as though they were their own. If the smaller ants do not resist, they are not harmed. The slave-making ants become very dependent upon their slaves; some even lose the power to feed themselves.

Ants engage in active warfare. The mode of fighting differs with the kind of ants. But if one can judge by the amount of perseverance all of them show, he would say that all have the same motto, "Conquer or die." After a battle a long line of ants will come to the dead. The first pair will take a dead ant, the second pair will not, the third will, and so they alternate through the line. The procession moves on for a time, then they rest. Those having dead ants drop them, and the pair right behind pick up the dead. When they come up to the cemetery, those having no dead ants dig the holes, one for each dead ant. If, however, there were some ants which would not carry the dead or dig any holes, they were killed, and all put in a large hole.

It is a subject of study how ants know those from their own nest, even though separated for months, and in some cases taken from the nest when in the larva state. Results of experiments seem to prove that they do not know each individual, that there is no password, and that they do not know one another by smell.

The sense of smell is highly developed, but man can detect no sign of hearing. They do communicate, but how is not known. It has been thought they communicate by the antennæ.

In some of the Southern States there is an ant called the agricultural ant. It is very fond of a certain seed; so it clears a large space around its nest, sows the seed, and harvests the crop when ripe. If during the winter the seeds become damp, the ants look them all over, dry them, and store them again.

The mortar and the carpenter ants are curious. The mortar ants make little bricks, out of clay, for building purposes. The sun hardens the clay, so they can work only at night, or when it rains. The carpenter ants bore tunnels in trees! some tunnels are so close together that the partition between is as thin as paper, yet they never run

into one another, except when crossing. These ants, too, work in the dark.

The bite of the fire-ants is very painful. Indians who wished to become warriors used to go through the ordeal of wearing mittens filled with these fierce ants. They were not to show one sign of pain, but must go through the village, shaking hands with all, wearing a smile all of the time.

The foraging ants go on long tours for food. They will enter a house, and leave it in an hour, having cleaned out everything that was disagreeable, such as spiders, cockroaches, and centipedes.

There is much of interest about ants, and I think it would be well for all to heed Solomon's advice to study them, and learn lessons of cleanliness, harmony, and industry.

ANNIE KIMBALL.

### Cleanliness of Ants

THE washings and combings of baby ants, by their mothers and nurses, would satisfy the most careful human mother. The streets of the ant cities are kept a great deal cleaner than the streets of many of our cities. No ant would litter the street as we sometimes litter our streets and parks with newspapers, banana skins, cigar stubs, and peanut shells. All the ants in the city unite as one to keep the city clean.—*Girl's Companion*.

### More About Ants

ONE summer a country house was so overrun by ants that the owner, after destroying a large ant-hill near the house, and collecting the numerous pupæ for poultry feed, laid sticky fly-paper before the door of the house in such a manner that the ants could not enter without crossing it. In the morning he found his poultry feed gone, and the fly-paper covered with it, over which the ants had passed "dry shod." The ant-hill had also been rebuilt during the night.—*U. S. Trade Reports*.

### The Pygmies of the African Forests

DR. GELL, an American traveler in Africa, has had much experience with the dwarfish people of the forests of that continent, and speaks of them as among the most dangerous of savages. These little fellows, about forty-two inches in height, who dwell in the depths of the "great forest," are very warlike and alert, the women fighting as hard as the men. They poison their arrows, and use them to advantage.

Dr. Gell traversed the forest, and did not find the pygmies hostile to him. It was his rule "to treat the natives as gentlemen," and he found that the wildest savage appreciates kindness and gentleness. Although he had to sleep fully armed, the little men never molested him. They do not fear big natives, "the great savages," as they are called, but pitch their camps within half a day's journey of the latter. In his view, the pygmy race is a wonderful one, active and intelligent—though other travelers do not credit it with much intelligence.

"The pygmies are usually from three to four feet in height, but," says Spencer Forbes, "they are by no means uniform in size, some being even smaller than this, and a few taller. They are lighter in complexion than the other natives, and their hair, instead of being black and curly like that of most African tribes, is long, and often a dark rusty brown.

"The pygmies have no home in any one particular district, but wander about from place to place, supporting life by hunting. Though one place seems to be much the same as another to them, these little people have a marked preference for the territories of certain tribes, and an aversion to others, in whose lands they are seldom seen."—*Week's Progress*.



"EACH fair face is lifted up in joyful adoration sweet,  
To Him who brings the spring-tide back, and melts the snow's white  
winding-sheet."

### A Friendly Quarrel

A CURRENT story which the *Boston Post* publishes, places a man well known in diplomatic circles in an amusing situation.

When he was a young man, he was driving along a narrow country road. Suddenly he saw a horse and carriage approaching from the opposite direction. For him to turn out would have meant the sinking of his carriage to the hubs in the mud of a ditch, but the other could have turned out without inconvenience.

The driver of the rig, however, showed no desire to turn out. He was a fat person, and he and the young man approached each other till the noses of their horses touched. Each, it was plain, was determined not to turn out. They stopped face to face, and for a while glared at each other in silence.

Finally the fat man lighted a cigar, crossed his legs, and began to puff away comfortably. The young man took his pipe, and smoked, too.

Then the fat man took a newspaper from under the seat, and began to read. Evidently, the young man reasoned, this was to be a contest of patient waiting, and at patient waiting he was not good. He made up his mind to break the silence, and between puffs he said: "When you're through with that paper, I'd like to look at it, if you don't mind."

This remark caused the fat man to laugh. He apologized to the other for his churlishness, drew his carriage out so that the young man could pass, and the two parted good friends.—*The Myrtle*.

### A Spring Storm

THE redolent winds had been weaving  
The spell of the South o'er our land,  
The atmosphere, surcharged with sweetness,  
Whispered softly of summer at hand.

But, Boreas, straightway being angry,  
Roared loud, like a lion at bay,  
And blew from his nostrils an ice-blast  
That frightened the south wind away.

He froze the young buds that had ventured  
To put forth their heads and rejoice;  
He marched all his snowflakes before him,  
To the tune of his bellowing voice.

But hark! in a lull in the tempest  
A sound like a bell's silver chime,—  
'Tis a bird singing bravely his carol:  
"Sometime! summer-time! sometime!"

Like a teacher from heaven, dear warbler,  
You bid me when life's storms are nigh,  
To look beyond earth and its shadows,  
To the land of the "sweet by and by."

VIOLA E. SMITH.

### A "Saint" That Owns a Wine-press

ON a recent trip to northern Italy I stopped off at a small town not very far from Genoa, to visit one of our brethren. The trip from this town to the village where our brother lived lay through a fertile valley. Lofty mountains rose on either side, and at their base flowed a river of

the bluest of water. Upon its glassy surface was mirrored the mountainside covered with luxurious verdure. In fact, it has seldom been my good fortune to see a spot where Nature reveled more in her holiday attire. Surrounded by this beauty of scenery, the climb of

several hours to reach the mountain village seemed comparatively short. As this village is situated so far from any public road, a stranger is quite a curiosity; and as I was the first American to visit the place, I attracted especial attention.

The children would come to the door where I was stopping, and peep in to see if I looked any different from the rest of the people; and some of the more courageous ones stopped for a few minutes, and wondered at the strange language that I spoke, as they had never before heard English. Some of the children that saw me upon my arrival went home and told their mother that my shoes were badly ripped. My wearing a pair of rubbers gave them the suggestion because they had never before seen rubbers.

The people live in quite a primitive way. They have their houses in the village, and their lands are scattered here and there over the hills, so that some of the farmers have their farms cut up into ten or fifteen plots. It reminded me of what I read in "Christ's Object Lessons" on the parable of the sower. The explanation is there made that the reason the parable says that the sower went forth to sow, was because the people lived in villages, and had to go forth from the village to sow their grain.

But there was one thing that interested me more than anything else that I saw while there. The patron saint of the village is called St. Rocco, and there is a life-size statue of him in the parish church. Before this statue the people light candles, fall down and worship, and to it they also bring their money. Some time ago the money that had been donated to this statue was used by the priests to purchase a wine-press. This wine-press is attached to the outside of the church, and here the villagers come to press out their grapes. At the vintage time the villagers, in turn, fill up this press with grapes and press them out to obtain the wine. Each time the press is filled, the statue of St. Rocco receives a certain amount of money or wine to pay for the use of the press; for, you see, it is recognized as belonging to him.

From this practise on the part of the people it is evident that wine drinking has the sanction of their "saint." It would not require much of a stretch of imagination to see in this description a scene taken from heathen India, China, or the worship of Bacchus in ancient Rome, so that we have as much heathenism here as can be found anywhere. But this heathenism is in a worse form than that of pagan countries; for in such countries the people recognize themselves as heathen, but these pagan Catholics call themselves Christians. And they will not draw any distinction between a Protestant Christian and a Catholic Christian, except to recognize the Catholic as the better one. In this village, and also in the surrounding country, our brother was not able to find, after diligent search, even one copy of the Bible; so surely there exists here a great need for the truth.

CHAS. T. EVERSON.



### WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE school children of China will soon have an opportunity to enjoy electric lights, and to study the wonderful powers of electricity in the service of man; for the mission schools near Han-chuan are to be equipped with small electric-light and power plants.

IN the New York Legislature there was recently introduced a bill to the effect that railroad companies operating lines in cities containing more than a million inhabitants shall provide each passenger with a seat. Any attempt to collect a fare from a person not provided with a seat shall be considered a misdemeanor.

THE piercing of the Simplon tunnel through the Alps was completed the twenty-fourth of February. The length of the tunnel is about twelve miles, and cost nearly fifteen million dollars. It was feared for a time that it would be impossible to complete it, so great were the difficulties encountered at the very last.

"IN consequence of many recent inquiries, our consul at Liege has sent to Washington a report about the hardened glass and crystal ware manufactured in Belgium. On account of the costliness of the process, but few articles are as yet made of this glass, which is called agatine. It serves well for dishes and tumblers. An agatine tumbler may be dropped on a hard floor or thrown across a room with but slight chance of breaking. With great violence, of course, the glass can be broken, but its power of resistance is described as astonishing."

"GOVERNOR HANLEY, of Indiana, on March 1, signed the Parks Anti-Cigarette bill, which will go into effect in June. It prohibits any person by himself, clerk, servant, employer, or agent, directly or indirectly, to manufacture, sell, exchange, barter, dispose of or give away, or keep for sale, any cigarettes, cigarette-paper or cigarette wrappers, or any paper made or prepared for the purpose of being filled with tobacco for smoking, or to keep or own or be in any way concerned, engaged, or employed in owning or keeping any such cigarettes, cigarette-paper or wrappers. For the first offense a fine not exceeding fifty dollars may be imposed, and for a second offense a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or a jail sentence of six months."

ANOTHER invasion of the realm of man has taken place in the arrival of the new lady builder, Miss Elspeth McClelland, writes Lady Somerset, from London. She is at present busily engaged on plans for a riverside cottage, and her design for a kitchen is novel and artistic. The special feature of the house is that the kitchen can be used as a dining-room if necessary. The floor is of red tiles, and the dresser will be of fumed oak; the cooking utensils, in various shapes and colors, will be of copper and Dutch earthenware. Miss McClelland also designed a delightful model nursery, which was on view at the Glasgow exhibition, and is now at Berlin. Every object was decorated with mottoes. On the frieze ran the inscription:—

"Love one another and be kind,  
And what besides?—Well, never mind."

On a tea plate there was the rhyme:—

"It's rude to cram with bread and jam,  
An appetite should be polite."

I have long felt that there was an opening for

woman in architecture and in building which they had not yet appropriated, for a woman's knowledge of housework ought to be a most practical guide as to the best internal domestic arrangements, and the mistakes made by so many men should be avoided. I am told that Miss McClelland is extremely generous to housewives as to that most essential comfort, large cupboard room.—*Modern Women.*



## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### Paul's Second Letter to the Corinthians

#### OPENING EXERCISES.

TEXTS FOR PERSONAL STUDY: 2 Cor. 1:3, 4; 3:18; 7:10.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: A careful reading of Second Corinthians.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 172-183.

#### TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

Source of comfort. 2 Cor. 1:3, 4.

Persecution. Verses 5-10; 6:1-13.

Christ made sin. Chap. 5:21.

Church gave themselves. Chap. 8:1-5.

#### Notes

Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians was written only a short time subsequently to his former epistle, probably the autumn of the same year. 2 Cor. 1:8 indicates that it was not written at Ephesus. Chapter 7:5 implies that it was written in Macedonia, while Paul was on his way to Corinth. The statement at the close of the epistle that it was written at Philippi is doubtless correct.

This lesson is not a study of this epistle. Other more specific references will be made to this epistle in future lessons. Let all read the epistle carefully. Two chapters each day will more than complete the task in a week.

"A deep sadness still rested upon the mind and heart of Paul because of his apprehensions concerning the Corinthian church. While at Philippi, he commenced his second epistle to them; for they hung as a heavy weight upon his soul. The depression of spirit from which the apostle suffered was, however, attributable in a great degree to bodily infirmities, which made him very restless when not engaged in active service. But when working for souls, he rose superior to physical debility. He felt that the disease under which he suffered was a terrible impediment to him in his great work, and repeatedly besought the Lord to relieve him. But God did not see fit to answer his prayers in this respect, though he gave him assurance that divine grace should be sufficient for him."

"Still there was a small minority of the Corinthians who stubbornly resisted all efforts of the apostle for the purification of the church; but their course was such that none could be deceived in them. . . . Just such unreasonable persons are to be met in our times, men who set themselves against the progress of the work of God, while professing to believe the truth. . . . The majority of the church were true to principle, and of firm integrity; they shared in the sorrows and anxiety of their father in the gospel, and greatly deplored the sins of some who professed the Christian faith."

"Paul would impress upon believers the solemn responsibility of the gospel ministry. Faithfulness in preaching the word, joined to a pure and consistent life, would alone make the efforts of ministers acceptable to God, and profitable to souls. Ministers of our day, burdened with a sense of the greatness of the work, may well exclaim, with the apostle, 'Who is sufficient for these things?'"

G. B. T.

### Factors Entering into One Missionary's Decision

I AM in China because of a deep-rooted and abiding conviction that it was and is God's will that I should be a foreign missionary. From early boyhood that thought was more or less undercurrent in my life; though I never confided this fact to any one until shortly before I volunteered, at the close of my freshman year in college. At the times when I ignored the existence of this conviction and deliberately planned for another course in life, I was still conscious of its presence. Now, though forced to recognize that I can never be a real success as a student of the language—humanly speaking, the first requisite for missionary work in China—I could not excuse myself, if I would, from my responsibility here. The thought of any other calling is the thought of a life of indulgent and convenient cowardice.

Doubtless other elements entered into my decision to become a foreign missionary—at least they strengthened that conviction. I distinctly recall some of them which marked successive periods in its growth. One was a letter from a young missionary in Africa—nephew of our pastor—which was read in our home. Another was the reading, at the age of twelve, of the life of Livingstone. Later came an address from a missionary to China. After entering college, the student volunteers kept missionary literature before me. Finally came a long talk with a volunteer who has since died.

Perhaps not less important than the first forming of the decision were the influences which made it permanent. Most important of these in my college days was the association with other volunteers. I never can thank God enough for the help received from the two volunteer bands to which I have belonged. Second was the continued study of missions; third, the traveling secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement; and fourth, the addresses and conversations of returned missionaries. Since arriving in China, there is before me constantly and overwhelmingly such a cloud of witnesses to this world's need that, even had I had grave doubts as to God's will for me when I arrived, they could not have survived. I thank God that I am permitted to work here in China.—*Selected.*

### Young People's Society at Sanitarium, California

IN the Sanitarium church, the hour before the close of the Sabbath is devoted to the regular weekly meeting of the Young People's Society. Sabbath, February 18, was the occasion of a program on the subject of Self-improvement. After the usual opening exercises and necessary business, the leader introduced the topic by calling attention to the parable of the talents. The Lord has given to every man ability to do a certain work. But in order to do this work, all must have a preparation. Reading as an important factor in the education of every young person was made the strong point of the different subtopics.

The first speaker gave extracts from the Testimonies, showing the importance of self-culture. The Lord has told us to discipline ourselves by

gathering up every jot and tittle of knowledge and experience; and there is an abundance of talent in the churches if it were only consecrated.

"God expects much from the young men of this generation."

"Grave responsibilities rest upon the youth, which many do not recognize and respond to."

"Every youth should seek to make all that he possibly can of himself, that he may grow in grace and in favor with God and man."

Incidents from the lives of the world's great men were referred to by another speaker. He called attention to how we spend our spare time, with the quotation: "Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, sixty golden minutes. No reward is offered; for they are lost forever." Jesus Christ, Joseph, and Daniel were striking examples as a result of rightly improved opportunities. Coming nearer our own time, such persons as Sir James Mackintosh, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln ("the man of one Book"—the Bible), James A. Garfield, and others were cited.

The third speaker related incidents from the life of Mrs. S. M. I. Henry. She was taught her first lessons in reading, numbers, and spelling from the Bible. It was her only text-book for many years. She said that during her youth she never read a novel or an exciting story, but only her Bible, choice poetry, and the church paper. Our young people are familiar, to some extent, with the noble work she accomplished, first in gospel and temperance lines, and later for the third angel's message.

Extracts were read from the Testimonies, showing the benefit of continuous Bible study in training the mental faculties. Among many other good things, were noted the following:—

"God desires man to exercise his reasoning powers; and the study of the Bible will strengthen and elevate the mind as no other study can do. *It is the best mental* as well as spiritual exercise for the human mind."

"When a real love for the Bible is awakened, and the student begins to realize how vast is the field and how precious its treasure, he will desire to seize upon every opportunity for acquainting himself with God's Word."

To nearly every one comes, at some time, the temptation to read fictitious stories, exciting newspaper accounts of crimes, scandals, and the like. Scarcely do we realize the harm we are doing our minds, until the habit has become firmly fixed, and we are bound as strongly as the drunkard is. Further Testimonies set forth in a clear and convincing way the evils of bad reading, to which all our young people may well give serious thought.


The leader called attention to the work being done in the Central Union Conference, which was described in the *Review* of February 9, under the heading, "Reading Courses for Young People." Two courses are suggested for the young people of that conference who are unable to leave home to gain a preparation.

A similar movement was begun in the INSTRUCTOR of February 7. This is general, taking in every young person who desires to increase his store of knowledge, and who is willing to improve his spare moments. Let us *firmly determine* that we will not be of that "large class of our young people" who "have no real purpose, or aim, for the future." "They fulfil their daily tasks perhaps acceptably, but life to them has no depth of meaning; they are not earnestly seeking increase of power, intellectual or spiritual."

How deplorable that such words must be written! It would seem that, of all people on earth, our own youth would be intensely in earnest, striving with might and main to do their best.

Let us bestir ourselves!

CAROLYN HATHAWAY CRISLER.



# Children's

# Page.

### Raising Corn for Missions

ONCE a wee little girl, with two round, dimpled cheeks,

And with eyes like a dove's, soft and fair,  
Held her kerchief at once for the kernels of corn,  
Which her teacher placed in it with care.  
Then the kind lady said, and in tones full of love,  
"Plant this corn for the Lord, whom you know,  
Then water it, tend it, and shield it from harm,  
And the Lord will himself make it grow."

Then the wee little girl with her treasure went home,

And quite snug 'neath her pillow 'twas laid;  
The next morn, ere the sun had sipped up all the dew,

Her neat little garden was made;  
And at night she thus prayed, as she knelt by her bed,

"Bless dear papa, and mama, and Joe.  
Please, God, bless my corn; and just where it is sown

Please don't let the mocking-birds know."

So with watching and praying and tenderest care,  
The young blade soon appeared through the sod,  
And ere long as it grew, and the wind through it blew,

To the wee little girl it did nod.  
Then, in time, there appeared silken tassels on high,

And bright plumes such as warriors wear;  
And the bright golden corn in its cradle so soft,  
The wee little girl watched with care.

But when it was ripe, and then garnered and sold,  
The wee little girl danced with joy,  
As ten bright silver dimes lay right in her hand,  
And naught could such pleasure destroy.  
Now, dear children, go thou and do likewise,  
and see

If the half of her joy I have told;  
Plant your corn for the Lord, scatter broadcast the truth;  
He'll reward you a full hundredfold.

— Selected.

### How Bennie Helped the Missions

THERE was to be a missionary meeting over at the Corners, and Millie and Bennie were in a state of great expectancy; for no matter how simple the event, anything which served to break up in the least the quiet monotony of country life, was eagerly welcomed.

"Just think, Bennie Bradshaw," explained Millie, "just think, the preacher's lived for months and months where there wasn't anybody at all but just poor black people who never even heard of Jesus, 'way off in Africa."

Never to have heard of Jesus, seemed to Bennie the sum total of wretchedness; and he counted the days till the meeting, when he could hear all about it.

The much-talked-of evening came at last, but as it had rained all day, and the skies still looked threatening, mama decided that Bennie must stay at home with grandma.

"Never mind, Bennie, I'll tell you all about it just the minute you wake up in the morning," declared Millie, as she wiped a bright tear from the little boy's cheek, and then stepped briskly down the steps under papa's umbrella.

The next morning Bennie was awake bright and early.

"O brother!" began Millie, "the minister showed us ever so many things that the poor heathen use in their own country. They rattle a queer-looking bell when anybody is sick: I

should think it would make the sick man's head ache worse than ever."

"What do they do so for?" asked Bennie, with wide open eyes.

"O, because they think that will cure the disease. Then the minister showed us some funny-looking clothes which are worn by those strange people. But, O Bennie! he said that one morning a poor black woman came to him to see if he could cure her. She was very sick and wretched, but she did not forget to bring along her god with her; and *what* do you suppose it was, Bennie? just guess."

Bennie's eyes were very big and round by this time. "I'm sure I don't know; maybe it was a great big wooden doll, like the pictures in papa's book; or maybe it was a brass man or a little iron man, or —"

"No, Bennie Bradshaw, it was a horrid old cat's skull! and to think it was the only god the poor woman knew anything about!"

"O Millie! did she say her prayers to a dead cat's head the same as we pray to the Lord in heaven?"

"Yes, and she had been asking this skull to make her well, for many years. The missionary said the sick woman had paid a large sum of money for it."

"What became of the poor woman? Did she get well? Did the missionary cure her? O why didn't some one tell her about Jesus?"

"The minister said he could not cure her, but he did tell her all about the dear Christ, who loves everybody; so that finally when she died, she gave her cat-skull god to the kind teacher, because she had learned to pray to the true God."

At the breakfast table that morning, Bennie asked many more questions about the poor heathen, and his wise little head began studying up means of earning money to send more missionaries to those far-away countries where the people do not know about God and heaven; for Bennie was a very practical little boy, and his mama had explained that much money was needed to send missionaries in the great ships across the waters. All day long he thought about it. Sister Millie had a whole dollar, which she had cheerfully given; for Millie was a generous little girl,—but poor Bennie! what could *he* do? He was too small to be trusted to run to the village for mama.

"See here, Bennie," said grandma, "why not be a farmer? Papa is, and why not you? then you could earn a nice lot of money for the missions."

"Why, gran'ma! I'm too little! I couldn't plow; I'm not so big as papa, even when I climb up in a high chair."

"Never mind, dear, you just ask papa if you can't have that nice little plat of ground back of the chicken park. I'll give you some seeds, and you can keep the ground soft with the little hoe and rake Millie used to play with."

"O can I? can I, Millie?"

"Yes, brother, and I'll help you all I can, though I expect to be pretty busy with my missionary chickens."

"You can get a good price for early spring dainties—radishes and lettuce and spinach—at the village," volunteered grandpa; "and though I'm not as much of a farmer as I used to be,

I think I can help you keep the weeds down."

"O I know I shall earn lots of money if my grandpa helps me," declared Bennie, delightedly.

"Maybe," said grandpa, "but you and I must not forget that Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but God giveth the increase."

"Which means," added mama, "that you must ask God to give you success."

"Yes," said Bennie, seriously, "I will try not to forget."

It is needless to say that papa very gladly gave the needed plat of ground to his little son, and that, with grandpa's help in planting and keeping the weeds down, that little garden blossomed like the rose,—of course it was a very little garden,—but plenty large enough for so small a gardener. But nobody's vegetables seemed to grow like Bennie's,—and such a price as people paid him! Of course papa helped him in the marketing. But when the last one was sold, Bennie had quite a sum for helping to keep a teacher in those dark heathen lands, where neither the little boys and girls nor the men and women know anything about the good Lord who gave his precious life for the perishing.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.



### Harry's Missionary Potato

"I CAN'T afford it," said John Hale, the rich farmer, when asked to give to the cause of missions. Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved.

"But the poor heathen," he replied; "is it not too bad that they can not have churches and schoolhouses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man, testily. "Do you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I can not afford it."

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and day after day puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humor over the election news, he said:—

"Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the missionary board, will you give a potato?"

"A potato?" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years," said Harry.

"Oh, yes!" replied the unsuspecting grandfather, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing nine; these, the following season, became a peck; the next, seven bushels and a half; and when the fourth harvest

came, lo! the potato had increased to seventy bushels; and when sold, the amount realized was put with a glad heart into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed:—

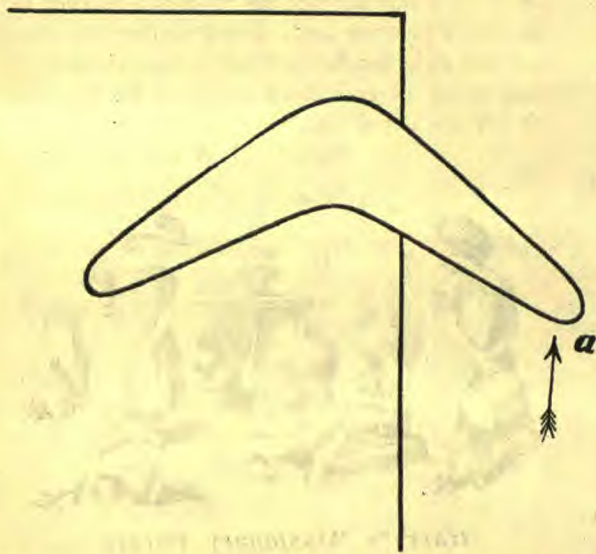
"Why, I did not feel that donation in the least! And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there were a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered."—Mrs. B. McPherson.



### The Mystery of the Toy Boomerang

If you will take a piece of cardboard as thick as a visiting card, and cut from it a tiny boomerang of about the shape I show you in the picture, you will have the foundation of considerable amusement as well as instruction. With heavier or lighter cardboard than I have used, you may need to vary the size or shape a little in order to get the best possible results, and I would not try to use *heavy* cardboard at all.

However, having cut out the little contrivance, lay it, as I have done, on a book, with one end projecting. Tip the book so that the end farthest



from you is highest. Then, by means of the finger, give the boomerang a quick, hard snap upon the point I have marked *a*, and let the snap come from the direction of the arrow. Now, if your cardboard is rightly shaped, you will see it whirl through the air, gradually upward till it has gone from you perhaps almost across the room, when, as if changing its mind, it stops, and, still whirling, comes back to you in the same path that it went away in.

The thought in your mind will be, no doubt, Why does the toy boomerang return? Is there any reasonable explanation for the queer behavior of this little piece of cardboard?—Yes, there is an explanation, which is as follows: When a person snaps the boomerang, he gives it two motions—a rapid rotary, or whirling, motion, and a general motion away from him. The motion that carries it away from him dies out as it reaches its farthest point. Because of its weight the toy then begins to fall, and I tell you but a fact when I say that it *falls* back to you half across the room. Some one says, "I don't see how that can possibly be; I should think it would fall straight to the floor from the point where its motion died away." Yes, but you forget one thing—the boomerang is still whirling. That whirling motion keeps it tipped at just a certain inclination in the air, as the whirling of a top keeps it upright. That is the keynote of the mystery. Of course the card will fall, but it will fall the easiest way; and the easiest way

will not be for the broad side of the card to press downward through the air, but rather for the thin edge to *sail down* in the same plane as it went up. That brings it back to you.

EDISON DRIVER.

### Waste-paper Baskets

#### Model No. 5

THE bases for these baskets are the same as those previously described. That of the plain basket is eight inches in diameter. Twenty-seven stakes of No. 5 reed, each twenty-four inches long. Insert one at the right of any spoke, and one at *each* side of the next. Continue around the basket; they may not come out even, but that will not matter if you are sure to use the right number. Pinch the stakes, and bend up. Use No. 3 weavers. While weaving the upset, take great pains to evenly space the stakes. One row of rope twist and four rows of triple twist; then eight or nine inches of single weaving. Keep the stakes slanted slightly outward. Be sure to have the basket a good shape before putting on the waling. If you find it is not, pull out as much as necessary of the single weaving and try again. A little practise will enable you to produce any desired shape. Finish with five rows of waling. Top diameter is twelve inches. Border is the same as on the handy basket. For handles cut two pieces of No. 9 reed each ten inches long. Make a two and one-half inch slant at each end. At the left of any stake insert one end through border, waling, and an inch or more of single weaving. Insert the other end at the right of the second stake to the right of one just used.

Shape the handle, and bend slightly outward. Insert the other handle on the opposite side of basket. The winding is begun and finished the same as on the handy basket. Slip a long No. 3 reed between the third and fourth rows of waling at left of handle; draw the reed together at the outer edge of border, and wind three times around the handle, pushing the ends through under, and bringing them back over, the handle, and spacing so that the third time reaches to the opposite side. Slip the two ends of the reed between the third and fourth rows of waling at right of handle. Turn the basket around, and wind back again to the starting-point,

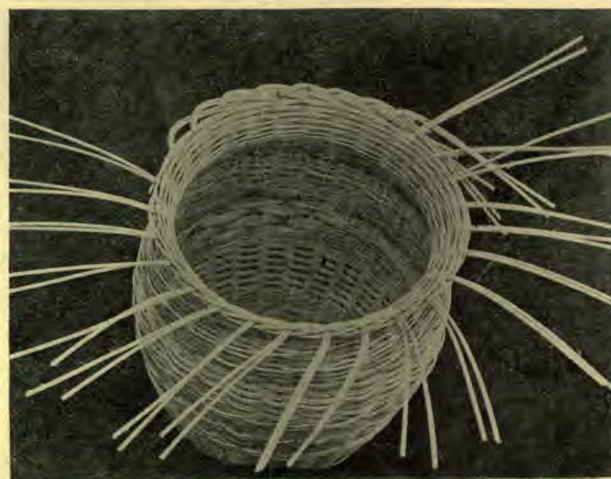


FIG. 2

keeping the second row close against the first. Repeat until the handle is covered. For illustrations see the handy basket.

#### The Barrel-shaped Basket

The barrel-shaped basket has a base seven inches in diameter. Twenty-seven DOUBLE stakes of No. 4 reed, each twenty inches long; insert

as directed for the plain basket. Pinch stakes, and bend up. Rope twist, and four rows of triple twist of No. 3 reed. Twelve rows of double weaving, two rows of triple twist, and about two and one-half inches of single weaving. This may be put in plain, or a pattern woven as shown in Fig. 1. This pattern is made by passing *over* each ninth stake five consecutive times. To do this the weaver must every other row be placed *back of two stakes* each side of the one you wish to pass over. This will become plain as it is



FIG. 1

worked out. The next five rows pass *under* the stake you have just passed over, and *over* the one at its right and left. Continue working on this plan until the pattern is complete. Follow with two rows of triple twist, twelve rows of double weaving, and twelve of waling twist. Bend the stakes to produce the shape desired. The border is made with the top of basket toward the worker. Take any stake, pass to the right back of one stake, in front of one and back of one. Leave the first one loose to allow for finishing off. Fig. 2. Work toward the right, using each stake in succession until all are used. Weave the last ones in to correspond with the rest. Cut each to rest against a stake on the under side of the rim.

#### The Knitting Basket

The small basket in the center is a convenient desk or machine basket for small scraps, but is especially adapted for a ball of yarn. Standing beside the one who is knitting or crocheting, the basket will not easily upset, nor can the ball escape. The base of this basket is four and one-fourth inches in diameter. Six and one-half spokes of No. 3 reed. Split three, and insert three and one half. Use No. 2 reeds for weaving, and make the base as usual. Twenty-five stakes, thirteen inches long, of No. 3 reed. Insert one each side of each spoke, *except one*, so as to have an odd number. Use the stakes singly in weaving. Space them evenly with the upsetting. No. 2 reed for weavers. Rope twist and three rows of triple twist. One and one-half inches of single weaving, with the stakes slanting outward. Then push stakes well toward the center, and continue single weaving one inch, then bend the stakes up to form the neck, using the same weave. For the roll bend the stakes outward and downward, keeping the weaving firm and close. No waling twist was used on this basket. To make the border, stand the basket on its side, with the top toward the worker. Take any stake, bring it forward in front of two stakes at its right, back of one, in front of one, and back of one. Treat each stake in the same way. *except* that the first should be left loose for the finishing, and all the others drawn down *very* tight. Always work toward the right. Draw the ends tight, and clip on the under side of roll. The height of the finished basket is three inches, and the inside diameter at top is four inches. By a little mental

effort one can easily make larger- or smaller-sized baskets of the shape of any of the models. It would not be wise, however, to attempt to make a change in size before having made at least one basket just like the model.

MRS. E. M. F. LONG.

#### Bob's Enemy

Bob didn't do this, and he failed to do that! Every day he forgot to wipe his shoes on the mat! His cap he forgot to hang up on the hook, He never remembered to take back a book! When his father wished help,— it has to be said,— Bob forgot till too late to jump out of bed! Now one day his uncle said, "Bob, do you know You've a terrible enemy? Ah, but it's so! And unless you look out and get rid of him, boy, He'll injure you *always*— never cease to annoy!" "Who— who is it, uncle, that's so mean to me?" "'Tis the boy who forgets— 'tis *yourself*, don't you see?"

— Adelbert F. Caldwell.

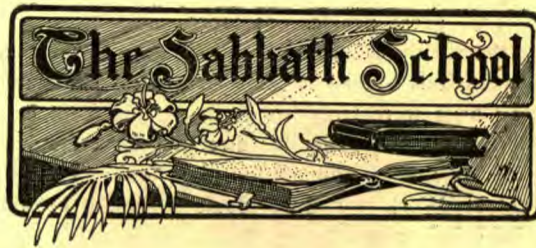
#### A Leper in China

THE following touching account of a leper in the Hiao Kan Asylum, Hankow, is taken from the July number of *Without the Camp*. It is written by Dr. Fowler, of the London Missionary Society. He says:—

During the past year the poison of the "lepra bacilli" has been doing its fell work in our home, and many of our poor fellows are drawing to the end of their earthly pilgrimage. In China no newspaper tells of the loneliness and sufferings of the leper. Seldom, indeed, does any earthly soul but the missionary or a fellow convert come to speak a word of hope or to minister to him as he leaves behind his misery, and passes away into the beyond. No monument marks his grave. But here we wish to place on record the life of one whom we lost last year. He came to the asylum just at the time when we first took charge, and a more unprepossessing lad was never seen; wild, disobedient, dirty, loathsome—a heathen of the heathen. There was much in the boy to repel one. His only redeeming features were his piercing black eyes. Those eyes have haunted us often. At first they seemed to express only fear, then as our real relations to one another dawned upon the lad, friendliness crept into his steady gaze. Later on a light shone there which can only be seen where the love of God has found a lodgment. He became obedient and most kindly—a Christian in very deed. As soon as the better nature began to assert itself, he began to learn characters. His progress was rapid, and he was not a little proud when he found himself able to read his verse at the daily service. At this period the disease had not touched his vocal chords, and his clear ringing voice could always be distinguished during the singing from the gruff unnatural voices of his fellows. The lad developed into a helpful, reliable, and industrious inmate. We used to call him our "Interpreter;" for when, with stammering tongue, we tried to speak to others in very uncertain bookish language, he would stand quietly by our side and turn our words into the colloquial. We regret to say that his services came to a premature and abrupt conclusion just a few weeks ago. A complication of grave kidney and heart troubles sent him to his bed, and pneumonia supervened. We never heard him complain of his maladies. During the whole of that illness he caused us some anxiety; for he no sooner heard the sound of singing at the leper services than he left his bed and stole in to join in the worship of God.

Only the last Sunday of the year, when the service was half through, our friend could be seen with panting breath making his way slowly to the back of our temporary leper chapel. Two days later, he died, believing and trusting in the leper's Friend. Our loss is quite recent, but

it will be many days before we forget our friend "The Interpreter."



#### III—Jesus in the Temple

(April 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 2: 40-52.

MEMORY VERSE: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Prov. 20: 11.

"And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.

"Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover. And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast. And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

"And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

"And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

"And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

#### Questions

1. In what little town was the childhood of Jesus spent? Matt. 2: 23. What is said of him as he grew older? With what was he filled? What was with him?

2. Name three other boys especially mentioned as children in the Bible. See 1 Sam. 3: 19; Luke 1: 80; 2 Tim. 3: 15. What kind of children were they? What kind of men did they become? Is there anything we can learn from this? How is every child known? See Memory Verse.

3. Where did the parents of Jesus go each year? When was the first feast of the passover held? What did the lamb eaten in this feast represent?

4. Where did Jesus go with his parents when he was twelve years old? When they started home, where did he stay? What did they suppose? Where did they look for him?

5. When they failed to find him, where did they go? After three days where did they find him? Who were with him? What was he doing? How did these learned men feel as they listened to his questions, and heard his answers?

6. How did his parents feel when they saw him? What did his mother say to him? How did Jesus answer her? Whose work had he been

doing? Did Joseph and Mary understand his words? Who remembered them?

7. Where did Jesus now go with Joseph and Mary? What is it to be "subject" to one's parents? What commandment did Jesus obey by being subject to his earthly father and mother? How do we know that obedience to parents is pleasing to the Lord? Read Eph. 6: 1 and Col. 3: 20.

8. In what did Jesus increase? In whose favor did he grow?



#### III—The Resurrection

(April 15)

MEMORY VERSE: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Mal. 3: 17.

#### Questions

1. With what promise did Jesus comfort Martha at the death of Lazarus? John 11: 22.

2. What reply did Martha make showing that she looked forward to the resurrection? Verse 24.

3. How certain are we that there will be a resurrection? 1 Cor. 15: 13-16.

4. Without a resurrection, what is the fate of the righteous dead? Verses 17, 18.

5. Who has the key to the grave? Rev. 1: 18; note 1.

6. How many general resurrections are spoken of in the Bible? Rev. 20: 5; note 2.

7. What two classes will be raised from the dead? Acts 24: 14, 15.

8. How much time will elapse between the two resurrections? Rev. 20: 5.

9. At what event will the righteous dead be raised? Acts 24: 14, 15.

10. With what kind of body will they come forth? 1 Cor. 15: 44.

11. Whose voice will call them from the grave? John 5: 28, 29.

12. What did Jesus proclaim himself to be? John 11: 25.

13. Who will be sent to gather the righteous together at the coming of Christ? Matt. 24: 30, 31; note 3.

14. For what purpose will Jesus come to the earth the second time? John 14: 3.

15. What class will be gathered to meet Jesus in that day? Mal. 3: 16, 17.

#### Notes

1. This promise is one Jesus has sent back to death-stricken humanity since he ascended to the throne of his Father. How comforting the thought that though Satan may lock our loved ones within the portals of his prison-house, the tomb, the key is in the hands of our Redeemer! Jesus went into the stronghold of the enemy, and conquered, bringing in triumph from the tomb the key of death, and thus assuring deliverance to every believing captive.

2. The first resurrection is that of the just, the holy and righteous only. None of the wicked dead will have a part in this resurrection. They live in the second resurrection.

3. "Caught up to meet the Lord in the air." In life, angels ever attend God's people. Ps. 34: 7. When the Lord comes, all the holy angels will come with him. His voice will pierce the silent tomb, and awake to immortality the righteous dead. As they come from their dusty beds, the angels will "gather" them for the garner on high. How glorious indeed will it be to be "caught up" by an angel escort to meet the Life-giver in the air! This is the Christian's hope.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN. 222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C. FANNIE M. DICKERSON . . . . . EDITOR

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Jesus Thirsts

"OUR Redeemer thirsts for recognition. He hungers for the love and sympathy of those whom he has purchased with his own blood. He longs with inexpressible desire that they should come to him and be saved."

The Public Schools

OUR country is being aroused to the alarming increase of crime. The cities of Washington and Boston seem most awake to the situation. Men and women of thought are seeking for a preventive.

It is suggested by Catholics that if such instruction is to be given by teachers who have little or no reverence for the Bible or its Author, the effort will fail of its intended goal.

At the Lafayette Theater, Sunday evening March 12, Professor Prescott gave a very forceful presentation of the true principles of religious liberty.

instruction. He claimed that if these agencies were fully awake to their privileges and responsibilities, it would not be necessary to seek the aid of the state.

This great problem of increase of crime, together with a legion of others, could be very successfully solved if all who profess the name of Christ were truly his disciples, and went earnestly to work under his direction for the salvation of the individual and the family.

Shall We Give the Gospel to the Jews?

THE work which God has entrusted to us is to go to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. This certainly includes the Jew. Thus far in our experience we have done comparatively little, if anything, for them.

Not very long ago Elder F. C. Gilbert received a communication from Sister White, in which

Hebrew text: ובה ציון נואר ורשבי פשע ביעקב נאום יהוה. ישעיה נב. פסוק כ. AND THE REDEEMER SHALL COME TO ZION, AND TURN AWAY TRANSGRESSION IN JACOB, SAITH JEHOVAH. Isaiah 59:20. Hebrew Translation.

is contained the following concerning the Jewish work: "The slumbering faculties of the Jewish people are to be aroused. . . . Souls will be saved from the Jewish nation, as the doors of the New Testament are unlocked with the key of the Old Testament. . . . Many of the Jewish people will by faith receive Christ as their Redeemer."

Elder F. C. Gilbert has recently written a tract for the Jewish people. The cut in this article illustrates the first page of it, in a reduced size. It is written in two languages, parallel pages, Jewish and English.

The tract will be sent in any quantity to all who desire to circulate it, and it is hoped that thousands of these will be distributed. The tracts are sent free, but if you desire to send a free-will offering when you send for some, it will assist the work. Send all orders to Elder F. C. Gilbert, who has the oversight of the work.



MILTON JUNCTION, Wis., Jan. 23, 1905. DEAR EDITOR: Please find enclosed seventy-five cents, for which send me the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for one year. I think it is a very nice paper. I am thirteen years old. I go to church-school. Mr. Harvey Shrock is our teacher. I have three brothers; the youngest is twenty years old. I live on a fruit farm near town. I should like to have some of the girls write to me. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I like to read the pieces on nature. NELLIE JOHNSON.

KEENE, TEX., Feb. 5, 1905. DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR as I have never written before. I am eleven years old. I started to school, but on account of my throat I had to stop. I now study at home. I am in the fifth grade. When I went to school, Mrs. L. O. Corwin was my teacher. I look for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR every week, for I like to read the nice stories on the Children's Page, and I like to read the letters also. We live one mile from Keene, and we go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. There are seven in my class, and Miss Zinerman is my teacher; I like her very much. We have a dog and a cat; the dog's name is Lion, and the cat's name is Gold. VERA HANCOCK.

MILLINGTON, ILL., Feb. 2, 1905. DEAR EDITOR: As I looked at the Letter Box this week, I saw that there were few letters, so I thought I would write one. I have taken the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for four years, and I do not see how I can do without it. I like the articles entitled "Around the Work Table." I have had success with everything I tried. I am the only Seventh-day Adventist boy in this place. My mother has a little Sunday-school class at our home. We use the INSTRUCTOR and Little Friend for our papers. The children enjoy them very much. Will you tell me where I can get a book that tells about birds, their habits, and the color of their eggs? I am especially interested in the study of birds. I should like to have some of the INSTRUCTOR boys write to me. VOLNEY EARNES COLGROVE.

"Birdcraft," by Mabel Osgood Wright, is a good bird book. It can be obtained of the Macmillan Company, New York City. "Birds through an Opera Glass," by Florence Merriam, is also good.

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